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Dear Reader,

I ask that you take the time to read this. It will take just over a couple of hours, but I had to add a lot of stuff to develop the character's true identities. If I am going to reach out, I want anybody to know what they are up against. I was also told to leave out the few examples of art work. But I leave them for one reason. It is not necessarily an ego thing (although I am proud of what I have learned in my talent), but to let people know that many great talents are wasted while we reward the loser, quite often. Sorry for the length.

I fell into a hole over two decades ago, something I never expected. It has literally cost me my life, and caused separation and great pains, even death, to those I once had in my life. I am innocent and can prove it, but I need you.

Please, just read this! Thank you

Preface

I have received a sentence of 37¼ years in federal prison, where there is no such thing as parole, for two guns that a girl I was with (my common-law wife) placed in a storage room that I leased, then called the federal probation office for my arrest. It is that easy to setup an ex-felon in this country. From the day I was selectively convicted (she remained an "unindicted" co-defendent), the Government then created two counts of solicitation to murder my federal probation officer. It was because of gossip that the girl and officer were sleeping together. It is a case of deep south, good-ol'-boy vindictiveness. Murder for hire is the easiest type of case to create, especially when the authorities hand out deals to inmates, to let them out of their own sentences, if they will testify against another who has been targeted. This was in South Carolina, a state that has the lowest educated folks, the highest violent and murder rate, the lowest conviction rate of those murders and rapes, and the lowest income, per capita, of all the states, bar our nation's capitol. I received a sentence of 240 months (for count one), and 125 months, to run consecutive with the 7 years I received for the guns: a total of 449 months for something[s] I did not do. But in fact my mother and I did all we could to prevent any alleged murder plot. That did not matter, because the Government, because of that deep-south cronyism, was going to make sure I would not get out of prison, as promised. And the facts show that the courts, at both the district and appellate levels, are as much to blame. They are protecting a fabricated case. They refuse to address the facts or merits of the cases. The authorities, some two decades later, continue to taunt me through the mail. I had nightmares when they were putting these things together against me. This began in 1995 (as far as the sentence), and I can only pray to outlive until the release date in 2028. I do not sleep still. It is a form of post traumatic stress that does not go away. The only way it will cease, to stop the onrunning threats by the feds in S.C., and the fear of their future intentions against me, is to finally, after all these years, confront the facts of what has occurred. I am innocent.

I write this because I hope that somebody, whether it be some state senator, lawyer[s], congressman, some media outlet, governor of the state of S.C., or anybody with the guts to stand up, will care enough to get involved. A wrong must be made right. It is not like the courts do not know a setup, particularly when those courts assist a corrupt Government by allowing illegal acts by its agents, or by disregarding evidence or laws, such as Miranda, the constitutional Amendments, or congressional intent such as Title III (which will be explained). It is the judicial process that has become the parody, where the judges make false statements of fact not in any record. They protect each other's false and clearly erroneous rulings so that the facts can be swept under the rug, never to be heard. For anybody in law, they are already familiar with the corruption of the 4th Circuit, or S.C. They are notorious, not conservative. I am conservative. And I had no murder in my fibre. But the courts have proven their conniving to protect Government and their convictions.

The other reason I bring this as in-depth as I do is because I must show others that their actions, being collusionary and methodical, do create, as the Supreme Court said a century ago, anarchy. They create a vigilant society by those who are truly innocent yet have become a target, only to be buried alive.

It destroys families and lives. It tears down our society. That is real.

As a whole, much of our people are not in touch with what lies behind the closed doors of our federal judicial system. Thus, they do not care, that is until it hits home. And you see the toll it has taken on our society, with the mass murders, mostly from our young, within schools, theaters, Government facilities and bases.... And all we hear is what the media allows you to hear. But when it involves the Government, such as "Fast-and-Furious" or Benghazi, or Fort Hood, they will even give you lies. Why was Private Tillman's family, a true hero who died unintentionally by a Government mishap, lied to? If I sound distraught, frustrated, I am. I have earned it through injustice. They want me to lay down and die. I can't! I need help. And nobody can tell me that things are getting better.

Another pointed out to me that I seem to go into great detail with those involved in my demise. But I want others to know what they, and I, are made of. And it is not like I cannot prove everything I state. I have been diligent over the years, and have no more money after the lawyers and investigators, after the fact, that I have hired. But the courts will hear nothing, slamming the door in our face. It is too obvious. And as will be seen, people have no more shame. We have become a society of con-people and scam artists, even at the highest levels, without challenging the truth. Has anybody asked if our representatives ever paid back those overdrawn checks that were so rampant some years back? Who cares, right? There is no more need for God, as we have become the gods. We don't need law. This happens in any Statist society, and we are losing.

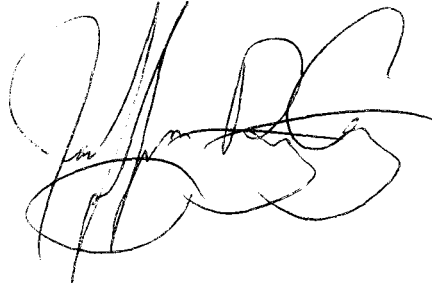
As I told the sentencing judge on the day of the Columbine massacre: What is happening with our young people, with no remorse for their actions? I know that ex parte was not the most favorable way to go when seeking relief from that court. But for crying out loud! And that was in 1999. That was the same judge who heard me exclaim of terrible nightmares I was having, three years earlier, involving children killing each other because of the stress that the Government has placed upon us. But they would take this conversation and twist it into some macabre murder plot, a conversation they were recording in jail by a paid FBI informant (when he's not a bank fraud/con-man) who the Government simply handed a tape recorder to and said "go and get him." This was after they forged a federal form to intercept, when in fact nobody ever authorized any such recordings. These unlawfully intercepted statements were the reason that the judge said she would sentence me to the maximum allowed. But was I right? Did I foresee things to come in my, what I called "bad" dreams? Have we created the nightmare, and is it getting worse? I think it is.

I have the facts on hand. I have records, chronologies, tapes, affidavits (from a §§ 1331/1983 I brought), saved letters, just about every record that could be had. I have divorce papers, investigators reports, and have filed everything possible, all for naught. My first lawyer just did not do his job, and the second was as much part of the dirty agents as could be imagined. All I asked for was the truth to be revealed, the facts on hand at the time. It never would have gone to trial elsewhere, there is no doubt. But now I need help. I need the truth to be revealed. We need a healing, so this does not happen again.

Declaration Of Jeffrey Roy Crosby

I, Jeffrey Roy Crosby, declare under the penalty of perjury, pursuant to Title 28 U.S.C. § 1746, that the following is true and correct, to the best of my knowledge and understanding.

The following declaration is brought in a narrative format. Any requests for records to confirm the facts are at disposal.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Jeffrey Roy Crosby', with a stylized, cursive script.

Jeffrey Roy Crosby

The Facts Of The Case That Have Not Been Told

I was born and raised a Yankee, from Boston, born in 1950. I grew up middle-upper class, a product of the 60's. Drug use became a part of my life for years, as with just about everybody back then, but never to a huge degree. In other words, I was not the guy in Colombia, or even on a street-corner. The most possession I was ever charged with was ½ an ounce of cocaine, which the Government charged as distribution, although it was really 11.75 grams, and the "sales" was with the same individual, an informant looking to get out of his own prior problems, who asked me to find him some. By law, one sale is not distribution.

I was kicked out of the Navy during the peak of Nam, for sleep-walking. I was married, divorced, then married again. I became a successful straight commission salesman; Salesman of the year (over hundreds of others) in 1982-83, and National Sales Trainer (the only one in their history), with the two largest sign companies for independent businesses in the country (American Display - Gulf Development, Inc.). But when my second wife took the girls and returned home to her Mom, after it was discovered she had been with my boss, four neighbors (I think at separate times, but could not be sure), her girlfriend... my criminal history began. Yes, it was all around drug use.

It must be known that the reason we incarcerate ten times more than any other nation on earth is because we have, in America, recidivism amongst ex-felons at a rate that is unnatural for any healthy society. Government control, and our dysfunctional Congress who are so out of touch with the lower 'mob', have permitted a totalitarianism society where Government controls the underlings to a point where there is a void between the two: where the lesser can do nothing against the greater, no matter what. It is truly Statism, commonly known as a form of Social Communism, or an oligarchic society in today's administration. The people, although led to believe different, have no power under those in control. The Judicial branch is thusly malignant. The Bible relates to this type of government as a part of the "Beast" (which is political, economical, and religious in its body).

This travesty began when I was in federal prison, in 1989. I began writing to DIXIE WELCH, who had placed an ad in the Globe tabloid. She claimed she was a single/white female, 21. She was half right; 28 and married.

A brief on Dixie's life, which I did not find out about fully until some five years later, after she had set me up, was that when she was 14, her parents asked a judge in Darlington, S.C., to commit her for evaluation, as a problem child, to the Dept. of Mental Health in Columbia, S.C. At 16, when committed for a second time (after a year stint at the place already), she ran away and met Truzel Ard (who was dying from MS or MD). She married him two weeks later. At 20, Dixie had a son, who they named "TREY ARD" (Truzel III). But Trey was not an Ard. He was the product of a man who worked for the local utilities company, unknown to Truzel. Truzel (her hubbie) died in his sleep a year later. He was 29, Dixie 21. Dixie drank a lot, and talked. I tried to get her to elaborate on his death, and Trey's possible inherited disease. I was concerned about his health, through genetics. I heard three different stories from Dixie. But eventually

Dixie's mother, JEANNE WEAVER, and Dixie affirmed that Trey had another father, other than Truzel. But when Dixie would talk about how she used to spray what Dixie called "poison" (which was actually insecticide) on her second husband's toast, she made it plain that she had helped along with Truzel's demise. This was the last night that I saw her, when we argued, that she told me this.

Dixie collected \$100,000 life insurance when he died. She married KEN WELCH three months after the funeral. She was already pregnant. She had a son, Al, and two years later, Jon. From what she told me, she collected Social Security from Truzel's death, for her and Trey, until she was caught and had to pay back a large sum because she was married to Ken while she was collecting. It was SSI fraud. For whatever reason, the insurance money went quickly. Ken worked minimum wage. So she and Ken stole her brother's, Bobby Weaver's (a police sergeant in Darlington), identity. They tried to buy a home as "Mr. and Mrs. Weaver." It was discovered, but no charges were ever brought. This was when she placed an ad in the Globe for someone to write to. It was May of 1989.

During that time we wrote and spoke on the phone. Within 18 months, Dixie filed to divorce Ken. She never said she was still married. Their alleged cause for divorce: Dixie had an affair with me. Here I was, in federal prison in Pennsylvania, her in S.C., yet to meet. But Ken later said he knew we never had an affair. He just agreed because he wanted out of the marriage so badly. In fact, the first that we ever met was when Dixie had told me that she was left homeless after Hurricane Hugo hit, and she said her old beau, Ken, had abused her. Aside from other things that occurred in prison at that time, which I will not go into, I walked away and went to S.C. But we still never physically met, because I was caught and arrested. I received an additional two years for the walk-away.

Soonafter, Dixie gave up custody of Al and Jon. I was incarcerated in Ray Brook, N.Y. by then. Dixie took Trey and moved to a mobile home in Darlington, when she met TERRY CREEL, who became her lover. But she never mentioned Creel to me, and continued writing. Ken would keep the boys when Dixie was with Creel, who lived near Charleston, S.C. (which Ken later revealed to me).

I can't say why, but for some reason, in 1990, Dixie and Trey moved to a Christian home in Upstate N.Y., five miles from the prison. She was not coming to me, but running from S.C. She lived off of the SSI checks for her and Trey. She has a 9th grade education. She did not work. She has never passed the driver's license exam to obtain a license, although I worked with her, and took her to be tested. But I knew none of this at the time. While at the home, Dixie said she "found" \$600 in a closet (which was shared with other residents at the home, wives of other inmates). When she told me, I told her to return it, which the daughter of the homeowner, Deb, verified she returned. Everybody, including our investigator, DAVE MacDOUGALL, said that Dixie was often referred to as "that mental girl." She placed the money back in their communal refrigerator. But she was asked to leave the residence. This is when my mother, THELMA CROSBY, and step-father met Dixie, when visiting me at prison. It was about August of 1991, and paid for Dixie to move back to S.C.

Before my release in February of 1992, Dixie had requested that I relocate to Florence, S.C., a town of 28,000, to start anew. She went to federal probation

officer ROBBIE BAIRD (PO Baird), requesting my admittance to his jurisdiction. The jurisdiction would remain with Jackson, Mississippi, but I would live and report in S.C. So I changed my release plans, where I would go to a halfway house for 90 days, then start my 3 year term of supervision under PO Baird.

Just prior to my release, in November, Dixie said she had been robbed of her purse while Christmas shopping. She asked for help. My mother made a loan of \$3,000 (which I eventually paid back). She was supposed to save some for a vehicle upon my release, and get an apartment. She got the apartment, in the same complex as Terry Creel (of course unknown to me). When I was released from prison on February 28, 1992, Dixie did not have a dime left. There was no car.

For the first 18 months of supervision, PO Baird said, many times, in both his chronologies and testimony, of how "proud" he was of me. I bought a used bike my first day, and had a minimum wage job within the first 48 hours after release. I worked for Bob Dove, whose brother was WILMER DOVE, who was a marriage counselor. Wilmer would later be involved in our lives. I opened a joint checking and savings account with Dixie, who was still collecting SSI for her and Trey. I went to small claims court to arrange paying her past bills owed, which were about \$3,000.

Her ex, Ken, filed for full custody of Al and Jon. PO Baird told me to go hire his friend, attorney J. Rene' Josey, and for \$500 he would fight to keep partial custody. Dixie had "deserted" Al and Jon. Ken was claiming that because I was an ex-offender, our household was unfit for his boys to visit every two weekends. But later, after Ken came to know and respect me, he said that his lawyer could not contend with the power yielded of attorney Josey, who was later appointed U.S. Attorney for the District of South Carolina (one district). Dixie never claimed any abuse on my part, then, but she, her boys and myself went to two sessions at a battered women's clinic, as part of the litigation, because she claimed Ken had previously abused her. Without any court hearing, we won, and kept partial custody.

Trey was another story. I was the only "Dad" he ever knew, at least by his and Dixie's words. Ken did not accept Trey openly. I had known Trey since he was in the first grade, when they moved to Upstate N.Y. I was the one who brought Trey, within three months after I was out, to Truzel's graveside. I explained that I would never be his father, but I would always be his Dad. I did not know Truzel was not his father. Dixie was present.

When I mentioned to PO Baird that I eventually wanted to buy a home, he sent us to another probationer under his supervision. The black man had acquired half a dozen mobile homes from insurance salvage, after Hurricane Hugo. They were all condemned, some torn in half.

PO Baird would sometimes come to my job, at random. I was a machine operator, recycling copier ribbons and cartridges. Baird's friend was a salesman with the company. I was the "ex-felon" who was doing so well. In other words, when I was riding a bike, living off of minimum wage while covered in ink, he lorded over me like I was his accomplishment of success. He would bring his wife

and daughter to our apartment when I was at work. I returned from work to find them sitting with Dixie in the living room. I have been under probation in past, and knew this is not normal under supervision. I do not think PO Baird realizes that we are not here to be his buddy. But as will be seen, other probationers will see this 'comradery' as a benefit to be monopolized upon to get out of their own crimes, to be manipulated. Dixie saw it. It is a weakness in both parties.

Within two months, I bought a used car, cash. But I noticed the bank account was short from the statements. Dixie had been sneaking withdrawals. Kathy Mudge, our banker, asked me if Dixie had mental problems. One Saturday morning, I found vomit all over the steering wheel of the car. Dixie said she knew nothing about it. When I said I was going to call the police, she broke down. She was drinking the night before, waited until I went to bed, put my clothes on, and drove through the ATM machine area to withdraw \$500. She hid it in the closet. Dixie drank a lot of beer daily. She gave the money back. I also discovered an unknown phone number on our long distance billing, which I later found was Creel's.

When Dixie wanted to move outside of town six months later, to a particular home she saw, we moved. But from the start, she continued to call Creel. One time PO Baird parked across the street from that home. He was accompanied by PO VIC BARTEL (PO Bartel). Baird phoned the house from his cell phone while watching the house. He said Dixie was "nervous." Although I was at work, Baird said that by the way she was sounding, I could be into criminal activity, like "running a meth lab." He had no cause for any assumptions. My guess is that either Creel or another man was there. I knew none of this episode until years later, by his chronologies. I got a puppy for friendship.

Another time I called home at noon. Dixie was gone. She said that she had gone to lunch with a friend. But when I later called the friend, she said she had not seen Dixie in two years. She did not trust Dixie. Dixie then said she was with another friend, WENDY COX. Cox covered for Dixie's story. By this time I was losing trust in Dixie, thinking she was just slow. I was working to raise the family, but our relationship was not solid, by any means. I tried my best. All of the boys respected me. But Trey was showing his own problems (which Ken previously saw). He was suspended from school four times between the fourth and sixth grades. Once, when Trey accidentally threw a dart into Al's eye, I brought him to hospital and sat with him in the emergency room for hours. It was a scratched cornea, which healed. But Ken, not yet knowing me, used this as grounds to send Dept. of Social Serv. (DSS) to our home. But we were not found to be unfit, or abusive, after interviewed. Ken later found that I was not to blame for Dixie's failures, which she brought upon herself. Being an ex-felon would not float as an excuse. But I was the one that was alienated from the rest.

Another time, Trey came home from school, in January of 1993, and Dixie was gone. She does not drive, and left no note. Trey called me at work, and I called her parents. We all came to the house, thinking the worst. Our neighbor deputy sheriff helped. We all searched the surrounding woods and fields for two hours in the pouring rain, a dismal day. About 4 PM, Dixie came running up the street, dry as a bone. She said she had, first, been visiting a neighbor, then,

just sitting on a stone wall in the woods, thinking. Nobody bought her story, but we moved on.

The boys did have BB-guns only, both a pistol and rifle. Dixie knew from the start that I could not possess, or be in the presence of, weapons of any kind, as an ex-felon. She knew I would go to prison. But BB-guns did not count.

To understand his part, PO Vascar "Vic" Bartel was supervised by PO Baird. Any time Baird would come to our home, Bartel was with him. Both would later testify that they had never seen any signs that either Dixie or the boys had ever been abused. Police have never been called for domestic situations, or for anything, for that matter, during the 2½ years of supervision. But I was stuck between a rock and a hard spot, because PO Baird would constantly remind me of my obligation to care for Dixie and Trey. I did not love her, but did care for both. I never disrespected her physically, and was too understanding to her lies. I was naive. But PO Baird was acting like he was her father, her protector, and did not see her for what she was. He did not see me for who I am either.

When I wanted out of the minimum wage job, PO Baird sent me to his "friend" at the unemployment office. I wanted a sales job. I was referred to a straight commission sales job in the bank-card industry. It was my forte. I closed \$1800 my first week in commissions (with no previous experience in that business). But within six weeks, that company was sending me bounced checks. It left me with many customers, who I was responsible for, without services. I told Dixie not to fret. The company managers in Virginia had flown the coop. Yet when I told PO Baird, he said I could not assist the FBI in investigating the scam. I was out of thousands of dollars in commissions, with no product for the collected deposits owed me. But PO Baird said that since I was on supervised release, any cooperation would have to come through court approval. Since the jurisdiction was in Mississippi, he would not let me help. He disregarded my problems, but bent to Dixie's whims. Furthermore, they had no problem letting another probationer under their supervision, at the time, to be an FBI informant, on the payroll. He would later play his role in my solicitation to murder PO Baird conviction. This was selective power control by PO Baird.

MICHAEL RAY, a bank fraud/con-man, was on the payroll of the FBI since the spring of 1993, while under the supervision of PO's Baird and Bartel. In other words, the Feds would choose their personal means of 'justice' when they wanted to.

However, my immediate situation was heard within the bank-card industry. BILL WADE, of Network 1 Financial/IMA (Independent Merchant's Association), of Machean, Virginia, contacted me because of my quick success in the business, and my known credibility. Wade was aware of the business problems, and promised we could work through them, help the customers. I told him of my supervision status. Yet when I told PO Baird, and Wade called him, he said Baird was "negative," and doughtalked me. Because of that, CEO Wade pointedly hired me. He said I proved to be one of his "most beneficial assets" in his years of owning the company. Within two months, we remedied not only the stranded customers, but closed numerous new accounts. PO Baird remained uncaring.

When Dixie saw another two story home, in Country Club, we again moved. The lease was under my name (but the first apartment was under Dixie's). I bought a three year old Cadillac Fleetwood Brougham. I had hirings, and other sales reps under my supervision in S.C. In August of 1993, PO Baird said that I no longer had to report to him, but could file through the mail monthly. He would drive by the residence often, even making note of how often I would "trim the hedges." This was not a normal probationary situation.

But prior to this, in May of 1993, Dixie fell down the porch steps and had broken her arm. I drove her to hospital, where they set her arm. She never claimed abuse. It was an accident. My mother and her friend nurse came the next day and stayed with us for a week. Abuse was never mentioned by Dixie then. But four months later, Dixie would use this episode as a claim of abuse, that I had broken her arm. But she previously claimed that Ken used to be abusive, even "broken her wrist," which was not true. Dixie's friend Wendy Cox would later tell me, after she helped to set me up for arrest and conviction, that she knew Dixie and Ken, and he was never abusive to her, although Dixie would say he was.

In fact, in the summer of 1993, Ken again tried to gain full custody of Al and Jon. The Family Court appointed a lawyer for us to see (Dixie, Trey, the boys and myself). Dixie was still in her cast then. She never claimed abuse then.

Dixie's closest friends, since before I met her through writing, were CECIL and WENDY COX. They lived a block away from Dixie and Ken when they were married, in a mobile home park. Cecil was, when convenient to the means, in a wheelchair. He drove their family van. Wendy, like Dixie, never drove, nor had a license. Cecil had collected a settlement for an accident. He could walk, even carry groceries and walk up stairs. He never worked. I once offered him a job setting up appointments by phone, but he declined. He was in his mid 50's, and had no desire to work.

His wife Wendy worked for Wal-Mart, where I first met her. Dixie told me they were extreme gossips, and therefore to stay away from them. But Dixie lived dual lives, and would go to lunch with them. But they never came to our home as guests (at least when I was home). Dixie spoke badly of the Cox's'.

In August, 1993, with 20 months of supervision remaining, PO Baird told me that I no longer had to report to the probation office. I could mail in my monthly reports.

Two weeks later I was in a terrible car accident. A truck hit me from behind. He was minimally insured. I had neck and hip surgery (C 1-2 & Iliac crest site). Phone bills revealed that Dixie was in touch with Creel while I was in hospital. I was released from hospital on Friday, September 17, 1993. I was in a Philadelphia hard collar (surgical staples in neck and hip, etc.) Recuperation would take months. I was on opiates for pain, and could not move about.

Three days later, on the 20th, Monday at 9 AM, Dixie said she was going shopping. She took the rental car (unlicensed) and went to PO Baird's office. She spent 1½ hours telling him how abusive I was, had broken her arm, and was

abusing my meds. PO Baird did not consider the surgery, the medical condition or pain, and never spoke with my doctors (ortho and neuro) who did the surgery. PO's Baird and Bartel came to my home about 11 AM. They stayed for three hours, until Trey came home. Baird ordered me to be out of my home within 72 hours, for abusing Dixie. He said that after I left, Dixie and Trey would return, and I would continue to support them thereafter. I was to find another place. At that time that Baird was telling me this, Dixie was at the bank. She emptied the account, over \$8,000. PO Baird was aware of this. I was not.

That night, for whatever reason, PO Baird called Dixie at her parent's home. The bank had contacted me about a bounced check, so I became aware of the closed account. I called Dixie and told her, that night, to return the money. She then wanted forgiveness and wanted to come home. I told her only if she returned the money, and if she would agree to joint counseling with Wilmer Dove. She agreed. PO Baird had nothing to do with this decision, did not know Dove, but later testified that the counseling was his idea, that he arranged it out of his concern for us.

I honestly believe that PO Baird has a mental disorder. In fact, three days later, when he and PO Bartel came by to make sure I was gone, he recorded that he was upset that I did not leave, as ordered, and upset about the counseling. Our first session of counseling was September 23, 1993.

About this same time, the news media was discussing the Brady Bill. Dixie was saying how difficult it would be for anybody to buy guns, especially 'assault' type weapons. She was concerned that Trey would never be able to own a gun. She was well aware that I could not have guns.

As I was growing up, we had a shotgun and a 22 rifle. My brother might have had a rifle. We owned a farm as a second home. The only gun that I personally owned was during my first marriage, to a girl whose father was full Amish, a Hostetler. So I married the daughter. I bought a 30.06 rifle for hunting, which I eventually left behind in Pennsylvania. Even when I was in the Navy, I was in submarine duty, so guns played no part. I had never before been considered "armed and dangerous". But PO Baird and his cronies, because of Dixie, would change that status hanging over my head forever.

Less than two weeks later, on October 3, 1993, when I was still laid up, Dixie went to John Ham, a licensed gun dealer who owned a pawn shop. She bought a Tec-9 and Mac-90, both semi-automatics (a pistol and rifle). She used her State identification. Mr. Ham later testified that he never saw me, and that he looked for situations where people would be purchasing a gun for someone else, which is illegal. He would not have permitted it, known as a "straw buy." I had never heard that expression, and I definitely never told Dixie to buy those guns. Why would anybody buy guns for somebody that, twelve days earlier, said was abusing them? John Ham would have surely remembered me in my Philadelphia collar, with the back of my head shaved, with eight surgical staples and gauze, plus the open hip wound that was infected. But Dixie would testify that I bought them with, first, a check (which does not exist), then, cash. She said I loaded them into the car. Why she bought them is beyond me, but I think her intentions all

along was to get rid of me for life. I wish she had just left me. I also think this could have been Creel's idea, but I shall never know. I have never met him. And Dixie is one of those people who would rather get rid of me so she could move on herself, without looking bad in other's eyes. I did find another letter about that time, unfinished, which said: "Dear Terry, I wanted to call you, but I was afraid I might get caught"

When she walked into the house with the guns, I told her to get them out. I was furious. I called my only friend, RANDY KIMMERLYN, and asked him to come over. Randy was an avid hunter who owned many guns. But when we met, I explained that under supervision, I could not be around guns. Randy is a single parent. His girlfriend was Amy Ard, both good people. Randy has never been stopped for so much as a traffic violation, let alone any criminal history. So he removed all of his guns and brought them to his mother's, just so I could visit his home. But Dixie said that she would keep the guns at her mother's. To the best of my knowledge, that is what Dixie did. They were in a suitcase, and she left. Another time Dixie said they were at "Morningstar Storage." But records show that was a lie, although I gave Dixie a check, more than once, for Morningstar, only because I had later removed Dixie from our joint account and had to write all checks.

I did not tell PO Baird about the guns. Dixie truly acted naive and innocent to the gun situation, regarding my status, and I did not trust PO Baird's motives. I felt I had done nothing wrong, so why open a can of worms and mention anything? Furthermore, I did not plan on being around as time went on. She was way too much baggage to be luggin'. I was merely taking one day at a time.

I did tell JOHN WAYNE BOATWRIGHT, and a man named Carter (who I did not know), that Dixie bought the guns. Boatwright owned a private club. I was a member. In Mid-November, he had a Christmas party at the club. He is known as a local 'player', a bookie, always driving a new vette, etc. He is also known as being part of the local 'system,' one of the boys. I have seen him run other competitive business out of town. But I saw him almost daily. He was locally 'protected.' On the night of the party, I said, jokingly, that since she bought the guns yet I could not shoot them because of my ex-felon status, that maybe he could take them out shooting, just to see if they worked. I said this publicly. I even asked him to go get the guns, to take them away because Dixie did not need them. But Boatwright later falsely testified, after PO Baird (who said he played no part in my prosecution) went to him: "I saw a gun in his car one day, in the parking lot of [his business]." He said it was the Tec-9, after the prosecutor pointed to it, asking if that was the gun. Boatwright has never seen me with a gun. I have no control over local witnesses, or their false testimonies, as the authorities turn their heads to their business dealings.

Within six weeks after we began counseling with Wilmer Dove, he said he did not want to see me any more. He said Dixie needed continued therapy because: "Dixie has deep-rooted mental and emotional problems" that he felt went back to her childhood.

Soonafter, I told PO Baird our counselor's name. He called him, without my knowledge or permission. I assume he told Dove to cooperate. Baird asked Dove

about our personal lives, whether Dixie and I were having any sexual relationship, and how often. When I found out, I discontinued counseling and would not pay Dove what I owed. I was unhinged with both him and Baird. This seemed to defeat the purpose of the counseling, and Baird's or anybody's control over Dixie's life, let alone my situation between Dixie and Trey, and Baird. Trey loved me. I cared for both.

The only violation of my supervision was on January 1, 1994. I had smoked marijuana prior, for neck pain (rather than the prescribed opiates). In fact, the surgical hardware has broken twice since. I remain in pain, and on opiates thrice daily now, awaiting a neurosurgeon's decision as to what to do. Truthfully, I do not trust going under surgery while in federal custody. But, Dixie called PO Baird, who in turn called me. I did not deny it. Baird said he wanted me to go to the federal building the next morning and give a urinalysis, which I agreed to. It was 5 PM.

The boys were with us. Five minutes later, as I went to check on the boys in the yard, PO Baird came screaming down the road, into our yard, driving about 60 MPH, slamming on the brakes. This is a residential neighborhood: 35 MPH limit. He stopped about 5 feet from Jon, who was 6. I told Baird never to come into my yard like that again. I gave him his urinalysis then. But he said he was going to stay until my mother and step father arrived from Florida, any minute, and tell them about the pot use. I told him to get out. Dixie acted like PO Baird was all to blame. He left. I went through a drug treatment at Circle Park.

PO Baird called Mississippi, wanting to violate my supervision. They would not. They were the ones who suggested a local treatment center. But Baird later testified: "I even went before the courts to keep Jeff out of prison, to give him a second chance." That is a lie, and the exact opposite of his intentions. Baird never informed Mississippi of my accident or surgery.

Trez Beasley was my counselor at Circle Bark Treatment Center. He saw a successful salesman, raising someone else's family after release from prison, while at the same time PO Baird was telling him of what a screw up I was. In fact, PO Bartel would later testify, as would Baird, that when the probation officers would meet weekly, I was their biggest problem in their meetings, all because of Baird's claims. Yet there was no cause for revocation, and all info was coming strictly from Dixie. Baird would later testify that everything Dixie told him proved to be true. But that is absurd, unfounded by the record and facts.

Beasley was going through his internship. He asked if I would help him by taking lengthy tests, over a month period. The responses would be fed into a computer. I agreed to help. The tests revealed (besides IQ, religious faith, family obligations, etc.) that PO Baird and Dixie Welch were the cause of stress in my life. Beasley knew neither of them. Within 5 months, I would be setup for arrest.

About this time, in February of 1994, Dixie had again emptied the bank account and left with Creel (I removed her from the joint account thereafter). She again returned the money, wanting to return home after her mother admonished her. Dixie would badmouth her mother to me, and vice versa, playing against each other.

Unknown to me, records show Dixie called PO Baird and confessed her longstanding relationship with Creel. But neither she nor Baird told me. PO Baird called me at home and told

me to leave immediately and stay at a motel. All he said was Dixie was going to "hurt me." But when I was leaving, Baird called back and told me to stay because Dixie obviously loved me. She had called him back in the interim (I was just the puppet), begging him for me to stay.

Baird's chronologies state: "I now see why Dixie is trying to get rid of [Jeff]... She has been seeing another man, Terry Creel, from Monck's Corner...." She had been seeing Creel since before she met me. Baird went on to say how: "Dixie's elevator does not go to the top." Yet he later deliberately falsely testified that Dixie never told him of any affair with Creel, that they were "just friends." She presently lives in Florence, S.C., under the name 'Dixie Creel.'

It was years later that Wendy Cox told investigator Dave MacDougall that Dixie had taken her into our attic. Dixie showed her a baggie of marijuana 'roaches.' She put the baggie behind the "felt lining of a case." Wendy said she thought it was a "bow and arrow" case, but she knew it was a gun case Dixie had in the attic: the Tec-9 case. Wendy told nobody then. And half truths years later are no better than blatant lies. But the courts don't care. Wendy Cox also told MacDougall that, "Dixie said she was going to set Jeff up to go away for life," and use "guns and drugs to do it." Although Wendy thought that by years later revealing this would vindicate her, she soonafter (being in the attic) played her role with Dixie in setting me up for Dixie's guns.

Another who knew Dixie vaguely, Wendy Bryant, years later (1998) gave a sworn affidavit to MacDougall stating that she heard Dixie say "she was going to set me up to go away for life." Again, the courts don't care. Neither Wendys were at trial.

Also in the spring of 1994, my mother and her husband, Richard Dixon, stopped at our home en route to Maine. They arrived early. I was gone. They saw another man with Dixie, who left quickly. They assumed it was PO Baird. They said nothing to me when I got home hours later, but felt they were having an affair. Actually, the man could have been Creel. But this incident, which was later gossip, is the main cause for PO Baird's extreme hatred against me.

Years later, after I was convicted, Wendy Cox told me that Dixie also had an affair with their neighbor. I believe Wendy Cox wants to come clean about her knowledge of the setup, but is afraid because of her own doings.

Wendy Cox is one of those who attend the Southern Baptist church every Sunday and Wednesday, but is in fact the local gossip. Her husband is the same. She only knows me from what Dixie has told them. Unlike Wendy, who may want to come clean, Cecil is different. He has no shame, and will fabricate anything at the moment, thinking he is doing a favor by removing an ex-felon from the streets. They are the epitome of the trailer trash Bible Belt gossips, dangerous, and the reason they were not invited to dinner, ever.

Also at this time, PO Baird began following me in his car. Dixie had told

him that my friend Randy and I had a marijuana field growing at Randy's grandfather's farm. None of that was true. But PO Baird, a weekend warrior with the National Guard, is easy to puff

up. He was once MP in the Army. Although unbalanced, Dixie is shrewd. She could get him, and others weak or blind, to fall for her whims. For Dixie to go through life and beat prosecution herself, time and again, while collecting almost some half million dollars from the taxpayers for her and a son that was not even the Social Security payee's lineage, while getting away with scams without fear of legal retribution, shows that she is not only criminally capable, but shameless. The most embarrassment is my own naivete', after working, raising her kids, and listening to the lies for so long while continuing to keep my eyes closed. When PO Baird and the Government said they could not see Dixie buying a Mac-90 and a Tec-9, that it had to have been me, shows how blind they are. Or, they don't care. Or both.

It was in March of 1994 when Dixie was in hospital to have her uterus scraped for possible melanoma. I paid thousands, cash, only to have her back six weeks later to remove the uterus. I didn't understand women's problems, but she was unstable. But when she was in hospital, Randy and I went to the farm, to a wooded area in the middle of a corn field, where Randy had a tree stand for hunting. We placed a salt lick and left water. When Dixie was released, weak and medicated, she overheard a conversation between Randy and I, where I would go to the farm and leave water. Our worst crime was 'baiting' deer.

Dixie took this to be a pot field. Ten days after Baird followed me around, parking outside of Randy's residence, PO Baird finally called me into his office. I had sales appointments waiting, again. But I complied. He interrogated me, saying his "source" (who I knew was Dixie) had told him about a pot field of about 30 or 40 plants. He said that if I did not cooperate, he would have me arrested, and that his friend John Lambert, who just built a new jail, would take over from there. He could hold me indefinitely. Or, I could go home for lunch, think it over, and return in an hour and take him to the farm.

I chose the latter. When I returned, Baird brought me to the Drug Enforcement Administration office. Agent Jeff Breeden was already briefed and waiting. Breeden and another agent armed themselves with full automatic weapons. PO's Baird and Bartel wore their pistols after getting authorization from their supervisor. Baird recorded that Randy, who he had never met, could be out there waiting for them with a gun. This was after DEA agent Breeden had informed him that Randy Kimmerlyn had no criminal history, and was a single parent raising his son. But Baird referred to Randy as a "thug" and "felon." PO Baird also said another of my past work associates (when I worked for Dove) was a "known felon," when in fact he was not, and became a successful salesman himself. But PO Baird showed a hatred against anybody associated with me. All his animosity was brought on by Dixie's unfounded claims, and Baird's egotistical nature.

I brought them to that farm, to a corn field with about 3 or 4 acres of trees in the midst. They returned me to the federal building before any search. That was a Friday. They spent the rest of the weekend searching for plants that did not exist. But I was not in jail. I could only grin at Dixie's ignorance as she acted so innocent to the episode, as she claimed how PO Baird must have it in for me. Randy and Amy would have nothing to do with us any more, because

of Dixie. They had done all they could to appease her through their friendship prior, bringing flowers and cooking for her when her arm was in a cast, or when she was sick. Their door was always open to us, even though they knew she had mental issues. Randy even gave Trey a

sleeping bag, for a Boy Scout outing, because he had none at the moment. But they gave up on us, and I quit seeing them thereafter. It was too shameful for everybody but Dixie. I should have seen it coming. I should have left. But the following Monday, PO Baird called me into his office and asked me to draw him a map of where the plants might possibly be. I told him he was just going to have to look, that I could help no more.

As stated, PO Baird testified that everything Dixie Welch ever told him regarding any alleged criminal activity on my part proved to be true. Then why wasn't I arrested? Why didn't he call the police when she claimed abuse and there was none? Baird testified that the plants were not there because there was evidence that they had been pulled up. But there are no reports of that anywhere. Even Baird's chronologies, which were never used at trial, showed that after four days of searching, he questioned if "there is any marijuana." Afterwards, agent Breeden laughed about the entire incident, and Baird's actions. Baird appeared as a self-centered, Superman and 4 feet thick fool. And he hated me. This was in April. How tall would any plant be then? 6" tall? What evidence of anything being pulled up that small, in a field of 50 some odd acres filled with corn and woods? Get real!

As Baird denied my request to leave the state and move to Florida (because of work and sanity), I decided to buy a 46' twin diesel boat. I was going to live onboard. I had only eight months of supervision remaining, and I could wean Dixie out of my life in that time. So I discussed the idea with Dixie, that we could live onboard for the summer, fix it over the winter, then sell it. I would not buy the boat without her approval. She went and looked at it with me, and agreed to the plan. She was telling me that we had to get away from Florence, Baird, the Cox's, her parents, etc., while at the same time PO Baird told me that he did not want me to buy the boat, that Dixie's mother, nor Dixie, wanted us to move to Myrtle Beach. He was lording over me again, and I didn't know where he got off, with his dictating my family, my every move.

I leased a storage facility under my name, for our furniture. There were no guns around when Trey and I moved two truckloads to the storage place. It was 85 miles from Florence to the marina, still in Baird's jurisdiction. There was nothing he could do. Nobody else helped us move. But Trey would later, falsely, testify that Randy helped us move. Whether Dixie or Baird told him to say that is not known, but Randy would not come near Dixie or me with a ten foot pole by then.

But after agreeing with me to buy the boat, Dixie called PO Baird and told him that I was going to run gambling and prostitution onboard. When Baird told me not to buy the boat, on one occasion, when I reported for my supervision, he told me to come in and sit. He was on his phone, allegedly speaking with somebody. The conversation went: "Should I buy the houseboat for at the Santee (a local vacation reservoir), or buy that property on the lake?" But it was a fake conversation. Nobody was on the phone. I bought the boat.

We moved onboard on July 17, 1994. That day, Dixie wrote a letter to my mother, Thelma, saying how "proud" she was of me how "happy" we all were because of moving onboard, but how my "PO was giving [me] a hard time right now."

The following weekend, Friday, July 23, 1994, Dixie asked if the Cox's could come see the boat. Because she had discouraged them to visit in Florence, at least with me home, she wanted to show off the boat. I reluctantly agreed. I expected them to come the next morning, was led to believe that. But they showed up Friday night about 8 PM. They brought their kids. Trey, Al and Jon were with us. They spent the night questioning me about my religious beliefs, sitting on deck drinking beer. I remained cordial. As some have testified, and as some of my writings on the Internet will affirm, I am well versed in Biblical history, the writings and prophets, etc. I do not wear it on my sleeve, as the Bible is like politics, and not for all. But I am not a Universalist, charismatic, or practice spiritualism or humanism, as many 'religions' do. Egged on by Dixie, they wanted to argue their Southern Baptist doctrines with me, having no knowledge of the languages of the written Word, its history of the people, etc. It was like a pre-planned attack. I had no desire for their presence, but bit my tongue. As mentioned, Cecil was getting around fine on deck. He was no cripple, although a year later he presented himself before a jury from a wheelchair, like he suffered paraplegia, being led to the witness stand by the prosecutor on one side and the bailiff on the other. So here he was, six feet above the floating dock, getting ready to go out on the Intercoastal Waterway the next day, without so much as a cain. And they really question why they were never invited to dinner previously? Go figure.

Wendy Cox never did testify. But Cecil did. He said that I told him, on that night of their visit, that I "took Trey shooting guns," that I said I had "a gun that would cut a tree in half." So here is this lazy (I'm sorry about his prior accident, but he's worthless), gossip, backbiting insurance con, who I never let in my home, who I all-of-a-sudden told my most secret inner acts of criminal conduct to, acts that would send me away to prison, as we were sitting on deck of the boat that summer night. Really? I was naive to Dixie's ploy, and sensed that something was not right with their presence.

The next day, when the girls and kids went to the beach, I took Cecil out in the boat. We were supposed to cook-out that night. But as soon as we got back to the marina, then picked up the others at the beach, they decided to leave. Quickly. It was about 2 PM. The next morning, Dixie showed me some sort of small, what appeared to be, listening device over my pillow. She said that the Cox's had probably left it. None of it made sense. I showed it to our neighbor, who owned "The Marshes Restaurant." He offered to have the boat swept for bugs when his friend was in town. We never made it that far. Dixie was making everybody but herself look like I was being setup by them.

The next weekend, July 30, 1994, another boat came limping into the marina with engine problems. The owner, Frank Chinutto, owned a sign shop in Florence, about two miles from the Cox's. I had met Frank once for two minutes prior. He was another Yankee, from Maine. His girlfriend was Harriett Hacker. I helped them slip their boat, then invited them onboard mine. We fed them and talked.

The next morning, Saturday, they needed a ride into Myrtle Beach for engine parts, so I obliged. En route, they both said that Dixie seemed odd. Harriett said that she had a daughter who was very intelligent, a model, who I should probably meet.

The next day Frank and I took another neighbor out on the boat. The women, and Trey, went shopping. But then my boat broke down, and we were late getting in. Dixie started questioning our reason, being argumentative. I had to tell her to be quiet. But I now see it was all a show. As we had lost all power onboard, I was not in the mood. Unknown to me, Dixie had told Hacker that I was abusive. That night I took all of them to dinner, including Trey. Everything was fine. But within three days, Hacker played a role in having me arrested.

The next day, Monday, August 1, they returned to Florence. Dixie called the probation office, but PO Baird was gone for two weeks, training for the National Guard. Dixie told another officer that she had found guns and marijuana in a storage facility. She did not say she owned the guns, or had bought them eight months earlier. The officer asked her if they should come out to the marina. She told them not to. She was awaiting money to come through the mail, and did not want to interfere with that.

Dixie would testify that she went to the storage facility the weekend before. She said she snuck the key from my key ring, but said in an affidavit that I gave the keys to her. She testified she took a cab to the storage bin. She said the gun case fell over and popped open, and a baggie of pot fell out. Nobody asked her why she placed the baggie back behind the felt lining of the gun case, where it was later found by the authorities, or if her prints would be found on the guns or baggie. She was never questioned why she did not tell anybody that she bought the guns, or why they were registered to her, when she first reported accidentally "finding" them.

The next evening Dixie and I argued. A girl had stopped to look at the boat. I did not invite her, and it was innocent. But Dixie had been drinking and threw a tantrum. I told Dixie to get her and Trey's things together and be gone by the morning. I left the car at the marina, and left. Dixie took a hammer and smashed the television. She left a beer bottle in the back seat of the car, which the probation officer's found the next day.

On August 3, 1994, Dixie called Wendy Cox, who in turn called probation. Wendy asked to remain anonymous specifically requesting to speak with PO Baird (who was on leave until the 8th). She told another officer that Dixie was being abused, with "guns and drugs involved, a 'life or death situation'."

Wendy and Cecil Cox later spoke with PO Fred Jones, and told him that I had guns because I was a member of "Aryan Brotherhood" (a white supremacy hate group), and was going to join up with my Aryan brothers in Europe to go to war against the U.S. Government. What? Anonymous? Where do they get this stuff?

Dixie also called Harriett Hacker, who called the probation office. She told them that she saw Dixie with a "black-eye," and that Dixie was being abused. Both her and the Cox's were 85 miles away, in Florence.

Foolishly, I returned to the boat at Dixie's pleading the next morning, to talk. I now wanted her gone, but we talked. About 5 PM, the probation office called, saying they had reports that Dixie was being abused. I had been there since about 11 AM, and had already seen the TV

(which she admitted to breaking the night before). There was no mention of guns or drugs. PO Bartel asked to speak with Dixie on the phone, who was just coming out of the shower. She would not talk with them, acting like she could not understand why they would make such a claim. They told me not to leave.

PO's Bartel and Jackie Crenshaw arrived at 6:30 PM. We were all up on deck, including Trey, entertaining a neighbor. Dixie had a drink in hand, Trey playing electronic games. The officers separated me from Dixie and Trey, and questioned all. There was no abuse, no "black-eye." Dixie denied abuse. In fact, after I was arrested, Marsha Crofland, with the Department of Social Services, interviewed both Dixie and Trey. She reported "no abuse is evident."

PO Bartel searched my car, then the boat, never mentioning guns. He asked where the furniture was stored, already aware of the facility, but acting stupid. I told him of the storage unit, about five miles away. He told me to lead them there, that they would follow. I cooperated, unknowing of what Dixie had done. En route, they called the N. Myrtle Beach Police to meet them there. They expected to arrest me.

When we arrived, the Government vehicle parked in front of my car. The police cruiser parked behind me. I was boxed in, and could not leave. PO Bartel took my keys, opened the storage room, and minutes later he and Crenshaw emerged with a rifle wrapped in plastic, and a black case.

One of the local police testified that when they went in, I said: "If you find guns or drugs, they aren't mine." Nobody else seemed to hear that. How do you deal with authorities like that? There is no answer.

Bartel then moved my car, locking it, and placed me in the back of the cruiser. His chronologies show that he did not return my keys to me until we were "en route" to the station. But he later testified that I was free to leave any time. Amazing creatures, these authoritative figures over us.

It was about 9:30 PM. While being questioned in the secure booking area of the station, PO Bartel pulled the felt backing off the gun case, finding a baggie of about 6 grams of marijuana butts, already smoked. They did not charge me with possession of the guns (because they were registered to Dixie). They charged me with simple possession of marijuana, a misdemeanor. I bonded out the next day, and that charge was later dismissed. Dixie had given my dog away.

PO Bartel testified that he did not give me any Miranda warnings. But the presiding Judge Houcke allowed him to say, against objection: "Jeff said his prints could possibly be on the guns." Such intentional violations of the constitutional rights is impossible, impossible, to defend against.

I was re-arrested by probation on August 5, 1994. I was going to be transferred to Jackson, Mississippi for a revocation hearing.

Wendy Cox had the gall, the audacity to come to the jail and ask me for my keys. She said Dixie sent her, and she wanted everything. I told her to leave. The disgrace of such naivete', on my part, is overwhelming.

The day after I was arrested, GREG KNOP called my mother in Maine. He used to report to PO Baird, then Bartel, on parole. He heard I was arrested and wanted to buy my boat. I never knew him. During their conversation, Mom mentioned that she and "Dick" (her husband) felt Dixie and Baird were having an affair. Knop told her that PO Baird played a huge part in destroying his marriage when he was reporting to him. Baird used to come by his home and tell his wife of affairs Greg was having, which was untrue, giving cause for Knop to report to PO Bartel three months later, rather than Baird.

My mother called PO Baird, trying to find out about my arrest. He told her that the guns were mine, and that I was a member of Aryan Brotherhood. He told her to save her money for my defense. But I had been charged with nothing. What defense? He was not even in the state when I was arrested.

Frank Chinutto called the probation office on August 8th, saying he wanted to help me because my car needed moved, and the boat cared for. He said that he heard that Dixie and Baird were possibly having an affair. Gossip was flying, and I had absolutely nothing to do with it. Baird told Chinutto not to get involved because I could get out and retaliate against him and Hacker. I knew nothing about Hacker's role in all this, and I don't think Frank did either. I did not know either. I have to ask if any of this is true in the first place, if they were really involved in any way. Baird has a way of making false, or exaggerated entries into his chronologies.

On August 16, 1994, I was kept in a holding cell awaiting transfer by the U.S. Marshal's, to Mississippi. Two black men were with me: Charles Griffith and another. I knew neither.

On that date, Greg Knop called the probation office to inquire about my boat. He inadvertently told PO Bartel that he heard that Dixie and Baird were sleeping together. Bartel told this 'gossip' to Baird. PO Baird left his office and came to the holding cell. He was furious, and asked: "Did you say I have been sleeping with Dixie?" I told him I had no idea what he was talking about. He said Greg Knop had told him. I said I did not know any Greg Knop. I asked him why he would tell my mother that I was with Aryan Brotherhood. Baird said he would withdraw that remark, but promised that he was personally going to see that I be convicted for Dixie's guns as a straw buy (which I had to ask him what that meant), and that he would see that I do not get out of prison for trying to tarnish his name. He was extremely upset. Although he testified that he brought another court officer with him during this confrontation, nobody else was present, other than the two inmates in the cell. I did not understand his position in the gun prosecution, as he was not present when I was arrested.

Inmate Griffith foresaw a future problem, and told me so. He was from the D.C. area. He gave me his name and federal number, saying I would probably need him as witness someday. Although attorneys from two trials have been made aware of Griffith, a subpoena issued for the later solicitation to murder PO Baird

trial, nobody ever interviewed Griffith, or called him to testify. Nobody called Greg Knop, or Frank Chinutto, or interviewed them, to get to the root of the gossip, which would exonerate me. Nobody asked my mother, when she was on the stand in the solicitation trial, anything about her statements to Knop, or what Baird said to her that day. My attorney, totally unprepared for any federal trial of this magnitude, only got Baird to admit that he was "mad" about the, what he kept referring to as, "allegations." Nobody alleged anything, ever. But at the time it occurred, I thought nothing of Baird's rant.

* * * * *

The Interim Between The Arrest And The Gun Trial

I was transferred to Jackson, Mississippi, for the revocation hearing. The judge did not revoke me for the guns, or the baggie placed inside the case. Although I had previously gone through the Circle Park Treatment Center for the positive urinalysis for marijuana 8 months earlier, the supervision was revoked because of that urinalysis alone. This should be a double jeopardy issue, but who cares, right? I had to serve 8 months in prison. I would have no obligations of supervision when released. I was released on April 1, 1995.

In South Carolina, PO Baird visited the Coxs'. Although Cecil Cox would testify that the only reason he did testify (at the gun trial) was because he received a phone call from PO Baird (who said, at both arraignment and trial, that he played no part in my prosecution), asking a few questions about Dixie and myself. He was then subpoenaed to testify. But three years later, Wendy Cox (who did not testify) told investigator MacDougall that Baird came to their home before trial. Cecil also told me, by letter and phone call, that Baird told them that the guns belonged to me. Baird said the reason I bought them was to kill Dixie and Trey for life insurance money. That lie was never discussed at trial. I have never had insurance for Dixie, Trey, or myself when I was out.

The reason both Wendy and Cecil decided, years later, to tell these things to my investigator, long after my conviction, was because the Coxs' had a falling out with Dixie. On the night of my arrest, they came to the marina and brought Dixie and Trey to their home. They then co-signed a loan for Dixie, to buy a mobile home. But Dixie then abandoned the trailer and the payments, leaving the Coxs' with a credit problem. She had moved in with Creel elsewhere. But the fact that Cecil testified falsely at trial against me, or that Wendy had been in our attic and seen Dixie place a baggie of pot in the lining of the gun case and did not divulge that, is accomplice to the setup, let alone the other things hidden by the Coxs' (such as Wendy's phone call claiming I was abusing Dixie). Wendy is trying to straddle the fence, and an evidentiary hearing should have been in order during my collateral attack (§ 2255), but was denied.

Also prior to my revocation release, someone in S.C. entered me into the National Crime Information Center computer as a gun runner and drug dealer. I had no warrants or warrants, and was not indicted. But my car was stopped twice, impounded and searched, causing major mechanical damage (all fluids were drained).

When I returned to the marina, I was told by the locals that U.S. Customs

had been sitting at the bar, asking about me and watching my boat.

When I went to Florence to get my car (at my lawyer/friend's), I made a call from a pay phone. Trey just happened to get off a school bus and saw me. We spoke for about five minutes. I told him his mother had set me up, and was wrong. He told me Dixie was with Creel then. I gave Trey my phone number and to call any time. We parted hugging. Unknown to me, Dixie thereafter called PO Baird and told him I was stalking them (Baird's words at arraignment). That is insane.

PO Baird would make claims of total distrust in just about every move I made. Later, when an inmate (who was involved in the later solicitation case) said that I was making about \$70,000 annually in the bankcard business, Baird would question whether that income was made legally, or by fraud. I could not breathe at any time, even after I was not under his supervision.

An employee at the marina, who was arrested for his own criminal conduct, asked me if I could find him enough cocaine for his personal use (the 11.75 grams forementioned). I was arrested by the local authorities on July 5, 1995, for cocaine distribution. They transferred jurisdiction to the Feds in Florence. On July 12, 1995, the Government went before a grand jury and obtained an indictment against me, not Dixie, for felon in possession of firearms, pursuant to 18 U.S.C. § 922(g)(1). I was transferred to Florence to be tried on all charges.

* * * * *

The Gun Trial

At arraignment, PO Baird was the key witness. I was appointed federal Public Defender WILLIAM F. NETTLES III to represent me. By then I was considered "armed and dangerous" and a flight risk. They set a ridiculous bond of \$1,000,000.

The trial lasted 1½ days. As stated, PO Bartel testified that I told him my prints could possibly be on the guns, although I objected. Bartel said he didn't give me Miranda warnings, but the Judge, C. Weston Houcke, allowed his statement anyway. So much for Miranda rights. And they didn't try to lift prints. They would have found Dixie's, who said she never held the guns.

PO Baird could have got an Emmy, saying how proud he was of me, how he kept me out of prison during my term of supervision, how he got my tax money back for me But he said that everything Dixie told him about my criminal activity proved to be true. Although his chronologies revealed the facts, including Dixie's relationship with Terry Creel, even the argument over the gossip, Baird testified that Dixie didn't confess her second life with Creel, that they were just friends. My lawyer never used the chronologies to impeach Baird, or Dixie. He never thought of calling Terry Creel, as Dixie was living in Creel's apartment at that time. My lawyer never challenged Baird's animosity toward me.

Then there was the N. Myrtle Beach police officer, who testified that he just happened to hear me say that if they found guns or drugs, they weren't mine.

Of course, Dixie testified that she did not know that I could not own or possess guns. She said I bought them. She denied any physical relationship with Creel (but she now carries his last name). She also said I had some maximum capacity magazine for the rifle, but she couldn't find it.

Trey testified that I took him out shooting once, but he could not show the authorities where we went shooting. So my lawyer, out of the clear blue sky, picked up the rifle and told Trey to stand before the jury and show them a shooting stance. I was furious, but it was too late. Defense? But the lawyer said that he did not think Trey, who was 14 then and was 6' tall and weighed over 200 pounds, could hold up the gun. What is he, nuts? He reminded me of that public defender on the movie "My Cousin Vinnie." Useless. But the week after the trial, Dixie came to the jail, crying, and told me that Trey left home the next day because Dixie had told him what to say, and that Baird was there. She wanted forgiveness because Trey said he lost his only "Dad." My lawyer said that nobody believed Trey's testimony, but that didn't help me. I was convicted, and they out there living a life of freedom.

I had told the lawyer, Nettles, of the divorce papers, the false claims of abuse that could be verified by court records, and Dixie's mental history, both through the State and Wilmer Dove. He brought up none of that to impeach Dixie's credibility.

Cecil Cox also was telling the jury that I said I had a gun that would cut a tree in half. That didn't help matters.

To cap things off, you had John Wayne Boatwright, who said he saw me drive into the parking lot of his business one day with a Tec-9. Of course, he was never asked whether it was in my hand, on the seat, what kind of car, was I wearing my suit and tie ...?

My lawyer never interviewed the folks responsible for my arrest: Wendy Cox or Harriett Hacker. He never called Greg Knop or Frank Chinutto, the ones who told the probation office of the gossip about Dixie and Baird's affair, the reason for the vindictive, selective prosecution a year after Dixie set me up.

For a defense, the only ones who testified in my behalf were the gun dealer, who said I was not there when she bought the guns. He showed the paperwork with Dixie's signature only.

And Randy Kimmerlyn testified, who said he knew the guns were Dixie's and that I had nothing to do with their purchase. But after the trial he told me that when he came to the courthouse that day to testify, PO Baird and another cornered him and threatened him with criminal prosecution if he said anything they could prove was not true.

I also testified. U.S. Marshals and my lawyer later said I was a believable witness, but that they could not overcome the circumstantial evidence. The storage facility was in my name. That's enough for a conviction of the charge.

The jury convened for about four hours, but found me guilty. My lawyer

said that the jury knew that it had been a setup. But that didn't help, and how he would know what the jury thinks or feels is beyond me.

I was sentenced to five and one half years, within the sentencing guidelines, but the judge enhanced that sentence by eighteen months more, or seven years, because he felt I perjured myself during trial. That sentence was completed in 2000. Chief Judge C. WESTON HOUCKE presided.

* * * * *

Post-Conviction Mayhem Created By A Corrupt Government

I was sentenced for the gun possession on February 20, 1996. This was in the midst of when the Government had already made me a target for the solicitation to murder PO Baird case. The Government had already discussed a deal with their paid Government informant, Michael R. Ray, to reduce his sentence for his cooperation in recording me. His lawyer, when that deal was cut with Ray on February 14, 1996, was also my lawyer, William F. Nettles III. Ray recorded me on the 16th of February. I was sentenced with Nettles representing me on the 20th. Ray again recorded me on the 21st of February, 1996. In fact, Nettles came to see me at the jail about the 19th (the day before sentencing). Ray told Nettles that day that I was the inmate he was "working with." Nettles was aware of the conflict before my sentencing, yet said nothing. Nettles quit representing me the next day (the 22nd). A.U.S.A. William E. Day, who later prosecuted me on the solicitation charges, knew this conflict at the time. If this isn't conflict of interest, multiplied tenfold, I don't know what is.

Furthermore, Government informant Ray was the person who put together and filed my § 2255 (for the gun case). This was under the premise that he was a lawyer. That violated my due process, where the Government, by deception, collaterally attacked the same conviction that they brought against me in the first place. Unknown to me then, the 2255 did not have to be filed then, but should have been filed years later, after my direct appeal.

Then, in May of 1996, Assistant U.S. Attorney WILLIAM E. DAY (AUSA Day) alleged that I had asked inmate Randy Weaver to kill every witness in the gun trial, both Government and civilian, himself, and Judge Houcke, the presiding judge. Although a subpoena was issued (at my request) for the alleged "Weaver", he never came forward, and I was never charged with the allegations. But records show that AUSA Day contacted the U.S. Marshal's Service, and the Secret Service, and told Judge Houcke I was trying to kill him. Judge Houcke would not recuse himself from any post-conviction judicial process. Everything has been denied without fair or unprejudiced due process. The prejudice was also carried over to the later solicitation to murder case, and that judge, CAMERON M. CURRIE. I have never heard of such idiocy in any forum.

I can only say that my knowledge of any "Randy (Weaver)" in the jail. Was an inmate who was there for about two days. He was returning to Greenville, S.C., in transit. We discussed PO Baird and my case. But the Florence Co. jail officers came and got him, and (I heard) brought him to segregation, without notice. The next thing I knew, the jail officers brought me to segregation. I stayed

in solitary thereafter, until I was tried, convicted, and sentenced and transferred some four months later, without any incident report. The next thing I knew were these false allegations from Weaver. He allegedly went to Greenville, 150 miles away, then contacted his probation officer with the allegations against me. Records show that when the FBI was contacted and asked Weaver to wear a recording device and elicit statements from me, for a sentence reduction, he declined. But the damage needed against me was accomplished.

I believe that when the Florence Co. jail officers saw me talking to Weaver, who were given orders to keep me from mentioning PO Baird's name, they decided to separate us. The jail administrator, JOHN LAMBERT, was part of the local cronyism, and, as Baird warned me, close to Baird. I had been told never to mention Baird's name, by P.D. Nettles. Again, this was simply jail talk, and innocent. I believe that Weaver was offered a deal by the Florence officers if he would claim a murder plot. But when he got to Greenville, and pressured to get involved, he declined. Unknown to me, Weaver was a past rapist, and was facing five years for threatening President Clinton. A career criminal, he had just undergone a mental evaluation. But again, whether any of this is true is only speculative. He never came forward. That might not even be his name, for all I know. But all of this was brought up before the solicitation to murder case Judge Currie. It did one thing. It caused extreme prejudice against me. It was part of the farce.

But the gun conviction was just the beginning. What followed was pure collusion by the Government and its agents. Baird's dream, that I would be punished for the gossip, would be fulfilled.

* * * * *

**The Concealment Of The Facts Which Allowed The Government To
Claim Count One Of Solicitation To Murder A Federal Officer**



From the moment I was convicted of those guns, September 20, 1995, the first of two counts of solicitation to murder PO Baird began.

I had been in the jail in Florence since about one month before the gun trial commenced. The only discovery that PD Nettles had given me was a copy of PO Baird's chronologies of my term of supervision under him (about 40 pages). It gives a detailed account of what occurred over the 2½ year period of supervision (described herein). In jail, there were other inmates I discussed those records with before trial. One of them was TERRY McKNIGHT.

He came to me for help. I have been an artist since childhood. A few examples are attached. I am proud of my talent, and others come to me for advice. McKnight was one. He introduced himself. I did not like his ilk. He asked too many personal questions. I should have been more astute to his intentions. He saw me sketching, and that is how he befriended me. But another reason I am so distraught is because my lifetime of talent has been wasted by something I did not bring on myself.

I did not know it, but McKnight was in the Florence County Detention Center (FCDC) because he was facing some pretty bad charges. Unlike what he later portrayed before the jury, we were not "friends." I did not know him. Along with other inmates, we sometimes played cards. That's it. He said he was in jail for some minor drug infraction, and had a falling out with his wife and in-laws.

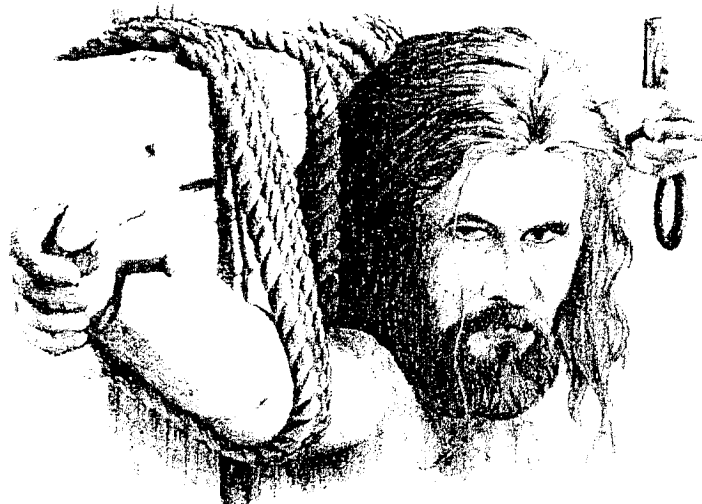
Actually, they disowned him. He decided to kill the in-laws. He bound their wrists and ankles, and covered their mouths with duct-tape, taking them out the door when the local police came rushing in and arrested him. His partner in the crime was cooperating with the police, a sting. But we knew none of this. He had a \$500,000 bond against him. He testified that he wanted the Government to get rid of his bond if he cooperated in convicting me. That was his goal.

McKnight was in another jail previously, in Williamsburg County. Sheriff Jack McCrea was the chief honcho there, and knew McKnight well. While in his jail, McKnight alleged that an inmate was trying to make a drug deal. The Drug Enforcement Administration was called in, but after they investigated it was found to be made up, "without validity." McKnight then claimed that an inmate had an "Uzi" machine gun. The Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms investigated. That too was found to be a fabrication. He then said that another inmate had asked him to murder somebody. State Law Enforcement Division (SLED) Detective Johnny Bartell investigated and found that was also "without validity." McKnight

was trying anything he could to get out of jail by cooperating. So they sent him to FCDC. The State authorities would no longer accept phone calls from him. They were fed up with his lies.

McKnight testified that he would listen to inmates conversations, remember names and addresses, then sneak back to his room and write them down. In fact, he wrote info of other inmates also, including his partner in jail, JIMMY PARKER. I have the notes.

McKnight was a career criminal. But he would beat having to serve his sentences. He was a burglar in past, and busted for "chop-shops".... Each time he was arrested, he cooperated, or cut a 'deal.' A five year sentence was reduced to 120 days "time served." He knew how to work the system. For those that do not realize why our crime continues as it does, this is one reason. The Government wants convictions. It makes them look good. It also puts many of the real criminals back out there, only to cooperate again when caught. The Feds know it, they just don't care.



As mentioned, McKnight's partner was Jimmy Parker. He was a local. He too was a career criminal. Aside from numerous burglaries and violent crimes, Parker was a rapist. Nobody knew that. He was 28, and facing life for raping a 15 year old with a screwdriver held to her throat. This was not his first rape. He was a neighbor of Randy Kimmerlyn's then girlfriend, SHELLEY DREW (who should have testified), who I didn't know. But Parker said he was in jail for some drug charge. Parker also heard the names of Dixie Welch and Robbie Baird because we

discussed the chronologies.

Parker had made a remark that he had smoked crack cocaine with a local U.S. Marshal, Kim Dawsey.

On the day I was convicted of the guns, as I was transported to the courthouse by the Marshal's, I inadvertently told an inmate that Parker was telling everybody that he smoked crack with Marshal Dawsey. The chief Marshal asked me about it, and I told him to leave it alone, that USM Dawsey was no longer in the Florence jurisdiction anyway and that Parker was just a spouting idiot.

Also at this time period, when I was talking to Randy Kimmerlyn on the phone, I found out about Parker's rape charge. I mentioned Parker's name to Randy. Shelley Drew screamed that Parker had better never come back to their neighborhood (where the rape victim lived). Parker would not come to the phone when Drew asked to speak to him. I told other inmates, and Parker was ostracized,

except from McKnight. Parker and I no longer talked. I hated him.

At this same time, Greg Knop continued to write me. He still wanted the boat. He sent me his phone number and we spoke a couple of times. McKnight would listen to the calls and grab any info he could. This is where the term "Rat" comes from. It is not the same as sincere or caring cooperation.

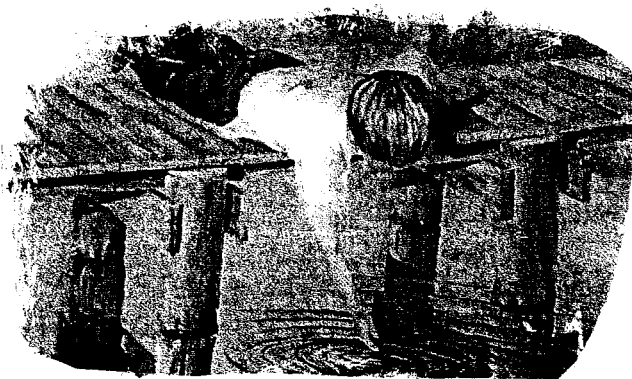
Five days later, on September 25, 1995, U.S. Marshal Ricki Rouse (USM Rouse) came to the jail to admonish Parker about his statements about USM Kim Dawsey. What she expected to gain by that is beyond me. It scared the wits out of Parker. These are the 'Feds', 'Big Brother'. He felt threatened over, again, gossip. What is with these locals in this small community where gossip seems to set them over the edge? That was on September 25, 1995.

When we were out for recreation (about 2 hours a day), Parker asked me if I had gone to the Feds and ratted on him. We argued, and I told him to stay clear of me. Parker told McKnight that I had "ratted" on him, that USM Rouse had spoken with him. Of course, McKnight wrote down Rouse's name.

The living arrangements at jail were as follows: when the top tier was out for rec, the bottom was locked in their rooms. This prohibits contact with the inmates from the other tier. Parker, McKnight and myself were all on the upper tier.

That night, Parker was on sweep detail (which rotates nightly). He slipped a note under my door which said "Rat." When the doors opened I went after him, but he locked himself in his room. The officer on duty heard the altercation and I was moved to the lower tier, so we could not come in contact with each other. This was the cause for the murder-for-hire scheme alleged against me.

Two days later, September 27th, inmate McKnight asked his girlfriend to call SLED (State authorities). They would not accept his allegations because they knew his unreliability. So she called USM Rouse. She told Rouse that I had asked McKnight to kill Dixie Welch and PO Robbie Baird.



I hate jumping ahead, but when trial came around 10 months later, Nettles was no longer my lawyer. I was represented by attorney DEBRA OWENS JACKSON. At trial, she did not know the date of the fight, or when McKnight contacted USM Rouse. She did not have duty logs from the jail. It took two cross examinations for her to finally figure out these events, and for Parker to admit that it was the 25th when the fight occurred, and two days later they contacted

USM Rouse. Attorney Jackson never subpoenaed USM Rouse, who was not at trial. This is not ineffective assistance of counsel?

Around this same time, Dixie had come to the jail. Twice. She claimed she

was sorry for setting me up and lying in court. She said Trey left her the day he testified. She



begged forgiveness, but her true intentions were to extort me. I knew she was lying. She claimed she had a lawyer and would go to the prosecutor and tell him she bought the guns and set me up. The problem was that McKnight was in the shadows taking notes. Dixie left her phone number, and we spoke about a dozen times. But whether it be through the glass at visitation, or on the phone, McKnight was skulking. His notes have all of Dixie's info on them, but her wrong address. These notes were never used at trial.

Dixie also wrote me numerous letters. She wanted me to sign over everything we owned to her. We had little, and I had not been to storage, just kept up the rental payments since my arrest. But McKnight missed nothing, and either the jail was stupid enough to allow him to run unchecked, or they intentionally used him to target me. The phone calls and letters were never used at trial. Dixie was not at trial either.

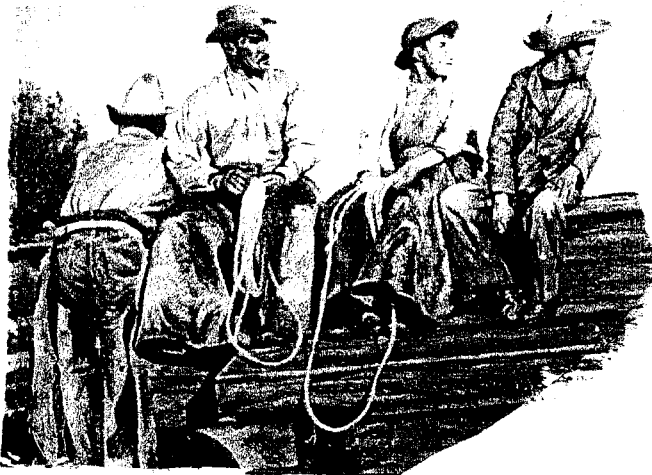
Right after USM Rouse spoke with McKnight's girlfriend on the 27th, Rouse called Federal Bureau of Investigations Special Agent Vince Flamini (SA Flamini). She had not interviewed McKnight yet. Rouse told SA Flamini that I was going to kill Dixie Welch and Rohbie Baird. Flamini then called Baird and told him that I had asked an inmate to contract murder him. Baird testified this was a Wednesday eve, the 27th of September. There hadn't been any investigation started yet. PO Baird became scared and contacted his supervisor to request that he be permitted to carry a weapon at all times.

Dear Lord help me! I cannot understand what is the matter with these people, jumping hoops over gossip, slander, whatever, that is totally unfounded. Here you have a U.S. Marshal and F.B.I. agent acting like this, and I have to wonder if this is what is taught in Quantico to become a successful agent. But society would be amazed at how many convictions are procured this way, whether it be true or not. And the inmates who are found incredible are never punished when it is proven that they have fabricated a crime against another. And once the Government gets on a path, even a dead end, they are never wrong. They will lie, rather than be wrong. Look at "Benghazi", or "Fast and Furious." However, this is also why Congress has passed laws, such as the Omnibus Act-Title III (which will be explained) to place a check on rogue agents to prohibit unlawful acts by them.

Today, SA Flamini hangs his hat on the fact that he is one of many who was awarded for the 1996 Olympic Bombing investigation in Atlanta. That's great, but again, in the course they destroyed the life of an innocent Atlanta cop just doing his job, officer Jewell. The FBI swore he was responsible for killing many innocent victims. But they were wrong. If not for arresting Rudolph years later, Jewell would be screwed. But there is another fact that should be known.

In 1996, there were some 4,000 FBI agents. I do not know how many "Vince Flamini" there were as agents, but my guess is one. But years before there was a situation where Sandra Levi's body was found in a park in our nation's capitol. A senator was involved in the investigation (his name slips me), who was married. But when the Senator and Levi's relationship was going on, it was "Vince Flamini" protecting the Senator. Flamini told Levi's girlfriend about the extra-marital affair. Again, gossip by a special agent. But I could be wrong with this Vince Flamini. My source is The Inquirer.

SA Flamini and USM Rouse interviewed McKnight the next day, the 28th of September, 1995. McKnight had a wild concocted story of where the boat was (he gave a wrong address, 80 miles from the marina), which was supposed to be payment for the contract murder of Dixie and Baird. He gave Dixie's address (also wrong). He gave Randy Kimmerlyn's phone number, who was supposed to be the "outside contact" to help with the murders. Kimmerlyn was supposed to pick up money, coming from some woman in Charlotte, and guns, coming from Tennessee, at the bus station. He said that if they would just let him out of jail, he would show them where Randy and Dixie live, and where the "hit" was supposed to take place. He agreed to wear a wire. He said inmate Jimmy Parker also wanted to speak with them about the murder plot.



Parker also said that Randy Kimmerlyn was supposed to help with the murder. But Parker could not corroborate McKnight's story. The authorities did not speak with Parker again, that is, until six months later, when they would offer him a "deal" (which will be explained) for his testimony. But both he and McKnight were going to get even with me and Randy for exposing Parker as a rapist. In fact, the authorities never spoke with Randy during the investigation. I don't think, for one minute, that they believed McKnight's and Parker's story.

In the following six weeks, SA Flamini, with the Florence Co. Sheriff's Dept. and jail administration, investigated the alleged crime. They intercepted all incoming and outgoing mail and phone calls. McKnight even recorded me about October 6, 1995.

On the day he recorded me, the jail had moved McKnight to the lower tier. The officer let him out of his room early. McKnight slipped a note under my door, asking if Dixie would go to the bus station and pick up a package. As I did not talk to McKnight any more, I knew something was not right. When the doors opened I asked him what he was up to, why he would request such a thing, and how he knew Dixie. I wanted to, and should have, hit him then. But I told him to stay away from me and never mention Dixie's name again. That confrontation was what they recorded, a one minute argument. They did not play the recording at trial. The Government said it could not be heard, but McKnight testified I said: "Why

would you want Dixie to go to the bus station instead of Randy?", which makes absolutely no sense, frankly idiotic. As the whole thing was a fabrication by McKnight, it wouldn't make sense. He was just playing some game for a very gullible, or desperate, SA Flamini.

Florence Co. Detective BARRY PROSSER assisted SA Flamini with the investigation, and put the wire on McKnight. He never testified.

In 1998 I brought a civil rights action against eleven of these defendants, both officers and civilians, which is where I got a lot of materials. It litigated for almost a year before the district court Judge Currie dismissed it under Heck v. Humphrey. In an affidavit, SA Flamini said he had acquired the proper authorization to intercept and record me. But he did not. Although moot because that tape was not played, there is due process which must be followed. A violation of due process is a key part of this case later, which I shall explain here.

Pursuant to the Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act of 1968 (18 U.S.C. §§ 2510 et seq.), there are procedures that must be followed when recording an inmate in jail or prison, especially if they are in the custody of the U.S. Marshal's Service or the Dept. of Justice (that's the Attorney General). To violate the procedures is a crime, punishable by a prison term, even if it is a federal agent or attorney. Anybody. Because I was a federal prisoner in U.S. Marshal custody, authorization from F.B.I. Headquarters in Washington, D.C. was required. The House and Senate passed these laws to prevent agents from doing exactly what they did here. They simply strapped a recording device on McKnight and let him try to get me into a conversation that they could turn into criminal conduct. They went fishing. Fine. But follow the law, which requires an affidavit submitted to Washington to show what other means of investigation techniques have been tried and failed, or are too dangerous to try, and recording is necessary. They did none of that. They simply filled out the federal form to intercept (FD-759) and took a rubber stamp from the Columbia, S.C. F.B.I. field office, then signed the initials of the Special Agent in Charge (SAC) of that office. Wrong! Title III (the Omnibus Act) is to prohibit rogue agents. Period. Otherwise, there would be every prisoner in the Western Hemisphere running around prison with wires on. They all want to go home, and they would all make up some kind of cause, real or not. But you do not see it in prison because it is against the law without FBIHQ and DOJ authorization. And even then they must get a local judges court order. It can be done in minutes over fax and phone. But by them not playing McKnight's recording in court, and by SA Flamini not testifying, it may have saved Flamini from criminal conduct. But it does not take away from his collusion that followed later. This is why, in the civil action, Flamini was served. But the court was selective in service, and could not be compelled to serve another FBI agent to come, Special Agent KEVIN HARVEY (SA Harvey), who they have protected from his criminal conduct so far.

Obviously from the pressure of my recent conviction, my worthless lawyer Nettles, and Parker, McKnight, and Dixie, the stress got to me. I got in a fight with another inmate about October 8, 1995. I was sent to solitary confinement, or "Max-Seg." Records show that even though I was no longer around, McKnight continued to give info to USM Rouse, who told McKnight to quit calling her.

Two days after the fight, the jail administration sent McKnight to Max-Seg, without an incident or cause. They wanted him to try to talk with me, but he never did. He left Max-Seg the next day, returning to the pod with Parker. This is how I know that the jail Administrator John Lambert, PO Baird's friend, was deeply involved with trying to put a murder-for-hire case on me, just as Baird promised he would do. But Lambert said in his affidavit that he did not know any Jeffrey Crosby in his jail. Although it was Lambert who personally told his personnel, such as Detective Prosser and Lieutenant McKnight how to wire two inmates for the optimum sound interception in his jail of just over 200 inmates (as records show) to record Jeffrey Crosby, a federal prisoner who allegedly threatened to kill his friend PO Baird, maybe he just forgot who I am. Maybe! Duty logs would have been nice. But Lambert never testified either. My lawyer never spoke to him.

I knew nothing of any solicitation to murder charges or investigation going on.

About October 16, 1995, I got a letter from Dixie. It said that if I did not send her "\$1500 within 72 hours, "she would",go to the right people (meaning PO Baird)" and I "would never see daylight again." She would have them place drug manufacturing or other charges on me if I didn't "pay up or else. Remember, 72 hours, and then we'll just forget everything." I wrote her back and told her to never try to extort me again. That is the last I ever heard from Dixie. I wrote to the postal authority, but do not know if the letter ever left the jail. But this was insanity, and I couldn't take it. I had nightmares. My hip (from the surgery gone bad) was infected. I was vomiting. My teeth became loose, my gums bleeding. I was a wreck. It was due to nerves. In fact, I have been hospitalized four times because my Ilius closes up now, over nerves. Each time is when I'm writing out this case, the facts. It is a constant war.

When I showed the blackmail letter in my § 2255 motion, AUSA NANCY WICKER, who prosecuted the solicitation case, said: "The alleged letter from Dixie Welch is not even signed." Yes it IS, signed "Dixie", identical to her signature on the gun forms she signed when she bought the guns. But every piece of evidence I provide, everything I raise, is said to be false, or a fabrication, and the district court judge denies everything without an evidentiary hearing. The letter was never shown at trial, but my lawyer had it. Dixie was not at the solicitation to murder PO Baird trial.

In mid October was when SLED Agent Johnny Bartell told SA Flamini that McKnight had fabricated numerous criminal allegations against other inmates, and that they were all found to be incredible, with "no validity to them." Sheriff Jack McCrea (of Williamsburg Co.) said that McKnight was "just trying to get out of jail, and there was no validity to [my solicitation case]."

About October 30th, PD Nettles came to the jail and told me SA Flamini had asked him if he thought I would have PO Baird killed. Flamini told Nettles that somebody (he did not say who) said that I asked them to contract murder Dixie and Baird. This was the first I heard of the nonsense. It is a serious allegation of the worst kind, to murder, especially a federal officer, a "cop killer." I thought Dixie and Baird might be behind it, and told Nettles about the extortion letter. I told him I needed to see SA Flamini immediately. I was

still in Max-Seg. Flamini never came.

I was scared. I wrote letters to the probation office in Charleston, S.C. I wrote to Judge Houcke. I even wrote to PO Baird. I asked all for an investigation regarding the murder allegations against Baird and Dixie, and the blackmail letter. They all received the letters, but nobody wrote back or sent help. I told many officers, such as Hutchinson and Ellis and others, that I needed help, an investigation or internal affairs. But none of those officers were at trial. This was insanity, and I needed protection from rampant prosecution against me. I wrote inmate requests (at the officer's suggestions) to Co. Investigators Abraham and Illes (who I didn't know). Nobody responded. I was blind to what was going on, and in solitary. Talk about sick? You cannot imagine the stress.

I had my mother in Maine call SA Flamini. In the 4 minute conversation, she specifically told him I needed to see him because of the murder allegations against Dixie and Baird that were brought to my attention. She also told him about the extortion letter Dixie sent me. He did not acknowledge her. He never came to speak with me.

The 2255 court said that it does not matter that the Government or local authorities would not come to my assistance, that basically I do not have any right to their protection.

Unknown to me, SA Flamini closed the solicitation investigation on October 31, 1995, because of: "No evidence, no corroborating witness, and their only cooperating witness was 'known unreliable'" (emphasis added). AUSA ALFRED "Buddy" BETHEA (who prosecuted the gun case) said: "This case is closed." But nobody informed me of this. They did not tell the Grand Jury that the case had been closed when a juror asked why they were seeking a two count indictment. The fact of the case being closed was never brought up in discovery, or at trial. I did not find out the case was closed until 1998, through SA Flamini's affidavit, and through Freedom of Information. But judge Currie said, denying my 2255, that it did not matter that Count One had been closed, or that nobody was informed of that Brady information. The court said the Government was "candid" with the Grand Jury when asked.

Would that have made a difference if the Grand Jury was told that Count One had been closed in 1995, and the reasons why? Does anyone honestly think they would have granted a two count indictment? The court is as dishonest as the Government. She protects them. Do you think I had a right to know they had closed the case because there was no evidence of the allegation, that it originated from a "known unreliable" source and his buddie that I fought with two days before they made the claim? Where does Brady material come in, or facts? Knowing that would have impeached the entire case, both counts. Where would Count Two have come from if there was no Count One in the first place? If Flamini had just talked to me, told me the truth, the nightmares would have stopped. I could have stopped puking because of fear of the unknown.

When I went to court about November 3, 1995, and pled to the drug charge (which was the first contact with Judge Currie, who presided), I saw USM Rouse.

I was mad with her. I asked her what she thought she accomplished by pulling up Jimmy Parker and questioning him about smoking crack with USM Dawsey (who wasn't even in town any more), causing us to fight. What, did she think he was going to admit saying it? I swear I don't understand their thinking, such 'littleman's complexes', to let stupid remarks get to them. But, I told Rouse that I needed to speak with the supervisor of probation (because it involved PO Baird). She said she told him (he was sitting in court). I also told PD Nettles that I needed to see the supervisor, and SA Flamini (who I did not know), who was in court. Nettles told him right then, and he told Nettles he would speak with me after court. He never did. I have never spoken with Flamini to date. The next time I saw him was 8 months later, at a pretrial hearing, when I was being tried for two counts of solicitation to murder PO Baird.

Around November 8, 1995, after I objected to being sent back to the jail pod with McKnight and Parker from Max-Seg, they told me I could either return or stay in Max-Seg. McKnight immediately checked in to protective custody (left the pod) after Parker told me McKnight was trying to set me up. Within a week I was moved from that pod, away from both.

If in fact it really had been a murder plot against a federal officer, and I helped stop it by going to the authorities, would I have been a hero? They had no intentions of talking with me because they knew it was a fabricated bunch of malarkey.

Over the next few months I forgot about the allegations. Nobody brought up Baird's or Dixie's names.

As I have mentioned, attorney Debra Jackson would replace PD Nettles. She was appointed under the Criminal Justice Act (CJA). She boasted she had been a lawyer for over 10 years, but just entered into the federal forum. She had no federal trial experience. The fact is that she was the worst representative imaginable. Again, I'm jumping ahead here. But the last words I heard from her, on a phone from Lewisburg Penitentiary in 1997, were: "Jeff, I just couldn't afford to represent a case like yours." Then what the hell was she doing in that courtroom? Why didn't she tell me that before trial? She was paid more than 10 grand for what she did to me, which is more than 30 pieces of silver in 1996, right?

For this first count of murder-for-hire, she never used the FBI 302 of SLED Agent Johnny Bartell or Sheriff Jack McCrea to impeach McKnight. As mentioned, she never spoke with or called either, even though she had subpoenas. She had no investigator. She abandoned me at trial, trying to take some insanity defense I guess. It's hard to tell any strategy, and she couldn't explain one. She called not one of the officers, agents, County detectives or investigators forementioned thus far, although she asked for and was given 29 subpoenas from the bench. She had no duty logs from the jail(s) (I'll explain). When I said I wanted to subpoena Judge Houcke (who I asked for help), she acted like I was asking God Himself to come down from heaven. But I needed a defense. She served none of those subpoenas. She never even called SA Flamini or USM Rouse, who didn't testify. Do you think the jury would have liked to hear about his investigation and the outcome? The court denied a mental evaluation before trial. Why would Jackson

try that route? Because she did not know what she was doing in that courtroom, that's why.

But as time would prove, this was the least of attorney Jackson's downfalls. She committed fraud, not just upon the court, but with the court's indulgence. She guaranteed that I would not be able to challenge the only physical evidence the Government used to convict me of both counts: ill-gained tape recordings 4 months after Count One had been closed.

Throughout all of my post conviction relief sought, Judge Cameron Currie found absolutely no fault or ineffectiveness in Jackson's representation. There is no doubt that they, including the court(s), had a different objective than my defense.

* * * * *

What followed is nothing more than fraud by the Government and the courts. It is exactly as the Government stated in sarcasm, that this is a case of Kafkaesque bureaucracy. As they stated, they "made their case."

How The Government Created Two Counts Of Solicitation To Murder A Federal Official - From Nothing

When AUSA Bill Day said he "made their case." that is exactly what they did.

FBI SA Kevin Harvey was transferred from New York to the district of South Carolina, to the Columbia field office, in late January of 1996. He had over two decades in the Bureau. He came to the Florence field office on February 12, 1996. He testified it was his first day with the Pee Dee Violent Crime Task Force, in the same office with AUSA William Day. This task force is made up of local, State and Federal agents. This is the same task force who had entered me into the NCIC computer, when I was released from prison and before any wants, warrants or indictment was brought against me. State Agent DAVID KNIGHT was involved with the PDVCTF. He would also be one of the chief agents who controlled the illegal tape recordings throughout this murder-for-hire case. He did not testify at trial either. Like FCDC jail Administrator John Lambert, Knight stayed in the background.

As mentioned, Michael Ray reported to both PO's Baird and Bartel while on supervised release. He was an FBI informant from the spring of 1993 through September of 1995. He was paid for his efforts during that time. Like inmate McKnight, Ray is one of those folks who just cannot do his time for his crimes. He will do anything to stay out of prison.

Ray is also a career criminal. He has been convicted of frauds and cons since his teens, when he was growing up in Upstate New York. Bank fraud, checks, money orders, any kind of fraud is his forte. He is a known liar. When he was sentenced for bank fraud in 1993, he begged to help the Feds to cooperate on any case to stay out. But he could not get a conviction for them in those two years. He tried. I heard since that it was on a drug case, but the defendant was found innocent and left the country. Don't quote that though.

Ray has been diagnosed three times for bipolar disorder and manic depression. He is schizophrenic. But the Feds do not care. In 1993, he was ordered to self surrender to prison. But he didn't. He stayed in Myrtle Beach. He opened a small-time pornography store. When they finally arrested him in the summer of 1995, he was then facing an additional 21 months (on top of his 15 month sentence he already had for fraud). He wanted none. He wanted freedom. In fact, after he did what the Government asked him to do in this case, he got that reduction of sentence that they promised him. It's called a Rule 35(b) downward departure, for those that don't know. Yet he didn't go to prison. But he soon committed more fraud upon our society, going to New York and Jersey on a check writing rampage. He was sentenced, did a stint, and was released. He returned to Myrtle Beach, the Florence jurisdiction, to serve his term of supervision under the same probation officers. PO Bartel testified that Ray considered him "a friend." Why not? Ray is safe in his scam there, both against society and using the system.

As of 2012, Ray was in Myrtle Beach, fleecing inmates in prison. He sent out flyers saying he was a lawyer. He's not. One inmate I met sent Ray \$3500 to take his case. It turned out to be a rip-off. At my trial he told the jury

he was a paralegal. He said he had completed courses from a community college in Conway, S.C. That wasn't true either. But it sounded good to the jury. He simply cons people.

Ray takes pride in being an FBI informant when he is not pulling scams. But none of his history was challenged by my lawyer. Ray is comfortable in the Florence, S.C. jurisdiction because he can get away with things he could not do elsewhere. Born a Yankee, adopted into the good-ol-boy system.

What The Jury Heard - Versus The Facts They Didn't Hear

I was to be sentenced for the guns on February 20, 1996. I would then be transferred from that jurisdiction after that, never to be heard from again. But to the Government there, that couldn't be allowed. Like AUSA Day told the court, they "made their case." They could not let this go away.

Both the Grand and petit juries were led to believe that there was a "continuing conspiracy or effort" on my part, from September of 1995 through April of 1996, to kill PO Baird. I don't know what the Government did to just drop the idea that I would supposedly kill Dixie too, but that idea disappeared. But the juries were told that on February 8, 1996, the first day Michael Ray came into the same jail pod as I was housed in (at FCDC), I immediately asked him to contract murder PO Baird. Or at least within the first 48 hours of meeting him.

The Government claimed that on February 10, 1996, Ray allegedly sent a letter to PO Bartel. It was to warn him that I asked him to kill PO Baird. It was dated "2/10/96." Bartel testified that on Monday morning, February 12th, he received the letter at the probation office. It came through the mail. He then went to PO Baird, and they both went to FBI SA Harvey.

PO Baird testified that his secretary actually picked up and opened the letter that morning, because "it was her day of rotation for the mail." She told Baird to read it, but Baird said "Why should I? It's addressed to [PO Bartel]." But there is no envelope with this letter, anywhere. The Feds have envelopes from me to Dixie (telling her never to try to extort me again) that, although never introduced and irrelevant, they had to go through the trash to uncrumble. But they don't have an envelope for this most damaging letter to PO Bartel in the probation office, 50 feet down the hallway from the U.S. Attorney's office and the courtroom. No big discrepancies, right? My lawyer challenged nothing. She was pitiful. She never thought of talking to the secretary to find out if she ever saw any such letter. But this letter from Ray was the cause to bring in Michael Ray and place a wire on him to elicit a murder-for-hire plot. How funny is that, after Count One was closed with no evidence or corroboration, from a "known unreliable" source? All they did here was change the players around; the snitches, the agents, the prosecutors.

The fact is that this Florence jurisdiction had me, over a six month period, going to three different inmates I had just met in jail, who I didn't know, and asked them to execute a federal officer, then go to a fourth and tell him all about an upcoming murder of PO Baird (I'll explain shortly). Let alone another

I supposedly went to, with a prejudicial name of "Randy Weaver" of all people, and asked him to kill a federal judge, a prosecutor of this solicitation case, and a dozen witnesses in the gun trial, from the moment we met? Seriously? It is offensive to my intelligence. I am naive in many ways, as is exemplified in my life with Dixie, or even Michael Ray's con. But I'm not stupid. You don't become salesman of the year, or write Biblical history, by stupidity.

So they created their cause to record me. It was from three taped recordings Ray intercepted over the following five weeks that I would be convicted of both counts of solicitation to murder PO Baird.

Ray said that first night of Thursday, February 8th, as I was sweeping the upper tier where he was housed (I lived lower tier), we spoke about PO's Baird and Bartel. He testified I "somehow found out [Ray] was good with law." He said he was let out of his room and we talked over the next two days, when I eventually asked him to contract murder Baird. That is when he supposedly wrote to PO Bartel. But neglected duty logs would show none of that happened. The officer would never let him out of his room to socialize, especially if he just arrived. And how would I find out he was good with law? I just met this guy, through his window. Herein lies his con.

The fact is that Ray told me he was a lawyer. He said he represented mob figures with the Mafia. He said PO Bartel was his probation officer, and that he was in jail because he was going to have a probation revocation hearing. He claimed that he would use his mob ties to somehow put dirt on PO Bartel and remove him from office before the hearing. He testified that none of that was true, and he lied from the start because he knew he was going to record me later, what he said would be "recapture" the conversation, and he wanted to "preserve" the conversation, whatever the hell that means! But it was a known sting against me from the start, supposedly from before he was introduced to SA Harvey. I don't buy it, and that's the reason why the district court would not serve SA Harvey when I brought a civil rights action against the Government.

February 8th was a Thursday night when I was sweeping up. The letter Ray wrote is dated 2/10/96, which is a Saturday. Both PO's testified they received it on "Monday, the 12th." Mail does not leave the jail on weekends and holidays. It only leaves Monday through Friday mornings, and must be turned in to the officer the night before. But my lawyer never investigated that fact. I had to force her to go to the jail and verify this with Maria Phillips long after I was gone. She was in charge of mail there, and would testify then. But now Phillips, who is still there, won't respond. She's scared. I know I probably screwed up when I brought that civil rights action against the FCDC Administrator, amongst the other defendants. All I have is her letter from 1997. But my lawyer had an inmate handbook in her possession showing the schedule. She never used it.

In other words; it is impossible for Ray to have mailed that warning letter to PO Bartel on the 10th of February, or even the 9th or 11th. It wouldn't have left the jail until the 12th, when the PO's said they got it. Ray would have had to have written it within the first two hours after meeting me on Thursday, the 8th. But his testimony was that it was "48 hours, two days" after our meeting. It's contrary to his 302 with SA Harvey also. Nothing fits.

After the trial, I filed for records from the FCDC and Florence Co. Sheriff's Dept., through Freedom of Information (FOIA) I requested specifics, such as duty log entries during both counts. Mr. Weisman, in charge of records, said the records would soon be sent. But when the civil action was brought in 1998, they would send nothing. It's like they died, and will not return word to me. I could impeach Ray's and the Government's story if I had them. They reveal the jail's involvement also. But no letter from Ray to PO Bartel left that jail at any time. At least not that letter. And Ray was not let out of his room then to discuss anything with me.

When I raised this in post-conviction 2255, the district court, rather than face the facts, or order an evidentiary hearing, said: "The letter came through an internal mail system," which is not in any record and contrary to all testimony. Is she kidding? Not at all. She is protecting her court officers!

The point is that on the first day SA Harvey was in the office with AUSA Bill Day (Harvey's testimony), Monday, February 12th, 1996, SLED Agent DAVID KNIGHT, FBI SA FLAMINI, and County Detective BARRY PROSSER (from Count One) were present. The FCDC is 15 miles from the federal building. There's no reason Prosser should be there, other than a pre-planned meeting. SA Harvey, by accident, testified that it was Prosser's job to bring Ray to the federal building the next day, so he had to leave early. That means they already expected Ray to cooperate. That's funny, that they knew all this ahead of time, eh? But everybody involved with the Count One investigation were present with SA Harvey and AUSA Day that Monday morning.

The Government's story, via Bartel, Baird, and SA Harvey, is that Baird and Bartel showed Harvey this letter they just received. The next day Ray was brought to the federal building. PO Bartel introduced Ray to SA Harvey. That was Bartel's "role in this... The first thing Ray wanted to know is what the Government could do for him." A Rule 35(b) downward departure was promised "with [his] lawyer," who just happened to also be my lawyer, Nettles. That was the 13th. Of course, Nettles never testified at trial either, so who cares about conflicts?

The next day, the 14th, duty logs would show that Ray was moved to the lower tier to befriend me. Do you know the only other time I saw the jail move inmates from one tier to the other, other than when Parker and I fought? When they moved McKnight to befriend me. But this was the first day Ray and I discussed PO's Baird, Bartel, and Dixie. We were going over my legal material and transcripts. Even on the ill-gained recordings, the first one intercepted on February 16th, says multiple times that our first conversation was "two days before" (the 16th). But District Judge Cameron Currie has dismissed everything without an evidentiary hearing. She is in their pocket; and that's that!

Ray was going to help me prepare for the upcoming sentencing for the guns. He told me he would arrange to meet in the multi-purpose room on the 16th (where lawyers meet), and we could talk privately.

The Government recorded me three times: February 16th, the 21st, and March 21st, 1996.

On the 16th, Ray was wired for sound. He testified he controlled the recorder. We had been talking for about 30 minutes, and there was some crude and irrelevant material in that part that went unchallenged by my lawyer. That makes it prejudicial before a jury, if there is jailhouse language. But this is also the reason for the mandates prescribed by Congress in the Omnibus Act of 1968 that I mentioned earlier, or Title III (which will be discussed). You can't allow a jury to be prejudiced, but that is what happened.

As Ray directed the conversation, he elicited certain things to achieve his goal. Everything was scripted by SA Harvey. During this extremely prejudicial but irrelevant conversation, I told Ray about my nightmares. I said: "I can't sleep. I see children coming off of school buses with their heads disappearing. That's bad! That's bad!"

I was distraught because of Trey leaving, gone from my life, after Dixie told me Baird was responsible for his leaving. Whether that was true or not, it's what I thought. So I viewed our nation's children, a twisted society, warring against each other because of a corrupt Government. Families are destroyed, torn apart by rogue agents such as Baird, with unchecked power. So it effected my thoughts at night, obviously. But I was not committing to killing children. I was the first to say how "bad" these dreams were. They were just nightmares, that's all. But are we mind police now? Even the lying Michael Ray later testified that I never said I wanted to kill children.

The nightmares are from stress. Even the Biblical prophets of Israel had really bad visions sometimes. But they're not killers. King David saw children being bashed against the rocks. Do you know what's crazy? It came to pass. Rachael was weeping for her [murdered] children." two milleniums before that happened. Times were troubling enough to show them visions of things to come. Just like three years after I told Ray of those nightmares, Columbine happened. And hundreds of like incidents since. Have our governing factors destroyed our society? Are things getting better? They could. But they're not, because of us.

But it was these nightmares, about "childrens heads disappearing," that Judge Cameron Currie remembered out of everything, and her reason for sentencing me to the maximum allowed. In fact, there is no other sentence in our nation's history, with no guns, no money transferred, and not a scratch on anybody, that is as harsh. Judge Currie has shown her Draconian but unlawful ways.

On that recording on the 16th, Ray asked me: "Would it be to your advantage if Vic Bartel weren't around for a new [gun] trial?" I said "hell yeah!" I had no idea what he meant by "not around", but I wasn't thinking murder, that's for sure. He had told me he was going to get PO Bartel out of office somehow, but not kill anybody. But then he asked: "How about R.B. (Robbie Baird)?" I exclaimed "God! God!" Ray said: "I know what you said 'the other day' (which would be the 14th, not the 8th or 10th) about doing away with Robbie Baird and the kids...." I stopped him right there and said: "I never said I wanted anybody done away with. I don't want to [kill anybody]." As Ray transcribed these recordings for the jury to follow, he has (UI), or (Unintelligible) in that part of "kill anybody." But as I was saying that, Ray was screaming "Right, right, right, right" to cover my statement there.

The reason I mention "unintelligible" parts of the recordings is because that is exactly what parts were. Before trial, my lawyer gave me a pocket recorder with a monaural earbud to listen through. It was worthless, so I understood nothing of the conversations. On the other hand, Ray was afforded a stereo amplifier with professional headphones. Ray transcribed the recordings to his liking, with the help of the U.S. Attorney's office, in the jail he was housed in. Each place they felt the conversation was unintelligible, the transcripts were marked (UT). I objected to admissibility of the tapes because they were of such poor quality and unintelligible. I also objected to the bias transcripts that were given to the jury. They weren't accurate. The objections were denied.

A minute later in that conversation, Ray said: "What you implying?" I said: "I don't want to kill (UI)." (by Ray's transcriptions)

Ray testified that there were "a couple of beeps" in that part of the recording because a guard was opening a door. That is a crock of crap. There were no experts to contest Ray at trial. SA Harvey simply handed the tape recorder to Ray and he took it to his room. He controlled it from that moment on, and there was no chain of custody. That always makes sense, to place everything in the hands of a con-man to get your conviction. That's great!

The conversation actually went like this: I said: "I never said I wanted anybody done away with. I don't want to kill anybody..." as Ray screamed "Right, right, right, right!" Ray: "What you implied." I said: "I don't want to kill him." Ray said: "No, neither do I"

But before the jury, Ray testified that I said: "I don't want to kill kids, yeah." This leaves the impression that I wanted Baird dead, but not kids. Since trial I hired three forensic experts (which will be discussed) who all confirm that I didn't want to kill "him or them" and "anybody". The post-conviction courts don't care. They have their conviction.

In fact; it was ridiculous how Ray testified here. AUSA NANCY WICKER helped, when Ray said: "The word Jeff used there was the word kids use." AUSA Wicker: So [Jeff] said. I don't want to kill kids?" Ray: "Yes, there is no doubt...."

Also during that conversation, Ray dissuaded me from closing a deal to sell my boat to Greg Knop. By then, I was desperate, as I was paying \$10 daily for dry dockage. The engines had been cut out, removed. I wanted at least salvage for the hull. Knop would pay me in payments. Ray asked me how much I wanted for the boat. I told him "\$4,000 after taxes and bills." Ray offered "\$7,500." He said a man from Florida, Rick Scalese, would look at the boat, and if it was a good deal he would pay the bills and buy it. But he had no intentions of buying the boat. This was SA Harvey's scheme. They would allege that the boat was somehow a payment for a hit-man. There was no Rick Scalese.

At the end of this recording, Ray wrote a note to SA Harvey which said "He Bit!" He would later write another note which said, "I'm too good for [Jeff]", as he went on to explain how I could not detect that he was wired. Trust me when I tell you that this is one sick dude who actually thinks he is a Quantico trained FBI agent. I can see where he has been diagnosed numerous times for mental disease. A true psychotic.

About this same time, Ray told me that if I mentioned our conversations to anybody, especially where he started suggesting that there was no other alternative than to possibly kill PO's Bartel and Baird, then he would send a Mafia assassin to my mother's home in Maine and



kill her, and that I would also be killed. He said he had that power. To prove his point of control over the local authorities, he told me that he was going to get rid of an inmate in the jail pod, a kidnapper and rapist who was facing life. Ray said that by lunchtime, the inmate would be taken to Max-Seg and never return. That is exactly what happened, and duty logs would show this. It was about February 21st, 1996, when Ray made the second recording and instilled upon me that he had entered the Mafia "for life or death."

This is a portrait of my mother (left) around 1996, when this was occurring. We are close. I did tell officers I needed help. Nobody responded. Ray had me scared. I wasn't sure what to do. I had already called Knop on the 16th and told him somebody else was going to buy the boat for cash. But I feared for "Mom." Neither one of us deserved this position. I did not know what to

expect from Ray, or the jail administration.

During that second recording, Ray wanted for me to commit to him to kill either PO Bartel or Baird. Now I realized that he was trying to set me up. I committed nothing. Rather, I discussed our conversations with inmates DOLLARD, DALLAS, JIMMY PARROTT and GREG DICK. Dick was witness to Ray offering to buy my boat.

Other inmates, including Dick, were questioning Ray's intentions. Ray's story about the boat was contradictory, but he assured us the boat sale was real. One inmate mentioned killing Ray in the showers because we came to the conclusion he was trying to set me up. But I discouraged that idea. If they had killed a federal agent (which we now thought Ray to be), they would basically be killing me. Ray is very manipulative and controlling, and I had no idea what to do. He had my legal materials, so he backed off from trying to push any murder plot thereafter. He sensed we knew something was not right. He broke off conversations with me for almost a month, other than asking a question or two to prepare my 2255 motion.

The Feds went so far as to have a police officer come to visit Ray in jail. Ray testified that he was supposed to be the fictional Scalese, the hit-man. I never met this visitor, knew nothing about it. But the Government led the jury

to think that because I did not meet this police/hit-man/boat buyer (or whatever the heck he was), who I had absolutely no knowledge of, that I must be guilty of not wanting to meet the killer of Baird. How stupid. Anything goes. And my lawyer did nothing to stop this insanity, to question this irrelevant visit which I had nothing to do with.

This is not a case of over-zealousness by agents. This was a deliberate case of collusion. AUSA Wicker scoffed at that idea in her 2255 response, making it sound like I saw some kind of "Kafkaesque" situation. It is!

These tapes should never have been introduced at trial, which will be obvious why, and not just because they were unintelligible. The court allowed prejudice, and for the Government to build a story from nothing. In any unintelligible part, the court said Ray could not say what was in those unintelligible places, but he could add his own recollection in those parts. What is the difference? Ray had a free-for-all, with no objections allowed or brought.

Besides the prejudicial language, the nightmares, and things taken out of context, the word "hit-man" was not on any recording. We talked about the boat periodically. But Ray testified that every time the word "boat" was mentioned, it was supposed to be a code word for "hit-man." How ridiculous! And prejudice. There was nothing I could do against these "unintelligible" add-ins on the stand. Between the Government (both Ray and the multiple prosecutors), my lawyer and the court, the word "hit-man" was mentioned over 100 times before the jury. Do you think that would corrupt the mind? There was no such person or murder contract in the first place.

Aside from the fact that my lawyer, Debra Jackson, abandoned my expected defensive witnesses at trial, Greg Knop took off work and drove from Myrtle Reach three days in a row to testify. He was going to not only discuss the gossip he mentioned to PO Bartel about Baird and Dixie, but about his efforts to buy the boat for two years. Knop sat on a bench outside the courtroom, yet was never called by Jackson. To this day I don't know what strategy Jackson had in mind. I can only think she was there to sell me out. I should have sold the boat as soon as Dixie set me up. I lost everything, including my life.

About March 12, 1996, Ray brought a boat contract to me. SA Harvey had prepared it. It showed that after bills owed were paid, I would get \$5100. My mother opened a bank account at her bank in Maine, under my name, for the money to be deposited. On the contract, I wrote in the name "Michael R. Ray" as the purchaser. Inmate Greg Dick witnessed the contract. The officer was watching. But neither Dick nor the officer were at trial. This was supposedly a legitimate boat sale, as far as I knew, not some hit-man payment.

Ray got upset that I put his name as "purchaser." He told me he wanted to bypass paying taxes. He wanted that part left open, that his (fictitious) secretary would figure out what to do. SA Harvey sent another contract. I left "purchaser" vacant on that one. I have copies of both. But he assured me he was buying the boat. PO's Baird or Bartel were not mentioned.

On March 21, 1996, the officer brought a recorder to Ray's room. Ray controlled

the recorder. When we were let out for rec about 9 AM, Ray said he wanted to talk. He was wired. I asked him if he wanted to talk about the boat, because I wanted my money, the check sent. He said, "Don't even mention the boat." He went on to say that his friend from Florida (I had never heard the name "Scalese" until trial) was going to kill PO Baird. He went directly into detail of how it was going to appear as a robbery. Inmate Dick even came up and asked if we were discussing the boat, and Ray went crazy, chasing Dick off. I knew what Ray was up to, and Ray was afraid of getting caught in his scam. It could cost him his life. But this is where Ray came up with the ridiculous testimony that "boat" meant "hit-man." The Government said that because I did not stop Ray from fulfilling the alleged murder plot, I must be guilty. I felt trapped by Ray, stuck in the middle, because some wanted Ray dead. I told Ray I made a "moral decision" to what he was proposing. We were only out of our rooms for one hour.

When we were locked in, I spoke with the other inmates mentioned through the vents in our rooms. I told them Ray was trying to set me up. We all agreed that it was a recorder we saw the officer taking to Ray that morning. I reminded them that to kill an agent would screw me. It carries the death penalty to kill a federal agent. So we came up with a plan.

Inmate Dollard could only be let out of his room by himself (he was a wild one), while the rest of us were locked in. Dollard wrote a note which said: "Mike Room 105, We know you are the FBI." Dollard slipped it under Ray's door.

When the doors opened, Ray was headed for the phones (to call SA Harvey, I'm sure). He was sweating profusely, to say the least. I was at a table with inmates Dollard, Dallas, and Parrott as witnesses. Ray didn't want to come near us, but I told him he'd better. I could now face him with others. I told him he was trying to set me up. I knew Baird was not a target, that there was nobody in danger, and that Ray was scamming me. There was no murder plot to stop. But Ray denied that he was working for the Feds. He said he was just blowing off steam about Baird (whatever that means), and that he was really upset with PO Bartel about this revocation hearing (which was also fake). I was furious with the lying scumbag, and asked him what the story was with my boat, the supposed purchase. He said that was real. Now I didn't know what to do. What would you do? We let him go.

Of all the subpoenas my lawyer requested for a proper defense (which were the 29 mentioned), she only served inmate Dallas to testify to this event. And she didn't want to call him, except I forced her to. But Ray denied on the stand that I confronted him that day of March 21st. Dallas told the jury we did, and that it was my idea to confront Ray. That was my entire defense. But attorney Jackson was aware of everything, because I wrote her pages upon pages, just as we have here, of what happened. Nothing was left out, so this is not some hindsight idea to try and prove my innocence. She just didn't care. No money in it!

The next morning, March 22nd, attorney Debra Jackson met me for the first time. She had been appointed to take PD Nettle's place and represent my appeal for the guns. We didn't talk 20 minutes before the jail told me to pack up, that I was being transferred. What was happening with Ray or anything was the last of my concerns. I would never see Florence, S.C. again, thank God!

SA Harvey transferred me with another U.S. Marshal, Pete Caigal, Harvey said he was a Marshal also. They brought me to the Orangeburg Co. Jail (1½ hours away). We spoke little during the trip. I did mention that Parker and Mc Knight had tried to fabricate something against me, but nothing else. There was no gain to bring up Ray. But SA Harvey and USM Caigal would testify that because I didn't mention Ray or his plot, I must have been willing to let PO Baird die. I must be guilty.

At the Orangeburg Jail, I was placed in segregation, in a cell with inmate JAMES ROY TOOTHE. I was also immediately brought to a doctor because I had severe osteomyelitis infection in my hip (I had no medical attention in Florence). It was so inflamed that I began the first of two successions of antibiotics (about 20 days), and narcotics (opiates) for pain (I share this for a reason).

Inmate Toothe had just returned from Columbia Mental Health Center for mental evaluation. He was 21, a loose cannon, and heavily medicated on psychotropic drugs (about 20 pills daily), I was told by others, including officers, that he was an informant also, and looking for any cause to get out. That seemed so prevalent within the jails in South Carolina (my bet would be that there are more convictions from the State of South Carolina, per capita, by informants offered deals, than from any other state). He had already served a sentence for manslaughter. He was facing charges in two jurisdictions for 7 counts of church burglaries. He grew up poor, a product of reform schools, and his girlfriend and mother shared a mobile home with his other siblings (I even called his girlfriend for him once because he was locked in the cell and on restriction). He had no less than 20 slashes up each arm (from wrist to elbow). My lawyer did nothing to reveal his mental status. He was a "Wigger" (white trash involved with black "gang-bangers"). We were as different as night and day. Nobody else would house with Toothe. I was like his baby-sitter.

Per my constant request, I was removed from that cell and placed in general inmate population. But within two days I was placed back in the cell with Toothe in segregation. I didn't know why, but SA Harvey and AUSA Day called the jail and told them to put me back in with Toothe. As far as I knew, I was just awaiting transfer to the federal prison system.

While this was going on, SA Harvey, on March 22, 1996, went to the State prison where Parker and McKnight were incarcerated. Authorized by AUSA Day, SA Harvey went to offer "deals" to both if they would testify against me. This is how the Government created two counts against one victim. Two different times, they say. McKnight all of a sudden was "reliable" I guess. Parker, who could not corroborate McKnight in 1995, changed his story. He now remembered things he didn't want to say in 1995. He corroborated McKnight now, and a murder plot. The Government would go before the State parole board if they would testify. Who wouldn't? Screw Crosby! We don't know him, the rat!

At trial Parker testified I offered him "10 or 15 thousand dollars to kill both" Dixie and Baird. I guess the exact amount, after the deal was offered, doesn't matter. The Feds could convict a rock for going through a window.

AUSA Day then went before the Grand Jury and sought a two count indictment.

As far as I know (because my lawyer never showed me grand jury transcripts until a year after trial), SA Harvey was the only one who testified. A juror asked Harvey why they did not come six months earlier, after the initial Count One investigation in September of 1995 with Parker and McKnight. Harvey told the juror that there was "insufficient evidence" then. But the juror told Harvey that it appeared that all of their case seemed to hinge on the recordings from Count Two, and Ray's involvement. So the Government never told the grand or petit juries, or me, that the case had been closed. But the 2255 court does not seem to see any Brady violation here, saying that SA Harvey was "candid" with the grand juror. Wrong! I don't! The Grand Jury would not have issued an indictment if SA Harvey were (forget "candid") honest. There would have been no trial.

About April 18, 1996, SA Harvey and a State agent came to the Orangeburg Co. Jail. I was on Vicadin (opiates), heavily medicated for pain. SA Harvey finally introduced himself as being with the FBI. I agreed for them to ask what they needed. But Harvey said, right from the start: "It has been brought to our attention that you have made an overt attempt to have Robbie Baird killed." I said: "What? come again?" He started to say: "It has been brought to our attention that you...." At that point I screamed at him, that he would have the gall to accuse me of trying to murder Baird after I did everything to get help, to save Baird's life, to get an investigation, and to put up with someone like Ray, let alone Dixie's extortion attempt using PO Baird. I screamed: " Bring on your Michael Ray! Bring on your facts! This conversation is over. It was a one minute conversation, as the agents grabbed their recorder and backed out the door, the State agent saying: "You're going to do a. lot of time in prison mister." I'm sure the meds didn't help, but I had had enough of their crap.

I returned to my cell furious. Toothe asked me what the matter was, and I told him about the interview. I mentioned Michael Ray, what he had tried in Florence against Baird, Parker and McKnight, the boat, even the price of \$5100...

The next day, April 19, 1996, I was transferred back to the FCDC jail. I was kept in solitary confinement. But as soon as I left Orangeburg, Toothe had his mother call SA Harvey in Florence and tell them he wanted to cooperate against Jeff Crosby. It seems protocol today; Commit a crime, cooperate, beat your sentence while the convictions stack up on others, many innocent. SA Harvey promised to Toothe that he would go before the State prosecutor in his behalf if he would testify against me at trial. Just what Toothe was looking for.

Within a month I was requesting that Judge Currie order for me to be released from solitary confinement. They had no reason for such treatment. She asked both the Chief U.S. Marshal and AUSA Day to show cause for why I was in solitary. They could not. So she ordered them to release me immediately by saying: "Unless you can show 'cause', I want Mr. Crosby released into general inmate population today." I was. But within 5 days is when this Randy Weaver inmate supposedly said I was going to kill Judge Houcke. AUSA Day and the other witnesses I mentioned from the gun case. So I was brought back to solitary, where I remained. Weaver never came forward, and I was never charged with those alleged crimes. So they made their 'cause', they created plenty of prejudice, and there wasn't a damn thing I could do about anything!

By their actions, the Government killed two birds with one stone. Not only did they create prejudice in Judge Houcke against me, where he has refused to recuse himself from any post-conviction relief sought, denying everything, but it also prejudiced Judge Currie. As she presides over the solicitation to murder PO Baird case, he being one of her court officers who she would see every month for the rest of their tenures before her court, and would not recuse herself either, ram screwed any way I turn.

* * * * *

**Judicial Fraud Committed To Guarantee That I Could Never Challenge
Ill-Gained Recordings Intercepted In Violation Of Title III**

As I have harped on many times, my lawyer, Debra Jackson, made a show of preparing a defense. She asked for the subpoenas, but she didn't investigate anybody, or serve them to testify. That is exactly what a "travesty" of justice means. It is a "grotesque imitation" of justice. But she also used Judge Currie, and then the Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals, to commit fraud upon me. There is no other way to see it. You be the judge.

To quote AUSA William Day, at a pretrial hearing, he said: "...[I]n order to prove two counts, the Government is required, with an element to prove Mr. Crosby made attempts to solicit another to assist him in the murder of somebody... if we had just acted upon [an informant's word]... well, we haven't made our proof... So of course, we made an investigative decision... to send someone in who is wired." From that decision, that moment, the congressional Act of Title III came into play.

At a pretrial hearing on July 12, 1996, defense counsel Jackson filed a frivolous and irrelevant "Motion In Limine To Suppress Taped Phone Conversations... Recorded In Violation Of Title III." The irrelevant phone recordings were the ones between Dixie and myself in September and early October of 1995, when the jail was monitoring and intercepting our calls pursuant to the Count One investigation. But neither Dixie or those recordings came into play at the murder-for-hire trial. And those phone recordings had nothing to do with the recordings Michael Ray intercepted five months later.

Attorney Jackson, with her 10 years of experience as a lawyer, knew, or should have known, that all phone calls from jail can and probably will be recorded. One is not protected under Title III or the Fourth Amendment on phones. But an inmate is protected under Title III in some instances; Talking to a federal agent, your lawyer, clergy.... Rut regarding phones, there are warning signs over every phone telling inmates that the calls may or will be recorded. So why would my lawyer enter a frivolous motion to suppress "phone" recordings under "Title III"? Especially when she knows that Dixie Welch or those phone calls would never come into play at trial? I told her the motion made no sense. She removed the motion ten minutes later.

Attorney Jackson knew damn well that only the phone recordings were in question. So did I. So did the court. Ray's body worn wire had no play in this. Jackson even said that the motion did not involve "any other recordings that the Government

may introduce" into evidence.

The court said: "MR. CROSBY, YOUR ATTORNEY, MS. JACKSON; HAD MADE A MOTION TO SUPPRESS TELEPHONE CONVERSATIONS THAT WERE TAPED ON GROUNDS THEY WERE TAPED IN VIOLATION OF TITLE 3. SHE NOW TELLS ME THAT SHE HAS DISCUSSED THIS MATTER... WITH YOU, AND THAT YOU AND SHE HAVE DECIDED TO WITHDRAW THAT MOTION INSOFAR AS TITLE 3 IS CONCERNED ONLY... DO YOU AGREE WITH YOUR ATTORNEY'S DECISION TO WITHDRAW THE MOTION AS TO TITLE 3?" I agreed to withdraw that motion.

If Debra Jackson or the court had any other recordings in mind, other than those "phone" conversations, than someone will have to show me what I'm missing, because I'm pretty astute. This was the beginning of judicial fraud, and can be viewed no other way than intentional deception between Judge Currie and Debra Jackson.

Ten days later, on July 22, 1996, the day before trial (not 10 days before, as the Federal Rule of Evidence and Discovery require), the Government handed a copy of Federal Form FD-759 "Authorization to Intercept" through the use of electronic monitoring to my lawyer. It is a form which shows that authorization is mandatorily required from F.B.I. Headquarters in Washington before any electronic surveillance can be intercepted and recorded.

I have explained the mandates of the Omnibus Act, or commonly known as Title III, earlier, and the reasons Congress and the Senate have passed such laws in 1968. Nothing has changed since that Act was passed. The foundations of these requirements go back a century, ever since there has been electronic surveillance or telephones. Under circumstances such as an inmate in jail, the Government can't just waltz in and record you.

The form was altered in the places of statutory "Violations" and in the place of signature required. The Government claimed the recordings Ray elicited were intercepted in an "Emergency Use - Sensitive Circumstances," The original place of "Violations" had been marked 18 U.S.C. § 372 (which only carries a 6 year maximum sentence). The final recording was taken on March 21, 1996, but the form showed that any recordings were only supposed to go for 30 days, marked "2/16/96 through 3/17/96." It lacked the mandatory FBIHQ (Washington) signature or approval. In other words, the filled out but not authorized form was a false attempt to introduce illegally gained tapes into evidence. There also was no affidavit from previous attempts to record me (such as their recording with McKnight in October of 1995). That is required under 18 U.S.C. §§ 2510 et seq.

It said clearly that, "If Emergency Use - Sensitive Circumstances exist, FBIHQ authorization must be approved." It also said that even "Consenting/Nonconsenting Parties... in the custody of the Bureau of Prisons or the U.S. Marshal's Service" require mandatory FBIHQ and DOJ notification signatures. They were not procured, and I objected to introducing the tapes into evidence as illegal (18 U.S.C. §§ 2510-2522). Jackson sure didn't intend to object. I had to elbow and tell her.

By obscurtion, defense counsel Jackson and the court tried to claim that only the final recording of 3/21/96 was not authorized. But I was objecting to all of the recordings as ill-gained. But the fact is that the Government said

they had authorization. They were on the spot. Judge Currie told SA Harvey to fax the authorization to the court because trial was to start the next day.

The next day, the 23rd of July, the Government could not provide proof of authorization from FBIHQ or DOJ. They handed an inter-office memorandum to my lawyer, who tried to pass it off on me as approval. I objected again. Nobody authorized anything, and I knew it. So attorney Jackson, through ambiguous language, said: "Your Honor, my client still objects... What the Government has given is more like a memorandum... and not like the form we had yesterday authorizing the first recordings...." But that was a crock by my lawyer. Nothing was authorized! It was like a shell game in the courtroom, a con between my lawyer/Government/Judge against me. What is so offensive is how they play me for being stupid as they act slick. Why should any defendant have to fight like this, when he is doing everything in his power to stand on his rights?

Judge Currie looked at the memo, which said "Linda Hooper" approved something. She allowed the tapes into evidence. She asked SA Harvey if Linda Hooper was in Washington or Columbia (S.C.). Harvey said "Washington, your Honor...."

None of that was true. It was all a charade. Those three recordings were the only physical, material evidence used at trial to convict me of both counts. There were four inmates given deals. There were no weapons, no money paid, and no solicitation by me to kill anybody.

There was no Linda Hooper in Washington. Freedom of Information, and civil suits brought with the DOJ and U.S. Attorney's Office, declare they never gave authorization for any recordings, ever. There was no "confirming communication received from FBIHQ." There was no "FBIHQ/DOJ authorization obtained." "No applications existed for intercepts," and I "ha[ve] never been of investigatory interest to the FBI." Those quotes are from four different sources in Washington. I was right when I said this was local cronyism only. I was of "no investigatory interest" to FBI Washington, when a federal officer is supposedly to be assassinated? Who's kidding who?

When I raised the issue of a Title III violation regarding Ray's illegally intercepted recordings, on direct appeal, claiming they never had approval, the Fourth Circuit said I could not challenge Ray's recordings because: "At a pretrial hearing on July 12, 1996, [] Crosby expressly withdrew any Title III objections to the Government's electronic surveillance evidence. Moreover, upon questioning by the trial judge, Crosby stated that he understood that his attorney was withdrawing the motion to suppress the evidence of the taped conversations, and that he agreed with the withdrawal of the motion." The Fourth Circuit refused to look at the record, denying any reconsideration or rehearing. This is not a mistake or error. It can't be. How do you mistake the motion in limine to "phone" recordings on July 12, 1996, with a body recorder argued 10 days later? So the courts played some kind of round' rob'in hand-off back to the lower court to protect the conviction and see I can't challenge Ray's recordings. Herein is the judicial lie, and I don't care who placed these judges on their benches. They are wrong. The integrity is gone.

I also raised on direct appeal that my lawyer was ineffective. The facts of

that ineffectiveness are too glaring. But the Fourth Circuit ruled that they would not address counsel's ineffectiveness, that it could be heard by the district court Judge Currie. Of course, Judge Currie denied my 2255 motion.

When I challenged both the authenticity of the recordings and lack of authorization with Judge Currie, per 2255, and counsel's ineffectiveness for supposedly waiving my rights to challenge the illegal recordings, Currie said: "Title III has no application in this case because... the informants consented to having their conversations recorded... [and] The Fourth Circuit in addressing this claim has also found that Crosby expressly waived any objections he had under Title III... Further, the Fourth Circuit held that the Government did produce evidence of authorization of the tape recordings by the FBI and the Department of Justice. Id at **3, n.2. A claim that has been decided adversely to Defendant on direct review cannot be relitigated on collateral review."

My lawyer Debra Jackson said in her affidavit (2255): "I discussed with Mr. Crosby the withdrawal of the Title III objections to the Government's electronic surveillance evidence for the taped conversations with Mr. Crosby on February 16, 21 and March 21, 1996. At a pre-trial motions hearing on July 12, 1996, I withdrew any Title III objections to the Government's electronic surveillance evidence, and Mr. Crosby was in agreement...."

That is a lie, and the Fourth Circuit judges, Judge Cameron Currie, and Debra Jackson know it is a lie. None of them could explain why my lawyer would waive my rights to the only evidence used to convict me of both counts, illegally gained, or that if not edited would prove my actual innocence when I said "I don't want to kill him." Does anybody wonder why I have not slept in two decades?

These recordings should never have been introduced, and Judge Currie knows that. But since they were, Currie should have ordered an evidentiary hearing when I gave evidence of my actual innocence on the tapes.

I Don't Know What Part Of Actual Innocence They Don't Understand!

As I said, my lawyer had no investigator. My mother gave Jackson \$1,000 to find one, four days before trial began. She found one as black as the ace of spades, just to show the jury that I am not prejudice, I guess. But he did nothing. He didn't talk to one of the witnesses I had subpoenas for from either count. She didn't know this investigator before. It was a show, and nothing more. All he did was go over transcripts from the gun trial, and sit in court. A waste. And he even charged Jackson another \$1,000, which I guess the court paid.

She never moved for a forensic expert either. SA Harvey testified that the recordings were "enhanced duplicates" of the originals, and edited only at the beginning of the first recording (2/16/96), in an irrelevant portion. That was a lie. Ray told the jury the tapes were unedited throughout. How he would know that is beyond me, but my lawyer said nothing.

Since the tapes were introduced, I knew my innocence during these conversations, You don't forget conversations like this, particularly when you know it didn't go down like they say it did. Remember the conversation where Ray introduced

this plot to "get rid of" Vic Bartel or "R.B."? When Ray said "I know what You said the other day about doing away with Robbie Baird...." as he was screaming 'Right, right, right, right" to cover where I was saying "I never said I wanted anybody done away with, I don't want to kill anybody"? And then later I said: "I don't want to kill him"? Where Ray's transcriptions were afforded the jury to follow in the "unintelligible" parts? Where Ray testified before the jury: "THAT U.I. IS A SINGLE WORD AND IT'S THE WORD KIDS USE, AND IT WAS BLOCKED OUT BY A COUPLE OF BEEPS ON THE TAPE WHERE A GUARD IS OPENING THE DOOR TO A CELL"? Then AUSA Nancy Wicker looked at Ray and asked: "HE'S SAYING THERE HE DOES NOT WANT TO KILL KIDS?" ... and Ray agrees, saying: "THAT IT WAS SAID, I DON'T WANT TO KILL KIDS"? Ray stammered through this lie uncontested. THE WORD "KIDS USE"?

Any idiot would buy that without a forensic expert, right? Everybody knows that a "couple of beeps" are standard operating procedure in recordings, especially in that crucial place of proving ones guilt, or wanting nothing to do with killing a federal officer, right?

The Government would never turn over the original, unedited recordings. The jury never heard them. Every time I filed to have the originals produced for forensic analysis, at the district court's control and order, it is denied. Every time I asked for Debra Jackson to try to get the originals from the Government for analysis, she continually asked for "enhanced copies." Everything is a battle with her. You can't tell me that she is not protecting the Government. So all I have to go on are the "enhanced duplicate" recordings played at trial.

In my 2255, Donald Anthony Bouknight declared that he examined the Government's enhanced copies of the recording of February 16, 1996, by using technology available to anybody with the right software programs. According to him, I said: "I don't think I've ever stressed doing away with 'anybody'. I don't want to kill 'anybody'."

The Government argued back, saying that Bouknight is, as of yet, not accepted in the scientific community. Do you think he might know at least as much as conman Ray? There sure was no expert at trial. The Government also said that I had every opportunity to edit those tapes. Right! From prison? But the court wouldn't accept Bouknight's findings. Of course, she denied my 2255 without any evidentiary hearings.

Because of that, I contracted forensic scientist Dr. Steve Cain, President and C.E.O. of Applied Forensic Technologies Intl., Inc., whose curriculum vitae is exemplified from an article he wrote in "Prosecutor" magazine. He found, on that February 16, 1996 tape (at the later part), that I said: "Well, I don't think I've ever stressed do away with, those thoughts are a figure of speech." Ray: "Right, right, right, right, what you implied." Crosby: "I don't want to kill ("him" or "them" as contained on enhanced tape)."

That is exactly what I testified to. But that alone, when defense counsel Jackson had nothing more for my defense, meant nothing. Dr. Cain's record is impeccable, but Judge Currie would not consider his findings, would not grant an evidentiary hearing (pursuant to Independent Action) or habeas corpus (2241).

Also; Douglas Nemeck, of Telematrix Broadcasting Engineering, found "crude

mechanical edits" throughout that same tape. Nemeč found edits in the same places as both Bouknight and Cain. I don't think three independent analysis contractors, who don't know each other, have any reason to make this stuff up.

The district court will never allow these findings. The Fourth Circuit will not grant any certificate of appealability. It is a futile battle for me. Unless somebody gets involved, forces the courts to act accordingly, I will likely die in prison.

The Government Shows Malice Today, Almost Two Decades Later!

Since trial, the Government continues to send taunting postcards and computer printouts to me. The last one was in 2012. Because of corruption in these courts, protection of the 'gang' forementioned, they have become and remain emboldened. In their minds, nobody is going to mess with them or their ways and means. They send postcards of pictures of "Alcatraz", forging the name "Greg Knop" on one, saying, "too bad you're missing out on life" (or some such garbage). Another, with pictures of "Al Capone" and "The Birdman of Alcatraz", with Alcatraz in the background, are signed "Birdman." I received an envelope with white powder, with a printout of everything that has been denied from the district court of South Carolina, or Freedom of Information suits that have denied particular records I seek, which said, "Too bad, looks like you just can't win anything in [that] court. Wish you were here."

The last printout I received, with fake return address (although everything comes postmarked from Florence, S.C.) said (among other things): "I am firmly convinced that you need never be a part of free society again... Our Government has well protected its free-people from you... I hope at every corner, at every turn, that you will think of and remember me... I think Dixie and Robbie still date each other... You know 2028 is only 16 years away... right about the time dementia is ready to set in, and you can go from the BOF [Bureau of Prisons] to Shady Acres Rest Home... A bunch of black nurses who can wipe your ass for you.., I feel sorry for Thelma [my mother Ray threatened with death]...."

I know from the handwriting on the postcards that Ray is the one sending them (it is identical from his notes to SA Harvey during the investigation). But the information, including Mom's name "Thelma", plus other personal knowledge that only an insider could know, has to be coming from PO Baird.

This isn't going away, ever, unless the courts intervene and grant an evidentiary hearing. Judge Currie denied a psychological evaluation before trial and sentencing, then turned around and sentenced me to psychological evaluation upon my release, at the direction of the probation office. Yeah, right! Because of the nature of the crime, I have the highest custody imaginable. When I'm transferred, I go directly to segregation, Special Housing, and wear a black box. I have no privileges as other inmates. There is not a program within the BOP offered that could save me one day, one minute of early release, because of the nature of the crime. Yeah, I have an attitude all right! But put me on a lie detector, or put Baird, Ray or Harvey on one, and I'll bet you the results will make one ashamed of our Government and the courts. There's nothing here I can't back up with records.