

4.17.03

Dear Court Clerk,

I have wrote
the TENN. Supreme Court that
I mailed you this letter,
that is addressed to the
TENN. Supreme Court, and
all the other parties.

Respectfully,

Paul Reid

4.14.03

To the Following
Parties :

Court Clerk, Twentieth Judicial District,
The TENN. Supreme Court, GOVERNOR
Phil Bredesen; Attorney General Paul
Summers; District Attorney Terry Johnson;
Assistant District Attorney Tom Thurman

Please be advised, that on
3.18.03, atty. Jeff DeVasher, AN atty. David
Baker, commenced a legal dialogue with
me at Brushy Correctional Facility, to
encourage me to pursue my post-conviction
appeals in the Captain D's case No. 97-C-183.
in which I adamantly stated no.
Mr. Jeff DeVasher, and Mr. David Baker
informed me, that both attorneys will
petition: The TENN. Supreme Court, and
Governor Phil Bredesen; to declare me
demented, after I conveyed the following,
during our three (3) hour discourse,
Mr. DeVasher, and Mr. Baker intend to
launch a[n] character assassination
attack against me.

I revealed to David Baker, and Jeff DeVashe that since 1985, most every person who has any type of association or contact with me, usually first has to go through the military gov't. David inquired how did the military gov't enter into my life. I explained that in 1985, I served a five (5) year incarcerated sentence, from 1985, to JAN. 17, 1990, at Ellis II Correctional Institution Huntsville, Texas, for a felony robbery I participated in, with MR Stewart L. Cook, T.D.C. # 341999. MR. Baker desisted me, and asked me to disclose how I met MR. Stewart Cook. I elucidated that in 1971, I met MR. Stewart Cook in my eight grade science class, and that we lived in a mile circumference of the middle school, and one another's home, in an upper bourgeoisie residential community. From 1971 to 1982 MR. Cook and I maintained an amicable relationship that functioned sporadically. I depicted MR. Cook as a Texas typical red-neck, type A, if one disrespects him, tattoos, whiskey (whiskey) goggles, wears big, insolvent, in the red, very nice most of the time, married, interval church goer, and daredevil, who is educated. I clarified that MR. Cook and I basically congregated on the weekends in our adolescent high school.

years, and after high school from time to time, to frequent TEXAS honky-tonk-country night clubs, such as Micky Gilleys, and Johnny Lee's live music clubs. The two (2) of us made a conglomerate-synergy to attract girls at night clubs, and entertain them. I explained that MR. COOK is an accomplished auto mechanic, and owned a hot rod street race car wild adventure driving through the streets of Houston. I revealed that MR. COOK is also a land surveyor and he introduced me to his boss, Charles H. McKinny, who hired me to survey property during the summer of 1979. From 1980 to 1982, MR. COOK and I, and our wives, dined out in Houston restaurants occasionally. I stated MR. COOK and I are as different as night and day in life-styles, some personalities, and thinking. MR. JEFF DeVasher, esq., asked me to describe how MR. COOK would portray me. I stated to MR. DeVasher, that in 1997, MR. COOK stated in an interview to Nashville Banner Newspaper reporter Patricia Lynn Kimbro; that I'm meticulous about my home, vehicles, and all I own, that I've always been "crazy strong", that I'm a neat freak. I stated that Danny Tackett (Shoney Co-Worker COOK in 1997) also gave an interview to Patricia Lynn Kimbro in 1997, stating I did not drink, smoke, use any type of drugs, or have any

bad habits. I said to MR. DeVasher that I am a meticulous, concerning my property, I elect to live clean, neat, methodical, having no tattoos or body piercing, I don't smoke, drink, or engage in any type of activity in drug use. That there are photographs in the Metro Police property room, of me benching pressing 375 lbs to 400 lbs (1996-97), that since the age of eight (1965) I patterned my physical health around body-builder icon JACK ALANE (ELANE?) who intrigued and inspired me during his television show in 1964-65; that Metro detective Pat Postiglione (misspelled) stated in court (1998) "MR. REID is some kind of Health person, bodybuilder". MR. DeVasher asked me why did MR. Stewart Cook and I associate so well from 1971 to 1982 since we were so different. I stated MR. Cook and I had a compound chemistry mixture that balance an amiable friendship, he (MR. Cook) is the daredevil, I was a thrillseeker, that the both of us came from decent neighborhoods. MR. Davis Baker inquired about MR. Stewart Cooks drinking habits; and did he use drugs. I stated to MR. Baker, practically every person I've known uses drugs, smokes, drinks alcohol of choice, is a measure of mischievous, that this is life, reality; unavoidable in the real world. That, although I did not drink, use drugs

smoke, get tattoos, body piercing, engage in promiscuous sexual behavior; that life-style choice my friends and acquaintance chose did not cause me to become partial toward those who did, since, I grew up in a society where eight out of ten people rather smoked, drank, used drugs, entertained promiscuity. Mr. Baker requested I elaborate about Mr. Cook and I criminal activity.

I revealed that in 1981 or 1982, Mr. Cook burglarized his millionaire boss' home, Mr. Charles A. McKinley (1807 Oak street, Pasadena, Texas), that I bought a round 1.41 ct. solitaire diamond from Mr. Cook that came from the burglary, and I took Mr. Cook to a former employer, Manuel Garcia, owner of downtown radiator, 505 Fairview, Houston, Texas; Mr. Manuel Garcia bought a solid diamond watch and bracelet from Mr. Cook.

Mr. Cook had several pieces of diamond jewelry, and several mint furs for sale, from the hoist (These facts can be verified by contacting the Pasadena police, and Mr. Charles A. McKinley). In 1981 or 1982, Mr. Cook approached me to assist him in loading-up T.V.'s from a store his brother Edward Cook managed. Mr. Stewart Cook's brother, Mr. Eddie Cook, managed an appliance

store, "Curtis Mattas", the most expensive T.V. in Houston, in the 1980's. The store is located approximately fifteen miles south of Houston, off I-45, somewhere near, or in Alvin, League City, Webster, Pearland or Dickinson, Texas. Mr. Cook first requested to use my pick-up truck to load-up T.V.'s, and promised me a T.V. for use of my truck. I had a very weak personality to peer-pressure at that time (during my 1999 trial, Dr. Xavier Amador explained my brain developed twice as slow, appose to those who have the disease that causes individuals to age twice as normal.) I tried to elude Mr. Cook's request, I did not want to loan out my truck. Mr. Cook influenced me to go with him. Mr. Cook opened the back door of his brothers appliance store with my tire jack tool, loaded-up the bed of my truck with "Curtis Mattas" T.V.'s in their box, and I received two (2) T.V.'s. (These facts can be verified by contacting Mr. Edward Cook, and the City of that Curtis Mattas Police Dept.) Mr. Cook was never arrested or charged with the burglary of his boss' home, Charles A. McKinley, or his brothers Curtis Mattas appliance store. I reject ANY Nation I was not yet mentally ripe in 1980-81, though I do not disavow my

Complicity in participation with Mr Cook,
I accept full responsibility for my actions
through I felt at the time, I was not
the actual culprit, I now I know the face
is written in contrast of my then subjective
discerning viewpoints. I am extremely remorseful.
- IN 1981-82 MR. Cook encouraged me to
commit a robbery with him, deep inside I
did not want to go along. MR. Cook would
say to me, "don't be a big pussy like"
SO-IN-SO. PRIOR to the robbery, I acted in
a melodramatic fashion, (example) - Yeap, I'm
gonna walk in there, pull out my six-shooter
like Wyatt Eup and take over the saloon.
When MR. Cook and I actually arrived at the
BANANZA steak restaurant on Spencer Hwy, Pasadena
Texas, I was so nervous, my knees felt like
gelato, MR. Cook literally - physically helped me out
of my truck. I experienced a minute
micturition. MR. Cook asked me: "where is that
macho man at the house swinging his six-shooter
around his finger." Inside the restaurant, I
quietly said to the manager, "this is a robbery
please take me to the safe". MR. Cook became
verbosely Rambunctious, menacing, perilous to the
employees and customers. The Pasadena Police report
exhibits that the victims stated to the police,
one of the robbers was terrorizing, the other

very polite; Even so, I should have said no when Mr. Cook first approached me. I am profoundly ever regretful. A second robbery took place at a steakhouse restaurant off Spencer Hwy in Pasadena, Texas, on a Monday morning in February 1982. Again, I experienced a minute micturition as Mr. Cook and I promenaded into the restaurant. My guilt and shame grew rapidly, an increasingly within by this time. In March 1982, my wife and I reach a consensus, I could move to Bowie, Texas, (Sunset, Texas) began farming watermelons, peanuts and tomatoes with a farmer I knew in Sunset, Texas (6 1/2 hrs North of Houston, (2 hrs North of Dallas) and once I settled into a home she would leave her job as a bank executive, and move to Sunset, Texas, to reside with me. However, she came to Sunset most every weekend. We purchased a Ford tractor, AN F-3600, 40HP diesel engine, Live P.T.O., in March 1982, at a Ford dealer in Groffton, Texas. I started farming by March 1982, and made weekend hiatus to Houston a few times. Mr. Jeff DeVosbee asked me to pause, and concisely depict how I met my wife, and describe our marriage. I stated that in 1979, July, I was employed as a guard at Houston's largest bank as noncommissioned, downtown Houston. My job

duties consisted of checking employees identification badges, and pressing a button for a door to open, so the employee could access their work area, which housed the banks main computer where monies are added or deducted from personal and corporate accounts, to the tune of an average of two hundred and fifty million dollars daily (1979). I stated I guarded the most sensitive and sophisticated area of the bank. I said that a few girls, about five (5) went to lunch as a group, and that one of the five girls stood out. Mr. Jeff DeVasher said what physically attracted you to this girl you eventually married. I said, by the way she dressed is what first enticed my attention. I said possibly a hundred girls worked in the area of the bank, in which I controlled the only entrance and egress. That most girl attire was sexually oriented, which I said is superb to any heterosexual, most all heterosexuals enjoy to get their eyes full viewing sexually dressed-adorned girls. However, I immediately noticed one attractive girl where her dress bared her knees, and I casually observed from day 1 day she wore her skirts beyond her knees, and not once in a two (2) week period, I seen her dress sexually revealing. I had an abundance

of reverence toward her because of the way she dressed. On a Monday, my third week on the job, she inquired about me, to a female guard supervisor who trained me and worked from 2:00 P.M. to 10:00 P.M., the lady I married worked from 6:30 A.M. to 3:30 P.M., so during my third Monday, she approached me at my desk after she was off work at 3:30 P.M., introduced herself, and visited with me til (five) 5:00 P.M. I was most intrigued with her over all, totally impressed with her debonaire personality, her vast intelligence in banking, and the idea she showed a profound interest in me. She visited with me on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday as the same as Monday of my third week, by Friday, I asked her out. She later shared with me: "I knew you liked me because you kept asking me to come back and visit with you, and I knew you wanted to ask me out, I was beginning to wonder if I would be able to bring it out of you, to ask me out, so if you didn't ask me out by Friday, I would have asked you out." That Saturday, I took her to Galveston beach, at the beach, she removed her beach shirt, exhibiting a Two (2) piece bikini.

which is appropriate apparel for the beach. Being a body builder, I observed she did not have one ounce of fat. Mr. Baker asked what other areas of qualities did she have that lead you to marry her. I said in 1979, I was twenty-one, attending my third semester of college, majoring in law, marriage was not even part of my vocabulary, I had not one contemplated marriage, to me, marriage would be after college. I met my ex-wife at the bank, she is a professional banker, slightly older than me. In my Texas dialect, she did not play any bullshit games, she was straight forward, placed all her cards on the table from day one, completely candid, vividly established her intent she likes me, desires to date me, did not play immature, juvenile games, such a chase after me, pursue me, hard to get. I was far more intellectual than me, in fact, she was far beyond intellectual than everyone in our age group at that time; at the bank she would walk into a room, and bank employees would cluster around her, expecting her to solve their banking problematic complications. She accepted me as natural as I was, a college student, a bank guard, hearing impairment, orthography impaired, dysphasia, prior arrest. She never once used drugs,

never toyed with cigarettes, did not drink, -
her style of clothing was a la mode, she
was sweet, kind, gentle, soft, and passionate.

I was enamored with her. Mr. Baker said
tell me about the marriage. In September 19,
I enrolled at Jay Petroleum vocation, a nine
month course, I was trained in reading, in
deciphering industrial blueprints, using instruments
dialcaliper (dialcaliper), micrometers, vernier caliper
able to measure in one thousandths of an inch.

I became employed at Jay Petroleum Equipment in
May 1980, as an industrial machinist, and a
computer programmer of industrial machines. I
proposed to my ex-wife in Dec. 1979, at
Galveston, Texas, at a five star restaurant.

Our marriage was in August 1980, thirteen
months after our first date. I am a Baptist
she was a Catholic, her and I married at
the Catholic church she attended. Approximately
two-hundred-plus people attended, we had
a full scale reception, meal, bar, band, etc.
We spent our honeymoon night at the Staffer
Hotel-Houston, where we consummated our
marriage. We honeymooned in Corpus Christi
Texas. We were together for thirteen months
of dating in a monogamous courtship, then
approximately three and one half years of marriage.
She was the master economist in our twosome.

family, I was the conservative, we collaborated to spend-buy, as we go, we both earned an average of twenty-five grand each a year. (verifiable with 1982-83 I.R.S. Filings). We rented a townhouse apartment, then bought a five grand table, two leafs, six chairs; a seven grand bedroom suit; couch & love seat; CURIO; Howard-Miller master grandfather clock, APPLIANCES; art, etc. Life was good, our sex life superb. In 1981, we traded in our truck and car, and purchased two brand new models. We purchased a piece of waterfront property in Lake Livingston, Texas, one hour north of Houston off I-45, with the intent to build on the property in five or ten years, for a vacation resort. She was extremely patient with me as I'd revert to my youthful child like behavior characteristics, pedomorphism, very facetious. She instilled, an embedded in me the most essential, pivotal qualities, to enlighten, an edify in me, the continuity progress of being a mature, intellectual man. It would take an estimate of five years after our divorce, before the qualities she instilled in me during our marriage, would take root and ripen; the transparency of the evidence, of her fruits of labor of love, is the product of my college G.P.A., and my decorum.

Mr. Baker inquired, did you ever hit your wife. I chuckled, there was nothing to hit on her, she is five-four, petite, zero fat tissue, I'm a muscular bodybuilder, what possibly would it profit me, gain me, or prove to me, or her, by me becoming physically combative, belligerent or aggressive. I'm innocuous around girls. I have believed since age twelve, when I first began my odyssey-making-out with girls, (osculating), the girls are God's gift to men, I believe that ten folds more today, its my orthodox. I exis by, an I'm very opine. I become giestful very enthusiastic, when girls exhibit an intera in me. Nine out of ten girls I've dated which may be in the neighborhood of a hundred plus, have always made the first initial physical contact with me, after the ice has been broken, I'm the lover, the Amorous in me emerges, I'm King of the bedroom, And an affectionate lover everywhere with my mate, Parks, malls, beaches, etc. Incidentally, when I took my wife out on our first date, I took her to Galveston Beach, Texas on a Saturday afternoon, later that evening, we dined at a five star restaurant in Houston for dinner around mid-night. I held her in my arms embracing, caressing, an it took me approx.

forty-five minutes to ask her if I
 could kiss her. I'm in no wise mortified
 or disgraced to reveal this to you magis-
 trally. After the first kiss, we were
 physically inseparable for the next three years
 exactly how I prefer my mates. May I share
 most of all, if not all girls I've been
 involved with throughout my life, have all been
 more intellectual than I am, earned more
 revenue than me (I revealed to my facetious
 at this point-moment) (facetious characteristics)
 and all my dates have been prettier than me
 Gentlemen, I'm thrilled, most honored to
 every individual girl, who permitted me to ha
 entertained her.

MR JEFF DeKasler said,
 walk me through your life, as you recall it
 My parents divorced when I was an infant
 I lived with my Dad, grandmother, and older
 sister Janet, from infancy, til age nine
 When I was four, my dad had a brief
 marriage, no long duration. My grandmother
 basically raised me to the age of nine in a
 bourgeoisie neighborhood, she was a superb
 provider, she dressed me in suits, with dress
 shirts on sundays for church. My dad was
 rarely home, so I was at liberty to do
 as I pleased, as naturally, as expected,

with no parent or disciplinarian to lead me, guide or direct me, I found trouble, and trouble found me from time to time, as expected. My father did not enroll me in public school til age seven. At age seven, I, as a six grade student went into the kitchen area of the school, and took seven dollars out of a maids purse, two hours afterward, we returned the money. The incident became a permanent record in my school files. On two (2) occasions at age eight, my grandmother had the Catholics intervene, and remove me from her home, because I was unmanageable for her to provide care and effective obedience. The Catholic church placed me in there care twice; at age nine, and at nine, the Catholic Church and the court returned me to my mother, my spanish step-dad, my two (2) older-natural sisters (Linda and Janet), and my two (2) step-sisters (Monica and Karen). Monica and Karen are younger, I'm in the middle of five siblings, the only boy. At age nine, my mother enrolled me back in school, however, because I did not start school until age seven, the school, at age seven shuffled me back and forth each day betwe kindergarten and first grade, in an attempt to catch me up to my age level. I became so

be fuddled, I did not learn anything. So the school felt I had a learning disability, and placed me in special education classes. It took five years to realize I did not have a learning disability, and place me back into regular, normal school classes. However, because the school system originally had placed me in special education, I had no choice but to attend special education classes at the school, where classes were held. So every morning, a school bus van, picked me up at my mother's home, drove me, and six other special ed students across town, to an all black elementary (from 1966 to 1969). The special ed students were all white, about thirty-two students, eight students per class, four classrooms. The school, Boston elementary-Houston, was operated by an all white facility staff. At age twelve (1969) I made quarterback on the all black football team (though I was not a very effective quarterback moving the ball up field). I did make friends. Because I had yet to learn to read in 1969, magazines, newspapers, television news was not a part of general knowledge yet, I was oblivious to the racial tension, and uprising across America. I grew up in an all white community, and characterize myself as an alfresco youngster. In 1970, the school system relocated the special ed

Program to Greg Elementary, an all white school. In 1970, I entered school in September at age twelve, I turned thirteen in November, it would be a major turning point mentally for me, a defining moment. The three R's, reading writing and arithmetic, ushered there way into my mental facilities, and school, classroom academics became simplified. The school bus van would drop me off in front of the school, right where the six grade students were, I was so embarrassed, totally petrified, that the normal students would know I'm in special ed., AN think or know I'm dumb. And call me a retard, so I'd exit the school bus, put my head down, and rush to my special ed. classroom. My first two weeks at Greg elementary in September, went okay but I tried to shun myself from the normal student, worried at name calling, but I could not have more mis-diagnosis the thoughts and perception of the normal students. After my second week at the school, six grade girls where approaching me as I egressed from the school bus van, asking me my name, inquiring why I was in special ed., (I surmise there teacher(s) must've informed all students a new special ed program will be established at the school) I'd simply convey to the girls, I'm a little slow in learning. A week later, the girls had me signed-up in the school

chair, on the recreation yard, guys and girls from normal classrooms developed friendships with me, and much to my surprise, I don't remember one normal student revealing one word to me in negative manner about me being in special ed. There were four (4) six grade girls in a clique the most popular, who invited me over to their home where, at age twelve, I kissed my first girl. The whole school year, I dated all four (4) girls, my oldest sister Linda, would take us to the movies, the zoo, concerts at The Sam Houston Coliseum, the mall, etc. The four (4) girls would share me in kissing.

In 1970, kissing and the breast was the big thing in my generation, sex had not made its public debut yet on T.V., Magazines, etc., and us kids knew nothing about the subject yet. In 1970-71 I attended (a) Jackson Junior High School, special ed. the demographics of the school were one-third white, one-third black, and one-third mexicans... somewhat blended into the fabric of the school student population. No big frills with the girls that year.

In 1971-72, my mother had enough of special ed., and enrolled me in the Pasadena, Texas, school district, an all white school district. I entered the eight grade, and for the first time since age seven, I was in normal classrooms. The school, South Houston Middle School, grades six through eight. I was now fourteen (14) and the first

four (4) months of school, I was very popular with the girls, holding hands with a lot of them, walking them to class, going over to their homes to make-out. But unlike the clique of girls in the six grade, the four (4) who shared me; I learned in the eight grade, the precepts differed, girls are extremely jealous, and by January, I had a reputation of two-timing and went without a steady girlfriend. I had a lesson in dating. I learned the hard way. In 1972-73, I entered South Houston High School, ninth grade Pasadena school district was very discipline, a military fortify school if you will. I got sent home twice in one day, because my hair was not cut short enough. No advertising on clothes, no shirt tails out, no short skirts, and the teacher only spoke once, and we all obeyed, period. I did not witness any drug use, cigarette smoking, or alcohol consumption, in my tenure at Pasadena schools. In 1973, age sixteen, (16) I left home, but, since I was enthralled in learning, I tried my best to remain in school, to become educated, coupled with trying to balance working, learning to pay bills on time, buy groceries, it was overwhelming, I was over my head, and with no prior training I failed, naturally, without saying. However, from December or January 1974 to 1976, I

attended, Sharpstown High school - Houston; LAMAR High School - Houston; Debbie High school - Pasadena; SAM Rayburn High school - Pasadena, the reason why I had to move to where the jobs were located, that paid the best wages to support myself financially. - In 1977, I earned my G.E.D. at San Jacinto Junior College, Pasadena, Texas, where I also attended college, majoring in Law, for five (5) semesters. I also attended Joy Petroleum vocational schooling, a nine month course, where I learned to read and decipher industrial blueprints, to read and use vernier calipers, micrometers, in one thousandths of an inch. I used that educational training to work at Joy Petroleum Equipment as a machinist, AN a computer machinist programmer.

Mr. Jeff DeVasher stated describe your life with your mother. I said, I resided with my grandmother from as an infant, to age nine, my grandmother was a superb provider. At age nine (9) the court gave my mother custody of me, sole parental custody. The first year living with my mother was hard, she was puritanical, very austere, domineering. I lived in a matriarch household. My mother hit me with her hand, a belt a belt buckle, a coat hanger, etc., although, this beastly aggressive behavior of my mother only emerged for one (1) year, my first year living

with my mother. In retrospect, I.E. I deserved a good Texas ass whipping from time to time. It was crucial that my mother establish leadership, authority, over me, and with me. My father failed to discipline me the first nine (9) years of my life, in fact, I only recall my dad spanking me three (3) times. I seldom ever took my dad serious when he admonished me, I would not listen to him, per se. My mother's husband also was rough with me the first year I lived at their home. However, in that era, parents controlled all the physical dominion over their offspring. Every person I grew up with, had been hit with a belt, buckle, switch from a tree, books thrown at them, hair pulled, shirts ripped off, etc., and today, all those kids I know are lawyers, doctors, engineers, executives in Texas, working with NASA-Houston, today. I do not accuse my mother of child abuse for everytime my mother became violent, I brought the situation upon myself, because I was cognizant of her personality as well as her stipulations. From age nine to sixteen, for every time I transgressed the rules, my mother only became an enforcer one out ten times, nine out of ten times she elected to look the other way with me. My family lived in a brick home.

I first shared a bedroom with one of my little sisters, eventually my mother moved my sister into another bedroom, and I had my own room. Every Christmas was a big, lavish event, and I always received the most gifts, or most expensive gifts. (I challenged Mr. Baker to have my mother, stepdad, oldest sister Linda, to walk him through our Christmas of 67, 68, 69, 70, 71.) I received race car sets, electronic football game, mini bike, four ten speed bikes in four years, all types of Tonka trucks, cars, boats, etc., a stereo, a complete drum set, and the list goes on. My birthdays, my mother bought me a \$91.00 dollar bike from Sears for my tenth birthday (1967) which was a lot of money in 1967. Every birthday emulated or out done the previous one. (I explained to Mr. Baker & Mr. NeVisher, I have nothing to gain by fabricating, check my facts out.) I said my mother always dressed me in the latest, stylish fashion. (Jennifer Krouse from News 5 Nashville, eye witnessed a series of pictures of me during age nine through sixteen.) My mother as my grandmother, were superb providers to me. From age nine to sixteen while I lived with my mother, she enrolled me in the 4-H (a youth organization sponsored by the Dept. of Agriculture) for six years. I raised chickens, turkeys, ducks, rabbits, a horse, and I grew

watermelons and carrots, my mother paid for all the food and the needed attributes to care and provide for my animals. My mom and step dad enrolled me in little league baseball for four (4) years. I also played one year of basketball, I was on a swimming team. My mother took me to private drum lessons for two and a half years so I could learn to play the complete drum set she bought me, that I asked her to buy me. From age ten to thirteen, my mother enrolled me in the Catholic church program, where I earned my first holy communion, confirmation, and I was an acolyte (altar boy). From age twelve to fifteen my mother employed me at the five star restaurant where she was manager and general manager, The Club Castillo, downtown Houston, 4th floor of the Houston House, a thirty story building. The Castillo Club viewed across (across) the highrise buildings of downtown Houston, a magnificent sight at night time, very picturesque, panoramic. During the summer of 1970, at age twelve, my mother employed me to work the lunch hour, from 10:00 A.M. to 2:00 P.M., to clean-up a night cocktail lounge, that is located also on the ninth floor of the Houston House building, down the hall from the restaurant, The Club Castillo. The lounge is called, The Little Club. There wasn't actually

much, next to nothing to clean-up, because the night crew-staff, physically clean the Little Club before closing every night. The Little Club basically catered to the residence who lived at the Houston House building, which is an apartment and condominiums building, thirty stories, in an exclusive area of downtown Houston. My mother would take me with her to work during the summer of 1970, from 10:00 A.M. to 2:00 P.M., she paid me about three times what I should have been paid, plus, I was provide a free lunch daily, consisting of five star virtual-cuisine. Prior to my cleaning duties each morning, my mother would open the juke-box, and activate the juke-box to play every record systematically in sequence arrangement, and provide me a few quarters from the pool table, so I could play the billiards. The most vital task of my job, was to push a cart from the Little Club, into the Castillo Club restaurant, and fill the cart up with ice, to furnish the Little Club with ice. as I retrieve the ice from the Castillo Club, I'd go to the desert pantry, and load up on the deserts (taking choice deserts back to the Little Club in the ice cart). Occasionally, my mother would come into the Little Club to check-up on me and see a desert or two, or the dirty dish,

an inquire about the desert, I'd usually say the desert was here when I arrived. My mother was abreast I was taken deserts from her restaurant, but, looked the other way understanding all kids cherish deserts. There were about six (6) teenagers who lived in the Houston House building, who's parents were lawyers, doctors, executives, one - a C.E.O., these rich kids would come to the ninth floor, to sun-bathe by the swimming pool, I made friendships with them, and they'd come into the Little Club when I was there, we'd lock the door listen to the juke-box, I let them have all the draft beer they wanted, we'd play pool, go out on the balcony where they'd smoke their weed, we'd sometimes leave the Little Club and go up to their parents' plush condominium, and just hang-out as teenagers would do. I attended a few weekend-night parties at their parents' residence. In September of 1970, I convinced my mother to permit me to work for her in the kitchen of the Castle Club. I washed dishes, and assisted the chef by retrieving meats from the walk-in ice-box, get spices, oils, wines, vegetables, etc. I got along excellent with both the executive chef, and the master chef. I became totally intrigued with culinary arts, how

the chefs prepared flaming meats, desserts, and certain dishes. Since my mother actually employed two regular dish washers, and only hired me because I asked her for a job, plus, she could keep her eye on me during the weekend, I began to spend less, and less time at the dish washing station and practically all my time being of services to the chefs, who welcomed my service on the weekends, and admired my willingness to master culinary arts. After one year, I had been trained to cut any type of beef from a quarter hind or shoulder, I could prepare veal, steaks, rib-eye, prime rib, escalop, prepare and flame bananas foster with brown sauce - a dash of butter, bananas, rum, ice-cream; I learned how to order fishes from vendors, and to not order any seafood from major restaurant on Mondays & Tuesdays because their seafood a la carte on the menu are seafoods left-over from Friday, and therefore, not fresh that you only order seafood at a restaurant between Wednesday and Saturday, sometimes you can push the envelope to Sunday, sometimes I learned how to marinate meats, and you only use the marinate once. Red wine for red meats such as beef, white wine for white meats such as chicken, some parts, some fishes, etc. . . .

During trial two (9.11.99) my Texas girlfriend Linda Patton testified that her and I resided in a cohabit relationship in her Texas luxurious home, from 3.1996 to 1.02.1997, and that I performed all the cooking. It was not that Mrs Linda Patton could not cook, she is a very good cook, as most women are, I performed all the cooking because I am more skillful, a saute' master. (it says fourteen (14) (1971) my mother moved me from the kitchen at her restaurant, to the bar, an made me a bar boy, dressed me in tuxedo trousers, a tuxedo shirt, black bow tie, dress shoes, and a reddish vest. The Houston House regulars would frequent the bar during happy hour, 4:00 P.M. - to 7:00 P.M., usually after a day at the office, and prior to going up to their apt., we served hors d'oeuvres, usually consisting of spicy rolled meat balls, sometimes shrimp, sometimes oysters on the half shell, (when shrimp and oysters are offered free, anywhere, is because their borderline (borderline) spoiled and chefs are trying to dump them). I developed relationships with alot of customers usually, merely passing jokes from a teller to a hearer. In 1971, my mother sold her brick home, moved us to the Houston House, rented an apartment etc.

the twenty-first floor, while her realtor searched for a home to satisfy her needs. I met a young lady at the bar during my working hours. A Natalie Wood (actress) look-alike who visited the bar a few times. She lived in the Houston House, a professional club located downtown, about twenty-seven years old, and shared a few jokes, conversed on small talk, she would ask some questions. One evening a gentleman took her out on the town, to hear the Houston symphony, then to the Hyatt Regency to dine, she sent her date home after he escorted her to her apartment. At around 11:00 P.M. that evening, she visited the bar for a midnight coffee before retiring for the evening. The bar closed at midnight on weekdays, as she began to sign off on her bar tab around 11:45 P.M., I asked her if I could come up to her apartment, she paused & pondered, and with an illuminated expression, "I'll leave the door unlocked, so let yourself in." I went back to the bar, rushed to clean up, by 12:15 P.M., I placed my vest and tie in the closet, left the Castillo Club, while my mother closed out the daily receipts on the cash register for the next hour. I took the ~~see~~ elevator from the ninth floor, to her floor. My intent was to hug and kiss her, and the

breast. I let myself in her apartment, all her lights were out, candles burning, soft music on her stereo, drapes open, she was laying on the couch with a throw pillow, in a silk bath robe. I sat down beside her, caressed her back with some lite kissing. A few moments later she got up, poured us both some wine in wine goblets, we strolled out on the balcony, a picture perfect night, full moon, stars radiate in the sky, Houston's highrise building skyline, we embraced, shared some kisses, and eventually made our way back to her couch. She laid down, pulled me on top of her, while kissing, she pulled my shirt out of my pants, unfastened my trousers, I got totally disrobed, as she did. I was my first coitus experience. Months later, my mother, as well as half the residence in the Houston House knew of my first physical activity, basically, no one said a word, as if everything was acceptable. I adopted the C'est la Vie attitude. A few ladies who also resided in the Houston House, that were far much older, would ask the bartender, Jack, to have me escort them to their room late at night resulting in inviting me into their apartments, and performing fellatio oral copulation. During trial two (9.11.99) Linda Patton, my Texas girlfriend, testified, that I worked part-time.

as an auto mechanic for a friend of mine,
 Wayne Meadlin, at his Texaco, in Fort Worth's
 most affluent neighborhood, where the customers
 leave cash tips to fill these cars up with gas.
 Mrs. Linda Patton testified that indeed would
 come by the Texaco who desired to have me work
 on their cars, and take me with them as they
 ran their errands, or call me on the phone
 at the Texaco, to come to their homes, invite in
 me, have me leave my car, and drive these
 back. (No extrapolation from me Mr. Baker).
 (3.25.96 - 1.2.97). Working for my mother was
 an extraordinary experience. I thoroughly enjoyed
 all the training I received in culinary arts, dressing
 to work in the restaurant, all the wonderful
 exposure to Houston's ritzy, opulence, socialites. The
 fine fine star cuisine I enjoyed for all these years,
 the experience to taste Russian caviar, beluga
 light, golden oyster, to sip Dom Perignon champagne
 the elegant ladies. It was all a thrill. A hair
 cry from Dr. Xavier Arador who testified under oath,
 and conveyed to the courts in three one, two and
 three, I have a broken brain, it became headline
 news in the media, however, Dr. Arador and I know
 of his peccadillo to the media and court. Dr. Par-
 able testified I'm the most demented person east
 of the Mississippi River. Mr. Baker, do you believe
 my mother would have hired me, had I been

INSANE, do you think I could have experienced all the tremendous life experiences had I been psychotic, AN IN 1997 MAINTAIN A G.P.A. OF 4.0 AT VAL STATE COLLEGE MY LIFE HISTORY SPEAKS FOR ITSELF MY MOTHER REMARRIED FOR THE THIRD (3RD) TIME BY THE END OF 1971. IN 1972, MY MOTHER PURCHASED A FOUR BEDROOM BRICK HOME, WITH A SWIMMING POOL, IN AN UPPER, MIDDLE CLASS COMMUNITY. AGAIN, I HAD MY OWN BEDROOM, STEREO, T.V., PHONE JACK, AND BASICALLY ALL A MIDDLE CLASS BOY COULD WANT. BETWEEN 1972 AND 1973, THOUGH I LIKED MY MOTHER'S THIRD HUSBAND, WE HAD A FEW FIGHTS, I'D LEAVE THE HOUSE FOR THREE OR FOUR DAYS EACH TIME. IN JANUARY 1974, AT AGE SIXTEEN (16) I LEFT HOME AFTER MY MOTHER'S HUSBAND AND I HAD A FIGHT. MY NEIGHBOR WHO WAS A SENIOR IN HIGH SCHOOL, FOUND ME A GARAGE APARTMENT A MILE FROM MY HOME. I TOOK ALL MY POSSESSIONS CLOTHES, STEREO, T.V., ETC., AND LEFT HOME TO LIVE ON MY OWN. MY MOTHER TRIED TO OFFER ME OPPORTUNITIES TO MOVE BACK HOME (I SHOULD HAVE COME BACK ON MY KNEES TO ACCEPT HER OFFER) BUT I WAS A HARDHEADED TEENAGER WHO THOUGHT I COULD LIVE A SUCCESSFUL LIFE ON MY OWN, PLUS, AS A TEENAGER, I LOVED MY FREEDOM, WITH NO AUTHORITY. IF ONLY I COULD HAVE SEEN AROUND THE CORNER; TEENAGERS ONLY THINK THEY KNOW IT ALL. I WAS SO BLASE.

From age nine to sixteen living with my mother, I experienced various emotions. (MR. JEFF DeYasha said, explain yourself.) At age nine, I was placed in special education, a yellow school bus van would pick me up at my home. I was concerned what all the other normal children would think of me in my neighborhood, the block our home was on, children lived in every other house. The kids accepted me as a normal kid. They all accepted me with some type of learning disability (however, I never had a learning disability, I was misdiagnosed.) Then my mother and ~~step~~ (step) father enrolled me in little league baseball in the community, I was nervous all the kids on all the ^{baseballs} would learn I'm in special ed., and know I'm a little dummy. Well, all the kids did learn I was in special ed., because no one went to school with me, so I tried to stay in the background, but; in track one April 1999, Atty. Mike Engle showed the jury a picture of me at age eight, at a neighborhood gymnasium, where I appeared in the Houston Chronicle newspaper, climbing a rope, MR. Engle showed the picture on an overhead projector. Since age eight, I have always been at the

top of my physical game, maybe a little above the average athletic; Dr Daniel Martell testified at ^{that} ~~trial~~ ^{times} (2002) that he visited with me at Riverbend, inquired how Jim doing mentally and physically, Dr Daniel Martell stated I showed him some books I read, and that I took off my sweat-shirt to exhibit my washboard stomach, as well as my overall physique. From age nine to thirteen, while I was in special ed., I keep a fear poised over my brow, of being rejected by normal students, that kids would know I'm a dummy, that someone may call on me to read, spell a word, in the group when Jim with the normal kids (Mr. Baker said, were you ever asked) I said no, not once. Everyone in my community knew I was in special ed., accepted me as I was, and though I tried to remain in the background on the baseball team, football team, basketball team; because I was physically a little above the average, the kids pushed me to the front. All the teenage parties I attended, I got pushed to the center, that bordered my comfort zone. Because I basically began my public debut in special ed. oppose to the mainstream of life, I've struggled in life with acceptance, sometimes viewing my self as not good enough, undeserving, will

never be an all american boy, my dream from childhood. I view some of my childhood as athletics like Washington Red Skins Dexter MANLEY who testified before congress on the hill; he said he graduated from college, but cannot read, my point, athletics are liked and welcomed, but not the erudite in a group. This is what I mean of an emotional rollercoaster I experienced from age nine to thirteen. Acceptance, still affects me in minute ways even today. Had my ex-wife not approached me, and introduced herself, I may not have met the lady who instilled the most vital qualities of life in me, who was most effective to me. (MR. Baker, said, what happen after 1973.) In 1974, I first moved into a garage apartment, I was sixteen (16), I worked part time at a local restaurant, remained in school. A few months later in June 1974, a friend of mine, whose dad is a dentist and worked on my teeth; my buddy and I moved to the southwest side of Houston into a nice apartment. We remained roommates for six months, I elected to branch out on my own, I had a girlfriend at the restaurant an older person. I attended Sharpstown High school. I had purchased a used

car. In 1975, I enrolled in Lamar High School. My mother rented me an apartment in River Oaks, Houston's most affluent area, where homes - mansions start at a cool million, my favorite home there cost six-million in 1973. I developed friendships at Lamar High, about four months later, there were about six or eight of us kids hanging out at my apartment. Sometimes on the weekends, we'd party at these parents' mansions, while the parents took a weekend hiatus. One of the guys from River Oaks even rented a two-bedroom apartment, to have a spacious place for entertaining girls and company. My mother who trained me in proper decorum and proprieties, a little charm, a little athletic build, abundantly vigorous, a balance of adulations, was the perfect equilibrium to date a few married, affluent ladies. I dated one particular between 1975, and or, to 1977, one particular lady, married to a successful businessman, millionaire. During the courtship, we reach a consensus, to procreate her. During her estrus cycle, conception was propitious, during her ovulation duration. She gave birth a cute angel girl. At the hospital, I viewed our daughter. The relationship was discreet, very clandestine. I received luxurious

gifts, revenue advancements, fashion clothes, trips, etc. In 1979, I explained my entire life history to my (then) wife to be. I revealed to my private atty. Cube Nakus, Jr. in 1985, I fathered a daughter. In 2000, defense det. Mr. Ron Lax inquired about a child I fathered. During a visit from Mr. Ron Lax at Riverbend in 2000, Mr. Lax asked me how to get to Louisiana from Houston, I spontaneously recognized the question, as one that the military govt. would have. Mr. Lax ask me, I responded, I don't know. However, in all veracity I have been to Louisiana approximately fifty to sixty times between 1975 and 1982, I drove sometimes other times I was chauffeured. The one I accompanied, entertained me at up-scale night clubs I'd order a Heineken beer, sip on it, nurse it, as my lady companion would order a fresh drink, she would order me a fresh cold Heineken I may go through or be served five or six Heinekens, although I'd only consume a half bottle. we closed a few clubs, other times we'd party til four in the morning with her club owner friends, two hours after the club closed. The River Oaks Houston, friend-roommate and I, went our separate ways after our six month apartment rental lease had been fulfilled. I attended Dobbin High School - Pasadena, then final

Sam Rayburn - Pasadena. I wanted so much to graduate from high school, that's why I made every conscious, feasible, self-will effort to stay in school, despite all the new found joys of life I was discovering, school means the most vital to me. Graduating from high school was not to be, I earned a C.E.N. in 1977. Though I did date a senior from Pasadena High Pasadena, my final year in school, she was my high school sweetheart, and I experienced the home coming, dinner afterwards. After high school, we drifted apart, all my fault, I was teaching all over creation by this time. Our path crossed about two years later on the college campus, she looked terrific, but I had too many boys in the fun to comment to one girl, needless, stay settled for very long. No grass was growing under my feet, I was involved with an older lady, who took me to levels in life I only dreamed about, plus, I had a few college playmate girls I socialized with. It was all part of a wonderful experience from a males perspective. Life was good. I moved back home once in the mid 70's only for a few months, this time it was my mother, oppose to my step dad who I'd have clashes with. And, from 1974 to 1978, as with any typical teenager living on his own, the obvious occurred, I found trouble, trouble.

found me teenagers thinking there so astute
scenarios, that were so clever, that we can get
free money without passing go, and believing we
actually invented the method, until we find our-
selves face to face with police detectives and
district attys, who informed us the little
sinnally road were on, is perfunctory to them,
they let us know very clearly that they deal with
kids like us everyday, know all the games, heard
all the stories, then we come to terms with our-
selves that were really not as smart as the adults
nor did we create the first get rich method.
Thankful for me, my congenital father always
hired Houston's most prestigious lawyer to keep me
in society (Mr. Gabe Nohas, Jr.). The Houston police
detectives, the judges, and D.A.'s knew my private detective
dad. And my mother during that era knew everyone,
I could vividly see that those in authority allocated
me a few extra chances to get my kazoos lined
up with the law abiding society.

(Mr. David Baker

said, hold your horses cowboy, and let me
check my notes with you, to make sure I'm
recording your time line accurately.)

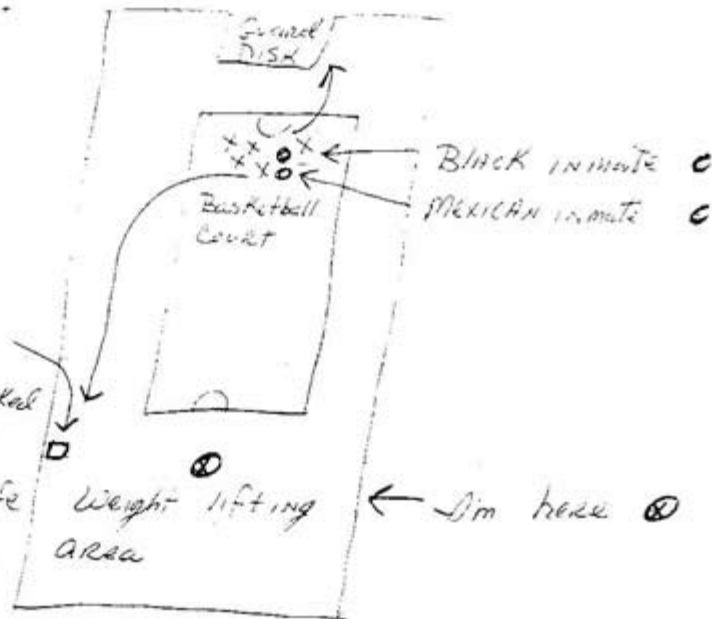
From infancy to nine, you resided with your grandmother, your grandmother was an excellent provider, you were at liberty to do as you please. From nine to sixteen you lived with your mother, your mother was brutal. Your first year, things improved thereafter; you played sports, football, baseball, basketball, swimming; your mother employed you at her restaurant, she trained you to assist the chefs, and barboy. From sixteen to twenty-one you ~~was~~ on your own, got a G.E.D., five-semester of college, a year of vocational school, worked as a guard at the bank, met your wife, from 1980 to 1982 worked as a machinist and machinist computer programmer, married from 1980 to 1985.

(Again, Mr. Baker, stating, walk me through 1985 at the Texas prison you were incarcerated at.)

In April 16th, 1984 I pleaded guilty to a single robbery, I was sentenced to twenty years in the Texas Dept. of Corrections. My wife was more than willing to stand by my side, and wait for me. I persuaded her to move on with her life, to go forward, remarry, have children, and I'll visit her once I'm paroled. In 1985, my wife and I divorced. In February 1985, I was sent to the Ellis II prison unit,

Huntsville, Texas. In 1985 the military-govt came to Ellis II Prison & surmise to use inmates as a human experimental sub-Pets. For no known reason, the military-govt choose me & never once spoke with anyone from the military-govt. The military-govt took all eight-hundred inmates to the prison gymnasium in increments of one hundred in a group, and had a military orator convey to the inmates that the military-govt will be trying out some psychological experiments on me, and will appreciate the inmates to participate. A few convict inmates told me everyday. Somehow, the military-govt had stationed unseen cameras all throughout the prison, and my cell. (They) the military-govt, could see my every movement anywhere I went, see everything in my cell, even if I camouflage, (they) could see me. (They) could also hear every word spoken to me, an everyday I spoke. Things inmates said to me in 1985, (they) would coach-instruct the inmate to repeat themselves to me in 1986, verbatim, things said to me in 1986, the inmate repeated in 1987; etc., all the way to my release from prison in 1.17.90. In 1986, an once in 1987, (they) coached all the inmates not to say a word to me for three days. For three (3) days, all the inmates at Ellis II

did not speak to me. On the cell block I was housed on, had three (3) levels, twenty-one cells per-level, two (2) inmates per-cell, 126 inmates per cellblock, the demographics, one-third white, one-third black, one-one-third mexican. The military-govt. coached all the black inmates to call me names all night long, (example: 11:00 P.M. to 5:00 A.M.) the next night, (they) coached all the mexicans to call me names all night. the third night, they instructed all the white inmates call me degrading names all night. This behavior occurred once, or twice a month, basically from 1987 to 1989. In 1988, I was in the gymnasium exercising lifting weights.



MEXICAN inmate walked to this area, and tossed a steak knife behind a box locker.

I'm here

I was lifting weights, while some inmates were playing basketball, a typical Saturday afternoon, nothing eccentric. I heard a yell, then I saw a Mexican inmate striking a black inmate in the back, the Mexican inmate struck the black inmate in the back an estimate of six times. Then the black inmate stumbling, went to the guard desk, I seen what I thought was red blood all over the back of the black inmates shirt, and red blood all over the floor in that area. The Mexican inmate walked back to the weight area, tossed a steak knife behind a box locker. The guard called in about twenty (20) guards. Every inmate in the gym was taken to the Majors office, and interviewed to exactly what he seen. I said I saw the Mexican inmate stab the black inmate in the back, approximately six (6) times, then toss the steak knife behind a locker box. A few days afterward I realized I never actually, physically, seen the knife pierce, nor penetrate the back, or flesh, of the black inmate, but I was 100% under the assumption the Mexican inmate had indeed stabbed the black inmate in ~~the~~ his back approximately six times, because I visually saw the Mexican inmate striking the black inmate in the back, I visually saw what I presumed was red blood all

over the back of the black inmate, and blood all over the floor in that area. However, I first only seen the steak knife when the mexican inmate walked back to the weight lifting area where I was, then toss the knife behind a locker box. The black inmate, and the mexican inmate were taken out of the gym, and transferred to other prisons. About four (4) months later, the black inmate, and the mexican inmate were brought back to Ellis II floor. only the lunch meal, and sitting in the inmate chow hall at the first table as I walked in for lunch, the black inmate, and the mexican inmate were laughing and talking. A convict later that day told me the stabbing incident was all staged, that no one got stabbed, and the red blood I thought was red blood, was a red mixture poured on the black inmates back and floor, while I was watching the mexican inmate discard the knife. The military-govt perform the experiment, to see if I was a coward. The military-govt was in the process learning all about me, there experimental Lab-Rat. (they) interviewed MR Stewart Cook at the prison unit he was serving his sentence. MR. Cook characterized me to the military-govt, as

a man with a weak personality, easily manipulated, although, MR. Cook said to the military-govt, "I'm super strong, in excellent physical condition. MR. Cook said he saw me whip four (4) men at one time. (This is true, I was dining at a local pizza parlor - Houston, in the late 70's, the waitress and I had a fling, the four (4) red-neck TEXAN cowboys consumed a beer to many, but were not inebriated, just tipsy, the cowboys were making obscenities to my waitress friend, I simply said to them from my table to hold down the sexual rhetoric, but, just like a TEXAN red-neck, the four (4) cowboys seized the moment to fight me, I accepted the challenge because I was confident in my physical ability against those four (4) men, and I won. Just no bragging rights, I never spoke about it, that not my style, MR. Cook brought it up). (See enclosed document report). MR. Baker, and MR. DeVasher, please do not misinterpret. AND because a weak personality, as in being physically weak. Personality stems from a psychological-mental control. Physical attributes deals with endurance, and motor skills. MR. Cook elects to characterize me as a weak man, or weak personality. Its not that I have a weak personality, as much as

I comprehend the ramifications if I get apprehended with MR Cook during his felony robbery spree. I've since trained myself to categorically say NO to participate in felonious activity on any scale.

Because the inmates on my cell-block were coached to call me names at night from 11:00 P.M. to 5:00 A.M., I'd have to go to my morning kitchen job duties, totally, physically, exhausted. Once, in 1988, the military-govt set me up in the shower, the inmate shower area has approximately eight shower-poles that stand vertical, from the floor to the ceiling. Each shower-pole has six shower heads, so that six inmates can shower around one shower-pole. One morning I was showering, my white cellmate showering next to me, then the military-govt instructed a black inmate to stand next to my cellmate, erect, and masturbate to erection. I was absent-minded, unaware, as to actually know what to do about the situation, so I continued to shower. Later, ^{convicted} convict inmates informed me I was suppose to whip the cowboy shit out of his ass for disrespecting me, by masturbating near me.

From 1987 to 1989, the military-govt would not permit me to make any type of Friendship with Black or Mexican inmates, having white inmates instructed to tell me that Blacks and Mexicans are second class citizens. All the inmates at Ellis II Prison were a hundred percent awake, I was being watched twenty-four hours a day, the inmates knew they were being recorded around me, because the military-govt would coach them to repeat themselves, verbatim, what the inmate said to me the previous year. Only a few inmates would have anything to do with me, most all inmates avoided me, would ostracize me, get up and move if I sat next to them on a bench in the dayroom to watch T.V., From 1987 to 1989, I had no friends. I took two (2) college courses at Ellis II in 1988 and 1989, a Lee College program, with classrooms. My first course was an electronic course, I earned an A. My second course was: Co-Bal (used for business applications); FOR TRN (dealing, expressing algebraically, Graphics (displays data pictorially); Basic (programming language); and Pascal (support and language structure). I took Co-Bal, FOR TRN, Graphics, Basic and Pascal all at the same time from Lee College (Baytown, Texas) at Ellis II

IN 1989, I maintained a B average, I would have brought my grade up to an A, because I had a high B average, and time to raise my grade average, just as I maintained a G.P.A. 4.0 at Val State college in 1997, college material is easy for me, as long as I have a preceptor to lead. However, IN JAN 17, 1990, I paroled from Ellis II, and did not complete all time computer classes. My prison float time, coupled with my good time, surpassed my twenty (20) year sentence, so I discharged my sentence. I would have paroled IN 1989, but, I came up for parole twice, every six months prior to 1.17.90, the parole board rejected me. About two weeks before I were to appear before the parole lady, the govt-military would have six inmates jump me, and beat me down, which, the inmates did not mine, they basically hated me, because when the military-govt, came to Ellis II IN 1985, (they) took over the whole prison, all inmates, all guards, all staff. No one really minded the first year or two, but, by 1987, the inmates, guards, staff profoundly resented the military-govt controlling their lives around me, all the inmates, guards, staff, blamed me for the presence of the military-govt at Ellis II.

To make the inmates, guards, staff create a greater hatred toward me, the military-govt told all inmates, guards and staff, I'll receive twenty-five million dollars for being an experimental subject. The reason the military-govt told the inmates, guards and staff I'll receive twenty-five million for the five year experiment program, is so no inmate, guard, or staff member would think I'm being violated, not my constitutional rights, Civil rights, or rights to privacy, but the truth is, all my rights were indeed violated from 1990 to 1997 1/2 while I was free. So, about two weeks prior to going before the parole lady, the military-govt had six inmates beat me down, realizing I may win against four men, but not six. The guards would come, scrape me up off the concrete floor, toss me into a dark cell, no windows, only a green plastic mattress, and only in my boxer shorts. I'd lay in the cell for a week to heal, then returned to general population. I'd go before the parole lady, and both times, she said Paul, you've been fighting, so I'll deny you parole. The military-govt would have the six inmates who beat me down, come to the chow hall, sit by me at lunch,

AN laugh, I did not retaliate because I'd get a disciplinary case, I wanted to make parole, plus, I stayed focus on receiving twenty-five million dollars I was promised once I'm free. Mr. Baker, Mr. Wolfson, I know a few men who are super nice, real gentlemen, slow to anger, on the other hand, there the total package physically, agile, nimbler, dexterous, fitness, if they got a hold of you, you can kiss your sweet ass goodbye, but if they did get a hold of you, is because you did something to them. Mr. Baker said, are you one of those people; I said, that's not my call. I'm an AMORIST, a realist, a pragmatist, an analytical, trying to incorporate a pacifist into my lengthy chain of accomplishments. My most desire was to remain, and be a husband. From 1985 to 1987 at Ellis II I did not have one visit, in 1987, the military govt had two ladies from the S.S.I. dept. come visit me concerning an over payment I received from S.S.I. in 1983, the issue got cleared up. S.S.I. matters are all handled by mail, S.S.I. personnel can't go into the field all across the country, everytime a dispute occurs, especially to a prisoner, when a S.S.I. agent can have a

judge simply keep your butt locked up until the dispute is solved, or put a hold or detainer on you. The military-govt wanted me to become aware of their power, to send S.S.I. personnel to visit me in prison, that (they) controlled the prison itself, all guards, staff, inmates. In 1987 was my first visit, In 1988 the military-govt had my mom, dad, sisters Janet and Karen visit me til my release. My dad no longer had any type of Texas I.D. cards by 1988, no driver license, no nothing, by Texas law, my dad could not enter the prison, but, again, the military-govt slowly educated me on their enormous power. When my mom, dad, sisters Janet and Karen visited me, the first few visits were somewhat normal, they-my family was elated, blissful, excited, all smiles, laughter, asking me, Paul, how did you get the military-govt in your life, how did you get all this power. My family was beyond belief, they were over-joyed. The military-govt had my dad reappear to me, I'll get out of prison, receive (receive) twenty-five million, and live a decent life. So this is what I stayed focussed on in prison, over looking all the torture.

By the fourth visit from my family, their demeanor dramatically changed, because when they first visited me at Ellis II, by the request of the military-govt, the military-govt took them into a room, showed my family video tapes of me all over the prison, video tapes of me talking in my cell. When my family visited me on visit four, they realized that the military-govt is recording every word they share with me, so my family and I could no longer discuss private family issues. In 1988, would be the final time my personal family ever again acted natural, normal, around me, as I had known my family all my life. My family knew every word, every act was being recorded anywhere in life I may go. On 1.17.90 I was paroled to Fort Worth, Texas Salvation Army halfway house. I wanted to return to Houston, my home, to live with my dad, to be near all my family, and friends. The military-govt had me paroled to Fort Worth. I hated Fort Worth, but had no say in the matter. The military-govt told me if I return to Houston, I'll take my last step. In February 1990, I could only find a job at a feed store,

...earning minimum wage, I thought, I'll take
...this job, and as I understand what the
...military-gov't told me, by March 1990,
...my ship will come in, I'll receive my
...twenty-five million, and life will be good
...again, as I once knew it. March 1990
...came and went, and for the next seven
...or a half years, the military-gov't used
...people to tell me every month up til
...June 1997, my ship will come in, I will
...receive the promised twenty-five million
...dollars, I will be happy, and I'll live a
...decent life. Because the military-gov't used
...such excellent propaganda techniques on me
...from the onset, from 1985 to 1989 at
...Ellis II, showing me their mighty power,
...controlling all the guards, staff, inmates,
...bringing two (2) S.S. personnel workers to
...Ellis II, bringing my family to Ellis II,
...having my dad verbally-physically tell me
...I'll receive twenty-five million dollars, having
...inmates and guards tell me from 1985 to
...1989, I'll receive twenty-five million dollars
...that from JAN. 1990, to June 1997, I
...was well inclined, willing to ~~to~~ believe,
...when people would tell me I'll be receiving
...the money next, next month, next month,
...I wanted to believe, after all, look who

was doing the talking, the military-govt. who has an annual budget of about a trillion dollars. In June 1990, I trained for a job to drive a truck and pull a trailer. I drove four hours oneway, to deliver textile products, then back to the company, Monday through Friday. In Nov. 1990, I was driving in Grand Saline, Texas. It was about 12:20 A.M. (11.24.90). I was at the top of a hill, in the middle of the country, no lights, just cow pastures. As I began to drive down the hill, I seen the headlights of a vehicle traveling at a rapid speed to my right, on a country road, I thought how surreal a vehicle to travel at that speed on a dirt country road, especially at night. I know he saw my headlights because I had lights on all around my trailer. There was no way I could stop driving down a hill, pulling a full load. The vehicle hit my right tire of my truck, taking the tire off my truck, I lost all control of steering, rolled once, and slid about 75 yards. I should have died, there is no doubt the military-govt tried to kill me. (Chick, Texas D.P.S. officer Ralph K. Farmer, 11.24.90 12:20 A.M., I.D. NO. 5866, Dist. 1B-8).

I remained on workmans comp. From 11.24.90 to 12.20.92. On or near Dec 1990 I was playing basketball at the ymca downtown Fort Worth, the military-govt used scientific technology to cause my right knee to dislocate (see enclosed documents), because I had an atty. handling the accen accident, he was able to claim my right knee injury dislocation, stemmed from the truck accident. I joined the Fort Worth downtown ymca in February 1990 to September 1992, it was a childhood dream to be a member of the ymca, an I made the best of my time there... I knew basically all the members, as shown in my 13-photo albums in the Nashville-Metro police station property room. However, my life in general in Fort Worth, from 1.17.90 to 5.01.93 while I resided there was not fun, enjoyable, worthwhile to me. The military-govt, as like at Ellis II Prison, from 1985 to 1989 coaching all the guards, staff, inmates, the military-govt coached every person involved with me in Fort Worth. From 1990 to 1991/2, I dated about a dozen girls, they were coached by the military-govt what to say and do around me. The girls stayed with me an average of four weeks, each.

By 1991 1/2, I gave up dating, it was no fun, exciting, no intimacy, all the girls acted like robots, puppets, following military-gov't orders, nothing normal, natural. In Dec 1993 (1992) I received a twenty-five thousand dollar settlement from the truck accident in Nov 1990. I went to Dallas, got braces on my teeth, and a nose reduction, not like the media claimed I underwent massive plastic surgery, as stated in (1999). I moved to Oklahoma City, (5.01.93 (Bethany) to attend Lareisen School of Music. I knew how to play guitar, so I needed to take a couple of years of lessons to improve the quality of my music. I also took baking school classes. I enjoyed culinary arts (cooking) so I wanted to learn how to bake. I became asst. manager of a bakery in Oklahoma City. I began to go to a club in Oklahoma City to dance on Friday nights. I'd dance with girls at this club, by my fourth Friday, the military gov't had coached all the girls there not to dance with me, I never went back again. In 1994, I met a girl at the health club I joined, it was merely a physical attraction. She convinced me to move in to her home with her four year old daughter

I moved in three (3) months after living with her, one night she had gotten up around 2:00 A.M., it woke me, she had went into her four year old daughters bedroom, removed her daughters night shirt. The next morning at breakfast she asked me how her daughters night shirt came off, because I'm 90% jocular, I almost said, I took it off, but for some reason, I said, I don't know how your daughters night shirt came off. (Tina Bone, Danny Tackett testified to Tom Thurman H. 99, I was facetious all the time.) Had I playfully said, I removed your daughters night shirt, the military-gov't planned for her to file pedophilic charges against me, despite I'm a philoprogenitive. A week afterword, I moved out of her home. To appease me, and restore my belief in the military-gov't, the military-gov't said I could return to Houston. In Sept. 1965, I rushed home to Houston, to visit my family, friends, and to be home again. I learned in Houston, the military-gov't had knocked on thousands of doors in Houston, to talk with anyone who knew me from 1957 to the present 1990's. The military-gov't was determine to learn my whole life history. My dad and I vacationed in Galveston, Texas.

From 10.01.95 to 3.01.96 I moved to Nashville, to try my hand in country music. I formed an eight member band in Oklahoma City in 1995, and made demo tapes. From 3.01.96 to 1.01.97 I moved to Lake Worth, Texas to live with my Texas girl friend, Linda Patton. In 1.17.97, I enrolled in college at Val State, Gallatin, TN, majoring in Corp. Law. From 1.17.96, to 6.01.97, in Fort Worth, Oklahoma City, and Nashville, the military-govt. coached everyone what to say and do around me, at health clubs, girls I dated, jobs I worked at, school, everywhere. I couldn't have any friends, life had no meaning anymore, no fun, no excitement, no adventure, nothing promising, very void. In 1996, I joined a Baptist church in Fort Worth, the gov't-military coached the congregation to ostracize me, entire families would get up and move if I sat on the same pew. I left that church after a few months, realizing I was not welcomed. I never went to another church again. I visited my sister Janet in Sept. 1995, she encouraged me to get into her kid-swimming pool with her six and four year old daughter, Janet gave me a pair of swim shorts to wear.

While sitting in the one foot of water with Janet's two daughters, playing around, Janet's six year old daughter put her hand on my penis, and said Uncle Paul, "what's that". I was shocked, I immediately grabbed her hand and forcefully shoved her hand away, I was speechless, bewildered. Janet's six year old daughter grabbed my penis again, a second time, and, again, I grabbed her hand with more force, put my finger in her face, and sternly told her don't you ever do that again. I then noticed some curtains moving by the window, above the pool in Janet's back yard, I looked up and seen Janet watching the whole situation. The military-gov't coached Janet, and her six year old daughter to grab my penis, then to file charges on me. From 1990 to 1997, the gov't-military tried to cause me to become, AN accept the homosexual life style. There is not a gay bone in my body. From 1990 to 1993, the military-gov't had make make phony friendships with me in Fort Worth, to encourage me to steal cars with them, Rob banks, pass forged instruments, use drugs, date RAPE girls, burglarize mansions, abuse Alcohol. I adamantly said NO, NO, NO.

From 1985 to the current, the military-gov't has used scientific technology on my ears, mind and body. (See enclosed documents). I don't have the knowledge, or skills how to articulate precisely how scientific technology works, but, in a book, called: "The Warriors Edge" explains how the human body is radiated, the magnetic field is used. The military-gov't has the technology that make my ears ring at all levels, the military-gov't causes my ears to ring at painful, excruciating high pitched levels for days at a time. (They) have tortured my brain since 1985, taking my mind from extreme to extreme. Basically since 1985 (they) have kept my mind in torment, aggravating. The enclosed two (2) documents state how the residence of Eugene, Oregon in the 1970's also complained about scientific technology being used to cause them, high anxiety, irritability, loss of sleep, depression, odd atmospheric sensation causing headaches. I have not slept normal since 1984. Prior to 1985, my ears never once rang, I slept like a baby every night, my mind was debaric, blissful. I realize scientific technology is a subject only a few military scientist can explain, and that

when I bring up the subject, and convey the miserable symptoms, it may cause me to sound demented, INSANE. This is a matter that boils down to, am I fabricating this scientific technology facts, am I telling a big lie, or am I telling the facts and the truth of what I know, and what I've experienced since 1985. Just as the residence of Eugene, Oregon, and people everywhere who have no knowledge what may be happening to them. The military-govt told me that in 1992, while (then) President George Bush was visiting in Japan, at a dinner reception, became unconscious, the military-govt told me they caused the president to become unconscious, to illustrate their power to me. (They) said they caused President Bush (2001) to become unconscious in the White House while eating a pretzel. (They) said they cause John F. Kennedy, JR. to become unconscious while flying his airplane, which he crashed and died. (They) said they caused President Clinton's knee to dislocate while vacationing in Florida in (1996?). (They) caused my knee to dislocate in 1990. (They) caused me to become unconscious while driving in 1990. The enclosed documents state the facts, this technology, this scientific technology exist. America has a group of evil scientist working

AN USING AMERICAN CITIZENS AS HUMAN
EXPERIMENTAL LAB-RATS. Call me CRAZY, INSANE,
demented, I have absolutely nothing to gain,
nothing to achieve, by coming forward as
a whistle blower. From 1985 to the present,
I've Lived everyday being tormented by scientific
technology, and the select group of military
scientist who have caused my ears to ring,
my mind to be mentally tormented, and
no decent, regular, night sleep, all since
1985. A miserable, nineteen years of a
hellish nightmare ordeal.

Mr. Baker said,

how did the military-govt try to cause you to
become gay. I said, From 1990 to 1992,
the military-govt would only permit girls
to date me an average of four weeks
each, this was in Fort Worth, Texas. In
Oklahoma City, (Bethany) in 1994 the military-
govt coached all the girls at a dance hall
club so frequent not to dance with me,
as expected, naturally, I gave up dating
girls, realizing I could never again have
a normal, loving relationship with a girl.
From 1990 to 1997, the military-govt had
several gay men try to take advantage of
my kind, gentle personality, an exploit
me sexually. If I were gay, I'd be

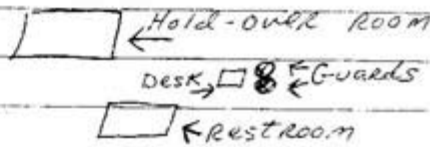
honestly open. I've lived my life totally
openly, as a book. When you have nothing
to hide, you hide nothing. I have absolutely
NO skeletons in the closet. I do have a lot
I may be embarrassed about, but I do
not run if someone aired my dirty laundry
in the public. I've heard Oprah Winfrey disclose
publicly how she was sexually raped by her
uncle, I heard Natalie Cole (singer) explain that
she prostituted her self to buy drugs, I'm sure
these stories are embarrassing to make public,
however, I am able to draw self-strength
from people coming forward publicly and
share with us, that there life was not
picture perfect, flawless. My life too is
not picture perfect. I have flaws, such as
a robbery, I'm mortified, I hoped society
would know the truth how I came to rob
with Mr. Stewart Cook, what lead up to me
going with Mr. Cook, then be forgiving, AN
accept me as an all american boy. I
am exclusively a heterosexual, I love girls.
I rejected all the military-govts gay sexual
advances. There were two (2) girls who came
into my life, one, in 1992 in Fort Worth,
Texas. I dated her for about nine (9)
months, but not steady. She is a millionaire
her father was a Texas RANCHER, he...

left her a million dollars in his will. She asked me to marry her, I respectfully declined, because I did not love her, no was she able to love me, as I need love from a women. Secondly, in 1994 in Oklahoma City (Bethany) I met Rena, worth five hundred thousand, I lived with Rena for a few months, Rena proposed to me, again, I respectfully declined, I liked Rena only sexually. During Trial Three, Dr. Pam Able said its insane to think two wealthy girls proposed to me. I have several pictures of the two relationships in the police property room, Nashville. I dare not share with Dr. Pam Able, a date once brought me some flowers; as I became educated that its appropriate for guys to receive flowers from girls, I longed for flowers from girls, its a beautiful way to say I love you, I'm thinking of you, or I like you. But, as I shared with you, the military-gov't has taken all my girlfriends. I've trained myself to be a bachelor. When I was arrested for homicide in June 1997, Nashville, I was placed in the Nashville Metro Justice Center, an inmate charged with pedophilia was placed next to me. The inmates were in single cells, no two inmates

were allowed to be physically around one another. The pedophile is inmate Phillip Wiser, Phillip Wiser was accused of performing oral sex on me, this was reported to the media. MR. Phillip Wiser never performed oral sex on me, there was no rational way two inmates could have physical contact. I now have a signed statement from inmate Phillip Wiser, and another inmate who was there at the Justice Center, inmate Larry Howard, stating I was in no wise able to have contact with any inmate. Inmate Phillip Wiser never performed oral sex. The guards at the Justice Center performed a perfunctory cell search in 1998, took a tooth-pick type chicken bone out of his shirt pocket, then told the media I hid a chicken bone in my light fixture to use as a weapon to escape. If I had hid or placed a chicken bone in the 1/8 screw hole of the ceiling wall fixture, how would I retrieve the tooth-pick chicken bone. Then the heat factor from the lights would absorb all the substance from the tooth-pick chicken bone, making it fragility-brittle, not even realistically able to be characterized as a weapon, but, as usual, it made headline news. First, Reid has

a homosexual affair in jail, then, Reid hides a chicken bone weapon in cell to escape. -IN 1998 at the Justice Center, I'd go to the roof at 5:00 A.M. for recreation, the roof-officer sheriff Fletcher, once privately told me: "Reid, these are my truck keys laying on the table, I park my reddish mid-size truck, across the street from the Justice Center, in the garage, as you enter level one, my truck is in the second space to the right. (investigate). During trial one, April 1999, I would be held, in an inmate hold-over room behind Judge Blackburns courtroom, the bathroom is right in front of the inmate hold-over room with a guard desk a few feet from the bathroom. I had to visit the restroom during a recess, as I exited the restroom, the two guards who were assigned to transfer me from the hold-over room, to the court room, were on the far side of the desk, there laid a pistol-gun on the desk as I come out of the restroom, the officers melodramatically appeared to be seriously looking at some papers, with there back to me. I realized no officer would leave his gun on a desk, with AN inmate charged with seven (7) homicides, that this was some type

of a set-up, or escape hint. I orderly exited the restroom, and returned to the inmate hold-over room.



During trial three (3) I was transferred in a van, which was parked in a gate area next to the Justice Center. One night during trial three (3), about 8:00 P.M., Judge Blackburn retired the jury for that evening, I was transferred back to Riverbend, as I climbed into the side of the prison van, it was dark at night, I could not see inside the van, but, as I physically climbed into the van, I realized I was standing on some type of object, I looked down at my feet, and I seen a shot gun under my feet, I immediately climbed back out, and told the guard. There is no rational way the guard inadvertently put a shot-gun in the van to transport inmates. At Riverbend, I had to be transported to Clarksville for a court hearing, I believe around June 7, 1999 or about, after the court hearing in Clarksville, I was returned to Riverbend, while at Riverbend intake area, a guard processed

me, then walked me back to Unit Two, the cell block I housed, during the outdoor walk back to Unit Two, the guard told me a helicopter will land on the ground, I'll (The Guard), put you inside, and the helicopter pilot will take you to freedom, I just smiled. Defense detective Ron Lax visited me at Riverbend around June 24, 1999, and asked me how would I escape from Riverbend, I answered, there is no reason to ask me such a question. There were other people who also spoke to me about escape. That, at Riverbend, Unit manager Carl Smith, and, Kay Ann Coughlin denied me the privilege to advance from a C-level, to a B-level, which would provide me more time out of my cell, my phone use, my activities, citing: "I may escape". All the other death row inmates said I was the first to be denied a B-level with a spotless prison disciplinary record, and noting, no inmate has ever escaped from unit two, and that all B-level, and A-level inmates are at a chance to escape. During trial three, the prison officials put an inmate next to my cell named Greg Thomson, a black inmate, he yelled at me all night for four days, banging on the wall, etc.

Finally, I had atty. Mike Engle tell Judge Blackburn, I could not sleep at night, and that I was coming to trial totally exhausted, unable to assist in my own defense. Judge Blackburn had the prison officials move me. There is no question sabotage is the only reason the prison officials placed inmate Greg Thomson next to me during a trial, they knew the results, I'd be tried for trial. The guards at Riverbend also flooded my cell with water, destroying all my legal court documents I had laid out in piles on the floor, against the wall, while I was out of my cell for a legal visit with atty. Mike Engle. The guards also sprayed my cell with a fire extinguisher, when inmate Greg Thomson tossed a burning paper sack in front of my cell, I was out of my cell at the time. As it appeared the guards opened my door and sprayed, dust particles were on all my property, I had to wipe down every inch of my cell. Inmates are fed in their cells most of the time, on a dozen times the guards at Riverbend, who pass out the food, skipped my cell, and I went without meals. The military-govt.

Coached the inmates to harass me on the rec. yard for a whole month at Riverbend, Unit Two. Riverbend guards would do a routine cell search, when they'd search my cell, they'd toss my personal belongings everywhere, on ~~anywhere~~, just like in the movies.

MR. Baker, MR. DeKasher, I wish a national media network could go back to Texas, locate guards and inmates who served time with me from 1985-1990, pay them to talk, then the media talk to us army people in Fort Worth, Oklahoma City and Nashville, to piece actually together, this nightmare ordeal I've been forced to live since 1985, to the present.

Then incorporate the pure hell torture of the scientific technology used to torment my ears every hour since 1985, torment my mind every hour since 1985. And not one decent, full night sleep allowed by the diabolical military scientist who controlled me, since 1985. Now you wonder why I don't want to live on God's green earth anymore, and why I totally accept the execution. My life ended in 1985, since 1985, I haven't had a life, for 19-years, its all been a pure living hell nightmare.

I was the unlucky one who got caught between the cross-hairs of the military-gov't scientific technology machine in 1965, AND] after that, that's all she wrote, my life was snuffed-out at a tender age of twenty-seven. Now, I'm just waiting for the state of Tennessee to take me out of my misery, which I'm begging them. I've maintained a flawless prison disciplinary record, that is, until prison guards at Brushy Mountain, guard Robert Sexton, and guard Jeff Hall bashed my head into a concrete wall while my hands were cuffed behind my back, blood poured out of my head. Then I got write-up, a disciplinary case, in July 2002, for self mutilation. The guard who presided on the disciplinary case, Sgt. Darren Settle, said to me: "Reid, do you know where you're at son, this is Klu Klux Klan country, this ain't the ~~cow~~ cow pastures back in your home state Texas, you accusing my Klan brothers Robert Sexton, and Jeff Hall of a bashing your Texas head into a wall can get your ass thrown over that three fence. And we boys will unload a pound of lead up your ass for escape over the wall. Now I'll call it as I see it, you banged

...your own head into a wall, case over.
... (See enclosed document). I said nothing
... because since 1985, that's how my life
... has went. I could never win at anything,
... from 1985-1989 at Ellis II, from 1990
... to 1993 1/2 in Fort Worth, from 1993 1/2
... to 1995 in Oklahoma City, and in Nashville
... in 1996 and 1997. I've also lost at every-
... thing. The military-govt has coached every
... person who has contact with me, and
... told everyone. I'll receive millions of
... dollars, so people think, if I have
... the military-govt on my side, and I'll
... receive millions of dollars, then that's
... unfair, I'm at an advantage, and
... therefore must lose (lose) at everything.
... The military-govt has beat me down,
... mentally wore me out. The psychological
... trauma is unbearable what I've been
... through since 1985. (They) have made me
... hate life. (They) have called me a penniless
... worthless, useless, no good nothing ever
... since 1990, they have called me pussy, weak
... coward, and said I'm not a man. (They)
... have belittled me by telling me I'm
... uneducated, I have no skills, no decent
... women would desire me, I'm trash.
... Mr Baker, Mr. DeVasher, gentleman...

...the military-gov't has totally convinced
...me I'm a nothing, pure trash, the
...military-gov't is 100% right, I'm a
...worthless, useless, no good nothing,
...they have made a firm believer out of
...me. IN 2000, I directly said to the
...military-gov't, you won, you beat me
...down, enjoy your bragging rights.
...Had the military-gov't stayed completely
...out of my life, I had filed a Habeas
...Corpus in 1987, which would have gotten
...my Texas conviction over turned, period.
...The military-gov't told me they control
...all the judges, and that my Habeas
...Corpus will be denied, and sure
...enough, it was. But my permit, had
...the military-gov't left me totally alone,
...I would have left Ellis II in 1987. OR
...lets just say even 1990, I would have
...moved in with my dad, earned my
...Law degree from the University of
...Houston by 1997, passed the bar with
...a high LSAT score (possession is 9/10
...of Law) and I would have been practicing
...Law in downtown Houston. I would have
...never moved to Nashville, and I sure
...would not be in prison. Today, I'm
...Not willing to participate in anything,

because I know the end results, I'll be rejected, I'll always lose. Since 1985 I haven't had any friends, no one will get involved with me because everyone knows the military-gov't controls me, what kind of life is this. (they) completely destroyed all my self-worth, all my self-values. I'm a nothing. When I went free from Ellis II on JAN. 17, 1990, about fifteen of us parolees or rode a Gray-Hound bus from Huntsville, Texas, to Fort Worth, Texas. During the trip, (they) provided an inmate a small bottle of liquor, the inmate offered me a drink from the bottle, I said no. While walking in downtown Fort Worth at 10:00 P.M. on a Wednesday that same night I was paroled, walking to the halfway house, three (3) white guys crossing the street, intentionally bumped into me to fight, I knew the military-gov't set these guys to fight me, I avoided the fight, but I could have whipped all three (3) with one hand tied behind my back. Two blocks to the halfway house, a prostitute propositioned me, I said honey, I want it like every other man, but I'll wait and do it right. As I reached the halfway house, a black man in a mile long Cadillac

...offered to sell me drugs, I said buddy,
...that's not me. The Liquor after from the
...parolee, the three white guys who tried to
...fight me, the prostitute, and the drug
...pusher, were all set-ups by the military
...govt, to put me back in prison. The
...magnitude of this wicked military-govt
...operation is staggering, and the tax-payers
...are being milked-blind. Millions and
...millions of dollars spent since 1965, all
...to experiment on me. Mr. Baker, and
...Mr. DeVosher asked me if thought the
...military-govt is responsible for 9-11,
...I said absolutely not, that 9-11 is
...OSAMA BIN LINDA's baby, AN evil TERRORIST.
...Mr. Baker and MR. DeVosher then gave
...each other a stare into each others eyes,
...as to represent disappointment in my
...ANSWER to their question.

... Mr. Baker asked
...me, what did you disapprove of during
...my trials. I said the way counsel
...represented me in all three (3) trials would
...be persona non grata in Europe, AN other
...democratic nations. I said, lets start....
...from the onset, June 1st, 1999, I
...went to shoney manager Mitch Roberts
...home, to discuss coming back to work.

As a cook for the summer, I only had one morning class in college. Mitch Roberts and I became a little belligerent after about twenty minutes into our conversation. I left, called him from Nashville, apologized on the phone, he said the Ashland City police were at his house, I spoke to an Ashland City policeman, the policeman asked me to come back and apologize in person. I said absolutely. I went back to Mitch Roberts home, and I was arrested for fighting. According to Mr. Mitch Roberts or the Ashland City police three days later, I tried to kidnap Mr. Roberts with a gun, handcuffs, billy club, knife; and he (Mitch Roberts sucker punched me to get away.) Now gentleman, please open up your mind and go with me on this one. I was seen by his wife, two daughters or son and daughter plus. I was video taped at his home. Now be a little analytical, if I actually tried to kidnap Mr. Roberts, I sure had a sloppy plan, first, I left three (3) eye witnesses, his wife and three or two children, plus, I was on a video tape. Secondly, I had not packed up my

Property at my home, I took no valuable
Thirdly, what did I intend to do with
him. For a college student with a
G.P.A. 4.0, a Farmer convict from
Texas, knowledgeable concerning the law
I sure had a dumb kidnapping plan,
if you can classify it as a plan. Now,
if Mr. Roberts truly viewed me with a
complete military set of Arsenal, gun, knife,
handcuffs, billy club, and Mitch Roberts
thought I was the Nashville serial killer,
do you think he'd sucker punch me to get
away; if I were the trained serial
killer, body builder, bench pressing 400 lbs
could any man sucker punch me, get away
while I had a gun, knife, billy club, and
handcuffs held on him. Be realistic.
Now, ~~at some point~~ would I return to
his home, with the police there, had
I tried to kidnap Mr. Roberts, and I
were Nashville's serial killer, please.
Now, at Mr. Donald's restaurant, I was
in college the Friday before the McDonald's
killings, and the Monday after the killings
everyone from college testified I had an
all American hair cut, hands down.
Mr. Jose Gonzales, the loan survivor
stated to police, he fought with the

Killer, depicting the killer, long hair, Mexican decent, thin build, weak. And that MR. Gonzales pulled the killers hair, during a fight, and the killer did not wear gloves. MR. Gonzales did not state he fought with a body builder, strong, benching 400 lbs who could whipped the hell out of him, short all American hair cut. MR. Gonzales had from March to June to change his composite drawing (1997). (to Capt. N's, the employees stated on Saturday, Feb. 15, 1997, a man, 240 lbs, no mustache, ponytail hair, three (3) day beard. came into Capt. N's to apply for a job. I'm 200 lbs, mustache, no ponytail, can't grow a beard. The afternoon at the killing, MR. Mark Farmer first said to police he saw a black man coming out of Capt. N's, he later said a Mexican man with black slick hair. after I appeared on T.V. IN June 1997, MR. Farmer said he saw me, and my eye color, as he concentrated operating a moving vehicle, and from approximately one hundred feet MR. Farmer said he saw my brown eyes, absolutely incredible, if MR. Farmers

...testimony is reliable. Witness gave so many contradictory depiction as to what they saw. The final product of the police composite drawing depicted a man, no mustache, ponytail, a far cry from me, with a mustache, trim hair cut. During the preliminary hearing of Capt. D's restaurant, June 9, 1997, the custodian of financial records from Capt. D's restaurant testified under oath, based on the cash register sales receipts, the Capt D's had twenty-five hundred dollars in the safe. At my actual trial in April 1999, the custodian of financial records from Capt D's testified the restaurant was robbed for seventy-one hundred dollars. What a fluctuation from June 9, 1997 at twenty-five hundred dollars, to April 1999, to seventy-one hundred dollars. How convenient for the D.A. to substantiate how I leased a car from Crown Ford March 23, 1997, for fifty-one hundred dollars. The problem, or one problem with that story is that in JAN 31, 1997, I had the revenue to lease a car from Miracle Ford, Galiton, TENN., but, Miracle Ford would not lease me a car on Jan. 31, 1997, with ^{the} application I submitted.

to them, because I have poor credit,
Bankruptcy. Whereas, Crown Ford did
accept my money, an credit history.
The metro police detectives stated on the
witness stand, that in June, 1997, when the
homicide detectives showed Mr. Jose Gongales
a photo line-up of me, within one (1)
minute, his palms of his hands began to
sweat; we are to believe that in an
air-condition controlled environment, Mr. Jose
Gongales palms began to sweat within one
(1) minute, okay. Then at Bastin-Robbins,
I'm at a Texaco market-store according
to my gas receipt at 9:53 P.M., I then
visit the restroom, purchase a Pepsi, and
leave, probably after 10:00 P.M., then I
drive three miles to Bastin-Robbins, robbed
the restaurant, kidnap to girls in plain
view of everyone, all before 10:15 P.M.
when one of the girls brother arrives to
pick-up his sister. At the Texaco market,
I'm only two blocks from my Clarksville
girlfriends house, exactly where I should
be, if I'm in Clarksville, the Bastin-
Robbins would be completely out of my
way. Then, according to police, I kidnap
the girls at 10:14 P.M., and drive them
to Dun-Bar Cave. The D.A. in Clarksville

puts two (2) prominent, loving mothers on
 the witness stand during my trial, who
 testify they 100% positively, saw me
 at Dun-Bar Cave on April 14th, OR,
 April 16th, 1997, about eight days prior
 to the Bastin-Robbins, Robbery-kidnapping,
 to establish to the jury, I was well-
 familiar with Dun-Bar Cave. The two (2)
 prominent, loving mothers testify they
 are certain they absolutely saw me at
 Dun-Bar Cave on April 14, 1997, at
 9:30 A.M., and the other mother, second
 mother saw me at 11:00 A.M., playing
 my guitar there. Everything looks and
 sounds totally convincing, 100% believable
 I do play guitar, the two (2) W.F.
 witnesses are beautiful, loving mothers,
 excellent citizens in society. Until, my
 two (2) college professor take the witness
 stand, and show the court and jury,
 Not also did the two college professors
 mark me present in their class room,
 on April 14, 1997 at 9:00 A.M., and
 11:00 A.M., but showed the court and
 jury, a photo copy of two (2) test I
 took on April 14, 1997. at 9:00 A.M. and
 11:00 A.M. in their classrooms, earning an
 A on both test. Seems like I must've been

...doing some home work... studying the night
...before the test to earn all A's in
...college. Witness testified the last person
...they saw at Bastkin-Robbins the night of
...the robbery, was a tall, blonde hair
...man, with shoulder length hair, old dirty
...clothes on, inside Bastkin-Robbins around
...10:00 P.M. Because the gov't-military
...staged the stabbing of the black inmate
...at Ellis II prison in 1988, I told
...my public defender atty, Mike Jones, I
...don't believe two girls were robbed at
...Bastkin-Robbins in plain view, kidnapped
...the girls, drove them to Hun-Bar Cave, and
...severed their heads off. Not one trace of
...these girls were ever found in my car,
...through the police ~~tot~~ went through my
...car for an astronomical thirteen hours,
...with a fine tooth comb, plus, cut off the
...gas peddle, brake peddle, removed the
...door handles, all the seat covers, and
...most of the side paneling inside the car,
...and truck, yet found zero. Had I killed
...the people at Capt. Lt. M. Reynolds, Bastkin-
...Robbins, and because shoe prints were found
...at all three crime scenes, where the killers
...walked in the victims blood, I would have
...transported the victims blood from the ...

Sole of my shoes, all the crevices, and cranny
of my shoes could not avoid depositing the
victims blood into the carpet of my automobile.
The expert forensic scientist would have found
the victims blood in my ~~car~~ automobile
carpet during the thirteen (13) hour meticulous
search of my car. The Clarksville D.A. said
my finger prints were not found in my car,
my finger prints were found in my car,
on papers in the glove box, papers on the
floor of the car, because my finger prints
were not found on the rough bubbled
surface in the car is natural, you can't lift
finger prints from bubbled, rough surface.
Then the coin factor. I had approximately
300.00) thirteen ^{hundred} dollars in coins in my house. I
believe an estimate of two-hundred-fifty, to
three-hundred dollars were taken from each
robbery, for a total of seven-hundred and
fifty dollars, to maybe, nine-hundred
dollars. I had thirteen-hundred dollars. I
originally had the coins in a five gallon
bottle, as seen in my pictures in Fort Worth
in 1990 and 1991, seven years prior to the
robberies, nevertheless, when I traveled from
Oklahoma City to Nashville, the bottle cracked,
so I poured out all the coins, placed
Pennies with Pennies, Nickles with Nickles,

dimes with dimes, and quarters with quarters
with the intent to count the change, to
obtain an idea, how much daily pocket
changes I've saved since 1990, as the
pictures vividly show in my photos in
1990. The task of counting was to big,
so I put the change in one gallon
jugs of apple-cedar bottles, about four (4)
bottles, I poured the dimes with dimes,
nickles with nickles, pennies with pennies,
and quarters with quarters, in denominational
order, exactly as the police openly, plain
view, saw them in my house. Danny
Tackett said he helped me move my
property into a mini storage in March 1996
when I moved back to Texas to live
with my Texas girl-friend Linda Patton,
from 3.96 to 1.02.97, moved from
Nashville to Lake Worth, Texas. Danny
Tackett said - testified he did not see any
coins, and Mr. Tackett told the truth. I
did not let Mr. Tackett see the coins
because Mr. Tackett is a thief, Mr. Tackett
burglarizes homes, coupled with user drugs,
I feared Mr. Tackett would burglarize my
mini-storage while I was in Texas, if
he ^{know} money-coins were the spoil. My
Texas landlord, Mrs. Meadlin, told defense

detective Ron Lax, in 1997. I had the coins when I lived with her, until May 1993. Former employer from the Texaco, in Fort Worth, where I worked as an auto mechanic, Mr. Wayne Meadlin told detective Ron Lax, he to saw the five gallon bottle of coins in 1993. Mrs Meadlin provide a deponent. (see enclosed document). Mr. DeVasher, you wrote in the appeal to the Tennessee Supreme Court, I stole some farm equipment, that is a direct lie, I paid for my tractor Strom Ford, in Grafton, Texas, 1982. Gatty Mike Engle retrieved all my court records in Houston, Texas. There is not one police report, not one, that I stole any city farming equipment. Mr. DeVasher, you also said in the appeal, I threw my Oklahoma City girl friends Cat across the room, in 1994, and that I tried to cover her mouth with a pillow, those are half-truths. My Oklahoma City girlfriend, Dena Irby, had a four year old daughter, her daughter and I were playing with the cat, I was tossing, sliding the cat across the tile kitchen floor, for fun, to amuse the four (4) year

old daughter, as I'd toss, slid the
 cat across the kitchen tile floor, the
 cat would come walking back for
 more attention. MR. DeVasher,
 you have^x sounding like I threw a
 cat, and that's not true. During trial
 two, my Texas girlfriend Linda Patten
 testified on the witness stand, I
 bought a rabbit, and three (3) chickens
 in 1996, while I lived with her from
 3.96 to 1.02.97, that I built a rabbit
 cage, and a chicken cage, that I had
 animats. You said to the high court
 MR. DeVasher, I tried to put a pillow
 over my Oklahoma City girlfriend's mouth,
 Dena Juby, yes, I did try, but I
 never actually succeeded. I told ~~her~~
 Dena Juby, I was moving out of her
 home, when I lived with her for
 three (3) months, Dena cried like a
 loud baby, I was afraid, Dena's crying
 would wake her four (4) year old daughter
 up, I did not want Dena's four (4)
 year old daughter to see, that I made
 her mother cry, I panicked, grabbed a
 throw pillow, but Dena clearly said, I
 only tried to cover her mouth, but did
 not succeed, MR. DeVasher, I bench press

400 lbs., as seen in my photos in the Nashville Police Property Room, I could have covered Dena's mouth if I wanted to, but I'm INNOCUOUS around girls. My Texas girlfriend, Linda Patten testified at trial two in 1999, when asked by atty. Mike Engle, did Paul (Paul) ever hit you between 3.96 and 1.02.97 when he lived with you, -MRS. PATTEN SAID NO. MR. KRYASHER COMMON SENSE will tell you, Dena Leby is getting revenge against me, for not marrying her, and moving out of her home. No decent, Jesus-filled girl will come forward to personally attack me when I'm down, charged with seven (7) homicides. Reverend Joe Engle met and spoke with my sisters Janet and Linda, in Texas 1996. Janet and Linda only lived with me, when I lived with my mother, for a short time. Janet and Linda told Rev. Joe Engle, that my mother was austere to them, that would be true for about a year. Janet did not tell Rev. Joe Engle that Janet once worked for our mother in my mother's five star restaurant, that my mother provided Janet beautiful, fashion clothes, that

our mother bought Janet a perfect used car, that our mother made sure all her children dressed perfect, had the best of everything, so my mother could show off her children to the opulents who dined at her five star restaurant, and not be embarrassed. So what if my mother was tough on my sisters Janet and Linda, at least my mother cared enough to correct them, educate them, provide for them. Janet did convey to district atty. Tom Thurman during trial one (1), in April 1999, that Janet got hooked on drugs, and my mother was willing to liquidate her home, to pay for Janet to attend some special hospital clinic in Colorado, at the tune of twenty-five grand a month, to help Janet get off drugs. Rev. Joe Engel testified during a court hearing in Judge Blackburns court, that the s.poke with Linda and Janet about our childhood, and that ^{my} depiction of our childhood did not match Janets, and Lindas. Judge Blackburn believed Rev. Joe Engles account of my childhood, was inaccurate, and Judge Blackburn said in open court, I will tell lies. My sister Janet was

asked, if I sexually exploit any family member, by D. H. Tom Thurman during trial on 1999, April, Janet pondered, and said I tried to have sex with her (Janet) Janet retracted that awful lie to me on the phone at Riverbend in June 1999, stating she was coached to say I sexually exploited her. Janet testified my mother was stringent, I agree, but she was also nice my sister Linda stated to Rev. Joe Snyler my mother was rigorous, I too agree. My mother was volatile, married three (3) times, physically beat-up all three (3) of her husbands, whipped the hell out of her five children. Janet testified I tried to have sex with my mother, and that is the reason I left home at sixteen. D. H. Tom Thurman should have explained to Janet, you may sell your ^{brother} out for thirty pieces of silver, but you can't straddle the fence, and have it both ways. Rather all five (5) of your mother's children lived with a measurement of fear toward your mother, or your mother was soft, easy, an a whorelet who copulated her son. I left home at sixteen because after the fourth or fifth fight with my step-dad, I was ready to move out.

my mother made a conscious effort to persuade me to move back home in 1974. I did move back home once in the mid 1970's, for a few weeks. My mother also rented me an apartment in the mid 1970's. I stand by the fact my mother was relatively good to me, and I would have never tried to have sex with my mom. I did not have the characteristics the personality, the courage, or the desire. Oedipus Complex is not existing in a metamorphosis form in my heart. District atty. Tom Thurman said he cannot account for one (1) pair of my TENNIS shoes. The pair I'm wearing in 1996, at Linda Pattens house in Lake Worth, Texas. I explained to atty. Mike Engle that, that particular pair of shoes I'm wearing, in 1996, at Linda Pattens home were old Reebok TENNIS shoes, in that particular photo, I'm holding a cricket. I also stated to atty. Mike Engle, those Reebok TENNIS shoes were only used to mow grass, and I left those Reebok TENNIS shoes in Linda Pattens garage when I left her home in 1.02.97. I asked atty. Mike Engle to have Linda Patton testify to this fact, and to have that

photo enlarged, then, get a copy of the shoe prints found at the crime scenes. send the crime scene shoe prints to the Reebok company, the Reebok company will be able to scan the crime scene shoe print on there computer, to see if the crime scene shoe prints, match any Reebok tread design patterns. Atty, Mike Engle said NO. D.A. Tom Thurman won the inference. I killed the people at the restaurants, threw that pair of shoes away, and now D.A. Thurman cannot account for one pair of shoes from my photo's, the pair I'm wearing in 1996, at Linda Pattens home, roasting a chicken, in Lake Worth, Texas. Its never to late to enlarge that photo, verifying that those shoes are Reebok, and have Reebok compare there tread design, against the tread design at the crime scenes.

To all the parties this rough drafted correspondence is written for, this is a close account of what I spoke of to atty. Jeff De Vazsee, and atty. David Baker on 3.18.03.

at Brushy Mountain Prison. Atty. Jeff
DeVasher, an atty. David Baker, also
spoke approximately one-third each,
equally, during our two an one half
to three hour conversations. However, I
only record what I spoke about.

May all the parties request to
the court clerk, Twentieth Judicial
District, to review the actual, hand-
written letters I drafted to the client,
dated: 2.11.03, 2.18.03, 2.27.03,
2.28.03, and 4.14.03. Thank-you
so kindly.

After four (4) years
of serious, meticulous, considerations,
I elect to discontinue any post-conviction
appeal in the Captain K's case No.
97-C-1834. I accept the jurys
verdict in the Capt. K's case, as well as
the punishment imposed, death by lethal
injection.

Respectfully,

Paul Reid

MISCELLANEOUS

Additional material Mr. David Baker, Mr. Jeff DeKashere and I conversed about on 3.18.03.

Mr. Baker asked me if I've heard from Mr. Stewart Cook since I've been incarcerated in June 1997; I said yes. Mr. Cook informed me of his intent to attempt to defraud police authorities, as well as the judiciary system, in order to embezzle revenue, by writing a book, or selling his story. Mr. Cook has wrote me, sent me Christmas cards, pictures of himself and family. I write back to Mr. Cook and encouraged him not to chicanery the judiciary system, explaining there are ramifications if your defrauding scheme is exposed. Mr. Baker inquired how did my drivers license birthdate change from 1957 to 1967. I explicitly stated, in 1993, I surrendered my Texas drivers license to the clerk at the Oklahoma driving department, paid ten dollars, showed proof of my Oklahoma City (Bethany) established residence, and I was issued an Oklahoma drivers license. Weeks later, I

affidavit that Reid, ordering seven fast-food restaurants in Nashville and Memphis, in 1997, was the cause of the bowling alley shooting. The deaths were similar in nature to the other food killings. The number determined by the FBI in the Soffar's Fifth Amendment rights denied Soffar's Fifth Amendment rights by questioning him after he had his right to counsel. I also said the state violated his right to counsel. Amendment rights denied him after he had received a lawyer, and he was in custody at the time of the other offense. ■

Appeals court to rehear man's case

NEW ORLEANS (AP) — The U.S. 5th Circuit Court of Appeals will rehear the case of a man whose capital murder conviction in a triple killing was reversed last year. One man has since claimed the slayings were committed by Paul Dennis Reid, convicted of seven murders in Tennessee.

In December, a court panel voted 2-1 to send the case of Max Alexander Soffar back to district court. The state filed for a rehearing before the entire court, and it was granted Thursday.

The date for oral arguments before the 5th Circuit's 14 judges has not been set.

Soffar confessed to killing three people, including two teenagers, during a July 13, 1980, robbery of a Houston bowling alley. Alane Houston, 17; Tommy Lee Temple, Felsher, 17; and Stephen Allen Sims, 25, were lined up and shot with a .357-caliber revolver. A fourth shooting victim, Gregory Garner, 18, survived with permanent brain damage and lost his left eye.

Soffar, a former truck driver and ironworker who had been in and out of mental institutions and reform schools since he was 11, said he was a drug addict and confessed so the state would kill him.

In November, a Houston man

swore in an affidavit that he had convicted of murder a food employee in Clarksville, Tenn. The triggerman in the shootings, who styled himself as a "fast

Judges in DeKalb County, Ga., said that the state's proposed Amendment to the constitution would allow him while he was on parole.

he had invoked his right to a lawyer. The court allowed his Sixth Amendment rights to be questioned by requesting an attorney while he was in prison regarding and

MR. STUART COOK

...inadvertently discovered, the clerk at the
...Oklahoma driving department, had imputed the
...wrong numerical character from her keyboard
...into the mainframe computer when I called
...to find out the method to resolve these errors.
...I was told I would have to pay for a new
...drivers license; I quietly said to myself
...foolhardy, as I adamantly refuse to pay
...for the Oklahoma driving clerks error.
...When I enrolled at Vol. State College in
...Tennessee in 1967, four (4) years after the
...Oklahoma driving clerks mistake, the college
...explained I had to present two forms of
...identification, since I had surrendered my
...Oklahoma drivers license, to the Tennessee
...driving department, for a Tennessee drivers
...license, as I was an established resident
...of Nashville, with a residence, checking acct.,
...post office box, employment, health club membe-
...ship, and college enrollment, because my
...Tennessee drivers license birthdate (1967) and
...my birth-certificate (1957) did not coincide,
...I placed a piece of paper over my
...birth-certificate, typed 1967, made a photocopy,
...and submitted the doctored birth-certificate
...coupled with my Tennessee drivers license to
...Vol. State College. All documents and forms I
...filled-out, such as employment application,

Credit card application, College forms, all had to agree with my drivers license birth-date, which the Oklahoma driving department clerk accidentally recorded my birthdate 1967, ~~oppose~~ to 1957, in 1993. Mr. Baker asked me why I came to Nashville for music. I stated, growing up in Houston my first ten years from 1957 to 1967, I had only heard Country music played in my grandmothers home, my fathers car, etc., I did not know the various other types of music, by ten, I learned how to play my grandmothers piano. When I moved in with my mother, I experienced Pop music, Pop rock, and rock-n-roll with my two older siblings from 1967-1974, from 1974 to 1978 I reverted back to Country music, from 1979 to 1985 I listened to Pop-rock with my wife, then from 1985 to the present, I've listened to Country music. I'm enamored with country music. It where my roots began, because I play drums and the guitar, I wanted to try my hand in the Country music arena. Nashville is the capital, where the country music arena is located. I came to Nashville for the music. I said to Mr. Baker, I came into the world cold, wet, and hungry, then I came to

Nashville, and things got worst, I was
indicted six months after I arrived
in Jan. 1997, with six homicides. I said,
but I'm not surprised, because in June 1990,
I passed out, or wrote letters to Texas
Gov't Governor ANN Richards, complaining; then
in Nov. 1990, I almost lost my life in
a mighty suspicion accident. In 1993, I
passed out letters in Fort Worth, complaining
(again) about the military-gov't using scientific
technology on my person, then in April
19, 1995, I was scheduled to appear in
the Oklahoma City Federal building at
8:45 A.M. to discuss S.S.F. payments I
received in 1983. very very peculiar, because
there was nothing to converse about, the case
had been dormant for thirteen (13) years, well,
I overslept the scheduled 8:45 A.M.
appointment, then, at 9:01 A.M., the federal
building blew-up. In 1996, I wrote
the Washington Post newspaper, complaining
about the military-gov't using scientific
technology on my person, then, in 1997,
I'm charged with six counts of homicide.
Three (3) restaurants, but not one shred
of physical evidence of my person at any
one of the three (3) restaurants, the expert
forensic scientist said no evidence. I was

Physically at any of the three (3) restaurants. I said to Betty Baker and Delashoe, I 1966, I spoke aloud to myself, in the privacy of my cell at Ellis Two, I hope to buy my grandmother's home; that my grandmother gave me a picture of Jesus - when Jesus was twelve; the picture had been in our family since 1920, 2 1/2' x 3 1/2'; and if the military gov't does anything to my dad, I'll give them butt. Well, of the one thousand homes built in Oak-Forest Houston in 1950, my grandmother's home burned down in 1994, the only home. my picture of Jesus that my grandmother gave me in 1975, and that she had since 1920, I got destroyed. Then my dad who was as healthy as a bull in 1995, died in 1997. I can't prove any thing, I'll never be in a position to prove any criminal activities against the military gov't, none of us well. The military gov't told me that I'll never live a normal life, never amount to a hill of beans, and never make it in Nashville music. I've given up on life Janet (sister) said I lived with a man who raped me, but offered no date,

year, name to substantiate her fallacious allegation. No human being has ever sexually violated me. Janet revealed about her badship life with our mother in 1967, Janet's minor premise was that my (our) mother was stringent, Janet spoke with veracity. However, no one questioned Janet about her life with our mother from 1971 - 1974, Janet had her own bedroom, a swimming pool outside her brick home bedroom window, her own T.V., stereo, phone jack in her bedroom, a fashionable wardrobe, a superb used car, weekly cash allowance, worked occasionally at our mother's five star restaurant, ate all the delicatibles, palatable, meats & prepared for her with all the splendid accessories, which I cared from a fresh baby best quarter. Janet's testimony on the witness stand in my subjective opinion was (is) prima facie case. MR. Baker asked me a second time, to explain concisely how I came to marry my wife. I said, by the way she dressed at work, she dressed very professional, very fashionable, but not sexually revealing. She was twice as intelligent then I was at that time. She was very lady like, very mature, very Jackie Kennedy.

...like...explicitly...explained...her interest in me,
...that she likes ^{me}, desires to date ^{me}, have a
...monogynous relationship with me. She did not
...play any adolescent games, such as chase
...after me, had to get, nor try to
...make me jealous, she was very feminine,
...very professional lady like. Shed wear a
...two-piece bikini at the beach, did not have
...one ounce of fat, and looked stunning.
...Shed wear jeans and boots to the farm,
...shed wear a gown to a couple of black
...tie banquets we attended at the beach.
...She is a jewel, I was extremely
...blessed. Acceptance is gulchritude.

Please pardon any grammatical errors,
...any misspelled words, etc. this writing
...is merely a rough draft of a
...conversation I had with Mrs. David
...Baker, and Mr. Jeff DeVester, on
...3.18.03. To present to the Tenn. Supreme
...Court after Mr. Baker and Mr. DeVester
...threaten to make a conscious effort to
...make a character assassination attack
...on me.

Sincerely,
Paul Reid

Influence: The Art and Science of Influence Technology

(We influence others continually. Most people do so unconsciously, in an uncontrolled way. Too many haven't the vaguest idea of the outcome they desire or how to secure assistance in attaining their goals.) Power lies in consciously influencing others.

To begin on the path of influence, you must envision where you wish to go or what you need to accomplish. You then develop a plan, sketch a rational road map for its execution, and see it through to fruition.

Most of us are aware that we're subjected to the art of influence every day. Whether by the news media, Madison Avenue, domestic politicians, or international propagandists, the effects of these influences are visible, if not always clear. Hidden agendas, subterfuges, and ploys are part of the art. Influence technology is a serious and potentially deadly game.

The Soviets, past masters of propaganda and disinformation, have been researching methods of influencing human behavior for over sixty years. They have extensively explored an influence technology we call controlled offensive behavior, defined as "research on human vulnerability as it applies to methods of influencing or altering human behavior."¹

* A declassified Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA) report, *Controlled Offensive Behavior—USSR* that evaluated Soviet research in this area was "intended as an aid in the development of countermeasures for the protection of U.S. or allied personnel."² Some of the revolutionary techniques studied by the Soviets to influence human behavior include: "Biochemicals, sound, light, color, odors, sensory deprivation, sleep, electronic and magnetic fields, hypnosis, autosuggestion, and paranormal phenomena (psychokinesis, extrasensory perception, astral projection, dream state, clairvoyance, and precognition)."³

DIA estimates of the strategic threat posed by Soviet psi research postulate that sooner or later they will be able to:

"a. Know the contents of top secret U.S. documents, the movements of our troops and ships and the location and nature of our military installations.

THE WARRIOR'S EDGE

b) Mold the thoughts of key U.S. military and civilian leaders, at a distance.

c) Cause the instant death of any U.S. official, at a distance.

* d) Disable, at a distance, U.S. military equipment of all types including spacecraft.¹⁴

This gives us a disturbing view of the future, even in view of perestroika, glasnost, and Soviet internal problems. We can only hope that the Soviets offer to share this research with us in a spirit of new openness.

An unclassified 1976 study commissioned by CIA confirms that "the Soviets are investigating the psychophysiology of multimodel, programmed stimulation as a method to entrain physiological rhythms and produce changes in states of consciousness."¹⁵

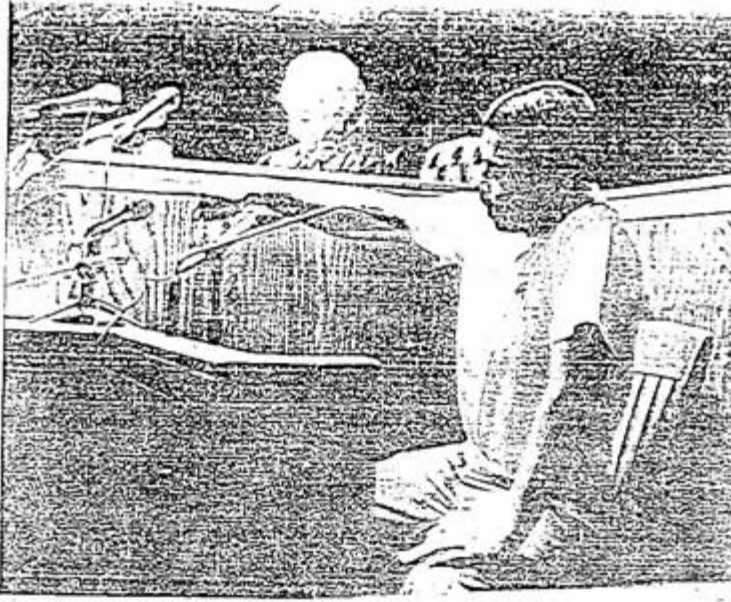
* Some high-end influence technologies may already have been employed against us. According to Robert C. Beck, director of the Bio-Medical Research Associates of Los Angeles, the Soviets have been utilizing extreme low frequency (ELF) radio waves (frequencies under 3 kilohertz [KHz] are considered ELF; ELF frequencies under 20 Hertz [Hz] are below the range of human hearing and are termed infrasound) modulated at pulse repetition rates of five to fifteen Hz at amplitudes of up to 40 megawatts. Although the source of these signals is believed to be an Over-the-Horizon RADAR (OTHR), the RADAR in question may have a dual purpose. According to Dr. Beck, "These frequencies fall precisely within the psychoactive range of neuronal synchronization or brainwave entrainment, where subjects experience states from increased anxiety to extreme disorientation and even unconsciousness."¹⁶

* The type of disorientation associated with these signals was reported in the U.S. as far back as the mid-1970s, when West Coast residents, notably from Eugene, Oregon, complained about odd atmospheric sensations causing headaches, dry throats, depression, high anxiety, irritability and loss of sleep.¹⁷ Extremely specialized equipment is required to measure and confirm the presence of such signals. If potentially detrimental

Ex 4

*





"differences" between Reid's features and a composite sketch of the gunman police produced based on Gonzalez's description just days after the murders.

"Yes, but there are not that many (differences)," Gonzalez told Eagle, noting that Reid's hair and mustache were longer on the night of the murders.

Gonzalez also picked Reid from a photographic lineup, police said.

"He will never be forgotten," Gonzalez added of Reid.

MR Gonzalez testified he "Pulled" the
Killers ~~have~~ during a struggle, removing
Any theory A "WIG" was worn

Texas detective looking

al's motiv

By Patricia Lynch Kimbro
DANNER STAFF WRITER

Fifteen years have passed since the day he walked into the bloodiest, most vicious crime scene in his long career.

And still A.H. Corbett can't put it out of his mind.

The victim was a young Vietnamese college student, 21-year-old Cao T. Nguyen, who was working at a convenience store, say-
more of his relatives to America, recalls Corbett, a Pasadena, Texas, police captain.



Reid

"The victim was stabbed repeatedly ... nearly decapitated.

"Suffice it to say he also experienced further rather brutal and unique wounds

which I clearly can't expound on at this time," Corbett told the *Nashville Banner* in a telephone interview Thursday.

"It was absolutely the most vicious attack I'd ever seen."

At the time, Corbett was a detective sergeant. Since then he's been promoted to captain over the investigative division. But that one March 1982 case has never been far from his mind.

There have been suspects. One was even arrested but later cleared.

Since learning of Paul Dennis Reid's arrest in Nashville, Corbett is optimistic that he may one day be able to mark the

"I'm certainly hopeful that we might have the opportunity to solve this case. But I want to solve it correctly. We don't want to just conveniently pin it on somebody. We want to be sure we're right. We will fully explore whether or not Reid could be involved in this," Corbett says.

At least one Texas lawman is wary of Cook's offer

Pasadena Police Capt. A.H. Corbett, who is investigating Reid in the savage slaying of a young college student who was nearly decapitated during a robbery at a convenience store in 1984, spoke with Cook in his cell this week.

"We can't put a lot of stock in what he's saying. The information was not very compelling or convincing," Corbett told the *Nashville Banner* in a telephone interview.

"He doesn't seem to have any specific information to link him to the U-Totem deal (the murder of the student)," Corbett says.

"Cook is more interested in cutting a deal," Corbett notes.

Cook readily admits that a "deal" is exactly what he wants.

"I've been locked up here since February waiting for a hearing. All it would take is a few phone calls. In lieu of me wanting to help the public, you'd think someone would make the effort," Cook says.

"I do want out of here. That's the truth, but I could also help clear up some crimes here in Texas," says Cook.

Once he was released from prison in 1988, Cook says, he worked as a licensed electrician and led a crime-free life, except for an arrest for driving under the influence and two public intoxications.

While he says he hasn't seen his old childhood friend since they were sentenced to prison in 1984, Cook says that since learning of Reid's arrest, memories "come flashing back."

"I've seen Paul whip four people at once. He's always been very strong ... crazy strong. Paul is a fiend about clearing and groom-

In one of several telephone interviews, Stewart Cook says he has "seen Paul Dennis Reid use his gun before. I've seen him shoot someone before."

But "I don't want to say anything that will incriminate me," Cook adds, noting that "there's no statute of limitations on murder."

A childhood friend of Reid



Cook

"I have quite a few stories I could tell authorities that would clear up some cases for them, but I'm not going to elaborate until I get some help getting out of here," he says.

Cook, 38, is currently in a Texas jail awaiting a hearing for allegedly failing to notify his probation officer of an address change. He's willing to elaborate on the murder allegedly committed by Reid, but there's a catch: "I'll talk if they'll out me a deal," Cook says.

ing. His home and car are always the same as his person. ... he keeps clean, and he values his things," Cook recalls.

Cook says he knew Reid's wife, from whom he is now divorced.

By Patricia Lynch Kimbro
DANNER STAFF WRITER

Police in Texas are skeptical of a felon's claim there that he saw Paul Dennis Reid commit a murder in that state.

The seven fast food workers Reid is accused of murdering in Tennessee weren't his first victims, says Stewart Cook, Reid's former partner in crime.

*People came out of the Woodward Makin
False allegations against Reid, Lawyers
claim - We'll sue each one of them*

Turner's letter

To the Editor:

Much has been said over the past week about the Metropolitan Police Department's investigation into the tragic murders at Captain D's and McDonald's. Some have chosen to second-guess or Monday-morning-quarterback the investigation either with inaccurate information or without all the facts. I would like to take this opportunity to briefly outline the investigation and set the record straight. At the outset, I must say that I will not be able to discuss certain matters for fear of jeopardizing the prosecution of Paul Reid.

Steve Hampton and Sarah Jackson were tragically murdered Feb. 16 inside the Captain D's on Lebanon Road. Murder squad detectives were soon to develop information about a tall, suspicious man who was seen at Captain D's late Feb. 15. The suspicious man was wearing a Shoney's apron. Witnesses assisted in the development of a composite sketch of the individual.

Detectives went to Shoney's restaurants throughout the area asking about the man; the witnesses had seen. Detectives also were furnished several hundred names of Shoney's employees.

During a conversation with the manager of the Donelson Pike Shoney's, detectives inquired whether any of the employees there matched the description given by witnesses at Captain D's. Two names were given. One of them was that of Paul Reid; however, the manager vouched for Reid and said that although Reid was tall, the other employee better matched the description. It was pointed out by the manager that Reid had short hair and a mustache. The original description from the witnesses at Captain D's included long hair and no mustache (we now believe it entirely possible that Reid wore a wig when he was seen at Captain

D's).

Nevertheless, Reid's name was run through the National Crime Information Center computer. Because Reid had falsified his birth certificate, his Tennessee driver license and his Texas driver license, information on Reid's prior crimes in Texas was not uncovered. Reid was one of hundreds of persons checked out during the course of the investigation. Reid was terminated from Shoney's on Feb. 27, not Feb. 15 as has been previously reported in the media.

On Feb. 17, certain items belonging to Steve Hampton were discovered along Ellington Parkway. Those items were processed for fingerprints by our Identification Division. A partial fingerprint potentially belonging to the killer was recovered on Hampton's movie rental card. That partial print was sent to nine states, including Texas, with hope that a fingerprint computer in one of those states would provide a suspect name. The computer search was unsuccessful, in all likelihood because the print was only a partial one. Human analysis of that print last week indicated that it obviously matched one of Paul Reid's fingers.

As regards questions about calls to Crime Stoppers, after a thorough search, this department has not located any material indicating that anyone called in a tip specifically mentioning Paul Reid by name. Such calls would have led Crime Stoppers personnel to assign code numbers to the callers. Persons who indicate they called Crime Stoppers about Reid have been unable to give any code numbers to the police department. The Crime Stoppers number is answered electronically on weekends and during nighttime hours. The recording gives a caller other telephone numbers if the call is an emergency, but at no time is any telephone line at CrimeStoppers recorded. Callers to CrimeStoppers have had situations in which the recorded mes-

sages were subpoenaed to court, which could result in the caller's voice being identified. I cannot say unequivocally that no one called the police department about Paul Reid. I can say that we have no record of any such call.

Following the McDonald's murders on March 23, the police department established special hot line numbers on March 27 for persons with information on the cases. A sizable reward was offered for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the person or persons responsible for the murders. Every call to the special hot line numbers was logged and entered into a computer data base. A review of the data base indicates that although more than 1,000 calls were received, none of the callers specifically named Paul Reid.

Besides the two lead investigators assigned to the Captain D's and McDonald's cases, numerous other officers have worked day and night for days at a time in an effort to apprehend the killer or killers. These officers sacrificed their personal lives and their families for several weeks. They worked 16- and 18-hour days, worked on their days off and on holidays.

No one would have liked to have gotten Paul Reid off the street any quicker than the dedicated professionals who worked on the two cases. Unfortunately, the leads early on went in other directions, except for the mention of Reid's name by the Shoney's manager in mid-February.

The officers assigned to the cases have my full support and backing, and I hope the support and backing of the Nashville community. Their hard work has led to a suspect being charged with five counts of murder, and other charges are likely as the investigation continues.

Sincerely,
Emmett H. Turner,
Chief of Police

ent in writing class, teacher says

(7) Friday June 6, '99

ny and was taking basic courses in writing and computer skills, and that he carried a 4.0 grade point average.

Faculty, administrators and students watched with horror Tuesday night when Reid, wearing a Volunteer State sweatshirt, was paraded into Metro Night Court in front of dozens of television cameras to face five counts of murder in connection with two grisly multiple slayings at area fast-food restaurants.

"Mr. Reid certainly has been the subject of conversation here lately. It's been very distressing," said Jeanne Irelan, director of the school's writing center.

"He came here almost daily. He didn't cause any trouble. He was a fairly innocuous person. We did work with him quite a bit, and he was always very polite, very receptive, very grateful, almost effusively so."

"The really didn't stand out, except he wrote me a thank-you note at the end of the semester and he signed it, 'Reverend Paul Heid.' I thought that was unusual because he's not a minister."

The remedial writing courses focused on sharpening language skills, and developing grammar and punctuation, said Irelan, who helped Reid with two essays.

"He wrote one paper on the qualities of a good CEO of a company, and the last paper he'd written was about what attracts the president of the United States has. I suggested to him that the subject was too general."

"It was unusual to see that his papers had no personal reflection or any discussion about his own experience or life. Usually, students at this level tend to focus on themselves."

"The only place they can recall where Reid ever played his music other than their home was last year at Oryland, "where he performed for a talent search," Danny recalls.

He tried everything he knew in to try and get his name out there," Danny says, adding that Reid went by the stage name Justin Paris.

While Reid played country music, he liked to listen to jazz.

"I helped mellow him out, he said," Danny notes.

As for movies and television, "Paul would watch whatever we were watching — comedies, scary movies — but he did like Baywatch," says Carrie, recalling that Reid would "elbow Danny and make some comment like 'Look at that,' like any other guy would, but he was never disrespectful.

"That's what is so odd about all this. He was with us day and night, and there was never anything about him, other than this normal person I mean, we spent a lot of time with him.

"I'm not just talking about at work. He was at our home. He slept over, even stayed a few days when he came back from Texas this second time, until he got his place on Orway Place," Carrie says.

On one occasion, she remembers, she picked Reid up at 12:30 one night and drove him down Donobe Pike to South Nashville to his car.

"I was never scared or wor-

ried," he recalled. "I respected him, he respected me. He showed me he was a good man," Danny says.

'He had no bad habits'

"Paul told me he'd been incarcerated at one time. But he was wanting to better himself," Danny recalls. "He worked out at the gym. He was pretty picky. He had no bad habits. Didn't smoke or do drugs. And all he ever drank was one or maybe two beers.

But after Reid started attending Volunteer State Community College, Danny says, "he wouldn't even drink a beer. I'd call him up and say, 'Why don't you come over and let's watch football, and drink a beer or two,' and he'd say, 'No, I can't. I've got to study ... can't be drinking while I'm sitting the books.'"

Reid never had a lot of money to spend, the Tacketts say.

"He was tight. Sometimes he wouldn't go out to eat," Danny says.

And when they all did eat out, it was either at the the Country Smorgasbord in Donelson or at a McDonald's.

"Paul loved McDonald's. For Christmas this past year, he sent us \$15 in McDonald's gift certificates in a card. He ate their Happy Meals. He loved the toys," Danny says.

"Miss Piggy was his favorite. His girlfriend in Texas gave him one, and he kept it in his car all the time," Carrie says.

As for the new 1997 red Ford Escort that Reid leased in March, Carrie remembers asking him how he bought the car and he told her that "his girlfriend in Fort

Smith was a nurse. She had a new car," she said.

Reid never talked much about his family.

"I don't know why, but they didn't get along too well. His father died recently and he went back to Texas for the funeral," Danny recalls.

He mentioned once that he was having dinner with his family and some words were exchanged and that he just got up from the table and left and didn't speak to any of them for a year," Danny recalls.

"Paul was always telling me, 'You know, Danny, I respect you ... you've got a beautiful family,'" Danny says.

Reid was married once but divorced, Danny adds.

He showed me a picture of her. She was a blonde, she liked women who were fit and tight. They had to be fit," Danny says.

Only saw Reid angry once

Cooking is a stressful job, Danny says. But he never saw his friend lose his temper, but once. And that was the time he accidentally threw a plate and got fired.

"Paul was upset about that, but I don't blame him. I was there when it happened, but I didn't see it. Paul told me he was placing a dirty plate on a bus tray when he overreached and it hit a waitress, then she picked up a plate and threw it at him," Danny says.

"Paul got fired, and nothing happened to her. They told him they didn't need someone there with his attitude.

"Paul says, 'How can they fire me? Don't they know that I'm studying pre-law? Why do they want to mess with me?'" Danny recalls.

Reid was preoccupied with the Oklahoma City bombing in which 168 people were killed, Danny says.

"Paul was there during the bombing. He talked about it a lot, especially the kids getting killed. He'd ask me how could a person do something like that," Danny says.

Reid talked to his friend about the last food killings here, too.

"He couldn't understand what kind of person could hurt people like that," Danny says.

The Tacketts say they never saw their friend with a gun or any sort of weapon.

I knew he was on parole, so I thought he probably wasn't af-

The Tacketts knew Reid was wrong last Sunday at their loss. Mitch Roberts them at home and wanted Reid's address and phone number.

"I knew something was but I couldn't figure out just a few minutes later Paul called.

"It was 12:30 a.m. day," Carrie remembers phone woke her up.

"It was Paul and his was real shook up," she said.

"Paul told me he was in a lot of trouble. He said cooking with me so he had to Mitch's house in Davidson County to try and get his Paul said things got a little band. They had a few he wanted to know if I could get things resolve police."

But Danny told Reid report to work early morning and therefore help.

The next thing they were seeing their friend grab all over television.

"That night they too Night Court, my 3-year ter cried, she wanted what was happening to Paul. I don't know what her," Carrie says.

Danny says he can't friend is guilty.

"I believe he's innocent killings. But I've got what happened to Mitch and respect Mitch and I credible. In that case Mitch is telling the truth. I think the police have put on him because of his card," Danny says.

"Our prayers are we want to visit him, but I can't have any visitors for his lawyers," Danny says.

While Danny knows Dennis is mounting a friend, he says he is convinced "beyond a doubt."

"My heart goes out to the families. I'm a mom, I know how I'd feel. But, understand that," Carrie says.

This man had a family in the world in the. But he was normal. He's a nice person."

Reid was on parole, so I thought he probably wasn't af-

has cancer," Danny Tackett observes.

Not surprising, Holmes explains.

"That's the way these people operate," he notes. "That's the business they're in ... hiding their real self."

"Take Ted Bundy — he was engaged to two women and at different times rented rooms from el-

derly folks, and they thought a lot of him. One couple even financed a trip to Florida from Seattle to testify as character witnesses for him. Bundy would cut their lawn, trim their hedges.

"And when these serial killers are finally arrested, there are always people who come forward.

Please see IMAGE, p. 8

"If you're his victim, you see it coming. But to people who are not, he presents a very nice image," Holmes says.

Besides appearing so "normal," the Tacketts couldn't get over the fact that this accused killer "was so kind and thoughtful that he sent an Easter card to my mother, who

METROPOLITAN POLICE DEPARTMENT
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE
200 JAMES ROBERTSON PARKWAY 37203



WANTED FOR QUESTIONING
IN THE MCDONALDS MURDERS

COMPLAINT# 97-113258

IF YOU HAVE SEEN OR KNOW THIS MAN PLEASE CONTACT
THE METROPOLITAN POLICE DEPARTMENT AT 615 880-2944
615 862-7789, FAX #880-2899. YOU MAY ALSO USE THE
INTERNET E-MAIL hpike@nashville.org



MALE WHITE
POSSIBLE MIXED
DESCENT
LATE TWENTIES TO
EARLY THIRTIES
6'2 OR TALLER
DARK HAIR
COLLAR TO
SHOULDER LENGTH
THIN TO MEDIUM
BUILD
LIGHT TO MEDIUM
COMPLEXION
MUSTACHE

AUTHORITY: DET. MIKE ROLAND -

PHO #. (615) 862-7329

m

METROPOLITAN POLICE DEPARTMENT
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE
200 JAMES ROBERTSON PARKWAY 37201



WANTED FOR QUESTIONING
IN THE CAPTAIN D'S MURDERS

COMPLAINT # 97-56403

IF YOU HAVE SEEN OR KNOW THIS MAN PLEASE CONTACT
THE METROPOLITAN POLICE DEPARTMENT AT 615 880-2944
OR 615 862-7789 OR FAX# 880-2899. YOU MAY ALSO USE THE
INTERNET E-MAIL hpik@nashville.org



MALE WHITE

OLIVE SKIN

DARK HAIR

POSSIBLE PONY TAIL

6'2 OR TALLER

25 TO 35 YEARS OLD

MEDIUM BUILD

No Mustache

04/19/03 8:21:732F

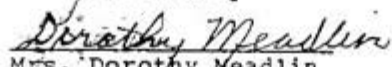
October 3, 2000

STATEMENT OF Mrs. Dorothy Meadlin

Dorothy Meadlin, vividly recalls seeing a five (5) gallon glass water bottle in the possession and control of Paul D. Reid in 1993 when Mr. Reid rented an apartment house from which I own at 5333 El Campo, Fort Worth, Texas.

The five (5) gallon bottle was approximately one third full of silver coins (nickels, dimes, and quarters).

Sincerely


Mrs. Dorothy Meadlin

TEXAS DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC SAFETY
5805 N. LAMAR BLVD. - BOX 4087 - AUSTIN, TEXAS 78773-0087

100



CRIME LABORATORY SERVICE
P.O. BOX 4143
AUSTIN, TEXAS 78764-4143
512434-2100



DEPUTY DIRECTOR
THOMAS A. DAVIS, JR.
4401 AMSTERDAM

March 26, 1997

COMMISSIONER
JAMES H. FRANTZ, JR.
1000 MCMURDO
PO BOX 51861
DALLAS, TX 75251-8611

TO: JULIA HOOPER
NASHVILLE PD
300 JAMES ROBERTSON PKWY
NASHVILLE TN 37201

SUBJECT: L-251192: Murder: 02-16-97; Davidson County; Unknown victim; Year case Number 97-06403

DATE RECEIVED: March 17, 1997

This is a response to your request to search a latent(s) through the Automated Fingerprint Identification System (AFIS).

The latent(s) have been searched through AFIS. (XXXX) YES

() NO

* RESULTS:

(XXX) No identification *

(XXX) The latent(s) has been placed in the Unidentified Latent Data Base

() The latent(s) are not being placed in the Unidentified Latent Data Base because in our opinion the latent(s) are not of sufficient quality, or there are not a sufficient amount of characteristics to be entered in AFIS.

() The latent(s) appear to be impressions other than fingers, (2nd or 3rd joint or palms). These areas are not included in the AFIS data base.

() Enclosed are the submitted latent(s).

Any future correspondence regarding this case, please refer to the Laboratory case number that has been assigned.
IF THERE IS AN ARREST MADE ON THIS CASE PLEASE NOTIFY US.

Jill Kinkade

Jill Kinkade, Latent Print Technician, AFIS
Latent Print Section

*in Nashville Metro Police Found Capt. D's Manager Steve
Morton's Movie Card and a Finger-print on the card in
early 1997. The police mailed the Finger-print to Texas
via Reid's home state where (Reid) was on parole and
his finger-prints are registered with the State of Texas.
wever, Texas did not find any comparison with the finger-
print on the movie card and (Reid) finger-print. Reid was
arrested in June 1997 for an argument with his ex-boss,
the police quickly fabricated a direct lie and told the media
finger-print belong to Reid. The police then (charged) Reid
with Murder.*

01D028
ICX
TTDA01

TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION

DISCIPLINARY ACTIONS REPORT


: REID, PAUL D. JR.
TOMIS ID: 00303893

OM: DISCIPLINARY BOARD
BRUSHY MOUNTAIN CORRECTIONAL COMPLEX

IS IS TO INFORM YOU THAT THE DISCIPLINARY BOARD HAS MET IN ORDER TO
SCUSS THE FOLLOWING:

INCIDENT ID: 00497686
INCIDENT DATE: 07/26/2002 INCIDENT TIME: 10:35 AM
OFFENDER ACCOUNT: OFFICER GRABED ME AND THREW ME INTO MY CELL

DISCIPLINARY CLASS: B

INFRACTION TYPE: MUTILATION 
OFFENDER PLEA: NOT GUILTY
DISPOSITION: GUILTY
DISPOSITION DATE: 07/31/2002

D HAS DECIDED UPON THE FOLLOWING SENTENCE(S):

SENTENCE TYPE: FINE
SENTENCE DATE: 07/31/2002
SENTENCE PERIOD: 0 MONTHS 0 WKS 0 DAYS 0 HRS
AMOUNT FROM TRUST FUND: 4.00
RATE OF PAY: 0.00
SENTENCE TYPE: PUNITIVE SEGREGATION
SENTENCE DATE: 07/31/2002
SENTENCE PERIOD: 0 MONTHS 0 WKS 5 DAYS 0 HRS
AMOUNT FROM TRUST FUND: 0.00
RATE OF PAY: 0.00


SIGNATURE

8-1-02
DATE

RETURN to

BMCX



STATE OF TENNESSEE
DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION
4TH FLOOR RACHEL JACKSON BLDG.
320 SIXTH AVENUE NORTH
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE 37243-0465

RFB
H-84

MEMORANDUM

Inmate Name: Paul Baird TDOC Number: 303893
Institution: BMCX Housing Unit: _____
Institution Grievance Number: 7860 TOMIS Grievance Number: 132054

Commissioner's Response and Reasons:

The response of the Chairperson is appropriate

A Disciplinary Report was issued concerning this complaint. Appealing or seeking review of procedures or punishment imposed under established disciplinary procedures of TDOC is a matter inappropriate to the grievance procedure. These issues may be appealed pursuant to TDOC Policy 502.01 or 9502.01 Uniform Disciplinary Procedures. Any inappropriate action or behavior by staff during the processing of the Disciplinary Report should be directed to the appropriate supervisory.

- Concur with Warden Concur with Supervisor Appeal Denied

9/17/2002
Date

Jim R
Assistant Commissioner, Operations

GR-4

H25

INMATE GRIEVANCE RESPONSE

Paul Reid	303893	BMCX HSA	BM-7860
NAME	NUMBER	INSTITUTION & UNIT	GRIEVANCE NUMBER

Summary of Evidence and Testimony Presented to Committee This is a matter inappropriate to the Grievance Procedure. See Policy 501.01 page 4 D-1. Appealing or seeking review of procedures or punishment imposed under Est. Disciplinary procedures of the TDOC. See BMCX Incident #00497679

Inmate Grievance Committee's Proposed Response and Reasons _____

8-23-02		
DATE	CHAIRMAN	MEMBER
MEMBER	MEMBER	MEMBER

Warden's Response: Agrees with Proposed Response
 Disagrees with Proposed Response

If Disagrees, Reason(s) for Disagreement _____

Action Taken: 8/26/02 WARDEN'S SIGNATURE

Do you wish to appeal this response? YES NO

If yes: Sign, date, and return to chairman for processing. Grievant may attach supplemental clarification of issues or rebuttal/reaction to previous responses if so desired.

	8.27.02	
GRIEVANT	DATE	WITNESS

Commissioner's Response and Reasons _____

DATE _____ SIGNATURE _____

- Distribution Upon Final Resolution:
- | | |
|-------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. Grievant | 3. Grievance Committee |
| 2. Warden | 4. Commissioner (if applicable) |



TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION
INMATE GRIEVANCE

H-25

Paul Reid 303893 BmCC HSI
NAME NUMBER INSTITUTION & UNIT

DESCRIPTION OF PROBLEM: ON 7.26.02 officer Robert Sexton pushed my head INTO the wall while my hands were handcuffed behind my back, cutting my forehead.

REQUESTED SOLUTION: Request Internal Investigation. ON 7.26.02 I requested a facility to Unit Manager to collect the video tape from camera at #4 cell that recorded the incident.

Paul Reid 8.01.02
Signature of Grievant Date

00137054
Bm-7860
Grievance Number

TO BE COMPLETED BY GRIEVANCE CLERK
POSTED DATE
8-21-02 RPB
Date Received

[Signature]
Signature of Grievance Clerk

INMATE GRIEVANCE COMMITTEE'S RESPONSE DUE DATE: _____

AUTHORIZED EXTENSION _____
New Due Date Signature of Grievant

INMATE GRIEVANCE RESPONSE

Summary of Supervisor's Response/Evidence: This is a MATTER Inappropriate TO THE GRIEVANCE PROCEDURE. SEE Policy 501.01 PAGE 4 D-1. Appealing or SEEKING REVIEW OF procedures or punishment imposed under EST.

Chairperson's Response and Reason(s): Disciplinary procedures of The TDOC. SEE BmCC Incident # 00497679.

DATE 8-21-02 CHAIRPERSON: [Signature]

Do you wish to appeal this response? YES NO

If yes: Sign, date, and return to chairman for processing within five (5) days of receipt of first-level response.

Paul Reid 8.23.02 [Signature]
GRIEVANT DATE WITNESS

Distribution Upon Final Resolution:
White - Inmate Grievant Canary - Warden Pink - Grievance Committee Goldenrod - Commissioner (if applicable)



TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION
 INMATE GRIEVANCE (continuation sheet)

Page 3 of 3
 00137054

DESCRIPTION OF PROBLEM No reason, I acted most appropriate decent and followed all orders. Officer Sexton then stated in no reason that "Reid is a coward to fight men, he just wants to hurt women". I said nothing, but suspect because I was convicted of 2 homicides, that, had I actually been the real killer, that I was in a vulnerable situation since officer Sexton violated my, threw my head into the wall, I suspect officer Sexton was attempting to get me to say something only the killer would know. Officer Sexton and officer T. Hall stand over me on my feet, I guess because a lot of blood rushed to my head from lying down, and the first officer Sexton pushed my head into the wall and caused two cuts. The head gait was so unbearable that I cried a few times the first few steps I took. Officer Sexton then stated "Now Reid wants to cry about it, his gut pussy", he's a baby". I said nothing and didn't react. I am not a violent, verbally abusive person. But I guess officer Sexton was trying to see if I was a violent, verbally abusive person by testing me in a most vulnerable situation.

ON 7/29/02 I was seen by the nurse at the nurse station for head and blue vision in my right eye from officer Sexton pushing my head into the wall, the nurse examined 2 two abusive cuts on my left forehead from officer Sexton pushing my head into the wall on 7/26/02. My attorney Mike Suple mailed the medical unit at Riveshield in 1999 my private medical records that revealed medical record I have been treated for skull fractures, head concussion since 1970 in Houston hospitals, by Houston doctors, to inform the medical staff I have serious skull problems. Since my arrival in TDC in 1999, I have never been inmate up, nor disrespected anyone I follow all rules and plan to maintain a good prison record until my 2003 execution. ON 7/29/02 the nurse gave me 10 pills for my forehead pains.