

JUNE 2022 | VOLUME 11 ISSUE 2

DRUG FREE  
NARCOTIC OFFICER  
MAGAZINE

# NARCOTIC OFFICERS

MAGAZINE



PROMOTING THE EXCHANGE OF IDEAS AND INFORMATION AMONG  
LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENCIES AND SUPPORT GROUPS

# Personal Statement from the Editor...



Welcome to our second issue of 2022, Narcotic Officers Magazine, Volume 11 Issue 2, June 2022. As always, I would like to thank each of you for advertising, your support, hard work and dedication. None of this is possible without you. I am here to educate the public and law enforcement community in the awareness of narcotics, drugs, and other addictive substances. I also make every effort to support programs that teach kids, parents, and the law enforcement community about drug use.

We continue focusing our supported programs towards drug education, equipment donations, and k9 programs that supply K9's with Narc overdose kits. We continue to produce a high-quality magazine to help promote the exchange of ideas and information among law enforcement agencies and support groups. We have found that our publication, Narcotic Officers Magazine, continues to be both educational and helpful to both public safety officials, and the public with an interest in drug safety and education.

As we continue to reach out for support during these uncertain times, remember to be thankful for what each day brings, as there is someone out there that would be glad to have what we have. We still have our freedom and opportunity to become a better version of ourselves. One of the things I've learned and have taught the team here is what is called The Priority Sheet. On a piece of paper wright down what was good about last week and what was not so good about last week. Then wright down your top five priorities for the week and out of those priorities' wright down your number one for

the week. If you do this each week and keep record, you'll start to notice changes or things that haven't changed.

Our publication has always received outstanding support from the public and business community leaders across the nation. Our sponsors show their appreciation by taking out an advertisement in the Narcotic Officers Magazine, displaying their decals on their vehicles or place of business. Please support the advertisers whenever possible. The advertisers offer several goods and services that stretch across the nation. If possible, please try to support the businesses that advertise in the Narcotic Officers Magazine. You can follow us on our Facebook to stay up to date with the latest in equipment donations and news. Together, we can make a difference!

“Saint Michael the Archangel, defend us in battle. Be our protection against the wickedness and snares of the devil; May God rebuke him, we humbly pray; And do thou, O Prince of the Heavenly Host, by the power of God, thrust into hell Satan and all evil spirits who wander through the world for the ruin of souls. Amen.”

Till next time, stay safe!

**Matt Neelley**  
**President**

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to read 'Matt Neelley', written over a horizontal line.



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— MORE MARION COUNTY NEWS THAN OTHER MEDIA COMBINED —

## THE COLUMBIAN-PROGRESS

columbianprogress.com

VOLUME 120 • ISSUE 9 • \$1

THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 2022

WHAT'S INSIDE: CHS PRODUCTION OF ANNIE STARTS THURSDAY, Pg. 10A

### Ragan named Citizen of the Year

By Joshua Campbell  
Publisher

The annual Junior Auxiliary Charity Ball was a resounding success Saturday, raising funds and honoring the Citizen of the Year during a night of revelry at the National Guard Armory.

St. James Lighting owner Jim Ragan was named the Junior Auxiliary Citizen of the Year for 2022. Ragan was named the Citizen of the Year for all he has done throughout Columbia and Marion County, including operating a thriving business, giving back and assisting in the community.

"We honor one member in our community each year who reflects service, respecting nothing in return, and the citizen certainly meets that criteria," Junior Auxiliary's Kelly McMichael said before naming Ragan. "This person is known for always serving small businesses, both personally and professionally. They contributed in many ways to the attraction downtown and made improvements to a local school by donating signs and items to a local garden for children to enjoy."

St. James Lighting won Business of the Year in 2021, and has appeared in two episodes of HGTV's

Photo by Joshua Campbell  
St. James Lighting owner Jim Ragan was named the Junior Auxiliary Citizen of the Year Saturday night at the charity's annual ball that was held at the National Guard Armory. From left are Barbara Ragan, Nadie Ragan, Jacqueline Ragan, Jim Ragan, Samantha Ragan, and Davis Jordan.

"Hometown," according to McMichael.

"I'm shocked," Ragan said moments after receiving the Citizen of the Year flag. "I had no idea this was going to happen. It's great. It's good for employees. It caught me off guard honestly."

Ragan, who joked that his high school is probably bigger than Columbia, said that while he wasn't born and raised in the City of Cherokees like many of its residents, he absolutely loves this small town.

"I'm just thrilled to be here," he said. "My wife is from here, and her family has been here for multiple generations. It's great. I love Columbia, and whatever I can do to help Columbia is what I try to do. I didn't start my business here to do anything other than make a living, but the benefit is that I have not only my own here and I see what it does for them and their lives. It's just great."

Photo by Susan Arnold  
The Marion County Cattlemen's Association rodeo is right around the corner on March 11 and 12.

## Rodeo fun not limited to cowboys



## NARCOTIC OFFICERS MAGAZINE

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### MESSAGE TO OUR ADVERTISERS

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# COLUMBIA POLICE DEPARTMENT

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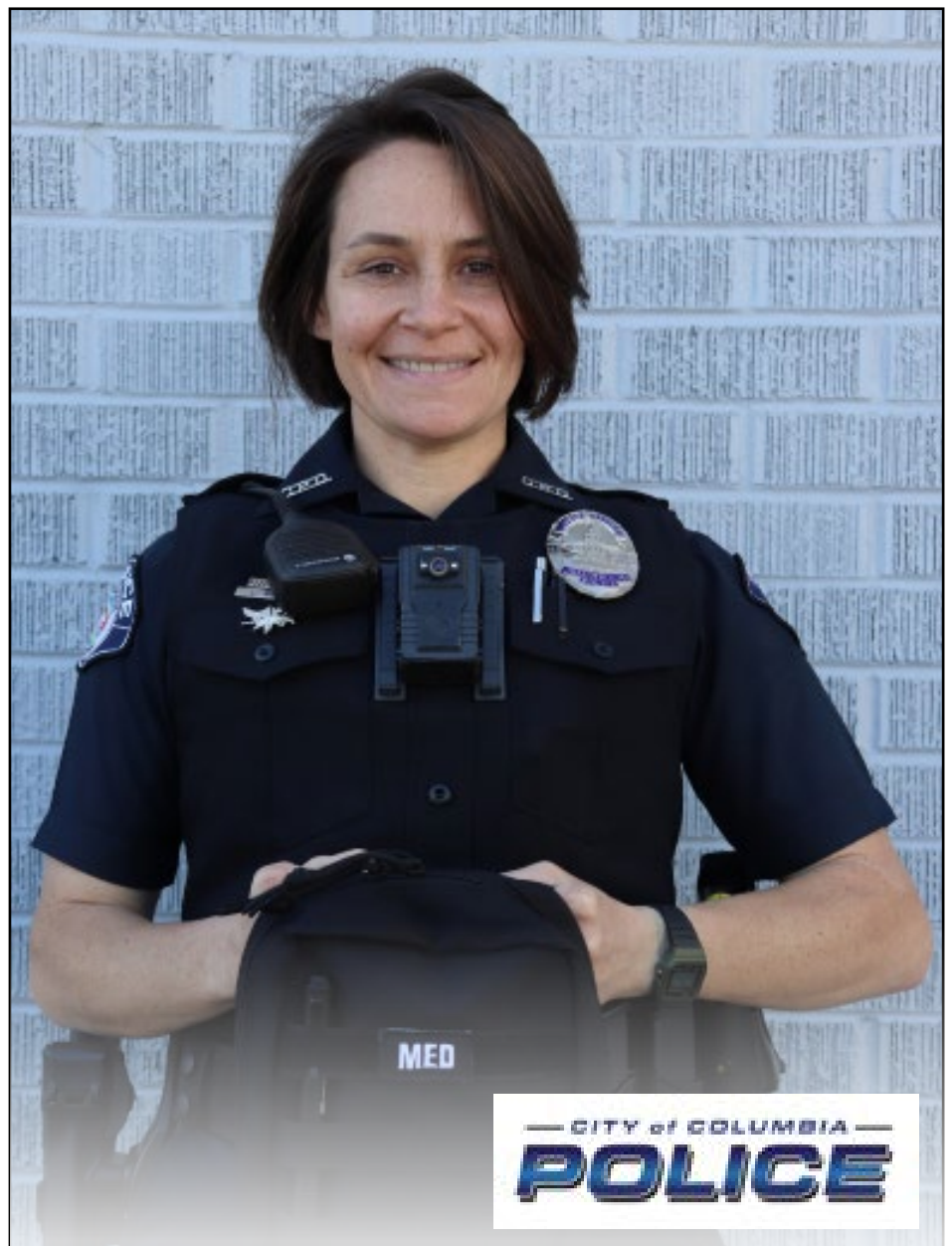
March 10, 2022

Once again Matt and his team at Narcotics Officer Magazine have assisted another agency in need of lifesaving equipment.

On behalf of the men & women of the Columbia Police Department, thank you Matt for your commitment to insure that small agencies have access to these lifesaving tools. You and your team are appreciated.

Respectfully

Michael Kelly, Chief of Police





# 16 Defendants, including 12 Physicians, Sentenced to Prison for Distributing 6.6 million Opioid Pills and Submitting \$250 Million in False Billings

**Department of Justice  
Office of Public Affairs  
FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE  
Wednesday, March 9, 2022**

Sixteen Michigan and Ohio-area defendants, including 12 physicians, have been sentenced to prison for a \$250 million health care fraud scheme that included the exploitation of patients suffering from addiction and the illegal distribution of over 6.6 million doses of medically unnecessary opioids. Five physicians were convicted in two separate trials, while 18 other defendants pleaded guilty. Seven defendants await sentencing.

“It is unconscionable that doctors and health care professionals would violate their oath to do no harm and exploit vulnerable patients struggling with addiction,” said Assistant Attorney General Kenneth A. Polite Jr. of the Justice Department’s Criminal Division. “These are not just crimes of greed; these are crimes that make this country’s opioid crisis even worse – and that is why the department will continue to relentlessly pursue these cases.”

“Patients look to physicians and medical professionals for their expertise and knowledge, trusting that they will do what is best to take care of them,” said Assistant Director Luis Quesada of the FBI’s Criminal Investigative Division. “In this circumstance, these medical pro-

fessionals provided prescription drugs to those with no medical need. It is unacceptable that in this nation’s current opioid crisis, physicians and medical professionals are exploiting the well-being of their patients for profit. Thanks to the diligent work of the FBI and our law enforcement partners, we are able to navigate the important sphere of health-care fraud and to continue our mission of bringing those who operate these criminal schemes to justice.”

“Health care professionals who exploit opioid addiction for financial gain do so at the risk of endangering their patients and undermining critical public health efforts to address the opioid epidemic,” said Special Agent in Charge Mario Pinto of the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services, Office of the Inspector General (HHS-OIG). “We will continue working with our law enforcement partners to ensure that bad actors are held accountable for such egregious disregard for patient safety and well-being.”

“IRS-CI is committed to working with its law enforcement partners to help fight the opioid crisis and to prevent unscrupulous health care professionals from using taxpayer funded programs as their own piggybanks,” said Special Agent in Charge Sarah Kull of the IRS Criminal Investigation (IRS-CI), Detroit Field Office.

According to court documents and evi-

dence presented at trial, the scheme involved doctors refusing to provide patients with opioids unless they agreed to unnecessary back injections. Perpetrated through a multi-state network of pain clinics from 2007 to 2018, the evidence established that the clinics were pill mills frequented by patients suffering from addiction, as well as drug dealers, who sought to obtain high-dosage prescription drugs like oxycodone. The doctors working at the clinics agreed to work only a few hours a week to “stay under the radar” of the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) yet were among the highest prescribers of oxycodone in the State of Michigan.

To obtain prescriptions, the evidence showed that the patients had to submit to expensive, unnecessary, and sometimes painful back injections, known as facet joint injections. The injections were selected because they were among the highest reimbursing procedures, rather than based on medical need. Trial testimony established that, in some instances, patients experienced more pain from the shots than from the pain they had purportedly come to have treated, and that some patients developed adverse conditions, including open holes in their backs. Patients largely acquiesced to these unnecessary procedures because of their addiction or desire to obtain pills to be resold on the street by drug dealers. Evidence further established that the de-

defendant physicians repeatedly performed these unnecessary injections on patients over several years and were paid more for facet joint injections than any other medical clinic in the United States.

The evidence further established that the proceeds of the fraud were used to fuel lavish lifestyles. Francisco Patino, a doctor, and part-owner of the clinics, bought jewelry, cars, and vacations, as well as paid Ultimate Fighting Championship and other mixed martial arts fighters to promote his specialized diet program. Mashiyat Rashid, Patino's business partner and part-owner of the clinics, purchased private jet flights, courtside tickets to the NBA Finals and expensive real estate. Other physicians involved in the scheme purchased luxury cars, gold bars, and indoor basketball courts and swimming pools. Over \$16 million in fraud proceeds was forfeited by the United States from the defendants.

The physicians sentenced by the court include:

Spilios Pappas, M.D., 63, of Lucas County, Ohio, convicted at trial in 2020 for conspiracy to commit health care fraud and wire fraud, and health care fraud, was sentenced on March 9, to nine years in prison and ordered to pay \$32,287,758 in restitution.

Tariq Omar, M.D., 63, of Oakland County, Michigan, convicted at trial in 2020 for conspiracy to commit health care fraud and wire fraud, and health care fraud, was sentenced on March 9, to eight years in prison and ordered to pay \$24,243,603 in restitution.

Joseph Betro, D.O., 60, of Oakland County, Michigan, convicted at trial in 2020 for conspiracy to commit health care fraud and wire fraud, and health care fraud, was sentenced in February 2022 to nine years in prison and ordered to pay \$27,417,516 in restitution.

Mohammed Zahoor, M.D., 53, of Oakland County, Michigan, convicted at trial in 2020 for conspiracy to commit health care fraud and wire fraud, and health care fraud, was sentenced in February 2022 to eight years in prison and ordered to pay \$36,645,577 in restitution.

Zahid Sheikh, M.D., 62, of Macomb County, Michigan, was sentenced to 70 months in prison, and ordered to pay \$2,088,797 in restitution in connection with his guilty plea to one count of conspiracy to commit health care fraud.

Abdul Haq, M.D., 76, of Ypsilanti, Michigan, was sentenced to four years in prison, and ordered to pay \$6,927,046.12 in restitution in connection with his guilty plea to one count of conspiracy to commit health care fraud.

Steven Adamczyk, M.D., 47, of Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, was sentenced to 42 months in prison, and ordered to pay \$1,237,570.97 in restitution in connection with his guilty plea to one count of conspiracy to commit health care fraud.

David Weaver, M.D., 67, of Canton, Michigan, was sentenced to three years in prison, and ordered to pay \$229,500 in restitution in connection with his guilty plea to one count of conspiracy to commit health care fraud.

Glenn Saperstein, M.D., 58, of Commerce Township, Michigan, was sentenced to 20 months in prison, and ordered to pay \$2,722,760.95 in restitution in connection with his guilty plea to one count of conspiracy to commit health care fraud.

Manish Bolina, M.D., 43, of Canton, Michigan, was sentenced to 20 months in prison, and ordered to pay \$310,936.95 in restitution in connection with his guilty plea to one count of false statements.

Hussein Saad, M.D., 42, of Dearborn, Michigan, was sentenced to 10 months in prison, and ordered to pay \$415,207.54 in restitution in connection with his guilty plea to one count of false statements.

David Yangouyian, M.D., 58, of Farmington Hills, Michigan, was sentenced to six months in prison, and ordered to pay \$35,480.98 in restitution in connection with his guilty plea to one count of conspiracy to commit health care fraud.

Other defendants sentenced by the court include:

Mashiyat Rashid was sentenced in March 2021 to 15 years in prison and ordered to pay over \$51 million in restitution in

connection with his guilty plea to one count of conspiracy to commit health care fraud and wire fraud, and one count of money laundering.

Yousef Almatrahi, 34, of Romulus, Michigan, the owner of a home health agency, was sentenced to three years in prison and ordered to pay \$1,359,512.69 in restitution in connection with his guilty plea to one count of conspiracy to commit health care fraud in connection with his payment of illegal kickbacks for the referral of patients from the clinics for medically unnecessary home health services.

Hina Qazi, 39, of Rochester Hills, Michigan, the owner of a home health agency, was sentenced to 18 months in prison and ordered to pay \$827,713 in restitution in connection with her guilty plea to one count of conspiracy to commit health care fraud in connection with her payment of illegal kickbacks for the referral of patients from the clinics for medically unnecessary home health services.

Joshua Burns, 43, of Detroit, Michigan, was sentenced to one-day in prison and ordered to pay \$144,000 in restitution in connection with his guilty plea to one count of conspiracy to defraud the United States and pay and receive illegal kickbacks and bribes in connection with Patino's referral of urine drug testing and sponsorship of MMA fighters.

The following defendants are scheduled to be sentenced on future dates:

Francisco Patino, M.D., is scheduled to be sentenced on his conviction after a one-month trial in 2021 on one count of conspiracy to commit health care fraud and wire fraud, two counts of health care fraud, one count of conspiracy to defraud the United States and pay and receive health care kickbacks, one count of conspiracy to commit money laundering, and one count of money laundering.

Yasser Mozeb, 39, of Hamtramck, Michigan, the office manager of the Tri-County clinics, is scheduled to be sentenced in connection with his guilty plea to one count of conspiracy to commit health care fraud and one count of conspiracy to defraud the United States and pay and receive illegal kickbacks and bribes.



Kashif Rasool, M.D., 46, of Troy, Michigan, is scheduled to be sentenced in connection with his guilty plea to one count of conspiracy to commit health care fraud.

Tariq Siddiqi, 44, of Sterling Heights, Michigan, is scheduled to be sentenced in connection with his guilty plea to one count of conspiracy to commit health care fraud in connection with his payment of illegal kickbacks for the referral of patients from the clinics for medically unnecessary home health services.

Tasadaq Ali Ahmad, 54, of Canton, Michigan, the owner of a home health agency, is scheduled to be sentenced in connection with his guilty plea to one count of conspiracy to commit health care fraud and one count of conspiracy to defraud the United States and pay and receive kickbacks.

Stephanie Borgula, 41, of Livonia, Mich-

igan, a licensed physical therapist, is scheduled to be sentenced in connection with her guilty plea to one count of conspiracy to commit health care fraud.

Meiuttenun Brown, M.D., 51, of Toledo, Ohio, is scheduled to be sentenced in connection with her guilty plea to one count of conspiracy to commit health care fraud.

The FBI, HHS-OIG and IRS-CI investigated the case.

Assistant Chief Jacob Foster of the National Rapid Response Strike Force and Trial Attorneys Thomas Tynan, Steven Scott, Kathleen Cooperstein and Shankar Ramamurthy of the Justice Department's Fraud Section prosecuted the case.

The Fraud Section leads the Criminal Division's efforts to combat health care fraud through the Health Care Fraud Strike Force Program. Since March 2007, this Program, comprised of 15 strike

forces operating in 24 federal districts, has charged more than 4,200 defendants who collectively have billed the Medicare program for more than \$19 billion. In addition, the Centers for Medicare & Medicaid Services, working in conjunction with the Office of the Inspector General for the Department of Health and Human Services, are taking steps to hold providers accountable for their involvement in health care fraud schemes.

*Citation:*

*U.S. Department of Justice. (2022, March 9). 16 Defendants, Including 12 Physicians, Sentenced to Prison for Distributing 6.6 Million Opioid Pills and Submitting \$250 Million in False Billings [Press release]. <https://www.justice.gov/opa/pr/16-defendants-including-12-physicians-sentenced-prison-distributing-66-million-opioid-pills>*

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# Phoenix Man Sentenced to 10 Years for Selling Fentanyl that Led to Woman's Death

**Cheri Oz**  
**Special Agent in Charge**  
**March 24, 2022**  
**Contact: Jodie Underwood**

**PHOENIX** - Reyes Luis Holguin, 29, of Phoenix, Arizona, agreed this week to pay \$6,103 in restitution to the family of a young mother whose life was taken by fentanyl she bought from Holguin in August 2019. In December 2021, U.S. District Judge Susan M. Brnovich sentenced Holguin to 10 years in prison, followed by five years of supervised release. Holguin previously pleaded guilty to Distribution of Fentanyl for selling the pills that led to the young woman's death.

The victim contacted Holguin via an online messaging application to purchase three "blues," a common street

term for fake prescription oxycodone pills that contain fentanyl. After consuming the pills, the victim overdosed and died. The victim was discovered the next morning by her mother. Holguin also sold 67 fentanyl pills to law enforcement and negotiated the future sale of an additional 100. At the time of his arrest, Holguin had a loaded firearm, more fake pills, and \$2,285 in cash.

"These dangerous pills are flooding Arizona communities, and studies show that 40% contain a potentially lethal dose of fentanyl," said U.S. Attorney Gary Restaino. "This sentence should serve as a warning message to sellers, and as a reminder of the need for compassion and creative solutions in protecting Arizonans from these pills. We are grateful to our partners at DEA and

Phoenix PD for their vigilance in fentanyl investigations and prosecutions."

The U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration and the Phoenix Police Department conducted the investigation in this case. The United States Attorney's Office, District of Arizona, Phoenix, handled the prosecution.

*Citation:*

*United States Drug Enforcement Administration. (2022a, March 24). Phoenix Man Sentenced to 10 Years for Selling Fentanyl that Led to Woman's Death [Press release]. <https://www.dea.gov/press-releases/2022/03/24/phoenix-man-sentenced-10-years-selling-fentanyl-led-womans-death>*

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# Five Members of Violent Criminal Enterprise Indicted in Cocaine Trafficking Conspiracy

12 firearms, drug proceeds and approximately 400 grams of cocaine seized

**Department of Justice  
U.S. Attorney's Office  
District of Massachusetts**

**FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE  
Thursday, March 24, 2022**

**BOSTON** – Five members of a violent criminal enterprise were indicted by a federal grand jury today in connection with a drug trafficking conspiracy that distributed large amounts of cocaine and cocaine base (crack cocaine) throughout Western Massachusetts.

Vicente Gonzalez, 41, of Springfield; Brigham Ocasio-Ramos, 44, of Springfield; Miguel Burgos, 45, of Holyoke; and Khristy Guzman, 37, of Holyoke; were indicted on conspiracy to distribute and possess with intent to distribute more than 500 grams of cocaine. Gonzalez and Ocasio-Ramos were also indicted on possessing a firearm in furtherance of a drug trafficking offense. Willie Watkins, 42, of Springfield, was indicted for being a convicted felon in possession of a firearm. The defendants were arrested and charged on March 10, 2022.

According to court documents, Gonzalez was identified as the leader of a violent criminal enterprise operating in Hampden County. During the investigation, controlled purchases and intercepted communications between Gonzalez and his co-conspirators revealed that, beginning in or about July 2021, the defendants allegedly prepared and trafficked large amounts of cocaine and crack cocaine in the Holyoke and Springfield areas.

In furtherance of the trafficking activi-

ty, it is alleged that the enterprise used violence and threats of violence to control Gonzalez's territory in Holyoke. For example, court documents allege that in July 2021, Gonzalez, Ocasio and other co-conspirators attempted a violent armed kidnapping at the enterprise's drug sale location in Holyoke. During the incident, Gonzalez and Ocasio allegedly brandished and pointed firearms at the victim and, after the victim fled the building, chased and attempted to detain the victim with the firearms.

The charge of conspiracy to distribute more than 500 grams of cocaine provides for a sentence of at least five years and up to 20 years in prison, up to a lifetime of supervised release and a fine of up to \$1 million. The charge of possessing a firearm in furtherance of a drug trafficking offense provides for a sentence of at least five years and up to life in prison, up to a lifetime of supervised release and a fine of up to \$1 million. The charge of being a convicted felon in possession of a firearm provides for a sentence of up to 10 years in prison, up to a lifetime of supervised release and a fine of up to \$1 million. Sentences are imposed by a federal district court judge based upon the U.S. Sentencing Guidelines and statutes which govern the determination of a sentence in a criminal case.

United States Attorney Rachael S. Rollins; Joseph R. Bonavolonta, Special Agent in Charge of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, Boston Division; Holyoke Police Chief David Pratt; and Cheryl C. Clapprod, Superintendent of the Springfield Police Department

made the announcement today. The investigation was led by the Federal Bureau of Investigation's Western Massachusetts Gang Task Force. Valuable assistance was provided by the Massachusetts State Police and the Hampden District Attorney's Office. Assistant U.S. Attorney Neil L. Desroches of Rollins' Springfield Branch Office is prosecuting the case.

This case is part of an Organized Crime Drug Enforcement Task Forces (OCDETF) operation. OCDETF identifies, disrupts, and dismantles the highest-level criminal organizations that threaten the United States using a prosecutor-led, intelligence-driven, multi-agency approach. Additional information about the OCDETF Program can be found at <https://www.justice.gov/OCDETF>.

The details contained in the charging documents are allegations. The defendants are presumed innocent unless and until proven guilty beyond a reasonable doubt in a court of law.

*Citation:*

*U.S. Attorney's Office District of Massachusetts. (2022, March 24). Five Members of Violent Criminal Enterprise Indicted in Cocaine [Press release]. <https://www.justice.gov/usao-ma/pr/five-members-violent-criminal-enterprise-indicted-cocaine-trafficking-conspiracy>*



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# Texan Sentenced for Transporting Fentanyl and other Narcotics

**February 02, 2022**

**Contact: Sally M. Sparks**

**Phone Number: (713) 693-3329**

**For Immediate Release**

**CORPUS CHRISTI, Texas** – A 41-year-old Houston man has been ordered to prison after conspiring to transport cocaine, heroin and fentanyl into the country, announced Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) Special Agent in Charge Daniel C. Comeaux, Houston Division and U.S. Attorney Jennifer B. Lowery.

Juan Antonio Sanchez Jr. pleaded guilty June 3, 2021, to conspiracy to possess with intent to distribute controlled substances.

Today, U.S. District Judge David S. Morales sentenced him to serve 120 months in federal prison to be imme-

diately followed by five years of supervised release.

The investigation revealed Sanchez hired drivers and passengers to smuggle narcotics to Houston. Sanchez would walk across the Port of Entry to avoid being in the vehicles as they passed through with the narcotics.

On Oct. 23, 2019, authorities intercepted approximately 2.5 kilograms of cocaine in the battery of a vehicle. The investigation determined Sanchez hired that driver to attempt to pass through the U.S. Border Patrol checkpoint near Sarita, Texas.

Sanchez was also found responsible for two kilograms of heroin and one kilogram of fentanyl found in a vehicle during a traffic stop Dec. 22, 2019.

Sanchez has been and will remain in custody pending transfer to a U.S. Bureau of Prisons facility to be determined in the near future.

The Drug Enforcement Administration conducted the investigation with the assistance of the U.S. Border Patrol. Assistant U.S. Attorney Barbara J. De Peña prosecuted the case.

*Citation:*

*U.S. Attorney's Office Southern District of Texas. (2022, February 2). Texan sentenced for transporting fentanyl and other narcotics [Press release]. <https://www.justice.gov/usao-sdtx/pr/texan-sentenced-transporting-fentanyl-and-other-narcotics>*

# THE COLUMBIAN-PROGRESS

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THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 2022



Lady Trojans win Columbia tournament, Pg. 1B

WHAT'S INSIDE: CHS PRODUCTION OF ANNIE STARTS THURSDAY, Pg. 10A

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By Joshua Campbell  
Publisher  
joshuacampbell@columbianprogress.com

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"We honor one member in our community (each year) who selflessly serves, expecting nothing in return, and this citizen certainly meets that criteria," Junior Auxiliary's Kelli McMichael said before naming Ragan. "This person is known for always serving small businesses, both personally and professionally. They contributed in many ways to the attractions downtown and made improvements to a local school by donating signs and items to a local garden for children to enjoy."

St. James Lighting won Business of the Year in 2021 and has appeared in two episodes of HGTV's



St. James Lighting owner Jim Ragan was named the Junior Auxiliary Citizen of the Year Saturday night at the charity's annual ball that was held at the National Guard Armory. From left are Barbara Ragan, Natalie Ragan, Jacqueline Ragan, Jim Ragan, Samantha Ragan and Doris Jordan.

"Hometown," according to McMichael. "I'm just thrilled to be here," she said. "My wife is from here, and her family has been here for (multiple) generations. It's great. I love Columbia, and whatever I can do to help Columbia is what I try to do. I didn't start my business here to do anything other than make a living, but the benefit is that I have 60 employees now and I see what it does for them and their lives. It's just great."

Ragan, who joked that his high school is probably bigger than Columbia, said that while he wasn't born and raised in the City of Charm like many of its residents, he

absolutely loves this small town. "I'm just thrilled to be here," she said. "My wife is from here, and her family has been here for (multiple) generations. It's great. I love Columbia, and whatever I can do to help Columbia is what I try to do. I didn't start my business here to do anything other than make a living, but the benefit is that I have 60 employees now and I see what it does for them and their lives. It's just great."



The Marion County Cattlemen's Association annual rodeo is right around the corner on March 11 and 12.

## Rodeo fun not limited to cowboys

By Beth Riles  
Staff Writer  
eriles@columbianprogress.com

This week, the transformation of the Columbia Expo Center will begin. The mats will be pulled up, and the hardened ground will be busted up in preparation for The Marion County Cattlemen's Association 67th Annual Rodeo.

The rodeo is set for the weekend of March 11-12 with fun, exciting activities and events scheduled. Doors will open at 6 p.m., and the activities will begin at 7:30 p.m. According to Marketing Director Lauren Baughman, the best seats are higher up because the bleachers are at ground level.

The event is sanctioned by the Tri-State Rodeo Association and is the first

one of the season where participants compete and rack up points through November.

This year, there will be several local competitors, including Melania Sanders, Lexie Bacon, Gracelynn Stringer, Sophie Beisel, Kinsley Sullivan and Sam Mitchell. The girls will participate in breakaway roping and/or barrel racing as those are the events that are limited to female participants. The other events, bull riding, bareback riding, saddle bronc, team roping, call roping and steer wrestling, are for male contestants.

The calf scramble will be held for ages 6 to 12. There is no need to register for this event, and children can participate at the moment

See RODEO | Page 4A

## Deen given life sentence for attempted rape

By Susan Amundson  
News/Features Editor  
samundson@columbianprogress.com

A Marion County man will be spending the rest of his life behind bars for attempted rape.

Billy Ray Deen, 58, of Sumrall was found guilty of attempted rape by a jury of his peers on Feb. 10. The jury, in rendering its verdict, unanimously voted to sentence Deen to life in prison.

Deen and Albert Andrew Morgan, 34, of Purvis both were indicted in the rape of a woman on July 7, 2020. Whereas, Deen pled not guilty and proceeded with a jury trial, Morgan pled guilty of rape on Oct. 11, 2021. Morgan was sentenced to 30 years in prison with 22 years suspended and eight years to serve in custody of the



DEEN

Mississippi Department of Corrections. In addition, Morgan will also serve 22 years post-release supervision.

Deen announced at the Feb. 3 docket call before Circuit Court Judge Anthony Mazingo that he would represent himself at his trial on Feb. 10. Shirlee Baldwin, a public defender, advised Deen, but he acted as his own attorney.

Deen was immediately remanded into custody.

## Stringer named WMHS principal

By Beth Riles  
Staff Writer  
eriles@columbianprogress.com



Photo by Beth Riles  
West Marion Elementary Principal Ryan Stringer, who was recently named the new principal at the high school, presents Candace Crawford with the Math Growth Award.

There were administration and staff changes, awards, presentations and business decisions made at the Marion County School Board meeting on Feb. 14.

There will be a change in administration for the upcoming school year. West Marion High School Principal Elisha Buckley will not be returning in the fall.

Current West Marion Elementary principal, Ryan Stringer, has been named the principal of West Marion High School for the 2022-2023 school year.

"When you get in the business of education, it's a spiritual calling," Stringer said. "You trust that God is calling you, and you are following His will. I am trying to make this my new wider mission field in the community."

See MCSB | Page 11A

## CPD officers receive medical packs

By Susan Amundson  
News/Features Editor  
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The Columbia Police Department recently received trauma packs that were donated. In addition, they received training on how to use the items in the pack from the U.S. Marshal's office.

On Feb. 24, two marshals instructed the officers on how to properly use the trauma equipment and still be able to defend them-

selves, should the officers ever find themselves in that predicament.

The medical packs are Military IFAK and were donated, along with chest shields, by Matt Needley, the owner and publisher of Narcotic Officers Magazine. Proceeds from the sale of the magazine are used to purchase equipment such as these to officers all over the country.

"I've been supporting the

See CPD | Page 4A



Photo by Susan Amundson  
Officer Curtis Dement and his partner receive instruction from a U.S. marshal on how to apply a pressure bandage to a wound from the donated trauma packs.

By Susan Amundson  
News/Features Editor  
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A routine safety check-point sent two men to jail for gun charges on Feb. 23.

Robert Deron Himes, 32, of Hattiesburg and Jeremy Cagins, 28, of Columbia were stopped on Old Mississippi 35 N. Upon a search of the vehicle, Columbia police officers found a firearm, which was reportedly stolen from Petal. Himes and Cagins are convicted felons, which led to them both being charged

with possession of a stolen firearm and possession of firearm by a felon.

As of press time Tuesday, both were still in the Marion County Jail. Himes has a \$15,000 bond, and Cagins does not have a bond.



HIMES

CAGINS

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# CPS performs 'I Have a Dream' production



Photos by Beth Riles

Columbia Primary School's first and second-grade classes presented the musical, "I Have a Dream — Songs For Peace and Harmony" on Feb. 23 and Feb. 24. Sherri Turnage led the children in almost flawless fashion with a perfect save when one student got sick on stage. Turnage had the student off the risers before most of the audience even knew what was happening.

First-grade student Matthew Luter aced his speaking part in Columbia Primary School's Black History program, "I Have a Dream."

## CPD

continued from Page 1A

law enforcement community most of my life. I started Narcotic Officers Magazine in October of 2011. The driving factor behind it was my brother. He passed away in November 2005. I watched him take a shotgun to his chest. It's a long story and I'll save it for another time. Let's just say he was involved in the wrong crowd," Neelley said. "I still blame myself to this day for not being a better big brother. but I'm told I shouldn't do that anymore. That night changed me forever.

Shortly after his passing, I found myself questioning my own life. I decided to enlist in the Army in May 2006 and served for four years. Afterward, while going to school in Florida, that's when I started Narcotic Officers Magazine. I've seen too many family members and friends ruin and lose their lives because of Narcotics. I just wanted to produce an educational magazine that promotes the exchange of ideas and information among law enforcement agencies and support groups.

While doing this I believed getting trauma kits to underfunded officers is life-saving. The money we receive from businesses placing ads in our maga-

zine, that support the enforcement community, helps us provide these life-saving kits. We also support drug education through D.A.R.E. America. Also, a few years ago we started supporting K9 programs that supply Narcan overdose kits to K9s."

Chief Michael Kelly said the officers face dangers on a day-to-day basis. The culture today is revealing more and more that people have no respect of persons, and that is especially true with criminals.

"We had to prepare our guys to be able to not only be able to provide medical aid to themselves if they are injured but also to their partner and the public," Kelly said.

While most would think more of the dangers to law enforcement being elsewhere, he reminds people that is not always the case.

"You walk in our doors, you see four pictures of officers that were killed in the line of duty by gunfire. It hasn't visited our city in quite a while. But I don't want to see another officer's picture on the wall," Kelly said.

He said if the officers can get this equipment and training, it will save lives not only of the officers but also for the citizens. 📌

## Arrest made in car thefts

By Susan Amundson  
News/Features Editor  
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A Purvis man is sitting in the Marion County Jail on two counts of taking away a motor vehicle.



HILL

Nathan Christopher Hill, 23, has been arrested on warrants in connection with the Jan. 10, 2022 thefts of vehicles in the East Columbia area. His bond was set for \$35,000. 📌

## RODEO

the scramble is announced. A calf will be let loose in the arena. The calf will run because it doesn't want to be touched, and it's being chased by a swarm of children. The calf will have a ribbon attached to its tail. The child that grabs the ribbon is the winner. This is a way children can actively take part in the rodeo.

One way for adults to participate is the wild cow milking. This is a non-professional event where teams of four catch a wild mama cow, hold it and milk it, then run the bucket with any amount of milk back to the judge. The first team to reach the judge with milk is the winner. Teams must register ahead of time for this event.

This year's halftime specialty act will be Rider Kiesner and Bethany Iles Rodeo Entertainment. These two have toured together for about five years. They do trick roping and trick riding as well as acts with fire. Kiesner can even use a whip to cut a



## CA competes in competition

Photo submitted

Columbia Academy recently participated in the 38th annual Mississippi College Academic Competition on the Mississippi College campus. The competition began Nov. 2021. Front row, from left, are Riley Grace Howell, Cooper Moree, Ben Mitchell and Cody Flynt; back row, Eli Bullock and Zach Ortega.

continued from Page 1A

flower out of Iles's mouth. The couple won the 2020 Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association Dress Act of the Year.

While the competitors bring their own horses for most of the events, Bearden Pro Rodeo Company, a Mississippi stock contractor, provides the bulls, bucking horses and calves.

Food and vendors will be available at the rodeo. Concessions do not accept cards. Advanced tickets are available at Town & Country Feed, Barrett's Garden Center, Boot Country in Hattiesburg and at the Expo Center for \$10 for adults and \$5 for children. Tickets can also be purchased at the door for \$12 for adults and \$6 for children. Children under 6 are free. The association voted not to increase prices this year despite rising costs so that families can afford to join in the fun.

The association is a non-profit organization and uses the proceeds

from the rodeo to fund scholarships. The scholarships are available to children or grandchildren of members who are in their first year of college.

They also support 4-H programs, and the Marion County Open Beel Show that is held each January. Last year, they helped Miss Rodeo Mississippi go to Las Vegas to compete in Miss Rodeo America.

Board member Kenny Price II said the purpose of the group is to keep rodeos alive.

Interested parties can join the Mississippi Cattlemen's Association for a fee of \$50. If you so designate, \$10 of that goes to the Marion County chapter. There are no requirements for membership. Members are eligible for the scholarships, receive a monthly magazine, support legislative issues that concern cattlemen and get to bring their family to the yearly steak dinner at the annual meeting. 📌

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# CPS celebrates Mardi Gras with parade



Students from Columbia Primary School line the streets on Feb. 25 in anticipation of a Mardi Gras parade about to come through.



Throwing beads to the students are Columbia School Board members Eric Lucas, left, and Chris Wallace, right.



The Jefferson Middle School band marches down the street as part of the parade.



Teacher Hope McDaniel has a wonderful time dancing in the streets with a student as part of Mardi Gras.



CPD Student Resource Officer Lanny Arrinder smiles while leading the CPS Mardi Gras parade.



After handing out beads to the students, CPS Principal Jay Rayborn joins the Jefferson Middle School and plays the drums.



Assistant Principal Angela Johnson hands a flower to one of the students while walking in the parade.



Having a great time at the parade are students Vaughn McNeal, left, and Brandon Johnson, right.

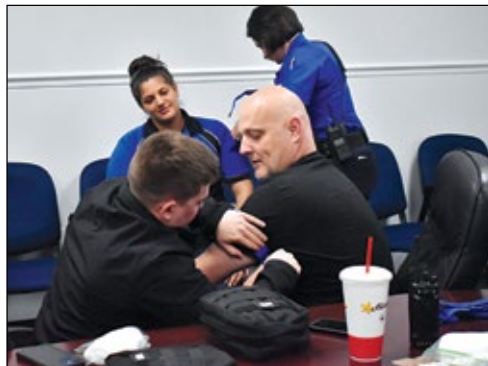


Alexis White watches Max Jordan, who is absolutely thrilled over the beads he received.

## CPD trains with U.S. Marshals and trauma kits



Columbia police officers learned how to treat wounds using trauma kits, which were donated to the department. Officer Sean Burns applies a tourniquet to Agent Lance Poirier on Feb. 25.



Officer Austin Riels applies a tourniquet to Officer Oved Dunaway while Jenn Bass looks on in the Columbia Police Department conference room on Feb. 25.



# THIN WHITE LINES



John P. Sutton



DEDICATION

To my mother Arbunyan who is in heaven;  
my daughters Ila, Tinessa and Heather;  
my grandchildren Tre, Caila and Caleb;  
and Cheryl Newton.

## FORWARD

The events in this book occurred as depicted based on my review of notes, daily reports, weekly reports, investigative reports and recollection. Most of the names have been changed to ensure the privacy of those involved, especially those criminals who have been rehabilitated and have established a new life. There is no intent to defame, slander, smear or embarrass any person living or dead.

Many drug investigations involve an undercover agent interacting with drug traffickers and purchasing drugs from them for subsequent prosecution. In this subculture, there is a communication vernacular that is widely utilized in drug trafficking deals. In order to work safely and proficiently in drug investigations, an undercover agent must be articulate in this vernacular and develop a persona that depicts a drug trafficker that is adaptable to different drug trafficking communities; must talk the talk and walk the walk. Drug undercover investigation is analogous to an aerialist performing without a safety net where a slip often results in injury or death.

The Detroit airport parking lot incident in chapter 8 is as surreal today as then. The stench often surfaces and lingers for long periods. Sharing them offers some relief.

Profanity, drug vernacular and idiomatic expressions are utilized to provide a vivid description of the events and the characters involved.

A special tribute is given to the following agents mentioned in this book who have fallen asleep in the arms of Jesus: Special

agents George L. Heard, Enrique "Kiki" Camarena (killed by drug traffickers in Mexico), Sim Willis, Jack Enoch, Sam Ozmment, Harry Sumega, Robert Moffett. A Special tribute is further given to Special Agent Kenneth Adams (from our days in Detroit-was killed by drug traffickers while working undercover).

A special tribute is also given to those agents, officers and cooperating individuals not mentioned who gave the maximum they could in the fight against drug trafficking.

## CHAPTER 1

*I GRADUATED* from California State University at Los Angeles, but never dreamed or imagined that my life would ever be or end up like this. I guess a good starting point would be my dealings with RAUL.

I telephoned Raul and ordered 12 "boys" and 8 "girls" (12 ounces of heroin and 8 ounces of cocaine). Raul asked if Billy would be riding shotgun (coming with me). Billy had initially introduced me as Beenum to Raul for our first drug deal. That time I also met Raul's henchman "Florencio." I told Raul that I would be riding solo (coming alone); that I could not find Billy, that Billy was just another expense and always wanted a "pinch" from the packages. Raul agreed to meet with me for the deal at a prearranged location in an alley in the Alisio village area of East Los Angeles.

About two hours later, I drove over to the alley, parked on the surface street, got out of the car, lit a Kool Filter King cigarette



and walked gingerly eastbound in the alleyway. As instructed, I crossed over two crossing streets and continued walking slowly east in the alley. A few minutes later, Raul and his henchman, Florencio, entered the alleyway a block and a half ahead. They walked rapidly toward me. Florencio, wearing a dark dress coat and khaki pants, was carrying a small shopping bag in his left hand. Every few steps he readjusted his open coat displaying for me to see the two .45 caliber automatic pistols he was carrying; one under each armpit. During my first meeting with Florencio in the little broken English that he spoke, he related that he was "un assassinado," a word I took to mean a killer.

He tried to intimidate me in every way he could, bluffing and playing the role of a bad henchman that wanted to be feared. If it were not for the dope deal, I would have acted a fool with him. Certainly I would not let him talk to me in a bullying manner. I was a few inches taller, in better physical condition and I did not have an upper bicuspid tooth missing like he did. I did not like him trying to talk to me in a threatening manner and patting me down for weapons like he was some kind of Tijuana policeman. On that occasion Florencio showed me one of his .45's as he pointed the other at my stomach. They were the big 1911 models, each emblazoned with three different colored gold grips and two clear carat size stones on the outer side of the grip that Florencio called "diamantes." I had never feared another man before, but there was something about Florencio that made me more aware of his presence. He deserved close watching.

While walking toward me, Raul raised his hand and gestured for me to stay where I was. I walked over to the right side of the alley stopped and waited. After exchanging pleasantries, Florencio again displayed his two .45 pistols and took a position to my left side as I faced Raul. At one point, Florencio walked toward my rear. I immediately backed up to the fence and put Raul to my right and Florencio to my left. For some reason, I could not keep my eyes off Florencio as he paced menacingly to my left,

sporadically to my front and on one occasion between Raul and me. When Florencio spoke something in Spanish, Raul then advised that Florencio wanted to search me. I told Raul that I had the money that we should just do the exchange and get the deal over. As an alternative, Raul suggested that I give him the money; he would count it then give me the drugs. I disagreed and insisted on a fair exchange. I then recommended that Raul give me the drugs, let me inspect it and that I would pay him.

“There is no need to search me Raul, I am not packing. I’m in your territory and I am alone.” I said.

Raul replied, “Yeah, but I have only met you one time and now you are doubling up on your order and you come down here without my man Billy Ese, that’s how the police do business amigo. I’ve been down once amigo and I ain’t going back again.”

At that time Raul raised the hem of his polo shirt revealing that he was also carrying a three-colored golden grip .45 in his waistband. He was a mobile arsenal. As Florencio moved toward me, I backed up to the wall relating that I was concerned that they were the police for they were the only ones with guns. I then shifted the focus on the deal to the next week drug deal relating that I had a partner in with me and if this deal went without complications, my partner would want a kilo and a half of boy (heroin) and a kilo of girl (cocaine) and that I would want at least a pound of each if the prices were good and the dope was good. Raul related that he did not want to meet anybody and remained focused on the pending deal, relating that he would only deliver large quantities of cocaine and heroin on the other side of the border somewhere in Tijuana. According to Raul, I had to be searched this time and if all went well all other deals would go smoother and we would be regular businessmen. Raul added that after doing business for about three or four months and after he got to know where I lived, that he would drop drugs off to me on consignment.

*Thin White Lines*

Raul said "Come on Beenum, let Flo (Florencio) search you. He got the drugs, we can do the deal and be on our way."

"Okay, go ahead if you must, I got a Roscoe, I'll give it to you."

As I reached into my right waistband, Florencio stuck the muzzle of one of his .45's in my ear and pulled the hammer back and screamed, what I believed to be, profanity in Spanish at me. I reached into my waistband and pulled out a .32 caliber Iver Johnson pistol, broke it down in front, unloaded it and handed it to Florencio. Florencio unwillingly removed the .45 from my ear and held it in his left hand with the shopping bag. He examined the pistol and spoke something in Spanish that caused Raul to chuckle. Raul related that Florencio thought I was carrying a sissy gun "un pistola de cabrone."

Raul related that Florencio still wanted to search me. I consented. Florencio patted me down around the armpits, waist, lower back, upper leg, lower leg and ankle and stated "el is limpio." He must have thought I was overly endowed, for he by-passed the bulging five shot aluminum weight .38 Colt Cobra holstered between my left leg and left testicle and a small 6.25 caliber 8 shot automatic pistol holstered on the opposite side.

The haggling continued back and forth about the deal and Florencio became more menacing. At one point I was riled to the point that I started to physically attack Florencio to let him know that he was not as bad and mean as he was trying to portray himself to be. Florencio withdrew one of the .45s and pushed me with it hard in the solar plexus. It must have been my shortness of breath from the blow that stopped me from attacking him.

At that point I just wanted to do the dope deal, get it over with and go on my way. Raul stated. "Beenum why don't you just pay me? Do you have the money?"

I assured him that I had the money and flashed \$24,000 that I had secreted in two brown paper bags in the small of my back that Florencio had failed to find. When I removed the two bags,



Raul looked at Florencio briefly with a disgusting stare. Florencio became more menacing as though he wanted to jab me again with the pistol. I had prepared myself to knock Florencio out and break his arms.

Florencio again moved toward me in a threatening and menacing manner but was restrained by Raul. Raul remarked, "Hey, cool it, we are here to do business, not fight."

Florencio relaxed and moved back staring menacingly. Little did he know, that despite carrying three guns, he had just escaped an "ass whipping," perhaps one that would have been more severe than he had ever experienced. I could not help thinking that I would have to one day get physical with Florencio for what he had done to me. I was in deep thought when Raul stated, "Hey Beenum, let's do the deal. Your package costs \$20,000 — 12 for the boys and 8 for the girls. Just pay me now. Flo will give you the package and we can be on our way. Both packages are better than the ones you got from me the other day," he assured.

I agreed, fast counted \$19,800 all in 100s, and handed it to Raul as \$20,000. Raul told Flo to give me the package. Instead of complying, Florencio extended the package outward to me. When I reached for it, he snatched it back quickly referring to me as "cabrone."

Raul shouted, "Cut the bullshit Flo. Give him the package."

Florencio again extended the package to me and as I reached for it he quickly snatched it back.

Raul shouted, "Come on Flo cut the shit."

Florencio relented and handed me the package and immediately walked away mumbling in Spanish and broken English. There was no doubt that he was referring to me as a motherf\_\_\_\_r.

Raul, apparently sensing that I was very angry, told me to join him for a Mexican snack. I angrily walked back to my car and drove up to the main street and started following Raul in his red Corvette. I was relaxed that Raul was alone; that the bad Floren-

cio had gone his way. While following Raul, I remembered that I had not inspected the dope. I opened the bag and noted that it contained three, 3" long rubber contraceptives that contained a brown rocky, dirty-like substance, secured together with masking tape. There were two 4" long rubber contraceptives, each containing a white powdery substance. As I followed Raul eastbound on Olympic near Soto, I remembered that there was something odd, something missing. I guess weighed the 3" contraceptives in my right hand and they appeared to be approximately 12 ounces, the two 4" contraceptives appeared to weigh 10 ounces. It was then I realized that there was no acid like smell coming from the heroin package. I continued to follow Raul on Olympic Boulevard and at the first red light we caught, I took my finger nail and bust one of the contraceptives and noted the brown dirt-like substance was unlikely heroin. There was no acid smell and it looked more like dirt as I examined it closer. I started to panic, reached into the glove compartment and got a marquis reagent. I cracked the vial, placed a pinch of the substance into the reagent, shook it and nothing happened.

While gazing at the vial, a horn honked behind me. I looked up the light had changed to green. Raul's red Corvette was nowhere in sight. I pulled over to the curb, parked and removed a cobalt thiocyanate reagent from the glove box and mixed a portion of the white powdery substance with the solution in the glassine envelope and shook it. Nothing happened. I then drove nervously eastbound on Olympic for about a mile until I saw Raul's Corvette parked at the curb. As I pulled up parallel, Raul shouted, "What the hell happened to you back there, you must have dozed off at the light, you are no f \_\_\_\_\_g junkie are you?"

"No man, I'll tell you about it later."

I followed Raul to a little corner Mexican (cafe) restaurant, where we parked on the lot rear of the restaurant. I immediately exited the car and told Raul that I had been "burned." Raul assured me that I had not been burned, that as long as I was with

the “dope man,” I had not been burned.

I followed Raul over to the outside counter of the cafe where we each ordered a beef burrito. I began to show concern about the dope when Raul removed his sunglasses, stared at me and rubbed his right hand from front to back of his head three times and put his sunglasses back on.

About a minute later a neatly dressed Mexican male walked up to the stool next to me and ordered a cup of coffee, drank part of it and quickly walked away. As he was walking away, I noticed that he had left a brown shopping bag on the stool next to me. I called out, “Hey mister, you left something.” He did not respond and continued walking away. I grabbed the bag and started to walk toward the man.

Raul grabbed my arm and asked “Hey Ese don’t you want your dope?”

“Yeah, when can I get it?” Raul laughed and stated, you got it in your hands now Ese, you have it in your hands.”

I opened the bag and noted it contained five rubber contraceptives similar to the ones in the other bag. Raul related, “You will find the heroin and cocaine a little stronger,” that he had not cut it but had it delivered to me just like he had obtained it. I felt relaxed, examined the heroin, noting the acid like smell. I pinched a hole in one of the cocaine packages, took a pinch between my fingers and felt them immediately go numb. I secured the dope in the trunk of my car and joined Raul back at the counter. I asked Raul, if he had counted his money. He advised that he had not. That it appeared to be twenty thousand. I removed my money stash from the small of my back, removed four 50s and handed it to Raul. I then told Raul that I had purposely shorted him \$200. He took the \$200, patted me on the shoulder, chuckled and stated, “I like you Ese. I like you a lot. You and I are going to be business partners just like the May Company and the Broadway.”

“Yeah, I look forward to doing business with you again. But I don’t want to have to jump through hoops with Florencio. That



guy is crazier than you realize he is," I remarked.

"You know Beenum, I never did business with a brother before, you know brothers draw a lot of heat. The police just seem to enjoy stopping you guys. I wanted you to ride with me but you know, when the police see a brother and a Chicano riding together, they figure that they are up to no good, so they stop and search them. Many times they bust them on a humbug."

After relaxing more, I told Raul that I was very angry with Florencio and that I did not like to be treated that way.

Raul stated, "Beenum, Ese, let me explain something to you. Firstly, I played you off with the fake dope package for insurance see! I wanted to see if the jump out boys would jump out to bust me. Flo, as crazy as he is, he seems to think that you are the police or something like that. It is like driving a car; you have to have insurance. In case you happened to be the police or happened to be working for the police, you know like snitching for the police. I've been down twice. I did CYA (California Youth Authority) time and a ten-year federal stretch at Lompoc and McNeil Island. I am not going back to jail, never again. I will flee to Mexico before I go back to jail Ese. Jail is no country club or Barrio Ese, it is a most motherf\_\_\_r. Have you ever been to jail'?"

"No, not for more than 45 days," I answered.

"All jails are full of people like you and me Beenum, humps like us who try to make a decent living but can't for whatever reasons. If I could make this kind of money on the legit side, I wouldn't sell dope, neither would you huh?"

According to Raul, he had now taken a liking to me for even when I was missing my dope, that I had shown concern for a total stranger that I thought was leaving something behind. Raul related that he would have checked the bag out. If it was full of money or something of value, he would have kept it; that without determining what was in the bag I was letting a stranger know that he was leaving something behind. According to Raul, that showed "character, not stupidity."

Raul went on a big diatribe about how he had gotten into the dope business, how much money he had made, how many women he has, excluding his wife and two ex-wives. Raul advised me that he could sense that I had not been in the dope business very long and that I was not the police or working for the police. I told Raul that because of Florencio, I was close to walking out on the deal. I related that I was about an inch away from beating Florencio up for the way he was treating me. Raul stated that I could make more money working for him if I could beat Florencio. Florencio was described as a hired killer, a henchman, a very necessary part of the dope business because of the number of enemies on the street. Raul described his enemies as followers, Los Angeles Sheriffs Department, the international Los Angeles Police Department, the California Bureau of Narcotic Enforcement, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, the U.S. Customs Service, the Internal Revenue, dope addicts, dope dealers, snitches and good citizens who want to rid neighborhoods of dope dealers.

I was very impressed for I never fathomed a dope dealer could have so many enemies. Raul continued relating that he could deal effectively with the foregoing enemies but there was one type of enemy out there that wreaks havoc on all illegal business "the Jackers."

According to Raul the "Jackers" are groups of bandits who hijack those engaged in illegal activity by robbing them of money, drugs, contraband and illegal things. The Jackers had ventured into robbing after-hours clubs, illegal gambling houses, dope dealers, dope houses, stash pads, number runners, number banks, bookies and off-track betting houses, prostitutes and trick pads, chop shops, and all illegal businesses. They were causing mass confusion because none of the victims could afford to call the police.

Raul related an incident where "the Jackers" had robbed a dope dealer, tied the dealer and his wife up and raped their 15-

year old daughter. Out of anger, the dealer reported the rape, drug and money theft to the police; three weeks later the dealer caught a federal case.

After talking with Raul for several hours, he agreed to sell me kilogram quantities of heroin and cocaine at a later date. Raul related that because of "the Jackers" henchmen like Florencio were being gainfully employed, that Florencio or another henchman would always be around when he did business. I made arrangements to meet with Raul two weeks later for the multiple kilogram heroin/cocaine transaction.

Two weeks later, I telephoned Raul and ordered three kilograms of heroin and two kilograms of cocaine. Raul agreed to sell me the five kilograms for a discount price of \$100,000 south of the border, in Tijuana, Baja California, Mexico. Prior to the delivery Raul wanted to meet, see the money a day before the deal; initially he wanted me to pay him up front and he would deliver the drugs to me on the U.S. side of the border, somewhere in the Logan Heights area of San Diego or in a drop car somewhere in San Ysidro, California. I disagreed with those arrangements and agreed to meet with Raul at 2:00 p.m. on the Sears parking lot at Olympic and Soto that day. I could not hesitate to ask Raul, "Will Florencio be with you?"

"Yeah Beenum, always. You don't have a problem with that do you?"

"Naw Raul, I don't. I really don't want to have to go through all of that physical thing with him again. That's kind of crazy you..."

"No Beenum, I'll hold him at bay, just come alone with plenty of the green, all 100s, maybe a few 50s."

"Okay. Please hold Florencio down, for I was very close to letting him know that he cannot punch and treat me like I am some kid, some little boy, I am a man just like he is and I really don't appreciate that."

"Beenum, It'll be alright, you'll see, I'll have him under

control, after I see you got the money and mean business. I'll go down right away to put things together for your arrival, you come alone okay!"

"Okay, I'll see you at 2:00 p.m."

I drove over to the Sears parking lot and as I turned south off of Olympic blvd onto Soto Street, I saw Florencio get out of a blue Chevrolet occupied by three male Mexicans, and walk south on Soto toward the parking lot. He was wearing khaki pants and a Pendleton shirt, with bulges on both sides. I drove passed Florencio and checked him out in the rear view mirror. As soon as I glanced at him, he opened his shirt sporadically displaying his armor. I pulled over to southwest end of the parking lot next to Raul's red Corvette. Raul got out of his car and joined me in mine.

"Hey Ese, I am beginning to like you, I like a man who has a sense of time. Some guys make you wait for them for 20 or 30 minutes, I don't like to wait."

"I don't either Raul. I like to go ahead and do the business and leave. I don't like hanging around. I saw your boy Florencio when I pulled in."

"Yeah, there he is now," Raul related.

Florencio walked over to the driver's side of my car and again displayed his armor.

"How you doing Flo?" I asked and immediately Florencio pulled out a .45 pistol, stuck the muzzle in my ear and mumbled something in Spanish. I was not scared until he pulled back the hammer, mumbled something in Spanish.

Raul, screamed at him in Spanish twice before he placed the pistol back into his waistband.

"Raul, you see how nervous I am? That's why I don't like being around this motherf \_\_\_r," I stated.

"Beenum, only I can call Florencio Flo, when anybody else calls him Flo he thinks they are referring to him as a Bitch. You know man, it is a macho thing."



"I didn't know. That's was the first time I called him that. He put a gun in my ear before remember. He jabbed me a few times. I don't know how much of this shit I can take from this guy," I advised.

"Beenum, relax. It's going to be okay." Raul said something to Florencio two cars ahead and stared back at me in a menacing manner.

"You got the money?" Raul asked.

"Yeah, it's in the trunk. If I get out to get it, Florencio won't act a fool will he?" I asked.

"No, I'll talk to him." Raul exited the car, and joined Florencio for a few minutes and came back advising that everything would be okay. I went to the trunk removed my leather attaché case and got in the back seat of my car, opened the attaché case and removed a bundle of \$100s and handed it to Raul to count.

Raul counted the bundle and asked, "How many do you have?"

"You count them. There are 10 bundles, ten thousand to the bundle, you can count every one of them if you want to" I responded.

"No, I know the money is there Beenum. Why don't you give me the money and let me deliver the goods to you in San Diego, National City or San Ysidro. That way you won't have to cross the border, and you will be getting across the border prices and good quality material, material uncut, straight from the factory" he assured.

"No, I can't let this kind of money go without having my hands on the materials." I stated

"Why not?"

"Would you?"

"Yeah I would. See Beenum in this business, there has to be a lot of trust. I trust you but Flo doesn't. He still thinks you are the man. I know better because the man does not spend the kind of money you spend and let it ride. That deal with the gun and

the dummy package was a test. You passed that one. Flo has another test for you. Wait here a few minutes.”

When Raul got out of the car, I secured the \$100,000 in the trunk underneath the spare tire.

Raul exited the car, met with Florencio and joined me back in the car. After a few moments I saw Florencio dart in between the cars. Then I heard sounds like gunshots — POW, POW, POW, POW, POW, and POW. Flo ducked down between the cars and faced me with both hands on the pistols in his waistband. I saw three male Mexicans exit Florencio’s car and walk separately in the parking lot and form a semicircle facing in our direction. I heard a burst of three pow, pow, pow sounds and saw a fourth male Mexican run through the parking lot carrying a brown paper bag, a bag similar to the one containing the dope from Raul two weeks prior. The fourth male Mexican entered a gray low rider type Chevrolet, peeled rubber and sped southbound on Soto. The first thought that came to mind was that I was about to be robbed.

“Man, what in the hell is all of this?” I asked.

“It is part of the test Beenum, part of the test. We will just wait five minutes and I will see if you passed.” We waited, not knowing what to expect, I spoke calmly disguising how nervous I had become. I took ten deep breaths – inhaled deeply ten times, held it momentarily and exhaled convincing myself that all was okay. I asked Raul if he was satisfied and assured him that I was ready to do business. He advised that he was ready then asked me for a \$100 bill. Raul tore the \$100 dollar bill in half, gave me half and told me to meet him the following day at the “El Gato Verde Bar” on 5th and Constitution Avenue in Tijuana, Mexico between 3:00 p.m. and 4:00 p.m. He insisted that I come alone.

“ESE, I don’t want to meet nobody, comprende? I mean nobody but you, not even Billy. This deal is between you and me and nobody else,” he strongly advised.

"I'll be alone, I don't want to be involved in anything physical with Florencio," I warned.

"Don't worry about Flo, he's on his job. Sometimes he over does his job but I pay him good wages ESE, good wages. He wants to earn his keep, you know man, and he likes to impress me."

"Raul, there is no need for this guy to toy with me, tease me, taunt me and piss me off like he does. One day, I will let him know that he is not the only bad motherf\_\_\_r around here," I warned.

Raul smiled, looked around the parking lot and advised that the coast was clear. We exchanged greetings and he and Florencio departed the area.

I drove slowly out of the parking lot northbound on Soto toward Olympic. I ran the amber/red light at Olympic, checking the rearview mirror to see if I was being followed. I sped two blocks north of Olympic, made an immediate u-turn and parked behind a broken down truck on the west side of Soto facing south. I waited a few minutes then drove southbound on Soto three blocks and took surface streets westbound to avoid being followed.

I could not keep my mind off of Florencio. I guess he had made me much angrier than I had realized. I thought of numerous ways to get revenge. I could not let him talk to me and treat me that way and walk away like it was nothing. I kept thinking of ways to get even with him. Each diabolical thought was insufficient punishment for what he deserved. I made arrangements to meet with Raul in Tijuana the next day.

The drive down from Los Angeles was very soothing and relaxing. It was one of those days when there were very few clouds in the sky. The temperature was about 75 degrees with a slight breeze coming inbound off the Pacific Ocean. When I passed the San Juan Capistrano Missions, I thought of the swallows, how they always arrived back around the first days of

spring and how methodically they departed in the fall. I could never understand why our fine-feathered little friends could leave such a lovely place.

At San Clemente, I stopped for a slight repast and gasoline and drove on. Just north of San Diego, I saw the U.S. Border Patrol checkpoint checking for aliens in northbound traffic. While driving south I almost ran over three male Mexicans who dashed across the freeway in front of me about one mile south of the check point. They had apparently jumped the border heading north for work. I could not help but think of how much dope was entering California by border jumpers called "mules." The "Coyotes" who for large sums of money smuggle illegal aliens packed in car trunks, fuel tanks, under all kinds of dry goods, in the most inhumane fashion, all trying to make a livelihood, to earn money to care for themselves and family. I thought about how many migrant workers from Mexico came north to work, some called "Braceros" and how many had returned home penniless with deflated testicles and a beer gut; how addicted or irresistible many of them were to blond, blue-eyed prostitutes and beer.

I never recall a businessman referring to them as lazy. They were all touted as having the best work ethics and their labor was cheap and they expected no job related benefits.

I crossed the border into Tijuana at the San Ysidro Port of Entry/Exit at about 2:00 p.m. and drove down a dirty road below the elevated overpass leading into the downtown section. Under the elevated road were shanties, some constructed of cardboard, cardboard/tin, and abandoned pieces of wood and car and truck parts. Little children barefoot in dirty, ragged, torn clothing played about the shanties; some ventured upon the dirt roadway. I stopped to the right side of the dirt road and took a good look at human existence at its worst. Smoke from the makeshift chimneys flowed upward and into the sky from some of the shanties. At the west edge of the shanties, several operated little snack stands where they cooked on the ground, in small pans and other



containers that would hold charcoal.

Each east or westbound car stirred up clouds of dust that filled the air and fell upon the shanties. Inside the dusk filled shanty village you could see several people puffing on cigarettes. The dust was too thick to determine if they were male or female. Horns blew, hordes of people moved on and below the elevated road. In the distance, the loud sounds of music came and faded from the downtown and peripheral area of the city. Big trucks passed in both directions, creating large clouds of dust in their sway. While sitting in the car several little children approached trying to sell cigarettes, candy, gum, or white powder they called Spanish fly. A little ragged boy, less than ten years old tried to sell me a 3/4" rubber band stitched with sewn tassels of dangling thread that he called a French tickler; even one handed me a piece of black discarded paper and stated "un peso, un peso por me." A crippled man ambled up to the car, tried to speak English apparently trying to ask if I wanted a woman. When I told him no, fearing that I did not understand, he gesticulated sexual intercourse sliding his thumb between his index and third fingers and shouted "se vende señoritas por ocho Dolores." Despite telling him no, he insisted and described the señoritas as " muy joven, Bonita Y dulce, todas para ocho dolores." A young female came over and asked, "You want to fuckee, fuckee, me, yes?"

"No, I am just resting. I don't want anything."

The young female raised her dirty dress, revealing no panties. She played in her pubic area and asked if I wanted to have sex with her. I declined. She continued, "I am 15. Suckee fuckee, suckee fuckee, fuckee por siete dolores."

I declined and she persisted and reduced the price down to three dollars. Despite telling her no, she remained persistent and would not go away. I had to get rid of her. I gave her about a dollar in change and told her no. When she tried to get in the car, I pushed her back and drove away. I parked two doors up from the "El Gato Verde Bar" and as I started to enter the bar a

man dressed in steel gray colored pants and matching shirt with a badge stopped me. His badge looked like the ones you get out of a crackerjack box, a kid's toy and he had no pistol on his side. In broken English, he told me that I had violated a parking law and had to pay a \$20 fine. I argued with him that I was not, that there were other cars parked in the same area. He was persistent and when I did not concede, he blew his whistle several times. I gave in and handed him a five-dollar bill and walked into the bar about ten minutes before three.

As I entered the bar, a tall neatly dressed male brushed up against me and either tried to lift my wallet or give me a quick pat down for weapons or both. Immediately upon his contact with me, I extended the leather saddlebag I was carrying away from both of us. I felt him quickly pat down both of my rear pants pockets contemporaneously apologizing. The quick frisk was symptomatic of an old professional pickpocket. He was way off his cue this time. I felt the money clip in my left front pocket and relaxed. Before I could walk up to the round bar in the center of the floor, a Barfly eased up to me and asked me to buy her a Tequila. I consented and immediately the barfly ordered two Tequila. Immediately upon arrival of the waitress with the drinks, slices of lime and salt shaker, the barfly downed one Tequila, poured salt on the dorsal side of her left hand, licked the salt, sucked the lime and ordered another round, naturally at my expense. I immediately paid for the four tequilas and gave the waitress a dollar tip.

I was fully cognizant that the barfly was drinking water and I was being served diluted tequilas. When the waitress arrived with the third round of drinks, I distracted the barfly and switched drinks. The barfly grabbed the switched drink, down it quickly and gagged before she could order another round. While gasping for breath, she slowly but loudly uttered "Aqua, aqua por favor." The waitress rushed back to the counter and ran back with a glass of water. The barfly drank the water cautiously, staring at

the waitress and bartender. After I pulled the drink switch two more times the barfly departed to the farthest corner away from the bartender and me. I occasionally glanced at her and noticed that the three diluted Tequilas she had consumed had affected her. Maybe it was the shock of tasting the Tequila as opposed to the customary water. After each order of drinks the waitress handed both of us a cash register printed tab. I paid mine each time along with a tip. The barfly secured hers in her bosom.

I gazed around the circular bar, that surrounded an elevated stage and noted there was a huge man sitting alone at 11 o'clock of my position and a smaller man sitting at 2 o'clock of my position, both starring at me continuously. I got up and went into the bathroom at the far end of the bar and upon my return, I noted the two men appeared to have met briefly and the larger one walked back to his seat. I was sure that neither Raul nor Florencio had arrived.

I felt uncomfortable with my back toward the front door and when the first seat between the two starers became available I rushed over and took it. I gazed at my watch, it was 3:30 p.m. Raul and Florencio had not arrived. I began to feel uneasy but was relaxed when the emcee walked upon the stage and announced that the "Show is about to begin Damas y Caballeros, Ladies and Gentlemen," he spoke in both Spanish and English and after each pause a four-piece band in the far left corner of the room played loud music and paused. The M/C announced that Miss Beautiful (La Senorita Bonita) would be dancing for our pleasure. After he stopped, the lights went out like a power shortage, a few seconds later the spotlight flashed on the stage, highlighting one of the most beautiful women, at least I had ever seen, fully clad in a black see-through dress. She tossed her head back and turned 360 degrees displaying a copper colored beautiful face with dimples in each cheek and a dimple in her chin. As the band played loud and fast she danced in a circle on the stage. She was beautiful, sexy, and classy and projected an aura that she was all



woman, well built, with large, not too large grapefruit size breast, a small waist, beautiful shapely athletic legs accentuated with perfect buttock that protruded outward and nicely. Momentarily I lost sight of my real purpose of being there. After two dances, the dancer removed all outer garments, except a G-string and small tassels on her breast. The M/C joined Miss Beautiful on the stage and advised that she would now dance personally for those customers who placed money on the stage. Immediately in front of me four customers placed a dollar on the stage. Ms. Beautiful danced a minute for each. All I could see was her back. The muscles in her back, arm shoulder and ventral side of legs were beautiful. Again, I lost sight of my purpose of being there. The three diluted Tequilas that I had consumed made me forget that I had over \$100,000 in a leather saddlebag that I had brought into the bar. I placed the saddlebag on my left shoulder and double belted it down with two straps. I had approximately \$600 personal cash in my left front pants pocket.

Two more men placed dollars on the stage and Miss Beautiful danced for them. I checked the money in my pocket and noted that the smallest bill I had was a five. I did not want to portray a big spender. I decided against putting money on the stage. The big guy to my right placed a dollar on the stage. Miss Beautiful came over and danced for him reeling back with her hands on the stage. At one point she pulled back the G-string and parted her labia major with her hand. I stared wantonly at her. She danced to the Latin music, moving her body in rhythm to the beat and continued to display her vaginal orifice. I looked in her beautiful face and thought I was hallucinating. I thought she winked at me. I stared at her face. She winked again. Again, I thought the wink was just an entertaining gesture. When the song ended, Miss Beautiful stopped, walked over to a fan at the outer side of the stage and towed her body and face. She stared in my direction again and winked. The band started up again. Miss Beautiful walked directly over to me and started dancing for me. She reeled

back on her hands with her knees bent forward and gyrated in a very inviting way to me, simultaneously moistening her full red lips with her tongue, on occasion running her tongue out of her mouth past the bottom of her chin and occasionally fluttering her eyelashes and winking seductively. Again, I thought I was hallucinating and momentarily lost track of my reason for being there. While dancing in front of me, I thought I heard Miss Beautiful say she had something for me. I believe she had said it four times but I was not certain.

A man sitting next to me nudged me and stated, "If you don't want what she said she has for you I'll take it. Tell her to give it to me."

She apparently overheard the man and remarked, "No, it is for Beenum" and winked again at me.

I was certain that I had not told anyone in the bar that my name Beenum. Either I was more affected by the diluted Tequila or Miss Beautiful was clairvoyant. I sat and watched her dance two more dances, checked my watch and noted that it was now 4:00 p.m. Neither Raul nor Florencio had arrived.

Miss Beautiful's finale was a five-minute nude dance that terminated with her squatting down picking up an egg with her vagina. Pandemonium broke out, the strobe lights flashed and flickered, the band played extremely loud, men jeered, whistled, screamed and someone in the back of the room screamed in a loud baritone, near bass voice ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha, huey huey huey, W-a-a-a-a-p a a, W-a-a-a-a pa and the El Gato Verde was a mad house.

After the noises subsided, the lights came on, Miss Beautiful now fully dressed walked off the stage, came up to me and stated "Wait right there, I'll be back."

"Okay, I'll be here," I assured her.

Another dancer took the stage. She was half as pretty as and less agile than Miss Beautiful. A few minutes later Miss Beautiful, carrying a small piece of luggage, joined me at the bar and

suggested that we go to the cafeteria up the street.

We exited the "El Gato Verde bar" and walked south of Constitution Avenue three blocks to a cafeteria. Before I could be seated, a shoeshine man walked up and started shining my shoes advising that it cost "un dollar." I told him no several times, but he was insistent having already splotched both shoes with brown polish. Miss Beautiful stated "He is harmless, he doesn't take no for an answer from Gringos, plus he has already washed you car."

"You wouldn't bet would you?"

"Yeah," I shouted, "I bet you don't know my car."

"How much do you want to bet that I can't describe your car or point it out to you?"

"I'll bet you \$20"

"Why not make it \$50 or \$100, make it worth my while."

"Okay, I'll bet you \$50. Here is my \$50 let me see yours!"

"You don't need to see mine for I am sure I will win."

"Okay, let's shake on it." We shook hands and Miss Beautiful asked me if I would pay her if I lost. I assured her that I would. Miss Beautiful described the two-tone light brown Cadillac Eldorado I was driving and told me that my license plate number was California license number RON112. She further related that I had parked two doors up the street from the "El Gato Verde bar."

We sat down. I ordered Carne Asada, coffee and orange juice and soft corn tortillas. Miss Beautiful ordered a Denver omelet. Sometimes when consuming alcoholic beverages and seeing women in dim lit bars, they are by one's imagination very beautiful and when seen on well-lighted streets or during daylight hours in a non-alcoholic beverage consuming environment, they are often twice and sometimes three times less attractive. Miss Beautiful was prettier than I could imagine. She was prettier than I ever imagined a woman could be. For some reason, I had the strong feeling that she would at some point become ugly. She was a physically gorgeous female specimen, one who deserved to be

given the \$100,000 that I was then carrying in the saddlebag.

"You know, I have followed you here and you seem to know my name but I don't know yours Miss Beautiful."

"You do. You just called me by my name. My name is Miss Beautiful."

"No that is your stage name, what is your real name?"

She commented, "I am sure Beenum is not your real name. What is your real name?"

"My name is Willie Lee Henderson. Isn't that a silly name?"

"No, it isn't silly. I don't believe a man like you has a name like that. That is not your true name."

"I'll prove it to you if you will prove to me your name is Miss Beautiful."

I then reached into my left sock, removed my undercover driver's license and handed it to Miss Beautiful.

She mumbled, "Hmmm, your name really is Willie Lee Henderson. You live in Pomona. That's not far from where I live."

"Where do you live?" I asked.

"Montebello, just down the road from you. I used to live in West Covina. I was born in La Puente."

"What is your name? I have shown you who I am, why don't you show me who you are. How did you know my name is Beenum?" I asked.

"I just know Beenum. I just know. You will find out soon enough. You know Beenum, when I saw you, I started wondering what is a guy like you doing down here. I am sure you are thinking the same thing about me."

"No I'm not, I don't judge people. You are one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen," I added.

"That's what a lot of men tell me, then they try to get intimate with me. You probably thought I am some green carder, some poor dumb Mexican whore, a whore who would go to bed with any man in Tijuana for \$5, \$10 or \$20. You know Beenum, you



can buy three or four whores here for \$20 or less. I am a fifth generation Spaniard. I was not born in Mexico neither was any of my relatives.

I could tell that Miss Beautiful was becoming emotional. I tried to calm her by relating that being beautiful is complimentary, something that she should be proud of, especially since none of us could ever change from what we are. Miss Beautiful became more emotional and related an incident that made her sadden. Miss Beautiful related that one of the saddest moments of her life had occurred in the "El Gato Verde bar." While dancing nude one night, after the finale, the manager passed on a request that a customer had requested that she dance one more time. Halfway into the dance, the customer placed ten \$100 bills on the stage and requested that she allow him to perform oral sex on her on the stage for the \$1,000. When she refused, the manager became angry, cursed her and tried to get physical with her. All during his ranting, the manager was trying to explain that she would earn \$500 with the balance going to him for supervising the deal. When she cried and ran into her dressing room, a strange man followed her to the dressing room and begged and pleaded to her to let him in her dressing room, apologizing for the behavior of the customer. When she opened the door, she saw a very neatly dressed man of Latin extraction, not from Tijuana. He calmed her and identified himself as the real owner of the "El Gato Verde." The man gave her \$1,000 as a token of his guilt for such an incident having occurred in his establishment and especially for the harm that it had caused her.

According to Miss Beautiful, the same man had described me to her and had given her something to give to me. Miss Beautiful reached inside of her bosom and handed me Raul's matching half of the torn \$100 bill. According to Miss Beautiful, she now works for the owner of the "El Gato Verde" in other capacities. She bragged about being Florencio's woman. Almost immediately all of the beauty I had seen in Miss Beautiful diminished, faded

like the wind, although she was undoubtedly beautiful, alluring, exotic, tantalizing, and caused many men to lust for her to the maximum. For some reason, I envisioned her as a pig, a whore, a harlot, and a toothless, unwashed diseased woman. A woman, not a lady, but a gutter slut that should be avoided like a leper. It was difficult keeping restraint. I had to compose myself and ask her twice to let me see her driver's license. When she handed me her license smiling, her upper center bicuspid teeth appeared to be missing, they were to me no longer shining, but appeared black, missing with the matching bottom teeth broken and heavily stained. Miss Beautiful's true name, according to her driver's license, was Guadalupe Sanchez, California driver's license number N552616Z. She told me to call her Lupe. I guess out of prejudice, I had always seen the dope business as a man thing; seeing women involved was utterly disgusting in all ways, maybe it was more a personal thing, a situation wherein I introspected that this, somewhere in the future, could be my daughter—a young woman lost to the legit world, flirting on the periphery of a business where danger, death, mayhem, arson, kidnapping and drive-by shooting, ambushing from behind parked cars, trash cans or distant windows were all part of doing business in a contra culture that has emerged upon us and is here to stay for a long time. Perhaps the strongest thing is that she is so talented and beautiful. Just as the customer wanted to give her \$1,000 to perform a lewd act, many legitimate men would jump at the chance of domesticating someone who appeared as wonderful as Lupe. I noticed that all while she danced, although it was considered lewd, her beauty mesmerized all of the patrons.

Surprisingly, Lupe in the daylight was prettier than imagined. She was articulate and had the aura about her that many executives desired to have beautifying their office. I could not help but see her involvement with Raul and Florencio as something ugly and distasteful, devoid of any class or respect. I must have lost conscious for we had sat for approximately five minutes without

uttering a word until she spoke.

“What’s wrong Beenum, why are you so silent? Is everything okay with you? Man you look like you are about to faint.” Lupe took a paper napkin and swabbed perspiration from my brow.

“No I’m okay, I was just in deep thought.”

“What were you thinking about? What ever it is you don’t have to perspire like that. Maybe it is from the barfly. You know they sometimes play intimately with customers to get them to buy watered down drinks. They get half of the money from the drinks they entice you to buy and a percentage of the waitress’ tips”, she explained.

“No, nothing is bothering me, I’m okay” I responded.

I started thinking of giving Lupe the benefit of the doubt. Maybe she was unaware of Raul and Florencio’s business; maybe she was duped by both of them. I found it difficult to believe that she could be unaware of Florencio’s business for I am certain the .45s he wore in the streets that he slept with them at night. For some reason I could not imagine a puke like Florencio having a lady like Lupe. Florencio in my mind was the walking epitome of a walking rectum with a hemorrhoid condition. Up close he smelled like one, even his breath was foul, and his mouth, when he talked, resembled an overloaded outhouse. I had never been taught to hate, but there was something about Florencio that made me hate his existence.

“Lupe, how long have you been seeing Florencio?”

“For almost a year now. He is not an attractive man but he is real kind to me. I was told that he had attacked the man who offered me the \$1,000 in the bar and broke his arm and leg. The word got out and nobody has ever approached me like that again. The first dozen of flowers I ever got from a man was from Flo. All the other men asked me out or tried to date me only gave me 1,2,3 flowers, one surprised me with a half dozen. Shortly after the incident with the man, Flo sent me two- dozen roses on five occasions before I saw him again. Even then he never came on

to me strong like other men. It was six months before he even asked me out. We went out six times and on each occasion he treated me like a sister, very courteous. He opened the door for me; pulled back my chair. He did all of the nice things that sometimes a woman realizes that she has never experienced. It grows on you Beenum. It pulls you strongly toward that person.” She explained.

“How is that Lupe” What do you mean it pulls you closer? Do you find him attractive? I would have thought that you would be more attracted to Raul than Flo. I believe Flo is less attractive than Raul.” I related.

I wanted to tell her that in my opinion, Flo was a huge mobile cesspool, a urinal that had never been cleaned, a sleaze ball, a pile of feces deposited by the mighty condor, vomituse, a pile of maggots— a person whose behavior instilled fear and intimidation, a bully, a henchman whose occupation dictated an ephemeral life.

Lupe explained that Flo was not attractive physically, but that there were things that he had done for her that made him special, made him very handsome to her. She added, “Beenum, you know regardless how bad a person is outside, on the streets or in the eyesight’s of others, there are always many good qualities about that person that even good and bad perceivers can never understand.”

She went on to add that although she was not a mother, she could never imagine a parent not seeing something good in his or her child.

I knew from her conversation that Lupe was blinder to life than I had first imagined she could be. Perhaps she was fully incognizant that Raul and Flo were involved in drug trafficking. Maybe her love, care and concern for Flo had blocked out her mental ability to discern what their true occupation were in life.

“You have dozed off on me again Beenum. You are in deep thoughts, what seems to



be bothering you? You are in good hands here. Everything is going to be okay. You will see," she assured me.

"I am not worried. I was in deep thoughts, that's all, just deep thought."

"A peso for your thoughts," she offered.

"They are not important Lupe. Tell me how did you get this half 100 dollar bill?"

"Flo gave it to me. He also gave me specific instructions to give to you that he got from Raul."

"Do you know why I am down here Lupe?"

"Yeah, to buy some dope, what else would you be down here for, dealing with Flo and Raul" she asked.

"If you know that then what is your role in this?"

"Raul wanted me to check to see if you had the money, to see if someone is following you and to help you get your package across the border safely."

"How do you propose to do that? Why didn't Raul show up? Where is Florencio?"

"They are all here. The packages are here. Rather Raul got a big one in today straight from Culiacan. There are other customers here other than you, you know. Let's get the money check thing completed, then we can go from there Beenum."

We walked back and entered my car and drove around Tijuana then proceeded south up a gravel road to a gravel scraped crude parking lot that abutted a frame unoccupied house. I opened both sides of the saddlebag containing the \$100,000 and showed it to Lupe. I sat and smoked two cigarettes watching Lupe fast count each bill marking each \$10,000 on a small sheet of paper. She counted each bill, added up the figures.

She then stated, "Okay Beenum, I am supposed to take this (the \$100,000) to Raul, pick up your package and deliver it to you between 8 and 9 p.m. in front of the "El Gato Verde bar."

I snatched the saddlebag from Lupe and advised, "Hey there is no way I am going to separate myself from my money. The

deal is to make an on the spot exchange, just like in a store, I pick up an item go to the counter and pay for it. It is not how Raul told me it would be, I am not doing a deal like that, especially not down here.”

“Hey Beenum, cool down, don’t have a stroke on me. We are going to work this out to your satisfaction,” Lupe assured.

Upon realizing her involvement, despite her physical beauty she became less attractive to me. Immediately I started imagining Lupe as being Florencio’s fraternal twin. To me, she had the same rotten disposition; rotten personality as Florencio but appeared to be devoid of being as violent.

“Lupe, how are you supposed to help me get the dope across the border?”

Lupe opened her cosmetic bag, pulled out a maternity girdle and waived it in my face, stating, “With this. It works every time. It is against the law for customs agents to search a pregnant lady,” she laughed loudly and further remarked, “What if I went into delivery during the search” and laughed louder.

“Lupe, have you done this before and how many times?”

“At least 50 times Beenum and I have never been pulled into secondary.”

The use of word secondary was alarming to me. I suspected that she could be a cooperating individual, (CI), source of information (SI) or snitch for U.S. Customs. I talked in generalities and threw in a few hints to bait Lupe into utilizing other phrases and words to determine if she really was affiliated with a law enforcement agency, to no avail.

“Lupe, let’s get the deal over with. I want to be northbound on Interstate 5 at least 100 miles north of here by 8 p.m. I have customers waiting. I can’t make money down here; all I can do here is spend money.”

“Okay, drive back to the “El Gato Verde” and I will meet with Raul and Flo to see what other arrangements can be made.”

We drove back to the “El Gato Verde” where Lupe got out

and advised me to wait inside. I would be contacted later. I fought off eight barflies while nursing a beer and watching the floorshow. While at the bar several little boys came into the bar sporadically peddling shoe shines, Spanish fly, marijuana cigarettes, French ticklers, Chiclets gum, candy, popcorn and pussy from their little sister, cousin, aunt or mother. Older men sauntered in pimping/pandering women that they apparently did not own or know. An older moderately dressed, half drunk man came over from the other end of the bar and told me to beware of Tijuana "trick pads" that he described as a house of prostitution where you pay a moderate price for conventional sex and while in the act, a thief hiding in the closet picks your pockets, socks and shoes for money and valuable items.

After waiting anxiously about an hour, the bartender approached and called me to the telephone. It was Lupe.

"Beenum, we are ready to do the deal. Raul did not show up there for fear that something big is suspected to be going down. Some of the people he pays bribes to gave the bribes back to him; some took off unexpectedly for Chihuahua for vacation. There is a rumor that there are some Mexican Federal Judicial Police (MFJP) folks from Mexico City in town. Raul has had his feelers and runners out and have not been able to confirm it."

"Lupe if there is heat down here, we can put this caper off for a cooler day. I can't take another pop (arrest)."

"Have you been cracked (arrested) before?" Lupe asked.

"Only for traffic tickets. I really can't stand to be locked down, you know Lupe. I like to be free to move around. Have you ever been cracked Lupe?" I asked

"No, never and I don't ever intend to. Listen Beenum we are ready to do the thing now. Raul is with a state policeman now and he is ready to roll"

"With a state policeman! Lupe, what the hell is he doing with a pig?"

"Don't be alarmed Beenum, the policeman works for Raul.

*Thin White Lines*

He is cool. He makes five times more money working for Raul than he makes on his real job.”

“Lupe, I guess it is okay if you say so. I could not work with the police, they scare the shit out of me.”

“Don’t worry Beenum. It’s cool. We have back up plans. Even if something goes wrong, we can buy out of it. You can buy any and everything you want here. Everything is for sale.”

“That is good to know Lupe. I am ready.” I advised.

“Okay Beenum, the bartender has an envelope with instructions. Follow them to the tee. You wait at the designated spot until the delivery is made, you understand me? The movement of your package will be made when the time is right, but it is very important for you to stay in place. In case there is a problem a car will approach you from the rear and flash hi-beam lights three times, then pass you from the rear and flash from low to high beams two minutes later. If that happens walk back to your car, drive back to Anthony’s on the pier in San Diego and stand by for two hours, okay? Do you want me to repeat it?”

“No, I got it Lupe. I got it to the bone.” I assured her.

“This is going to go like clockwork Beenum. I will be behind you in a yellow mustang. When you cop, get into your car and follow me and we will do the cross over okay?”

“Okay.”

“Just follow all the instructions Beenum and you are going to be impressed. I’ll see you later. Let’s roll.”

“I’m rolling.”

I got the envelope from the bartender, entered my car, made twelve immediately right turns and parked on Constitution Avenue about six doors north of the “El Gato Verde,” turned the lights off and waited five minutes. I then drove over to the Arena and proceeded to the meet location.





John is a retired U. S.  
Department of Justice, Drug  
Enforcement Agent (DEA).  
He worked 25 years in many  
DEA locations and had many  
dangerous assignments,with  
Detroit providing the most  
dangerous.

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# MEMORIAL SECTION



**Lieutenant Kevin Pounders**  
Hanceville Police Department, AL  
EOW: Sunday, January 23, 2022  
Cause: COVID19



**Police Officer John Painter**  
Bridgewater College Police Department, VA  
EOW: Tuesday, February 1, 2022  
Cause: Gunfire



**Officer James McWhorter**  
Florida Department of Agriculture and  
Consumer Services - Office of Agricultural Law  
Enforcement, FL  
EOW: Saturday, February 12, 2022  
Cause: Automobile crash



**Corporal Charles Galloway**  
Harris County Constable's Office -  
Precinct 5, TX  
EOW: Sunday, January 23, 2022  
Cause: Gunfire



**Sergeant Arthur Duron**  
Fowler Police Department, CA  
EOW: Wednesday, February 2, 2022  
Cause: COVID19



**Correctional Officer V Kay W. Zeger, Jr.**  
Texas Department of Criminal Justice -  
Correctional Institutions Division, TX  
EOW: Sunday, February 13, 2022  
Cause: COVID19



**Sergeant Ramon Gutierrez**  
Harris County Sheriff's Office, TX  
EOW: Monday, January 24, 2022  
Cause: Vehicular assault



**Deputy Sheriff Steve Bobbitt**  
DeKalb County Sheriff's Office, AL  
EOW: Thursday, February 3, 2022  
Cause: COVID19



**Police Officer Lonnie Sneed**  
Double Oak Police Department, TX  
EOW: Tuesday, February 15, 2022  
Cause: COVID19



**Detective Wilbert D. Mora**  
New York City Police Department, NY  
EOW: Tuesday, January 25, 2022  
Cause: Gunfire



**Correctional Officer III Helen Mae Smith**  
North Carolina Department of Public Safety -  
Division of Adult Correction and  
Juvenile Justice, NC  
EOW: Thursday, February 3, 2022  
Cause: Heart attack



**Corporal Keith Morgan**  
Cherokee County Sheriff's Office, AL  
EOW: Wednesday, February 16, 2022  
Cause: COVID19



**Police Officer Christopher Wayne Berry**  
Vidor Police Department, TX  
EOW: Tuesday, January 25, 2022  
Cause: COVID19



**Sergeant Chris Jenkins**  
Loudon County Sheriff's Office, TN  
EOW: Thursday, February 3, 2022  
Cause: Vehicular assault



**Sheriff Robert P. Craft**  
Marion County Sheriff's Office, KS  
EOW: Wednesday, February 16, 2022  
Cause: COVID19



**School Resource Officer Travis Hurley**  
London Police Department, KY  
EOW: Thursday, January 27, 2022  
Cause: COVID19



**Captain Collin Birnie**  
Flint Police Department, MI  
EOW: Friday, February 4, 2022  
Cause: Automobile crash



**Deputy Sheriff Jarett Oroszi**  
Washoe County Sheriff's Office, NV  
EOW: Thursday, February 17, 2022  
Cause: COVID19



**Master Trooper Vince A. Mullins**  
Tennessee Highway Patrol, TN  
EOW: Friday, January 28, 2022  
Cause: COVID19



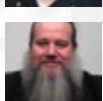
**Chief of Police Richard Leslie Stephens**  
Union City Police Department, OK  
EOW: Friday, February 4, 2022  
Cause: COVID19



**Corrections Deputy Bridgette Lachelle  
Hunter**  
Shelby County Sheriff's Office, TN  
EOW: Thursday, February 17, 2022  
Cause: COVID19



**Deputy Sheriff Noah Rainey**  
Carroll County Sheriff's Office, IN  
EOW: Saturday, January 29, 2022  
Cause: Automobile crash



**Agent John Dale Stayrook**  
Medina County Drug Task Force, OH  
EOW: Sunday, February 6, 2022  
Cause: COVID19



**Police Officer Nicholas Vella**  
Huntington Beach Police Department, CA  
EOW: Saturday, February 19, 2022  
Cause: Aircraft accident



**Deputy Sheriff Lorin Marie Readmond**  
Loving County Sheriff's Office, TX  
EOW: Saturday, January 29, 2022  
Cause: Automobile crash



**Correctional Officer Braxton Hofman**  
Lake County Sheriff's Office, SD  
EOW: Monday, February 7, 2022  
Cause: COVID19



**Sergeant Matthew Horton**  
Ocean County Sheriff's Office, NJ  
EOW: Tuesday, February 22, 2022  
Cause: COVID19



**Police Officer Donald Sahota**  
Vancouver Police Department, WA  
EOW: Saturday, January 29, 2022  
Cause: Gunfire (Inadvertent)



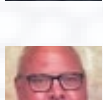
**Police Officer John Mestas**  
Double Oak Police Department, TX  
EOW: Monday, February 7, 2022  
Cause: COVID19



**Deputy Constable Neil Adams**  
San Jacinto County Constable's Office  
Precinct 1, TX  
EOW: Wednesday, February 23, 2022  
Cause: Gunfire



**Sergeant William Shibley**  
Sebastian County Sheriff's Office, AR  
EOW: Monday, January 31, 2022  
Cause: COVID19



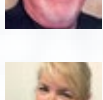
**Correctional Officer IV John Baron "Barry"  
Broadaway**  
Texas Department of Criminal Justice -  
Correctional Institutions Division, TX  
EOW: Tuesday, February 8, 2022  
Cause: COVID19



**Correctional Lieutenant Steve Taylor**  
Riverside County Sheriff's Department, CA  
EOW: Thursday, February 24, 2022  
Cause: COVID19



**Sergeant Burke N. Hannibal**  
Gonzales County Sheriff's Office, TX  
EOW: Monday, January 31, 2022  
Cause: COVID19



**Corporal Sheli Godbold**  
Pantego Police Department, TX  
EOW: Thursday, February 10, 2022  
Cause: COVID19



**Police Officer Jorge David Alvarado, Jr.**  
Salinas Police Department, CA  
EOW: Friday, February 25, 2022  
Cause: Gunfire



**Police Officer Chris Bardwell**  
Crossroads Police Department, TX  
EOW: Tuesday, February 1, 2022  
Cause: COVID19



**Corporal Michael R. Springer**  
Arkansas State Police, AR  
EOW: Friday, February 11, 2022  
Cause: COVID19



**Police Officer David Glen Evans**  
San Antonio Police Department, TX  
EOW: Friday, February 25, 2022  
Cause: Gunfire



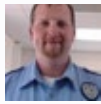
**Deputy Sheriff Laquintin J. Wilson**  
Jefferson County Sheriff's Office, TX  
EOW: Tuesday, February 1, 2022  
Cause: COVID19







**Detective Michael W. Godwin**  
New Hanover County Sheriff's Office, NC  
EOW: Sunday, February 27, 2022  
Cause: COVID19



**Sergeant Joshua Caudell**  
Arkansas Department of Corrections, AR  
EOW: Monday, February 28, 2022  
Cause: Gunfire



**Lieutenant Scott Brandon Owens**  
Union City Police Department, OK  
EOW: Tuesday, March 1, 2022  
Cause: COVID19



**Deputy First Class Kenny Olander**  
Frederick County Sheriff's Office, MD  
EOW: Wednesday, March 2, 2022  
Cause: COVID19



**Senior Police Officer Robert Eric Duran**  
Santa Fe Police Department, NM  
EOW: Wednesday, March 2, 2022  
Cause: Vehicle pursuit



**Trooper Tamar Anoush Buccini**  
Massachusetts State Police, MA  
EOW: Thursday, March 3, 2022  
Cause: Automobile crash



**Correctional Officer V Lonnie D. Johnson, Jr.**  
Texas Department of Criminal Justice -  
Correctional Institutions Division, TX  
EOW: Sunday, March 6, 2022  
Cause: COVID19



**Corporal Benjamin Lee Cooper**  
Joplin Police Department, MO  
EOW: Tuesday, March 8, 2022  
Cause: Gunfire



**Police Officer Freddie Wilson**  
Detroit Public Schools C  
Community District Police Department, MI  
EOW: Thursday, March 10, 2022  
Cause: Heart attack



**Police Officer Jake Alexander Reed**  
Joplin Police Department, MO  
EOW: Friday, March 11, 2022  
Cause: Gunfire



**Police Officer Caleb D. Ogilvie**  
Covington Division of Police, VA  
EOW: Monday, March 14, 2022  
Cause: Gunfire



**Deputy Sheriff Dominique Calata**  
Pierce County Sheriff's Department, WA  
EOW: Wednesday, March 16, 2022  
Cause: Gunfire



**Police Officer Lane Anthony Burns**  
Bonne Terre Police Department, MO  
EOW: Thursday, March 17, 2022  
Cause: Gunfire



**Sergeant Barbara Majors Fenley**  
Eastland County Sheriff's Office, TX  
EOW: Thursday, March 17, 2022  
Cause: Fire



**Trooper Martin Francis Mack, III**  
Pennsylvania State Police, PA  
EOW: Monday, March 21, 2022  
Cause: Vehicular assault



**Trooper Branden T. Sisca**  
Pennsylvania State Police, PA  
EOW: Monday, March 21, 2022  
Cause: Vehicular assault



**Police Officer Dan Rocha**  
Everett Police Department, WA  
EOW: Friday, March 25, 2022  
Cause: Gunfire



**Police Officer II Jeffrey Herndon Carson**  
Franklin Police Department, TN  
EOW: Saturday, March 26, 2022  
Cause: Heart attack



**Deputy Sheriff Douglas Warren Sanford**  
Hamilton County Sheriff's Office, IN  
EOW: Tuesday, March 29, 2022  
Cause: COVID19



**Investigator Donald Richard Crooms**  
Houston County District Attorney's Office, GA  
EOW: Wednesday, March 30, 2022  
Cause: Automobile crash



**Police Officer Dominic M. Francis**  
Bluffton Police Department, OH  
EOW: Thursday, March 31, 2022  
Cause: Vehicle pursuit



**Lieutenant William D. Lebo**  
Lebanon City Police Department, PA  
EOW: Thursday, March 31, 2022  
Cause: Gunfire



**Deputy Sheriff Darren Almendarez**  
Harris County Sheriff's Office, TX  
EOW: Thursday, March 31, 2022  
Cause: Gunfire



**Police Officer Trey Marshall Sutton**  
Henrico County Police Department, VA  
EOW: Thursday, March 31, 2022  
Cause: Automobile crash



**Sergeant Christopher Michael Vaughn**  
Cedar Bluff Police Department, AL  
EOW: Friday, April 1, 2022  
Cause: Duty related illness



**Deputy Constable Jennifer Lauren Chavis**  
Harris County Constable's Office - Precinct 7, TX  
EOW: Saturday, April 2, 2022  
Cause: Vehicular assault



**Patrol Officer Brian Lee Sember**  
Ottawa Police Department, IL  
EOW: Sunday, April 3, 2022  
Cause: COVID19



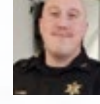
**Police Officer Darryl Wayne Fortner**  
Vestavia Hills Police Department, AL  
EOW: Wednesday, April 6, 2022  
Cause: COVID19



**Deputy Sheriff James 'Jerry' Critchelow**  
Ohio County Sheriff's Office, KY  
EOW: Wednesday, April 20, 2022  
Cause: Heart attack



**Police Officer Roy Andrew Barr**  
Cayce Police Department, SC  
EOW: Sunday, April 24, 2022  
Cause: Gunfire



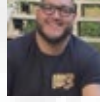
**Deputy Sheriff Nicholas D. Weist**  
Knox County Sheriff's Office, IL  
EOW: Friday, April 29, 2022  
Cause: Vehicular assault



**Sergeant Nicholas W. Tullier**  
East Baton Rouge Parish Sheriff's Office, LA  
EOW: Thursday, May 5, 2022  
Cause: Gunfire



**Deputy Sheriff Walter Donald Jenkins, Jr.**  
Rockdale County Sheriff's Office, GA  
EOW: Wednesday, May 11, 2022  
Cause: Struck by vehicle



**Deputy Sheriff Robert Adam Howard**  
Harris County Sheriff's Office, TX  
EOW: Wednesday, May 11, 2022  
Cause: Automobile crash



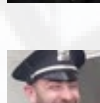
**Chief Deputy Sheriff Jody Wayne Cash**  
Calloway County Sheriff's Office, KY  
EOW: Monday, May 16, 2022  
Cause: Gunfire



**Border Patrol Agent Daniel Salazar**  
United States Department of Homeland  
Security - Customs and Border Protection -  
United States Border Patrol, US  
EOW: Tuesday, May 17, 2022  
Cause: Automobile crash



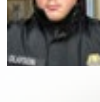
**Supervisory Police Officer Yiu Tak  
'Louis' Tao**  
United States Department of Justice - Federal  
Bureau of Investigation Police, US  
EOW: Tuesday, May 17, 2022  
Cause: 9/11 related illness



**Senior Correctional Police Officer Daniel  
Sincavage**  
New Jersey Department of Corrections, NJ  
EOW: Thursday, May 19, 2022  
Cause: Automobile crash



**Officer Trainee Cody Alan Olafson**  
United States Department of Homeland  
Security - Customs and Border Protection  
Office of Field Operations, US  
EOW: Friday, May 20, 2022  
Cause: Duty related illness



**Police Officer Houston Tipping**  
Los Angeles Police Department, CA  
EOW: Sunday, May 29, 2022  
Cause: Training accident



# K9 MEMORIAL



**K9 Beni**  
Heflin Police Department, AL  
EOW: Wednesday, January 5, 2022  
Cause: Struck by vehicle



**K9 Maya**  
West Jordan Police Department, UT  
EOW: Thursday, February 17, 2022  
Cause: Gunfire



**K9 Major**  
Franklin County Sheriff's Office, NC  
EOW: Sunday, April 10, 2022  
Cause: Gunfire



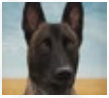
**K9 Jedi**  
Seattle Police Department, WA  
EOW: Wednesday, January 5, 2022  
Cause: Stabbed



**K9 Ciro**  
Humphreys County Sheriff's Office, TN  
EOW: Thursday, March 3, 2022  
Cause: Fire



**K9 Jinx**  
El Paso County Sheriff's Office, CO  
EOW: Monday, April 11, 2022  
Cause: Gunfire



**K9 Nitro II**  
York County Sheriff's Department, NE  
EOW: Tuesday, February 8, 2022  
Cause: Vehicular assault



**K9 Dash**  
Shepherdsville Police Department, KY  
EOW: Wednesday, March 9, 2022  
Cause: Gunfire



**K9 Mina**  
United States Department of Homeland Security  
- Customs and Border Protection -  
United States Border Patrol, US  
EOW: Monday, May 2, 2022  
Cause: Animal related



## A POLICEMAN'S PRAYER

Saint Michael, heaven's glorious commissioner of police, who once so neatly and successfully cleared God's premises of all its undesirables, look with kindly and professional eyes on your earthly force.

Give us cool heads, stout hearts, and uncanny flair for investigation and wise judgment.

Make us the terror of burglars, the friend of children and law-abiding citizens, kind to strangers, polite to bores, strict with law-breakers and impervious to temptations.

You know, Saint Michael, from your own experiences with the devil, that the police officer's lot on earth is not always a happy one; but your sense of duty that so pleased God, your hard knocks that so surprised the devil, and your angelic self-control give us inspiration.

And when we lay down our night sticks, enroll us in your heavenly force, where we will be as proud to guard the throne of God as we have been to guard the city of all the people.

Amen.





# Most Wanted Fugitives



**Rafael  
Caro-Quintero**

is wanted for his alleged involvement in the kidnapping and murder of a Drug Enforcement Administration Special Agent in 1985, in Mexico. Additionally, Caro-Quintero allegedly holds an active key leadership position directing the activities of the Sinaloa Cartel and the Caro-Quintero Drug Trafficking Organization within the region of Badiraguato, Sinaloa, Mexico.



**Arnaldo Jimenez**

is wanted for allegedly killing his wife on May 12, 2012, the day after their wedding. He allegedly stabbed his wife to death in his black, four-door, 2006 Maserati, then allegedly dragged her body into the bathroom tub of her apartment in Burbank, Illinois. Jimenez was charged with first degree murder by the Circuit Court of Cook County, Illinois, and a state warrant was issued for his arrest on May 15, 2012. A federal arrest warrant was issued by the United States District Court, Northern District of Illinois, Eastern Division, on May 17, 2012, after Jimenez was charged federally with unlawful flight to avoid prosecution.



**Eugene Palmer**

is wanted for allegedly shooting and killing his daughter-in-law on September 24, 2012, in Stony Point, New York. After a local arrest warrant was issued for Palmer in Rockland County and he was charged with murder, a federal arrest warrant was issued on June 10, 2013, by the United States Court for the Southern District of New York after Palmer was charged with unlawful flight to avoid prosecution.



**Alexis Flores**

is wanted for his alleged involvement in the kidnapping and murder of a five-year-old girl in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. The girl was reported missing in late July of 2000, and was later found strangled to death in a nearby apartment in early August of 2000.



**Jason Derek  
Brown**

is wanted for murder and armed robbery in Phoenix, Arizona. During November of 2004, Brown allegedly shot and killed an armored car guard outside a movie theater and then fled with the money.



**Bhadreshkumar  
Chetanbhai Patel**

is wanted for allegedly killing his wife by striking her multiple times with an object while they were both working at a donut shop in Hanover, Maryland, on April 12, 2015. A local arrest warrant was issued in the District Court of Maryland for Anne Arundel County on April 13, 2015, and Patel was charged with first degree murder, second degree murder, first degree assault, second degree assault, and dangerous weapon with intent to injure. A federal arrest warrant was issued in the United States District Court, District of Maryland, Baltimore, Maryland, on April 20, 2015, after Patel was charged with unlawful flight to avoid prosecution.



**Jose Rodolfo  
Villarreal-Hernandez**

also known as "El Gato," is wanted for his alleged involvement in the interstate stalking and conspiracy to commit murder-for-hire of a 43-year-old male victim on May 22, 2013, in Southlake, Texas. A federal arrest warrant for these charges was issued on June 20, 2018. Villarreal-Hernandez allegedly holds an active leadership position in the Beltran Leyva drug-trafficking organization within the region of San Pedro Garza Garcia, Nuevo Leon, Mexico.



**Alejandro Rosales  
Castillo**

is wanted for his alleged involvement in the murder of a co-worker in Charlotte, North Carolina, in 2016. The female victim's vehicle was located at a bus station in Phoenix, Arizona, on August 15, 2016. On August 17, 2016, the victim's body was located in a wooded area in Cabarrus County, North Carolina, with a gunshot wound to the head.



**Yulan Andony  
Archaga Carias**

is charged federally in the Southern District of New York with racketeering conspiracy, cocaine importation conspiracy, and possession and conspiracy to possess machine guns. As the alleged leader of MS-13 for all of Honduras, Archaga Carias allegedly controlled MS-13 criminal activity in Honduras and provided support and resources to the MS-13 enterprise in Central America and the United States with firearms, narcotics, and cash. Archaga Carias is also allegedly responsible for supporting multi-ton loads of cocaine through Honduras to the United States and for ordering and participating in murders of rival gang members and others associated with MS-13. This case is being investigated as part of Joint Task Force Vulcan.

**WARRIORS**



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