



Right then I knew these guys weren't aware that I had already copped out to the burglary charge.

7. Butler left the office, I think to go pull my file. Simons then asked again if I was sure Tony didn't mention the Lake Waco murders, or a guy named David Spence. I told him no. Simons then opened a manila folder, and showed me the pictures of the mutilated bodies. Simons said something like, "see what your fucking sick friend did." I told him again that Tony hadn't told me anything about this. At that point Butler came in pretty mad, probably because he had found out that the robbery charge was dropped in my case. Butler told me to stand my ass up, saying that people like me really made him sick, with our honor-among-thieves bullshit. He punched me in the stomach and said to get out of his sight. Then Simons came over to me and asked if I was all right. After getting my wind back, I was taken back to the tank.

8. The next morning I was taken from McLennan County to TDC. While I was in final classification, I was bench warranted back to McLennan County. I was placed in a solitary cell in the old county jail, I think next to the 3-Tank. The day after I arrived, Truman Simons and Ned Butler pulled me out to a coffee break room, and started asking about the conversation I had with Tony about David Spence and the Lake Waco murders.

9. After denying any knowledge of anyone's involvement in those murders, Butler asked if I knew what happened to snitches in the joint. I said that I knew but I wasn't no snitch. Butler said I might as well be, because they were going to spread a reputation for me that I was a snitch, through the papers or by telling other inmates that I was fully cooperating with them. He also said they would bench warrant me so many times that no one would believe I wasn't a snitch. I was then told I had a few days to think about it.

10. During medication call that evening, I saw Lawrence Joe White, Robert Garcia, and several other inmates in the 3-Tank. Larry White sent me a package of Bugler tobacco along with some magazines, by the jailer. I saw that the bottom part of the pouch had been opened and resealed, and thought maybe there were drugs inside. I tore open the pouch, and found a note inside from White asking why I wouldn't cooperate with the state and save myself a trip to the joint. The note went on to describe information about the murders at Lake Waco. It said things about the Melendez brothers arguing about where to put the bodies, and about a shoe being thrown out the window while crossing the twin bridges. I later learned that most of this information was fed to nearly all the witnesses against the Melendez brothers and Spence, by Ned Butler, Truman Simons, Vic Feazell, and possibly others in the D.A.'s office.

*O.G.W.*

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11. Larry White sent me two more notes, and soon after Butler and Simons asked me what I was going to do. I requested to be able to go see my dad, who was in the Hillcrest Hospital sick with cancer. They said they would take me if I would cooperate with them. I also told them I wanted to remain in the county jail until I was released from TDC. They agreed, and promised to help me make my very first parole.

12. I gave them more or less exactly what inmate Larry White sent me in the notes. Something I mentioned about a trash dumpster - I don't even remember exactly what it was - really made them happy. That evening I was taken out to Hillcrest Hospital to see my dad, and was later sent more information about the murders by the inmates in the 3-Tank. I remember that my cell had its own private shower, but didn't have a t.v. or an outlet for one. Captain Dan Wynberg from the McLennan County Sheriff's Office brought me a portable radio with tapes and fresh batteries.

13. The next day me, Simons, Butler, and Vic Feazell all went out to the trash dumpster I had mentioned. Feazell offered me a ten minute head start if I would run and let him use me for target practice. He said not to worry and that he wouldn't kill me. We all got a laugh out of that. I remember that day finding a package of Marlboros, which was mentioned in one of those notes as being David Spence's favorite brand. On the way back, we went through the McDonald's drive through for food.

14. After this, the other guys involved in the case in the 3-Tank became resentful towards me. Later I found out from Kevin Mikel that they were worried that Simons, Butler, and Feazell wouldn't need them as witnesses anymore, because they were so happy with what I had "given" them.

15. Shortly after that, Simons asked me if I would testify and I told him no. He said not to worry about it, that they had plenty of witnesses. When I mentioned that some of them may be lying, he replied that it didn't matter. He then gave me two yellow legal pads, and asked me to write down everything I knew. That night I got some more clues from Larry White, and turned the notes in soon after. This made Butler and Simons very happy with me for a while.

16. Sometime while all this was going on my father was moved from Hillcrest to a nursing home in Bellmead. Truman Simons would take me over to see him at least three times a week, sometimes every day. We usually left the jail around noon, and went over to my mother's house so I could change into street clothes. We'd get over to the nursing home, and Simons would grab a spot on the couch in the t.v. room while my dad & I would go to the game room to visit. There was a recreation nurse there named Virginia, whom I had met and known in the free world. The three of us would visit for a couple of hours. After the visit

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we would drive back to my mother's house and I'd change back into my jail clothes. I was never searched, and smuggled weed and pills back into jail for myself.

17. One time, as we were leaving to go on one of these visits, I had to sign what Simons said was an escape plea of guilty plus an automatic 15 years, if I ever tried to run off. I signed the document without reading it. Soon after that, I was moved from my private cell into a tank with Robert Garcia, Kevin Mikel, and a young guy we called J.D. I was still allowed the visits with my father, and on days when Simons couldn't take me over to visit, I was allowed to go over to the D.A.'s office to drink coffee, use the phone, or just talk with the staff. Everyone in my tank was allowed this privilege. I'd also go over there to visit with my sister-in-law and her kids.

18. I was never searched coming back from any of these visits, and sometimes I brought back flasks of liquor and/or weed. We'd crush up the glass and flush it down the toilet to get rid of the bottles. One time Simons jokingly asked if the bottle made it down the toilet.

19. All of us were getting these special privileges, and were treated very well by the jailers. The jailers would bring us the phone upon request. We would do stuff just to see if we could get away with it. Once we all asked to be sent back to TDC because of the bad food. I was elected spokesman for this request and was called out by Jack Harwell, the sheriff. He said they couldn't make us special meals, because no one could know about us getting special favors.

20. Those inmates in the tank with wives or girlfriends were given a room in the D.A.'s office for up to three hours to be alone and have sex. I know this because the guys would talk about it. When my father moved from the nursing home in Bellmead to an apartment next to my brother's house, I got to go over there to visit him. There was a girl there that I'd have sex with, and then I'd visit with my father. I'd make these visits about three times a week, the same way I did to the nursing home, and Truman Simons was the one driving me there and back. He'd either wait for me out in the car, or sometimes he'd come into the house to watch t.v.

21. Soon after this my dealings with Simons and Butler started falling apart. They told me I needed to scare Tony into testifying against David Spence, that that was their plan. Butler tried to set it up so me and Tony would pass by or see

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eachother. They told me they thought it would work, because Tony was scared that I was going to testify against him, and at that point either one would sell out "their own mother." For some reason, they never could arrange for us to run in with eachother. They told me I would need to testify, and I said I would not. When I refused they started threatening the safety of my family, and I was scared. When they gave up on trying to have me testify, so they sent me back to TDC.

22. I was put on the chain back to TDC. Before I got on the bus, I had to go to the bathroom. I saw Tony in the bathroom, and told him not to testify against Spence because I wasn't testifying against him. He said he didn't know anything about the murders or what they wanted him to say, but he had heard that I was testifying against him. I told him again that I wasn't, and right about then the guard broke us up, and one of the jailers beat me real bad.

23. I feel that, because of my knowledge and refusal to cooperate, I was given an especially harsh sentence on my last conviction. I fear for my own personal safety and for the safety of my family, because my life and my family's lives were threatened while all that was going on. I am concerned that measures of retaliation will be taken against me for making this sworn statement, but I feel obligated to come forward and tell what I know.

I have read the foregoing statement, and swear that it is true and correct to the best of my knowledge.

Randy J. White  
Randy Joe White

Subscribed and sworn to before me  
this 25<sup>th</sup> day of November, 1991.

Patrick DeLaney  
NOTARY PUBLIC, STATE OF TEXAS



RJW  
11-25-91