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RE: Your posted Advertisement

Happy Holidays!

I was pleased you finally published your snailmail address.

I endured kangaroo court retrials in late-1996 as a result of Ex Parte Sims, 868 SW2 803.

The prosecution recruited my sworn enemy, helped him to make material false testimony and when it was my turn at defense muzzled me by limiting me to the scene which is no defense at all without the factual background of my side of the story.

SO, the prosecution's malicious fiction is seen as unopposed and the juries convict me of max crime, give max time, which the cronies then illegally recumulate.

During the original bench trial in 1989, the subject of SIMS supra, the DA's own investigator truthfully testified. This testimony impeached the material false testimony of my sworn enemy at the retrial, but the prosecution intentionally suppressed the detective and his knowledge in order to put on the material false testimony of my sworn enemy.

My original trial judge retired at a time that allowed the GOP governor to appoint an assistant DA out of the DA's office and he had been out campaigning for his first election during my kangaroo court retrials [and he won], so he ended up the habeas judge reading my writ petitions.

I explained my irrefutable proof in the petitions, asked for the evidence hearings state law entitled me to so I could enter the proof and get the court of criminal appeals classic relief on my classic fact allegations: The prosecution knew the star witness was making material lies.

The GOP governor appointee now elected habeas judge understood how impolitic it would be to give me any evidence hearing so he makes a bad faith ruling to avoid them and I had to go chase my rights somewhere else.

Local federal court magistrates made bad faith rulings to avoid the evidence hearings even though federal law guarantees hearings if the state failed to provide them and the appointed judges over these crook magistrates just rubberstamped their dishonest rulings. I'll name these federal jurist on the last page with case numbers.

The one magistrate, a Paul Stic'ney had actually made a felony false statement in his ruling to falsely claim I testified that I intended to kill the person and on this false statement he rules against me to avoid the entitled hearings.

This caused me to rush over to the 5th US Court of Appeals just as former Texas governor now POTUS George Bush was forcing into office at a recess a former elected GOP judge of the Supreme Court of Texas. named Priscilla Owen.

I filed two, 50+ page, multi-issue petitions and Priscilla opportunistically obtained them and made these screwy, 1½ page rulings that do not address ANY issue presented to the court in order to deny me Certificates of Appealability (COAs) that included the failure to provide the entitled evidence hearings.

Priscilla makes these screwy rulings 'unpublished' to avoid the wider scrutiny given to the court's published side.

Informed readers like yourselves would question the rulings [carbon copies of each other] as not what the law provides for. They are not the rule of law.

However, if the informed reader was aware that a personal, blood-animus existed between petitioner and judge, you'd understand that Priscilla had criminally abused her federal office to achieve a personal revenge against me.

Back in 1977, just as Priscilla is exiting law school I had a brief sexual affair with her sister, Linda. We had been introduced by mutual friends who were trying to matchmake.

These were Steven and Trudy (Gertrude) nee Woolsey Roberts. Steven and I were childhood friends. Our fathers were in the Army together and our families socialized. In High School I used to drive over to Fairfax, Virginia to hang with Steve and his friends.

This is how I'd net Christopher Colby, whose father William (in the mid-60s) [unknown to us kids] was running the CIA's Phoenix program in Vietnam. Steve's high school sweetheart was Trudy, whose father James also worked for the CIA and would in his own time become Director of the CIA as had William Colby.

After Vietnam, Steve and Trudy bought a cabin shell in Warren County Virginia just outside of Front Royal and would drive up from Fairfax on weekends for building projects and party with friends. I was part of that group.

In the Summer of 1977, the Robertses introduced Linda and I and we dated a few times. In the Fall of that year, Linda and I had met at the cabin by happenstance and after a day of social drinking on Saturday, the hosts offered us the guest bedroom so we didn't have to drink and drive.

However, that night, Linda told me 'I have this female condition and can't get pregnant' and so our friends-with-benefits sexual affair went off without contraception. We left the next day.

A few days after this, I had a minor traffic accident that totaled the classic chevy pickup truck I'd just paid off and was driving home. A kid driving his dad's car cut in front of me on the green light and I couldn't stop in time and it messed up the front end of the truck beyond what I could repair so I called the lot and said "Come and get it and it's your's" which they did.

This turn of events so discouraged me that I decided to pack up what little I owned and I drove to Los Angeles to try and start over.

In my absence, Linda discovered she was pregnant. This no doubt caused a crisis in the Owen family on this un-wed unplanned pregnancy and no one knew where I'd gone, such was my itinerant lifestyle back then.

Linda carried to term and fostered the boy out. I didn't discover this until a decade later in 1987 when I returned to the Robertses cabin on the lam from the legal situation I found myself in that eventually led me to prison today; I've been in here 34+ years now, a political prisoner cheated out of the rule of law at every turn including the criminal abuse of Priscilla's federal office.

This is the shortest version of my story I can do. I hope this is what you're looking for in posting your content. In closing, all of my ancestry is from Michigan. Edenville and that area. Family names are Gransden/Sims/Farley. My paternal granny was pregnant with my father when she married Thomas Sims who wasn't my father's sire. Granny's name was Lucy Gransden. Her parents are said to have owned the local grocery store in Edenville. Not long ago the dam above the town broke and washed away the town I heard.

My maternal granny was Naomi Farley nee Tennant married to Earl Farley.

I have often seen your ads in the Prison Legal News that only listed your URL.com I had no help to locate your snailmail and was pleased to see it posted this time. hence I write. :)

If you write back, I'll return your postage. I lack the dedicated help out there to overcome the injustices imposed by bad jurists. Here is what the crony GOP visiting judge told the media after presiding over the 1996 kangaroo courts:

"I am quite sure Mr. Sims will appeal this case.
I am reasonably certain it won't come back. I
thought it was important to nail this sucker
down and drive a stake through it."

Robert Duhoney. presiding judge

The Dallas Morning News 11/13/96

3:01-cv-2204-H Barefoot Sanders Irma C. Ramirez, magistrate

3:02-cv-337-P Jorge A. Solis, Paul D. Stickney, magistrate *

04-11192 and 04-11232 Priscilla Owen 5 US Circuit Court of Appeals

05-13-90014 2nd judicial misconduct complaint against Priscilla in which the 5th Circuit refused to follow ANY of its own rules in order to dismiss me and protect Priscilla.

* I had a Paul Stickney as a supervisor who didn't like me when I was night manager of the Fountainebleau Hilton on Miami Beach, Florida in the early 80s, and so Stickney's felony false statement against me was actually a criminal abuse of his federal office.

Billy

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