

LATEST FALSE DR (DISCIPLINARY REPORT 8-28-14) INVOLVING OFFICER CANNON,
SON OF THE DOC DEPUTY SECRETARY TIM CANNON.

From Charlie's wife Libby: I came across this direct quote recently in the news; however, based on Charlie's reporting of the new chapter of Hell he is now in (see account below), I find Sec. Crews words ring false, even to the point of the Asst. Secretary's son as a guard is engaged in questionable practices bordering on approved torture: "I have made it clear that there is zero tolerance for corruption or abuse at the Department of Corrections, and we will root out any and all bad actors who do not live up to our expectations' Crews said Monday." from Miami Herald article, "Emails show cover-up of Miami-Dade prison inmate's scalding death started early" published 07/21/14

FROM CHARLIE:

I find it hard to believe that I am sitting back here in solitary confinement at Cross City C.I., a place I had high hopes would be my last prison before my release. Yet here I am, dealing with another false DR (disciplinary report, this one a doozy, "Possession of weapons, ammunition, or explosives," (60 days disciplinary confinement, followed by a possible year of "CM," close management, shipped off to a much harsher prison for more mistreatment.

First of all, let me assure you that I was not in possession of weapons. I don't need a weapon, didn't have one. This is what is called a classic "SET-UP."

I'd been told that Cross City was one of the better prisons left in Florida. Not true. I knew something was up the minute they opened up the rear exit door of the prison bus, Monday, Aug. 18. I was greeted by name by guards I'd never seen before. I asked if the other prisoners could help me with the several boxes of legal documents I have to carry with me: "NO. If you can't carry them, we'll throw them away." I tried to explain that I have a back injury and medical passes for no lifting over 30 lbs. Didn't matter. I struggled to take one box off the bus, as 20 men tried to climb down the steps.

It was raining. I wore leg irons. The metal bus steps were slick. I tried to carry a 50 lb. box of transcripts down the steps, my foot slipped, and unable to regain my balance with the leg irons around my ankles, I tumbled off backwards from the bus, landing on my back and left side, box still in my arms. I struggled to my feet, ankle, knee, back, elbow and shoulder injured, and finally got everything inside, out of the rain. At least six or eight guards were witnesses, and not one helped me up or asked if I was okay.

In the property room, about 20 of us got strip searched for the second time that morning, then a cocky young guard named **Cannon** called, "Norman." He would search my property and inventory it, while Sgt. Fowler started on the others. Obviously, this was a planned strategy.

I don't have time to record everything this guy said, but among the profanity-laced insults and verbal abuse, he threatened to write DR's and lock me up if I opposed his actions or challenged them.

"You like to write officers up." "Why do you want to take someone's livelihood?" "We know how to deal with your kind." "I've got a couple of packages in my pocket, that could be found in your property. You want to write me up? File a grievance on me? Go ahead. It won't go anywhere. My daddy is the head secretary of the DOC. My name is Cannon. Write it down."

"I thought Michael Crews was the secretary of the DOC," I said.

He stuttered at that. "Uh, uh, my daddy is Tim Cannon, the assistant secretary of the DOC. Do you know who he is?"

"Yes sir, I do," I said, "As a matter of fact."

He continued to boast about his power and authority, how he could do what he wanted, that he'd been in the DOC ten years, and this was his third institution. I was sorely tempted to remark that with all that family pull, and still a lowly CO I guard after ten years, he must be a real loser, but I held my tongue. It was bad enough already.

He ransacked and scattered every envelope and every page of my legal documents on top of the five previous ransackings at the three previous prisons, then told me I had 72 hours to sort out everything or he'd throw it away. I told him everything had been trashed so many times that it would take days to do that. He confiscated all my legal materials, taking them from me, despite my statements that I needed access to my legal materials, that he was denying me access to the courts. He threatened to write me up and lock me up.

More things happened. I could tell that this guy was gunning for me, looking for any excuse. I wasn't going to give him one. I kept my mouth shut and endured the profanity and verbal abuse.

A few hours later I was assigned to F Dorm, two-man rooms, but the bunk was broken, nothing but a frame, so late Monday I was sent to D Dorm, an open dorm of 70 or so men crowded together. I was given a bunk in the middle of the big room, surrounded by other bunks crowded on every side.

No pillow. The mattress felt like two bags of potatoes had been dumped in a big sack. I don't know how I managed to sleep on it. An elderly houseman said he would try to get me a better one the next day (Tuesday).

Tuesday afternoon the old man brought a rolled-up mattress to my bunk. It looked like something from a slasher movie crime scene — rust stains, dirty, long, horizontal and vertical slash marks, the striped mattress cover ripped open on all sides, the batting coming out. It looked horrible, but at least it was flat.

I did what I always do — **I searched that ragged mattress**. You never know what you may find, that the previous occupant might have left behind. I searched it carefully — nothing but the thumb tip from a rubber glove. **No knives, no metal.**

Wednesday, Aug. 20, sheet day. I sent my sheets to the laundry, turned the stained mattress over, and rolled it up. Late that afternoon, when the clean sheets came back, I searched the mattress again, then tried to fluff it up — you roll it up and drop it on the floor, on its side, several times. If there had been a knife and a piece of bent metal, I'd have heard it or felt it. **That's why I believe the guards planted those items in my mattress the next day.** Since the mattress was so flat and limp, I wrapped and tied the bottom sheet so tightly that I compressed the sides of the mattress toward the middle, making it thicker, but much narrower. I also wrapped the dark blanket tightly around it. It is too hot to sleep under the blanket. I sleep on top. I make my bunk the required military or hospital style, so tight a coin will bounce, with the ends folded and tucked in. If anyone had tampered with my bunk, raised it up to put a knife in the mattress, it would have been noticeable. Nothing.

The next morning, Thursday, Aug. 21, before 8 AM, two guards came in and ordered everyone to their bunks, strip down to boxers, and sit there. We did, for at least an hour. Officer **Cannon** came in, joined a friend against the wall, joked with him, and continually cut his eyes over at me. When I would look back, he'd turn his head and grin.

Sometime later they brought in a drug dog to nose around. No drugs. We were all herded into the TV room, out of sight of the sleeping area with 70 bunks, and sat silently while several guards ransacked people's bunks.

"Norman!" I knew it. Cannon. What was he going to pull now? I went to my bunk, where several guards stood around, grinning. Sgt. Hirst stood on one side of my bunk with a hand wand metal detector. Cannon stood on the other side, holding back my rolled up mattress. A short-bladed homemade knife and a piece of metal had been posed on the metal bed frame.

"Look what we found under your bunk, Norman," Cannon said.

My first words — "Set-up. You put that there. You know that's not mine."

Sgt. Hirst piped up, "I found those inside your mattress."

"You planted them," I said.

"They're yours. You're going to jail for a while," Cannon said.

And so I did.

They found a tattoo motor and some needles in another man's shoe, and handcuffed him, too. One of the guards said, "The tattoo man has a tattoo kit, and the killer has a weapon."

It was obvious everything was staged. It turned out that the tattoo guy had a "relationship" with a female guard, a sergeant's wife, at another nearby prison. He'd been transferred and subjected to repeated harassment and reprisals by guards seeking to punish him ever since.

Then I realized that other separate facts began to make sense. Could all this be because of the Linda Moser mail clerk issue from Okaloosa? When I went to solitary April 13th, on the false charges by the infamous Patrick Walsh, I had my suspicions. Walsh is a married man with a child, but at Okaloosa, he notoriously flirted with most every female, single or married, he encountered. Linda Moser was also a big flirt, and those two were fast friends.

She got fired for her misdeeds, and Walsh locked me up for 29 days on his lie, which was eventually overturned. I never doubted he did it because his girl got herself fired.

At every step of the way of this transfer, from Okaloosa to Washington (NWFRC), to Lake Butler (RMC West), and finally Cross City, I was put through Hell by guards who knew who I was before I got there, who reserved special treatment for me, calling me "the killer," and asking, "who did you kill?" I never rose to their baits.

What is their intention now? Good question. It seems that everything traces back to **Mark Ober** and his former assistant, **Pam Bondi**, who have tried every trick in their thick book to jam my time and keep me in prison for their own ambitions. Now, for the past 4 ½ years, they've been letting the DOC do their dirty work, and this latest affront is the worst, most damaging one yet. If this illegal and unethical action is allowed to stand, I could be kept in prison for several more years, rather than get out within the year, as was very possible without this false charge.

I've never been accused of an act of violence against anyone in prison. I've never been accused of possession of any weapon. I've never needed one. I rarely have a problem, and if I do, I can talk it out, settle it, as I've done many times. Anyone who knows me knows that I'm skilled enough at self-defense that I have no need for knives, sticks or broom-handles. They have "upped the ante," challenging me to beat this one.

If you want to help, yet again, you can write or e-mail your outrage to the Cross City warden, M. Hicks at Hicks.milton@mail.dc.state.fl.us the DOC secretary, Michael Crews at secretary.crews@mail.dc.state.fl.us or file an electronic complaint at the DOC inspector general's site at: <http://www.dc.state.fl.us/apps/IGcomplaint.asp>

Meanwhile, all prayers are welcome and needed. I remain strong and forthright in the face of evil. God is on my side — if not, I would never have overcome all these continued attacks by the forces of Darkness.

Thank you, and God bless you, as He continues to pour out blessings on me.

Charlie