

## STATEMENT OF DALE DAVIS

My name is Dale Davis. This statement is being made in the office of the United States Attorney for the Northern District of Marshall, August 25, 2003, pursuant to the terms of an immunity agreement which I entered into on June 30, 2003.

I have been dealing in drugs since I was a kid. In 1993 I became the leader of a street gang commonly known as the Red Rovers. This was to protect the turf known as the "Rover Triangle; along Rover Avenue from 1st to 8th Streets and from the River to Crawford. Rover Ave. cuts through the middle turf, We controlled distribution of drugs, making sure no freelancers came in with bad drugs. We sold crack cocaine, cocaine powder, and heroin, on the streets of Marshall City. Even after I was sentenced to the penitentiary in 1994, I still controlled the businesses of the Red Rovers. We used telephones and coded messages. That's how we survived. We did what we had to do to move our drugs. We weren't in the drug business to get rich. It was to make a living. Most of our sales were to suburban people, not neighborhood people. We set up a community day care center, a food pantry, and a neighborhood health clinic. The newspapers and television stations portrayed us as a community-based self-help social service-agency. We held press conferences whenever we would open up a new facility. The Sunday morning press conferences were best. The media and especially the television stations love that stuff.

For the past year and a half, I have been involved in narcotics trafficking with Jan Bridges, a Marshall City police officer. On April Fool's Day 2002, I was in Jacko's, minding my own business. Jacko's is a truce bar where any gang member could go without fear. It's a United Nations on Crawford Avenue for gangs. I was approached by Officer Jan Bridges. I knew about Bridges from here

and there. I read about Bridges shooting and killing Lucky Stokes. Bridges took me aside and told me that everybody knows I am in the drug business. Bridges then told me the hiding place for my drug inventory and money. Bridges said it was in a false bottom in a toilet at the food pantry. I was surprised, impressed. Nobody had that information; just a couple of people I could trust. Bridges said, and these are Bridges' words, "Ain't it a shame that Lucky Stokes wound up with a bullet in his brain?" Bridges told me that Stokes was dead because Stokes wouldn't cooperate and couldn't keep his mouth shut.

Bridges tells me that we were now partners. Bridges then dictated the terms of the partnership. Bridges would supply me with product that my organization would sell. Bridges would get 60 percent of the proceeds of those sales. I said that this is totally unfair and Bridges said I was free to sell, as long as I sold Bridges' product first, and that the reason for the 60 percent was that it also included insurance premiums. Bridges was to supply protection from the police by giving us advance notice as to raids or undercover operations. Bridges also said that if I had a competitor giving me any trouble, Bridges would make the trouble go away.

At first, in spite of the 60 percent, this proved to be a good deal. Bridges would bring a few ounces from time to time. We'd sell it and Bridges would get the 60%. After the first couple of times, I paid up front. This was, say, \$5,000-\$8,000 a month. With Bridges as a partner, the Red Rover's made more money than ever. In January 2003, I was being hassled by a rival drug operation, a gang called the "Smithereens". They own the turf just north of us, and were starting to enlarge their geographical distribution area. On Super Bowl Sunday, I called Bridges with the information as to who was hassling me and where to find them. In one week there was something like 15 arrests, some of which Bridges told me were, and I am using Bridges' words, "bogus but solid." At the end of the week Bridges called me and said, "I told you if you had trouble I would make it go away.

All clear. You can come out now.” When push came to shove, Bridges’ word was golden.

There was also a 2 kilo seizure of crack cocaine, but Bridges only inventoried 4 ounces. I know this because Bridges said so when handing me 4 pounds of crack cocaine to sell. This was a lot more than the usual deal. But I had to move all that product.

In October, 2002, I was arrested for battery. I have to maintain discipline among my troops. I was observed hitting one of my members and this clueless patrolman arrests me. It saved me a bunch of court appearances. And who knows, maybe someone would decide to testify against me. On the first court date after my arrest, Bridges came to Court and told the prosecutor that I was “working” for the police and the charges were dismissed. Considering I already had two prior felony convictions, this was no small thing. I could have been sentenced to prison for at least a year. Bridges came through, again.

After a while, Bridges and I actually started to bond. Bridges came to both of my kids’ birthday parties and gave them birthday cards with \$1,000 cash in them – ten \$100 bills. Bridges took me to Las Vegas twice and we had a great time. Bridges flashed a lot of cash, was a great partier, but when it came to gambling, Bridges was the worst. At craps, as fast as Bridges could set money down on the table, the dealers would rake it in. Bridges would laugh and say, “Don’t worry, there’s more where that came from. The shoe box knows no bottom.” Bridges played some Blackjack, not much, but I didn’t watch. I like to watch craps.

On April 13, 2003, I was picked up at my own home by the federal DEA on a sealed felony complaint. I learned later that there was a confidential informant in my organization - maybe even the same person who tipped off Bridges, but I don’t really know. Anyway, the DEA came to my home while I was eating my dinner.

Three agents arrived and rang my front doorbell. They found a small amount of cocaine which I was getting ready to use for my own recreation. Then they brought in a dog, which led them to 5 kilos of cocaine, 1 kilo of heroin, 300 plus grams of crack cocaine, and \$43,285 in cash. Almost all of this is Bridges' product. I had it all in a false bottom in the closet floor in the guest bedroom, but the dog found it right away.

I was taken in handcuffs to the U.S. Attorney's office here in the city. I had no attorney with me when I was questioned. I knew enough to say nothing. So they told me to just listen. They showed me a chart with numbers written on it. They told me it was the Sentencing Guideline Table. They told me that, based on the amount of drugs they seized and what they knew about me, they had enough to bring me past offense level 43. They pointed to the line with the 43 on it and I could see from the chart that level 43 meant a mandatory life sentence. They said I would get 38 points for the amount of drugs I had, 4 more points for being the leader of the Red Rovers, and another 2 points because I had some people under the age of 18 working for me. They wrote all this out on a copy of the chart that they gave me. They said I should study it. I put it in my pocket. I still have it.

They knew I had a working relationship with Bridges. They wanted to prosecute Bridges. They told me if I helped them make the case against Bridges, they would make all of my problems go away. They would not prosecute me as long as I told the truth. Then, they told me to leave. I didn't have to be told twice. I left and contacted my lawyer. We talked it over and I accepted the government's offer - my cooperation in exchange for total immunity from prosecution on the secret criminal complaint and for any criminal acts I had committed on or before April 13, 2003. After my lawyer called to accept the deal, a courier came to my house with a package from the U.S. Attorney. I was really surprised to find the cocaine, both the powder and the crack, the heroin, and all of my money in that

package. This was all the unsold goods that Bridges had consigned to me, plus cash from the products I had already sold. I thought I was being set up all over again. My attorney checked and I was told they did this so I wouldn't have to explain to Bridges how the drugs and money disappeared.

Until today, under the instructions of the U.S. Attorney, I maintained both my relationship with Bridges as well as my drug operations. I was assured that I would not be prosecuted for any of those activities as long as I continued to cooperate with the Government. As soon as I am identified as a witness I go into a protection program and I am out of business.

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Dale Davis

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Wil Langelier  
U.S. Attorney  
Northern District of Marshall