

DALE SPECTOR STATEMENT

December 17, 2007

11:30 a.m.

Offices of Sara Kahn, Esq.

Present: Sara Kahn and Loren Allison

My name is Dale Spector. I currently live in Marshall City at the Civic Hotel. I previously lived in Las Vegas, Nevada for several years. For what it is worth, I grew up in Marshall City, attended Marshall State University, Marshall City campus, where I majored in Physical Education. I did not graduate because I decided to move to Las Vegas after I was involved in a sports scandal. I am preparing this statement in anticipation of being called as a witness in the case of U.S. v. Jackson.

I have known Ronnie Jackson for the past four years. I used to see Ronnie Jackson in Las Vegas, Nevada, where we kept bumping into each other at vintage movie showings, either at the local theater or at a local film museum. We struck an acquaintanceship, and soon we would go to a lot of these movies together. We both like old movies, especially pre-1960 black and white films. There was nothing otherwise really personal or intimate between us – we're just a couple of people who like to watch and talk about old movies. I would say we were friends, although I was never at Ronnie's home, and Ronnie never came over to my place. And, of course, later on we worked together at the same bank, the First Zenith Bank of Nevada.

Regarding these charges against Ronnie: I was with Ronnie almost the entire day of June 13th, 2007. I remember the night before – that's June 12th, Ronnie and I were coming out of the movie, *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*, with Paul Muni, when Ronnie said that an ex-con has a hard life, that our jobs at the bank had no future, and that there must be a better way to make a living.

I know it was June 12th because I checked the movie house's schedule, and *Chain Gang* was shown only on June 12th. The very next morning we met for a cup of coffee at the Intelligensia coffee place next to the bank. We talked about the Paul Muni movie, and I remember that all of a sudden Ronnie

got very upset that we might be late for work, and wanted to leave at a quarter of eight. We were both working the eight to five shift in June, and as I said, the bank had a stiff policy about coming in late or leaving early. That went for lunch, too. So we checked in about ten minutes early. Later, at noon, we had lunch together in the bank's basement cafeteria, as we did just about anytime we worked the same shift. I also remember we agreed to go the movies right after work, at five PM. We went to see the six o'clock showing of *New Faces of 1952*, which turned out to be the worst movie ever adapted from a hit Broadway show. People were booing. We left early. Anyway, we had dinner, and we parted around 10 PM. So, I was with Ronnie all day that day.

When Ronnie contacted me about these t-shirt charges, I asked, when did all this happen? When I found out that the package had been mailed around noon on June 13, 2007, I checked my calendar and I knew Ronnie could not have sent that package. I never saw Ronnie with a package of any kind that day and I'm sure we had lunch together that day. Lunch was from 12 to 1 PM, not one minute more – not one minute less.

I want to add that the bank does not make people punch a time clock. And you can sometimes get lucky and no one will notice that you are a minute or so late. But if anyone in authority sees you come in late, leave early, or sneak off during the day, either your pay will be docked or you will be fired. You can go out for lunch, but I know neither of us went out that day, June 13. One time, I overslept and snuck in ten minutes late. I had to wait until the security guard was turned away and talking to a customer. So, by some miracle no one saw me, and nothing happened. Another time I came in about 30 seconds late, and this supervisor, Ms. Dixon, docked me fifteen minutes, and said that the bank had a habit of letting people go – firing them – if they could not get to work on time. There is no back door separate entrance for employees. We all come through the front door. Usually there is someone keeping an eye on the back room where the staff and maintenance employees have their lockers. I was with Ronnie all day, even when we went back to the lockers. We did split up when we were working, so I only saw Ronnie from time to time until lunch. It was the same way all that afternoon.

I was working at the bank first, which is to say that when I found out that Ronnie was unemployed, I helped Ronnie get the job at the bank. That was sometime during the summer of 2004. Ronnie has a conviction, but Mr. Franks, the head of the bank's personnel department, hired Ronnie. Ronnie does not have really good job skills, and I don't think Ronnie has much of an attention span, so the bank was not going to hire Ronnie to be a bank clerk. Mr. Franks was connected with Dismas House, a place that helps former prisoners get started again. If you saw the movie, *The Hoodlum Priest*, starring Don Murray, you know about Father Dismas Clark. I knew Mr. Franks from when I first got hired and asked if Ronnie could get some work at the bank. Mr. Franks took a chance on Ronnie. The bank hired Ronnie to do housekeeping and cleanup work after hours mostly.

Ronnie and I have something else in common – criminal convictions. Ronnie was once convicted for selling bogus watches. I was convicted for perjury. I was given immunity in a grand jury investigation of drug use in sports, soccer specifically. But I lied to the grand jury. I told the grand jury I never used any kind of performance enhancing drugs. I was in college at the time – this was leading up to the 2004 Olympics, so we are talking about 2000. I had this great ambition to qualify for the Olympics, for the USA's soccer team. At the time I did not know that the investigators had evidence that I had used HGH (Human Growth Hormones). The government already had copies of receipts -- records from the lab where I purchased the HGH, and one of the drug executives later testified that I was a regular user of HGH and other performance enhancing drugs such as steroids. I was indicted in federal court for perjury and with all the evidence stacked up against me, I pled guilty and received eighteen months in custody and three years' probation. I was also banned from amateur athletics for life. Right after I was released, I met Mr. Franks who helped me get a job at the bank. Mr. Franks is a saint.

I think it was in early 2006 that I first met Ronnie's roommate, Reggie, in a MacDonald's, on a Sunday afternoon right after New Year's. I happened to bump into them, so I joined them for lunch. Reggie was hung over from a New Year's

Eve party. Reggie was blaming Ronnie for his headache, and Ronnie was saying that Reggie went out on his own to the party, and Reggie is saying that Ronnie should not have let him go out. It was stupid. Reggie, I found out, was a genius at blame-shifting. So, right off the bat, I was uncomfortable being around Reggie. It was clear to me that Reggie treated Ronnie as an inferior and a dupe. Reggie would interrupt with sarcastic remarks when Ronnie was talking. One time we were in a restaurant having lunch, and it started raining. It never rains in Las Vegas, but the rain was really coming down. Ronnie tries to make small talk, and says, "Gee, it's really raining out there." So Reggie glances outside, then turns to Ronnie and makes this snide remark: "Nothing gets past you, does it?"

It was really insulting. Ronnie did not even seem to notice. The more I saw of Reggie, the less I liked Reggie. Reggie reminds me of Anthony Francioso in *A Face in the Crowd*. He is a fast-talking hustler.

Another thing: Reggie used to make fun of people who paid to go to old movies – a put-down of Ronnie and me.

Even so, I found out that Reggie was being helpful to Ronnie. I am not sure why. When Ronnie could not afford to pay rent, Reggie let Ronnie stay on in their apartment rent-free. I think Ronnie was supposed to clean up a bit or something, but did not have to pay rent. The rent on that apartment was expensive. Ronnie told me it was \$4,000 a month for the two bedroom, two bath, third floor apartment. That was the going rental in that part of town. Ronnie would know exactly. I do not know for sure.

Last year just before Christmas, Reggie took me aside and asked me if I would be willing to take some packages over to FedEx for delivery. Then I found out that Reggie wanted me to cover the shipping costs with my credit card. Reggie did not say anything about paying me back, which bothered me. Maybe it was supposed to be understood. So, for no particular reason, I asked what was in the packages. I figured they contained gifts or something. Reggie gave me a slick smile, and said he was sending some vegetables to friends. I thought that was odd, so I asked what kind of vegetables, and Reggie got really hostile and told me to mind my own business. So I said I had lost my credit card, and was waiting for a replacement. That

was a lie, but I did not want to help Reggie out. Reggie said that I must be related to Ronnie because Ronnie had a habit of losing things, too.

I am the first to admit that Ronnie gets distracted about things, and tends to forget about things. But I felt that the sarcasm was uncalled for.

It was in the early summer of 2004 that Ronnie and I were walking on the Las Vegas Strip when a stranger came up to us and told us he had just gone broke playing poker in the casino, and was willing to sell us a designer dress his wife had bought in New York and never even took the price tags off. He had this very nice looking box, and started to open it when Ronnie said, "Hey, I've been there - done that - got the tee shirt." We walked away. Ronnie told me that this was a knock-off scam, and never to fall for it. That's when I learned the details about Ronnie's past conviction for selling a knock-off watch to an undercover police officer. Ronnie said that arrest and conviction was a life changing experience. Ronnie also said that the police sometimes worked a reverse scam by posing as peddlers of knock-offs, then arresting the buyers and charging them with attempted receipt of stolen property. It was then that I told Ronnie about my perjury conviction.

I did not know the details behind Ronnie's conviction when I told Ronnie I could help get a spot at the bank. I only knew Ronnie had a prior conviction. So I said that if Ronnie's probation officer put in a good word, I was sure that Mr. Franks would try to get Ronnie a job. The probation officer wrote a letter of recommendation and Ronnie got a job at the bank.

Ronnie thanked me for the favor, but did not really know the downside of the favor. It is not much of a job. The bank didn't pay much money and there were negligible benefits. That bank is very strict with its employees. They check you out every minute of the day. If an employee was a minute late to work or took a minute too long for lunch, he was docked 15 minutes. I knew one employee who was fired for having a cell phone in his possession while on the job - he told the boss, truthfully, that his wife was going to have their first child any minute. He just wanted to be available by phone. The boss

congratulated him on the impending birth, said that rules are rules, and told him to clean out his locker.

Ronnie is a nice person and wouldn't harm a fly. Ronnie is, if you want to know the truth, a bit dumb and a lot gullible. Not as dumb as Lennie Small in *Of Mice and Men*, but you get the idea. I don't think Ronnie would do anything illegal. Ronnie may have been using a little marijuana, but in anybody's book, that's no big thing.

Reggie, on the other hand, is smart, shrewd, arrogant, and manipulative. Ronnie once told me that Reggie always was working on get rich quick schemes. Ronnie complained that Reggie was upset because Ronnie would not get back into that corner-cutting life.

There is one possible exception, although I am not sure I understand how it worked. I think Ronnie and Reggie were growing and selling weed. I was never allowed to come up to their apartment and I always had to wait outside. Ronnie said it was because Reggie had "company," or whatever, but Ronnie sometimes carried a sweet odor that smelled to me like marijuana. I asked Ronnie about it and was told that it was my imagination, or that the smell must have come from Reggie who smoked a lot. I let it pass.

Reggie's name often came up in discussions with my friends. Many of them knew Reggie. One friend said that if he shook hands with Reggie, he would count his fingers afterwards to see if they were all there. Somebody else said that if Reggie told you that the sun was going to rise in the east, you might want to get up early the next day and look to the east to make certain.

I have no idea why Reggie disappeared just before Ronnie was arrested, but I have my ideas. Maybe Reggie tried something in one of the casinos and is on the run. Maybe it was a drug deal gone bad. Maybe it was something else. Whatever it was, all I can say is "good riddance."

ss/ Dale Spector