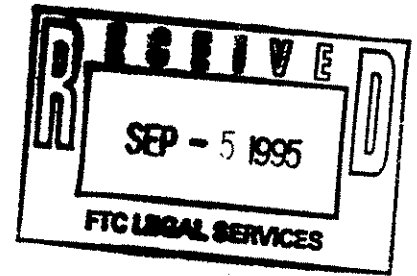


JESSE C. TRENTADUE  
SUITTER AXLAND & HANSON  
175 SOUTH WEST TEMPLE  
7TH FLOOR  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH 84101-1480



August 30, 1995



Marie Carter  
Acting Warden  
Federal Transfer Center  
P.O. Box 898802  
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73189-8802

Re: Kenneth Michael Trentadue  
51098-098

Ms. Carter:

I am writing in reply to your August 21, 1995 letter to my mother informing her that my brother, Kenneth Michael Trentadue, had committed "suicide." Normally I would not have felt compelled to respond to such a letter, but the circumstances of my brother's death and burial demand that your characterization of Kenneth's death as a "suicide" not go unanswered.

Your "suicide" letter arrived the day on which my brother was buried. I have enclosed as Exhibit "A" a photograph of Kenneth's body at the funeral. This is how you returned my brother to us. Kenney was a happy, easy going man who loved life and people. Consequently, he had many friends of all races at his funeral. We shared your "suicide" letter with everyone at Kenneth's funeral and their reaction to that letter was as expected: anger and revulsion. My brother had been so badly beaten that I personally saw several mourners leave the viewing to vomit in the parking lot! Anyone seeing my brother's battered body with his bruised and lacerated forehead, throat cut and blue-black knuckles would not have concluded that his death was either easy or a "suicide!"

When I spoke with you on August 21, 1995, you told me that my brother had hanged himself with a bed sheet. You told me that a guard had checked Ken at approximately 1:00 in the morning on August 21, 1995, and that he was fine. You told me that a guard later found Kenney hanging from a light fixture at 3:00 a.m. You went on to assure me during that conversation that

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Kenneth's death was a suicide because my brother was "in protective custody." According to you, he was in a cell by himself when he died.

I asked you why Kenneth was in protective custody. You said that he had requested it. My brother, however, was not the kind of man to ask for protective custody. Besides, he had been out of the prison system so long that he would not likely encounter any old enemies and Ken was too mellow to look for trouble.

Both my sister, Donna Trentadue Sweeny, and I spoke with Kenneth late in the evening on Saturday, August 19, 1995. Since his arrest in early June, Kenneth called family often. Had Kenneth been threatened, he would have told me. But Kenney said nothing that night about any threat to his life. Neither did he say anything about protective custody.

Ken called on that Saturday evening to say hello and to give us his new address. He also called to ask me to do several things to help him prepare for his upcoming parole board hearing. He asked my sister to send him a money order and to give his wife Carmen his address. He was upbeat and positive during these conversations. His parole violation was only a failure to report to his probation officer. Kenneth had committed no new crimes during all of the years since he had been paroled. During those approximately eight years since he was released from prison, he lived under his own name, Kenneth Michael Trentadue, not this "Bockway" alias you insist upon calling him. Kenneth also married and has a two-month old son: Vito Miguel Trentadue.

Ken and Carmen had a strong marriage. She and the baby last visited Ken on August 14, 1995, the day before he was moved from San Diego to Phoenix, Arizona in route to Oklahoma. Kenney called her Tuesday, August 15, 1995 to say that he was leaving and would write her at the first opportunity. That opportunity came on August 17, 1995, when Kenney wrote both to his wife and my sister to say he was leaving Phoenix for Oklahoma. Those letters were mailed from Phoenix, Arizona and were received after we had been told by you of Kenneth's "suicide." There is no hint of depression in those letters. He did not take his own life. My brother was murdered.

Kenneth and I spent our early years in a southern Appalachian coal camp. They do not make people tougher than those mountain people. Because of that toughness, my brother had the capacity to do time. He was also no stranger to prison.

In his youth, Ken had served two long sentences at hard penitentiaries. These sentences were served at Soledad and Lompoc in California. But Kenneth's criminal career was a thing of the past. Otherwise, he could not have lived all these years on parole without being caught in some illegal activity.

Kenneth clearly had the inner strength to face the parole board, and to accept his sentence. He also had the love and support of a good wife and two families: the Trentadues and the

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Aguilars. Carmen, his wife, had waited for him when he served his last term at Lompoc. She would have waited this sentence too. The thought of his going back to prison would not have caused my brother to take his own life.

In fact, he had earlier told me that he was relieved to get it over with and no longer have the threat of arrest hanging over his head. This does not sound like the man about to take his own life. Neither does the massive trauma my brother suffered before he was killed indicate "suicide." When I spoke with you and your staff on August 21, 1995, I kept hearing references to cremation or suggestions about having Ken cremated. Now I know why.

I am not a pathologist. But you do not have to be a pathologist to see what your guards did to my brother. The photographs that I have enclosed as Exhibits "B", "C" and "D" show the hideous injuries to my brother's head, face and upper body. He was so severely beaten that most of his body was bruised. Exhibit "D" shows where his throat was cut. My brother was obviously not an easy man for your guards to kill. He put up one hell of a fight from the appearance of his injuries and if you had bothered to look, your guards would certainly carry some marks too.

Photographs "E" and "F" show my brother's badly bruised knuckles on both of his hands. Photograph "F" also shows a massive bruise on my brother's left wrist where a guard held him and, as shown by Photograph "G", the guard's other hand was locked vice-like onto my brother's left biceps. The guard's fingerprints are still clearly visible in Photograph "G." Similar bruising appears on my brother's other biceps.

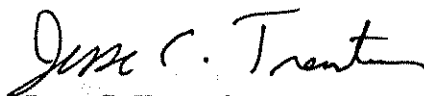
My brother was in good physical condition. He was a powerful man as is evident from the photographs of his biceps. Given his physical conditioning, he would not have bruised easily. He took, therefore, some massive blows for this bruising to have occurred. Given his physical strength, it took at least three of your guards to murder him and one of these guards was probably left-handed.

In order to kill my brother, your guards had to get him off of his feet. Your guards are trained to bring a strong prisoner like my brother to the ground where he can be more easily controlled. They are taught to do this by directing baton blows or other blows to the prisoner's lower legs and feet. My brother's body shows bruising on his calves, shins, knees and feet. Once he was downed in this manner, two guards held him and the third guard, possibly left-handed, killed him. I think this third guard was left-handed because my brother's throat was cut on his right side whereas Ken was right-handed. The right side of the throat would seem to be the natural side for a left-handed person to cut whether he made that cut facing my brother or while standing behind him.

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I will always be grateful to my brother for his love of live, great heart and strength. Had my brother been less of a man, you guards would have been able to kill him without inflicting so much injury to his body. Had that occurred, Kenney's family would forever have been guilt ridden over his death. Each of us would have lived with the pain of thinking that Kenneth took his own life and that we had somehow failed him. By making the fight he did for his life, Ken has saved us that pain and God bless him for having done so!

Suitter Axland & Hanson

  
Jesse C. Trentadue

JCT/bmw  
Enclosure

cc: Wilma Lou Trentadue  
5631 Rochelle Avenue  
Westminster, CA 92683

Carmen Trentadue  
2742 Wardlow Avenue  
San Diego, California 92154

Donna Sweeny  
5651 Rochelle Avenue  
Westminster, CA 92683

Hand deliver to:

Michael Hood  
Regional Counsel  
United States Bureau of Prisons  
4211 Cedar Springs Road  
Dallas, Texas 75219

Fed-Ex:

Jeff Jenkins  
Special Agent, FBI

USAC04 1831



USA003 1768

**EXHIBIT A**



**EXHIBIT B**



**EXHIBIT C**





**EXHIBIT D**





**EXHIBIT E**



**EXHIBIT F**



**EXHIBIT G**