

April 9, 2006 8:30 am

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James Kimble, Reporter

The Eagle - Tribune

46 W. Broadway
Derry, NH 03038

Box One Hundred
Lawrence, MA 01842

Dear James:

Thank you for your letter dated 4/5/06 which was given to me about 10:00 pm on 4/8/06, opened.

It pleases me to be able to correspond with a reporter who has convinced me that your desire is to be objective and concise. So, I will give some information to the public through you. I am a 47 year old, overweight woman without a criminal record, a Justice of the Peace and a Notary Public, a hard working American, a resident of the State of New Hampshire since April 7, 1987. I don't have children, but I love children. My beautiful five horses, my faithful Dalmatian, "Demetrius", and many of my gentle, beautiful rabbits, have been unlawfully taken from me by the Epping Police who detained me without an arrest warrant and who then called the SPCA to take my beloved animals from me. I have never neglected my precious animals. They are all I have, having lost my only true and loving partner and common law husband, the late, great, Dr. Wilfred Joseph LaBarre. It was "Bill", (the name he gave himself at the

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LaBarre to
Kimble

age of 15 according to him) who taught me the science of chiropractic, who gave me the principals and fundamentals for good character, and the desire to help mankind. It was Bill LaBarre who loved me with all his heart and soul. It was Bill LaBarre who left me all his prized horses, the farmhouse both he and I love so dearly, on the beautiful and rolling land called "Red Oak Hill." He used to sit and eat lunch on the top of the main field of "Keep" (where our horses used to graze in complete silence and peace) back in the early 1960's (long before I knew him) and he dreamed of owning the land and the old farmhouse. I am not sure of the exact date it was built but I've heard perhaps 1777 or earlier. It was Daniel Webster Harvey who owned the farm at that time and it was Dan who financed Bill LaBarre's dream of owning it. Dan is a genius who lives with his beautiful wife Louise. His family settled in Epping before the constitution was drafted I believe. They are all wonderful and hardworking people. I love them. Bill and I are the same, meaning he and I shared the dream of maintaining the continuity of Red Oak Hill by not giving in to the demand for land by others who only want to develop the land, thereby destroying forever the beauty, peace, and quiet of what has been

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LaBarre to
Kimble

called, "the most Beautiful land in New Hampshire" By a Senator who flew over it in a plane and who would visit the farm. I was the common law wife of Mr. LaBarre but after almost five years of legal battle with the Dept. of Revenue, and having to haul junk, trash, and debris to survive financially, which I did not mind doing, I finally instructed an Attorney to file a non-suit w/o prejudice to end the issue, thereby settling the issue, and (unlawfully) having to pay the State of New Hampshire almost a quarter million in Succession & Legacy tax.

I was in chambers with an attorney in November, 2005, with Judge Maher who asked me why I was paying the tax when it was known I was his wife. Over twenty-seven good, honest, people were willing to come to court to testify on behalf of myself and Bill LaBarre as being married. Even though we have an RSA pertaining to common law marriages, and even though the State itself named me on his certificate as his spouse, the Dept. of Revenue could not care less. This law should be changed and New Hampshire should simply have into effect a new law stating that common law marriage is not recognized because the battle to prove it will bankrupt anyone.

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LaBarre to
Kimble

I respect the people of New Hampshire and I have lived a simple life, not the life of a rich woman. Anyone who really knows me, knows that I prefer to go around town in my old ~~clothes~~ work clothes, staying close to my farm doing daily chores, feeding and loving all my animals, and cooking for friends.

As a Baptist, I have complete faith in God and am always amazed at the power of the Father and Holy One. After Bill LaBarre passed away on Dec. 2, 2000 from Arterio-sclerotic Heart disease and High Blood Pressure, I've had to carry on against all odds to protect all that he and I worked so hard to achieve. Having grown up in the great State of Alabama and having chopped and picked cotton since the age of 5, I am a person who appreciates the smell of the Earth, the song of the Bird, and the sweet, silent, sleep that comes at the end of the day when a tired, old, farmer, like me, lays down to rest. Fancy things don't mean anything to me. The privacy and peace and quiet I once had, being with my precious horses, dog, and rabbits, being able to help others; that's all that matters.

I am not being portrayed by the police correctly. To answer your question

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LaBaruto
Kimble

regarding "search warrant"; the answer is, no, they did not show me or serve me on "hand me" a search warrant. I was very sad to see the broken and forever damaged old, family, framed, portraits in my attic as well as the mess they left behind. My animals and I were placed in "~~shock~~" By this home intrusion and in my mind illegal entry on my property and illegal search of my home, vehicles, Barn, land, and out buildings. They lied to me and falsely claimed that they said they would be there that evening at 5:00 pm. That's a total lie. I could name the one who actually told the lie, But for now, I'll not; maybe later I will name him. I will tell you that there were three of them, two cars, and perhaps others trespassing (as they clearly were) on my actual land or in my woods, or in my trees. They did not have my permission to be on or in any portion of my property. One of them had a large rifle he called a "Bushwhacker". I don't know if he gave the right name or not; I do know I felt badgered, intimidated and terrified. My main gate was shut by me when I left and I had the uneasy feeling that people were in my woods due to my instinct and the fact that my horses

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LaBarreto
Kimble

Kept staring in the direction of the woods, (115 acres more or less to be exact) at someone or at more than one person. They don't behave like that unless people (not animals) are actually trespassing. In the past, meaning 2005, during hunting season, which I don't allow, with posted land, a gang of 8 men with weapons were spotlighted by me and one was known to me. When I ordered them to leave, they turned off their lights (it was night) and simply walked a few feet into my woods and stopped. I almost had a heart attack that night and did have to go to the hospital incurring a huge bill without insurance. I tried in vain to get Chief Dodge to arrest them, but he stated that he had been "taking his trash" to one of them at the dump for years and they were friends and his "friend" and his friend's friend had "no criminal intent." He refused to uphold my legal rights as he has done to me ever since I moved to Epping in 1987. He told me more than once that he was putting "unfounded" on any report I made or would make. He has never liked me. I have never been disrespectful to him. But, he has always disliked me and he was the one who illegally reported me as being in a "stolen vehicle" in Manchester when he knew I was in one

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LaBarne to
Kimbelle

of my own vehicles because I was talking to him on the phone. I was never a fugitive from justice. I was not under arrest and I had three (3) handicapped friends with me who almost had seizures, (they are both epileptics) Their Mother, Pamela, or all of them could seek legal recourse over this cruel display of Chief Dodge's "POWER" and his complete and ~~un~~intentional behavior regarding making a false stolen car report to the Manchester, NH police Eight squad cars and multiple officers detained us and searched my car without a warrant. My dear friends and I were detained, injured emotionally, and kept out in the cold for a long time. Such injustice! This has to stop! All Americans are afforded the right to civil liberty, but, not if you're not one of the Chief's so called "friends". I am not a fake type of person, I'm just a simple human being trying to survive.

Regarding my "treatment" here in Strafford, well, let's see, I've suffered with migraine headaches, been refused band-aids and the wounds on my heels are infected and hurt, I had a "light heart attack" on 4/9/06 at approximately 10:15pm and after a 5 second wrist pulse check by a female was told to "Cut the crap" by the male supervisor and was left alone to suffer, which I did for another 24 hrs, with a bleeding nose, dizzy and blurred vision. God himself helped me, because no one here did. I stayed in the same position, helpless and alone all night and 1/2 the next day.

S.C. D. of C. Handbook. Read the rules. I've noted that it be opened in my presence. Carve any word misspelled and print as is. By typewriter format, please.

Sincerely
Melp
Sabare

James Kimble, Request
The Registrar
Box One Hundred
Lawrence, MA 01842
160 Broadway
Dorchester MA 01938

Dear James,
Thank you for thinking of me and for your beautiful handwriting.
Regarding your question about "How are they treating you in jail"

P.S. Please copy every handwritten page and return copies to same to me. Thank you.

P.S. says Sabare to Kimble
You may write to me again, but they open my mail away from my presence. Get a copy of the

I only today (after asking in writing and verbally for 4 days) was handed a medical consent form which still has to be signed in front of a witness, but after days of refusing to give it to me, after days of them saying "We're working on it!", finally today at approx. 2pm on 4/9/06 I got it, yet the C.O. would not witness my signature even though it does not say it has to be notarized. They want it notarized. Thank God I put in that request for notary services in writing days ago.

They will not let me call anyone. They will not let me call my lawyers without me repeatedly, at intervals, meaning once or twice a day asking nicely to call. Even then, they just ignore me, mostly.



The Eagle-Tribune

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Pulitzer Prize Winner

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Please send copy to me of your typed copy
trimmed down to size if you print my
letter. I prefer it to not be edited, please.
You are the only voice I have at this
moment. Thank God for Freedom of the Press.
I have not talked to or written to any other
paper. The people of Massachusetts were very
good to me. Bless everyone in New Hampshire
and Massachusetts!