

**From:** [Jane Davis](#)  
**To:** [DOJ: Commission on Law Enforcement Accountability](#)  
**Subject:** Police misconduct  
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Commission,

Thank you for availing yourselves to this group and your time in reviewing my claims and assertions relative to the above mentioned topic.

While I am not a woman of color, I am a minority nonetheless. I hope not to diminish or detract from the anguish people of color routinely suffer from, but it is my hope to broaden the scope of scrutiny so that issues revolving around law enforcement and women in general are also reviewed. Systematic diminishment and outright abuse does not occur solely in a sexual context as has been highlighted in the #Metoo movement. I refer to my circumstances, in fact, as the #Mealone movement due to the threats and resultant isolation I have lived with over the course of many years. While I did not end my life in a jail cell as Sandra Bland did and did not have much in common with her, we both deeply understood one thing--that outcomes are frequently fixed where law enforcement is concerned.

I bear no ill will to the police in general. I never have. However, I have been driven all my life by an unceasing instinct to expose deviousness and abuse which compels me to create this document regarding what I consider to be egregious misconduct involving a NH police chief. Subsequent to my repeated and futile attempts to alert him to a serious and dangerous criminal matter about which he had explicit information, he became the subject of media and legal scrutiny involving credibility issues within his own department. These circumstances signalled to me a continued sign of his professional duplicity. I was so pointedly spurned after visits, multiple phone calls and, in desperation, a letter, that I fought for two years before the judiciary committee in Concord to create a new law which I will explain the nature of momentarily. With the help of senators Lou D'Allesandro & David Boutin, the law was signed by Governor Lynch which addresses the safety & security of children in our state.

The recent confluence of events involving the unspeakable brutality of George Floyd's death, the hideous Epstein/Maxwell scenario and, most recently, the killing of the son of Federal Judge Salas is a manifestation of the dynamics that have

been at play in my life for a very long time. That is to say I was fighting a terrifying David & Goliath battle with very wealthy sex offenders who the police blatantly protected while all the rest-- all male-- insulted, blamed, subjected me to excoriating rants, patronized, ignored and lectured me. Each and every interaction was like a steel toed boot in the face. I can firmly and unequivocally state here that I am not faint of heart. Nonetheless, each exchange I had resulted in leaving me seeing stars. Like it or not, there were gender dynamics at play. There were three other children who had disappeared when my son did at the hands of my parents in collusion with my former husband. Their whereabouts were sought by state, federal & local authorities while I was on my own. I eventually hired an ex police officer who was working as a private detective. After a lengthy description of the circumstances that beset me and the terror that gripped me, I made the mistake of stating that my father was a doctor. I thought this bit of information would underscore the power imbalance that existed as I described the continual stalking & threats I had to deal with at which point he blurted out, "That's stalking" and abruptly hung up on me. I would like to make a specific point: Even the woman whose common law husband killed her daughter was granted more credibility than I was simply because of a male presence in her home. I had no time to date. I worked two jobs besides which my sole focus and purpose was my indescribably loved son. In each of the other lost child scenarios, there was a man.

The role and importance of law ENFORCEMENT should and must be compensation for when all other methods of addressing crime fail. I always knew I had to tread lightly where the police and my parents were concerned as my mother and father always got a pass. When interacting with the law, depending on who showed up and their character/perspective, police could be as damning as they could be helpful. My brother, who was savagely sexually assaulted by my parents, and I have known this all of our lives. They were always my last resort.

Here is a list of those individuals, offices & organizations I tried to report my parents to and why I was in dire need of intervention:

1. 2 different police departments
2. The press
3. Health & Human Services
4. The Manchester Mental Health Center (our parents were depraved)
5. The NH Medical Association

6. Central High School, Manchester
7. Private investigator -- as described
8. NH Attorney General's Office on multiple occasions
9. 7-8 attorneys--most didn't return my inquiries or calls
10. Manchester, NH mayoral office

This is why we need responsiveness and conscience and not just the Blue Wall of Silence. A uniform does not make a man or woman.

To illustrate that my efforts to expose malfeasance is not just an attempt to target police, I will offer this examples should those reading my account doubt my credibility:

In 2010 the Laconia Sun reported my ill fated whistle blowing efforts to expose the fraudulent activity implicated in the 33 million dollar FMR Ponzi scheme, the biggest crime in the history of NH. People were swindled out of their entire life savings. My son began to disappear while I was training in school and under the mentorship of a real estate appraiser who was falsely assigning values to properties associated with FMR. People committed suicide. One individual was swindled out of \$185,000. I was simultaneously trying to both frantically find my son and get the NH Real Estate Board to suspend the license of the individual for whom I worked. These were enormously fraught & difficult times for me. Without the outstanding valor and moral compass of former Bureau of Securities regulator Mark Connolly talking me through the trauma and menace of those circumstances, I might have ended up much like Sandra Bland.

I still don't know where or how my son is.

Jane Davis