

The Shame of John Middleton

I met John in high school after he went over his handle bars on his bike, landed on his face and was wrapped up like a mummy with bandages. Everyone in school knew John. He had the nick name 'little bow diddleton,' and 'Skiddleton." I told the kids not to do that as it was cruel.

We worked in an ice house and we hung out for a while. John had called OSHA as the equipment was unsafe. I felt that John was a standup guy for the safety of others.

I introduced him to a kid in the neighborhood that I will call HD. I guess HD and John were good friends. I was friends with HD's dad, a psychologist.

HD had a violent streak. He had beaten a kitten to death with a crow bar. I stopped hanging out with HD. I was going to college. I met John again when I was visiting HD's father. John had a girlfriend that I will use the initials LA. She was pregnant with John's baby. He then paid for her first abortion and go with her to the clinic.

She was young, intelligent lady that worked at a bakery, a teenager. She would get pregnant by John again. John mentioned that on the second abortion, he had just given her money for the abortion and he didn't go with her. LA's mother put a restraining order on John as she was a teen and John being in his twenties. He told me that when she wanted money for a third abortion he shook her pocket book and found birth control pills and dumped her.

Several years later he was living in an apartment complex were I also lived. We would see each other occasionally. He

moved to house on Amherst Street and began dating Lynda. She was an intelligent sweet lady that was married. John said that he would go to her house to pick her up and her husband would ask John if he had money to take her out and give him a 20 dollar bill every time he went over. There was a divorce and John married her. She had 3 children.

Lynda was a good person. They had told me that there had been an accident on the road. Lynda had told John to stop the car. Someone was bleeding profusely. Lynda stopped their bleeding till the ambulance arrived.

I bumped into Lynda at a pharmacy in 83. I visited them at an apartment on Canal Street. They seemed happy. My mother had just come out of St Joseph's hospital and was a vegetable. My father was recovering from cancer surgery and undergoing radiation. So I would visit with them.

When I had mentioned that my mother had been brutally assaulted by Hughes, Lynda had mentioned that Hughes had her addicted to narcotics and was sexually assaulting her and many women that they both knew. John told her to stay away from him, but did not contact the authorities.

I went over to one of their Percodan parties. Several women were there who were also addicted to narcotics. I was able to look at their prescriptions, Dr Hughes. Told John to contact the police. He said that they are legal prescriptions. I did not go to their alcohol/narcotic parties again. But John would call and tell me about them.

I moved my parents to Maine to get better medical care. My father was recovering from cancer surgery, my mother was

still a vegetable on a slew of medications from the late Dr. Von Oldenburg. Then we moved along the coast.

I called John and he told me that the city was a rain storm of narcotics by Hughes and other doctors. Lynda and her friends were being sexually assaulted by many doctors in the city for narcotics. He would not call the police. He mentioned that a woman was so 'wasted' on narcotics that he saw her fall to the ground and her baby was between her and the ground. He then had called the police as not to take responsibility for this.

He told me that Lynda was being sexually assaulted by several practitioners in Nashua in exchange for narcotics, including a dentist. I told him that he should report this. I mentioned that the board of medicine would not take a complaint from me concerning what had been done to my mother by Hughes as they wanted the 'victim,' to report this. And being Lynda's husband may hold more weight. He did not put in a complaint.

He spoke of getting genital warts from one of Lyndas friends, a heroin addict prostitute from Georgia. She had moved in with them. He described his crotch blooming like cauliflowers, and he had to have them burned off. I would not hear from him for years.

Then we spoke again. He said that he was having an affair with another woman. She has a lot of land in the country, to which he got a divorce with Lynda and kept her three children. He said that it had cost him \$ in the divorce but it was worth it. I felt that John was a good man to continue to care for the children.

They lived in the country. I spoke with John. Sent him a book. He told me how this wife was a drunk and nothing was being done as far as detox/rehabilitation.

He was saying how his 'best friend,' HD had been lost in the NH psychiatric system after having brain surgery. His brother and sister looted his money, and 8 years later they went and found him. John kept repeating that HD was his 'best friend,' but John had done nothing to locate him in the 8 years. HD's brother had suicided, by taking a bullet to the head according to John.

He told me how his daughter, not his biological daughter with his second wife, but Lynda's daughter had married a wealthy man, but he was cheating on her, she was sensitive and could not take it. She said that she could not go home as their home had always been a drug alcohol den.

She killed herself on the phone with John on the other end. At this point, John called the authorities. By the time the police had arrived she was dead. John said that he found her 'wealthy,' husband with another woman.

He would talk about working in the classified defense lab that my father worked in. It was originally the environmental testing laboratory at Sanders. My father had worked there and had retired. Then owned by Lockheed and finally BAE systems. Electronic defense communications testing which is all classified. I reminded him, that I did not work in classified projects since I was in my twenties and was not interested in hearing about what he was doing. He elaborated that most of the workers were addicted to heroin and had to be let go, he boasting that he had found them jobs. And that he had seen the former child girlfriend, LA, and she was 'hot.'

He told how he survived colon cancer, no one had helped him. I would call, but my calls were not returned.

Later he called and told me that his alcoholic wife had died. I talked about HD's psychologists father's wild sessions. John was rather chipper. Mentioning that his biological daughter was next to him in the car and that we should be careful what we talked about. He didn't seem to be too concerned about the drug parties and the drug addicts that were constantly around Lynda's children when they were younger. He told of how successful Lynda's other two children were. I was pleased to hear this, considering all their environmental challenges. John must have done something right.

I would contact him for some testimony as to what he had seen with my mother being a vegetable after Hughes and St Josephs had crippled her. I explained that I was getting severe anxiety and panic attacks on exposure to these environments. I needed acknowledgement. He would do nothing, not even a return phone call. Just like he did or didn't do with Lynda and her late daughter.

People have told me that Middleton is not a friend as friends help each other.

Written by Otto Snow 5/11/2020