

THE DESPERADOS

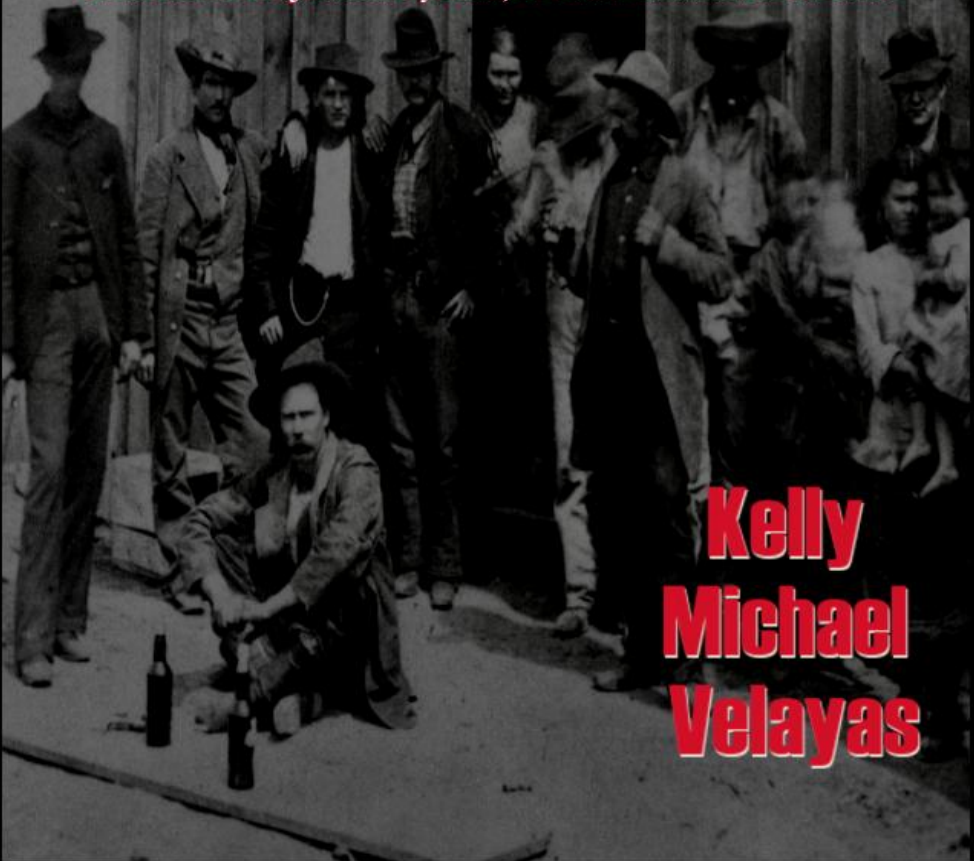
# The Desperados

*Our Posse - Our Gang*

**The story of how Randy Louis Nyman,  
the cop killer, was brought back to justice.**

**How the Texas Law Enforcement Community (*with a few criminals*),  
put a Cop Killer back behind bars, after he was released by a corrupt  
element in our Judicial System, to run a criminal network...**

**Kelly  
Michael  
Velayas**



Kelly Michael Velayas

# THE DESPERADOS

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KELLY  
MICHAEL  
VELAYAS

# **THE DESPERADOS**

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This is a story told in parables, and out of respect for those that fell – and their families; much will be told without revealing anyone's names, except the murderers.

## LEGAL STATEMENT:

I, Kelly Michael Velayas – author to this story – hereby swear to God, that Randy Louis Nyman asked me to write and or make his story into a movie (or book).

Under Texas Law – a verbal agreement is binding – Law.

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This book (The Desperados) is published as a work of fiction – based on real events: Our Law Enforcement Community's (*and a few criminal's*) great endeavor – fighting gangs, criminals in jails, the courts, members in their own community – people in society...but some of the older judges did help.

I was there – I saw it – many officers refused to follow orders – and risked their careers (their lives – even jail sentences) to do what they believed was right – in memory of the many victims; the families of the fallen officers, a child, their many loved ones.

Note: As stated before, many criminals, also lent a hand – followed orders, and gave.

This story depicts analogies of individuals and actual events (truths), enormous conflicts that pitted politicians, courts, law enforcement, gangs – against one another...and because of the extreme conflicts – and out of respect for the fallen, and their family members – this book will remain – *categorized* – as an, “Analogy of Truth,” concealing various individuals, tragedies, and other aspects of this difficult case – hoping that *that* might dampen the flames, help heal the wounds, rather than enrage further conflicts...thus, *this* account is a work of fiction, based on a true story.

\*Note: The two cop killers here within this story, are named in: Roger Dale Hester and Randy Louis Nyman, and everything *in this*

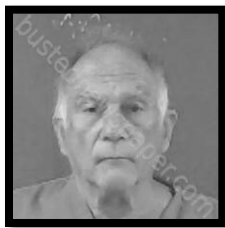
*story* that depicts Randy Louis Nyman, will be true. Yes, he asked me to write a book, and or make a movie about his life after he was released from prison. Yes, he openly admitted to killing a police officer – in fact, he admitted to killing 4. He spoke openly about his time in jail, and his life, before his initial arrest in 1973.

Regardless of the various deviations that I feel are necessary to tell this story – the end result – cannot be denied. Randy Louis Nyman (the cop killer), the head of a major meth distribution network, and Texas' Aryan Brotherhood chapter, was put back in jail, on March 7<sup>th</sup>, 2025.

NYMAN, RANDALL LOUIS: was booked in Van Zandt County, Texas.

Additional information:

**Mugshot Below:**



Name: NYMAN, RANDALL LOUIS

Height: 5'10"

Hair: Gray

Eye Color: Brown

Weight: 194

Race: White

Sex: Male

Arrested by: DPS COMMUNICATIONS TYLER – TXDPS2500

Booked: 2025-03-07

Charges: MURDER (No Bond)

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## OPENING

The Eagles' Song – *Desperado* –

The second studio album by the Eagles, which was made the same year that *The Fallen* depicted in this story – *fell* (1973)...was called “Desperado.” The cover image is the various band members, Don Henley, Glenn Frey, Bernie Leadon, and Randy Meisner, dressed as cowboys, carrying weapons and two of them, holding rifles...and the namesake (song) of the album (*Desperado*) was about a loner – a man that foolishly set-off by himself, guided by a desire – wanting something he could never have...

The song begins with a piano solo – Don Henley tells his story. He sings – *but he doesn't*. The lead singer of The Eagles *talks*, in a poetic style, about someone...and us – *as we listen* – know the man that he speaks of...

Visions appear of a face – eyes – a mouth – a smile – someone. In each of our lives, we've known a, “Desperado.” For me, he was an ex-Marine from Shreveport, Louisiana – Tom...with a broken heart – a broken family – with a mother that would never turn her back on her son...but he couldn't do anything right – nor kick his vices. He was a friend – that would die for you in a fight – but you couldn't trust him with anything, *in life*. And – he – the man I speak of – has left us...and the brief time I knew him, and worked with him – actually, he worked for me...but I never made a profit from him. His habits were too destructive. The man was chaos, but I still have good memories – and enjoyed his company.

In truth, I've known a few “Desperados”...and I doubt if I ever knew a man that wasn't – at some point in his life – the embodiment of the, “Desperado,” that Don sings about...



We must all go our separate way – at some point in time – and unfortunately for many, the place we end-up isn't where we wanted to go.

“That's life,” so they say. All is...

The Desperados – in this story – are many. From judges that took off their robes – and mocked their own careers, for the right reason...and lower-level police officers – that spent their entire childhood dreaming of being *just* what they had become – police officers – only to risk everything (their career) not in a fight against criminals, but for integrity – in an attempt to do the right thing...

*How can that be?* they thought...*they never taught me this at the academy* – but that's part of the struggle too.

...and detectives, and jail guards, and the hidden managers of courts and our police stations...and criminals in jails that risked life, limb – their honor as men – as they laid down – but were ordered to do so...by those *they* were loyal to...

*I did everything I was asked to do...*

Men cried in bathrooms...fought...got divorces...co-workers screamed and yelled – families broke-up...children's hearts broke. And the Desperados marched forward, and those before the men that sacrificed – the men that fell – their children, their families...the *children* that never were...their entire lives...

The eyes watched *from the past* – through the lost years. They saw the pain – there was no end. It grew. There was no repose, no safe place. They didn't want this. They never asked for what the Desperados tried to do...They didn't want more destruction.



The dead were held up like trophies by the murderers...and the resolve of the Desperados grew, but so did the sacrifice...

“Hope.” We pray. We try to do what’s right. The eyes watch. Yeah...in the end...we know...

Maybe – our time to be the “Desperado” – is over...*maybe not*.

And, our *Desperados* – that we see in our memories are gone. They’ve long left us, and whether they did good or bad, or hated, or spited – loved...whether we hated them – or loved them – or did them right or wrong – whether we *warned* them – or didn’t...whether they could or couldn’t be saved...all was a tragedy...and nothing ever could be fixed.

We can’t undo the past – we can’t repair life, like we do other things (an engine or transmission in a truck) – something that’s broken – with tools or glue...

Does anyone save anyone?

In the end – just like in the song – *everything’s too late*...

## THE YEAR: 1973

*The Men & San Antonio, Texas*

Over a half a century has past...South-Central Texas was different.

There were no high-rise buildings on the San Antonio skyline – men wore suits and hats in public. Maybe, you could say – Texas was more unforgiving – but it was also slower and more deliberate. Yes, possibly, “More cruel,” but that wasn’t all true – either.

When you were in public – there were standards – but in private, there were great tolerances. Not like today – where everything everyone does is recorded by electronics – at the touch of a button – easy to obtain in an investigation.

“Your home,” was just that – *yours*. And Texans knew to respect – *that*.

Men spoke – there weren’t so many gadgets. There was one TV per household – and some – mostly in the rural areas, still only had radios...and the families were happy with that arrangement. People used their imaginations – they still read books and newspapers – thus radios were an advancement.

Oh, and “Radios,” were AM or FM – and some still only had AM. But the songs were either gospel or country. There might be one station that played rock n’ roll – but that *dial number* – was often, “off limits,” at *the good homes*...

Yes – there were still places – communities – towns – counties that worried about the ideas that entered the minds of their children. They guarded bad influences – monitored conversations. There we

no gas pumps that not only pumped fuel into your car, but ideas (commercials) into your mind.

Adults spoke to each other – children played amongst themselves – outside. If a child entered the room – the topic changed. If friends met – they would leave the kids together in the car – while they spoke in a café or restaurant.

And everyone went to church – *everyone*. Maybe not every Sunday – but often enough that people asked where you were, at the grocery store or work, if they didn't see you.

And, if you didn't want to go – your family dragged you there – kicking and screaming – if needed.

Of course, there were a few older men – that were angry with the Lord, that simply would never go *again* – and we won't mention the tragedies they endured in their lives, at this place and time. But, know that – “*the many*” understood, shrugged and or nodded at these exceptions.

Often – especially in The Bible Belt “Texas” – boys and girls married out of high school – to keep their amorous relations “respectable,” and heaven help you if you lost *respect*. It was society; parents, siblings, grandparents, distant family members and all their friends, that pressured the couple to stay true...But, of course, there were the exceptions – a couple that wanted nothing but the only heaven on earth – a marriage; to be loyal and love someone (just one person) and “their other,” would happily return the gift; *grace* – love, *'til death do them part*.

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Nixon was still president, and The Space Race, spurred on by The Cold War (which was our posturing with Russia, over nuclear weapons) was, “Our Preoccupation.”

Vietnam – stole our boys – but they went willingly in the tragedy, to fulfill their duty – without complaint, and when they returned, they were called names, “Baby killers,” was the most common.

Of note: Our war – Vietnam – was borderless – and unwinnable. Few will tell you, how many in “Government” were actually against the conflict altogether – but they remained silent (unless behind closed doors) – out of respect for, “our boys.”

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And, things were changing – 1973 was a middle year (a middle ground) of a great pivot-point in American history (that few talk about – now). All – everyone knew the ground was shifting – right beneath our feet – and not for the better. Seldom do things change “For the better.”

...*Every slight* – every degree – every angle – our currency went from “Silver Money” to “Fiat Banknotes” – school shootings began in Austin, Texas, only a few years before – with Charles Whitman in “The Tower.” The aforementioned war (Vietnam) made everyone question our Federal Government – which changed in many ways. Laws gridlocked Washington and our many capitals (in each state), and “The Laws,” had an army of snakes (called lawyers) to uphold – and enforce the “gridlock” filing lawsuit after lawsuit, if anyone attempted the fix things, or make them better...Legal abortion was about to start, then spiral out of control, and families began to splitter, but we weren’t *there* just yet...but it had begun.

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Rodeos were still common – and riding a bull (in a rodeo) at least once in your life, was part of Texan’s “Rite of Passage,” in becoming a, “Man.” And – anyone – could do it. All you need do was stand-up when the announcer asked for volunteers. There were no contracts – or attorneys involved. No helmets. No body armor. And – seldom – but it did happen, a woman would stand – to show-up a man or the men – if and when nobody answered the call.

Yes. Girls and *the* women were different in Texas – I remember them. They hadn’t been fooled in thinking selling-out their family for false, “power” in society, would benefit them – or their family – in anyway. They stood with their men – and their men stood

alongside them. And the women were tough – much stronger than the women of today’s society – that believe they have, “Power.”

They were “Family Women” and their pride was just that – their family. Their happiness came from growing their children – not for appearance’s sake – but in the vein of strength – and dealing with life, which they knew – encompassed tragedy – and there’s no shame in that...

As a matter of fact – they taught “Shame” was not, nor should be part of man’s view or understanding. Overcoming “Weakness” and “Fear” was a great endeavor – a “Good Battle,” to fight – and not a reason to ask, or beg for hand-outs.

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And the men, (the fallen) that’s the focal point of this story (that will remain nameless, here) were in their early twenties – bright-eyed – hopeful – bachelors – but one was already a father.

*...their vision of life before them...our men – of this story...knew, they would obtain the American Dream – it was just a matter of time – hard work – focus...*

They followed the rules – the laws – they gave themselves to a main aspect of American culture: Law, Order & Justice (our American way). But, as mentioned before – unfortunately – for our young men – and many others like them, as I mentioned before, things in America were changing...

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The Night – *it happened* –

Feb. 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1973 – in the middle of night – a call came into the police about stolen TV sets. A description of the vehicle (a van) was given...

Graveyard shift, police patrols combed the highways, and since it was so late – or should I say – so early in the morning, a vehicle matching the description was identified.

Two police officers pulled over the white van for a license plate violation. An officer approached the driver. Another walked alongside the rear of the van, walking to the passenger (as backup).

When both men stood at the driver-side and passenger-side windows, the driver pulled a .38 revolver and shot the officer approaching him – the second officer heard the blast – unbuckled his weapon – but was shot in the temple by a .22 pistol – *point blank*. Both officers fell to the ground – dead. The van sped away.

A few minutes later, a car (a bystander) saw the police cruiser and two men (in uniform) lying motionless on the ground. They stopped their car – then called the incident in (over the police cruiser's radio).

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Prior to the officers leaving their vehicle – they called dispatch, and gave the license plate number of the van – make and model of the vehicle also.

The corresponding address and registration of the plate number was issued, and officers responded (to that house). Two men were arrested – taken into custody – with .38 and .22 caliber pistols.

The offenders were identified – brought into a room for questioning – sat-down – read their Miranda Rights – asked if they wanted an attorney – each declined, then both confessed to killing a police officer. The confessions were documented – witnesses, and signed by both offenders.

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There's a weight in the life of Law Enforcement officers – many in our military – those that take-on the (mostly unwanted) responsibilities of society. To be honest – though few would (or want to admit to it) it's a fear...

A worry (a fear) of going the wrong direction – slipping-off the edge of the scale. The more that's realized – the more that's viewed, thus understood – the line they walk gets thinner and more restricted.

Each officer (manager) is viewed – analyzed – every day – every hour – not only by those they work with, but by criminals (too). Each (set of eyes) is clinical – analytical – calculating – noting and probing...

None may give – none may allow – but all must. There's no other way to do the job. Where? When? How?

The men and women in Law Enforcement have far stricter tolerances than most citizens, in society (at large). They must – but they also know – their tolerances – their allowances – are part of a strict regiment that they know, they must obey.

To lose the respect of their contemporaries – might be to lose their protection – thus, to lose their life (their livelihood), maybe their family...



## THE DESPERADOS

What I'm trying to get at – these men and women worry about everyday activities – amorous relations – doing good at the yearly pick neck – respectability among their colleagues (equals)...

Then – two of them (young men) are shot dead – in cold blood – without rhyme or reason...on a traffic stop – called-in after a burglary (of TV sets).

*The rest – in writing...Soon to be released...*