

HB2045 – For Testimony -

State of Oregon - Predator William Albert Nosack DOB 11/1957 – Change the Sex Offender’s Law
Scoring System doesn’t protect the public.

By Deborah Hines

Let me tell you a story. A true story not fiction.

An innocent girl of 16. Late 1970’s. It was during Thanksgiving and I was having dinner with my family. I just got my driver’s license so I loved to drive every chance I got. My Uncle needed a ride home so I gladly volunteered to give him a ride home.

Let’s go back in time of what he did prior to me taking him home but I was unaware of the history.

My uncle had assaulted sexually other members of the family, including a girl in the town he grew up in Toledo Oregon. Nothing was done to him for sexually assaulting her so a bunch of guys took revenge on him and beat my uncle up.

I drove my uncle home. He gave me directions to his new apartment he had just gotten. I didn’t know my way around very well in Portland. I got to his place a large complex and parked on the curb on the street and he said do want to see my new place. He seemed excited so I went in. I walked in the door to his studio apartment with a huge closet to the left of me that had a mattress on the floor in the closet. As I turned to my left I was knocked to the ground with force from behind my knees and on the floor with him on top of me. I was sexually assaulted with a knife in his hand. I had to talk my way out of his apartment which he blocked me from leaving until I could convince him I wouldn’t tell anyone as he had a knife in his hand still. I knew if I screamed or made a noise I wasn’t going to walk out of there. After time went by I was able to leave. I remember running down the hall out the big doors and down the stairs like it was yesterday. I am now 55 years old, almost 56. By the car was phone booth. Yep there were no cell phones back then. I started to go to it and then I realized he might see me and got in the car instead. I didn’t know my way very well or really knew the area where I was. (SE Portland). I drove until I got to Milwaukie Bowl where I stopped on the way home because I was in pieces! I couldn’t hardly talk but my boyfriend worked there so I stopped and ran into the bathroom...my boyfriend followed me into the girls bathroom because he knew something was horribly wrong. I explained what had happened and his boss wanted to call the police. All I could think was I just wanted to get home to tell. I calmed down enough to drive all the way home to Gladstone. I was told to go to my room and the family would handle it.

Nothing happen. I was told not to talk about it and was yelled at for stopping on the way home and telling somebody. It was a family thing. (FAMILY SECRET).

Approximately 3 months later my mother came to me and told me that I needed to go downtown Portland to the police station that my uncle had showed up at another relatives house and tried to attack her so they thought I should report what happened to me. I went to the Police Station in downtown Portland which was huge to me and very scary.

I explained to the best of my ability what happened. I remember them asking questions I didn't understand what they meant. I also remember them asking me why I waited so long to report it. I explained I was told not to tell anyone.

Later I had to go to grand jury in Portland Oregon in a big building. Portland was huge to me I grew up in a small town. I meant my mom's cousin at my great uncle's restaurant for the first time and she went with us. One by one family members went in and testified what had happened to them from him growing up. My mom's cousin also went in to the grand jury room too. Right before I went in I was sitting on a bench and a lawyer a women lawyer came and sat next to me and told me I was going to go into a room and people would be in there to ask me questions. I walked in and not prepared for that many strangers in the room. The judge asked me questions and not one person asked me a question, when asked if they had any.

I came back out and sat on the bench by myself waiting. The lawyer came over and sat next to me. The lawyer asked me what do you think should happen to my uncle? I said I think he should go to jail. I remember her reply as if it was yesterday. Well your uncle admitted everything he did and your family doesn't want him to go to jail. She continued... they said he has a really good job with the phone company... yep ma bell. I was devastated. He basically got parole or something no jail time. I couldn't believe it.

My Uncle married. Yep no one told her about him and I was never told her name, or introduced to her. He sexually assaulted another member of her family. She was so terrified and he threatened her life too so she was afraid to report it.

Later My uncle started calling me on the phone at my house I bought and saying sexual things to me on the phone it got so bad I had to rent my house out to a guy I worked with and moved in with my parents with my daughter. My father took me to the police, but back then you didn't have caller id... and stuff so they said I couldn't prove it was him.

I started getting calls at my parent's house. One time I got one when my grandmother was there and told her. I again went to the police.

My Uncle lived in Dallas Oregon. The person he lived with she fell asleep in her chair and my uncle sexually assaulted a 6 year old girl with her sister of 3 also there.

Yes he went to jail that time.

Then he got out of jail and he was in Toledo living again. He left his car in the parking lot of the church with the title signed over and a note in the glove box. My grandmother had got a call about the car at the church. I happened to be over at my mom's when she told me the story and I immediately called a

childhood friend to get her sisters phone number. I knew he was in town or on his way. He had hitched hiked all the way from Toledo Oregon on the Coast to Portland Oregon. I was too late. He had already been to her place. He tried to attack her in front of her 4 children. She had sprayed his face with an aerosol can into his eyes. The Police were looking for him and our family called the news station. The news station did a report on him trying to find him. They found him in Lake Oswego in the area of where one of our relatives used to live with a roommate, her roommate still lived there.

Yes he went to jail again. I went to this court hearing.

His lawyer said he wasn't a threat to the community because he only attacked people he knew. I remember testifying that he was a threat to the community because I was part of the community.

Please read newspaper article by Tracy Widner January 2002. In regards to House Bill 2646. Argus Observer.

House Bill 2646 changes the crime of assault against a corrections officer from a misdemeanor to a felony.

Yes, he viciously attacked Jana Poston is a former correction officer on July 21, 2000. But this was not the first time. In 1999 he had assaulted another female corrections officer.

This is a quote from the newspaper " He charged at me so hard that when he hit me with his body, I flew backwards at least 3 feet and hit the cabinet behind me, Poston said. I fell to the ground and Nosack fell down on top of me and began striking me in the right side of the head, arms and neck with a closed fist.

He then began beating me with his elbows too.

A response team pulled Nosack off Poston and restrained him, not before he dislocated Poston's jaw, cracked several of her ribs and inflicted multiple contusions.

This attack as she first described the way he hit her so hard to the ground and then was on top of her brought back memories of what he did to me. He is vicious.

Wait did you think I was done. No there is more.

While being granted parole he assaulted two more women within a couple days apart. One was a neighbor at an apartment complex where he came up behind her and choked her unconscious and dragged her to his apartment.

No one notified any of the neighbors of a sex offender living there.

According to this new guideline of scoring William Albert Nosack no longer has to be on the State Website for sex offenders. I received a call today from Vine where he is now released out into society with no more ankle bracelet. So yesterday he was dangerous enough to have an ankle bracelet on and was considered a predator on the website before the State of Oregon decided to change how they post repeat offenders that are dangers to the public. When he was first released the only reason he was

posted to the sight was because I called and asked why he wasn't and called the State Police and within 24 hours he was posted on the Website as a Predator.

William Albert Nosack has been offending since before 1970's that we know about. It is now 2019 and he has still been offending. He was found with a homemade knife in his cell and was given additional time this last time he was in jail.

This is just one person, yes but we all know there are many more out there like him in Salem Oregon and throughout Oregon.

He had sexually assaulted more than 3 generations of our family, friends, strangers, correction officers. With this new guideline if he meets a store clerk one day and then waits 24 hours before he offends the person is considered as known and is scored less on the State's scoring system.

Who is going to start caring about our generation of children growing up getting sexually assaulted because the State of Oregon keeps letting Predators roam the streets and attack out family and friends.

Fix the system it's broken.

Kind Regards,

Deborah Hines