

Bench bozo's biggest shame: Getting busted

[Howie Carr](#) Monday, March 26, 2018

Judge Thomas Estes is the poster boy for the Massachusetts judiciary.

It's damn near impossible to embarrass state judges – the bust-out flotsam of the legal “profession.” At least 95 percent of them were starving to death until they scrapped together a few hundred dollars in political contributions to buy themselves a lifelong vacation of 35 weeks a year of “work” for \$172,194 per annum, with a fourth \$6,250 pay raise in 18 months due July 1.

But Estes has committed the ultimate crime in admitting to a third-rate romance, low-rent rendezvous with a court underling. He has shone a spotlight on the absolute tawdriness that is the Massachusetts judiciary.

Estes conducted his one-sided affair in all the romantic hot spots of the Western world — Belchertown, Westfield, Marlboro. Now, reassigned to “administrative duties” in Holyoke, he claims he's filled with “great shame and remorse.” But he refuses to quit, for one very simple reason.

If his snout is ever forcibly ejected from the public trough, Estes will in short order starve to death. He is a hack's hack.

So let's let his lawyer describe his affair with one Tammy Cagle, a “drug-court clinician.”

The Commission on Judicial Conduct lists 13 instances of, well, do you remember what Bill Clinton was doing to Monica Lewinsky? That's what Judge Estes was doing to Tammy Cagle – 13 times. So says the CJC.

But the devil made him do it! See, it all started during a judicial conference in November 2016 in Marlboro. Cagle, who is now 47, asked Estes, now 58, to walk her to her hotel room.

“Obviously her intentions were clear from that moment forward,” Judge Estes' lawyer writes.

After the jurist returned to his room, the sultry temptress texted him.

“She lured him to her room on the pretext that she needed help with her TV. To his great regret, Judge Estes went to her room, where he found Ms. Cagle lying on her bed, clad only in panties and a tee shirt. The television was on.”

So was the affair. They liked to hook up on Tuesday afternoons. You think Paris or Rome is a great spot for swingin' young lovers? Have you ever been inside the Belchertown District Courthouse?

“The plan,” his lawyer says, “was that he would simply stay at the courthouse at the conclusion of business, and that Ms. Cagle would join him in the late afternoon. At 4:30 when everyone had left the building, they would then be free to engage in sexual activity for about 30 minutes.”

Can someone hum a few bars of “Afternoon Delight”?

But Tammy soon became dissatisfied with her role as the Monica Lewinsky of the 413 area code.

Estes is a typical modern Massachusetts judge. His wife has a different last name. He was appointed by Deval Patrick. He’s from New York, and he drifted into the Bay State around 2002.

According to what Estes told the Governor’s Council, his experience in private practice was less than two years. He’s basically a career public defender — meaning, the taxpayers paid him handsomely to defend shiftless criminals who attack taxpayers.

Now all the judicial hacks are embarrassed, not by their esteemed colleague’s behavior, but by the fact that he got caught with his pants down, literally. No doubt Estes is now holding out for an “involuntary” removal, which means he can collect a Massachusetts State Police-like pension for the rest of his worthless indolent life.

Isn’t it shocking that a Massachusetts judge would be caught in flagrante delicto? I thought what happened in Belchertown, stayed in Belchertown.