

go to Memphis
Ark Bridge

Liquor
store

3rd. street
to down town

EH crump.

telephone
booth

little
house

Public school

Bellevue Blvd.

mas bar
and grill
Printer
go go
club
deja
6205
Bellevue

APTS

LHM

(012287-01)

1 of 1 map.

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Jan 22, 1987
Thursday.

The day Hillman Robbins is murdered.
(Dec. 6, 1987)

(karate school) I only now and then came to the
dojo. Perhaps 3 times a week. I was now
teaching my own karate classes at the
presbyterian church on Union ave. The minister
there was a Dr. Jones. I had about 30-40 students

On this day I rode my bicycle down to
the dojo to see how the place was
getting along. It was around noon time.

Cathy and Jerry were there. The baby crib
was there ^{and so was Ann. I'd left it there.} I asked, "where
is Glenn?" Oh I suppose he's over with
Margo, his ^{Cathy's new friend} ~~friend~~. "Who is Margo?" I asked.
Cathy said, "Oh that's Glenn's new girl friend."
I said, "Oh, well what does she look like?"
Cathy said, "She's blond - Dr. Girl friend of
one of Glenn's clients." "Oh, I replied."
"So what are you up to Venad" asked
Ann. "Well just came by to see how
you were all doing." I replied.

"Well, we're doing fine. How's your karate
classes doing" asked Ann.

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"They're doing ok" I replied.

We continued to make small talk for about 30 minutes. And then ^{Glenn} came inside the school. We chatted a while. And then Glenn asked if I would like to go with him to the store. I said ok.

Glenn and I got into his 2 door white Ford four lane, standard shift, and he drove toward E.H. Crump, along road near public school. He said he wanted to get some liquor (a half pint of heaven hill) we usually would go to the liquor store over near where Takash Akasawa had his karate school. We talked some more, and then we approached the light at E.H. Crump and third. Nash paid the car to a near stop - then the light turned red.

Nash then turned to me and quietly said, "I am going to hold up that liquor store" I knew the store because it was the one that Nash always got his liquor when he would go home to his west Memphis house. I had been with him on many occasions when he went in there.

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"How come" I asked him.

"I'm strapped for cash" he replied in quiet and sincere voice.

"Oh" I replied.

"Do you want to go in on it with me?" he asked after a moments pause.

"Do you think we would get caught?" I asked matter of factly.

"There is always that chance" he replied directly.

I thought about it for a few moments, and then I thought what would happen if we got caught - what it would do to Ruth etc. So I replied, "I'd rather not" in a quiet soft tone manner.

"Ok. But don't be a Tennessee volunteer" he said quietly. I replied, "ok." But I didn't know what he meant by this expression he used all the time. I didn't know until years later.

He took a right turn on 3rd, drove on 3rd until another street, and then headed back for the dejer. During this drive we spoke very little. I didn't figure that without me he would rob the place. And I would

not have known who to tell, who would believe me. He had, sometime between Oct - Nov. told me that he had killed "A big nigger" one night, and showed me the gun, which was in the trunk. It was night, but it was a large clip type, brown or black handles.

Nash dropped me off at the Dojo, and then drove away.

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(012287-04) -B

Jan 22, 1987

Dec 7, 1966.

The evening of the day after the murder
of Hillman Robbins.

I first heard the news on the radio, and
then I went to the kitchen for coffee and
saw the paper and read about the killing.
I figured right away that Nash had done it.

That evening I rode my bike down to
the dogs. Only Cathy and Jerry were there,
excepting for a couple of students who
were dressing and then left.

So Cathy brought up that "Daddy" had
not come home last night, and no one
had seen him anywhere. We talked
about the liquor store killing, the description
of car, etc. Cathy said, "Do you think
Daddy did it?" Jerry (fiancee to Cathy)
said, "Hell, he's crazy enough to do anything."
They looked at me. I said, "I really don't know."
Then we talked quietly some more, for about
15 minutes. It seemed to me we all knew
what happened. They kept looking at me.
Finally I said, "well, I guess I'll

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go up to ma's bar and grill and get me a coke." Jerry just said, "Yea, ok." Cathy did not reply.

So I walked up toward Ma's Bar and Grill to the outside telephone booth. And I called the police. I asked for burglary.

I said to the man, I am calling about the liquor store murder. Glenn Nash is the one who did it. I then brought up about government postal money orders - so they'd know the information was legitimate. I told them that Nash had about \$600 worth of postal money orders and that if they didn't stop him - he would kill again. The man asked me who I was. I said it wasn't important, that what was important was to stop Nash because he would kill again. So he said "ok" and I said, "thank you"

I returned to dojo. I said, "well, I guess I'll go home." Jerry said, "Yea, I guess we might as well."

Jan 22, 1987.

Dec 8, 1966.

The 2nd day following the murder.

It was bright daylight outside. Two detectives in an unmarked car came to near my house. I went over and talked with them. One asked me why Nash did it and I told him that Nash said he was "strapped for cash." I think one of detectives was a Lt. Burger.

