

Sunday, Jan 25, 1987
morning.

Early in 1967 Nash was transferred to the Mississippi State Hospital in Whitfield. Henry Butler and I closed down the old karate school and I went over to Tang Rhee's school to continue my karate. Ann was trying to loose her house because of back payments. I talked with Tang Rhee about buying a lot of the equipment from the old karate school. He didn't really need the stuff but he agreed. So he gave me a check for \$500 which was about what Ann needed.

We had stored many of the karate goods math in Ann's garage. I went over there with one of Rhee's students and we loaded up everything, in a U-Haul truck. I gave Ann the check and suggested she go to the finance company right away and get it she cashed - which she did.

Jerry Braun and Cathy got married and found a nice small house in a subdivision in the West Memphis area. Jerry worked as a steel worker, laying Rebar. The owner of the company had been a former student of mine, a very strong, stout man, and also very kind. His name was, I believe, Hal Dyer.

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I had introduced Jerry to him, and the man gave Jerry a permanent job. I began working out at Kung Rhee school. At this school I met Ben Edwards who was in the furniture business with his father, Ben Edwards SR. and Shatton Furniture Company. Later the Edwards split from Shatton and formed Ben Edwards Furniture Company.

About this same time, Mr. Nash had been sent to the Whitfield Hospital. One day Jerry, Cathy, and I decided to go visit Glenn. So we drove down to Whitfield Hospital. The hospital authorities would not allow me to see Glenn at this time because I was not next of kin. But I got to talk with a negro woman in administration and she put my name on the visitors list - but said I'd have to visit with Anna. I do not think any of us got to see Glenn that day. But the administration lady said I could bring paperback books for Glenn to read. I think the rule was the any hard covers on books had to be removed. So I gave her my name and address. Cathy had some letters from "Daddy" but I think that administration said she and Jerry could not visit at that time.

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So we left the facilities. We were driving Jerry's red pontiac. 1/2 was tired and asked me to drive. About twenty five miles out from Whifield we suddenly saw a roadblock ahead and a state trooper drove toward our car and motioned for us to pull over. I did immediately. Then these troopers pulled these guns. I kept my hands on the steering wheel. Jerry said, "Whosit." One trooper came over to me and said asked my name, saying also, keep your hands on the steering wheel. The car was a sports type when the shift knob was in the center between the seats. There was also a glove compartment between the seat. The trooper said for me to open the compartment. I did. And inside, to my surprise, was a gun. The trooper said "whose car is this?" I replied "His" pointing to Jerry. The other troopers had converged closer. Then he said, "All of you get out." and both Jerry and I said "Yes sir." We all got out and the troopers frisked us and also got the small gun in the glove box.

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I had this terrible pain in my stomach which is impossible to describe. We all three tried to remain as quiet as possible. Then the troopers collected our identification and asked what we were doing in Mississippi. Cathy started to explain and we told them about our visit to Whistlestop. Cathy showed the trooper her letters from Glenn.

The trooper said they had received a call from Mrs. Nash that two men and a woman had gone to Whistlestop to break Nash out of jail. So one of them went back to his car and got on the radio. Then he returned and talked to the main trooper. He then said that we needed to get the "ok" from a Dr. Jacard (something like that) but they didn't think there was any reason why we shouldn't be allowed to visit.

The trooper then asked Jerry what the gun was for and he apologized for having it and said he had wanted it for protection. The trooper looked at Jerry's "marine I'd" and I mentioned that Jerry was a nidan "second degree black belt." Then the trooper told Jerry to get the car keys and to open the trunk. Jerry did. The trooper unlocked the gun (a 22 d'chint) and put it in the

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Trunk and said he Jerry to leave it in there while he is in Mississippi. Then the trooper pointed to Jerry and said, "You drive." and Jerry said "Yes Sir." I got in the back passenger side, Cathy sat in the middle and Jerry sat behind the wheel. Then the trooper handed the letters back to Cathy and said, "little girl if you want to see your daddy you can - but get permission from Dr. Jacard. She thanked him, so did I and Jerry. Then he said to Jerry, "Go ahead - but don't bring the gun into Mississippi when you return." Jerry said, "Boss Yes Sir and thank you." Then the trooper motioned us on.

In the car, Cathy started cursing her mother and Jerry said, "She's as crazy as Nash." I didn't say a word. I was still too shocked by what had happened.

The next day I called Ann and she said she had called the police because she was afraid we were going to try and break Nash out. She said I could visit Glenn with her. I said OK and that I would pay for the gas.

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So about the following Saturday I went to Memphis, to her house. We decided to go in her red 58 Ford Fairlane, though later she bought a used Mustang. On this trip she brought along "little Glenn" and I brought a large box of paper back books.

At the hospital I gave the box of books to the same negro lady. She wanted to know if I wanted them back. I said "No - give them to the other patients when Glenn is finished with them." I mailed many paper back books to Glenn thereafter.

Ann, the baby, and I went into the visitors cell to see Glenn.

The partition was mostly covered but there was enough opening in, no, I think it was all glass with a speaker screen. Because Ann could hold Glenn's hand to the glass and say "Say hello to daddy" etc.

I didn't say much to Glenn, really didn't know what to say. He thanked me for the books and suggested we play chess through the mail. I said ok. He said that as soon as he got out - he'd start another karate school and hoped I would be the instructor.

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He said that there was another lawyer "in the place" who had been there for eight years. He said he thought Florida would probably drop the case eventually, but that he would probably have to go to trial in Tennessee. I told him I thought they'd keep him in Mississippi for about eight years or ten. He agreed. He said, "I still have my license." This was less than a minute of conversation because Ann said, "Why don't you two talk about something else." So then Ann got Glenn Jr. to giggling and mostly then Glenn started talking to Glenn Jr. Ann and Glenn talked a little in German and then I got up and said to Glenn "I'll see you later." He just nodded and said "OK."

A few minutes later Ann came out and we headed for the car. I asked Ann, as we drove back, why she didn't go back to Heddleburg. She said she wanted Glenn Jr to know his father, and that she loved Glenn.

I do not recall going down to see Glenn again but I did begin a correspondence with him that was to last many years.

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I had learned to play chess from the Russian mathematician, Dr. Lena Sharkey, when I was 12 and living in NYC. But I quite stopped playing when I left NYC until I met Glenn Nash. But I couldn't beat Mr. Nash. He was too good. I was becoming better friends with Ben Edwards Jr. and he was also a chess player. But I was never able to beat him either. I didn't know how to play chess by mail but Ben said he did. So I made a chess board on $8\frac{1}{2} \times 11$, made ten copies, and sent them to Glenn. I asked Ben to make the moves for me. I figured 10 pages would take care of ten moves. Ben gave me a nice small chess set and we waited for Glenn's first move. Glenn sent back all ten pages, each with a different play. So I asked Ben about it and he said, "Well let's play him all ten games." So Ben gave me enough money to buy ten cheap chess sets and we set them up on a book case I built and Ben made the moves and I recorded them and sent them to Glenn. We continued to play in this manner for many months and Glenn couldn't beat Ben. But it was becoming too expensive to do it this way, so finally I

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wrote Glenn and said "lets do just one game,"⁸ at a time." and this we did.

Meanwhile we corresponded in lengthy letters for many years. Glenn gave me a lot of good advice concerning college, school, etc.

I started seeing Dr. Jerome Schloff, a psychoanalyst. I mentioned to him that it would be interesting to see how Glenn Jr. turned out. I told him that I thought his always seeing his father behind bars was bound to affect his identity. Dr. Schloff said only that it would be interesting to see how he turned out.

During these many sessions I would write down everything, I told him what had happened the day of the murder, how Nash had shown me the liquor store and asked me to go in on it with him; how I had called the police the next evening.

He said I was relating the story all so "matter of factly." I said to him, "what do you want me to do? start crying? I feel bad for the man's family (Robbins), I think about what happened all the time. What can I do? I called the police. No one would believe me anyway." I told him that Nash

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wasn't insane, that he was doing just what he said he could do (fake insanity.) I said, whose going to believe me with my own psychiatric record. Nash knew about it, so at least he isn't on the street.

We then talked about the nature of schizophrenia and how it didn't fit Mr. Nash. He said he had been working with one patient who was schizophrenic (as a favor to the family) but that generally there wasn't much an analyst could do for a schizophrenic.

He told me how he had trained under Freud from Reichman, the famous analyst. I mentioned that I had read some of her works. He said that Freud from Reichman was the only analyst he had known who had been successful with schizophrenics.

I began to run around with Ben Edwards Jr. only Ben was the opposite of Glenn Nash. Ruth liked him very much. He was also very rich. And so, I related the story about Nash to him. I told him that eventually I figured I'd have to testify. Ben and I used to dig for bottles, do karate, and he would take me to the "athletic club" where he was a member.

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Soon Ben got to know Henry Batten,
Kenneth and Bonnie Batten, and other friends of
mine.

One day Tilly Whalum (wife of Harold
Whalum) invited Ruth and I to see the
case that Tennessee would have presented
had they brought James E. Ray, the killer of
Martin Luther King, to trial. The Whalums had
known the Kings at the Atlanta College, Morehouse.
I was teaching their sons - Skipper and Ray
Karate along with the Sugerman boy. They were
about 11 or 12 at the time. I was teaching at the
Presbyterian church over near Southwestern
College. The facilities weren't as good as at
the Union Presbyterian but they didn't mind
integrated classes or my not being a member of
that church. The athletic director was a very
kind and considerate man, and our classes had
about 30 students, men, women, children. Of
one couple, the husband was a veterinarian who had
his office on Austin Street just near Bartlett. I remember
these two as exceptionally nice people.

The Evidence Presentation was held in some
kind of auditorium. There were many blacks there,
including Loretta Kato, and leaders of the
community. I think Buzzy Dwyer made the

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presentation, showing the amateur photos, etc. After we had seen the presentation we all left. I remember Ruth talking with some of the black leaders and feeling that Tennessee had done their job. But everyone was sad because the pictures were so frank.

In early 1967, I had signed a contract with Lang Rhee that I wouldn't teach karate anywhere in Memphis but at his school. But I tired of constantly being pressure selling and seeing students (former) having to go to sessions because they didn't want to keep paying for "life time memberships." So when I started my own classes (no charge!) Rhee threatened to take me to court. Ruth's lawyer was a Lewis Donnalson and she said for me to go to see him. So I did.

He had a very large office on a corner side up high in a tall building. The windows were huge and you could see all over Memphis. He was about 5'-5, medium build, with a reasonable amount of hair combed somewhat like mine, but he had gray in his hair. Ruth had earlier called him. So I explained my problem to him and he said that since I had not reached my "majority" the contract

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I had signed was invalid. He had an unusual smile where you could see his teeth and he tended to maintain this grin/smile. So he then briefly explained to me about the nature of contracts and the age of consent, it being at when I reached the age of majority. He then called in a secretary and told her to "take a letter." He then dictated a letter to her which I was to send to Kang Rhee. While it was being typed we talked small talk and he asked about Ruth, etc. The secretary returned and ^{he} signed the letter, it saying in effect that since I was under the age of majority my contract with you (Rhee) was null and void.

I said "How much do I owe you?" and he said "don't worry about it" But I insisted I should pay so he said he would send me a bill in the mail. This he did, for \$25, which was a fair amount of money in 1967. So I thanked him, we shook hands, and I left his office. I mailed the letter to Rhee and never received a reply. But he did not object to my continuing to train at his school from time to time.

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I continued to write Mr. Nash,
hoping all the while that Mississippi was
making a copy of both his and my letters.

Sometime about 1973 or 72 I quite writing
Mr. Nash. Up until then we were both
keeping tabs on each other. After I quite
writing I did receive a couple of
christmas cards from Ann. And one time
Cathy and Jerry came to visit me in
Chattanooga. We didn't discuss what we
all three knew, but we did talk about old
times. I asked him if he was still working
for ~~the state~~^{over}, he said he was. He said he
was no longer doing karate. I mentioned that
I was teaching some at the American Legion
Post 14.

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When Glenn Nash served in the Army.

Nash met his wife Ann when he was serving in the army in West Germany. I believe he was a master sergeant in charge of supplies. In some way he got into trouble with the army for theft - and left shortly afterwards.

Nash seemed to be able to speak reasonable German, and from time to time he and his wife would speak in the German tongue.

Ann was from Heidelberg. Her father was a dentist.

Nash taught Public School in Chattanooga.

Nash had a liberal arts degree from U.T. I believe he taught public school in East Ridge, but I am not certain. It was east ridge or Chattanooga city schools.

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Jerome Schloff, M.D.

He is a psychoanalyst. I started seeing him about 1967. I was starting course work at State Tech and also having severe depression spells.

Analysis is different from typical psychotherapy. In analysis, you have the couch and rule of free association. The analyst also writes down everything.

With Dr. Schloff - I related everything that had happened the day of the murder and days thereafter.

Ben Edwards, Jr. throughout the years he has sent me any newspaper clippings of the Nash case. I had told him basically what had happened.

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Early History of Memphis Karate School.

Originally (1964) the "Memphis Karate Academy" was called "Japan Ways." Japan Ways had been started by Jim Arwood, who was originally from Halls, Tennessee.

Jim Arwood opened a series of schools: Jackson Mississippi, Houston Texas. But he started his first school in Memphis and located it at 620 S. Belhaven ave.

Jim Arwood had learned karate while stationed in the air force in Japan. In Japan he was made a 2nd ^{degree} Dan black belt in a school that had a maximum of five degrees of black belt. While in Japan - Arwood was taught to learn Russian as part of his military work. He also spoke reasonable Japanese.

The "Master" of the school of karate under which Japan Ways was formed was a Master Okano. His "prize" student was a young Japanese man named Takashi Akasawa. Arwood was later to bring Akasawa to the United States as a karate teacher.

Jim Arwood was a legitimate black belt in the full meaning of the word. He was a

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a real expert in every sense of the word.

Jim Arwood first learned "salesmanship" from the "Victorias Health Studios" of New York. Arwood opened the Japanese school and one of his early students was Henry Batten. Henry Batten had a small 7 acre farm in the Raleigh-Bartlett area. Takashi Asasawa taught the classes.

Arwood had a girl friend who was about 18 in 1964. Her name was Jane Copehart. She later committed suicide (1966) in Houston, Texas. She was known as "Janie Bird." She was known for her rare beauty. Jane assisted Arwood as his secretary. Arwood sold the karate courses and taught some of the classes. Arwood was a highly intelligent person. Eventually his karate empire collapsed when he was convicted of tax evasion. This collapse took place sometime around 1967.

Glenn Nash entered the karate school as a student. He had wanted to learn karate, according to his story to me, because one time in Chattanooga he had made a "cute" remark to some woman, while leaving a restaurant, and this woman's boyfriend gave Nash a karate

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blew to the head which "dropped" Nash to the floor.

According to Mr. Nash, when he first moved to Memphis - he worked for a bug exterminating company - either Orkin or Red Wing. Then, after a while, he started working for some insurance companies doing "claims adjusting" and investigating.

Students were enrolled into ^{classes} salaried via contract. The basic contract was 30 lessons for \$9.99 and could be payed off with three checks ^{dated} post paid, each $33\frac{3}{3}$ over three months. One could also enroll in a "life time" membership for \$240.

Nash ^{re-wrote} the contract so it was more "enforceable." Then he agreed to help Arwood collect overdue contracts by handling the cases for him in sessions court. He obtained a small fee for this and free lessons.

Arwood was a superb salesman and was able to enroll many people on contract. Nash became more involved with the karate school (Japan Ways) as he handled these cases in court.

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I moved to Memphis in 1964 from University City near St. Louis. I had a motorcycle and several times visited the Japan Ways karate school. At this time Jim Arwood had moved to Houston with Janie Bird to begin more schools. He turned Japan Ways - Memphis into a franchise with Henry Batten as a principle, and Glenn Nash as a principle. Takashi Okazawa left to form his own school called Japan-DO" where DO means "way" in Japanese.

Nash then established his office at the Karate School. Henry Batten became the chief instructor under Arwood and Nash became the business manager.

After Don and Glenn learned that I had studied Judo for several years in St. Louis, they said I could take karate classes for free in exchange for teaching Judo classes. They had no one else to teach Judo and Jujitsu when Arwood left. So I agreed.

During this period of time (1964) I attended classes every night and taught Judo on Saturday morning.

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Henry Batten had no interest in the business part of the school. He was a "health nut," weight lifting, running, bicycle riding, etc; high protein foods. His second wife did not share in his enthusiasm and they soon divorced. Henry was against all cigarettes and so I quit one day. He agreed to Nash smoking as long as he did it in his law office.

At the end of each week, Nash was to gather that weeks finance records, etc. and send Arwood a check for 15% of the gross. That was the arrangement. The building rented for \$100 per month. Although I was not involved, several times Arwood came to Memphis for a meeting with Batten and Nash concerning financial discrepancies. Henry said he left it all up to Nash - which he did. Whatever the cause, by the beginning of 1965 Arwood decided to abandon Japan Ways and let Nash have it. So Japan Ways was changed to Memphis Karate Academy. Nash had the Coca Cola people put up one of their signs and had a painter who was also a student, paint a new sign in exchange for free lessons.

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In the winter of 64 (Dec) Nash got more involved with doing claims and auto accident investigations. He handle the claims work for "Glenn Allen Electronics" on Poplar ave. He also started drinking more often. One time during the winter of '64 Nash and I went out and got some liquor. He bought Heaven Hill and for me he bought a half pint of cherry vodka. That evening I got thoroughly drunk (I did not drink before then.) This very much upset Henry Batten who was on the verge of hitting Nash when Ann intervened. Henry called Nash corrupt and told him to stay in his office during classes.

About this same time (winter of 64) there appeared a korean karate Master named Kang Lee who came to visit our school. We invited him to teach karate classes. He was perhaps the best karate master I have ever known.

Master Lee and I had coffee at the toddler house which was across the street from the school. He spoke reasonable english.

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As we talked he asked what I thought about the name "Lee". I told him I thought it sounded Chinese. He said he did not like a Chinese sounding name. So I suggested he call himself Rhee after Sigmund Rhee and say that he was Sigmund Rhee's grandson. This he said he would do. And so, Kang Lee became Kang Rhee.

Kang Rhee was, at the time, a fifth degree black belt from the Kang Duc Won School in Korea. For some reason, he taught the classes while wearing white mortician gloves. This caused some amusement among the students.

Henry Batten insisted on bringing Rhee into the school against the wishes of Nash. In the evening when Nash had finished a battle, he got into the habit of calling Rhee "Donald Duck" because Rhee was a master of Kang Duc Won School. Of course, this offended Mr. Rhee - but he didn't want to offend Nash because Rhee was on a temporary visa trying to figure out a way to stay in the U.S.A.

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Henry proposed that he adopt Mr. Rhee but Glenn pointed out that Rhee was too old for adoption. Eventually, Mr. Rhee found fell in love with a young girl whom he married. But then, about a year later he divorced the girl because of "lack of compatibility."

Mr. Rhee stayed a few months at the karate school - but then he opened his own with help from "Mama and Dada" two Americans whom he had befriended.

Sometime in early 65 - Nash moved from the karate school (his office) and located in the 100 N. Main bldg. He had decided to go into law full time. He bought many books and gadgets. It was in his law office at 100N. main that he first tried to help me with "word problems" fractions from the correspondence school.

Nash had an adding machine on his big wooden desk and one time he added up all his expenses and came to \$1800. He said one of the problems with criminal law was getting clients to pay. But he said that he couldn't get any other clients; and also, he said he always wanted to be a criminal lawyer.

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I got into the habit of going with Nash to his various trials. He had quite a few cases in sessions. Most of his clients were burglars, and I got to meet some of them. Sometimes he would bring these burglars to his house in West Memphis.

In 1966 Nash moved his law office back down to the dogo for financial reasons. By this time the school didn't have too many students. Nash continued to practice law from the dogo office. He tried not to go to court drunk and usually had a package of certs or gum with him to hide his breath. After court we usually stopped for a bottle. His three favorite stores were the liquor store on Poplar avenue not too far from Glenn Allen Electronics, Another over near where Takashi Akasawa had his school (cooper) and the one on Ed Crump where he went on his way home. There was another that was just across the bridge on the main blvd. He preferred to visit the same stores and got to know the clerks.

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Some of the people who knew Nash from the karate school days were:

Larry Hagen: (49, 20) who was a 3rd class petty officer in Navy, McMurtry Navy base. He married a Memphis woman, then divorced. For a while he worked for an office copy company in Memphis owned by a man named Zanone. He returned to live in Seattle, Washington, home of his parents.

Grady Saylors (or Sabors) He was in his twenties. He worked on river boats. He retired to Memphis after an accident at work.

Murray Martin (12) went often to the school, and visited at Nash home. He heard much of Nash's comments on how he would kill witnesses. He was working for an ink company in 1977.

Gus Martin (14) He knew about Nash but tried to avoid him and did not get to hear Nash's comments during Mr. Nash's drinking spells. But he was around for some of it. Perhaps still in Memphis.

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Henry Batten. Two days after the murder, he and his 3rd wife - Joan Batten came to my house for dinner. I told Henry that I thought Nash did the killing. He didn't think Nash was capable. Walter did Ruth who insisted that "Nash didn't have the right psychological frame of mind."

Joan Batten (Aiken) was a nurse. She knew some about Nash but not any details.

Kenneth Batten, Bonnie Batten. They knew about Nash. In 1983 I told them how I knew Nash killed Hillman Robbins.