

Jan 24, 1987.

(1977)

The DA Lawyers Visit Me at TVA

In 1977, four lawyers from the Memphis Attorney General's office came to visit me. We talked for one day and one morning. But I was evasive and pretended not to remember anything of major importance. But I remembered just enough so that they would know I was "holding back." I did give them letters I had received from Glenn while he was in the Mississippi state hospital near Whitefield - Mississippi.

I had hoped this would be sufficient to keep Mr. Nash backed up. I explained my reasons later to Ben Edwards Jr. of Peabody Avenue, Memphis.

I had two reasons for not coming forth at the time: 1. I was trying to recover from a major bout with depression (chronic) and was getting worse because I was on the wrong medication. The medical depression caused severe problems with ability to speak. A year later I was put on the correct medication and have remained on it since then.

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M. Charles Vince Dowling had always said, "You need to stay on Ritalin" when I was living in Memphis. But once I went to V.T. and then to Chattanooga, I no longer took Ritalin. Instead I kept taking Thorazine - which was the opposite of what I needed - according to Vince Dowling. By 1977 I was experiencing signs of tardive dyskinesia and chronic depression. Now I take a combination of Ritalin and Parnate which seem to be the correct drugs of choice for me.

The other reason I didn't want to "come forth" was because of what effect it would have on Glenn Jr. I told Ben Edwards that "if I had to - to keep Nash off the streets - I'd go to the DA's office."

Glenn Jr. was too young in 1977 to be able to handle the complete truth about his father. Glenn Jr. didn't do anything - but he would have to face his class mates at school - and children can be cruel without meaning to. So I have no regrets. I acted in what I felt to be the best interests of this child. Justice could wait until Glenn Jr. had reached his majority; when he could better cope with the tragedy and not look down on himself.

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(1977)

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About the year of 1977 I had occasion to go to Memphis. While there in Memphis I decided to go and see Ann Nash at her West Memphis, Ark. home.

I drove over to see her, and while there we talked old times. She still had her poodles. We talked about Glenn and all that had happened. She told me then that when Glenn was returning from Florida, he had stopped at Chattanooga and got in touch with Tom ^{so} Lashish whom Glenn had known when he had lived in Chattanooga. According to Ann, Glenn asked Tom to help him but Tom had refused.

Ann said that after Glenn had arrived in Memphis ^{area}, he called Ann on the telephone, and asked her to bring him some clean clothes. Ann said she met Glenn somewhere in the Memphis area (she did not say specifically where) and brought him clean clothes.

After a while, Ann said, "Do you want to see Glenn fr?" I said, "Yee ok." So we got up and headed for the back door, a glass sliding door which overlooked the back yard.

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The yard had changed. It now had a fence around it, and there were children toys and a swing in the yard, and I believe also, one of those cylindrical plastic swimming pools.

There was Glenn Jr. now almost 11 years old, riding his bike in a sort of circle in the back yard. Ann called Glenn Jr. over and said "This is Nad,^{an ad} friend of Glenn's." He just said "Hi" and went back to riding his bicycle in the back yard.

So Ann then closed the glass door. She forced a smile. I asked her how Glenn Jr. had taken it all. She said, "oh, but he doesn't have too many friends." I asked her what she had told Glenn Jr. about what had happened. She said she had told Glenn Jr. that his father had been very sick. So we went back into the living room. A little while later she asked if I would like to talk with Glenn. I said "Yes".

She said Glenn would be calling early that evening. So early that evening the telephone rang and Ann answered. It was Glenn. And I believe he was in the Tennessee State Hospital at the time. After a while of talking with Glenn, Ann said, "Ned is here, would you like to

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talk with him? " "ok" and then she handed me the phone.

I talked very briefly with Glenn. I asked him how he liked the place and he replied, "It's not exactly the Holiday-Inn." I then asked him what was going to happen. He said the plan was to get him into the VA hospital in Little Rock. We talked a few sentences more of small talk and I told him that Glenn Jr. looked a lot like him. He said, "ya, he's a good kid." So then I said, "well-here's ann" and handed the receiver back to her. She continued to talk just a minute or two and then said good-bye to Glenn.

Ann explained to me that she wanted to get Glenn in the VA where he could receive treatment. She said the other hospitals had done nothing for Glenn but give him "a bunch of pills." So I asked her if it could be done and she said, "Russel is working on it." (Russel X. Thompson)

She said she didn't want Glenn released because she thought he was crazy.

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I asked her why she brought him clothes when ~~he~~ he was on the run. She said, "what could I do - I love Glenn, I still do." Then she said, "I don't want him ever released - he's crazy. But I don't want to see him go to jail." Then we talked about some of the old days at the dojo. And then she said, "Glenn was a father to you, you know that, he even taught you how to make a tie." I agreed and added that Glenn had done many good things for me. She then said that Jerry and Ann were having difficulties but that she didn't think they'd divorce. Then she said that it had been hard on Glenn Jr. growing up - but she thought she was doing the right thing in having Glenn Jr. visit his father at the hospital. She said Glenn wanted so much to have a son and that he loved Glenn Jr. She said that when Glenn Jr. was born, Glenn just fell apart because he didn't think he could provide for him. She said Glenn Jr. had accepted that his father was sick but that it had been very hard on him.

I asked her why she hadn't gone back to Heidelberg - Germany soon after everything happened.

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she said, "I love Glenn and I didn't want to desert him." She then added again that she thought Glenn should never be released, that he was crazy and would kill again. I asked her if Glenn wanted out. She said "No, Glenn doesn't want to do anything to hurt Glenn Jr. He dotes on him." Ann then again brought up how - "Glenn was the only father you ever had - you don't want to hurt him after all he did for ^{you} him." I agreed that Glenn had helped me in many ways. I added that I hoped Glenn Jr. would grow up and turn out all right. Ann said she thought he would, that he understood that his Daddy was very sick.

So that evening I left the house, said good-bye to Ann, and that perhaps I would see her again if I came to Memphis. She thanked me for the help I'd given her (I kept her from losing her house) and said to "give Ruth my best wishes." We departed.

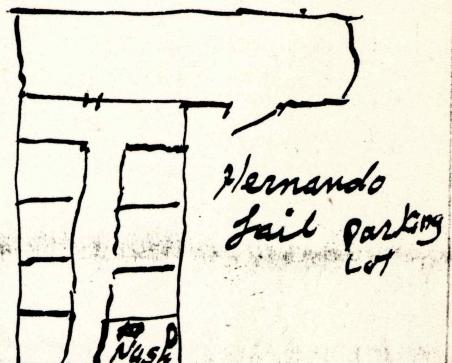
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(Winter, 1966)

Saturday
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I met Glenn Nash in the Hernando jail.

Shortly after Mr. Nash was captured when getting off a bus in Mississippi, he was brought to the Hernando city jail.



Cathy, Mrs. Nash, and I, went down to see him. The guards let me go in with Ann and Cathy. Before we went into the jail (while Ann and I were walking along the parking lot) I said to Ann that they (the state) would probably find Nash to be paranoid - Schizophrenic. She said to me, "Nenad - you don't know what your talking about."

So the three of us went in to see Mr. Nash. I think, perhaps, Jerry Brown was with us also, but I am not completely sure. There was a guard who stayed close by. I believe they opened the cell clear for Ann to go in - but the guards were right there. They had checked us for weapons.

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He el came to the cell door (the guards would not allow me to go into the cell) Nash and el looked at each other. He was sitting on the steel bed. He just stared at me and el stared at him. el could sense he knew el had turned him in.

Then el slightly bowed my head, (a nod). I think about all el said to him was "Hello." ~~me~~ So el stood there and the two of us did not engage in dialogue. Nash started throwing bits of paper, candy wrappers, etc into the commode. Cathy started chuckling and said that "Daddy was going to clog up the toilet."

I didn't construe this action as a message for me. It seemed to be the action of a man who had not yet fully grasped his situation. It is difficult to describe the moment. Ann and Cathy were both in shock - but not the shock one sees when there is a car accident, or that sort of thing. It was a denial shock. But Ann seemed able to maintain her senses. They could not believe what had happened and yet we all four (Glenn, Ann, Cathy, me) knew what had happened.

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Mississippi had appointed two Hernando lawyers to represent Glenn. I think one attorney was also present. Nash had asked this lawyer for a law book and either the lawyer was going to bring the law book or had brought it ~~that~~ during this meeting.

We didn't stay very long. As we left the guard at the office part of the building asked us for our names and relationship to Glenn Nash. When I told him I was a friend of Mr. Nash he said that I wouldn't be able to visit again because of not being immediate family. He said he was sorry but that was the rule. I think Jerry was also there and he told Jerry the same - but that he could visit once they (Cathy & Jerry) were married. And so we left Hernando that day and returned to Elba Memphis.

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(1965)

January 23-1987.

The Day when Hagar Odem Came to Visit.

MR. Nash had gotten into serious trouble and was facing federal conspiracy trial. And I was with Nash all during this time. I asked Nash if he was going to defend himself. He said no and quoted, "The man who defends himself has a fool for a client." So he started talking about lawyers in Chattanooga and said he thought the best lawyer in Tennessee was a Hagar Odem. He would constantly refer to this man as "Hagar." He had deep respect for this man, considering him to be the smartest lawyer he'd ever known. So he said he was going to try to get "Hagar."

The next day he said "Hagar" refused to take his case but that Ann was "working on him (Hagar)." And finally, Hagar Odem came to ^{Memphis} Chattanooga and I met him for the first time. He seemed everything that Nash had said: brilliant, shrewed, handsome, "a lawyers' lawyer." So I first met the man in Nash's 100 N. Main office.

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When first I saw him as he came into the office with Glenn he looked at me and straightway said, "Who the Hell are you?" but he had a grin on his face, but still he spoke forcefully. So I said, "Well I'm a friend of Mr. Nash." - "A friend? You not running around with this guy - are you?" Hager said in mixed serious-laughter (he had a sort of grin on his face.) Then Glenn interrupted and started loudly say, "Hager, dam it - Hager." Then Hager Odem interrupted Nash and said to me, "I don't know who the Hell you are - but if you've got any sense - you'll stay away from this guy" and again pointing at Nash. And again Nash blurted out, "G-- dam, Hager" and then Nash went over to his chair and sat down. He had been drinking just a little. So then Hager Odem looks at Nash and says, "What the Hell are you up to Nash, who is that Guy anyway?" About then, Ann entered into the main office and said, "Hager, leave Glenn alone. You two sound like a couple of dunces." So Ann suggested I go on down to the karate school.

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So I got up from the couch and shook hands with Hagar Odem - who kept staring at me with this insidious look. Then he said, "If you've got any sense at all - you'll stay away from this ^{wash} guy" And then again Nash blurted out; "G...clam, HAY-GAR!" and Ann quickly said, "Never - go on down to the karate school - don't pay attention to those two, there a couple of chunks." So I started walking out - all the while Hagar Odem kept staring at me with this insipid smile on his face.

Hagar wore a brown suit, and he had a large black winter coat which he carried with his left arm, the coat folded once over his arm.

Later that evening Hagar Odem came to the school with Nash. Ann was already there. When Hagar Odem entered the main part of the school I went over toward him - finding him a fascinating person. He ^{scans} the place and then turns to Nash and then loudly says, "what the hell is this place? a school for narcissis?" still gurning all the while. Nash responded, "Damit Hay Gar!"

So then I explained that the mirrors on all the walls were so you could see yourself move, to which Hagar Odom said, "What the hell have you got going on here Nash?" to which Ann quickly came over and said, "Come on you two, go into the office and let him teach class." So then the two, Hagar Odom and Glenn Nash went into the school office. Ann said to me, "Don't pay them no mind Nash, they're a couple of drunks." So I went back to teaching a class.

After the class was over and most of the students had left, I was still in my uniform and Hagar Odom and Nash were standing around. So Hagar Odom asked me if I planned to get an education and ^{become} something. To which I replied, "I suppose I will and I'd probably like to go into law." To which Hagar Odom suddenly looked quite surprised and said, "You want to go into law and your hanging around ^{Nash} him!" pointing at Nash. Then Ann got upset and said, "come on now Hagar, that's enough, why don't you two just go."

So Hagar Odem and Glenn Nash left the dogs. And the next day when I went to see Nash at the 100 N. Main Bldg., Hagar Odem was gone. I asked what happened and Ann said that Hagar had gone to Arizona to work off his drinkin'. Later, Nash told me that Hagar Odem wouldn't take the case.

Nash said he would try to get "Paul" to come to Memphis; this be Paul Sorrik. He said he was a good lawyer but wasn't as good as "Hagar." So I went with Nash to Western Union office and Nash sent Paul Sorrik \$100.

Paul Sorrik seemed just the opposite of Hagar Odem in that when we first met he (Sorrik) didn't holler at me. Instead he engaged me in easy conversation, and was quite pleasant and kind. Every now and then he would wink at me with his ^{left} eye. He was a tall, slender man, who wore a dark suit. Hagar Odem was short with broad shoulders.

Hagar Odem fascinated me. But I
felt comfortable with Paul Serrick. He
seemed a kind man and quite concerned about
Nash and his health. Nash was experiencing
severe stomach pains and finally had to go
see a doctor. These stomach episode were
quite painful for Mr. Nash. Several times
in the dogo office he keeled over in excruciating
pain. He finally called a doctor as said he
was experiencing severe stomach pains and
"I have to prepare for a trial - and I can't do it
in this condition." So the doctor on the phone
said for Nash to come right over. I stayed at
the dogo.

The medication helped some, but not much.
Nash was in constant pain. He also seemed
to be very very sad. Ann said several times that
"Hagar deserted him." Nash was convinced
he would be convicted. He was terribly
tormented. Paul Serrick seemed to sense
the sadness and seemed to talk softly
most of the time.

I went with Nash and Paul Scrivick to the Federal trial in Clarksville, Miss. I sat in the back seat. I think Paul Scrivick drove. Nash kept holding his stomach in pain. He was in real pain.

One time during a recess of the trial, Paul Scrivick and I had lunch. We didn't talk about the case or the trial. We talked some about me. And he winked again and then got up ~~into~~ to return to the courtroom.

Nash was aquitted. Nash credited himself with "a brilliant legal move that Paul overlooked." We returned to Memphis - but I asked Paul Scrivick what had happened and he just smiled and winked again. He wouldn't talk about the case. He returned by plane to Chattanooga.

Back at the dogs I asked Nash what happened. He said "Paul's just a cowboy lawyer" "They're all jerks ~ yaba daba do" Once again Nash was back to clunking. He kept hollering out, "I've got a lucky star!" over and over again, "I've got a lucky star!"

Nash seemed very much to change now, from the man I had known before the trial. He began to drink more, and become wilder. And now when we would go to the liquor stores together we would get 100 proof grain alcohol which I used to "spike" the cherry vodka. And Nash mixed the grain with his Heaven Hill.

Soon I was having acute stomach problems and Dr. Dowling gave me a prescription.

Then there came another federal conspiracy trial - this one in Memphis. Nash was not too worried. He tried to get Paul Serrick to take the case but said, "Paul won't come, they're all scared." So there was this lawyer, somewhat overwight and round, with protruding lips and feminine qualities. This be Morris Gahn who agreed to take the case.

At the Dyo

Nash said "Morris" would do what he was told. So I attended this trial. Toward its end Glenn and Morris Gahn got up and walked out of the courtroom. I followed. I asked what happened. Nash ^{Morris} said, "We moved for dismissal." I said, "Aren't you going to wait and see the outcome?" and then Glenn said, "Hell no, we don't have to, we know the outcome." Then I asked Morris Gahn to explain to me what had transpired. He started to but Nash said, "Forget it" and insisted we leave. So we departed from the federal court room.

Nash now seemed even more to drink, constantly, where I couldn't and wouldn't keep up with him. I wanted to do my karate, which I couldn't do when drunk. But Nash often came onto the dyo floor so drunk he could hardly fall down after he tried to do a kick.

Ferry ^{BROWN} became disgusted. He too had gotten into some heavy drinking but gave it up about as quickly as he had started. Ferry got irritated several times at Glenn when Glenn would come onto the floor and disrupt class.

Once Jerry gave Nash a good kick in the head because Nash wanted to try out everyone. He didn't really hurt Nash. But it was in front of other students - Jerry got so disgusted that when Nash would come to the dojo in the afternoon, Jerry would get dressed and work out no more.

Glenn wouldn't challenge me because the few times he "tried me" & gave him such a swift kick to the side of his head that it hurt. So Nash wouldn't try me out. But Jerry was in love with Cathy, daughter of Nash.

Ann became increasingly sad. She didn't know what to do. Glenn would constantly refer to her as "an animal;" and humiliate her in front of other people. I asked Ann why she tolerated it. She said, "I love Glenn." And she did, intensely, constantly. And when I asked her why she didn't do something she said, "What can I do. Glenn refuses to get treatment for his alcohol."

Cathy too, didn't seem to know what to do. She came closer and closer to Jerry. We all worried constantly about Glenn. He refused to give up the drinking.

We started to loose students. And Glen always wanted to kumite (free style fighting) the new students. Some of these where just young teen-agers. And Nash, on occasion, would hurt one of them. Usually we didn't start a student into free fighting until he had been at karate for about four months. We never permitted beginners to free fight. But Nash now started teaching class, although he had no legitimate rank beyond green belt (a rank obtained after about six months of training.) But he were a black belt - and this disgusted Jerry who had won 2nd place black belt division in All Japan Karate tournament in Japan, 1962-1963, in full contact matches. He was in marines at time.

Henry Batten too, would not come and teach anymore. So Jerry formed his own class at some church. I did too, and Jerry became chief instructor. Several times Nash started to confront Jerry, but Jerry just laughed at Nash and told him "I'll break your head - you mess with me Nash." And about this same time Jerry started to become protective of Cathy and Nash quite ordering

Cathy around and talking to her rough.

Nash was a fearful man. He wouldn't challenge Henry, Jerry, or me. And with me he was particularly wary because several times I had used my quick feet to control him when he started to intrude on my class.

But we got down to where we couldn't keep students. So when we began our own classes - most all the student decided to train under Jerry. Also the classes were free.

Nash VISITS THE CHURCH

The classes I organized were at the big Presbyterian church on Union avenue. The preacher was a Dr. Jones. Several times I had taken gone to his services - but he talked about the "thermodynamics of the universe" and God's great and wonderful plans for you and me. "My mother Ruth thought they were "wonderful sermons." but I didn't know about "the thermodynamics of the universe" so I quit going to hear him because he spoke way above me, a high school dropout. Ruth had suggested this church be a good place to start a karate class. So I went to see the activities director - who was a pleasant person. I expressed my opinions about karate and

that I felt that Karate was not at variance with Christian teaching. He agreed completely and said he would arrange the schedules so we could have the gym. He also said we could use the audio room, and have music, etc., piped into the gym class.

He gave us access to the basket balls, etc. The rule was that I would be the last out and would check all the doors before leaving. I agreed. Our classes grew and grew, 35-40 students. Jerry would play the records from the vinyl stores, and people would shoot basket ball - for about 30 minutes before classes began. Students could walk around upstairs, down stairs, but not in the sanctuary area. This seemed reasonable.

Our students were an integrated lot. And some were rich, some were poor. Some were very educated. Their ages ranged from eight to about 65. We had a few woman students.

I came early on my bicycle. One day a woman in an office stopped me and asked if I were a member of the church. I said yes. She wanted my name - which I told her.

She then looked up in an index file
for my name. She said, "There is a Ruth
Downing." "Yes, that is my mother". Then
she said, "But you not a member." I
replied, "Well, perhaps not on those cards."
She said, "Will you not a member of this
church." "Ok" I replied, and continued
then to the gym.

About a month later there came into
this Union Avenue Presbyterian church, a
new activities director. He said to me
that he thought the karate classes were
improper in a church; and that since he
was the new activities director, he wanted
the classes abandoned.

So I went home and asked Ruth
what I should do. She suggested I form
a small ^{meeting} meeting with Dr. Jones, the activities
director, and me. This I did, and we had
our meeting and the preacher said he couldn't
go against the wishes of the church activities
director. So then the activities director
said I could finish with two more classes

but then we'd have to close down.

I told Nash what had happened and he said let's go look at the place. So we rode over in his car. And we walked down the hall and he started whistling "Forward Christian Soldiers" and then started chuckling. There was a man who directed the choir who said to me, "with your voice you'd make a good tenor." I said, "but I've never sung" he replied, but your voice is good for being a tenor." I didn't reply. So Nash and I left the big presbyterian church on Union Avenue and one week later our classes ceased.

About another week went by and I went and asked Dr. Jones for an appointment because I wanted to talk about Gool. He said ok, and set the date. I went to see him but he remained mostly silent. I talk him he reminded me of a psychiatrist. I asked him what he thought about Gool. But he wouldn't reply. He said he'd prefer to know what I thought. So I said I thought I'd go on home and then thanked him for interview

