

Jan 23, 1987

1965. Nash Defends Gus Martin.

There was a young boy, about 13, who lived in the "projects" overlooking E-H-Crump. This place was not too far from the Dojo. Gus had a younger brother named Murray. They lived only with their mother - an woman who seemed to be in her fifties. They were very poor. The father had deserted them years before.

So Gus, and later - Murray, started visiting the dojo. Nash gave Gus a gi (karate uniform) and Gus took lessons at the school. Gus was also epileptic. One day Gus said that he was in trouble with the law. He said he'd been accused of breaking into some house. He said the house was abandoned, and the door was not locked. He was quite worried. So he asked for my help and I agreed.

I asked my mother Ruth to intercede with the juvenile court but she seemed irritated at the imposition and wouldn't agree. So I went to Nash and asked him to help. He advised I tell Gus to go and see him. This I did. So Gus talked the problem over with Nash and Nash agreed to defend him.

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(early 1965)

Ruth knew Gus so Nash asked for me to ask Ruth to testify in juvenile court that Gus was basically a good kid. I went to Ruth, but only with constant badgering and pleading would she finally agree. But she did stipulate, "I'll do it for you." I said "ok."

So Gus had his day in court in front of Kenneth Turner. Ruth testified, but only with the greatest reluctance and visible anxiety. The judge dropped the charges against Gus and said for Gus to stay out of trouble and he'd let him go on Mr. Nash's word. Gus never got into trouble again. I tried to get Ruth to become interested in him but Ruth didn't want to be bothered. So Nash sort of became a substitute father to Gus and Murray.

I asked Gus later if any of the local churches ever tried to help him. He said "no." On my own I managed to get Gus examined for his epilepsy. It seemed only the lawyers and the courts cared about Gus (in a positive way.) The churches nearby never noticed Gus, evidently.

As I got to know Nash and other lawyers, I found that their basic honesty and concern seemed far to surpass that of any preacher I had ever known, indeed any Christian. The lawyers seemed to know right from wrong.

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1965. Brushy cool weather.

January 23, 1987
Friday,

I attend a trial in Benjamin Hooks Court Room.

One day Mr. Nash had to try the case of a young man in his twenties who had been charged with burglary. On the witness stand this young man identified himself as being a "musician," I think his first name was "Johnny" but I am not sure.

The prosecutor in the case was "Buzzy" Dwyer as best I can recall. Nash liked to call him "MR. DEE-WIER" in the court room. Benjamin Hooks was the presiding judge in the case. At one point, Mr. Nash referred referred to me as "Mr. Downing" when it appeared that the judge wanted to know who I was, without asking directly.

When I attended these trials I generally wore a dark blue suit, light blue shirt, and a dark blue tie.

Johnny, the musician was given about 15 years. I remember distinctly the judge going over all of his (Johnny's) rights, and seemed to spend near twenty minutes doing so.

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This method of doing this was the same as that of Judge Russell Henson whom I observed when I had jury duty in Chattanooga in 1977.

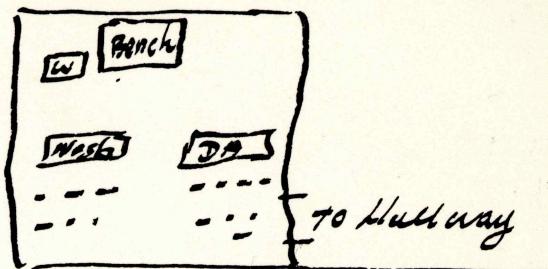
As I observed, each of the judges seemed to handle the rights, sentencing, etc. somewhat differently. Benjamin Hooks and Russell Henson seemed to adopt the same approach. This was a different approach from, for example, Preston Battle.

One day, during this period of time, Nash and I were walking down the main street that ran perpendicular to Poplar, the street on which was the 100 N. Main bldg. While we walked together going in the direction of Frazier, we came upon Judge Ben Hooks, who was walking with some other people. And on this occasion, Ben Hooks had his black robe on. We were on the street facing (same side) as the Jefferson building.

As we merged together, Judge Hooks said to Nash, "Good afternoon Mr. Nash" to which Glenn replied, "Good afternoon your Honor."

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You had to walk down
a hall to get to Judge
Hooke's courtroom. He was
not the "senior" judge,
but I remember.



judge Hooke courtroom.
popular ave.

Phil Connally was the DA for a while. But then he went into private practice. There was a murder trial for a grocery store* owner. And it made much headlines. Phil Connally and another man named something like Gadsen tried the case for defense; in Preston Butles courtroom. The papers said "many young lawyers would attend this trial as a learning experience."

Phil Connally was a tall man. The other man was shorter, but he liked to wear a dark suit with vest.

Asked Nash if he was going to attend this trial. He said "No." Asked why. He pointed out that the paper said, "Young lawyers would be there to learn." He said he didn't like what the "learned" meant, implied.

* Fred Montizi case
61-24-871 N.D.

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I told Nash that I liked the suit
that the "Gasclen" man wore, the vest, etc. I
had gone and watched a few days of the trial.
I suggested to Nash that he ought buy a dark
suit with vest. I often told him that he would
look better in a dark vest suit. He was in
the 100 N. Main building at this time.

Nash had a light leather brain attack case.
He had the complete "AMJURS" which he was
buying on time. He said he couldn't afford
"CJS." He had the light brain "case" books,
and of course, Tennessee code annotated.

He said he had used "Rothblatt" to develop
his case (the manslaughter-murder case.)
The Rothblatt book was a small black book.
He had another small book on "Insanity Defense."
But I cannot remember the author. But I
think it might have been also "Rothblatt."

There was a Lt. Wright of the burglary
squade who was always trying to keep tabs on
Mr. Nash. He would call the office (100 N. Main)
and ask Nash to call him. Nash had an answering
tape machine so he could find out who was calling.

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Many times I would be sitting on the big brown leather chair when this Lt. White would call. After he would hang up phone, Nash would start laughing out loud and holler out, "Yaba daba doo." He very much enjoyed this expression.

Nash was representing some clients in a postal money order case. The clients had burglarized a post office near Hernando, Mississippi. The clients had given Nash some of the postal money orders.

One time, during this period of time, Memphis Burglary called me on phone (I was at the dogs) to come visit them. So I did. They wanted to know whether Glenn I had seen Glenn with a lot of cigarette packages where the cellophane had been removed. I said I couldn't recall. They wanted to know whether Nash was "straight." I said yes. They wanted to know why I hung around him so much. I said because I found him interesting, that I was going to his trials. Then they asked me if Nash was any good at karate. I said no, that he didn't really know anything.

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They asked if I knew karate. I said yes, and that I'd be glad to demonstrate. They said ok. So I told the one detective to stay in his chair and I would stand back about 15 ft. Then I said to him that if he would reach for his gun - I would have my foot (Right foot) between his eyes before he could remove the gun. I told him I couldn't actually kick him but that I would be at him the minute he started to move. I said, "Please don't shoot me, this is only a demo." He said ok. So I stepped back about fifteen feet and waited. He reached for his gun - but suddenly I was upon him with my side kick between his eyes. He said, "Your very fast." I said, "Thank You." So then I told him about my interest in karate, and that Nash was also a student and that he was the first lawyer I knew on a personal basis. So then after a few more minutes of small talk - we departed.

When I told Nash that the burglary wanted to know if he was "straight" he became furious. I said for him not to let it bother him. But he took it quite personal.

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H. Wright was after Nash because Nash was accepting proceeds from burglaries of his clients.

One time during this period of time (in 1965) Nash and I left the 100 N. Main building and headed for his car which was on ~~Poplar~~^{Jefferson Union, ND} Poplar facing going toward town. He said, "let me show you something." He then opened the trunk of his Ford Fairlane and inside were cases of cigarettes with the cellophane wrappers off. "Here, have some" he said, and he handed me two packs of Pall Mall (what I smoked at the time.) Then he had a big grin on his face. And then we got into the car and headed for the dogs. First we stopped at a liquor store which was on either Union or Poplar. It was a regular place of visit. Nash always referred Heaven Hill, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint. I got to liking cherry Vodka and he would get me my $\frac{1}{2}$ pint. And then we would drive around, drinking and listening to his country music tapes.

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those first month in 1965 -

Glenn really liked country music. He liked "The streets of Laredo" the most. I remember one time in the dojo he was playing this song on his small tape recorder. It was a reel to reel recorder. I said, "It sounds like French - do you know French?" "French?" he asked. "Yes." He thought I was putting him on. But I was new in the South, and previously all I ever heard and listened to was classical music and opera. So he said to listen carefully, and he made out some of the words (sort of sang along.) I began then to hear the distinctions in sound. He then fast forward the recorder and played Marty Robbins ^{Ballard} song, () where the cowboy falls in love with the girl, steals a ^{horse}, goes out of town, returns, and is shot in a gun fight. And he played it over about three times and said, "Listen carefully, why was he shot?" Finally I said he was shot for taking the man's woman. Glenn said No, that he was shot for stealing the horse. Then he played the song again and said, "Listen to the words carefully." When the song was over, I said, "Yes your right."

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Then he back wound to "streets of Laredo" and said, "just listen to the words and forget the music." So I did, and after a few more times I could clearly make out the singer, speech, from the music. Another tune he so much enjoyed was Patsy Cline "I Fall to Pieces." He loved country music, and from this relationship, it too became a part of my life.

Glenn taught me how to make a tie, how to dress up, etc. He taught me many things. I told him how I was taking a correspondence course to get my high school diploma, and he offered to help me, and in fact - spent many many hours helping me. I could read quite well, but that was about all. I loved to read, and soon he was having me practice reading in some of his law books. He became a teacher to me, explaining various legal terms, what they meant.

Glenn told me how he had come from a town called Chattanooga. He said he had wanted out as a school teacher. He said he liked to teach but that when an opportunity came to get a law degree through night school - he decided he would try.

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He said that he had gotten into some trouble in Chattanooga and had to keep his law license (which he was very proud) when he was not drinking, he was a very intelligent person who seemed interested in my education.

Nash admired my athletic ability. He said that if I would teach the judo class - I could take karate for free. So that is how I settled in at the old karate school. I soon was there all the time.

There was another man there who taught the karate classes - Henry Batten. Henry liked Nash excepting when Nash was drinking. Soon I became involved with Henry and his youngest son in going to the lake boating, etc. Henry was a very intelligent man and an excellent karate man.

Steve Nash was the first man I had known who ever took an interest in me. Then Henry befriended me. Before that time my world consisted mostly of books, painting, music, and running wild with other teenagers who had also fast motorcycles.

I had just turned 19 when I began staying at the karate school.

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Ann was also very kind to me. And quite frankly, they became the first real home I had known. The old dogo was "home."

Before Glenn, I had not known any man to take an interest in me. Ann and Glenn became my surrogate parents. Glenn being a lawyer seemed real important to me. And Henry, I admired his strength and direct manner. I was never so happy as that time at the dogo.

It only Stanley claimed on me that Glenn was dishonest. But by then he had become the only father I had known (along with Henry). So I became an integral part of their lives and they of my life.

So many happy times - the years have not erased my memory. Would that I could but change the past.

Nash seemed everything I wanted to be. So I thought I would be a lawyer because I did not think I could ever master the math to become an engineer - which had been my childhood wish.

I knew the good side of Glenn Nash. But after a while I began to have doubts - because in part Henry kept telling me that Glenn was dishonest.

Winter, 1965,
November.

January 22, 1987
9 PM

Upon my release from the Kansas City psychiatric hospital, I rented a room in the YMCA. The idea was that I should stay a while in Kansas City and continue treatment with DR. Harte. I took my mother Ruth to the bus station and she departed for Memphis.

The next day I went to see DR. Harte in his office on Wyandotte. We talked for a little over one hour. I explained that I needed to return to Memphis, that I could not stay in Kansas City. He felt I was "running away from my problems." But I did not tell him why it was that I needed to return to Memphis. So I left his office.

That evening I began driving back to Memphis. I took a more direct route rather than go through St. Louis. It was a very cold night of driving. The car heater was not working. Most of the driving was on two lane highways. When I got near Blyville I pulled over and went to sleep.

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9:05

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Winter of 1965
(NOV -)

When the day light came, I woke up and continued once again my driving. I drove on through West Memphis and arrived at my 2nd Edward street house about mid-morning. I went into the house, called Ruth, and then went back to sleep.

I saw Glenn Nash a couple of days later. I asked him if he had received the darringer gun. He said he had - in pieces. He was somewhat angry that it had been returned to him in that fashion. But I explained to him the reason why.

About a month or so later, the police came to my Edward street house with a warrant for my arrest. It was 2pm in the morning. I asked one of the officers why they needed to serve the warrant so early. He said he was sorry about having to - but they had no control over the warrants and when they would be served. I asked if I could call my lawyer. They said "ok" But also, the one officer asked me, "Who is your lawyer?" I told them it was Glenn Nash. He said, "oh - ok."

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9:10

Jan. 22-1987
9:12pm.

My mother Ruth was standing watching all this. She said, "it won't do you any good to be calling Mr. Nash." I replied, "Well, he's my lawyer." So I dialed Mr. Nash on the telephone. After a few minutes he finally answered the phone. I explained to him what was happening. He said for me to go ahead and go to city jail since it was early morning anyway; that he'd meet me there in the morning and get me out.

So I left the house with the two officers. Before I got into the car they handcuffed my hands in the front. And then I sat down in the back seat. I asked them why the handcuffs were necessary. The officer on the right side of car said, "it's the rules." So I didn't say anymore.

They took me to a lone cell in city. I will always remember the clang of the door. The bed had no mattress, no anything. I had my winter coat with me - but it was still cold in the cell.

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9:20

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About nine or ten o'clock in the morning the guard came for me and brought me up to Judge Colters courtroom. I sat on the prisoner bench for about thirty or forty minutes. Then MR. Nash came over to see me. He asked how I was doing. I said "fine." He then said he would take care of everything.

When it became my turn before the judge, Nash moved to have the case dropped. The judge said no, then the Nash asked the case be tried in city court, because of double-jeopardy. The judge said instead that he would remand me to state. So he did.

So I left the court and went to the jail where there was a window and a man who handled the bond. Nash soon had me out on bond. We left the city courthouse and went down to the dojo. Later that day he took me home.

Some weeks passed and I received notice to appear in criminal court for driving with a suspended license.

A09

7:30

Jan. 22-1987.

I found my name on the docket list. Nash said he would represent me, but my mother Ruth, had hired her own attorney. This man was also at the courtroom. He was walking on a crutch. His left leg was bandaged up and he said to me that he had broken his leg. He asked me if I wanted him to represent me. I said "ok." But Nash being there also - objected. So this lawyer again asked me, "Do you want Mr. Nash to represent you? That will be fine with me." I said, "No, you better represent me."

So this lawyer with the broken left foot and I went before the judge who asked how I pleaded. I said "guilty." So he fixed sentence at 3 days - it being the minimum. Then the lawyer said, "I'll see you later" - and left. Nash, who had remained in the courtroom, came over to me and said, "just sit tight." So I stayed in the courtroom for about 20 more minutes.

WD

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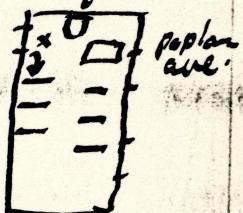
9:36

Jan 22-1981.

Then the bailiff motioned for me to follow some other prisoners through a door that lead to the county jail. Nash said he would talk with the jailers and meet me later. So then he left.

I followed the other prisoners to a place where we turned in all our belongings. I had brought along a book to read, "Exodus," and I asked the jailer if I could keep it. He said "ok." After I had turned in everything else, money, etc. and signed an envelope, another jail keeper came and said for me to follow him. I did. And we came to one of the large "tanks" that sleep twelve. He opened the door and I went in. He closed the door.

There were four men at a table playing cards. There was a young negro man also there, in his twenties. He asked me why I was in there. I told him I had three days for driving with suspended license. He then said he was in for murder. One of the men at the card table said he was there for bad checks.



Jan 22-1987

Another of the men said he was there for embezzlement. I stared at the open basket for a few seconds. The negro man noticed and said, "Don't let that bother you."

I looked around some more and noticed that the first top bunk bed was empty. I asked the negro man, "Can I sleep up there?" He said "Go ahead." So I climbed up and made my coat into a pillow.

I asked how long I'd have to stay, and one of the card players said, "72 hours." The negro man said, "Yea, you gotta to stay the full time." So I resigned myself to that fact and tried to read the book. But I couldn't concentrate. The early evening came and the trustees brought dinner. It was actually quite good. They asked if I wanted some coffee. I said yes, with cream and sugar. The trustee said he'd have to give it to me black. So I said, "ok" and he handed me a tin cup with hot strong coffee. I couldn't drink it so I asked the negro man if he wanted it. He said, "No man, thanks anyway."

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The night came and the guard hollered out that he was going to shut the lights.

So the other prisoners went to their bunks. The lights were out and I couldn't sleep much at all that night. I was just counting the time.

The morning came when I was awoken by someone hollering "Captain." One of the prisoners said, "Captain's comin'." Then the guard appeared at the head far end of the cell, outside of the bars, and hollered, "Dawning." I said "yes sir." He said, "get your stuff - you're leaving." I was surprised and replied, "Are you sure?" He answered, "Stay if you want to." "No sir" and I quickly grabbed my coat, jumped down from the cell bed and waited at the door. The negro man then said, "You bucked up boy." I didn't reply. When the guard opened the cell door I went right out and headed toward where they had my belongings. I signed another piece of paper and then went out the main steel door after the guard activated the buzzer. The guard was next to me and I asked him how come

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I was getting released so soon. He said, "city was one day, yesterday was a day and today is a day, and we need the room" So I went out the door and it clanged behind me.

Nash was there waiting in the corridor. I asked him how come I got out so soon. He said he had talked to the guards. So then he said, "lets go to the dojo." I said "No," that I thought I'd go see Ruth and have breakfast at the Jefferson restraint. He said, "ok" and left.

My mothers office was above the Jefferson restraint - so I waited till she arrived and we went in and had breakfast together. She and I didn't talk much. But she said that MR. Nash was "using me" and that she was going to see Harry Welford and get him disbarred. I said, "well, lets forget it." So we finished breakfast and she gave me money for taxi home.

The judge had suspended my driving license for 6 months. So I couldn't go anywhere during the day time.

I didn't have much else to do so I decided to get serious with my High school correspondence course with the American School. I studied the subjects in the day time, and in the evening Henry Batten would come to the house and take me to the karate school to work out, and then bring me home, since my place was "on the way".

So for a few months this continued. Then Ruth found another house at 44 N. Tucker, whose location was more convenient for both of us. So we moved to the new house.

Henry Batten got me a 10 speed bicycle to ride and this became my sole transportation for the next six months; excepting those times when Henry Batten would take me skiing with his son, and other places. I often would ride out to his farm in Bartlett Tennessee. He was indeed a good friend to me.

The new house was not so far away from the dogs. So Nash offered to pick me up and take me there in the afternoons to teach. And soon I was back running around with him and going to his trials. He at this time had his office in ~~104 W. Main Stdg.~~ at Bellevue ave ^{N.W.D.}

After about three weeks of this, Ruth objected. She said that if he continued coming to get me she would go see Harry Weigard. So I told Nash this and he got pretty angry and said, "I better not come by because she will just do it!"

So Nash quit coming by after that and I would study in the afternoons when I would ride my bike to the dogs. Nash tried to help me with fractions ^{word problems} but could not work the problems, though he said he had taught school in stamp Chattanooga and had gotten his law degree from McKenzie Law School.

At his law office he showed me how to look up law and taught me much of the theory. He showed me one time his name in some case review, a murder case, where he had been complemented by the appellate.

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10:33

By the spring of 1966, Nash had moved his office down to the karate school because of money problems. I also began separating more from him and formed my own karate class at the big presbyterian church on Union Avenue. The master was a Mr. Jones.

Thisirked Nash because I was no longer at the school to teach class for him and sell karate courses. Nash was incompetent to teach and only rose to green belt level. And because he would come to class drunk so much, we lost many students.

Soon we had near 30-40 students at the church gym. Gerry Brown was a 2nd degree black belt - so I asked him to be the chief instructor. He had a friend who was 1st dan and this man also helped teach classes. I was a brown belt at the time but I organized the classes. We had class 3 times a week and our classes grew and grew in size. But we had fun.

Both Nash and Ann seemed annoyed that I was teaching at the church and had so many students. Henry Batten continued to go down to the old dojo now and then to teach class.

About the mid spring time of 1966 I went to see Charles V. Dowling about stomach problems and problems with studying my correspondence courses. I was also teaching a women's self defense course for the nurses at Baptist hospital and also dating several of them. These nurses suggested I see Dr. Dowling about my medical problems. I took an EEG, and some stomach tests. He told me I needed to be on Ritalin, so he gave me a prescription. And soon, shortly after that, I could study without anymore problems.

This increased ever more my separation from the old karate school. So now, I only once in awhile would go to visit for more than an hour or so. I continued riding to my bike class there. But just to step in and say hello.

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