

Sunday afternoon
January 25, 1987

In April, 1974 I graduated from the University of Tennessee, found a job with TVA, and moved to Chattanooga. I was now in the city where Nash had begun his law practice.

I like large old houses, so a fellow U.T. student whose home was in Chattanooga showed me the St. Elmo area. I found a house that would accommodate my furniture and decided to rent the place. I found out from the occupants, James [unclear] & wife, that the house belonged to a [unclear] who was an assistant attorney general. I contacted this man at his office via the telephone. We agreed to meet at the [unclear] Motel which belonged to my friend's kin.

Mr. [unclear] came to the [unclear] Motel and we discussed renting his house on [unclear] avenue. At this time I noticed his approximate age, that he was "before the time of Glenn Nash." So I lightly interjected

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the "Nash name" into the conversation. He said that the name was not familiar to him. So I said, "No - he was before your time." We then went on to discuss my plans for the house. We agreed to meet in Mr. [unclear] office, it then being in the old courthouse.

The following day we met in his office and he asked if a handwritten lease would be alright. I said "yes." He then wrote a lease, and I read and signed the lease.

My ultimate plan had been to buy the house, settle down, and get to know people. Unfortunately, however, my father mother soon called me at work, "Habt u found a house?" I said "yes." "Splendid, let me turn in my resignation and I can start packing." She was at this time Director of Senior Citizens of Memphis. I said, "Why don't you stay in Memphis, you have a good job - why retire?" She replied, "Don't you want me with you anymore?" I said, "It's not that, I just got here (Chattanooga) and anyway, the house would need a great deal of fixing up." To which she said, "You just don't want me to come to Chattanooga." I replied, "No, the house is not suitable."

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She then said, "We'll fix it up and can send you the money you need." So I said, "I tell you what, I probably couldn't fix the house up in time, I'll go see if I can find one that is more suitable for you."

So then I found a house down on

I called [redacted] and told him I needed out of the lease. He said he would hold me to the lease even if he had to go to court. So I looked at the lease and noticed that it had no restrictions against sub-leasing. So I placed a large sign in the yard, "For Rent to Anyone." [redacted] found out about the signs and quickly came to the house. I think I also had a sign staked into the ground. He wanted to know "what the hell are you doing?" I explained to him my predicament, that my mother was insisting on moving up to Chattanooga, and that as a result - I had found another house which I planned to buy. He said, "That doesn't get you out of the lease." I replied, "I realize that but the lease doesn't prevent me from sub-leasing - and that is what I am trying to do." He then said, "We didn't agree to

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anything concerning sub leases." To which I replied, "You wrote the lease.

Then he became somewhat irked and went over to the porch, pulled down the large sign, grabbed the one in the ground, and started ripping them into pieces. I then said to him, "That doesn't change anything, I'll put new signs up as soon as you leave." This increased his anger. And he took half a step toward me. We were about fifteen feet away. Then we just stared at each other. Then he said, "You know something Dunning, your crazy, you know that - you're crazy." Then he threw the pieces of sign down on the ground, got into his compact car, then saying with a strong voice, "Don't put anymore signs up" and drove away heading south on

The next day I asked my very good friend, if he knew - an honest attorney whom he trusted. He said yes and wrote down the name and phone number of . That day I went to either the city courthouse or the planning commission and got a copy of the zoning ordinances. I then read these and then called for an appointment.

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In his office I showed him the lease and the zoning laws. He agreed that I could sublease. But I suggested perhaps he could write a letter to [redacted] to the effect that the house was unfit for human habitation and that he advised his client to leave. This he did.

About a week later, [redacted] returned to the front yard. He said, "Alright, if you want to go-go." I said again that the problem was my mother - that I liked the house and had wanted to buy it. He said he understood, wished me well, and said he hoped it worked out well with my Mother. So we departed with a mutual understanding that I had been caught in the middle. Then my mother sent me \$6,500 to buy the house I didn't want and I spent the next six years living with this possessive woman who thought I belonged to her for all that she had done for me, that I should wait until she died before finding my own way in life.

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While discussing the lease problem with Mr. - I brought up the subject of Mr. Nash. He said that he had known a lawyer, a Glenn Nash, who had once practiced in Chattanooga, and had he (DM) ever heard of him. - said, yes, that he had known about Mr. Nash but had not known him personally. I knew this to be true because Nash had never mentioned his name.

had a small office on Georgia Avenue (I think.) I remember the room being filled with pictures of his son, about 8yo at the time. He said he had once worked for the DA's office and had then gone into private practice. I mentioned to him several names of former clients, that they had spoken well of him. We talked for about an hour. I was convinced he was a good man. It seemed at the time he was struggling to succeed. He mentioned the cost of raising a family. I said to him he ought to become a judge. He said he thought that was impossible. I said, "No - you have a kind nature". I asked him what he would like to be. He said an appellate judge.

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I said I thought he would make a good one. I said to him, work your way into city. Then an opening will come into criminal court. Then be patient until an opening comes in the appellate court. During this time, I said, use your position to help people. I explained that I had seen the method work in Memphis.

Throughout the years, _____ represented me on several civil matter, and I was satisfied with the results. Several years ago I learned from Fr. _____ OSB of the work that _____ was doing at _____ and with persons whose alcohol had gotten them into trouble. I sent word of my appreciation through Fr. _____ and told Ruth that one day he _____ would sit with the appellate court.

I now had two lawyers whose character was established, that could recall that I had not forgotten the name of Glenn Nash.

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About the time of 1977 I had a will drawn up by . I also brought up once again the name of Glenn Nash. With these people I did not mention the particulars, but rather I wanted them to know that I had not forgotten the Nash case, even though many years had gone by, that something was on my mind.

Sometime in the early eighties, a young friend got into severe trouble with the law. As fate would have it, I knew the victim and was able to ascertain the truth. I felt my young friend should not be manipulated into freedom or an excessive prison term; that his future weighed in balance.

So I went about to find out who was the smartest and most honest lawyer in town, and who would consider what was best for the defendant - that is - his future. I talked to lawyers I knew, to people at the juvenile court, to friends at work, to poor friends in the country, to black friends such as

- the ~~Black Panthers~~.

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Although I had come down to several names, finally said, "Look, if you really care about the kid get. I did not know the man or his ability, though his name seemed to be the favorite. So finally I went to . He said, "If you want - still take the case, but if you can get - that is your best bet." So that is what I did.

I observed his handling of the case and became convinced of his integrity, ability and decency as a human being. So I then used this time to bring into the picture Paul Sorrick. I figured Paul Sorrick would know the underlining reason. I wanted to connect the parallels in the cases. There were two honest lawyers from two different times, and that the courts are just and merciful.

Now convinced that I had found a attorney who was in no way connected with the Nash years (in fact a law student at the time) I decided to reveal to him what had happened in the past.

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I then gave him (, ~~the painting~~) my most valued painting. And this was the painting I did shortly after I quit high school.

I then painted a new picture (1983) this being a country scene. Next to the road is an old house, skewed. Inside the house is Glenn Nash looking out of the window, wearing a cowboy hat. On the door of the house is a sign that says, "The Law." Outside the house are three mail boxes on posts. The mail box nearest the door says "Thompson." The center mail box has fallen to the ground. On the box is marked " ". The third box is marked " ". A small rat sits on the post where once rested the " " mail box. Behind the boxes is a fence and a grown garden full of weeds. In the garden is an old baby carriage. Nearest to the window is a red chicken. There are many symbols in the painting. There is a white house on down the road which represents "the country court house."

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The fallen mailbox represents the Attorney General's office. The rat is the evil side of Glenn Nash. The chicken is Mr. Nash's constant remark that the bar association lawyers are "a bunch of chickens." The baby crib is the memory of Glenn Nash Jr. deserted at infancy by his father. There is a fire burning (smoldering) outside. This is "justice burning," that is, a "burning issue". The little puppy dog (white) who hides between the large roots of a tree - this is Ann (her poodle) not wanting to face reality, hoping that the past will be forgotten.

The "Thompson" mailbox represents a man who knew one, knew my mother, had his office in the same building as my mother, who took the case of Glenn Nash, made a name for himself, knows Nash is guilty, but does not know ^{my} part in the case unless Nash has told him.

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Shortly after my interview with the Memphis Attorney General lawyers and the FBI, I called Dr. Hart. I told him that the lawyers didn't seem to grasp the main dilemma - the subservient position of the judicial system to the psychiatrists. He said, "What you're saying is that they didn't do their homework." I said, "Yes." He said, "I have to agree with you." I explained how this was all a game to Nash ~ that he was enjoying every minute of it, that he would be content to stay in the hospital since it wasn't too uncomfortable that he always was terrified of prison, that if ever he got out he would kill again and claim again - insanity.

_____ symbolically represents the kind of intellect needed to defeat Mr. Nash's real purpose ~ to die laughing at the judicial system and all the honest judges and lawyers who comprise it.

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Is such thinking the actions of a mad man or an evil man. Is there not such a thing as good and evil? Are not some people good, some people evil. And is not mental illness a condition which may attach itself to either.

The legal profession has deferred to the subjective field of psychiatry - a subject which requires less study and thinking than does law. Law has snagged itself because it has bowed down to the high priests of the subjective mind - the psychologists, the psychiatrists. Who ever heard of a schizophrenic playing chess? writing clear and concise letters.

A cardinal sign of schizophrenia is "word salad" thinking and writing. And a paranoid? he fears the things that have no cause for fear. Of course the burglary squad was after him. Of course the bar association was after him - and rightfully so.

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Not a week hath gone by when I did not think about Glenn Nash. The many years gone by seem only to have proved Nash right - that the law had given in to the psychiatrists. These are things we talked about at length in his 100 N. Main office in 1965, 1966. He said again and again - "I can get away with murder," "Yabada bado!", his favorite call of victory. And Ann, fully aware of most, perhaps all, of the facts, and always saying, "With your psychiatric history - no one is going to believe you. You'll crack up on the witness stand, etc."

And even Hagar Oclerk said, "The whole story is unbelievable." I said to him, "What's the point of letting the cat out of the bag unless you have to, because if they don't lock him up for good he will kill again - and it will probably be me." He said, "Well don't let that bother you because Nash is a coward, so you'd never know anyway. He'd do it while you weren't looking." I said, "I think you're right."

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I asked him, "How come you quit practicing law?" He said "Because of Brown vs Board of Education." I said, "how that?" He said "the supreme court did away with stare decisis."

We talked for several hours, he invited me to come again for dinner. I said I would but never did.

He seemed a lonely man. He kept all the curtains drawn over the windows. He was staying there with his elderly mother. He said he didn't care about law in Tennessee ^{anymore} but that he still did some volunteer work for the poor in Florida. I asked him if he would ever practice law again in Tennessee. He said "no." He said he preferred reading spy novels and had a book about the mafia which he showed me. He said I could borrow it but explained that I only read factual type text books. Just as I was leaving he said, "Your in one hell of a predicament." I replied, "I know - thanks." I drove back home and never saw him again.

