

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA)
PICKENS)
COUNTY OF XXXXXXXX)

Personally appeared before me Frank Henry Walker, Jr.
Negro, male, who after first being duly sworn deposes and
says: "My name is Frank Henry Walker, Jr. My address is
#9 Stall Street, Greenville, S. C. I am 27 years
old. I completed the 12th grade in school, and I can XXXXXXXXXX
XXXXXXXXXX read and write."

"I have been advised that I have the right to remain silent and that any-
thing I say can and will be used against me in a Court of Law. I have been
advised that I have the right to talk to a Lawyer and have him present when I
am being questioned. I have been advised that if I can not afford a Lawyer,
that the State will appoint one to represent me without cost. I have been
advised that at any time during the questioning, if there is any particular
question that I do not want to answer, that I do not have to do so. I have
been advised that I can terminate the questioning at any time by saying that
I do not wish to answer any more questions. I understand these rights, and I
waive these rights, and I make the following statement."

7.21.75
"On or around the first of February, 1975, after drinking several beers
with Raymond "Bugs" Hassie and Raymond "Country" Smalls we left, all three
together, R & R Tavern on Bucomb Road in Greenville. We were in the car of
Raymond Smalls. The car was a 1974 Dodge Charger, yellow with a white
vinyl top. Being the late hour of the night, there was not very much traffic
on the road. While going down Bucomb Road toward SandsSouci, it was suggest-
ed by Raymond Hassie that we take a ride to look something over. At that
time, it was asked by Raymond Smalls where we were going. Raymond Hassie
then replied that we were going to make a little piece of money. It was
asked by Raymond Smalls what were we going to do. Hassie replied that there
was a man giving another man some trouble, and we were going to snatch his
windows out and scare him up. After going down Cedar Lane Road, then
turning on to Highway 253, then for a small distance we turned left off of
253 on to a dark road. Hassie replied, "Get your guns ready." He then
turned right on Hunt Street and replied, "I will show you which house we
are going to hit." After passing a small, yellow house on the right with a
fense from the driveway extending to the next house, we circled the block.
Upon turning back on Hunt Street, Hassie replied that when I stop the car
everybody shoot. At that time, Hassie stopped in front of the yellow house,
leaned over Raymond Smalls' lap, fired his shotgun, which was a sawed off
double barrel, and I fired a 380 millimeter automatic pistol several times

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into the rear windshield of a car sitting in the driveway. We then sped off. Then, going back toward White Horse Road and down Easley Bridge Road back toward Riverside, it was asked by myself, Frank Walker, what was the purpose for this. Raymond Hassie replied that this particular man of whom's house we shot into had given some false statement about this other guy's income tax and he wanted to scare him. After that, he commented that he was suppose to see this man first thing in the morning. After that, Raymond Hassie and Raymond Smalls carried me to my home on Stall Street, and they both left together with Hassie driving in the yellow Charger. About one (1) week after this incident, it was told to Raymond Smalls and myself that we were going to meet a man at 12 o'clock noon in the parking lot of Jordan's Self Service Station on Bucomb Road. At 12 o'clock that day, we were setting in the parking lot in a 1969 or 70 blue Oldsmobile 442, with a beige vinyl top, the right side crushed in. Within several minutes, a 1973 Pontiac Grand Ville, maroon with a white convertible top pulled into the parking lot. At that time, Raymond Hassie left the Oldsmobile and got into the Pontiac with the lone driver of the car. After about five (5) or ten (10) minutes he returned to the car with Smalls and himself, and replied that "We have some working money." He showed the both of us One Hundred Dollars (\$100), two (2) fifty dollar bills. At that time, we left the parking lot and he commented that Ballard George, the man that was in the Pontiac, wanted something done to his brother, Furman George. I, myself, asked him what. He replied that he wanted him killed. At that time, Smalls asked him what would be in it for us. He said it would be a piece of money. He asked him how much money? He stated it would be Three Thousand Dollars (\$3000). He said it would be a thousand dollars (\$1000) a piece. I replied to him that wasn't even enough money to even think about killing somebody for. Raymond Hassie then replied that we can get more if I can work it right. After going toward Poinsett Highway, I asked Hassie when were we going to get together on this, and he replied, "As soon as Ballard got the weapons (the guns) together, he would let us know. Later on that evening, Hassie came to my house and asked me what did I think about the deal. I replied

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Myself F.H.W.

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to him that it didn't sound too good to me. He then stated, "Well, if you don't want to do it, I won't have any hard feelings. I will do the job myself and stated that he was suppose to get the right weapon to do it with, which was going to be furnished by Ballard George." He left after that. The next day around 3 or 4 o'clock, Hassie introduced me to Ballard George as one of his good people at his place of business. Between the three of us, Raymond Smalls, Hassie, and myself, that the job would get done. At that time, Hassie got out of the car and walked down the driveway with Ballard George, leaving Raymond Smalls and myself in Hassie's car. Raymond Smalls commented to me that Hassie wasn't going to do anything anyway. That he seemed scared to him. What he probably was going to do was to take Ballard's money from the way he had talked to him. He stated that if he did accept any more money that he was going to bring this to Ballard's attention. After Hassie returned to the car, we then left. After leaving Ballard George's garage, they then carried me home. Several days passed while Hassie and Country Small were negotiating with Ballard too. Country Small advised me they weren't negotiating too well with Hassie. Country was trying to under-bid Hassie on the job to kill Furman George. During this time, while Bugs Hassie had supposedly gone to Alabama for court, it was brought to my attention by Raymond Smalls that Ballard George was tired of Hassie using all of his money and not doing anything. Ballard George wanted to know how much it would take to get Bugs Hassie killed. Country told him (Ballard George) that he wouldn't take his money like Hassie had taken it and would do the job for One Thousand Dollars (\$1000). At this time, ^{Ballard G. F.H.W.} ~~he~~ gave me a 22 Western style pistol, blue steel with a dark handle grip. Ballard stated, "That when you get the job done, I will have your money ready. If you need me for anything, just give me a call." Raymond Smalls wanted to know what did I think about it. I commented that taking a person's money like that and promising him to do something and not doing it was really a bad thing. We agreed that we would get Bugs Hassie the first chance we could get him alone. On the following Monday, it was the next day, Raymond Smalls and myself went over to Bugs Hassie's trailer, which is off of Hill Top Avenue, where we found Raymond Hassie, Shirley Palmer, her small son, her brother

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and his wife. Smalls had asked Hassie where had he been. He stated that he had been to Alabama for court and that it was put off until a later date. After staying at the trailer for about thirty (30) minutes or so, I asked Hassie did he want a ride with us (Raymond Smalls and myself) to the Food Stamp Office, which is located on Asbury Avenue in Greenville, that I had some papers to sign about my employment so that my mother could receive her food stamps. After leaving the trailer, we then went to the Dairy Queen. We got milk shakes and tea. Leaving from there, we went to the Food Stamp Office. After about an hour there, we left and at that time, it was suggested by Hassie that we get together later on that night because he had come up with something he wanted to do to get some money. He then stated that he wanted us three to take a ride up White Horse Road to this particular house where he had got information from Ballard George that a young lady lived there, her and her roommate, and that Ballard had dated this particular young lady on several different occasions and that Ballard knew where she kept a fairly large sum of money in a metal box in a cabinet and that Raymond Hassie knew that the young lady was suppose to have been a nurse and whenever the car wasn't in the yard the young lady was either at work or she was out. We then drove by the location and a car was in the yard. It was suggested by Hassie that evidently she was on the third shift or maybe on the first shift, and that we would come back later on that night. After that it had been planned to come back later on that night and that Hassie or Smalls would pick me up at my house. After dark, Raymond Smalls came by my house on Stall Street and picked me up. We went from there to Raymond Hassie's trailer. At that time, we got together the clothes we were going to wear. Hassie got his double barrel shotgun, gave it to Smalls and he said he would use his 9 millimeter himself. Hassie then put a 30/06 rifle with a telescopic scope, which had been given to him by Ballard George, into the trunk of Hassie's yellow Road Runner, along with several pairs of shoes and extra clothing. Upon this, we three left together in the blue Oldsmobile 442, which belonged to Bugs Hassie. A short distance before we got to the location, Raymond Smalls suggested that we stop on the side of the road to take a leak. I said, myself, I will too. When I first got

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out of the back seat, Hassie stood beside the car and Smalls come around to the same spot where I was standing and stated that it is about time for us to get it. Smalls said that he would stall for a little more time while riding around and then suggest that we stop and take another leak. We then got back into the car. Raymond Smalls was riding in the front seat on the passenger's side, and I, myself, was in the rear sit, setting directly in the middle of the car. Upon arrival at the location there was a car in the driveway at the house and it was asked by Raymond Samlls, "What were we to do then?" and Hassie stated, "That we would go in and throw down on everybody in the house and make them show us where the money was. I then commented myself, "Why not wait until no one was at home and go in and look for it without hurting anybody." Then Hassie asked did we want to do it or go back home. Then it was stated by Smalls that we would hit the house but he wanted to take another leak. Hassie asked him what was wrong with him and he said his kidneys were acting up on him. He said, "Why don't you pull down this side road here, which was the road that ran directly down the side of the house that we were going to hit." After a short distance down the road, Hassie asked, "Is this good enough?" Smalls said, "Yeah." We all then got out of the car, walked to the back. Hassie stood at the door. Then Country said, "Now this is it when we get back in the car." Then I, myself, got into the back seat. Then Raymond Smalls crawled across the console into the passenger's seat. Hassie stepped into the car, set down and closed the door. Upon starting the vehicle back, Smalls reached on to the back floor board where the sawed off shotgun was propped up against the door, picked up the shotgun; and by the time Hassie had turned on the lights, Smalls turned quickly, fired one shot with the shotgun into Hassie's side. I, myself, pulled my pistol from out of my belt, the 22 Western style pistol, and fired several times into the back of Hassie's head. It appeared that Hassie was trying to reach for his pistol and Small's replied, "Apt, you son of a bitch." Then, we both grabbed him and pulled him toward Smalls. I then, myself, reached for the handle on the front door on the driver's side, opened the door, and got out. Raymond Smalls

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crawled over Hassie and I turned off the lights and we both set him on the seat on the passenger's side. Smalls asked me where could we get rid of him. I replied, "We should take him somewhere where no one will find him for a while." I then thought about Paris Mountain, and we left from there to Paris Mountain. I drove and Country was in the back. Upon going up State Park Road, I turned off State Park Road on to Altamount Road. Then took the first road pass the Caper House to the right where a short distance around the curve we stopped the car after finding a little drop off, pulled the body from the car, dropped it off the embankment. He was dead when we left. Then, turning back right on to Altamount Road, we then went up Paris Mount and now on the other side, crossed Highway 276 and made our way to the back side of Furman University on a dirt road where we abandoned the car and ^{started} ~~stated~~ walking back toward White Horse Road to find a telephone. After walking by some new recently built apartments, we walked up on a bridge that had a small creek running underneath it. I then threw the 22 pistol into the bushes that I used in shooting Hassie, and Smalls handed me the 380 automatic pistol that he had taken from Hassie's jacket pocket. I threw it into the creek while standing on the bridge. I asked Smalls where was the shotgun and he stated it was left in the car. I asked him why did he leave it in the car. He stated since we were wearing gloves and there were no fingerprints that it didn't really matter. We then started walking toward White Horse Road, where I had noticed from where we were walking the ^{lit up} ~~lit up~~ Zippy Mart sign. Upon arriving close to the Zippy Mart, I told Smalls if he would stay in the bushes, I would go call Ballard George. When upon calling Ballard George, I gave him our location and he stated he would be there in a matter of minutes. Shortly after I called, he arrived by himself in his 73 white over maroon Pontiac, Grand Ville, which I know to be Ballard George's car. Upon us getting into the car, Raymond Smalls stated that the job is done. We have gotten rid of him. Ballard George stated that we would receive our money the first thing in the morning.

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after the bank opened. He then asked, "Do we get rid of all the evidence?"
Ballard George asked was his gun gotten rid of and I stated it had been
thrown into the creek. Ballard George then stated that after we got back
to his place we would get rid of the clothes that we had if they had
any blood on them. Upon arriving at Ballard George's Shop on Franklin Road,
we, all three, went down to his shop. Ballard George then opened up his
small office, which is connected to his shop, pulled off the old clothes
with the blood on them. Ballard then went outside and got a garbage can.
We threw the clothes into the garbage can. Ballard George then poured some
kerosene from a small oil heater that was in his office into the garbage
can containing the clothes with the blood, then set the clothes on fire.
We three stepped outside into the yard. Ballard closed the door of the
office. After being at Ballard's for about twenty (20) to thirty (30)
minutes, Raymond Smalls carried me home in the yellow Dodge Charger, which
had been left at Ballards all that evening. When I arrived home and had
walked into my room and turned on the light, I noticed that the time was
approximately 11:40. I then went to bed, got up the next morning, walked over
to Ballard George's garage, and at that time, we walked into his shop and
this was when Ballard George said to me I have got your money. He counted
out to me Four Hundred Dollars (\$400) in twenty (20) dollar bills, and
stated that "your boy Country hooked up this morning, and I gave him
Six Hundred Dollars (\$600) and he said he would square you up later with the
other hundred, that he needed the money to go to Florida to see his brother."
I got my money and left and went back home. The next morning, Ballard George
called me at my home and said that Country needed One Hundred Fifty Dollars
(\$150) for the reason that he had been stopped by a highway patrolman and
he wanted me to send the money by Western Union in the name of Helen
Blackburn and Ballard stated that he would make the money good to me later.
Several weeks later, Ballard George had stated that he would find me a
fairly decent little car to drive since I didn't have one running myself and
this would make up for the money that I had sent to Country Smalls. I
have not seen Country since we were ^{at} Ballard George's ^{garage.}

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- WE F.H.W

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garage.

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I make this statement in the presence of Lt. L. J. Armstrong and Lt. Earl Collins of the South Carolina Law Enforcement Division, Lt. Harold Haynes of the Pickens County Sheriff's Office, Detective Julius Jones of the Greenville County Sheriff's Office, and Special Agent Leonard C. Strength and Special Agent James B. Tankersley of the Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms Division. I make this statement of my own free will and accord without reward or hope of reward. I have not been mistreated or threatened in any way. All of the above is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me God.

Frank Henry Walker, Jr.
FRANK HENRY WALKER, JR.

SWORN TO AND SUBSCRIBED TO BEFORE
ME THIS 25TH DAY OF OCTOBER, 1975.

Deborah A. Walters
NOTARY PUBLIC FOR SOUTH CAROLINA
My commission expires January 7, 1982.

WITNESSES:

Earl Collins
James B. Tankersley
Julius Jones
Harold Haynes
Leonard C. Strength

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT I HAVE (HAD) READ THE ABOVE STATEMENT CONSISTING OF
8 PAGE(S) AND HAVE BEEN GIVEN A COPY OF SAME AS OF THE 25TH DAY OF OCTOBER,
1975.

Frank Henry Walker, Jr.
FRANK HENRY WALKER, JR.