

Date: 5/4/2020 10:54:47 AM

THIS IS A CASE OF INJUSTICE

By Ronald W. Clark Jr

The United States Judicial system portrays itself as the most fair and equal of any in this world. Well my name is Ronald Wayne Clark Jr. and I'm here to not only tell you, but to show you the inequality of a system that victimized me time and time again, denying me of equal justice under the law.

Undisputed Facts: On Friday January 12, 1990, I sat outside the trailer of John David Hatch's mom and dad's drinking beer waiting for David to get off work. He showed up at approximately 7:00 pm with a half a case of beer for which we drank while he did laundry and showered. He pulled a 3.80 automatic pistol out of his laundry basket. His mother Mary Hatch seen us handling the gun at the dining room table, of their 28 foot camper. This was a gun that David had stolen two weeks earlier, out of the bed room closet of Ms Mecca Ann Bailey, who David was working for.

At approximately 9:00 pm John David Hatch (known as David) and I left his mom and dad's camper trailer located at the Bow and Arrow Camp ground right off of US 17 in Yulee Florida, just north of Jacksonville. We left on foot, walking south, and stopping at the county store, not more than 50 yards from the campground where we purchased a beer a piece. We continued walking south, our destination was the the Bowling alley located on Dunn Avenue some 17 miles away. We were armed with this 380. automatic pistol. As we were walking we were taking turns shooting the gun at signs down in the marsh. About a half a mile before the Nassau, Duval county line, a black Dodge Ram truck approached us and stopped. The driver was Ronald Willis a 38 year old white male. He said , I thought you was someone else that I knew from Amelia Island Plantation, but still asked us if we needed a ride. We said, Yes! It was a cold night the temperatures was 53 degrees, with a feel like temperature of 44. So we get in, David is seated in the middle, and I was seated by the door. David was carrying on a conversation with Mr Willis, and learned that he was going to the Admiral Inn, that was just a cross the street from our destination. When we got just pass the Lil' Champ store, on Pecan Park road, which was a dark isolated area, David stated to Mr Willis, "You can let us out here, we want to get a beer." We are 7.5 miles from our destination on a cold winter night. Mr Willis pulls over on the shoulder of the road, approximately 40 yards from the flashing yellow caution light there at Pecan park and US 17. Both David and I exit the truck, the shooter is in question, but Mr Willis is shot and killed. His body is driven down Bird Road, removed from the truck and David drives back on to US 17 heading south, we pass Bush Drive and Dunn avenue, stopping at a Lil' Champ store located on the east side of US 17 at Imission park. We go in purchase a 12 pack of Budweiser beer. We head from there to Jackie's seafood located right off of US 17, on the trout river, where David had once worked on a commercial fishing boat called, "The Bloody Mary" which was docket out back. We went into the restaurant, and had a mixed alcoholic drink, before leaving. We then headed to the Rosemont Apartment complex, where David's ex wife Missy lived. He stopped outside an apt pointed to a door, said knock on that door and ask for Missy. Tell her to come around the corner, and talk to me. David pulled the truck around to the side of the building and waited. I went up to the door, knocked and some guys answered. There was a party going on.

They said Missy's not here. Who are you? David told me not to say. They kept asking who I was and how I knew her. I didn't respond, I turned and walked off. Two guys, one named Chris Sweranger followed me back to the truck. David recognized them and spoke with them, as I went and sat back in the truck. David gets back in the truck, as we're leaving Chris reaches through the open driver side window, and slaps David, who then slams on the breaks. About this same time, Billy Jo Beman, who's Missy's sister, and is also dating David's younger brother Bobby comes around the corner. She comes up to the truck and pleads with David to leave. Within approximately 5 to 10 minutes David drives off. We drive back to Bird road, place Mr Willis in the truck and head to my dad's house located on 716 Trinity Circle in Yulee, we grab some blocks and a rope before heading to the Nassau sounds bridge out on Hecksher Drive. Mr Willis is dumped over the side. His body is never recovered. We then head back out A1A into Fernandina, back to US17 and head north. Hatch wanted to go to a friend of his, named Ricky and his wife Harriet who now lived in Tennessee. We get on to I 95 right before the Georgia state line. We enter Kingsland Ga. stopping at a gas station to fill up. I go in the store and pay for the gas as David fills up the truck. We get back on I 95 north. David is driving the entire time. We get on I16 in Ga. and head west with the intention of getting on I 75 north, heading up into Tennessee. Several miles after heading west on I 16 David exists, and we stop at a Huddle House restaurant, that's located on the south side of I 16. We enter, go to the bathroom and wash up. David was covered in Mr Willis' blood which was in David 's moustache and clothes. David spun a tale to the waitress about hitting a deer, and this was deers blood, which eased her mind. After washing up and eating, we went back to the truck, and fell asleep. It was approximately 2 to 3am Saturday morning. David wakes up and begins driving again. When we get up to I 75, David decides he no longer wants to go to Ricky and Harriet's house. He wants to go back to Florida.

So start back down south on I 75. We stop off at a Walmart just off the interstate, and buy new clothes. We go to a car wash where David uses a pressure sprayer, to try to wash Mr Willis' blood out of the truck.