

practically nothing. I was nervous and afraid that day. There were crowds in the street who were angry and who were saying that Leo Frank should die. Some were yelling things like, "Kill the Jew!"

I was very nervous. The courtroom was filled with people. Every seat was taken. I was interested mostly in getting out of there.

I spoke with a speech impediment and had trouble pronouncing the "r" in Frank's name in those days. The lawyers put their heads together and said that it was obvious I knew nothing and since I was so young they would let me off the stand. It was not an easy place for a young boy to be, there in court like that.

I never fully realized until I was older that if I had told what I knew Leo Frank would have been acquitted and gone free. Instead he was imprisoned.

After he was convicted my mother told me there was nothing we could do to change the jury's verdict. My father agreed with her. I continued to remain silent. Later Frank was lynched by a mob from Marietta, Georgia. I know, of course, that because I kept silent Leo Frank lost his life.

I have spent many nights thinking about that. I have learned to live with it.

I now swear to the events I witnessed that fatal day, Confederate Memorial Day, 1913, when Mary Phagan who was just about my age, 14, was killed.

I came to work on time that morning, at about 8 o'clock. I rode the streetcar from my home, on South Gordon Street, and when I walked into the building Jim Conley, the janitor, who also was called a "sweeper", was sitting under the stairwell on the first floor of the building. Although it was early in the morning, Conley had obviously already consumed considerable beer. He drank a lot, even in the mornings.

He spoke to me. He asked me for a dime to buy beer. A dime could buy a good-sized amount of beer in those days.

I told Jim Conley I didn't have a dime. That was not the truth. I had some money in my pocket, but I had let Conley have a nickel or a dime for beer before. He never paid me back.

I didn't like to be around Jim Conley.

After I told Conley I didn't have any money I went up the stairs to the second floor where my desk was located in the office of Leo Frank.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 4th day of March, 1982.

My Commission expires:
May 18, 1985

Charles M. Gore
Charles M. Gore - Notary Public