

My job required that I open the mail, file papers, keep the office orderly, run errands and the like.

Leo Frank arrived in the building that morning shortly after I did. He came into the office and spoke to me. I always called him "Mister Frank" and he referred to me by my given name, "Alonzo." I do not know whether Leo Frank had seen Jim Conley on the first floor when he came into the building that morning.

A substitute secretary worked for Leo Frank that morning. As I remember, it was routine Saturday morning for me at the office. Because of Memorial Day the factory part of the company was closed. But sometimes on Saturday mornings people who had worked at the factory during the week would come to the pay window in the office and collect their salaries. Girls who worked in the factory made about 12 cents an hour.

I did not know Mary Phagan by name, but I had seen her at the factory and knew her face. We were just about the same age.

I was supposed to meet my mother that day about noon and go the Confederate Memorial Day parade. When I left the premises, just before noon, Mary Phagan had not come to the pencil company. She apparently came to pick up her pay shortly after I left to go meet my mother.

Sometime after 11:30, and perhaps as late as quarter of twelve, I told Mr. Frank that my mother wanted me to meet her so that I could go to the parade with her. I didn't care all that much about seeing the parade, but my mother wanted me to go.

Mr. Frank agreed for me to leave at that time. I told him I would return to the office and complete my filing work later in the afternoon. He said he expected he would still be there.

When I left the company premises, just before noon Mary Phagan had not come to collect her pay. When I left the building, down the stairs and out the first floor front door, Jim Conley, the janitor, was sitting where I had seen him when I came to work: in the darkened area of the stairwell.

I walked to the point where I was supposed to meet my mother. It was short distance--perhaps a block and a half. We had agreed to meet in front of a store on Whitehall Street. My memory is that my mother had planned to buy a hat that day. I stopped and bought a hotdog on the way to meet her. However, when I arrived, she was not there.

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