

get upstairs to have fixed." I says, "I ain't allowed to let anybody in here after six o'clock." Mr. Frank come busting out of the door and run into Gantt unexpected and he jumped back frightened. Gantt says, "I got a pair of old shoes upstairs, have you any objection to my getting them?" Frank says, "I don't think they are up there, I think I saw the boy sweep some up in the trash the other day." And he dropped his head down just so, then says, "Newt, go with him and stay with him and help him find them;" went up there with Mr. Gantt and found them in the shipping room. Mr. Frank phoned me that night about an hour after he left, sometime after seven o'clock. He says "How is everything?" and I says, "Everything is all right so far as I know, and he says, "Good-bye." That is the first time he ever phoned me on a Saturday night, or at all.

Made my rounds regularly every half hour Saturday night. About three next morning went down the basement and discovered the body there; found the body of the girl then. Got up the ladder and called up police station; carried the officers down where I found the body; tried to get Mr. Frank on the telephone when the officers came; saw Mr. Frank Sunday morning about 8; he looked down on the floor and never spoke to me.

On Tuesday night, April 20, I had a conversation at the station house with Mr. Frank. I said, Mr. Frank, it's mighty hard for me to be handcuffed here for something I don't know anything about. He said, "What's the difference, they have got me locked

up and a man guarding me." I said, Mr. Frank, do you believe I committed that crime, and he said, "No, Newt, I know you didn't, but I believe you know something about it." I said, Mr. Frank, I don't know a thing about it, no more than finding the body. He said, "We are not talking about that now, we will let that go. If you keep that up we will both go to hell," then the officers came in.

*Cross-examined.* Mr. Frank and Mr. Gantt had had a difficulty. Mr. Frank had told me, "Lee, I have discharged Mr. Gantt, I don't want him in here, keep him out of here." He didn't give me any different instructions on that Saturday, he didn't tell me not to go in the basement or in the metal department. When I was in the basement one of the policemen read the note that they found. They read these words, "The tall, black, slim negro did this, he will try to lay it on the night" and when they got to the word "night," I said, They must be trying to put it off on me. I didn't say, Boss, that's me.

*L. S. Dobbs.* Am a sergeant of police. On the morning of April 27th, about 3:25, a call came from the pencil factory that there was a murder there. The negro opened up the door and said there was a woman murdered in the basement. The girl was lying on her face; couldn't tell whether she was white or black, only by her golden colored hair. Her face was full of dirt and dust, and was swollen and black. The cord was around her neck; sunk into the flesh; she also had a piece of her underclothing around her