

but I don't want to. This seems to me the most unkindest cut of all. They say that that time slip was planted. They say the shirt was planted. Gentlemen, is there any evidence of this? Let's see about this statement. Black and somebody else, I believe, went out to Newt's house on Tuesday morning and found the shirt in the bottom of a barrel. They brought the shirt back to the police station and Newt said the shirt was his—or it looked like his shirt. Newt Lee had been hired at the factory but three weeks, yet they want you to believe that they found a shirt like the old man had and went out to his house and put it in a barrel.

One thing is wrong. The newspapers and others, I am afraid, think this is a contest between lawyers. It is not. God forbid that I should let any such thing enter into this case when this boy's life is at stake.

There are several things I don't understand about this case, and never will. Why old man Lee didn't find the body sooner; why he found it lying on its face; how he saw it from a place he could not have seen it from. I was raised with niggers and know something about them. I do not know them as well as the police, perhaps, for they know them like no one else. But I know something about them.

There must have been a nigger in the crime who knew about it before Newt or anyone else. I am afraid Newt knew. Yet, if he did, he is one of the most remarkable niggers I ever saw and I wish I had his nerve. There were things you detectives did to him for which you will never be forgiven. You persecuted the old nigger, and all you got was "Fo' God I don't know." I don't believe he killed her, but I believe he knows more than he told.

But they say now that he jumped back. Suppose he did jump back. Look at the boy (Frank). If you put a girl the size of Mary Phagan in a room with him she could make him jump out of the window. Suddenly this boy stepped out in front of this giant of a Gantt, and he jumped back. Dorsey would have done the same thing; Newt Lee would; Jim Conley would, and I would, as big as I am.