

The staple on the back door looked as if it had been prized out with a pipe pressed against the wood. There was a pipe there that fitted the indentation on the wood. I called Mr. Frank on the telephone, and told him I wanted him to come to the pencil factory right away. He said he hadn't had any breakfast. He asked where the night watchman was. I told him it was very necessary for him to come and if he would come I would send an automobile for him, and I asked Boots Rogers to go for him. I didn't tell him what had happened, and he didn't ask me. Mr. Frank appeared to be nervous. This was indicated by his manner of speaking to Mr. Darley, he was in a trembling condition. I was guarded with him in my conversation over the phone. About a week afterwards I went to the factory and had the night watchman, Mr. Hendricks, to show me about the clock. He took a new slip and put it in the clock and punched the slip all the way around in less than five minutes (State's Exhibit P). I got some cord on the second floor of the pencil factory, the knots in those cords were similar to the knots in this cord (State's Exhibit C). On the floor right at the opposite corner, what might be called the Northwest corner of the dressing room, on Monday morning, April 28th, I saw splotches that looked like blood about a foot and a half, or two feet, from the end of the dressing room, some of which I chipped up. It looked like splotches of blood and something had been thrown there and in throwing it had spread out and splattered. There was no great amount of it. I should judge that the area around these spots was a foot and a half. The splotch looked as if something had been swept over it, some white substance. There is a lot of that white stuff in the metal department. It looked like blood. I found a nail fifty feet this side of the metal room, toward the elevator on the second floor that looked like it had blood on the top of it. It was between the office and the double doors. I chipped two places off on the back