

niggers in all working in the factory. Snowball, the fireman and me did just plain manual labor, the rest of the negroes had better jobs. Snowball, the fireman and I were the last negroes to get jobs there. We were the new darkies; the others had been working before we went there. Mr. Frank used to laugh and jolly with me. I couldn't tell you the first time he did this. Mr. Darley has seen him jolly me. They would jolly me together. They would play and go on around there with me. It has been so long ago I can't tell you any of the jokes. Mr. Schiff and Mr. Holloway has seen him joking with me. He would say, "Come on I am going to make a graveyard down there in the basement if you don't hurry and bring that elevator back up here," Mr. Holloway heard him say that. Mr. Schiff has seen him playing with me. He would goose me and punch me and tell me I was a good negro. I don't remember anything else he said. Yes, Mr. Darley would goose me and kick me a little bit, just playing with me. Mr. Schiff would crack jokes with me. I don't remember the time. The time Mr. Frank came in the elevator and told me about watching for him, he didn't know Snowball was in there. Snowball was standing right there by me. Mr. Frank could have seen him and he could have heard anything that was said. He saw Snowball standing there, I have been at the factory over two years. I don't remember the day or month I went there. It was sometime in 1910. I don't remember whether it was summer or winter. Miss Daisy Hopkins worked on the fourth floor in 1912. I don't know when she quit. I saw her working from June 1912, up until about Christmas. Yes, I worked on the same floor with her. I don't know whether she worked there in 1913. Miss Daisy was a low lady, kind of heavy, and she was pretty, low, chunky, kind of heavy weight. I don't know what color her hair was, eyes, or her complexion. She was light skinned. She looked to