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ever said he couldn't write. I was sitting in that cell in the Fulton County jail--it was along about April 12th, April 12th or 14th--that Mr. Leo Gottheimer, a salesman for the National Pencil Company, came running over, and says, "Leo, the Pinkerton detectives have suspicions of Conley. He keeps saying he can't write; these fellows over at the factory know well enough that he can write, can't he?" I said: "Sure he can write." "We can't prove it. The nigger says he can't write and we feel that he can write." I said, "I know he can write. I have received many notes from him asking me to loan him money. I have received too many notes from him not to know that he cannot write. In other words, I have received notes signed with his name, purporting to have been written by him, though I have never seen him to this date use a pencil." I thought awhile and then I says: "Now, I tell you; if you will look into a drawer in the safe you will find the card of a jeweler from whom Conley bought a watch on the installment. Now, perhaps if you go to that jeweler you may find some sort of a receipt that Conley had to give and be able to prove that Conley can write." Well, Gottheimer took that information back to the Pinkertons; they did just as I said; they got the contract with Conley's name on it, got back evidently to Scott and then he told the negro to write. Gentlemen, the man who found out or paved the way to find out that Jim Conley could write is sitting right here in this chair. That is the truth about it.

Then that other insinuation, an insinuation that is dastardly that it is beyond the appreciation of a human being, that is, that my wife didn't visit me: now the truth of the matter is this, that on April 29th, the date I was taken in custody at