

I said "I got too hot in there," and he said "yes I see you are sweating". When he opened the door I was fixing to step out, and his eyes were looking larger than they usually look, and he jerked the door open and I was right there in front of the door, and then Mr. Frank said to me to sit down in a chair, in the one that turns all the way around, and when I sat down he told me to get up and shut the door; that was the door between his office and the stenographer's office, and I got up and shut it, and he said "Jim can you write". He was sitting down facing me and he brushed back his hair and I said "Yes sir, I can write a little bit Mr. Frank", and then he gave me a pencil that he got off the top of his desk, and there was nothing on it, he turned a sheet over for me to write, and then he told me what to put on there, he told me to put on there "dear mother, a long tall black negro did this by himself", and when I went ~~down~~ to put down "negro" I put it "n-e-g-r-o-s" and he said don't put no "s" there, he said that means negroes and he said now rub the "s" off and I rubbed the "s" out, he said "it means just one person like yourself" and he told me to write it again and I written it, and he looked at it and slapped me on the back and said "that's all right, old boy" and he said "write it again" and I written it for him three times. Then Mr. Frank reared back in his chair and asked me if I wanted a smoke and I told him yes sir, and he taken out a cigarette for himself and handed me the box and he sort of turned around when he handed me the box and I taken out a cigarette and he handed me the box of matches, and I taken out a cigarette and lit it and saw some money in the box and I handed the box of cigarettes back and he told me that was all right to keep them, and I told him he had some money in the box and he said that was all right I could have that. I taken it and stuck it in my pocket and then Mr. Frank looked around at me and held up his head towards the top of the house and said "why should I hang, I have wealthy people in Brooklyn". I didn't know what he was talking about, I didn't have any idea in the world what he was talking about and he was winking and rubbing his hands together and touching me on the shank with his foot and took a deep breath, he said "why should I hang" and shook his head and rubbed his hands together. Then he asked me where was Snowball (Gordon Bailey) and I told him I didn't know sir, and he asked me did I know the night watchman and I told him no sir, I didn't know the night watchman personally, I just knew him by ~~seeing~~ him, and he asked me if I had seen him in the basement at any time and I told him nor sir, that he would have to ask the fireman about that for he was down in the basement more than any of us was, and when I told Mr. Frank that he stuck one finger to his mouth and said "s-s-sh" that's all right", and then Mr. Frank told me he was going to take that note I had written and send it ~~in~~ off in a letter to his people when he wrote, and recommend me to them because I was a good working negro around there, and he liked me, and when Mr. Frank said that I said "~~all~~ don't take out another dollar for that watchman" and he said "all right I won't," and he said "I don't see why you want to buy a watch, because that big fat wife of mine wanted me to buy her an automobile but I won't do it!" I didn't say nothing about that for it didn't concern me and I didn't seem to concern the subject he was talking about at first, and then Mr. Frank told me when he wrote that letter he would not forget about me and he said "well I will see you later about this" and I said "all right sir" and then he reached in his pocket and pulled out his watch and said "It is nearly time for me to be going to dinner", but I didn't look at the watch. Then I asked Mr. Frank was that all he wanted with me right now and he said yes, and then I asked him again "do you mean I can have what's in the box sure enough Mr. Frank" and he said "yes", but all the time though he was talking and jollying and going on with me, and I began to think it was something, for a white man to be playing with a negro, and during the time he cast his eyes up to the top of the house and said "why should I hang, I have wealthy people in Brooklyn". I never did know where Mr. Frank's home was, I thought this was his home all the time. Then Mr. Frank said "I