

On a cloudy day it is very dark. We keep a light burning there most of the time. I couldn't say whether we had cleaned up all the trash and rubbish around the factory, because there are corners and crevices which we don't usually get to. Saturday, April 26, was a dark, bad, misty day, until about 9:30. It was cloudy most of the day. It was dark there around the elevator on the first floor and we had big heavy boxes piled up there. One of them must have been almost as large as a piano box. If a man got between those boxes, we would have had to hunt to find him. It is very dark on the second floor between the clock and the metal room. It is dark behind the ladies dressing room and on the side next to the ladies toilet. As you go to the stairs from the metal room, it is very dark. A person sitting at Mr. Frank's desk in his office could not see anyone coming up those stairs. It would be impossible to see anyone coming up those steps from anywhere in Mr. Frank's inner office, you would have to go outside of it. There is no lock on the metal room doors. In the metal room there are a great many vats and a great many boxes and things containing stock and goods just south of the ladies dressing room. It is piled up very bad back there. Averaged anywhere from 2 to 6 or 8 feet in height. It isn't used at all except for storage. The metal room contains three or four large vats that have got lids on them. They are shallow, but they are large inside. They are about a foot and a half deep. Nobody is supposed to be in any part of the building on Sunday, that is the only time we don't have a watchman. The factory is supposed to be locked entirely. The elevator steel cables have some slack in them. It isn't like a stiff iron in them. It would shake when you catch hold of it. There are two cables, you pull the right one to come down and the left one to go up. You can catch it and shake it in your hand. Yes, Mr. Frank is a small, thin man, about 125 or 130 pounds. Yes, Mr. Dorsey served a subpoena on me to come down to his office. I didn't know that he did not have any right to subpoena me. Yes, I thought I was being subpoenaed to come into court. They served two subpoenas on me and sent for me one time. The first time I went there, Chief Sanford, Mr. Dorsey, Mr. Stephens and the stenographer was there. They all asked me questions. One would ask me a question and before I got that answered, another would ask me a question. The next time I went there, Mr. Dorsey, Mr. Starnes, Mr. Campbell and the stenographer were there. Mr. Dorsey did all the questioning this time. When Mr. Frank was engaged on his work in the factory he was very intent on his work, very earnest and industrious. I don't think a day passed at the factory that Mr. Frank did not get nervous. When anything went wrong he would wring his hands and I have seen him push his hands through his hair. When things went wrong it would upset him. If anything out of the ordinary happened I have seen him a thousand times, I suppose, rub his hands. At a factory like this things don't usually go right all day, there is something wrong all the time. When anything went wrong it rattled him and he would frequently call on me to straighten it out. He would show the most nervousness when he would go over to Montag's with the mail, and he would raise sand about something and he would come back very nervous. If