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She had told me that if she was unable to come, for me not to worry. I waited for her for a few minutes. Since I didn't care that much about seeing the parade I went back to work.

I can't be sure as to exactly how long I was gone, but it could not have been more than half hour before I got back to the pencil factory.

I had no idea that I was about to witness an important moment in a famous murder case a moment that has not been made public until now; that I was about to become a witness to tragic history.

I walked into the building by the front door.

Inside the door, I walked toward the stairwell. I looked to my right and I was confronted by a scene I will remember vividly until the day I die.

Jim Conley was standing between the trapdoor that led to the basement, and the elevator shaft. I have an impression that the trapdoor was partially open, but my eyes were fixed on Jim Conley.

He had the body of Mary Phagan in his arms. I didn't know it was Mary Phagan. I only knew it was a girl.

At that moment I couldn't tell if she was alive. She appeared to be unconscious, or perhaps dead. I saw no blood.

He was holding her with both arms gripping her around the waist. I can't remember the color of her clothes but I have an impression that she had on pretty, clean clothes. She was extremely short and her head was sort of on his shoulder, or over it. Her hair was streaming down his back. Her hair was not in braids when I saw her. It was hanging loose. I saw no blood on the part of her neck that was exposed. I do not know if she was dead, but she was at least unconscious. She was limp and did not move. Her skirt had come up to about her knees.

It was as I suddenly barged into the first floor, prepared to go up the stairs to the office that I encountered Conley with the body of Mary Phagan.

Conley was close to the trapdoor that led down into the basement by way of a ladder. I believe that from the direction he was headed and the attitude of the body that he was preparing to dump Mary Phagan down the trapdoor. I have no clear memory of whether the elevator stopped on that first floor, but if it was not on that floor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 4th day of March, 1982. Signed: Alonzo M. Mann

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My Commission expires: May 18, 1985

Signed Charles M. Gore

Charles M. Gore Notary Public.