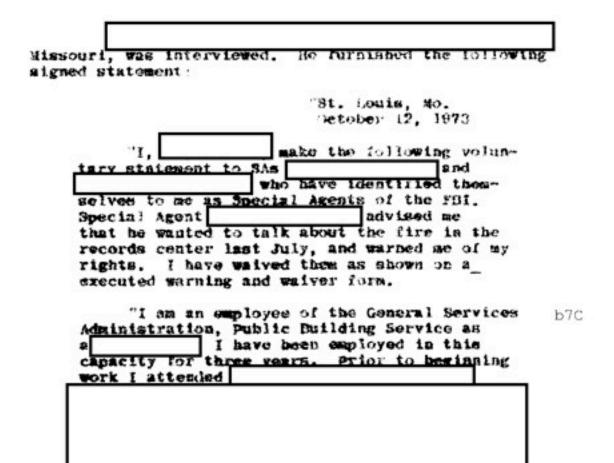
19/17/73



National personnel Records Center, Military Breach, 9700 Page, on my assigned job cleaning the escalators between the first and the sixth floor at the National Personnel Records Center - Military Branch. I worked alone for most of that night on the 4:00 p.m. to 12:30 a.m. shift. At about 11:00 p.m., I had nearly finished my work, when I went to the sixth floor for a smoke. I had taken a cigarette from home, and placed it loose in my shirt pocket. I had also brought along a

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> book of matches. The file area on the sixth floor, near the middle of the building was dark, and no one else was there. I felt it was a good place to smoke without being detected. I was at the end of the files near the south end of the building. I can't recall the exact column number, but it was somewhere in the middle of the building, more to the west than to east. I smoked my cigarette pretty far, and I then decided to return to my working station. I snubbed my digarette out on the side of a row of files. I actually put the hot end of the cigarette in a screw hole on what would be a corner leg or brace of the file shelves. I think I broke the hot end off is the hole, and then threw the cigarette butt to the floor. I looked down at the cigarette butt and didn't see no red, and l thought it was out. I then returned to the third floor and started cleaning on the escalators again I was alone again, except who was working nearby. for

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"At about 12:10 a.m., I went down to the first floor, by the lobby on the east end of the building to wait for time to go home at 12:30 p.m. Someother custodial employees were there too, and we talked for awhile, I then signed out at about 12:36 a.m. on July 12, 1973, and was walking up the cocalators which were turned off at that time. I went to the west entrance where my car was parked, and I noticed fire trucks out-I smelled smoke as I had gone down the corridor, and it occurred to me that maybe I had started a fire, that the cigarette might not have been out. The first thing I said to myself was "That was my cigarette that I thought I had put out". I was frightened and didn't know what to do so I did nothing. It has been on my mind and I have been worried about the fire, because I did not intend for it to happen. didn't mean for to do it on purpose. I didn't do it deliberately.

"I told some people that I threw matches in the files, but I was only running off at the mouth. I lit just one match for my cigarette and I shook it out and threw it down. I don't know where it landed, but I think it landed on the floor.

"I have read the above statement consisting of this and four other pages and it is true.

Louis, No., 10/12/7	The Common Commo
10/12/73"	Special Agent, FBI, SLMO,
Name :	
Race:	Negro
Sex;	Male b7C
Date of birth:	# PER 19 19 19 19 19 19 19 19 19 19 19 19 19
Place of birth:	St. Louis, Missouri
Height:	5'11"
Weight:	224 pounds
Hair:	Black
Eyes :	Brown
Complexion:	Medium
Scars or marks;	None
Characteristics:	
Pather:	1
Sister:	
Aunt:	
	Missourt
Education:	