

I think that I had met Szyk at Chicago and Clark Street or something like that, ya know. Just cruisin' around--I would pull up at the light and he nodded to me, I nodded back to him--I pulled over to the side and he got into the car. He was looking for money and was interested in getting into having some fun.

Very simple, the next morning Rossi and I drove down to my car and looked for the Plymouth, white Plymouth Satellite with the banged up front fender, which was parked on Clark Street across from the Newberry Theatre. We went down there, he drove that car and I drove mine and we drove back to, to my house, we, he opened up the trunk, he cleaned out the trunk and he wanted the car and I says "well, hell", I says, "what do I get for it?" I said "I'll tell you what, I'll give you the car for \$300", he said he didn't have the money and I said well, we'll work it out another way.

He drove the car back to my house, I drove my car back.

But he said "you know we have to get rid of everything that was in the car", I says "yeah", I says "leave it to me, I'll get rid of everything in the car". Then, he thought, I think the title was in the car. Also some plates and I told him it wasn't a wise idea--he found license plates in the trunk. There was a television in the trunk, license plates in the trunk, jewelry, women's clothing, weights, there was stuff in the trunk.

I went in the house and I believe I put the body down in the crawlspace.