

of elevator shaft; then went back and I showed him where the officer said the slipper had been found, the hat had been found and the little girl's body was located. I showed him, in fact, everything that the officers had showed us.

On Friday I arrived at the pencil factory about 8:30; immediately entered upon my routine work sending the various orders to the various places in the factory where they were due to go; a little later detectives Scott and Black came up to the factory and said: "Mr. Frank, we want you to go down to headquarters with us," and I went with them. We went down to headquarters and I have been incarcerated ever since. Detective Scott and detective Black showed me a little piece of material of some shirt and asked me if I had a shirt of that material; told them I didn't think I ever had a shirt of that description; they brought in Newt Lee, the nightwatchman from a cell and showed him the sample; he said he had a shirt like that but didn't remember having worn it for two years. Detectives Scott and Black then opened a package they had and disclosed the full shirt of that material that had all the appearance of being freshly stained with blood, and had a very distinct odor. Newt Lee was taken back to the cell. After a time Chief Langford came over to me and began an examination of my face and of my head and my hands and my arms. Detective Starnes took me down to the desk sergeant where they searched me and entered my name on the book under a charge of suspicion. Detectives Scott and Black came in at midnight, Tuesday, April 29th, and said: "Mr. Frank, we would like to talk to you a little bit." They stressed the possibility of couples having been let into the factory at night by the night watchman, Newt Lee. I told them that I didn't know anything about it, that if I had, I certainly would have put a stop to it long ago. They said: "Mr. Frank, you have never talked alone with Newt Lee. You are his boss and he respects you. See what you can do with him. We can't get anything more out of him, see if you can." I says: "All right, I understand what you mean; I will do my best," because I was only too willing to help. Black says: "Now put it strong to him, put it strong to him, and tell him to cough up and tell all he knows. Tell him that you are here and that he is here and that he better open up and tell all he knows about happenings at the pencil factory that Saturday night, or you will both go to hell."

In a few minutes detective Starnes brought up Newt Lee from the cell room and handcuffed him to a chair. I spoke to him at some length in there, but I couldn't get anything additional out of him. He said he knew nothing about couples coming in there at night, and remembering the instructions Mr. Black had given me I said: "Now, Newt, you are here and I am here, and you had better open up and tell all you know, and tell the truth and tell the full truth, because you will get us both into lots of trouble if you don't tell all you know," and he answered me like an old negro: "Before God, Mr. Frank, I am telling you the truth and I have told you all I know." And the conversation ended right there. Within a minute or two afterwards the detectives came back into the room, that