

of the note that I wrote. Detective Starnes then took me down to the desk sergeant where they searched me and entered my name on the book under a charge of suspicion. Then they took me back into a small room and I sat there for awhile while my father-in-law was arranging for a supernumerary police to guard me for the night. They took me then to a room on the top of the building and I sat in the room there and either read magazines or newspapers and talked to my friends who came to see me until I was about to retire at midnight. I had the cover of my cot turned back and I was going to bed when detective Scott and detective Black, at midnight, Tuesday, April 29th, came in and said: "Mr. Frank, we would like to talk to you a little bit. Come in and talk to us." I says, "Sure, I will be only too glad to." I went with them to a little room on the top floor of the headquarters. In that room was detective Scott and detective Black and myself. 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 along 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 up 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." Those were the detective's exact words. I told Mr. Black I caught his meaning,