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Walters and Todd; French, Warrack and O'Dea, Martlett (White Sox not scheduled) Schumacher and Mancuso; L. Herrmann, Brennan and Campbell. (Other scores on back page)

2¢ Average daily net paid circulation of the DAILY TIMES for last month—220,614

DAILY TIMES



CHICAGO'S PICTURE NEWSPAPER

SPORTS

Vol. 6. No. 266 211 W. WACKER DRIVE MONDAY, JULY 15, 1935 DEA. 2323 28 Pages

SEVEN DAYS IN THE MADHOUSE!

(Story on Page 3)



SLAIN BY BANDITS.—Police remove body of Anthony Banetta, 49, 901 S. Irving ave., who was shot and killed during an attempted

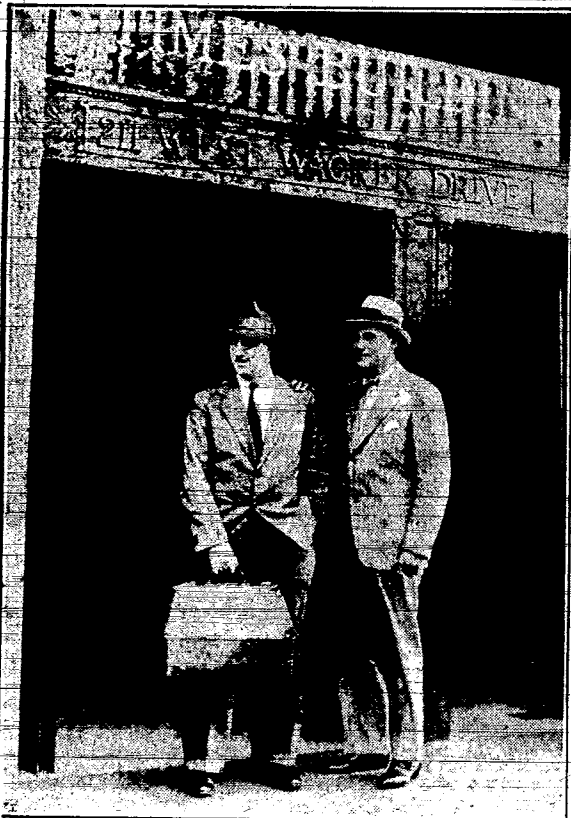
robbery of a grocery store at 2229 W. Taylor st. He was making a purchase when gunmen entered. —story on page 7.

FRANK SMITH, 200-pound TIMES reporter, was spent seven nightmare days and nights in the Kankakee state hospital for the insane. —story on page 8

SEVEN DAYS IN THE MADHOUSE!

Reporter's Experience at Kankakee

OFF ON UNIQUE ASSIGNMENT



(TIMES Photo)

The "Ford brothers"—Frank Smith (left) and Willis O'Rourke—leave TIMES building en route to state insane hospital where O'Rourke had Smith committed, a sane man living among the insane.

The ever-increasing problem of caring for the unfortunate insane as wards of the state of Illinois is little known to the public. To ascertain conditions, Frank Smith, TIMES reporter, former college football player and life guard who tips the scale at 200 pounds, was asked to do this series of articles. In addition to interviewing officials and other persons interested in the problem, he undertook to spend

a week as an inmate of the state hospital at Kankakee.

The story of his experiences and the statistics and other data he has secured should prove of interest to every citizen in the state as it is unfolded day by day during the next few weeks in the DAILY TIMES.

—THE EDITORS.

By Frank Smith

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Seven days and seven nights in a madhouse.

Seven days and seven nights, imprisoned with raving maniacs and gibbering idiots—suicidal melancholics, paralytics, paranoiacs, deteriorating alcoholics.

Seven nightmare days . . . seven age-long nights . . . contaminated water . . . revolting brutality . . . nauseating food . . . unspeakable scenes. . . firetrap prison rooms . . . intolerable sanitary conditions.

Seven days and seven nights of hell.

That is one week in the Kankakee State hospital for the insane.

Flagrantly Violates Law

Despite some obvious efforts to make it a habitable institution for care and treatment of mental patients, the hospital, jammed with more than 4,000 men and women, flagrantly and openly violates the state's laws and regulations designed to protect life and to safeguard health.

The common drinking cup, repugnant source of infection and disease outlawed by the Illinois criminal code for a quarter of a century, is used every day at Kankakee by syphilitic and mouth cancer patients and passed on to uninfected inmates.

Drinking water, pumped from deep wells, lies an average of four days in an open reservoir, a catch-all for dirt and dust borne bacteria, before it is circulated for use, unfiltered, unsterilized . . . unclean. The state department of health has consistently refused to approve this water supply as periodic tests have shown presence of the dreaded bacillus coli . . . filthy-nurtured bacteria of intestinal origin.

Source of Infection

Dirty, raw Kankakee river water heavy with muddy sediment, water of a character not tolerated under modern sanitary standards, is used for all bathing and toilet necessities and for laundering. Patients are given hydrotherapy treatments and often are submerged for hours in this water, a constant source of infection. The sediment is so heavy that when two inches of water is poured into a wash bowl the white porcelain bottom of the bowl vanishes.

Fire hazards abound. Orders and recommendations made five years ago by state fire marshal's inspectors, calling for fire escapes, additional extinguishers and improved water supply, go unheeded.

These are a few of the shocking conditions uncovered by a TIMES reporter who spent seven days an inmate of the hospital.

15 Hours in Tub of River Water!

Seven days posing as an insane inmate of the madhouse!

The assignment didn't seem particularly pleasant or thrilling when it was given to me. There were so many places to go and such interesting things to be done in seven precious days.

It became much less pleasant when I was strapped for 15 hours in a tub of dirty flowing river water to cure my feigned violence. There was a thrill—and what a thrill!—when I was awakened one morning by a madman running his fingers through my hair.

It was a thrill to snatch a piece

about a dinner of two unpeeled potatoes, a muddy, gelatinous substance masquerading as chocolate pudding. Do you call that a meal—even for a lunatic?

A foot infection—not dangerous but an unpleasant reminder of bare-foot days in toilet and bathrooms—remains with me. Nothing particularly thrilling about that.

Seven days in a madhouse!

Complaining letters, smuggled out of Kankakee State hospital, begging the TIMES to investigate their charges of brutality and unsanitary conditions, of railroading and illegal detention, occasioned the assignment.

Reporter Gets Himself Committed

Editors the country over get such letters in every mail. Usually they are wholly unreliable. But some complaints reaching the TIMES spoke so intelligibly, so convincingly of abuses that it was determined to send a reporter to learn the truth.

Accordingly, arrangements were made for my commitment as a voluntary patient suffering from chronic alcoholism with manic-depressive tendencies.

For the occasion, Willis O'Rourke, another TIMES reporter, became my "brother." I went into training and was coached in the proper actions and reactions for my act, until I was ready to believe the "nut house" was where I really belonged. I assumed the name of "John C. Ford"—a wholly fictitious character.

On a bright Friday morning—a day when the long absent sun was

(Continued on page 4, col. 1)

of jagged glass from a madman who meant to rip it across his throat.

But there was nothing exciting

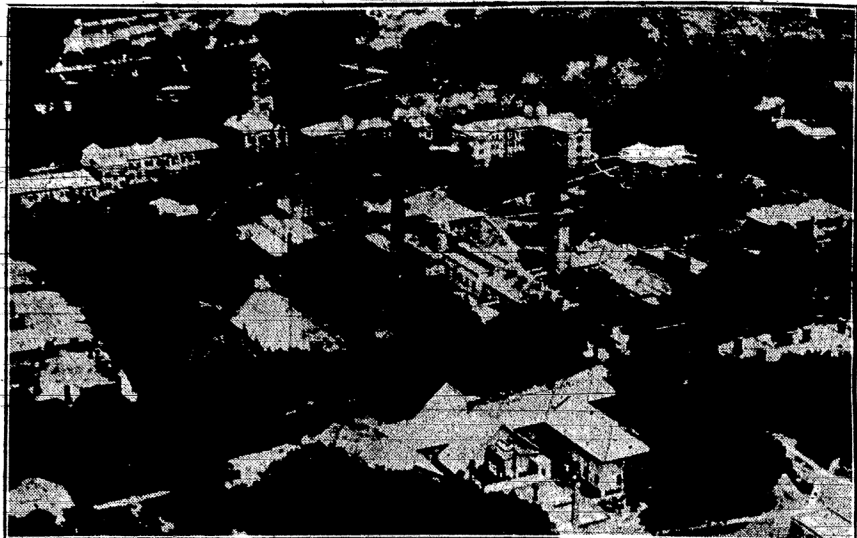


Frank Smith (left) snatches identification label from his neck, while Willis O'Rourke removes this from chain.

7 DAYS IN THE MADHOUSE!

A Reporter's Experiences While at Kankakee

WHERE SANE MAN LIVED IN MADHOUSE



(TIMES Photo)
Air view of state insane hospital at Kankakee, showing the grounds, administration building, famous tower clock, power plant and adjacent river.

(Continued from page 3)

to bright that I nearly weakened when I pictured hours at the beach — we started for Kankakee. Tailor labels had been removed from my clothes. My underwear and shirts were clean — of laundry — stencils. There was nothing to betray me except myself, a slip of the tongue, or words of sanity in my sleep. Arriving in Kankakee about 2:30 o'clock we went directly to the hospital in a taxicab. I had fortified myself with enough liquor to cloak my breath in an odor of disrepute, and to pass any possible blood tests for alcoholic content. There was an unopened bottle of whisky in my bag. The cab twisted through the south side of town and rolled through pillared gates of the hospital grounds, into the sweeping tree-lined drives leading to the administration building. Vine-covered gray stone buildings flitted past us. I turned to my "brother" beside me. "Eddie," I said, "I think I should have had another drink. Right now I can count on the fingers of both hands different things I'd rather do."

Puts On His Act to Big Audience

Eddie gave me a nasty grin. "Think of the benefit to humanity. Think of the story you might get. Think of the bonus you probably won't get. Think —" "That's the trouble," I snapped at him, "I've been thinking." We wheeled up before the administration building, chill gray stone like the rest — vine covered. Reaching skyward with a sturdy clock tower, it looked like "Old Main" on any peaceful college campus. But there the resemblance ended, for block-long wings jutting from the main building grinned at me from the barred windows of a prison. As the cabby turned to say, "Here you are," I whispered: "Eddie, I'm going into my act now. When you're saying goodbye I'm going to put it on plenty. Don't get as scared as I feel right now." "Eddie" got out of the cab. I refused to get out — Eddie pleaded, I argued. The cabby came to his assistance. I was making a scene, and not playing to an empty house. The windows of the main building and of the adjoining ward blocks suddenly became alive with inter-

ested eavesdroppers. We had arrived in a blaze of glory.

Finally I was half carried up the long stairs and we were inside the "nut house" asking for Dr. Sullivan's office.

Dr. Sullivan, brusque and competent-appearing, received us and accepted the voluntary commitment paper Eddie extended. He asked us to have chairs. I chose a swivel chair with nice, free running rollers. I was cheerful enough, but unsubdued. Eddie began to explain my case.

I was the black sheep of a respectable family, he said. A good education had been wasted on me. The beer business during prohibition days and making book on the ponies since had sapped me of any desire for serious endeavor. Liquor was my constant companion and recently after continued drinking bouts, I was showing signs of melancholia. Eddie explained his growing fears for my mind. He said he thought I should be in a place where I could be watched. A place where I could rest up, and where there would be no liquor.

Dr. Sullivan nodded and I, to emphasize my belief that it was all a lot of hokey, catapulted by roller chair from the wall and patted the Doc on the back in jolly good fellowship.

"I'll buy a drink, Doc," I said. "Just you and me, Eddie is out. Get my bag. I've got a bottle in it."

"Doc" looked a little sad as he rang for an orderly.

'Patient' Enters Receiving Ward

My credentials were in order. The attendant was instructed to take me to A-1, the receiving ward. Here I would spend some time under observation, submit to physical and mental examinations, and finally be assigned to some particular ward, depending on my type of insanity. Everything was peaceful as I was led through a short passage and a door that had to be unlocked into A-1. I was the happy drunk. Eddie was permitted to go along to say farewell.

We followed the attendant half-way down a creaking board floored hallway, about 150 feet long. Rooms opened off the hall on either side,

each containing varying numbers of beds. Tasteful rugs were scattered about the floor. Plain wooden chairs lined its length. Patients peeped from doorways to see the new guy who had come, not in the regular Friday bus load from the Psychopathic hospital in Chicago, but in a taxicab, accompanied by his brother.

We stopped before the clothes room. The attendant took my bag and told me to sit on a bench until they were ready to take my clothes.

"What was that?" I asked. "I said, sit down there, Ford." "Who, me? You must be mistaken. I don't want to sit down."

"Sit down."

I sat down, involuntarily. It took strong arms to put me down. But I sat. Patients crowded in corners, at a safe distance, to see what would happen next.

Events followed quickly. I was led into the clothes room. Eddie was assured I would be all right. He prepared to leave. I begged him to stay, then pleaded that he take me with him. I was beginning to dislike this joint, I told him. He shook my hand, told me to behave myself and suddenly the door was closed. Eddie was gone. I was shut off from the world.

My coat and vest were removed. My pockets and bag were emptied. I was led into a combination bath room and barber shop. Orders were given to take off my clothes. I was to have a bath and be put to bed.

Feigns Violence with Success

Mentally I reviewed what I had heard of the "hydro" department. That's where they take care of violent patients. That was what I had to see to make my investigation thorough. It seemed I'd have to be more violent than just obstinate to get into the "hydro." I became more violent.

Take off my clothes? Take a bath? Who, me? I had a bath. There must be some mistake. I wasn't ready for bed yet. Not by a damn sight.

"Take off your clothes, Ford, or we'll take them off for you."

"Oh, yeah? Try it."

They tried it. Someone tore at my shirt. Buttons were on the floor. The battle was on. I feigned violence with caution. I didn't want to hurt anyone and I didn't want to

get hurt myself. I did no punching, but I gave some hearty shoves.

White-shirted attendants were everywhere.

Beyond the door someone apparently in authority was saying: "Pull the clothes off the tub and throw him in the tub."

The voice must have been the voice of authority. Its instructions were carried out to the letter. My clothes came off. I was pushed into the shower. White-coated attendants gripped my arms time and again after I shook them off. Ill-fitting pajamas were pulled over my legs and my shoulders. I was guided out into the hallway. Curious patients, who had been listening at the bathroom door scurried for cover.

Strong-Armed in 'Hydro' Tub

A door was unlocked. Pushing and hauling, they hustled me across a dining room, through another passage and past another door that had to be unlocked. We were in the hydrotherapy department.

One look at the tubs was enough to provoke fresh resistance. Larger than the family bathtub, these basins are covered with canvas or rubber tops. Near the head of the tub there is an opening in the cover for the head.

"I'm going into that?" I asked. "Oh, no. I want to go out into the sunshine."

I swung an arm on which an attendant was dangling. I heaved a shoulder in the style taught me years ago for blocking out an end on a line play. My left hand was stinging from a cut I got in the shower room. I looked at it. Blood was streaming from my fingertips. That was something to yell about.

I yelled. No one paid any attention. They were preparing a tub for me. I was a bad hombre. I done 'em wrong and in turn I was going to be done.

Hydrotherapy in an Asylum!

Well, I thought between gasps, the act had gone over nicely. Time to ease off. I'd been a little rough to convince them I was a violent case and needed "hydro" treatment. Better hold hard and just observe things from now on.

Needless resolution. The next thing I knew I was flat on my back. Hands gripped my throat, choking me. I gasped for breath. It wouldn't come. I tried to arch myself, wrestler fashion. My arms were pinned down at the shoulders. I felt myself sinking. I tried to force a word from my lips. None came. I grew panicky. My God, I was being choked. I couldn't move a hand to signal. I couldn't utter a word of pleading and probably it's a good thing. I was ready to give up.

With something like pardonable shame, I have to admit here and now that if I could have made myself heard, I would have given up unconditionally. I'd have confessed to everything. To hell with the investigation. To hell with the job. There were other jobs. I'd admit to the boss I wasn't tough enough.

I couldn't breathe. I couldn't hear. Please God, if I could only get a breath. My heart was pounding. My ears rang. Dark came down like a curtain. I was out.

Tomorrow Frank Smith tells you about the "water treatment" at Kankakee. Follow the story of his experiences in the TIMES.

KNOW THY OWN CLOTHES



When Frank Smith returns from Kankakee, he'll show you some of the "water treatment" at Kankakee. Follow the story of his experiences in the TIMES. (TIMES Photo)

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