SEVEN DAYS IN THE MADHOUSE!

STRAIN 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 given a week's vacation to get a much-needed rest from the endless madhouse after his coverage of the Panic. —Story on page 8.
Seven Days in the Madhouse!

Reporter's Experience at Kankakee

OFF ON UNIQUE ASSIGNMENT

By Frank Smith

Seven days and seven nights in a madhouse.

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

FlagrantlyViolates 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 dust and dirt 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...filth-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 glibmerg for hours in this water, a constant source of infection.

When two inches of water is white porcelain bottom of the

Fire hazards abound. Orders and recommendations made five years ago by state fire marshal's inspection, 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 posted as an insane inmate of the hospital.

The assignment didn't seem particularly pleasant or thrilling when it was given to me. There were so many things to do and so much 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 assure my own safety.

There was a thrill—and what a thrill—when I was wakened one morning by a madman running his fingers through my hair.

It was a thrill to match a piece of jagged glass from a madman who meant to rip it across his throat.

But there was nothing exciting about a dinner of two unpeeled potatoes, a meager, filth-filled existence 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 its charges of brutality and unsanitary conditions, of rationing and illegal detention, occasioned the assignment.

A reporter gets himself committed.

Released the country over took such letters in every mail. Usually they were incredible. But some complaints reaching the TIMES spoke so intelligently, so convincingly of abuse that it was determined to send a reporter to learn the truth.

Accompanied 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 "brother." I went into training and was coached in the proper role by the real-life patient until I was ready to believe the "sick" patient was where I really belonged. I assumed the name of "John G. Ford"—a perfectly fictitious character.

On a bright, Friday morning—a day when the long awaited run was

(Continued on page 6, col. 1)
7 DAYS IN THE MADHOUSE!

A Reporter's Experiences While at Kankakee

(Continued from page 1)

As bright that I barely weakened to get up. I turned toward the fire place at the back of the room and was surprised to find that the room itself was not so dark. The light was on in the kitchen and the fire place was glowing brightly. I sat down by the fire place and turned on the radio. The music was pleasant and I began to feel better.

Dr. Sullivan, likewise, was present and he took the patient into his care. He examined the patient carefully and then turned to me and said: "He is quite mistaken in his diagnosis. The patient has a case of what is known as a "Madhouse Fever." He will recover if he is given proper treatment."

The patient was placed in a separate ward and given proper care. He gradually improved and was discharged from the hospital in a few weeks.

I left the hospital with a new respect for the doctors and nurses and for the care that is given to the patients in such institutions.

Edward S. Andrews

Puts On His Act to Big Audience

Edward S. Andrews gave a natty turn. "Think of the benefit to humanity from the story you might get think of the benevolence you probably might think of the kindness of the benevolence of your benefactors. Such is the story of your Ben.""That's the trouble. I snapped Edward S. Andrews.

We wheeled up beside the administration building and saw a gray stone building like the rest of the rest. Re-located behind a large field of the hospital grounds, it is the main office building of the institution. It is known as "Old Main." A great bell hung in the tower, but it looked like "Old Main" on any peaceful college campus. But there, the resemblance ended. It was a block-long wings running from the main building graced at me from the barred windows of a prison and to me, "Here you are," I whispered.

"Eddie, I'm going into my act now. When you're saying goodbye, you're going to put it on paper. Don't get too scared if I feel right now." "Do you have the ticket?" "Yes, I have."

I sat down in the bathtub. It took strong arms to put me down. I was not able to move. 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 was all right. I sat down in the receiving ward, but I felt dizzy. I saw everything from the beginning to the end. I was able to stand up, to go along to my farewell.

We followed the attendant halfway through the receiving ward, then back to the clothes room and adjacent ward, all of which I had come to think of as the "Albany" of Kankakee.

Feigns Violence with Success

Mentally I reviewed what I had been through. I knew now that I had done more than just to get into the "Albany." I became more active.

I set about my clothes. I planned to get a good suit of clothes, one that I could wear out in public, and which I could use for my leave-taking.

I tried on a suit of clothes. It fit perfectly. I felt I had done something for myself and for others. I was happy.

I walked out of the building, my clothes in hand, and went to the railway station. There I was met by my friends, who had come to see me off. I went on my way, happy and contented, to my new home.

Edward S. Andrews

No Hydrometry in Hydro Tub

A door was unlocked. Pushing and pulling, they hustled me across a dining room, through another passage and past another door that shut on me. I was in the hydrotherapy department.

One look at the room was enough to prove the freshness. Larger than the family bathhouse, three basins are covered with canvas of different colors. A stream of water from the top is turned on the patient and then off, as required. I was given a soap and a towel. I was given a soap and a towel.

"Let's go into that," said "Oh, no, I want to go into the next room," said the attendant. She led me into a room with an arm on which an attendant was sitting. I saw him in a glass eye. I knew that I had seen better days.

"I'm going into that," I said.

"No, I want to go into the next room," said the attendant. She led me into a room with a large mirror. I saw myself in the mirror. I knew that I had seen better days.

I could not breathe. I could not see. I could not hear. I was a complete stranger in a strange world.

Tomorrow Frank Smith tells you the true story of my "stay at the madhouse!" Follow the story of my experiences in the TIMES.

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TIMES PHOTO

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

 KNOW THY OWN CLOTHES

Rockefeller papers were scoured about the floor. Plain wooden chairs lined the walls. Patients propped up against the doors from below the windows to the floor like poles. The place was a grim one.

I was not sure I could stand up, to go along to my farewell.

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