LARRY KEIGHLEY

This guard over Joliet's main gate will shoot to kill if he sees a prisoner try to escape. Joseph E. Ragen (right) has been the warden for fifteen years.

America's Toughest Prison

By JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN

There is no peace in the caged society of murderers, psychopaths, kidnapers and thieves at Joliet. In spite of all safeguards, someone escapes every year—but not often as spectacularly as Terrible Touhy did nine years ago.

PART TWO

A LOT of people have the idea that to go to prison means merely to withdraw from free society. They think it might be a rather monkish experience. Nothing could be more mistaken. Going to prison is not merely withdrawing from free society; it is entering caged society. There is no peace in prison.

A prisoner's day at Stateville, the Illinois State Penitentiary near Joliet, begins at 6:15 A.M., when he is wakened by a bell in the cellhouse. He cleans his cell, stands at the door to be counted, and, when the door is unlocked at 6:45, steps out onto the gallery and lines up with the other men. The line starts moving at once, treading the circular galleries four tiers high and descending the iron stairs and marching through the short tunnel into the big circular dining room. He eats in twenty minutes, is marched back to his cell and is locked in for a half hour. At 7:45 he is let out and marched to his job. At 11:15 he is marched to the dining room, then back to the job at 12:15, and back to his cell at 3:30. After a half hour there, he is marched to the dining room and fed his supper. At 4:30 P.M. he is marched back to his cell, counted and locked in for the night. The lights go off at 9:00 P.M. He is counted twice during the night.

He cannot go anywhere alone without a ticket signed by a guard, and he is shaken down and the ticket is timed upon his arrival and departure. Once a week he is marched to the commissary—where he can spend four dollars a week—to a movie, to a ball game, to church, to the bathhouse—four minutes under the shower with guards watching. Twice a week he is marched to the barbershop for a shave, and once a month for a haircut; once every two weeks he may receive a visit from relatives. Once a year, on New Year's Eve. he may yell in his cell. Otherwise his routine is unbroken.

He may smoke in his cell or at work—anywhere except in the dining room, the chapel or in line. If he has no money, he is issued a sack of free tobacco every week—"Menardo," the prisoners call it, since it is made at Menard Penitentiary. He can listen to the radio in his cell till eleven P.M. He has a choice of three stations, but a guard monitors the programs, tuning out crime programs. He may receive newspapers, magazines and books by mail, but only direct from the publishers, never from friends. He may borrow books from the prison library. He may write one letter a week to a relative or an approved correspondent, plus special letters in emergencies. All mail is censored.

New inmates do the prison's manual labor. Later they may be assigned to better jobs. Men without money want to work in the shops, where they are paid. Others want to work in the kitchen; they can choose their food and eat it at leisure. On certain jobs, key inmate workers and clerks exercise control over the other inmates on the jobs, although final authority rests with the guards in charge. Runners, clerks and hospital nurses are all socially a cut above the other prisoners. They have more freedom. Freedom—even mere freedom of movement inside the wall—is the most precious thing at any prison.

The cellhouses are immense. The round houses are the only round cellhouses in America. They were built round so that a guard in a central tower could see into every cell at all times. Warden Ragen says, "Whoever built them forgot that the prisoners can also see when the guard's got his back turned."

ILL. STATE PENITENTIARY

Holdup man Carl Gasaway escaped twelve days after he arrived, was recaptured five days later.

ACME

Basil (The Owl) Banghart masterminded a seven-man breakout in 1942. He's now in Alcatraz.

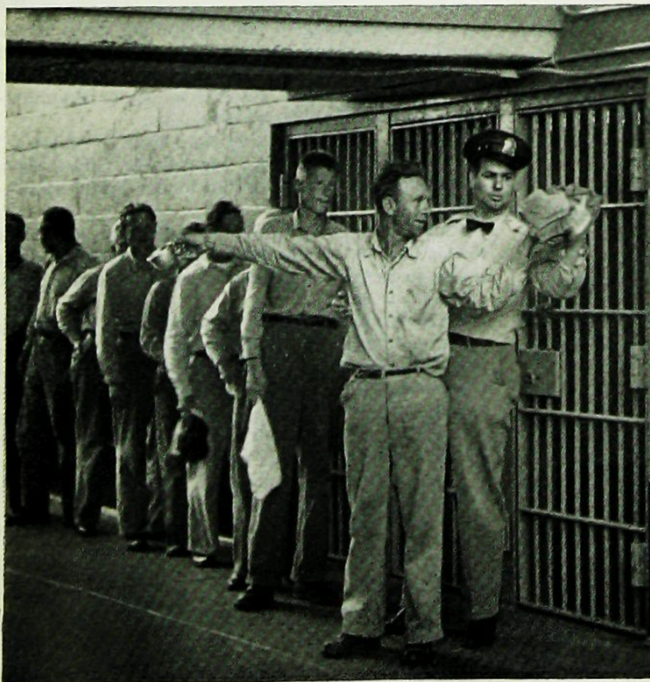
ACME

Roger (Terrible) Touhy, gangster and kidnaper, escaped in 1942, but was brought back by the F.B.I.

All the cells have toilets and running water. The cells in the round houses are ten feet eight inches long, five feet nine inches wide and eight feet one inch high. The cells were designed to hold only one man, but since the prison is about 100 per cent overcrowded, most cells hold two men, and many three. This brings the cubic feet of air per man down as low as 165. (An accepted minimum is 600 feet.) It is hard for men to live together in so small a space. If one wants to pace the floor, the other must stay in bed. If one wants to use the tiny top of the chest of drawers—the only furniture—to write a letter, the other cannot. If one wants to move from the cell door to the toilet at the rear, the other has to get into bed to let him pass. There is no privacy in prison.

Doing time is hard. One young man said, "The hardest thing is loneliness. And if you've got a girl waiting for you, it's twice as hard." An old-timer said, "It's losing contacts with your friends and people. Out of sight, out of mind." Prisoners brood over losing their families. Conviction of a felony is ground for an automatic divorce in Illinois. An old-timer said, "It's not being abused while you're in here—it's the things you miss. Like walking to the drugstore to buy a paper or a chocolate sundae. You have friends on the outside, somebody you can blow off steam to. In here they take that all away from you." Another inmate said, "For a while my two cell partners and I used to play cards. But I haven't got any credit, they're always gambling and they tell me I ought to get out and hustle, get some dough. They say time goes easier that way; I'm doing hard time. Lately we haven't been getting along; we're not talkin'."

Experienced convicts and prison officials agree that the best way to get along in prison is to "do your own time"—to mind your own business. One convict, a habitual criminal from Chicago, a man of forty-five, circumspect, tightly contained, probably doesn't talk to five other inmates. Recently he said, "I don't let someone agitate me all the time. I never get in an argument. Long ago I decided I was in prison, they didn't invite me here, they have their rules. Which are for their benefit. So I figure I'll do my time the easiest way I can. Which is to go along with the rules. The main thing is to keep busy. What is there to (Continued on Page 64)



LARRY KEIGHLEY

Somebody is always plotting an escape at Joliet. Constant shakedowns of prisoners are routine in this maximum-security prison.

LARRY KEIGHLEY

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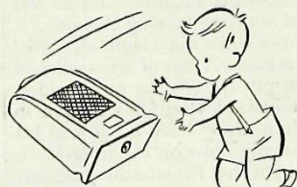

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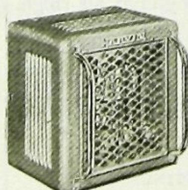

Economy Fan-Forced Heater *(Model 91A) has amazing capacity for its size; baked enamel finish. Operates on AC only.* **$11.95**

AMERICA'S TOUGHEST PRISON

(Continued from Page 39)

think about in prison? If you're thinking about the outside, you're eating your heart out."

Sometimes a prisoner gets a reputation as a tough guy and feels obligated to live up to it; guards and inmates alike bring him challenges to fight. Until a few years ago, if an inmate had a grudge against another, he could send his enemy's number to the captain, who would arrange a boxing match with gloves. Ragen stopped this because plug-uglies were molesting peaceable men and fighting for pay. The prisoners who make the most trouble are the few bullies who exact tribute from the others by threatening to beat them up—the protection racket. Protection once flourished at Stateville, but has been almost completely stopped. A veteran inmate of many penitentiaries said recently, "Stateville's the safest place in the country to do time."

But it is still one of the toughest prisons in the country, say the convicts, because of its discipline. The rulebook lists no fewer than 111 rules forbidding, among other things, insolence, note writing, swearing, staring at visitors, whistling, running, criticizing the institution.

"This is a palace compared to some prisons, like Ohio State," says one. "But when I was there you were never shaken down. Here you're shook down every time you turn around. The emphasis is on security, not rehabilitation. You're not allowed to think for yourself. Other prisons I've been in you

(Continued on Page 66)

The Role I Liked Best . . .

By LON CHANEY

RECENTLY in New York I turned on my television set three times in a day, and each time found myself looking at the twelve-year-old film Of Mice and Men. To anyone eager for new and different entertainment, this would have been just cause for tossing the set out the window. But to me it came as a welcome proof that the picture which held my best role, Lennie, retained the popularity I always thought it deserved.

Lennie was a wonderful help to my career, because he gave me a chance to show I wasn't just another of those boys who ride along on a famous father's name. I'd been in dozens of movies before, in so-so roles, but this was my first solid product.

People sometimes have asked me how I felt playing such a "dumb" character. I never figured Lennie as "dumb." I thought of him as a kind, good-natured guy with an unfortunate mental deficiency. I have a natural understanding for the handicapped, as I was raised with grandparents, both deaf mutes, and I never thought of them as being different.

Much of Lennie's trouble came from his vast strength, and here again I was fortunately equipped. I was able to lift the wheels of a 1700-pound wagon while Burgess Meredith, who played George, hung between them and the ground. Another heavyweight chore in the film was loading grain sacks which weighed about 225 pounds each. Some of these, it's true, were filled with sawdust. But others held grain, and I never knew which was which until I tried hefting them.

This made Lennie my strongest role in every sense.

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(Continued from Page 64)

could make your own coffee in your cell. You could shave yourself. You could have rugs in your cell, and your own radio. You could hear what you wanted to on the radio. You could wear your own shirts, white shirts. You could press your clothes, look decent. You could buy more food in the commissary and have a little hot plate in the cell. Here, if you have a can of soup, all you can do is heat it on the radiator. I figured it'd be all right to hang up a pincushion. I had it three months. Then a new screw comes in and takes the pincushion down and takes my name and number and sends me to The Hole. Some of these officers won't allow you to hang your watch up. If you don't hang a watch up it'll get broken. Little petty-larceny things like that, it'll drive you nuts."

Another says, "Sure this place is run for maximum security, but they could do away with a lot of rules without hurting security. Can't have your hands in your pockets in line, can't be out of step, can't go to the toilet during the movie—you can get up to fifteen days in The Hole for that. Or they'll transfer you to the coal pile. [Ragen says men are deprived of movies or other privileges for violations of this kind.] For having a betting slip, you go to E Grade and it takes you twenty-seven months before you can see the parole board. You lose all privileges during that time, can't smoke, can't go to the commissary, can't spend a cent, lose your shows and ball games. When you go to The Hole, you sleep on the concrete, one little window, double doors with bars and solid wood. It's like being in a box, and you cram six or seven men in there and see how it smells. The blankets are never washed. [Ragen says they're washed every ten days.] You have no toilet, just a bucket. The bucket's emptied once every twelve hours. You have a water faucet and a rusty cup. One meal a day. They don't make it a habit to beat you up, but if you offer any resistance they really give you a going over." [Ragen denies this.]

Another man said, "Day in, day out, 'Line up.' . . . 'Keep in step.' . . . 'No talking.' . . . 'Who you talkin' to?' . . . 'Get the lead out'—what can you say? If you say anything back you'll get five days in The Hole. The best thing is to say nothing. Sure, the captains try to be fair. If an inmate comes over with an unfair ticket, they'll release him instead of sending him to The Hole. But he goes back to the care of the same officer, and the officer resents it, and on the first pretext he'll write him up again. The majority of the officers are farmers from downstate. All they have to be able to do is count and lock the door. Half of 'em can't count their lines by twos."

Maximum security, strict rules, unfair guards, constant shakedowns, deprivations, close quarters, convict bosses, vicious prisoners—all these things combine to exert tremendous pressure on every man in Stateville. To escape tension, many men ask for a transfer to the Old Prison or to Menard, where things are more easy-going. Some try to kill themselves, usually by hanging. Some become deranged—"stir bugs." "Like a rat in a cage," says a prison psychiatrist. "The pressures build up and they can't turn outward, so they turn inward." Men who become deranged are put in the Detention Hospital. If they don't recover there, they are sent to the psychiatric division at Menard for electric-shock therapy.

Often when a man goes to prison, those who suffer most are his family—disappointed parents, disillusioned wives, fatherless children. Awhile ago a convict received this letter from his daughter:

> *Dear Daddy:* I am well hoping you are the same. I arrived home O.K. Send me big Henry's address at once.
>
> Mama had a stroke Saturday morning at 4 o'clock. She's in the hospital and not expecting to live. If you can come, please come at once. No one is here with me as yet. I need money bad. I have to have money for food and fare to go back and forth to the hospital. Also send me Carrie in Chicago address. I was 15 Saturday but I forgot all about my birthday. Mama is still unconscious hasn't improved and don't know me or anything. Send me a telegram back as soon as you get this and let me know if you can come at once or what.
>
> I will close. Love, your baby.

Who were these men before they came to prison? Well, only 109 are foreign-born. More than 1000, most of them Negroes, were born in the South. All told, there are 2406 white men, 1802 Negroes. Well over half the inmates never went to high school, and 110 are illiterate. But 174 attended college. Veterans are numerous—1397 who served in the 1941–45 war. As for jobs, there are more laborers—874—than anything else. There are 240 truck drivers, 205 cooks, 170 mechanics, 140 painters and interior decorators, 114 machinists, 109 office clerks and 101 barbers. No other occupation has so many as 100. There are 6 artists, 29 accountants and bookkeepers, 3 ball-players, 9 brokers, 2 clergymen, 13 entertainers, 3 florists, 3 lawyers, 4 merchants, 6 miners, 60 musicians, 2 newspapermen, 5 photographers, 2 doctors, 1 policeman, 86 salesmen, 33 students, 8 teachers, 4 undertakers. The average age upon admission is twenty-five years. Men in their twenties constitute nearly half the population. But in one ward a dozen white-haired convicts, once desperadoes, are ending their days listening to the radio, padding barefoot down the hall to the bathroom.

Some convicts fall into easily recognizable patterns. Norman Kasch, a prison sociologist, said recently, "There is the intelligent burglar with an inadequate personality. There is the statutory rapist. There is the West-Side-Chicago Italian armed robber. Then there is the chronic car thief—he gets a thrill out of stealing, may even own a car of his own. There is the professional confidence man. There is the alcoholic forger, probably the most hopeless of all so far as rehabilitation goes.

"There is the situational murderer—for example, the fellow we called the spaghetti man. The spaghetti man and his family had been on relief a long, long time. No money, no job, nothing—and they existed on spaghetti. He was pretty blue and discouraged, and pretty sick of spaghetti. Then one day he got a job as a laborer. He came home that night with a ten-dollar advance on his wages. He gave it to his wife and told her to go out next day and buy the biggest sirloin steak she could find. French-fried potatoes. Big feast. So all the next day at work he thought about that sirloin steak. That evening he came home. There was his wife in the kitchen, half lit up, a new hat on the back of her head, and swaying back and forth in front of the stove. On the stove is a big pot, and he looks in it; and guess what he sees. Spaghetti. So he whacked her, and she fell downstairs and broke her neck. He was lucky—he got off with one-to-fourteen

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for manslaughter. The odds are that a fellow like that'll never do anything wrong again. Of course," Kasch added, "when you come right down to it, there's no two alike."

George Whiteside—as we shall call him—a lean, muscular man of about thirty, is a dangerous psychopath in Stateville. He is a high-grade mental defective. He was born in Kentucky, and his father died when he was two. His mother took in washing. She moved her family to Cave in Rock, Illinois, a river town. Whiteside did farm work and didn't go to school. He is illiterate. At twenty he broke into a house and stole a shotgun worth five dollars; he was sentenced to one-to-life. Paroled in 1945, after three and a half years, he locked his family in the house and paraded around with an ax, threatening to kill them all. They talked him out of it. Returned to Joliet, he told the psychiatrist, "Well, sir, I guess I blew my top." He was sent to Menard Penitentiary, in Southern Illinois. During most of the next four years he worked in the quarry. He had many fights.

On March 26, 1949, a guard sitting in the chapel during a movie heard a commotion and ran toward it in the dark. He later recalled, "I was about a third of the way down the aisle when Whiteside came up with this knife. He touched my arm and gave it to me. He says, 'I got me a man. He's dead, better go down and get him.'"

Whiteside had been sitting behind a convict he didn't like; he had reached around and slit the man's throat from Adam's apple to ear. "The cause of this trouble," the warden later reported, "was a long-standing grudge between these two inmates over a rock in the quarry as to the ownership of same." In Randolph County Court, Whiteside was sentenced to thirty years for murder.

He was sent to the Old Prison, at Joliet. He faked a suicide attempt—smashed a light bulb, put the pieces in his mouth and sucked until his gums bled. He was put in segregation at Stateville, where unmanageable prisoners are kept locked up all the time. After six months he promised to behave. Capt. Frank Pate assigned him to a labor gang and a cell in a regular cellhouse. In ten days he asked to be put back in segregation—he had a feeling he was going to blow up and kill someone else. Pate did it. One day seven months later, Whiteside, still in segregation, requested another interview. He stood stiffly before Captain Pate's desk, tall, a stubble of blond beard on his chin, his eyes staring brightly.

Pate asked, "What's on your mind?"

Whiteside bit his lip. "I'd like to go out"—meaning out of segregation.

"Why do you want out?"

"I figure I'd better get on out there and try to make it."

Whiteside paused a long time before saying anything. He stood tensely, his hands clenched. Pate, a young man sitting stiffly upright, spoke very rapidly, as though impelled by some inner tension too.

"Well, I gave you one break out there."

"I ain't asking for anything. I just want you to treat me like you treat the others."

"That's what we want to do, Whiteside, if you let us."

"I figure I can make it on the coal pile."

"Suppose you run into some friends of yours"—meaning enemies.

"We can make it."

"Well." Pate flipped through some papers. His own jaw was set so tight that a little white spot showed. He looked up. "I'll talk to the warden about it, Whiteside."

Whiteside nodded. A guard who had been standing in the doorway all the time scraped his foot. Whiteside turned and walked out, the guard following. Pate slumped a little in his chair. "There's so many men he's had trouble with, it's hard to find any place to put him," he said.

In 1946, a lad of seventeen, Carl Gasaway, went over the wall of the Diagnostic Depot twelve days after he arrived. Back in Stateville now, he recalls, "It was the first time I was ever in prison and I was scared. And I had a girl I was desperately in love with. So, as soon as I got there, I started looking for a way out. One day I was exercising in the yard and I saw a drainpipe running up the wall, and it just came to me I could climb it. So I waited a few days—to be honest with you, I had to get my nerve up—and climbed it. It was easy." Gasaway went back to his girl in Indiana. Five days later a policeman shot him.

Gasaway is a rather tense, lean-faced young man with sad eyes. He came from a good home. During the war, restless, rejected by the Army, he took to wandering. All alone, he held up a small-town bank and burglarized a store. In prison he has been punished only once. He has worked his way up from the coal gang to headwaiter in the officers' dining room. Soon he would see the Parole Board. "I have a good record here. I think they'll take that into consideration. And my youth. And the progress I've made in rehabilitating myself. It's done me a lot of good here. Made me realize how you can enjoy life on the outside if you want to work and settle down. How rich everyday life is. I know now I don't want any more of this," he said earnestly. "If I have to, I'll dig a ditch. If that Parole Board sees fit to send me back to that Hoosier State, they'll never have occasion to see me again, that's for sure." His girl has waited for him.

There are about 320 guards at Stateville, including sixteen lieutenants and three captains—about one guard for

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

IN A HAPPY HOUR

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

Viewing the bitter way the world is in,
And knowing the hurts and horrors men have made,
You say to be so happy seems a sin.
I grant you, dearest, man is by man betrayed,
But grant me, then, the beauty God has wrought,
And which prevails despite all ill and strife.
Permit our hearts, rejoicing in their lot
Of sun and sky and sea and precious life,
To rise for a time above the steel and stress
And sing in silence from an inward psalter.
Beloved, each hour of human happiness
Is a grateful candle lighted on heaven's altar!

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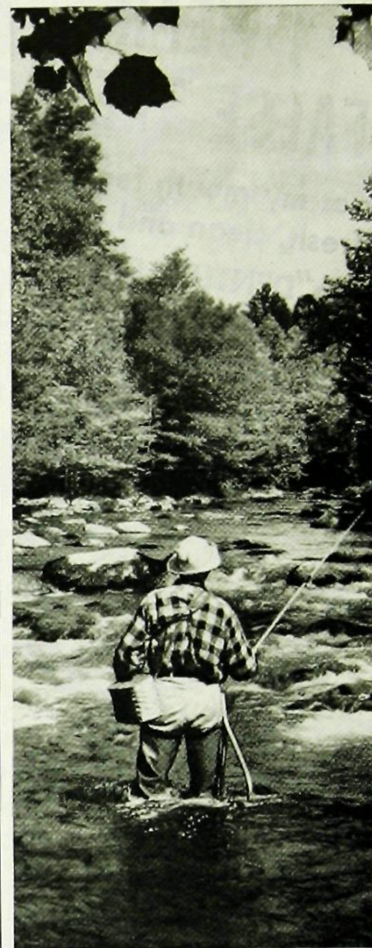

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every ten prisoners, though the guards are divided into three shifts. Hiring guards today is almost as hard as during the wartime manpower shortage. Guards' pay starts at $262 a month. The requirements are low—under forty-five years old, good physical condition, eighth-grade education, no criminal record—and recently Ragen has been overlooking almost anything except a criminal record. Most guards were farmers, coal miners, truck drivers or common laborers. Ragen denies that politics plays any part in hiring guards. But the local county political organizations dun the guards for money. Ragen has told the guards they don't have to contribute.

The life of a guard is not an easy one. He is required to guard men to whom he is forbidden to speak except on business. He spends most of his waking hours behind bars. He is never more than a few feet from dangerous men who hate him. Guards live under strict discipline. No guard can get mixed up with the inmates or their relatives. Ragen once caught a guard in a hotel with an inmate's good-looking wife. "I didn't get a chance to fire him—he went home, told his wife about it and shot himself." Recently Ragen had a guard searched as he left the prison and found, in his suitcase, fourteen light bulbs, two rolls of toilet paper and two cans of peaches.

"I fired him," Ragen says. "You see, the trouble is, the stuff he was stealing didn't amount to much, but he had to connive with the inmates to get it. Guards will start out that way, then they'll start carrying barbitals in to the inmates, then they'll start carrying money in, and pretty soon they're ready for the big job." The big job is a gun. "A gun inside that wall means murder. It's to the other guards' advantage to stop a crooked guard. If he carries in a pistol, they might be the ones that'd get killed. So they get in the habit of watching each other."

To new guards, Ragen often points out a convict named Ed Wheeler. Wheeler was a guard at Pontiac in 1918. An inmate paid him $500, with a promise of $500 more, to buy two guns and smuggle them in to him, piece by piece. The inmate and two others, trying to escape, killed the acting superintendent and shot a guard. Two of them were killed. Wheeler got one-to-life for manslaughter. He has been in Stateville ever since; he has served thirty-three years, has been refused parole four times and will next see the board in May, 1974.

Since 1906, when records began to be kept, 651 prisoners have escaped. Of these, 149 are still at large. In a single year, 74 escaped. But that was long ago, in 1920, and in recent years only one or two a year have got away. Most men who do escape do so from the honor farm.

Somebody is always plotting an escape. Several years ago the parts of a ladder made of pipe were found scattered all over the prison, nearly ready to be assembled and thrown to the top of the wall. A few years ago a guard testing bars with a tuning fork knocked out two wooden bars. Four convicts once escaped by having others build a false partition around them in a boxcar before it was sent out. One night two men broke into the electric-power substation at Stateville, threw the main switch controlling the lights on the wall, and in the ensuing darkness scaled the wall. About fifteen years ago guards got a tip that a ladder was hidden in the hospital. They found it after a long search. It was made of dental floss. It was strong enough to support a man, long enough to reach to the top of the wall, yet compact enough to be rolled up in one hand. Somebody must have spent months making it.

By all odds, the most spectacular and successful escape from Stateville in recent years was that of Roger Touhy and six other men. About one P.M., on October 9, 1942, when a garbage truck pulled up at the kitchen, Touhy, who was a clerk there, slugged the driver, jumped into the truck and drove off across the yard. Touhy was an intelligent big-shot gangster doing ninety-nine years for kidnaping. Now he drove the garbage truck to the storeroom in the maintenance shop and met his confederates—Edward Darlak, serving 199 years and one-to-life for murder and robbery, and Basil (The Owl) Banghart, a lean, intelligent desperado who had escaped from other institutions and who probably planned the Touhy escape, and three robbers and a burglar, all serving long sentences. Banghart had a gun and so did Touhy—the only guns ever smuggled into Stateville. Darlak's brother had cached them in shrubbery near the gatehouse, and a Negro trusty, whose daily task was to raise and lower the American flag there, had picked up the guns one evening, wrapped them in the flag and carried them in to the plotters. That had been in July; they had kept the guns hidden until they used them in October.

Now they seized a lieutenant and three guards, forced them to unlock two extension ladders and load them on the truck. They put all four officers into the truck, but pushed one out because, faint from being beaten, he would only encumber them. They drove to the wall at the northwest corner. Under the tower they stopped and fired up at the towerman; a bullet grazed his forehead, and he dropped to the floor of the tower. They forced a guard up the ladder ahead of them. In the tower they took the key to the tower from the towerman. It happened that he had driven his own car to work and parked it at the base of the tower outside the wall; they drove away in it.

Weeks later, FBI agents killed two of them and captured Touhy, Banghart, Darlak and the two others. Then it was discovered that Illinois had no law against escaping from prison. It did, however, have a law against helping a prisoner escape. Anybody doing so could be sentenced to the same term the person he helped was serving. Since Darlak was serving the longest time, 199 years, the others were indicted for helping him. Banghart was sent to Alcatraz. The others were sentenced to 199 years and put back in Stateville.

For the last four years, Touhy has been assigned to cellhouse help—mopping floors, washing windows, delivering mail to the inmates. He has been punished for having sandpaper, dental floss and a map of routes to a north-woods hide-out. In 1944 two of his confederates tried to escape again. One evening a while back, when an acquaintance asked Warden Ragen if the Touhy escapers were still here, he said, "I guess they're still here—they were at six o'clock."

Editors' Note—This is the second of three articles by Mr. Martin. The third will appear next week.

NASHVILLE

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for Negroes, has graduated more than half of the Negro physicians now practicing in the United States. Fisk University is one of the oldest Negro universities in the South and one of the best anywhere. It is noted for having introduced to the world the mellow Negro spirituals through its famous Fisk Jubilee Singers, who have performed throughout this country and Europe.

Partly because of its schools, Nashville calls itself "The Athens of the South." Actually this slogan was started a century ago, mainly because of the architect Strickland, most of whose work in Nashville followed the classic Greek. The most publicized building in the city is a replica of the Parthenon. Strickland was the leading architect of his period, and first came to Nashville from Philadelphia in 1844 to build the Tennessee state capitol.

It is now the most distinctive item on Nashville's sky line and one of the world's few Grecian-type temples with a cupola. The story is that Strickland had not planned the latter, but the legislators objected that all the courthouses, churches and so on that they had ever seen had cupolas, and Tennessee's statehouse ought to have one too. In desperation, Strickland is supposed to have designed one from a lighthouse and its foundation rock in the sea near Athens, so as to keep his cupola as nearly Grecian as possible.

The Tennessee Historical Society says this isn't factual, that Strickland had planned it that way all along. In any event, most architects consider it Strickland's best work, which also included Washington's tomb. The architect is buried in a crypt in the statehouse wall.

Another landmark that has never received the attention it deserves is a monument to John A. Murrell, local horse thief. Murrell was also a cow and slave thief, a murderer, and the most bloodthirsty and deplorable villain ever to stain the state's reputation. The story goes that after his death in Bledsoe County, that county denied him sepulcher. He was judged a disgrace to the noble soil of Bledsoe. So they dug up the body and flung it across the county line.

That such a character should get a monument results from one of the many feuds and great hates that characterized Nashville's political and civic life in years gone by, and resulted in the spilling of much genteel blood. It used to be that most editors and politicians worthy of the name were either slain in duels, had slain somebody in a duel or, at least, had exchanged a few shots upon the field of honor. Even today, certain families who opposed each other in feuds and disputes as long as seventy-five years ago are not invited to the same parties.

But to get back to Murrell. His monument stems from hard feelings between Jere Baxter, builder of the Tennessee Central Railroad, and Maj. E. C. Lewis, chairman of the board of the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway. The latter had opposed Baxter's building the Tennessee Central with the help of bonds bought by the city of Nashville.

After Baxter's death from natural causes, friends and admirers erected an

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