—Inmates Riot

(Continued From Page 1)

a guard intervened.

The two combatants reportedly turned on the guard and a free-for-all ensued with the two other guards on the floor, rushing to assist the first guard.

A Mr. Lloyd, superintendent of Building C, was notified of the disorder by a patient who served as a trusty. The hospital official rushed all attendants and guards in the building to the fourth floor.

Call For Help

When it became apparent that the inmates were completely out of control, the hospital's fire siren was repeatedly sounded, and police at the Edgewater police station were notified.

More than 25 guards and attendants responded to the warning siren and rushed to Building C. They were prevented from entering the prison ward by the severely battling inmates.

Meanwhile, the three guards had barricaded themselves in a washroom on the floor and successfully resisted all efforts of the inmates to "smoke them out" with burning newspaper stuffed under the doorsill.

First emergency vehicles to arrive on the scene were fire apparatus and men of the Herald Fire Department. They were summoned to the scene by the radio dispatcher at the Edgewater police station.

When the firemen flashed searchlights on the fourth floor of the beleaguered building, they were met by a barrage of broken furniture thrown by the inmates.

When three squads of Anne Arundel county police arrived on the scene they immediately radioed County Police Headquarters for assistance.

More Assistance Arrived

Eight squads of State Troopers and two riot wagons, four squads of Baltimore police in as many patrol wagons, and every policeman in Anne Arundel County were dispatched to Crownsville.

After arrival at the scene, State Troopers issued a hurry-up call for more fire apparatus in an effort to quiet the patients with water from a high-pressure hose.

While the authorities were mapping battle strategy, the inmates on the fourth floor were rioting completely out of control.

All of the furniture on the floor was wrecked by the escape-hungry inmates. This was broken into small pieces and thrown out of the windows through the "pried-open" iron bars.

When firemen tried to put ladders to the fourth floor in order to reach the rioting inmates, they were met with a deadly hail of chipped glass.

This glass "rain" continued sporadically for more than 30 minutes and scattered every one in front of the building—including hundreds of nearby residents who had rushed to the scene.

In another instance a ladder pushed back by the unruly convicts, crashed to the ground narrowly missing a huddle of spectators.

Use High-Pressure Hose

Finally high pressure apparatus arrived on the scene and water was shot into the building through the windowless openings on the fourth floor.

Meanwhile, gas-masked police, accompanied by firemen lugging hose, had battled their way up to the fourth floor, scene of the riot.

At first these authorities were met by a hail of chairs, tables, and flying wood of every description. Finally a tear-gas barrage quieted the disorder.

Authorities then broke into the prison ward and herded the now submissive patients back into their cells.

The guards, Charles Buchanan, Floyd Pace, and William Conner, were released from the washroom. They all received scratches, but Buchanan was the more seriously injured with head and arm cuts, including a severe gash on his forehead.

During the riot, small fires, none of which reached serious proportions, were started by the inmates. Firemen had no trouble in dousing these flames.

Governor At Scene

Just after the riot was brought under control, Governor McKeldin arrived at the scene. After a brief consultation with Dr. Clifton Perkins, State Director of Mental Hygiene, Governor McKeldin was escorted to the scene of the riot.

Convicts on the floor immediately recognized McKeldin, and one of them shouted, "Here's the Governor, you won't bother us now!"

One of the police officials present pointed to this inmate and said: "You're one of the ring-leaders."

The inmate gleefully responded: "Oh no I'm not one of the ring-leaders, am I, Governor?"

McKeldin flashed his famous grin in reply.

All of the inmates on the fourth floor were stripped naked, in an all-out search for any remaining weapons. After this was done, they were herded into a police station, and five to Annapolis.

Each patrol wagon carrying the prisoners was escorted by heavily armed police traveling in following radio cars.

Early Sunday morning, a large detail of County and State police remained on guard at Crownsville.

Authorities could offer no reason for the riot.

One guard at the hospital, a Mr. Zick, reported, however, that authorities had been warned of the break almost a week ago. The guard reported that necessary precautions were taken and it was believed the break had been "nipped in the bud."

Crownsville A Sore-Spot

Crownsville, now severely overcrowded, has long been a sore-spot in the State's mental health program.

A recent move by Dr. Perkins in an effort to relieve some of the over-crowding was forestalled by a small group of white parents.

Dr. Perkins had completed arrangements for more than 200 feeble-minded children in the Crownsville hospital to be transferred to Rosewood Training School, hitherto a lily-white institution.

The protesting parents, who dubbed themselves the Rosewood Parents Association, succeeded in having that move forestalled. The white parents claimed Rosewood was already over-crowded.

The courts have been asked to rule on the advisability and legality of the proposed transfer of patients.

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Dismissal Pleas Enter Trial Of Social Workers

Two motions were submitted to Judge James K. Cullen, Thursday, for direct dismissal of assault and disorderly conduct charges against two social workers arrested in a Christmas Day taxicab incident.

The women involved are Miss Virginia Jones of the 1000 block Bennett pl., a social worker with the Board of Public Welfare in Washington; and Mrs. Ellen Williams, 270 Oblock Baker st., a clerical worker with the Veterans Administration.

Arriving by train from Washington on Dec. 25, they were arrested on complaint of an irate cab driver who refused to take them to their destination.

Jury Trial Asked

Also accused of striking two arresting officers, the young women waived trial at the Pine st. police station by requesting a jury trial.

When the case was called for hearing in Criminal Court on still elected a jury trial, was Thursday, Mrs. Williams, who represented by J. Leon Williams, attorney of Washington.

Miss Jones, who has requested a court trial, is represented by W. A. C. Hughes Jr. and Mrs. Juanita J. Mitchell.

Motion For Dismissal

On behalf of Mrs. Williams, her attorney presented a motion asking for dismissal on the grounds of illegal arrest which would make ineffective the charges placed against her afterwards.

Mr. Hughes presented a motion for dismissal, contending that if the initial disorder occured inside a taxicab, the indictment covering the charges against Miss Jones is improper.

Because of the late hour, the case was postponed to a later date when the trial will begin with arguments on these motions.

New Government Positions Open

The United States Civil Service Commission has announced new examinations for the positions of Engineering Draftsman, Statistical Draftsman, and Airway Operation Specialist (Communications).

Salaries for the Engineering Draftsman positions range from $2,750 to $5,940 a year and for Statistical Draftsman from $2,750-$4,205 a year. The positions are located in various Federal agencies in Washington, D.C., and vicinity. No written test will be given.

To qualify, applicants must have had appropriate experience or education, or both. Age limits, waived for persons entitled to veteran preference, are 18 to 62.

Airway Operation Specialist positions pay a salary of $3,410 a year plus a cost-of-living differential. The jobs are in the Civil Aeronautics Administration, located in Alaska and the Pacific Islands area. No written test is required.

Age Limits Waived

To qualify, applicants must have had appropriate experience or experience and education. Age limits, waived for persons entitled to veteran preference, are 18 to 45.

Further information and applications may be obtained from the Board U.S. Civil Service Examiners, Post Office, Baltimore, Md., or from the U.S. Civil Service Commission, Washington 25, D.C. Applications for Engineering and Statistical Draftsman will be accepted by the Commission's Washington office until further notice.

Applications for Airway Operation Specialist should be sent to the Executive Secretary, Board of U.S. Civil Service Examiners, Civil Aeronautics Administration Aeronautical Center, P.O. Box 1082, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, where they will be accepted until further notice.

Assign Morgan Grad To Seventh Division

Second Lieutenant Joseph P. Parham of Baltimore, has been assigned to the 87th Armored Field Artillery Battalion, 7th Armored Division, at Camp Roberts, Calif.

He is the son of Samuel Downey of 48 German ave., He graduated from Douglas High School in 1948, and from Morgan State College in 1952.

Lieutenant Parham received his commission through Reserve Officers Training Corps at the college in June 1952, and attended associate infantry company officers course at Fort Benning, Ga.

NNPA Convention Set For Baltimore

AFRO Host To Publishers At Morgan, June 18-20

NEW ORLEANS (NNPA) — Newspaper Week will be observed from March 15 to 21, it was announced last Saturday at the close of the two-day Mid-Winter Workshop of the National Newspaper Publishers Association which was held here at Dillard University.

An invitation from President Martin Jenkins of Morgan College in Baltimore to the NNPA to hold its annual convention, June 18-20, on the Morgan campus was accepted by the publishers. The AFRO-AMERICAN Newspapers will be host.

The Board of Directors of the association also voted to contribute $500 to the Correspondent's Fund Memorial Building Project in New York City, which will honor war correspondents who lost their lives in the line of duty.

Hinton Is Listed

Albert Hinton of the Norfolk Journal and Guide, who was killed in Korea in 1950, has been listed among the heroes of the American press to be honored in the Memorial Press Center.

The 1953 observance of Negro Newspaper Week will be opened by a half-hour network broadcast over NBS. John B. Russwurm, who published the first Negro newspaper, "Freedom's Journal," on March 6, 1827, in New York City will be memorialized in the broadcast.

More than a hundred publishers and top newspaper executives attended the NNPA Workshop at Dillard, which was highlighted by addresses from Dr. Charles L. Allen, assistant dean of the Medill School of Journalism at Northwestern University, and Thurgood Marshall, special NAACP counsel.

Christian Speaks

Also among the speakers at the workshop was Joseph W. Christian, national field supervisor for Seagram Distillers, who delivered a talk on merchandising.

Speaking of the advertising agency, Mr. Christian pointed out that today "they fill countless other jobs that fall under the general heading of service, both for the newspapers and for their own clients, the advertisers, merchandising and marketing in-

"The bulk of this service has come to be the providing of formation and assistance," he said.

Mayor Has Welcome

Mayor deLesseps S. Morrison of the City of New Orleans and lard, welcomed the publishers to the city at the opening of the Friday morning session. Twelve publishers presented research papers at the workshop conference which is held annually in an effort to raise the standards of the newspapers and to broaden the services of the colored press to its readers and advertisers.

Officers of NNPA in attendance at the workshop were: Louis Martin, president; Carl Murphy, vice president, and William O. Walker, secretary.

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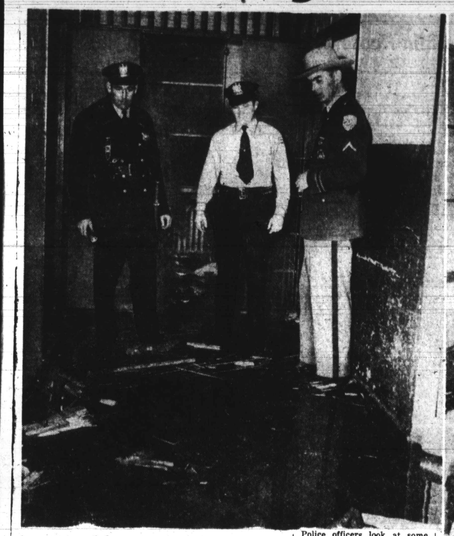
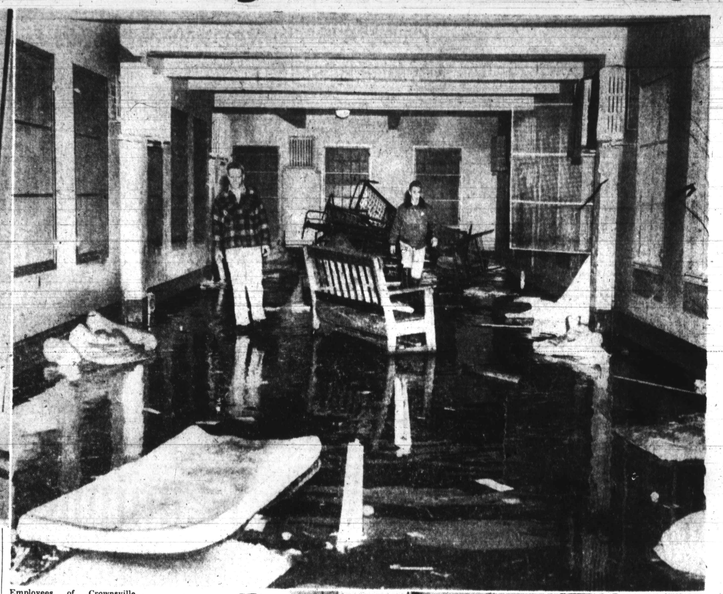
Where Enraged Inmates Staged Crownsville Riot





Editor Spends Hour Caged With Insane

(Continued From Page 1)

against the cold cement floor as he talked.

The muscles ripped under their glistening naked skins. What these men lack in brains they triple in brawn.

I looked between them and over their shoulders,

Alone With The Insane

I was the only person inside the door with them it seemed. And I was being crowded back against the wall in a corner. Somebody had used the corner for a toilet.

There was too much movement and too much talk.

I heard a doctor, with a foreign accent, tell the men to get back in place.

They told him where to go.

I saw another colored fellow in civilian clothes, talking quietly to one of the naked men—out in the center of the room.

I moved as if to get out of the corner.

Mucles, Muscles, Muscles

A glistening light heavyweight that would make muscular Archie Moore look anemic by comparison, roared down the floor bowling other men to the side like ten pins.

He had a bandaide on the side of his face that waggled as he moved.

His arms were tensed and he brushed right between the two big policemen at the door.

"You ever put your hands on me, yoo—, and I'll kill you," he shouted frantically.

Small, Strange Voice

He pointed his finger down the hall and I showed over to see whom he meant. Somehow I spoke.

"Who you talking about, man?" I heard myself saying in a small strange voice.

"That one right there," he howled. His arm waved toward a blue-coated policeman. A doctor told him to step back into the room. The policemen stepped in his path.

"Don't put your hand on me," the man roared at the policemen.

He bristled. The policemen were calm.

My crowd had followed me, and I was surrounded again.

Explosive Moment

There was the silence of death, except for the rumble of autos on the road outside. Feet shuffled in the hallway. A giant light from one of the fire trucks outside splashed against a window. The glare was blinding.

The air was so tense it smelled like vinegar.

A small, stoop - shouldered man, with horn-rimmed glasses pushed pass the officers. He was Dr. Clifton L. Perkins, State commissioner of mental hygiene.

"Go ahead and talk to them," he said. "It helps."

"What happened up here?" I asked the raging man from the side.

Picks Biggest Man

"You're the biggest one up here," the man said to the heftiest of the two policemen. "I'll beat your—brains out."

The policeman probably never before had heard anyone use that kind of language to him. He turned green, but remained calm.

The man turned on his heel and stalked back across the room to a far corner.

Everybody Talks

My crowd began talking again. They said the same things over and over again. Everybody talked at once. Nobody would tell me how it all started. Everybody wanted out.

Finally a patient - attendant, dressed in dungarees, said it started over a card game.

There was a fight, he said, and white attendants tried to lock up one of the fighters. Everybody got riled up and the whole thing mushroomed from that.

Another man called the speaker a liar.

2 Years, 8 Months, 3 Days

"How would you feel locked up in this building for two years, eight months and three days—that's how long I've been in here," he snorted in my face.

"They just don't treat us right," a man on my left whooped aloud. His skin was scaly.

An attendant began calling out names. Nobody moved.

"Where are our clothes?" the chorus went up.

Defiant Again

"We're not going anywhere without our clothes," the chorus roared. Feet stamped, arms flayed.

A tall, slim man in a red sport shirt told several attendants in white to bring clothing. He was Dr. Arnold H. Eichert, who became superintendent of the hospital just five days before.

He pulled me off to one side to say it was too early to make an official statement about the riot.

I watched all of the men, including my crowd, while we talked. If anything could be told by their expressions, they seemed to approve of my talking to Dr. Eichert. They seemed to like him.

Calling of Names

The calling of names started again—given names, that is. The other kind had been called right along in such fashion as not even the Army could equal.

Sheets and a few pairs of dungarees had been laid out in the middle of the floor. As a man's name was called, he walked up to get a sheet wrapped around his waist.

Then he stood aside.

The man with the bandage on his face was among the first. An attendant gave him a cigarette. He stuck it into the side of his mouth and puffed at it hungrily.

"The Really Difficult Ones"

"We can take care of twelve of them," an officer was telling Dr. Perkins.

"Maybe we can get nine or so in up at Ferndale," another officer said.

"Yes," the quiet little man answered, "Just the really difficult ones for long enough to give us a chance to get cleaned up upstairs—48 hours or so."

I walked into the passageway where the patrolmen lined the walls. I started to take down the names as they were called out.

Press Censorship

The man with the bandage on his face spoke.

"What the hell you doing?"

I put away my pad and lit a cigarette. A State patrolman asked for one.

Twelve men filed down the line to be joined at the hall by two policemen. They went down the stairs.

"These are the really tough ones," a reporter walking up said. "The system is bad ones on the first floor, real bad ones on the second floor and so on. By the time you get to the fourth floor it's 'murder' and no kidding."

Trapped With the Insane

I thought about having been literally trapped in that big recreation room with nearly fifty of them a few minutes before.

There was no way of predicting what they might do. I was thinking that "they aren't responsible . . . they've got nothing to lose . they're already in jail."

"Keep your g—d— hands off me," the cry went up. "I'm not going anywhere without my clothes," the man was saying.

Size No Factor

A big, 250-pound white attendent was trying to push the man down the hallway. He wasn't doing very well. When the man balked, progress stopped.

Police officers look at some of the debris left in the hallways of Building C after Saturday night's riot of inmates in the structure set aside for the criminally insane had been brought under control.

Employees of Crownsville State Hospital survey the debris of the fourth floor recreation room in the building set aside for the criminally insane at Crownsville. The extent to which furniture was demolished is evident. The room stood in several inches of water after firemen turned hoses on the enraged inmates to quiet them.

Clothing and blankets lay piled up in the hallways after the subdued rioters were forced to strip and be searched when their barricades had been broken down and the riot brought under control.

The policemen moved out of the way. I moved.

Dr. Perkins went over. So did another attendant. Dr. Perkins talked to the man. We couldn't hear what he said, he spoke so softly.

The man went down the stairs. We went down behind him. Most of the rioters who had been standing naked around the walls for more than an hour were still there.

Others Voice Gripes

I stopped on the first floor on the way out.

Other inmates were still crowded in the hallways there. They had Dr. Perkins buttonholed and Dr. Eichert was listening.

"Why can't we get any satisfaction," a short light-skinned man in a baseball cap was saying.

The doctors answered him and moved away.

"Look," a man said to me, "take these letters and mail them for me."

I told him I didn't think I could.

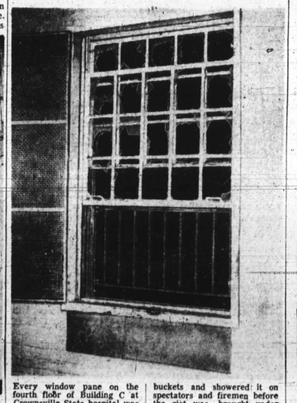
"My mother lives at—. Go see her for me. Tell her to come see me. I want to get out of here. I will be here four years day after tomorrow."

Everybody seemed to know exactly how long he had been there—every year, month, day.

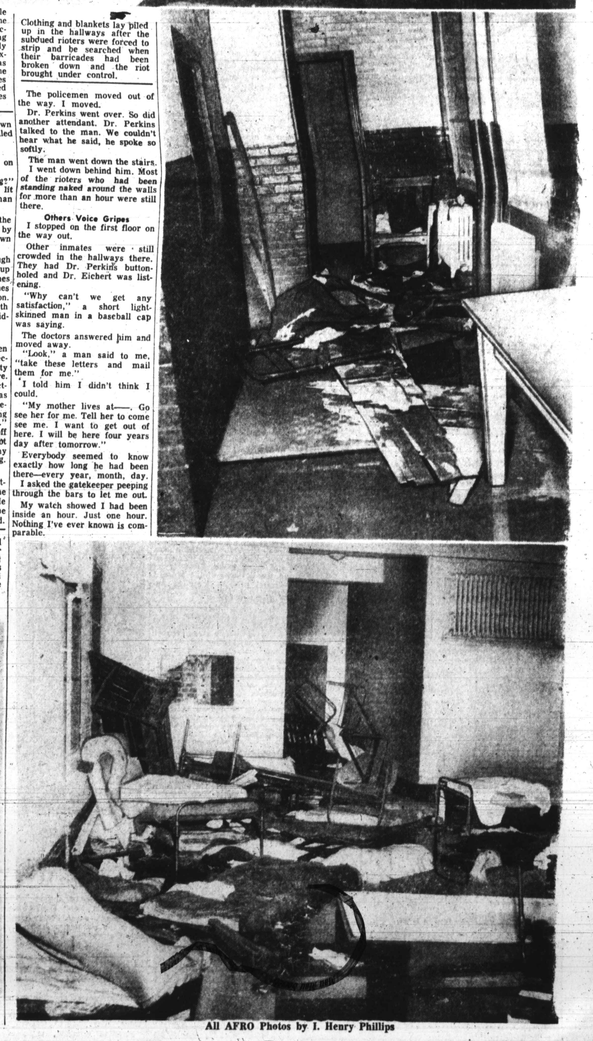
I asked the gatekeeper peeping through the bars to let me out.

My watch showed I had been inside an hour. Just one hour. Nothing I've ever known is comparable.

Enraged inmates tucked the blankets into broken windows to try to ward off tear gas shells fired at them.



Every window pane on the fourth floor of Building C at Crownsville State hospital was broken. Inmates collected it in buckets and showered it on spectators and firemen before the riot was brought under control.



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