

April 14, 1996

Hi Afton & Paul:

I am enclosing the little story that your brother has put together on his memories of the prison life. Some photocopies of some of our old album. You probably have all of them, however, I think it is interesting reading. He can add to it and probably will because Dorothy Christensen has decided to take this story on as a project in conjunction with possibly Jean Paulsen. We have been in touch with her and made arrangements that if a book comes out on it or anything like that, then we will get something for the children out of it. Anyway, it will be her project and I will keep prodding your brother to remember more things. I know that there are plenty of other things that he hasn't even gone into.

Anyway, hope you like the reading and I know that Mary and Bob would love to have a copy. I will try and get one off to them as soon as things calm down here. John Robert is doing very well and his cardiologist will see him tomorrow at 4:15 for the first time since he left the hospital. He really looks good, but is in some pain still from the surgery. We are hoping that he will get a good report card tomorrow at the Dr.'s.

Hope that you are doing well and that Lola is comfortable. Russ called us last week and spoke with John Robert and said she wasn't doing very well. We sent some flowers to cheer her room and her. Our God will take care of her. The Elders came to the hospital and gave your brother a blessing, which was ever so nice. It made him feel so much better and comfortable before going into surgery the next morning.

Sooooo, here is the little story that we have worked on since 1993 and I am sure he will have more to add to it. Drop a line when you have the time.

We Love You!!!

Kathy & John Robert



John Harris
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April 2, 1993

TAPE #1

The year was 1937 when John E. Harris was given the assignment to be Deputy Warden of Utah State Prison. The family moved in the fall of 1937 to prison row area where the guards were housed. The warden's housing was in the first house, next to the prison wall. I was seven years old at the time. I remembered it very well at the time, because I rushed into the house after we got there because there were several prisoners, trustees as they ^{W or C} called them, working out in the yard, chopping wood and doing other chores. I wouldn't leave the house for I knew that I would surely be killed if I left the house by ~~one of these prisoners~~. I didn't venture out of the house for nearly two weeks. Finally a day came when the prisoners were out doing their work assignments, I noticed a one armed Mexican fellow, which later I would know as Tony, chopping wood and I decided I would approach him and asked him what he was in for and he told me, "I am in here for running a red light". "You know the red light down in Sugarhouse?", I said, "Yes", he said, "Well, I didn't see it turn yellow and just as I got there it turned red and I went through it and got arrested and that is why I am in prison." Got all kind of stories like this, and I told my dad that these men shouldn't be in prison for things like that, like running a red light. Tony would put a log down on a stump and split it with one ~~the~~ stroke of his one arm holding the axe. He became a good friend of mine over the years. He was also the ^{horse} cart driver and would drive the one horse cart down to the Jr. Colleges and other schools in Salt Lake area and pick up the leftovers ^{food scraps} from them and bring

them back to use as slop for the pigs. I have no doubt that he was quiet an element in my life. As the story goes on you will hear more about this man. Later on I found out that Tony was in for murder, but Tony was a very nice man. A very strange thing about my father, Deputy Warden at that time, trusted the men in for murder more than petty thief, robbers, etc., because a murderer was not necessarily a thief so he trusted them more than the others.

There were three sisters living on prison row, at that time. Afton, the youngest, Lola and my sister Mary. Mary was kind of feisty with the kids on prison row. ~~Later on~~ we didn't get accepted very much with the ^{neighborhood} society and were considered rebels. The guards kids were classified as third class citizens and got into a little trouble and were in their own gangs, so across the street was a little bit difficult for the public to accept us. I couldn't understand any of this segregation at the time, it was difficult for me to form any friendships with the ^{neighborhood} kids.

There was one story at this time when my father was Deputy Warden. There use to be a group of large eucalyptus trees near the wall, which I could climb up and look into the yard of the prison and watch the inmates in the yard. I use to climb up the trees and watch the prisoners for hours and hours for my own entertainment and the prisoners knew that I was watching them when they were having their yard exercises, playing handball etc. When the handballs would come over the yard I would chase after the balls and throw the balls over the wall to them.

Our house was right next to the prison wall within 100 feet,

the prison had a solid granite wall, with four tower guards around it, and an ~~eight~~^{six} foot fence around the perimeter of the prison. So, if the prisoners tried to escape, they had to get over the wall, plus get over the ~~8'~~^{6'} fence with barbed wire.

One day one of the prisoners decided he had a good plan of escape and had the other prisoners join him. He found a gaffe that had hooks on it and a rope, and he timed the guard in the one tower and about ~~what~~^{the} time he would go to the bathroom. The armament in the tower that the guards had at that time, consisted of a pistol, which the guard carried with him, a 30/40 Crag ~~and~~ army rifle, a shotgun and a Thompson sub-machine gun. The prisoner succeeded in ~~the~~ hooking the gaffe up and scaled the wall and surprised the guard at the top of the wall. He hand cuffed the guard and brought him out to the wall, where all of the other prisoners could see him from the yard and as this was going on one of the guards wives saw what was happening and called in and told them that there was a guard being held hostage on the wall next to the tower. The escapee and ~~inmates~~ decided that he would need help, so he threw the guns down into the yard for the inmates to pick ~~them~~ up and join him in the escape. Well, by this time the Highway Patrol, others police officers and prison guards were on their way to surround the prison. It was ironic that not one of the inmates in the yard picked up one of the weapons that had been thrown to them. The prisoner was captured. But in the meantime, this guards wife was watching the whole situation going on with her husband being held captive up on the wall, on the "catwalk". She was a heavy set

lady and was shaking so badly with fright, that her bloomers fell right to the ground. Everything turned out alright and the guards wife pulled up her bloomers ~~quickly~~. The prisoner was put in solitary confinement and ^{Time}~~Five years~~ was added to his sentence for trying to escape.

Description of prison row, where the guards lived consisted of six houses, in a row, all identical. They all had a small ^{Kitchen} dining and living room, with an upstairs loft, which technically were considered two bedroom homes, with one bathroom. They were heated with coal stoves, also used for the cooking facilities. The accommodations, were merger at best and it was very, very cold in the winter. Myself, I slept with two of my sisters in a down covered bed, which was very warm at night. My mother was the first to get up in the morning, starting the fire. I was the last to get up in the morning, because I hated to freeze getting out from under the down cover to run to the stove to warm myself.

^{Deputy}
The wardens quarters was most definitely the best house, then the captain of the guards quarters and so on down the line. The clothes were washed by hand and were dried out on the clothesline.

The farm consisted of about 4,000 acres. It was ~~at~~ on the outskirts of Salt Lake City, 1400 E. 21st S., with houses directly across the street with the main highway being route 66 or highway 40 going directly in front of the prison. The prison had a granite wall completely surrounding the facility, two main cell blocks were in the center. Inside the prison were a machine shop, license plate shop, barbershop, and other building. One building was a

hospital, which consisted of one big open room. The man was in charge was a prison nurse, named Doc, ~~was~~ an inmate. A outside doctor would come in when required to attend to prisoners. Dentists came in once a year from the dental school and tended to the needs of the prisoners.

When my father was assigned to be Deputy Warden, Mr. Nebicker was the Warden, he was in poor health and died from a stroke at around the age of 55, and John E. Harris took the position of Warden as next in the line, until he was appointed to the position of warden by ~~the~~ Governor Maw. The warden's apartment was part of the prison wall above the prison offices, ^{also the} trustee mess hall and kitchen. The warden's office was also below the apartment in the complex of offices. All of the clerical, bookkeeping and all of the prison business went on there. There was a turnkey who sat behind a wire ^{enclosure} ~~fence~~ and he opened two gates, one at a time to let people in and out. This was a passenger gate going in and out of the prison walls. There were another two gates that a guard controlled to let large vehicles, trucks etc in and out of the prison walls. All of these vehicles go in and out were searched by a guard called a "backstop", who had a small guard shack out in front of the main facility. A creek ran in front of the ~~outside~~ ~~and threw the fence~~ backstop area. The "backstop" opened and closed the front gates for passengers in vehicles that had business with the prison and also controlled the back gate, where the prisoners would go out into the farm areas.

The farm consisted of one very large barn and several out

buildings with a small house that was occupied by one of the guards. The house was built there to oversee the prison farm. One time this was manned by one of the prisoners. Later on one of the guards took possession of it and lived there overseeing the farm. The farm was very large. I remember several thousand acres, which they produced everything that the prison needed. Several apple and peach orchards, sugarbeets, corn and every imaginable vegetable and most everything that the prisoners ate came off of the farm. They had a cattle herd, and slaughtered their own cattle. They had pigs, chickens, ^{and turkeys,} Very little food had to be bought from outside. A very large cannery was there and they canned all of the food that was grown as well as ^{they} sand ^{ad} fish, with nets, brought out of ~~the~~ Utah lake by the prisoners, and they were canned, fish ^(carp) were served every Friday. The canned fish were mostly carp and were very good. All of the prison personnel and warden's family ate ^(approximately) the same food as the prisoners. They all ate very well. Prisoners made their own breads and pastries. It was a self-sufficient prison requiring very little money from the state to maintain. They could have paid the guards wages if need be, but they were not allowed to do that. The license plate shop brought in revenue from three states where they made all the ^{highway} signs and ^{car} license plates by prison help. The prisoners were never idle, they always had plenty of work to do.

At this time, they had what the men called the "hole", which had no light in it and that is where the prisoners were punished. They would have to stay in there for two or three days at a time. The new warden ~~was~~ ^{had} eliminated the hole and it was never used again.

I eventually became very comfortable around the inmates while they worked around the yard. This is still when my Dad was still Deputy Warden. I would go out and become very friendly with them and I would always ask why they were in prison. They would always give me some very stupid reason why they were there, petty crimes, and at my age, I believe them.

After Warden Nebicker died, we moved into the Warden's apartment, which was part of the prison wall. It consisted of four bedrooms, 3 baths, and a very large dining room, which also served as a Board meeting room, attended by state governor, as well as judges and others. The Warden's quarters were very lavish with a staircase going up from the entrance, gold plate trim on the wall staircase going up to the second entrance with a fireplace in almost every room of the house. The house was heated by steam heat. The fireplaces were never used by Warden Harris and his family except on special occasions when they would light one or two for effect.

The warden's family had prison help. The wardens cook, houseboy and other help would come in at times to take care of board meetings or other functions being held at the apartment. The Warden's salary was quite meager at the time approx. \$300.00 per month. The warden was supplied with a new Chrysler New Yorker every two years as well as, all insurance, food, living quarters, everything was paid for by the state. The warden didn't have to want for anything for his family needs.

My mother Ellen Pittman Harris was assigned to be the prison

Matron. Above the Warden's quarter's was the women prisoners quarters on the third level of the house. Incidentally all of the ceilings exceeded 10' on all floors. At this time all women prisoners were taken to Canyon City, Colorado for their internment. The women prisoners were housed adjacent to the Warden's apartment across the hall, with unlocked doors, until they could be transported by my mother and father to Canyon City, Colorado. They only stayed ^{in the Utah} for a few days. ^{Sometimes} I went along with my parents when the women were transported to the prison in Colorado.

I would sit in the back seat of the car. We would talk to the women telling stories, etc., while transporting them. Most of them were very nice ladies and they never were any problem. They were always very nice to me and I never looked at them as being prisoners or doing anything wrong. They were almost like aunts to me. None of them were ~~any~~ hardcore people, or at least appeared to me to be that way. They were very nice ladies! I know now that it was my age that made them appear this way and I am sure that my parents wouldn't have allowed me to go along with them, if they were not nice ladies!

One warden's convention in San Francisco, Warden Harris gave a talk and all wardens reported on their different prisons and what was going on. After Warden Harris got through speaking he sat down, one of the other wardens got up and said, "Warden Harris, you forgot something. You didn't give a report on the women prisoners in your state." And this is about the year 1939 or 40. Warden Harris stated, "No sir, I didn't forget to report on the women

prisoners. We have none." The other man said, "You mean that you don't have any in your prison, they are in other prisons." My father said, "No sir, I mean we don't have any women prisoners confined in the state of Utah at this time." Probably, one of the only times that there were no women prisoners confined in the state.

At the time the warden took over he found a lot of things wrong as Deputy Warden that he wanted to make changes. The men were treated more like animals than human beings and the guards weren't treated much better by the prisoners. The guards were considered by the prisoners about one step up from them on the social level. Shortly after ^{Warden HURTIS} ~~he~~ took over, he decided to make some drastic changes in the prison policy. The prisoners used to wear prison uniforms with a big number that went across the back of their shirts and wore denim pants. Definitely could be seen as prisoners. He decided that there wouldn't be any more garments worn by the prisoners that had the numbers along the back, except for the trustees, that would be working out on the farm, who would be wearing denim clothes with a number along their back, so they would be very visible if they decided to walk away from the farm. Inside the prison, he gathered all of the men out of their cells and he told them to take their shirts off and throw them in a big pile and had new shirts issued to them, if they didn't have any other of their own clothes to wear. He had one of the guards come out and throw kerosene over all of the old clothes and set fire to them. He said, "From this day on there will be no prisoner called

by his number on his shirt. They will be addressed by their last name and the guards will be called Mr. or officer instead of some of the slang words they uses, such as "screw" or another derogatory remarks made to them and the guards would be called Mr. or Officer. Any derogatory remarks made by any prisoner or guard would be punished in some way.

A small distance away from the prison, was a place called "Sugarhouse", which was approximately one mile or less within walking distance from the prison. It used to be an old sugar mill, and in time it became a small town with movie theaters, barbershops, grocery stores, etc. The prison later on was referred to as "Sugarhouse College". The reason it was called Sugarhouse College, was from another prison reform that Warden Harris put in. He found out that several of the prisoners had professions before coming there, such as any white collar jobs, down to mechanics, shoe repair people, teachers etc. He felt these men could be used to educate other prisoners. A prisoner could get a high school diploma or equivalent and 2 years of college if they desired to do this, along with all of the other trades that were in the prison. As a result, less that 15% of the prisoners returned on repeated offenses, due to the fact that they learned a trade and were educated while serving their time. They were released and got jobs and provided for themselves and their families. Today the percentage figures are very high. Education proved to be an excellent thing. They were given \$200 and new clothes *when released,*

The prison food was all good and prepared by the prison

inmates. Very little overseeing by the guards and they didn't hire any outside help to come in and do the tasks of housekeeping, laundry and cooking in the prison. All of it was done by the prisoners. The warden had chefs who worked for big hotels, that served the warden and his family. The food was very good and fresh from the farm. No prisoner ever went hungry, steaks, turkey from their own flocks, fresh fish or canned fish, pastries, baked bread. They had a movie once a week, church every Sunday. Most of the prisoners made leather products such as purses and wallets. They had a place where they could display them and people could make purchases. Some outside sources made contracts with the prisoners and they would sell their goods outside of the prison on the retail market. One prisoner who use to have a shoe repair shop had many prisoners make the leather goods for him and he had an outside vendor that would sell them on the outside market and he became a fairly wealthy man in prison. This man was convicted for murdering his partner. After he was released he left the prison with a great deal of money. *

I found out later why prisoners were called "cons". Because the word con means a con artist, someone that took advantage of somebody. Most of the men were con artists in one way or the other trying to con the warden all of the time and they certainly conned me most of the time. Some counterfeiting would be going on. They would take a one dollar bill and actually slice it in half with a razor blade, peeling it right down the middle. They would have two halves of a dollar bill and they would take that and would put that

together with a \$10 or a \$20 bill and pass it off for a larger domination. Most people would only look at one side of the bill. The other thing that would go on is that they would buy ~~these~~ watches, like a ingersall (a cheaper watch) and would engrave 21 jewels on the watch and con each other into buying them to make money. A dollar watch for \$20. This sort of thing went on all of the time. Gambling was very hard to control and went on all of the time. If you took the cards away the warden use to say, "the men ^{will} spit and see who can come closest to the line." No matter what you do, they would find some way to gamble.

No cards were allowed, no radios were allowed, and of course TV wasn't even invented then, so no problem there. They could have what they called a crystal set with earphones but they didn't have radios because having them in the cell block would have created too much noise and no one could hear anything if they all had a radio blaring. The cells were right next to each other. The prison didn't have a lot of homosexuality going on because each man was confined to his own cell and there weren't any more than one man in one cell at a time. During their exercise yard time they were always in full view of the guards, so it was very hard for any of that activity to go on. I am sure that it did, but it wasn't made easy for them.

I crawled into my bed one night very nervous and couldn't sleep knowing what my father had gone through for the past several months. An execution is going to be carried out at 4:00 AM tomorrow. I can't sleep, I know what is happening inside the

prison. All of the inmates are restless, knowing that one of their own is going to be executed in the morning. My father is restless and without sleep this night, knowing what will occur in the morning. ^(The warden) He has been asked, by the prisoner to have the last meal with him. They can have anything they want to eat the night before they are executed, and this particular inmate requested that my father dine with him that evening. They are allowed to see whom ever they wish on this last visit. Knowing all of this, I lay sleepless waiting for the dawn knowing what was going to happen in the morning, when they led the man out and put him behind a specially built barricade to stop the bullets and be shot to death.

The firing squad was picked from all peace officers, numbers were drawn out of a bowl. Every police officer knows that at some time during their career they may be called upon to pull a trigger and execute someone. The names were put in a big bowl and five executioners were drawn out with an alternate. These men were assigned to be on a street corner at a certain time on the morning before the execution. A man would drive up at their designated street corner and put a hood on their heads and climb into a van and drive to the prison together without one man knowing who the other one was. When they arrived each man was issued a 40 caliber rifle and they were marched inside. One rifle had one blank in it and there were four live rounds. The reason for this is to help each man believe that he had the blank and did not have a live round that killed the prisoner. No man would know if he had the blank or not. They stood approx. 20' from the prisoner, which

would be seated in a chair. A doctor would locate his heart and pin a target over it's position. The firing squad would stand and fire and the aim would be so precise that you could take a 50 cent piece and it would cover all of the bullet holes. It was an instantaneous death. The shock would knocked them out. The firing squad was probably the quickest execution method, because it happened so quickly. The doctor would go in and pronounce the man dead and then they would take him to the mortuary. I would watch outside my window, because our apartment faced the prison yard and watch them take the prisoner out of the cell block. Incidentally, they would give the prisoner a sedative, so that he was for the most part unaware of what was about to happen. It wasn't a good sight and after watching one execution, I didn't want to see anymore. I had seen enough. I was 10 years old.

Try to understand what a trial it is for a warden to carry out an execution, even though society has proven they deserved this penalty. Over a certain length of time, the warden would get to know these men and their families and lives they had lead, through the court trials and incarceration before the execution occurs and the warden is the one responsible for carrying out the execution and making sure that it all goes according to the law. It is a tough job and I am sure that the warden earns every penny that he gets being subject to having to basically taking another man's life and knowing when he will have to do it.

The executioners that did their job were taken back out of the prison in the van and taken back to the spots, still hooded, no one

knows who they are, and dropped off. They got into their cars and drove off without anyone ever knowing their identities. No man ever had to tell anyone that he was an executioner or had any part in it. It was very secretive and probably carried out in a good way. If one of the peace officers refused to do this task, they would be fired from the unit they were with. I am sure there were some that didn't want to do this and they knew they would lose their jobs if they didn't comply.

A small prison and Utah law at this time, was kind of strange but good. It didn't cost any money to run the prison unlike today's prison where is cost \$40,000^{2 year} or more for each man to keep them incarcerated. They could have even made money in those days. Many laws were very strange in those days. Example, a horse had a right of way over an automobile. One of the stories was that the prison had a mare and I was riding the mare right down the highway and a policeman stopped me and pulled me over and asked me, "what was I doing riding that horse on the highway and if he ever caught me again, he was going to right me up and give me a ticket." Well, I went right home and told me my father what had happened, and my dad told me if I ever got stopped again to tell the officer that in Utah state law the horse has the right of way over any automobile. This is back in about 1940.

Another law was in the paper where a policeman had pulled a man over for some traffic violation. He was a highway patrolman. The man got out of the car and agreed that he was speeding, but that he was placing the patrolman under citizens arrest for driving

a motor vehicle without your goggles and hat on. The law stated that whenever you were driving a motor vehicle you must be wearing goggles and a hat!

NOTE: This occurred much later at Point of the Mountain prison!

They started moving the prison from 21st south to an area half way between Provo and Salt Lake City, which they called the Point of the Mountain. One day my parents and I wanted to go out and check the underground irrigation system that had just been installed. We parked the car and my mother and I took a long walk and dad was looking at the irrigation system and when we got back we sat in the car and the warden arrived and tried to start the car and the car wouldn't start. (This was a Chrysler New Yorker) He looked under the hood and saw that someone had taken the air cleaner off and stuffed pheasant feathers into the carburetor. He said there was nothing else to do and we had brought lunches along, so we spread a blanket out and had lemonade and sandwiches and the warden had noticed one of the prisoners kind of snickering and doing some work about a 100 yards away. The warden went over and said, "Come on over here and have some sandwiches and lemonade with us." So, we offered the prisoner lunch and while sharing our lunch with him, dad said, "you know something must have happened. A pheasant must have gotten up under the hood because there are feathers under there and the car won't start. Would you mind taking a look, because I know that you have some mechanical abilities and if you could take a look maybe you could fix it."

So, obviously, this is the man that had stuck the feathers in the carburetor and he was about to get him to fix his bad deed. He didn't let on he knew it was him. The prisoner told the warden that he had found the problem and fixed it. We got into the car and laughed about it all the way home. The warden had a way of getting this out of the inmates without punishing them for their errors, he usually got them to cooperate with him. This is one of the ways my dad had and he pulled it many times and pulled it on me many times too. He wouldn't let on and wouldn't punish as such, and would do things that would make people feel that I shouldn't have done that and I shouldn't pull tricks like that on him. He was a very stern man, but very fair. and they grew to know that and he treated them the way they wanted to be treated.

April 3, 1993

TAPE #2

The greatest entertainment we had to amuse ourselves was shooting rats at the prison dump after school. I would borrow a 22 single shot rifle from one of the guard. The prison row kids and some guards would sit around the top of the ^{provision} dump pit area and wait for a rat to come out. We all were good shots. To know you have killed the rat, you would aim for his head. If you hit them in the body they would run back to their hole. We would sit for hours waiting for another rat to show himself and would stay until it was too dark to see. The 22 ammunition was expensive and hard to get, so we were very careful not to waste a shot.

During the 2nd World War, you could not get ammunition unless you were a farmer. I would have one of the inmates write a note for me and forge a farmer's name for 50 rounds which was the limit you could buy.

Shooting pistols and rifles was the one main entertainment I had which started at around 9 years old and I liked anything that would shoot. I always had a sling shot in my back pocket, made of a "Y" branch from an apple tree with rubber strips cut from an old tire, inner tubes. I carried small smooth stones in one pocket for target shooting or plinking cans. The other pocket was full of glass marbles or steel ball bearings for shooting game, rats, quail or pheasants. I became very proficient with a sling shot, because

it never left my side except when in school. It bothered one of the guard^s and he would try to get it away from me. I drove one tower guard nuts. I would take a 22 rifle out to the farm area and hide in a large irrigation ditch, just before sundown and wait for pheasants and sometimes quail. After shooting some of the game, I would take them to the warden's cook. We had many dinners with game I shot out of season. While I was poaching, the south/west tower guard would watch me with field glasses. This particular guard was also a part time game warden and in his off hours he would try and catch me with the game I had shot, but he never could because I always knew his shift. He would tell me that one day he would catch me.

The prison farm trustees trapped game for a change in their diet. The farm was full of rabbits, pheasants and quail because it was always off limits to hunters. I also fished for trout on a creek that ran through the prison farm. I would catch them by muddying up the water and run my hands under the ditch bank and when I would feel a fish, I would flip it out on the bank. The farm was my private playground.

When I was not shooting on the farm, I would walk around the apartment with two spring loaded dart guns, with rubber tipped darts shooting the blind strings or any other target I could find to shoot at. I very seldom missed my target!

The main factor that started me loving to shoot so much was, my father, (the warden). ~~we~~ my dad and I, would practice 1/2 hour everyday after school, dry firing a pistol and then on weekends he

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would take me to the prison firing range and we would shoot a 22 pistol and a 38 caliber pistol. At 11 years old I could put 10 rounds in a bulls eye of the target, but I never could get as good as dad. He could shoot left or right handed turn the revolver upside down and squeeze the trigger with his little finger and split a target into edgewise. He was an excellent pistol and rifle shot and also did trick shooting. ~~When teaching the guards,~~ I saw him hit muskrats or weasels swimming in the irrigation ditch. He would hit them right in the head, so none of them ever suffered by just wounding them.

April 7, 1993

This is a story about how the warden had a very hard time hitting a man, even though he could hit a rat in the head at 20 feet and hit a target edgewise down the center when it was put to him, yet he had a very hard time ~~at~~ shooting men, he wasn't a very good shot.

One prisoner, who was a three time loser. This is a person that had been convicted of a felony on three separate occasions and had served a sentence in prison twice and is in for the third time, they call him a "three time loser." They are given a life sentence. But he, the three time loser, had asked permission to see the warden and he said that he had a personal matter to go over and could only talk to the warden about a problem that he had and the warden was asked if he would see the prisoner and said that he would. The turnkey let the man out of the inside of the prison through the two sliding glass gates and let him into the warden's

office. The warden told the guard that he wouldn't need him present. After the prisoner sat down for a few minutes of talking, the prisoner pulled out a 38 caliber pistol and pointed it at the warden. The prisoner stood up and said, "Warden we are going to take a ride in that Buick and I am going to take you hostage and you just tell the guards that we are going for a ride." At that time the warden got up and got out of his chair and said, "We're not going anywhere." He said, "Warden, we going to get in that Buick, or I am going to splatter your guts all over this office." The warden said, "Nah, you won't shoot. You're shaking so bad with that pistol that you couldn't pull that trigger. I am going to take that pistol away from you. You only have one choice. Your going to have to shoot me and run because I am going to take the gun away from you." The warden started walking towards the inmate and got almost all the way up to him and the prisoner turned and ran out the warden's office, past the turnkey, out the front door and started running towards the ^{4'}~~8'~~ barbed wire fence. At the same time the warden ran out of the office and went up to the turnkey, who was standing there and didn't know what was going on and took the turnkey's pistol out of his holster he preceded to run past the two doors going out into the trustee's yard after the prisoner. The prisoner was running, going toward the ^{4'}~~8'~~ high barbed wire fence and about 20' before he reached the fence, the warden raised his pistol, fired one shot and he missed. As he was climbing up and scaling over the top of the barbed wire fence, the warden shot a second time and missed. The shots had to be timed because there

were cars passing by on the highway. So he had to time his shots in between cars going by and also there were residents that lived across the street and didn't want to fire to much. Anyway, very close range shots and the warden missed these shots and the prisoner did manage to get away. In approximately five days he was picked up in Wyoming by the Wyoming police. The warden went to Wyoming and transport him back to prison. He shackled him both his hands and legs, because he was a very dangerous man, they traveled by bus.

^{another}
The ~~other~~ incidence that happened to the warden ^{was} were. Some of the prisoners, before they went into the cell blocks jabbed a broom stick into the main turnkey lock, which always closes the cells. On the bottom tier. The prisoners all got out of their cells and started a riot inside the cell block. One of the main prisoners, I remember his name very well, his name was Skinny Meyers. Skinny Meyers was the ring leader of the prison. Some of the prisoners run certain things in a prison and this is very common in most prisons. This prisoner had instigated this riot and told all of the rest of the prisoners what to do. They were pulling their mattresses apart and smashing their tin cans up against the bars and making a lot of noise. The highway patrol and peace officers were called out and even put the national guard on alert that would possibly be a big riot at the prison. When you get all of the inmates out of a cell block they are very hard to keep them under control. Several hours later the prisoners still wouldn't go back to their cells, so the warden took it upon himself to go into the

cell block. He told one of the guards to " open up the door that he was going in." They told him, "Warden, if you go in there with all of those men, they'll kill you." He said, "I don't think so. Most prisoners are very cowardly people and unless they can get organized and get together, no one man would attack him. Or if one of them attacked him at a time, then he would be able to handle him. The warden weighed over 200 lbs, he was a big man, broad shoulders, distinct blue eyes, was slightly balding, but still had ^{most} ~~a~~ lot of his own hair. He measured over 6' 2" tall, which was a pretty tall and big man for that day. The guard opened the cell door and the warden proceeded not armed with club or any type of weapon. As he approached and told the prisoners to get back into their cells, and lock the doors the prisoners stood their ground and wouldn't move. Skinny Meyers was spotted by the warden and he knew him as the ring leader and decided this is the man I am going to go after and if I get him, then the other prisoners will probably follow. As he approached Skinny Meyers, Skinny had a bottle of battery acid in a glass jar, which he had been keeping from old batteries. As the warden approached he threw the acid at the warden and the warden stepped aside and the only acid that landed on him was on his shoe. This only made the warden very mad. He rushed over and grabbed the prisoner and flipped him over on his back and rendered him unconscious. While he was unconscious, he went over and picked him up by one of his heels ^{near the inmates} drug him down to one of the cells and into the cell and slammed the door shut. The warden turned around, looked at the rest of the prisoners and said,

"Which one is next because this will happen to any man that does not get back into his cell right now." Prisoners looked at the warden, who looked very stern and they knew that he meant what he said. Every prisoner returned to their respective cells. The warden went up released the broomstick from the main control panel and locked up all of the cells. There were no further problems with the prisoners at this time. They seemed to behave for quiet awhile after this incident.

The instigator, Skinny Meyers, was punished in solitary confinement for a long while for throwing acid at the warden.

Another incident that happened at Utah State prison, was when the Seventh Day Adventists were going into church for the Sunday services. There were several services in the prison. There was the Mormon service, the Catholic service, Seventh Day Adventists and other protestant denominations that would come in and put the services on for the prisoners depending on the religious beliefs. The Catholic church with Monsignor Morton usually got the biggest attendance on Sunday because he gave every man that came out of church two packs of cigarettes. They would see him go in with a big bag and they knew that they would get the cigarettes if they attended his services. That was the predominate church that was attended by the inmates. One day members of the Seventh Day Adventist church, two men and two women arrived and the turnkey let them through into the prison area. The tower guard always watched them and make sure that they would be safe. One of the prisoners was over on the lawn area and looked up at one of the

lady's
girls. The guard lifted up his rifle and fired a ~~round~~ ^{shot} right next to the prison where he was standing and told him, "to quit looking at the ladies." This guard wanted to impress somebody, and was ~~as an~~ act that should never have ~~been done~~ ^{happened}, but some of these guards were overzealous about some of the activities or out of boredom or whatever and thought that this would ~~be a lot of fun~~ ^{impress outsiders}. It was a stupid thing to do and he was reprimanded severely for this action.

Another attempted escape was tried by four inmates, by placing a ladder up on the prison wall and trying to climb up over it. This was in the evening, I had just invited my girlfriend, (later on she became my first wife), to dinner. We were all set down and had been served ~~out~~ dinner, ^{We} and had just started eating when we suddenly heard a, "rah da da, rah da, da, dat." This was some kind of machine gun fire and the warden jumped up from the dinner table, ran over to find out what was going on. The rest of us also jumped up from the table and ran over to the window that looked into the prison yard from the back of the warden's dining room and we saw prisoners scrambling around and one prisoner lying on the ground who had been shot. So when scaling the wall with the ladder the guard, opened fire with the Thompson sub machine gun, wounded one of the prisoner, who was taken to the infirmary and the other prisoners were rounded up and all surrendered. They were put in solitary confinement. An escape attempt automatically puts ~~five~~ ^{more} years onto your sentence.

Another incident that happened involved four inmates that had gotten out of the cell block and were trying to get over the prison

wall. They had to make plans because the attempts had been given away somehow. I was looking out of the window at the prison wall, and I had some weapons at this time. I had a 12⁶²^{Gauche} shotgun, and a 22 caliber rifle. As I looked out the window, I saw that two of the prisoners were in plain view of me, by the barbershop in a step down, sort of hole that goes down into the shop. The door was locked so they couldn't get in there. They were in plain view ^{of} ~~by~~ me all the time. I had the rifle and could have shot at any time if I wanted to, but I didn't. The prisoners were rounded up before they ever made the attempt to scale the wall. These particular prisoners never had a chance to get their gaffe up on the wall, and even if they did, they probably would have been shot by the prison tower guard. No shots were fired during this incident. The prisoners were rounded up.

Probably one of the best escapes from the prison was a person that was a prisoner that attempted and did escape, he was the same person that told my father that he was going to blow his guts out. He was quiet athletic. The prisoners had a track team and discus throwing, high jumping, pole vaulting and other track events and they would compete with the junior colleges. The junior colleges, to prepare for their events, would come to the prison and participate against the prisoners in these events. It gave them something to do and to practice for. During one of these practice sessions, there was ^{The} ~~this~~ same prison^{er} that escaped that I talked about before, he was pole vaulting and was pretty good, and he had it all planned that he would pole vault up to the wall and go up on

top of the wall and had a gaffe to get down with on the other side. No shots were fired at him. I don't know that the guard even saw him go over the wall, but he got away and was later captured and was brought back to the prison. That was the second escape by the same prisoner. He had three successful escapes from the prison. One that had the most notoriety, was the one when he climbed up the cell block walls using the bars, up on top of the cell block with gloves on, he hand over hand, made his way over a high tension wire that fed the electricity to the prison cell block. He went over the wall to a ^{UTILITY} ~~telephone~~ pole outside of the prison wall. Just as he was going hand over hand, over the wire, the prison guard saw him and he emptied 6 rounds of a shotgun, which was double ⁶ought buckshot, each pellet (9 each) about the size of a ~~little~~ 22 ~~rifle~~ ^{bullet} shell. After exhausting his rounds out of that, the prisoner continue to walk hand over hand over the wire. He then shot at him and emptied a 50 round clip of a thompson sub machine gun, firing at him, and he still continued to go hand over hand over the wire. When he reached the telephone pole he got down and started to run away. Again the guards grabbed a rifle that he fired 6 to 7 rounds as the prisoner was running down by the farm area. The man kept running and never stopped. The man managed to get away and stole ~~some kind of~~ a car and managed to get away. Again, he was located in another state and was brought back to prison. The warden automatically gave the guard a suspension from his duties because he felt that he had not tried to hit the prisoner. The Utah state law was, "you shoot to kill, not shoot to wound, because a prisoner

Wife of Police Chief Elected Auxiliary Head

PROVO—Mrs. Ellen Harris, wife of Police Chief John E. Harris of Provo, was named president of the women's auxiliary of the Utah county unit of the Utah State Peace Officers' association Tuesday night at the city and county building.

Mrs. Bessie E. Gourley, wife of Deputy Sheriff J. P. Gourley, was named vice president, with Mrs. Zenith Johnson, secretary to County Attorney William Stanley Dunford, as secretary. The program committee named was Mrs. Jennie F. Loveless, wife of State Patrolman Elmer D. Loveless, of Provo; Mrs. Ray Winters, wife of Marshal A. R. Winters of Pleasant Grove, and Mrs. Ruby Allred, wife of State Patrolman Charles H. Allred of Spanish Fork.

Spring Festival Held

Surprise Is Planned By Friends

A successful surprise party was conducted Friday evening by a group of the friends of Mrs. John E. Harris, in honor of her birthday anniversary. Progressive games were played and the prize winners were Mrs. Will Hodson and Mrs. Katie Mitchell.

The self-invited guests served a daintily prepared luncheon and a beautiful gift was presented to the guest of honor. Attending the affair were Mrs. Louie Fisher, Mrs. Will Hodson, Mrs. C. H. Cody, Mrs. Arlie Freckleton, Mrs. C. A. Boren, Mrs. Cosette Rhodes, Mrs. Minnie Thornberg, Mrs. W. J. Harris, Mrs. Charles Haycock, Mrs. Rural Davis, Mrs. Fred Evans, Mrs. Thomas Evans, Mrs. Mrs. Katie Mitchell, Mrs. Mrs. Dell

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NEW CHIEF IS WELL QUALIFIED

(Continued from Page One)

ham Young. His other grandfather, Judge John O. Freckleton was city judge of Eureka for many years.

Lives On Ranch—

He moved to Nevada when he was seven years old, to a large horse and cattle ranch, later ran a ranch for himself and his uncles in the West Tintic district.

He served an apprenticeship under John Roundy, mine superintendent, and Fred Sundell, superintendent of construction for the night interests in 1904, before becoming a construction foreman for them. In 1908 he passed a civil service examination for mechanical construction and received an appointment for responsible

position on the St. Jerry project, on which he worked until its completion.

He was transferred from here to the Grand Junction project in Grand Junction, Colorado, later purchased land and operated a ranch in Cache valley, and another ranch in Idaho in 1917. In Idaho Mr. Harris was appointed field superintendent for the Utah-Idaho Sugar company and water commissioner on one of the big Lost River districts.

Mr. Harris again entered the construction business when he was engaged as superintendent of construction in Texas for about one year, after which he entered the general contracting business, building steel and cement bridges, drainage structures and highways.

After two years in Old Mexico in the interests of the colonists on the Oasis Grandies River, Mr.

Harris returned with his family to Provo where he engaged in the dairy business until 1926. Since that time he has worked for the Startup Candy company as salesman in Wyoming and Idaho.

that has escaped are very dangerous persons. The guard was suspended from his job until the prisoner was located. He had been hit approximately ~~eight~~^{four} times plus the double ought buckshot that was in him. No vital organs had been hit, but he continued his escape after being hit by a sub machine gun, shotgun pellets, ~~and one rifle shot~~. It was amazing that he was able to get away with that many bullets in him. One of the reasons Utah State Prison had a "shoot to kill rule", was because an escapee was a very big danger to society ~~if~~^{if} he succeeded in his escape. This particular individual, upon his last escape from prison killed a woman and her daughter and he was later sentenced in another other state to be executed. I understand that he was executed in that state. That ended his career.

I didn't have too much to do in prison except shoot, which was my biggest pleasure that I did. The warden decided to buy his son or get his son some kind of other activities. He bought his son two white king pigeons (a pair) ~~of these~~ and starting raising some pigeons. Later on he bought an American Saddler mare horse. It was a nice little horse and was previously owned by someone that didn't break it ⁱⁿ as it was very hard to ride and wasn't broken properly. A prisoner decided to break her for me, so I could ride, he took her out into a plow^s field, put a saddle on her and just let her buck and buck all she wanted to until she was completely worn out. Finally, after several days, the mare was broken to a degree and I was able to ride her. I use to ride horses up at the riding academy for \$1.00 an hour, and these horses would mosey along and

wouldn't lop, run or do anything. This particular mare knew how to bounce you around a lot, but when you got her lopping, she was the most comfortable ride you would ever have. She would lop along, but you would really have to beg her to do this. One incident when I was caring a pistol and I had seen a lot of movies where they would shoot over horses while riding them. This particular day I was riding on the farm and saw a cock pheasant along side of where I was riding. I said, "Man, I want this pheasant!" I drew my pistol, cocked the hammer back, took careful aim, and shot. Just as I shot, the horse reared back and threw me off and started running, leaving me on the ground. The horse went back up to the prison and one of the prisoners saw that I was not with the horse after seeing me leave on the horse. He immediately went up to one of the guards who told the warden that I hadn't come back with the horse. They sent out a party looking for me and I was walking down the road, with my tail between my legs because I had been bucked ~~off this~~ horse. I learned that with this horse you never shot any rifle or gun over or around it. There were several times that I got bucked off of the ~~the~~ horse and if I ~~ever~~ didn't tie her up, she would run back to the barn. My father always said if I ever wanted to get off and leave her, to tie her up. She didn't like people to ride her and you have to make sure to never let go of her reins, as she would run back to the barn.

the
when needed domestic help he
ok When the warden was appointed ~~he~~ looked ~~around~~ for prison help and he found a fellow that was a Korean man over sixty. He was put in prison for murder and he was never outside the prison walls

until the warden took him on as the family houseboy. He did the cleaning and took care of all of the duties that the cook didn't take care of and assisted the cook in his duties as well. His name was Charlie Kashiyma, from Korea. He went to prison when he was 17 or 18 years old. He had a wife and one child in Korea. He came over to America to make some money to try and get his family back over to the states. He worked at cafes mostly as a dishwasher, and did like to gamble. Play a little cards, and this is what got him into trouble. He was playing a poker ~~game~~ in one of the downtown pool halls. He had close to \$300.00 saved up and lost a substantial amount of that to the fellahs he was playing poker with. He went back to his room and got the rest of the money and came back and during the poker game he lost this money. The claim was that he was being cheated and he saw one of the gamblers slipping cards to the other player. Feeling that he was cheated, he went down and purchased a pistol. He came back to the pool hall shot two of the poker players killing them. He was tried and sentenced to die by a firing squad. Just before he was to be executed, ^{he} went kind of batty and ^{was} sent down to the Provo institution for the insane. He was there for several years, when they finally found that he was sane and then was sent back to prison. No new execution date was put upon him and he became known in prison as "the forgotten man."

He was called the forgotten man, because he had been in prison all these years and no one wanted to execute him after all of this time had gone by. After he became the houseboy for the warden, it was

quiet a few years later, that the Board of Corrections had decided that the man had done his time from the age of 18 to over the age of 80, had done a life sentence and he was released at that time. He took a job as a dishwasher in another state, in one of the cafes, lived in a small apartment and seemed to live a pretty good life. My mother would send him shirts a little bit of money at different times to make sure he was okay and she would check up with the people that he was employed by and they would inform her as to how Charlie was getting along. We would reach a time when we lost track of him and wouldn't know where he was or what he was doing, perhaps he died. It was a very interesting story, the forgotten man. There were very many stories of things that he did while in prison. He was an excellent checker and chess player. Sometimes, the warden would sit and play chess or checkers and very few times that Charlie lost. Prisoners would play with him and they ~~never~~ ^{seldom} won, he became very proficient at it. When he was given a chore where he was painting something, he would paint with a stick. He would pour the paint out on the stick and spread it over whatever he was painting, I guess this is what he was taught while he was in Korea. He was a very oriental cook. He would cook some of the best rice. I never thought that rice could be so good, until you tried a bowl of his rice. You wouldn't want to eat any other. This rice would take over four hours to cook, from start to finish. It was a very slow process. There were other oriental style dishes that he would cook for the warden's family. He was a very small man. He was probably 5' 2" tall, medium build. His

mother bound his feet as a child. It was a custom with his family at that time. A custom from China. He wore a 4 or size 5 shoe. He walked a little strange, due to his feet being bound. He was a very nice man after he returned from the asylum. Never caused any problems after he was released from the mental institution, but before that, I guess he was a terror and caused a lot of problems with the guards and inmates, but after he got back from Provo, he was a model prisoner. He was a houseboy for the warden until he was released from prison and was a model prisoner at all times. Charlie was our houseboy from 1938 to ¹⁹⁴⁶~~1949~~

April 8, 1993

TAPE #3

There were times when the prisoners refer to me as, "the little bastard". Sometimes I deserved the name and probably most of the time I deserved it. I behaved very badly at times.

We had a young houseboy, after Charlie had left. He was approximately eighteen years old. He was an oriental. There was a short period of time when I thought I would set him straight. I caught him one day in our bathroom and ^{he} was putting shaving lotion on his face, the warden's shaving lotion. I figured I had something to hold over him and told him, "You know, if the warden knew about this, he would lock you up and throw the key away. You don't come in here and use the warden's shaving lotion!" The very next morning I found out that I had been short sheeted in my bed. I couldn't figure out what was going on and after I stuck my foot through the sheet, I figured out that someone had short sheeted me. This houseboy would never admit to doing this, but I know he is the one that did it. He pulled several tricks on me like this during his stay with us as houseboy. He would have been safe even if I had told the warden about the shaving lotion, but he thought that maybe I did have a lot of pull with the warden and I could get him locked up and have the key thrown away. Overall, the houseboy and I got along fine. We were about the same age at that time and probably had the same way of thinking how to get at each other. I must have been about 15 or 16 at the time.

The reason I earned the name, "the little bastard", involved the one armed, Mexican cart driver, Tony. I have referred to him

earlier in this story. He was just leaving to go to one of the Jr. colleges to pick up the scrapes for the pigs. I asked him if he would pick me up the one special binder that they had down there which you could bind your books together and I found out that they had them at this particular jr. college that he was going to. I waited and waited for him to come back and when he came back, I asked him, "Did you pick up my binder?" He said, "No, I didn't pick them up I forgot". I said, "You forgot? You forgot? You one armed Mexican son of a bitch! You forgot to pick them up and I have been waiting for you for four hours. You are nothing but a God damned son of a bitch!" With that he jumped off of his cart grabbed me, and I was dressed in my Sunday best clothes, nice shiny shoes, slacks and a very nice white, pressed shirt. Running through the prison trustee's yard, between the two fences was a creek or stream that ran through there. One foot of mud on the bottom. This ran all the time, as it was an irrigation stream. He got off the cart and came towards me, grabbed me with his one arm and threw me into the ditch. From the ditch, I called him, "a son of a bitch," again. He took his foot and pushed me back into the ditch a second time. I came out all muddy and dripping with mud all over and said, "You're going to hear from the warden about this. Your days are numbered." I was very upset with this man!

I went into the warden's office and said "Dad!", but before I could say anything else, my dad said, "What happened to you?" I said, "You know the one armed Mexican guy that drives the one horse cart and picks up the pig slop and whatever?" He said, "Yes, I know Tony." I said, "Well, Tony got out of the cart and grabbed me

and threw me in the ditch and that is way I am so muddy and look like this." The warden called out to the backstop and told him that he wanted to see Tony immediately in his office. When Tony arrived, I was still standing there dripping wet with mud. The warden said, "Tony, my son's told me that you got off the cart and ~~took him~~ and threw him into that muddy ditch and that is why he is in this condition. Is this true?" "Yes sir, I did. Not only that, but when he tried to get out I took my foot and pushed him back in again." " Why did you do that?", asked the warden. "He called me a one armed Mexican son of a bitch replied Tony. "He also called me some other names that I don't care to go into." "Did you say these things to Tony?", said my dad, while looking at me. I said, "No dad! I didn't say any such thing to him." Tony said, "I swear warden, I wouldn't have any other reason to throw your son in the ditch." I said, "Tony ought to be punished for doing this to me."

My dad said, "Well, I have to make a decision on this what to do. Tony?, I think what you ought to do is take the kid out and throw him back in the ditch." Tony said, "Warden is that an order?" and the warden replied, "Tony, that's an order. With that, Tony picked me up, dragged me with his one arm and threw me back in the ditch." I was very distraught after this and very disappointed that I didn't get my own way.

Tony was a quiet miraculous person. He took care of the prison grounds. He took care of the flower bedded stars that had different plants in them, tulips, daffodils etc. and they were

beautiful all in the front of the prison wall and grounds. There were several of these stars and he took a lot of pride in that. It was several years after the ditch incident and Tony came up for parole. The board of corrections decided that Tony should be paroled. He was a model prisoner and had been driving the cart outside the prison walls for several years and could walk away anytime. They decided that he wouldn't be any threat to society if he would be paroled. The parole board decided that they would pardon him from prison. His release date was coming up in about two weeks and Tony decided that he would escape from the prison. He just walked away because he had the freedom of coming and going anytime outside the gates. Later that evening he was found in a bar, just sitting there. My dad said, "Tony, with only two weeks to go, why did you decide to run away?" Tony said, "Warden at my age and whatever, prison is the place for me, I have no other place to go. Now, I have to stay here for five more years. After the five years are up and I'm not dead, we'll see, I might run away again." When Tony was eligible for parole again, he would be over 75 years old.

This next incident, I will call "The Butterfield Account". There was an inmate named Butterfield. He was a peculiar individual. This all happened out at what they called, "The Point of the Mountain Prison". There was a prison, just outside of Salt Lake halfway between Salt Lake and Provo, which they called Point of the Mountain. It was a minimum security prison housed mainly by a few guards and trustees. The farm was enormous with thousands of

acres. The prison was being built to hold the cellblocks and there would be no walls, just fences. Very high fences. The design was to have three fences and one of the being an electrical one. If they got over the first one, they wouldn't get over the electrical one, making it almost impossible to escape past the middle one. Butterfield wasn't liked by the other prisoners, even though he never caused any problems in the prison they didn't like him. He had one little idiosyncrasy, he like to eat bugs. He would eat ~~insects~~, bugs, and butterflies, and worms a few other things and that would turn the prisoners stomachs. They were all trustees out at the point of the mountain prison with very minimum security. There weren't any fences or any other security around the barracks and they were very much on their own good behavior there. The barracks were locked at night. They got together and decided to do something about Butterfield. So, about fourteen inmates got together and decided he should be killed. They didn't like the way he acted eating insects and other peculiarities that he had, so "he had to go". They arranged a way that Butter field would have to be killed. They decided that one of the ^{inmates} ~~fourteen~~ would have to execute him and they decided that they would draw straws. They put the straws in a hat and shook them up and whoever drew the small straw out would have to kill Butterfield. After passing the hat around and drawing the straws out one of the inmates drew the short straw and was elected to carry out the murder. One of the kitchen eating knives was stolen from the mess hall. During the day, when the opportunity came up, the inmate

stabbed him repeatedly, fourteen times with the kitchen knife. All of the prisoners were questioned after the murder and they all said they didn't know what was going on. During the investigation they found the one individual that did the stabbing. They had to try him for murder just as every other individual was for the charge of murder. A court trial, with a jury. If you can imagine ^{Ten} ~~fourteen~~ or more prisoners were brought into the courtroom, swore on the bible that they would tell the whole truth etc., and it became a fiasco with these prisoners lying on the stand. The year was 1947, I was around 16 yrs. old. I attended ^{some of} these trials, as I found them very interesting.

I remember the day, my father the warden, had to take the accused murderer to the courthouse from the prison for one of the preliminary hearings. The one car that was used was a buick and I sat in the front seat of the buick and the prisoner was in the back seat. He wanted me to go along and observed what the legal process was, so I went along with him and the prisoner. This would be a good education for me. Me sitting in the front, the accused prisoner in the back and just before my father got in to drive us to the courthouse he was called back into the office to perform another errand, leaving me alone with the accused in back seat of the car. We were still in the prison compound at the time. The accused murder of Butterfield asked me, "Bobby, now do I look like the kind of a guy that would stab somebody 14 times?" He was a black man. I didn't know color and had nothing against him at that time. So, I said, "No, I don't think you look like the kind of guy

to stab someone 14 times." "Well, I am being accused of that and they have to be sick to think that I could do such a heinous crime like stabbing someone with a kitchen knife 14 times just because he ate bugs." So, I went along with his story, and was a little frightened of him, and thought that I had better go along with his story while alone in the car with him. The warden came back to the care and we drove out of the gate. We entered the courthouse and they brought in about 10 other inmates to testify at the trial on what was happening. The preliminary hearing brought out so much evidence, that they decided to hold him over for trial. The trial was very interesting to hear these inmates tell their stories after swearing on the bible to tell the truth. Anybody sitting in the audience if they were listening at all were hearing the biggest pack of lies they ever heard in their lives, because these men didn't have anything to lose. They would lie, cheat or steal to save themselves but not save another man. The prisoners testimony was basically to save their own skin. The jury convicted him of stabbing Mr. Butterfield and sentenced this man to life imprisonment for murder. He was not given the death penalty.

One other incident that happened at the point of the mountain was the time the prisoner had obtained alcohol and possibly smoking marijuana, which had been grown on the highway which connected Provo with Salt Lake. In the center strip of the highway it was noticed by one motorist that there were some strange looking plants growing along the inside divider of the road. The prisoners always use to cultivate that area. After investigating this, the police

found that the prisoners had been cultivating marijuana right on the center divider of the highway. They were beautiful plants and were very attractive. The prisoners took very good care of them. They were marijuana plants. There was probably other pot plants grown in different parts of the prison, but back to the story. There were about five prisoners, drunk, disorderly, and decided to break out of the prison. Remember that this is a minimum security area and the barracks were only locked up at night. They approached a guard and hit over the head with a black jack and stole one of the prison cars. They took off and because of their condition they were only gone for a few hours before they were caught. The prison guard was taken to the hospital with a concussion to the head from the blow to the head and almost in critical condition. The prisoners were picked up in downtown Salt Lake City and put in the jail and later brought back to the main prison compound in Salt Lake. The trial came up for assaulting the guard and escaping. A very good public defender claimed they didn't know what they were doing because they were high on pot and alcohol and they were minimum security risks. Not many of them had ~~to~~ much more time to do and as a result of this they weren't convicted ^{of} ~~for~~ the crime. The court felt that the prison officials should have more control over the alcohol and drugs. If they had more control the prisoners wouldn't have had the opportunity to get drugs and alcohol. So they beat the rap. They were sent back to the main prison to work off the remainder of their sentences.

The Point of the Mountain prisoners were considered honor

prisoners. They took a pledge not to escape and it was an honor to be there. However, the prison officials should carry out their duties that no drugs or alcohol should be obtained by the prisoners, but that is pretty hard to control at an honor camp. Society said that these men should not be convicted of this crime because they were intoxicated at the time they escaped.

The prison guard, did recover from his injuries and was only in the hospital for a short stay and was returned to his duties.

There were some other drugs that did get into the prison system. Another case was a black man from Point of the Mountain prison was reported to be very sick. The warden headed down to the point of the mountain from Salt Lake prison. The man was very sick. A little investigation found that the man was very sick and there was no time to call an ambulance so he needed immediate attention. It was found that he had shot up with heroine and overdosed. The warden decided that rather than get an ambulance that was about 20 miles away, that he would put him in his car and drive him to the hospital, trying to save some time. They arrived at the hospital and the prisoner had died in the warden's car on the way to the hospital and was pronounced dead from an overdose of heroine. Somehow, drugs do get into the prison system.

The prisoners formed their own society while serving their sentences. Those that had committed robberies, burglary, strong armed robbery and these assorted crimes were considered okay people by the rest of the prisoners. The men that were not considered okay with the others were #1 a person convicted of rape, especially

a child rape, was not considered one of their society. They were harassed. The second prisoner that was accepted with the prisoner to a certain degree, but not completely, was the forger or embezzler. Someone that forged paper, checks mainly, was considered a third rate citizen. They were called a "sneak thief." That was a sneaking way of stealing. They were not very respected by the others. One of the incidents that happened was a man that had raped a 3 year old girl and killed her. He said that she had fallen down in the bathtub. He was convicted of raping the 3 year old and was brought to prison and after his 6 day quarantine stay to make sure that he didn't have any diseases, he was let out into the prison yard. The prisoners were all waiting for him. They got out around him four prisoners deep, locking their arms around eachother, with him in the center of the circle and decided they were going to carve him up with razor blades. Two of the prisoners went inside the circle and started cutting him. He was almost cut to death before the guards could break through the locked arms of the prisoners to get to the center of the circle. One of the justices the prisoners would carry out because they knew if they were four deep with locked arms the guards couldn't break through the circle quickly. ~~Usually~~ The guards inside the prison walls didn't carry any weapons, not even a billy club, because they could be taken away from them and used on them. So the guards carried no weapons in the yard at all. Totally unarmed in Utah State Prison.

There was another case where the deputy warden left the prison and became the State Alcohol Commissioner of the State of Utah and

did something wrong. There was an armed robbery of a state owned liquor store where a man broke in and stole thousand of dollars of liquor from a state liquor store. They figured this was probably a coverup the ex deputy warden, now the state commissioner had been selling off the liquor to the different clubs for his own profit. He was convicted and sent to the prison. Again after his 6 days of solitary, he was released to the prison yard. Again, the prisoners decided they were going to cut him and again formed a circle, four deep with locked arms. The ex deputy warden got into the middle of the circle and took of his coat and said, "You ~~God~~ damn cowards. I am no better than you, I have committed a crime, but all of you are no better. You are all ~~God damn~~ cowards. You've locked me into this circle and several are going to come in here and beat the shit out of me. Not one of you bastards has the courage to come in and take me on one at a time. I will take each one of you on one at a time. Show me you are not the cowards you are by having one of you step in here one at a time. One on one in this circle". The ex deputy warden threw his coat on the ground and said, "Okay who is the first bastard to step in here with me?" The prisoners all stood up straight, looked back and around and finally the circle broke up and not one man went after him. They felt that he was just another man serving his time and he wasn't bothered by any of them after that.

There were other prison officials that were sent to prison after they were guards at the prison. One of the guards at Point of the Mountain was in the turkey business by selling prison

turkeys. The prison farm had many flocks. He decided he could have several of the inmates slaughter the turkeys and he could take them out of the prison and sell them at markets in Salt Lake. He had contracts with them to sell them turkeys. As all things go, he was caught and he was convicted of the crime and sent to prison. He was known as a good guy at the prison by the prisoner because several of them also got paid off for their part in this business. Nothing ever happened to this man while he was in prison.

It was 1946, when my best friend and I, his name was Bob Sims, and his father always use to say, "Go down and eat at Bobby's house.", that was my name, Bobby. He would say, "Go and eat at Bobby's house and get some of my state taxes back." He was always joking around. Mother said, she got a call from my uncle in Idaho asking if we wanted to go for a week or two and visit with them, that it was the peak of the rabbit season. My uncle hunted rabbits professionally. He hunted them for their fur and for fox food. The rabbits in Idaho, at this time, were over running the crops, and the farmers desperately wanted them controlled. So we arrived in Idaho at my aunt and uncles house. Next day we went on a rabbit hunt. It was a strange way that they hunted rabbits there. We would go down in the draw with automatic 22 rifles set on a Y post kinda up on a hill, down in this draw we would wait. Up above, people would go with sticks and drive the rabbits down into the draw. As they came out of the ravine, past us, they were shot. They were slaughtered and there were hundreds of rabbits left that were killed on the ground. The pickup truck would go down and pick

them. My uncle would skin them, take their heads off, put the meat in one place and all the pelts in another. He would sell the pelts to places that tanned them and sell them as furs. He would sell the meat to the fox farms. Interesting time for Bobby Sims and myself, my name was Bobby Harris. My cousin, in Idaho, was about 20 years old at the time, married, was in the army and out by this time. He was basically a con artist and kind of a freak person. He did a few unscrupulous things. He ran a few slot machines in Idaho. His dad ran slot machines during the depression times. His main thing was that he put coin operated radios in motel rooms. A quarter for one hour of listening to the radio and after one hour you had to put in another quarter. While we were there he owned a Chrysler convertible that accidentally rolled over and caught fire and he put an insurance claim in on it and collected the insurance money off of this car. It burned, but I would say today, that he did it for the insurance money. When we left Idaho my cousin gave me \$200 in cash and said that he wanted to go into business with me. I said, "For \$200.00 what do you want me to do?" He said, "When you get back to Salt Lake this is what I want you to do. Here is a list of motels that I want you to go to and a place where you can buy these coin operated radios. Buy the radios and go put them out in the motels. And once a month collect the quarters and give the motel owner 50% and the other 50% you sent to me 50% of that 50% or one quarter of the total. After we got back my mother found out that I had this cash and asked my what I was going to do with it. I told her that my cousin had given it to me and the

scheme, which was a legal one, and we would go on this split. My mother immediately took the money from me and sent it back to my cousin telling him that her son would have no part of it. I couldn't understand it, because it was a legal venture but she didn't trust him. A few years later this same cousin from Idaho, arrived up to the front gate of Utah State Prison, as a guest of the people, after being convicted of embezzlement, and served under my father, Warden Harris. He was in custody for several years and was treated like all of the other prisoners. My mother was right to return \$200 to him and I was happy that I hadn't gotten involved with him.

People have often asked, because of my young age while living at the prison, did I ever have any confrontation with the prisoners. Was there any sexual advances from the prisoners and I always had to say, "no, not once." There were con games that they played on me to buy them things on the outside which they couldn't get into prison. I fell for some of these schemes. One of these schemes, my cook, Jack, pulled on me was; "Here's five dollars and go down and get me two "B" decks of playing cards." Well, not knowing that there is a difference in playing cards, I bring back two decks of pinochle cards and he got very upset with me and said, "No, these "B" decks are pokers decks for playing poker." I said, "Well, they aren't going to take these cards back." And Jack said, "Okay, take the rest of this money back and buy me two "B" decks." The cards cost 42 cents a deck at the time. "Tell them you want "B" decks". I bought the two decks and brought them back and the

next day he gave me a ten dollar bill. I said, "What is the \$10 for?" He said, "That is just a favor for picking up the cards for me." About two weeks later he came to me and handed me a five dollar bill and said, "Would you mind going and getting me two "B" decks of cards?" I said, "What are you going with the cards? Are they wearing out already?" He said, "No, just go get me the cards." I went down and picked up the cards and the next day he handed me another \$10 bill. I said, "What is this for, why are you giving me \$10 ?" He said, "Well, that is for getting me the cards." I said, "Well, why can't somebody else get the cards for you?" He said, "Well, we like to play cards in the prison it's okay for you going out and buying them for us." Well, it took me awhile to figure out what they were doing with the cards and why he kept giving me \$10 for going down and picking up the cards for 42 cents a piece. The third time I caught on that I shouldn't be doing this and told him that I wouldn't buy any more cards for him. He got kind of upset with me and I imagine that one of the guards started getting the cards for him instead of me and collecting the \$10 bills.

The only thing that I did that wasn't on the up and up was that the prisoners were allowed to have crystal sets with earphones. The radios were all very loud, so they had to use the crystal sets with ear phones for entertainment. In my first year of high school, I was taking a class in radio. The main radio in the prison owned by the state never worked. So, I asked my father if I could take this radio to school and work on it. Jack, our

cook, asked me what I was going to do with that radio. Jack said, "Well, I'll tell you what! I'll give you \$25 for that radio." Well, I had dates and other outside things to do and I could really use that money. I said, "Okay, I'll give you the radio for \$25." Some how he managed to smuggle it into the prison. It was about three weeks later I got a call that my father wanted to see me in the warden's office. I sat down and he said, " By the way, remember that radio that I gave to you to take to school and have fixed? What happened to it?" "Oh, well, I got it fixed", I said, "I sold it to Jack our cook." "Ah, do you know that belongs to the state? It doesn't belong to me." he said. "That radio belongs to the state of Utah. What right do you have to sell it to Jack?" "Well," I said, "it was broken and I fixed it and I figured it wasn't any good to anybody and Jack wanted it so I sold it to him." The way the warden found out about it was he was walking down the cell block one day and heard the radio playing and recognized it as the radio he had given me to work on that used to be in the dining room. After that I always answered a question that my father asked me truthfully, instead of lying to him. He said, "If you tell the truth, you will never get into trouble. You might get a lecture, but never get into trouble." So, I always told him the truth after that. All I got was a lecture and nothing else ever came of it. It never got returned to our dining room either, I think it remained in the cell block.

I had a 1931 Chevrolet, that I had purchased and was an under aged driver. I coerced my father into buying it by telling him

that I would only drive in on the prison grounds and farm. I asked if he would buy it for me if the prisoners would work on it and I would work on it and polish it. So, he bought me the 1931 Chevrolet coup. The fellah that I bought it from came back to the prison with us and I told my dad, "Well, he needs a ride home. Is it alright if I go out the gate and give him a ride home?" My father said, "If that is as far as you are going then I guess that it is okay." Well, number one, I was only 14 years old at the time and that car never did see the prison farm from that day on. It was always out on the road. I never got into an accident or never got stopped by a policeman. I was a very careful driver.

April 13, 1993

TAPE #4

One of the greatest stories that I can remember is when I tried to fool the guard up in the tower. He was always watching me. I would go up to one of the guards houses and would borrow one of their 22 rifle's. I would take the rifle and sneak down into the orchard, trying not to be seen by the tower guard, who was always watching me with binoculars trying to catch me poaching pheasants. This was a person that was a part time game warden as well as tower guard, and he desperately wanted to catch me doing this. I considered it a wonderful game to play on him. So, I would sneak down through the orchard, through the brush and down the ditch, all the while trying to avoid the guard with the binoculars. This would be about dusk before the sun would go down. On the other side of the ditch there was a plowed field where the pheasants and quail would come out in the evening hours. I would hide in the brush and wait. I wasn't hiding from the pheasants and quail, but rather from the tower guard. He would be watching trying to catch me. Being undercover in the weeds, I would spread my 22 bullets out on paper on the ground. Now, this was a 22 single shot rifle, which I had to load each shot. I wanted to spread the bullets out so that I could get as many quail or a pheasant before the sun would go down, so I laid out each bullet neatly in a row on the paper so I could reach them easily. I would wait there for hours sometimes so that I could get a shot at the quail or pheasants when they came out into the field at dusk. I didn't use the 22 long rifle bullets because they were too loud.

I found out if I would use the 22 longs, they wouldn't give off quiet as much of a report as the others and it was muffled more. I was able to shoot more with less sound. Just before dusk usually two or three quail would venture out into the field. I didn't shoot them because I knew that further down there would be a pheasant that would come out. I would only shoot at the rooster pheasants never the hen. As for the quail, I could never tell whether they were roosters or hens because of the distance and they were so small. So anytime I could take a shot at a pheasant, I would do so just in case the others would get scared away.

I would wait with a loaded gun and after several of the quail had gotten out into the field, maybe eight or ten, I would try and pick the one closest to the brush from the plowed field and with a dead rest I would take a dead aim and shoot. If they fluttered there a little bit, I would quickly reload and shoot again. If they were fluttering the other quail would look around, not knowing they were being shot at, they would be skittish so I waited four or five minutes and would shoot again. Normally I could get three to four before they got scared away. If the pheasant were out there normally I would only get one shot and the pheasant would start fluttering and the other game would fly away. So, I would only get about one shot off for a pheasant. This would go on sometimes on a nightly basis, with me shooting the quail and pheasants and the guard trying to get his binoculars on me and find out where I was at. He would always say, "I know what you're doing and I will catch you. It is against the law to poach pheasants especially on a game reserve.", which the prison was. A lot of fun for me and I

think it was a lot of fun for the guard that was after me all of the time.

One man that was brought into the prison was an inmate for committing a felony in Salt Lake. He was brought in and put into solitary confinement for a period of approximately three weeks, until they could evaluate him for diseases or whatever. This was a common practice for all new prisoners that were brought onto the grounds, to make sure they didn't have any diseases and expose the rest of the inmates to them. This man was put into the yard and was asking permission to see the warden and he had some communications from the outside that his dog was very ill. This was a Great Dane dog, a very big one and he was dying. Outside sources told him that the dog was dying of loneliness for his master he missed so much. This inmate asked permission from the warden for the dog to be brought to the prison and live with him. The warden knew that this was impossible because you can't have a dog inside the yard and at this time the man wasn't even a trustee. About a week later, he pleaded with the warden, "Please warden the dog will die." The warden checked with neighbors and friends about the dog and they reassured him that the dog was dying of loneliness and the veterinarian said that without his master he would surely die. He would not eat or drink water, just suffering and would die in approximately another week. The warden seeing the dog and talking with the friends, decided that there had to be a way to save this beautiful animal. He made a deal with the inmate that if he brought the dog into the prison he would have to made a trustee. The only way he could have the dog is if he were made a trustee and

lived outside the prison walls. So, the warden made him one of the farm superintendents and brought the dog into the prison and in one month the dog had completely recovered and became one of the prison pets. The dog would follow the trustees all around the farm area helping them with some of the chores the best way he could. The dog remained very healthy and very happy. This dog became a very good friend of mine shortly after he came to prison. I could even get on his back and ride him, if I wanted to. He wouldn't attack or hurt anybody unless one of the prisoners or guards got a little rambonciuous with me. This dog would growl at them to let them know they weren't to hurt me. It was almost as if he became my dog. The prisoner, who was the master and owner didn't mind because I played with him all the time. Another dog that came to the prison was a war dog, a German Shepard trained to kill the enemy during the 2nd World War, he was trained to attack on commands. When he was released from the Army and given back to the family that originally gave him to the Army. When he was returned to them he snapped and bit one of the children and one of the neighbors child. It was very difficult to take the Army training away from him. If a child would run or hit another child, he would attack the child. As a result, the owners contacted the prison and asked if there was any way that he could be used as a watch dog. After talking to the warden, he felt that the animal could be an asset to the prison and took him on as a prison watch dog. This dog didn't do much but go back and forth with the guards to open the prison gate to let the people in. He became a pet to the prisoners, guards and became a pretty good buddy of mine. There was only one incident that

happened with me and the dog. There was a muskrat or mink swimming in the ditch right by the back stop gate. This was a stream that runs through the front prison yard and I saw the muskrat and decided that I was going to try and hit it. I grabbed a stick and went over to it on my stomach and was smashing at it in the ditch. Suddenly the dog grabbed me by the buttocks and bit me severely on the buttocks. As soon as I dropped the stick, he retreated and left me alone. I was very scared and upset. I only had minor wounds on my butt, but it was a very shocking experience. I learned that you don't pick up a stick or any other type of implement that he might consider a weapon when you were around this dog, even though he and I were best of friends.

Another incident with the dog was with a prisoner that worked at the cannery. This was at the outer gate going towards the farm, where the prison cannery was located. This prisoner had come up for the evening after his shift and told the gate guard after he had come up, that he had left his coat down at the cannery and may he go back and get it. The guard gave him permission, but the guard told him, "Hurry up! It is past lock up time and you really have to make some tracks." The prisoner took off on a dead run back towards the cannery. The German shepard dog, seeing him, took off after him and not knowing anything was coming after him, the prisoner was hit and knocked down on the ground and turned over and the German shepard had his teeth knarling at his throat. The dog held him there until the guard came down gave the dog the command to release the prisoner. The prisoner stated to the guard, "I don't think I need my coat that bad. I think I'll just go back up

into lock up." He was pretty shook up and scared and not injured in the least. All in all this German Shepard dog was a pet for the prisoners and the guards. He would probably attack a guard as fast as he would one of the inmates if the guards would have started running, he probably would have gone after him just as fast and knocked him down or me biting me on the buttocks.

My father felt that me playing with the Great Dane and the German Shepard might be just a little dangerous because both of these dogs could bite and certainly were capable of killing someone if they had a mind to do so. So, he bought me a German Shepard puppy dog, so I could train as a pet and he wouldn't be vicious. The dog and I became very good buddies as I raised him. After he became about eight months old he suddenly died and we didn't know why. My father had one of the doctors check him out and found out that one of the prisoners or guards that didn't like me or the warden had poisoned the dog with ground glass in hamburger. I was very upset about this as well as the warden. However, we never did find out the culprit of this deed. It took me several weeks to recover from this loss and missed several days of school because of this. I was in mourning for quiet awhile over the loss of my little puppy.

A little while after that my father decided that I should have another pet, which would be very harmless. So, he bought me two giant white rabbits, one male one female. A cage was built and the rabbits were put in the cage and I would pick fresh alfalfa for them and rabbit food and whatever and took very good care of them. Not knowing that you shouldn't leave a buck and a doe rabbit

together for very long, one day the female rabbit had several very cute babies and they began to grow a little bit. One day I went out and discovered that all of the baby rabbits had been killed. All the babies were dead. I didn't know why. I removed all of the dead babies and buried them. It was not long after that the doe rabbit had another set of babies and before they could get out of the nest, they were also killed. I was talking to one of the inmates in the prison because he had raised rabbits and chickens and he said that, "You can never leave a buck and doe rabbit together because they will kill the young." So after that I separated the rabbits and we finally had some babies and they were okay. It was a hard lesson for me to learn the hard way that you can't leave the buck and doe rabbits together except for mating.

My father had another good idea and thought that I should raise some pigeons so he bought me two pair of white king pigeons. Now these pigeons grow very large and are used for eating mainly, used as squab. They are raised for that purpose and sold to the large restaurants in the country. In the pamphlet we got we decided that I could make some money by raising some squab pigeons. So, after I had a fairly good size flock of pigeons, I approach the Hotel Utah Manager, who ran the food concessions and asked if he would buy some squab pigeons from me if they were dressed out and whatever, and he said, "Yes. I will take all of the squab pigeons that you can deliver to me." We agreed on a price and he agreed to take as many squab pigeons that I could give to him. This went along fine and I finally had a group of about eight squabs and I had one of the prisoners that was helping me raise the pigeons,

after agreeing that he would help me for a small sum of money if he helped me. He killed the eight squab pigeons and dressed them out and ^I delivered them to the Hotel Utah, who were very happy to receive them. After the next group of pigeons that came along to be slaughtered, the prisoner said, "I'm sorry Bobby, but I can't do it. I cannot kill these little baby pigeons." It didn't bother me too much because I had never seen them killed or dressed out, I only knew that they were being raised for squab dinners at the Hotel Utah. He couldn't kill them and I certainly couldn't kill them. This venture died. What happened was that these pigeons grew into a flock of pigeons and eventually became a group of over 200 pigeons flying around the prison yard and I was feeding them with the prison grain. They were becoming a big problem, because they were going down and eating the seed from the crops. The warden had to order the guards out with the shotguns and shoot the pigeons because they were way too many and destroying prison property and crops. So there went my pigeon venture!

Another venture that I got into was one day I was walking and came upon these holes, which were dug to put in a new orchard. These holes were three to four feet deep and four feet in diameter. I looked down in the hole and there were nine baby pheasants in the bottom of the hole, who had evidently had fallen down in there and the mother couldn't get them out. They couldn't fly as yet. I went back and got a box and came back and managed to put the nine baby pheasants in the box and took them up to a large chicken coop that was on the prison property that was all fenced. That was about 20 feet long and about 20 feet wide and had the capacity for

baby chicks. I put them in there and I brought mash and grain to them, which you feed to baby chicks. They all got along just fine. There were about four roosters in the group and the rest were hens. As soon as they got big enough and could fly, they started flying and hitting the cage. They could have killed themselves and had to be released. They were all released into the wild again. I wanted to keep them as pets and show things, but that was impossible, they just couldn't be tamed. So, there went some more of my pets!! It seemed every time I would get pets, something would happen to them.

My other ventures in prison to earn money was that I started selling worms and nightcrawlers to fishermen. I would go out at night with cans and flashlights to the neighbors across the street to different areas where they had watered during the day and hunt for nightcrawlers. In a normal night I could get about a gallon full of nightcrawlers. During the day, when I had time, I would dig for worms up in the pastures where they kept the cows and cattle. Underneath the cow dung that had been sitting there for awhile, I would dig underneath it and that would be the best place to dig for the worms. There was probably a dozen or so worms under each cow patty. Sometimes there would be 30 to 40 worms under a cow patty. I would take the worms and crawlers down on the weekends to the highway 21st south, put my sign up and sell them to the fishermen. I sold the worms for approximately a penny a piece and the nightcrawlers went for two pennies a piece. I would sell out of the nightcrawlers and worms very quickly and I couldn't keep up with the fishermens demands for them. There would be days when I would sell up to \$20 worth of nighcrawlers and worms. That was a

lot of money in those days and my father was very proud of me for making that kind of money selling worms. Because of this, I felt that I had to find a way to get more nightcrawlers and worms. So, I did find a way where I could get all of the worms that I wanted, but I never found a way to get more nightcrawlers. The way that I got the worms was I hired the prisoners, the trustees, to go out and dig worms for me and I would pay them so much per each worm they dug. I would give them 5 cents for every 100 worms that they would dig up for me. At this time, the prisoners pay wasn't that much. The working trustee made 25 cents per week, plus 25 cents more for working. They were paid with script money. Those prisoners that did not work actively in the license plate shop, cannery or on the farm received 25 cents a week. But at that time they could buy their smoking material, Bull Durham, two packs for 5 cents, two ice creams for a nickel. Almost everything in the prison was for a nickel, so this 25 cents in script money went quiet a long way. They could buy desserts and candy bars and other few luxuries off of this. Most the prisoners got money sent to them from the outside that were put of the books. They were not allowed to have any cash and they could draw from that and it was converted into the script money and they could get up to \$5.00 per week maximum! Therefore, the inmates could dig worms for me and make 25 cents per hundred. In one day with a few hours work for me at this price they could make a lot of extra money for themselves. One day one of the inmates caught on to me and he found that he could go out behind the slaughter house where they slaughtered the pigs, chickens etc. for the prison food. The blood would run out

of the slaughter house onto the ground and created a bog of blood. He went out there and started digging and found that there were literally millions of these blood worms out there. I couldn't buy as many as he could dig for me and besides the fishermen didn't like these blood type worms because they were very reddish in color and not very big. Some fishermen preferred them, but not many. So, I would only buy what I could sell from him. There were literally millions of them behind the slaughter house. This went on for quiet some time, selling the worms and night crawlers, all during the fishing season, as it was good for me and the inmates to earn some extra money. Kids would have three or four signs up along the highway, selling worms too. I had one of the biggest businesses because I had an almost endless supply of worms. I could never get enough night crawlers. There was one sign up from me, which taught me a little bit about the advertising business. I found most of the people would stop at this one sign and why didn't they stop at my sign. There would be three or four people waiting to get waited on from this one kid that had this sign. So, it would never be very long before he would sell out of worms and the cars would still pass me by. I would get very smart with this. I would wait until he sold out and took his sign down and left and then I would go down put his sign up and all of the cars would start to pull in and start buying from me. I understood why because his ^{quality} ~~quantity~~ of worms were better than mine, he gave them four to five times as much as I did in each can. His worms were very healthy and he did a very good job. He gave his clients what they wanted. I learned a lot from him and it wasn't too long

before I started putting extra worms in my cans or selling them for a little less than everyone else and my business started to grow and people would start to stop at my sign as well as his. So, I learned a lesson on marketing and how to sell and how to get clients to come in on one sign versus another sign.

One of my first jobs that I had was at a drugstore at Sugarhouse. Some of the friends that I had, worked there as stock boys. The owner always had a hard time getting stock boys and he needed the help. He paid 25 cents per hour, but you had to be twelve years old to work there and I had just turned eleven and I didn't know how I would get a job because at that time you couldn't get a social security number or card until you were 12 years old. So, I went down and applied for the job and he wanted to see if I had a social security number and my age and I told him that I was 12 years old, but that my mother hadn't yet received my card but it was in the mail. I promised when it came in the mail that I would bring it down to him and show it to him and give him the number. Based on that and my application, he hired me as a stock boy. We stocked all of the shelves. The stock room was across the street from the store. I couldn't spell half the names of the products. But, we were given a pad and pencil to write down the names, McKesson or whatever the stock item was, hairspray, toothpaste, shaving lotion, stationeries, or candies, or whatever, we would write it on a piece of paper and walk across the street and bring the things back. We would do this all the time and it seemed that the shelves would be emptied out as fast as we could stock them. If there happened to be a box of candy or something that dropped on

the floor, we were allowed to eat it. So, of course every once in awhile a box of candy would accidentally get dropped or broken and I don't know how, but we would manage to eat them. I worked at this job for all of one school year. I worked four hours every night for \$1.00 a night with one day off per week. I worked all day Saturdays. I liked Saturdays, as I would make two dollars. I would use this money to buy things that I wanted.

I didn't need to get an allowance from my parents because I was making my own money. I made my own money selling worms and it was very seldom that I had to get an allowance. Even when I got into Jr. High School, my mother offered to give me a \$5.00 allowance a week, which I took her \$5.00 one week. The next week she said, "It is time for your allowance." I said, "I don't need an allowance, I make my own money." I did take money for my bus fare and a few items, such as lunch money. I usually didn't buy lunch, I usually took lunch that was packed for me by the prison cook. I hated the prison bread because it was very tough. You always had to cut the crust off because it was so tough you couldn't eat it. I always envied the people that bought the store bread because it was soft crust and the soft centers. Some of the food at the prison wasn't nearly as good as store bought things. The milk at the prison was very, very rich. They would take the cream and the whole thing and homogenize it into a very thick milk. I would prefer the thinner milk I got over at a friends house that was store bought. The thick milk was alright if you were having it on strawberries or cereal and that sort of thing, but to drink it was terrible for me, it was very, very thick!

When I got older approximately 14 years old, I managed to get a summer job at Salt Air Beach, which was on the Great Salt Lake all built on pilings and had the biggest unobstructed dance floor, I guess, in the United States for that time. A very large roller coaster, with all of the concessions, ferris wheels, ball games etc. After I worked there for a couple of years and couple of summers, I had a job as a concessionaire at night. I would run the baseball games, where you would knock the balls over, the dime pitch games, the bingo game and other various games and I loved it. I loved to be a barker. I got very good at it and I could call people in. People would go dancing at night and the men would bring their girlfriends over and it was very easy to coerce them to spend a dime and come in have the girlfriends knock over the bottles because I would embarrass them. I would say things like, "Hey, fellah, come on over, it'll only cost you one thin dime or one tenth of a dollar to play, that's all it costs." I would embarrass them and have their girlfriends come over and knock over the bottles. I would say, "Hey, young lady come on over here, come over here, I won't even charge, come over here throw three balls and see what you can do, no charge, come on bring her over here, there's no charge." By the time I would bring them in there I would stack the balls, so that if she would even touch them they would all fall down. I could stack the bottles so they were very hard to knock down or very easy to knock them down. So when I give them free balls, I made sure they would all go down easily. When they would put their dime down, I would stack them up a little tighter and you would have to hit them just right to knock all

three down with one ball. They would have to knock them off the shelves they had to go clear off the tire and onto the ground or it didn't count if they stayed on the tire. So there were times that I could get up to \$5.00 before they could get up to the dance floor. They would win prizes such as they were, but they had a lot of fun winning them and it was a lot of fun for me. There were even times that I would like to see what people would do.

One of the fellows, Bob Sims, was in my concessions with me one day, the ball game and we decided we would try something, so I said to him, "I bet you two dollars that you can't take a silver dollar out there and sell it to somebody for 50 cents." He said, "I can't take a dollar and sell it for 50 cents? You got to be crazy." You see I knew how suspicious people were, so that if you approach somebody they would wonder why somebody would want to sell a dollar for 50 cents and they would just push him away. So, I sent him out and said, "First person you hit you have to sell him the dollar and if you can't, you have to pay me two." So, he took me up on the bet. He approached this couple and they just poohed him off and wouldn't buy the silver dollar for 50 cents. These were real silver dollars during those days. So after he got in and paid me the two dollars, he said, "Okay, I bet you that you can't go out there and sell a silver dollar for 50 cents!" I said, "I'll bet you \$5.00 that I can sell it to the first couple that I go up to for 50 cents." So, he said, "There's no way, they are going to be so suspicious that they won't do it." So, I went out and stopped the couple and pulled out the silver dollar and said, "Look at this silver dollar doesn't it look real?" He said, "Yeh, it

looks like a real silver dollar to me!" I said, "It isn't, it's counterfeit. These are just punched out. They aren't worth anything. But wouldn't it be nice if you had a counterfeit silver dollar that you could show everybody that this isn't a real dollar?" I said, "I'm selling them for 50 cents. Would you like to buy it?" He said, "Yeh, I'll buy it from you, I'd like to have a counterfeit silver dollar to show my friends." So, Bob saw me selling the silver dollar and I came back in and collected my \$5.00 and I told him how I did it. Well, he thought that was a good idea! So, he said, "You mean I could go out there and sell another silver dollar for 50 cents?" I said, "I'll buy all you can give me for 50 cents." I learned a little bit about conning people, or a little salesmanship on how to market something. There was a lot of fun working out there. We would swim out to Antelope island across the Great Salt Lake. It wasn't very long swim, but we would go over there and have a picnic at night, with hot dogs, with a whole group that worked on the beach. After that we would come back and stayed on the beach overnight. We put the hot dogs and other food in plastic bags and just wade over there. It was very shallow and could walk a ways out into the lake, it was never very deep. The salt content was 27%. You couldn't sink, so you just kind of float in the lake and kind of paddle. You didn't have to be a swimmer or wear any life vest or anything like that. It was very easy to swim in the Great Salt Lake. Anybody can swim in the lake. The only thing you had to worry about is getting salt in your eyes and mouth. You get one little drop in your eyes and it burned very badly. 27% salt, as heavy as water can hold salt. It can't be any

heavier than that, otherwise it would sink to the bottom.

There were times when I would drive the little train out. The train would go out to a ramp where the swimmers would get off. That was a time when the lake was so shallow that the water would only be a couple of feet deep until you could get out to where it would be 5 to 6 feet deep where you could get in and actually enjoy it. So, this little train would take about 12 people at a time out to the platform to where they could get to deeper water to swim. A lot of people from out of town like from New York State and other states enjoyed it because they had never seen anything like this lake or swam in any lake like that. The Great Salt Lake is very, very large, it measures almost 100 miles long by about 50 miles wide. It is very shallow lake and at the deepest point, it is about 50 feet deep. At that time, but there have been floods since then, where the water has gotten probably 10 feet higher than it was in those days. The whole pavilion was built on pilings and when the lake would come up the water would be under the pavilion area. The pavilion area was built on all wood pilings. We went to work by train that went from Salt Lake, approximately 20 miles out to Salt Air Beach where we worked. Also, the train, which was electric, carried the people that wanted to go to the Salt Air, that is what it was called, "Salt Air Beach" from Salt Lake and there were also some open tourists cars on the train. Normally when we rode the trains, the people that worked there, there weren't any regular passengers on it. We would work until late at night and we were usually the last ones to ride it back into town and the first to ride out to work in the morning. Very few

visitors riding the train with us. We had a lot of fun working out there.

I wasn't making very much money. The highest pay was about 75 cents an hour, but no one cared. I had two jobs during the summer, I cleaned the dance floor during the day, which I spent approximately six hours on and after that shift, I went out and ran the concessions at night. So, I put in a very long day. But I got smart and found out that there was a very easy way to clean the dance floor. It was so large, you had to take this small mop which was about 1 foot wide by 3 foot long and would have to keep going over the dance floor over and over and then I would have to shake the mop and it was very hard to keep clean and very difficult to do. So I got smart and I obtained four wool army type blankets and I would take those down to the laundry, where they would do the towels and suits, and they would run them through the washer for me and just wring them out, but not all the way. I would take them up and put them on a platform, that I had made 2' x 8' board, which was almost 10 feet long and I put the damp wool blankets down underneath the board, with a large stanchion on the end and push this board across the floor. With that little invention, I could completely clean the dance floor, behind the bar and everything in approximately two hours. I was suppose to put in six hours on the dance floor, so I had about four hours to spare with basically nothing to do. I went down to talk to the manager and asked him if I could go on a contract to clean the dance floor and run the concession at the same time. I offered him a very big discount to do this. I made a deal with the manager. I told him he was paying

\$110 a month to clean the dance floor, at that time. I said, "If you will allow me just to clean the dance floor, no matter how long it takes, I'll cut it down to \$85.00 a month." He thought this was kind of strange for me to cut my own pay. I said, "I'll be free sooner and I'll work a lot harder and faster so that I can go down and work the concessions and do some other things." It would save them a lot of money this way and he agreed to this. I made him put it in writing and we both signed it on the difference in pay and that I could do the different things and that I was responsible for my own time. So, I cut my time down from six hours a day to two hours a day and made a lot more money. It was about two or three days later that he found out that I was only putting in about two hours a day in on the dance floor and got a little upset with me, but I told him we had a signed contract and he said, "That's fine, I'll take you through this season, but if you want to work on the dance floor next season, I can't pay you that kind of money for two hours of work a day." So, the next year, I wasn't the one who cleaned the dance floor because I wouldn't do it anymore. He paid someone else a lot less than what I was making and it was a good experience to me. I learned a little bit about how to manipulate the job and how to bid a job without working on an hourly basis and making a little more money doing it my way. Also, when I ran the ball game, I was making so much an hour and asked the boss if he would put me on a commission schedule rather than by the hour. It worked for me and it worked for me and for him, because I almost doubled my pay and what he took in. Because I worked a lot harder on bringing people in to play the ball game. So most of the

concessions that I worked, I worked on a commission schedule, not hourly. I found out that is the only way a person should work, because you work a lot harder and make more money.

The only year that I didn't work at Salt Air Beach was the year that I was a Junior in high school. A friend of mine's father, was an engineer on the railroad and found us a job working for the Southern Pacific railroad. It is the railroad going across the Great Salt Lake basin. So, we went to work on this railroad, Jim Gringres and myself as gandy dancers. A gandy dancer was the one that would replace the track and tamp the ties and replace sections of the whole track along the way. Very hard work. I remember the very first day that I worked and my friend also, we worked approximately two hours before we had to quit. That was okay with the foreman because he knew anybody just starting out could put a full day in. After the about the fourth day on working only two hours, I got up to where I could work up to four hours. It took me about two weeks before I could keep up with the gang and put in a full eight hour shift. It was very hard work tamping ties and it was very hot. We were only allowed to have one shower about mid week, because the water was hauled in tanker cars for drinking and cooking purposes. We could use one bucket for washing but were not allowed to shower. A shower was just allowed on Wednesday, but we would be allowed to go out and swim. We washed the salt off with a bucket of fresh water and a little of soap at times. There was a mixture of a lot of drinkers, winos, and very heavy mixed population of Chinese, Mexican, Black and Caucasian men. The foreman lived in one of the box cars with his wife and daughter and

we all lived in a box car right on the track. It was very difficult to sleep at night because the trains would come by just inches from the car we were trying to sleep in. The noise would be thundersome. It wouldn't take very long before I would sleep through the night and I wouldn't even hear them go by after awhile. We did have the weekends off where we could go home or do what we wanted, which was good, but it was a very tough summer working on the railroad as a gandy dancer. Physically, my friend and I both looked like Greek Gods. Our muscles were bulging all over us because the tamping and spiking ties was very strenuous but very good for the body. We had marvelous tans too. We had a very good experience and we learned what work was. I learned that if I ever get another hard manual labor job, I would be able to handle it. I was always surprised, some of the men were in their 60's, and they all could do that track work, by pacing themselves. They could always do the work and could put in a full eight hour day. The food was good and we were charged \$2.00 a day for it and they charged us, what they called board and room. In the mornings I would eat three pancakes, three eggs, six to seven strips of bacon and usually three glasses of milk and a glass of orange juice. I would eat more for breakfast then, than I would eat in one day at a later age. Our lunches were normally sandwiches, which I could eat three of, and usually three glasses of lemonade. Dinners were very good. They would feed us hamburger in something. It was usually hamburger, but once in awhile we would have pork chops, always potatoes, and a vegetable. Always very good and very nutritious. They had to feed us good to work so hard.

Kind of an interesting story was that one of the inmates worked on the same railroad on the same track gang before I came to work there. He was a prisoner that they called "Doc", in the prison. He used to be the track foremen and had his own sleeping quarters in the box cars. A very good friend to the supervisor and his family and the story goes that the sixteen year old daughter of the main boss and their family got to be very good friends. The story I hear was that the daughter was on the make for this very, very handsome man. He was about 24 years old, very good physic, very well educated and he had turned her down and told her to get away from him several times. One evening when he came home, after drinking with his buddies on a Saturday night, he found this 16 year old girl in his quarters and on his bed. She was very tempting to him, so he made love to her and it was found out and he was tried and convicted of raping this 16 year old girl. He was sent to Utah State Prison. He was there when we were there. This is the same fellow that taught me a lot. He taught me to throw underhand with rocks. He said that it was very unnatural to throw overhanded. Later on in life this became a very good thing, because I became a soft ball pitcher in the Air Force and in a lot of the city leagues and was quiet good at it. He taught me how to use a sling shot and how to shoot a rifle properly. He himself was a very good shot. He could throw a rock and shoot a pigeon or something else at a very long distance. He used to be up at the dump watching us hunt rats. We never had any problem trusting this man, as he was a trustee and had full run of the prison inside and out. Very good man and was later released from prison and remained

very good friends with the guards and their families and the warden's family. He was very well respected by the guards and prisoners because he was called "Doc", and he was the nurse that manned the hospital and took care of everybody. They all wanted to be nice to him because if they ever got injured or sick they wanted him to take care of them.



at suit had my tooth's out



To Begin With

I WAS BORN ON THE Jan. 16 Tuesday DAY

OF _____ 1931 AT 2:30 O'CLOCK A.M.

IN Provo Utah
City State

I WEIGHED 8 LBS. _____ OUNCES

MEASURED _____ INCHES TALL

COLOR OF EYES blue COLOR OF HAIR Black

DOCTOR Leard Beck

NURSE Hazel Tillmore

BIRTH REGISTERED AT

Provo Utah

The Big Home Company



The Christening

ON THE First DAY OF March 1931

I WAS CHRISTENED BY

Thos Griffiths

AT Provo Sixth Ward

THOSE PRESENT

Ellen Harris

La Vern Harris

Mrs Olive Thyork

Leonard Harris

Of such Thy Kingdom! Teach Thou us,
O Master most divine,
To feel the deep significance
Of these wise words of Thine.

—Whittier.

Is Your Life Insurance Beneficial?



My First Doings

FIRST TOY Rattle MONTHS _____ DAYS _____
 FIRST LAUGHED Six weeks MONTHS _____ DAYS _____
 FIRST SAT ALONE Seven M MONTHS _____ DAYS _____
 FIRST SHORT CLOTHES _____ MONTHS _____ DAYS _____
 FIRST CREPT _____ MONTHS _____ DAYS _____
 FIRST TOOTH Five M. MONTHS _____ DAYS _____
 FIRST STOOD ALONE Ten MONTHS _____ DAYS _____
 FIRST WORD Dee-ee MONTHS _____ DAYS _____
 FIRST STEPS Ten MONTHS _____ DAYS _____
 FIRST SHOES Three MONTHS _____ DAYS _____
 FIRST WALKED Ten MONTHS _____ DAYS _____
 FIRST HAIRCUT Eight MONTHS _____ DAYS _____
 FIRST PRESENTS first MONTHS _____ DAYS _____

MY FIRST VISIT was to Onagwa
Salt Lake Ogden

What is the little one thinking about?
 Very wonderful things, no doubt;
 Unwritten history!
 Unfathomed mystery!

The Big Home Company

Baby's Book

*A Brief History
 of the Childhood of*

John Robert Harris
Son
 SON OR DAUGHTER

(FATHER'S SIGNATURE)

and

Ellen Pittman Harris
 (MOTHER'S SIGNATURE)

Where did you come from, baby dear?
 Out of the everywhere into the here.
 Where did you get those eyes of blue?
 Out of the sky as I came through.
 But how did you come to us, you dear,
 God thought about you, and so I am here.
 --Macdonald.

Is Your Life Insurance Beneficial?



John R. Harris 1935

SALT LAKE CITY HIGH SCHOOLS



SOUTH HIGH SCHOOL



HIS CERTIFIES THAT JOHN ROBERT HARRIS
HAVING COMPLETED THE STUDIES PRESCRIBED BY THE BOARD
OF EDUCATION FOR GRADUATION FROM THE HIGH SCHOOL AND
HAVING CONDUCTED HIMSELF IN A SATISFACTORY MANNER THROUGHOUT
THE COURSE IS HEREBY AWARDED THIS

DIPLOMA

GIVEN AT SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH
THIS SECOND DAY OF JUNE 1949



E. Harold P. Jacobsen
PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF EDUCATION

Ralph Beckman
PRINCIPAL
M. Lynn Bennion
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS

Man Hurt In Orem Crash

OREM — Wilford LeRoy Harris, 71, Apple Valley, Calif., was listed in fairly good condition at Utah Valley Hospital, following a two-vehicle collision at 500 North and Highway 91 in Orem around 9:30 a.m. today.

Investigating officers said Mr. Harris' car collided with a pickup truck driven by Donell Walker, 29, of 169 E. 980 North, Orem.

The accident was still under investigation at press time.

eyebrows and Contes Under Third Degree Quiz



Glen Strebel, left, and Robert Harris

PROVO—Police Chief John E. Harris "arrested" his 4-year-old son, Robert, Friday night. Robert and his "accomplice," Glen Strebel, 4, were "booked" on a charge of running away and released "on their own recognizance"—without bail.

It all happened when the 4-year-old started from the home of Glen's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Daycock, in Provo, to the farm of his father, Weston Strebel, some two

miles north on Provo bench, the boys told Chief Harris under "third degree." They were picked up after a search by police and townspeople near the Provo river bridge, nearly two miles north of the city.

Glen admitted he was the "brains" of the plot.

"I wasn't scared after it got dark," the small instigator declared, "but Robert was." Which brought an emphatic, "Aw, I was not!" from Robert. Both spiritedly denied having been guilty of "thumbing." They had walked all the way, they said.

E. R. Greenwood, Provo, who spied the youngsters and phoned police, was nonplused as to how to dissuade them from their journey, when efforts to get them into his house drew a retort from Robert to the effect that "You can't make me come in—I'm Chief Harris' son!"

Threats by Chief Harris to take them to the police station if they ran away again resulted in fervid promises to curb vagabonding tendencies.

Award of Merit

To

Robert Harris

In recognition of outstanding service to his fellow students and to the community of Salt Lake City as a member of the School Safety Patrol for the school year nineteen hundred forty-three--nineteen hundred forty-four.

Reed E. Vetterli
COMMISSIONER OF PUBLIC SAFETY

CHIEF OF POLICE

Wartton
ACTING SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS

E. M. Brewer
PRINCIPAL

SPONSOR OF SCHOOL PATROLS



Lee Reneged, Warden Claims

Charging that Gov. J. Bracken Lee has broken a "gentleman's agreement," Warden John E. Harris said Saturday he will ask the State Board of Corrections to ignore the resignation he wrote out at the request of the chief executive.

The fireworks will come, the warden said, at a late Saturday afternoon meeting of the board at the State Prison. He added: "I hope the governor will be present."

The warden said the governor proposed an agreement whereby if he would resign, Herbert A. Snow would be reappointed as a member of the board of corrections.

Snow's Name Withdrawn

Saturday morning, Governor Lee announced he had withdrawn his reappointment of Mr. Snow and had submitted to the Senate instead the name of John P. Dugan of Salt Lake City, Republican who is superintendent of mines for the International Smelting and Refining Company.

"I was asked to resign by the governor—not by the Board of Corrections," Warden Harris told The Deseret News. "Governor Lee said that unless I resigned he would not recommend reappointment of Mr. Snow.

"I resigned in good faith, intending to go through with my part of the agreement. I felt that Mr. Snow's continuance on the board was absolutely essential to maintenance of sound policies at the prison.

Packed, Ready To Leave

"My family and I were packed and ready to leave the prison as soon as the new warden was chosen and ready to take over.

"However, since the governor has seen fit now to recall Mr. Snow's name, I feel I am no longer bound under any agreement to him to resign.

"It is now a matter for the Board of Correction and the governor to work out. In event the board feels that my resignation, submitted at the governor's request and not the board's request, is a matter of record, I will re-apply for the position as warden."

Lee Declines Comment

At the State Capitol, Governor Lee declined comment on reasons for his action in recalling Mr. Snow's nomination. The Senate has not yet considered the nomination, submitted last



RECONSIDERS — Warden John E. Harris charges governor broke "gentlemen's agreement" in resignation.

Tuesday. Neither has it acted on the new appointment of Mr. Dugan.

Meantime Mr. Snow remains a member and chairman of the Board of Corrections because statutes require that he do so until his successor has been appointed and confirmed by the Senate.

Warden Harris noted that both the House and Senate unanimously passed resolutions approving prison administration after recent visits.

He said many members of women's clubs and service clubs have asked him to reconsider his resignation.

"Up to now I have declined because of my agreement with the governor," Mr. Harris said. "Now he has released me by failure to carry out his part of the agreement. The public should know the truth and what the facts are."