

Pennsylvania Department of Corrections Employee Oral History Collection Project

Interviewee: JD Shutt
Topic: **The 1989 SCI Camp Hill Riots**
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Interviewer: DOC Communications Director Susan McNaughton

Interview Transcript

McNaughton: Welcome to the Pennsylvania Department of Corrections' Oral History Project where we record the oral histories of current and former DOC employees. I'm DOC Communications Director Susan McNaughton. This oral history focuses on memories from the October 1989 riot at the State Correctional Institution at Camp Hill. Our guest today, September 17, 2019, is JD Shutt. Thanks for joining us, JD.

Shutt: Thank you.

McNaughton: Before we begin, could you please provide us with a brief overview of your DOC career?

Shutt: I started with the Department of Corrections as a trainee at SCI Graterford in April 1977. While I was there, I achieved the rank of sergeant. In 1985, I got a promotional transfer to SCI Frackville, and I stayed there until 1989, when I interviewed for a position at Central Office at the Training Division as the training lieutenant for the department to develop their new corrections officer trainee on-the-job training program. I stayed there until April 1990, and then I became the chief of security for the DOC. Because in October when the riot occurred, we had to transfer a bunch of inmates because of cell damage at the institution. Greg White, who was the chief of security at the time, was transferred to what became SCI Waymart as a deputy superintendent. It was the end of October or beginning of November 1989, they appointed me as the acting chief of security. They made me the acting chief of security, and then in April of the following year they made me the chief of security for the state. I stayed in that position until I went to... while I was there, I went from a lieutenant to the rank of major. Then I got transferred to SCI Coal Township as the deputy superintendent.



JD Shutt

Then I stayed there until 1996, then I was transferred back to Central Office, where I became the assistant to the executive deputy secretary, which at the time was Ray Clymer. I held that position for a while, and then they decided that they needed to create a policy office. So, they created the office for standards and practices and accreditation, and they made me the chief of that division. Then, while I was in that position, the chief of security was retiring or whatever, I forget, and they told me that they were now going to create a new bureau of Standards, Practices, Accreditation and Security and that I was going to be the director of that bureau and run the police office and the security office. I stayed there until 2003, and then I was transferred to SCI Frackville as a deputy superintendent, and I stayed there until I retired in 2006.

McNaughton: Wow. I forgot that part about the chief of security and the policy office together. That was down at Utley Drive.

Shutt: Yes, that was down at Utley Drive off of Slate Hill Road.

McNaughton: Let's go to the riot. It is about 2:30/3 p.m. on Wednesday, October 25, 1989, where are you and what is happening?

Shutt: I'm in my office over at Utley Drive, and I looked out the window and I saw this large plumb of smoke coming up. It looked like it was from the direction of the institution. I grabbed the phone and I called over and they transferred me into the captain's office. ... I said, "Hey, Cap, this is JD, are you alright over there?" He said, "Well, f*ck no, we're not alright. They're trying to take over the jail." I said, "On my way," and I hung up the phone. I grabbed my hat and out I went and jumped in my car. I pulled up in the front of the Central Office. There was somebody at the front door and they yelled to me and said, "JD, back gate." I took my car and I drove immediately around to the back gate.

Now, if we could back up here a little bit... The reason that the captain knew me was when I got transferred to SCI Frackville as a lieutenant, we had hired... we had our transfers there that we could get in, because 10 percent of your staff could be transfers, and everybody else had to be new hires. We had all the people hired, and they all reported to the institution [SCI Frackville], but we had construction delays and we couldn't get any inmates in. So, with 117 brand new trainees, nobody knew what to do with them. The department decided to take the group of trainees and split them into two groups... sending half of them to SCI Dallas and half of them to SCI Camp Hill. They took the commissioned officers at Frackville and they did the same thing with us. I got assigned the supervision of the guys down at Camp Hill. We were down there for two or three months. In the time that I was down there, I became familiar with the institution, because we had officers working everyone on 6-to-2 and 2-to-10 shift. They didn't work night shift. I got to know the institution. I got to know the staff especially... the commissioned officer staff and the higher ups, because, being a lieutenant, I interacted with them and I had to let them know what I was doing and where I was going. So, when I called and I said, "Hey, this is JD..." They knew who I was because I had been down there with these folks for like three months.

So, I pull up by the back gate, park my car and I go in, and the gate is partially opened. I went in and I went over to the sally port, and I picked up the phone. I called the captain's office and I said, "This is JD Shutt, I'm at the sally port, what are my orders." There was a pause. I could hear some talking in the background. They said, "Cap said just take charge of that area down there, JD." I said, "10-4." And that was that.

Well, the EMS had started to respond, and they were coming in, so I cleared the sally port and told everybody, "Nobody comes in without authorization." We didn't need the confusion back there. Then it was... for us back there, it was just sort of like a waiting game type thing.

A little bit later I look up and in walks this guy in a suit and this police officer. Apparently, the guy up in the tower recognized them. It was [Harrisburg] Mayor Stephen Reed and the chief of police. They walked into the sally port, and I looked up at them and Mayor Reed looks at me and he says, "I'm Mayor Stephen Reed... I want to go up to the command post." I said, "Well, you do, do you?" He said, "Yes, I want to go to the command post right now." I said, "That decision is up to the command post. Hold on. I'll let them know you're here." So, I call the command post and I explained what happened and they said, "Let me double check, JD, and we'll get back to you." I said, "OK." I told the mayor, "The command post has been notified. When I find out, I will let you know."

Five or 10 minutes went by, and he [Reed] comes over to the desk again and says, "Lieutenant, I want to go to the command post now." I said, "They haven't called me back. I really don't want to be bothering them over there, but I will call again." So, I called again and said, "Hey, the mayor is still here and he's demanding to come to the command post. What do you want me to tell him?" They said, "Hang on." And there was a delay. Finally, they said, "JD, his request is denied. ... He's not authorized to come up here."

I look at the mayor. I was sitting at the desk and he was standing on the other side. He looked at me and said, "Lieutenant, I want to go to the command post." I stood up, I looked at him and said, "Your request has been denied." He said, "What?" I said, "Your request has been denied. Now get the hell out of my sally port."

McNaughton: Now, JD, let me stop you here. Can you explain how tall you are... so when you stood up what kind of a presence you gave to the mayor.

Shutt: I'm just shy of 6'5". He was about 5'7". So, I stood up and I was looking down on him when I said, "Your request has been denied. Now get the hell out of my sally port."

McNaughton: And what did he say?

Shutt: He just looked at me, and he looked at his chief. His chief looked at me, and I looked at him, and the chief looked at the mayor and said, "Let's go." And they turned around and they walked out. I walked outside, and I motioned to the guy in the tower that controls the outer gates. I told him to open the gate a little bit, and they walked out. I told him to close the gate.

The whole time I was back there we had a whole lot of EMS showing up, firetrucks and ambulances and paramedic units. They were all lining up outside the back gate. I was trying to keep track of who was responding in case we needed them to respond inside.

I remember somebody came in the sally port... somebody I knew, but I can't remember who he was. He was an officer down there. He came in the sally port and said, "JD, there's inmates walking down the road to the sally port." I said, "What?" I went out and I looked up the road that went up the back of the institution, and these two inmates were walking down and they had two tradesmen with them. They came walking down and they stopped about 40 yards from the sally port gate and they just stopped. The two inmates were on the outside and the two tradesmen were on the inside. They just stopped.

I put my hands out and yelled to them, "What?" The one inmate said, "We want to let these two go." I said, "Ok." They said, "No, we want to let them go." I yelled to the inmates, "Fine. Let them go." The two tradesmen started walking to the back gate, and the two inmates turned around and walked back into the institution.

The tradesmen walked to the gate, and I motioned for the gate to be open, and while all of this is going on, I turned to somebody and said, "Get EMS in here to let us know if these guys were injured." I didn't know what was going on with these two. While this conversation was going on, they let in two EMS guys and two stretchers, and the two tradesmen came down, I closed the gate and I told them, "Get on the stretchers." They said, "We're ok." I said, "Get on the stretchers."

There was another EMS responder at the back gate. The officer was going to open the gate and I yelled, "Stop." Because I was familiar with a lot of the corrections officers that were there, but I wasn't familiar with all of the tradesmen, and I didn't know – even though there were two Caucasian tradesmen – I didn't know if they were actually tradesman or did two inmates take their uniforms and put their clothes on to try to get out? I didn't know them.

I yelled up to the tower, "Keep the gate closed until these guys are identified." One of the officers that was back there said, "JD, that's so-and-so and that's so-and-so. They are tradesmen." I said, "Ok, fine." Then I told EMS to get the guys checked out for injuries, which they did. They took them out to the gate to their vehicles outside.

For the rest of the day it was fairly quiet back there. There was nothing going on. Then later on, I got a call and they told me to secure that area, because they were going to send someone else down and that I should go to the captain's office.

I went over to the captain's office, which was located in Group 1. It was late now... it was dark outside. We were sitting there and were recapping what had gone on. I remember a call came in that an inmate had gotten out of his cell over in Group 2 and 3. The lieutenant I was with and I both got up, but the lieutenant decided to go to see what was going on. He wasn't gone long before he came back. By the time the lieutenant got over there, the inmate was back in his cell and the officer wasn't sure what cell he came out of. The inmates had done damage to the

locking mechanisms over there, so they were popping their cell doors open from inside their cells.

We starting talking about things we should do... we could get some chain and put them around and put padlocks on them, but already at this point it's pushing midnight, and we wondered where we would get chains and padlocks ... that many at that time of night. I reminded them that we had the RERP [Radiological Emergency Response Plan] supplies that have enough handcuffs for all of the inmates.

The way that the old cells were constructed, they were bar construction. So, when the cell door opened, it passed in front of the bars and then came back and the frame of the door aligned with the wall.

I said to Steve, I said, "What if we got the RERP handcuffs and we put handcuffs on the doors? That would stop them from opening." Somebody said, "Well, what if they have handcuff keys?" I said, "Well, the officers aren't supposed to be carrying them, but if they did get one or two, by the time one guy would get out and go to another cell to try to get more inmates out, we'd already have somebody down there. Steve said, "OK, JD, I'm going to get a hold of the command post." So, we waited there, and about 10 or 15 minutes later, Steve came in, sat down and looked at me and I said, "Well?" He said, "Nope." I said, "What do you mean no?" He said, "The command post said it's not necessary. The riot's over."

That was the saddest part of this, because they had the incident that day. The institution had taken control back. All the inmates were in their cells, and Freeman and R.C. Smith – in their infinite wisdom – said that is was over and not to worry about it. But as we know, it wasn't over. It was half done. The next day, they got back out. They took over. They took hostages.

McNaughton: Did you get to go home... after midnight/early morning Thursday? Did you go home?

Shutt: I stayed until the next morning at about 6 o'clock or so. I left because we were waiting to see if there were any more incidents there. Then I went home.

I got some sleep. I woke up, and we were living in Pine Grove at the time, Shelly [his wife] was home. I woke up and I said to her, "What a night. I'm really glad that it worked out." She looked at me and said, "It didn't." I said, "What do you mean?" She said, "The inmates went off. They have the jail."

I was just... thinking back on it... there's just... I don't know... it was like we had weathered the storm the day before. And to hear that... it was like, "Oh, no!"

McNaughton: The second day could have been prevented.

Shutt: Yeah, I mean, when they said it was over... all activity was over, but they knew there was damage to the locking mechanism, and that was the key to the whole thing. They were given a suggestion on the RERP handcuffs ... we had what we needed, and it was just a matter of going down and slapping handcuffs on cells.

I got dressed and got in my car and went down to central office. Ray Clymer [who was superintendent of SCI Frackville at the time] was there, and DeRamus was the #2 guy, and Owens was the commissioner. All it was then was... the damage that was done... there was a fire here and a fire there, and the kitchen was on fire and the one cell block was on fire. It was a matter of how are we or the state police going to respond at that point. Because the state police were there... at the time, the way the policies were set up is that the state police were the ones to go in and regain control. They were going to be the front runners. That's how the policy was, and that's how the agreement was with the state police at that time. It was later changed when I was the chief of security and I was there... I think Marty Horn [a future secretary of corrections] wanted it changed. We ended up changing it.

So, we tried to offer what support we could from a central office perspective. I remember, at one point, when they said they were going to go in and the state police were going to do their thing. When they started, we were upstairs in the executive deputy secretary's [commissioner's] office, because you could look out the window. I remember DeRamus said to me, "Well, Lieutenant, what do you think?" I said, "Well, they're going to come through there. My guess would be... any of the hostages that they have that aren't injured, they're going to come out in the first group..." [JD went on to describe the view of the housing units from the window.] "...closest to the gate. The reason they are going to do that is if they send them out and the staff see there are staff members coming out... and if they're coming out under their own power... it will have a positive impact on them that things are good. If there are any bad actors in that group, they will come out with that group, because they're going to want to get the hell out of there. Anybody that's in there and hurt will be in the farthest housing unit from that gate, because they're going to want them out last, because the inmates are going to want to get out of there before they find anybody hurt real bad." DeRamus looked at me and said, "You think?" and I said, "Well, you asked my opinion."

When the state police came in, the inmates started surrendering out of H Block. There were some that had blankets over their head, because they didn't know how the force was coming in was going to respond. They came out and then you could see where it looked like they had one or two people from the other group, and they were some of the staff members that came out.

Then they started going into the housing units. When they got into the last one... the farthest one from the gate... K Block... you could see a difference in the activity out in front of the cell block. The next thing you know, they started bringing in some EMS. I looked at Ray [Clymer] and said, "That's probably where the injured are."

In between, there were some things that happened that night. My memory was kind of fuzzy. I'm trying to remember what sticks out more clearly after all these years.

Then they took the institution back, and I remember the first day afterwards. I went in and I called down to the Training Academy and talked to Bill Sprenkle. I told him I was reporting to the institution because I was sure they needed the help, and he agreed. I went to the institution and went into the captain's office, and Bob Stotemyer was there... he was the shift commander that day. I let him know I was there to do whatever he needed me to do. He told me to go to

Group 2 and 3 to get a handle on that before it gets bad. When I asked what he meant, he said I would see when I got there.

I went over and state police were there, and we had staff in there that were searching the housing units and the inmates. As soon as you walked over and got in between those housing units, you could just feel the tension. It just gripped you from the time you walked over there.

I walked over, and one of the lieutenants was there, and when I asked what was going on, the lieutenant pointed to K Block, where the hostages had been. I walked into the unit and there were officers in there searching inmates. What they were doing is... they were bringing them out of the cells... there were having them stripped... they were having them stand with their noses up against the wall. As I walked out, this inmate came out, and they told him to put his nose against the wall. The inmate stood at the wall and turned, and the officer said, "I told you, nose against the wall!" He grabbed the inmate by the back of the head and bounced his head off the wall. All I saw was a trickle of blood coming down the wall. I made them stop. I gave them a direct order to stop and return the inmate back to a cell and to get out. I called a time out. They put him back in his cell, and I yelled in the cell block, "Everybody, secure the inmates back in the cells and take it outside. We're taking a break. Go have a coffee. We'll pick this up in 10 or 15 minutes. I need two officers to stay here for security." Everybody went out, and I called Stotemyer in control and told him about the time out. I also asked for medical to come to check out the inmate.

I then walked through the other housing units... because word travels fast. Everyone was professional after that. The inmates on the other side of Group 2 and 3, there were two inmates in every cell and they were handcuffing the inmates and putting them in leg irons. I remember seeing two state troopers come out of a cell and hot footing it out of the housing unit. This was never really revealed to anybody. So, I went over to the cell and saw the inmate was laying on the ground. I looked at the guy he was handcuffed and leg iron'ed to, and I said, "What's up?" They said, "They tuned him up pretty good." I went outside, and the two troopers were talking, and I confronted them about it. The one trooper said the inmate had molested a child in the trooper's neighborhood. I said, "So, that gives you the right to go in there and tune this dude up?" I looked at the captain and said, "The guy appears to be hurt. We better get him checked out." Hospital staff came over and, from what I heard later, they transported him out of the institution. They took him to Holy Spirit Hospital, and they ended up doing surgery on him because he had a ruptured spleen. So, I spent the whole first day basically over there supervising the searching of these housing units. I was there... I got there at 8 o'clock in the morning, and I was there until 1 o'clock in the morning. Then I got some sleep and I went back down at 8 o'clock the next morning.

When I got down there the next morning, I went in and, again, Stotemyer was there. I asked him what he needed me to do, and he told me they were setting up a Group 2 and 3 field command post in the kitchen. He told me to go there and handle it for him. I asked him if there was a log book over there, and he said there was. So, I went over to the command post and got a status update. I was told the inmates were just finishing up feeding them at that point... it takes a while, and they were just taking bags down and giving the inmates bags [of food] and a carton of milk. After the update, I was told that arrangements were being made to send inmates to different

facilities, because of the damage done to the housing units and the locking mechanisms. They had to get inmates out of the institution, so they could have the cells to make repairs.

I ran that command post from 8 o'clock in the morning until 10 o'clock at night, every day for the next five days. During that time, we... I believe Mike Leidy was with me, and we were identifying inmates... they would tell us who they wanted to ship and what buses they were on, and we would identify the locations in Group 2 and 3... what cells these inmates were in, because... I had all of the officers make up rosters with all of the inmates that they had, because the inmates didn't get put back where they were supposed to. When you have an incident like that, they don't... this cell had one in it, the next cell to it had five... you're just trying to get people under control. They would tell us which ones they wanted, and we would sit there and go through all of the rosters and find out where these guys were. We'd get them searched, handcuffed and taken to the buses and the buses would take them wherever they were going.

In the meantime, there were a lot of things that went on inside. You're trying to feed these guys. They are handcuffed together. They are leg iron'ed together, and when they searched the cell... normally they just remove all of the property – institutional property, inmate property – you name it, it comes out. It ends up being a sterile environment. There's nothing in there but the convict, and most of the time, they're bare-ass naked.

Now that you've feed these guys, now they need to use the facilities. Well, they didn't have toilet paper to use. I called to the command post and told them that we needed toilet paper over to the cells. The answer I got back was, "Well, if they need it, they can ask. We'll let them use what they need and we'll get it back." I said, "What sense does that make?" They told me that they didn't want any more fires. They were afraid they were going to set the toilet paper on fire. I said, "If the officers did their jobs when they searched they guys, nobody should have any matches or lighters left. My recommendation is you get cases of toilet paper over here and you put one in every cell. Unless you want to have your officers running back and forth being valets." After 15 minutes of talking about this issue, they got back to me and told me toilet paper would be dispensed to all cells. And I noted this in the log book. Everything that happened over there was logged. If we did a meal, it got logged. If the command post called and gave direction about anything, it got logged, including who gave the order, what time it was, etc. Having been a shift commander, I knew how that worked.

I know at one point we got a call from the command post advising me that Deputy Smith had ordered mace to be distributed to all officers on housing units. I was stunned. I said, "Well, I understand the order, but be advised that, in the state of Pennsylvania, the use of mace is considered the use of deadly force. So, pulling that mace canister out and squirting that inmate with mace is the same thing as pulling a handgun out and firing a handgun." Mace... back in the day... was made with a kerosene base and it could cause lung injuries and anybody that was asthmatic... it could be life threatening. They had deemed it "lethal force." I told them I would issue it if that was the direction, but I also advised them it was lethal force. They noted what I said and hung up. I entered the information into the log book. About five minutes later, the phone rang and I was told the order was rescinded... there would be no mace. I then logged that in the log book. Good decision.

I did that for everything that happened... logged the information... for five days.

Then, when they no longer needed me to do that, they thanked me for my help and relieved me. Then I went back to doing my thing for central office.

Afterward, they were doing an investigation. I believe it was the Inspector General's Office. I remember I was down at the Training Academy and somebody came to my door saying he wanted to talk to me. The guy came in and identified himself as being with the Inspector General's Office. He asked to speak to me about the incident over at Camp Hill. I asked if this questioning had been cleared through central office, and he said it was. He asked me three questions... something about running the command post. I confirmed what happened and said, "It's in the log book." He gave me this strange look and made a note. He asked me the second question, and I confirmed that information and told him that too was noted in the log book. He gave me this look again, and then asked me a third question, "What log book?" I told him it was the log book at the kitchen command post. I told him that everything I did for five days was annotated in that log book. All of the answers he was looking for were noted in the log book. He said, "I haven't seen a log book." I said, "Well, there's a log book."

Later on, he came back and asked me about the whereabouts of that log book. I told him that the last time I saw it was in the field command post, where I left it. JD then explained how he used that log book – who he relieved, what time he left, who relieved him, etc. He was told they couldn't find the log book. I said, "Well, all I can tell you is that I don't have it. I left it in the command post."

Then they were interviewing more people and they never came back to me. I ran into him one day in the hallway at central office and I asked why he never came back to talk to me. He got a very strange look on his face and he said, "You're not to be interviewed." I was never interviewed by anybody... by the IG's office, by our department... I was never debriefed. I was never questioned by anybody. And I went on with my career. It can still bring me to tears... it didn't have to...

McNaughton: Listening to you... I've never heard your story before, JD, so I just have to tell you... it's amazing. You saw the worst in everybody. You saw the worst in the inmates as they rioted, and then afterwards, you saw the worst in our staff and our PSP people as they were dealing with the aftermath. You were like the voice of reason among all of these people who were tired and hot-headed and had been through this traumatic, shocking event. And there you are just trying to keep everybody honest, accountable...

Shutt: I just... thank you. I just thought of something else. I remember the first day I went down to the command post... and they were still trying to make sure they had everybody. There were fires in the kitchen, and the fire marshal was there. He came up to me and asked for help searching all of the areas that had fires in them. I told him that if he was looking for the cause of the fire, I said, "That's your job, not mine." He told me they were looking for bodies because they weren't sure they have all of the inmates. I looked around and grabbed one or two officers. We started going through the storeroom in the kitchen. I remember walking into this one room, and in the corner, there was just this blob in the corner. I got the fire marshal and told him I

didn't know what it was. The fire marshal went in and told me that it was chicken. They must have had cases of chicken parts on a rack and it melted down. I said, "Oh, Thank God!" He said, "But that's what it would have looked like. That's what I want you to look for." We searched the whole kitchen area and we didn't find anything. Later on, the fire marshal told me everyone was accounted for.

McNaughton: So, there you are, searching looking for a chicken-like blob. That must have been awful just to think when you turn the corner or when you flash your flashlight over there, "What if I find one?" That's awful!

Shutt: Yeah. I don't know how to describe it. It's very sobering. It just twists your mind around. Fire marshals are used to responding to fires... it was... that's not something that was in our job description. It was... to me... everything I learned about dealing with inmates, I learned from Donald Vaughn [a former DOC superintendent and eventual deputy secretary]. Everything I ever learned about dealing with staff, I learned from Ray Clymer. The three most influential people in my career were Ray Clymer, Donald Vaughn and Chuck Zimmerman [also a former superintendent]. They were my three go-to guys in my career. Later on, I had a good relationship with Dr. Beard... a very honest relationship. But early on in my formative years, they were the three. They were all men of high integrity, and they really wanted things done right.

In the worst moment and the crazier things got, Donald Vaughn became calm, and that's how I patterned my career. That's why when I walked into the situation at Camp Hill, and I see this inmate getting his forehead bounced off a concrete wall, I knew it was wrong and I stopped it, because that's the kind of stuff that comes back on the department. That's why the inmates do this, because this is how they are treated.

It was... it was something that... those five days was...

Here's something else that happened... I had gone back to the training academy, and the next thing I know they transferred Greg [White] and told me I was going to be the acting chief of security. I got a phone call from a judge's office from the Middle District. The judge asked me how the inmates in Camp Hill were housed... were they still handcuffed and leg iron'ed together. I told him yes. The judge asked why, and I tried to refer him to the people running the institution. He then asked if the cells were secure, and I told him that I believed they were, but again, I tried to refer him to the institution. He said he already spoke with the institution and was assured the cell doors were secure. He also said that he believed there was no reason for inmates to be shackled any longer. Again, I tried to refer him to the institution. However, the judge said to me, "I want the handcuffs and the leg irons off those inmates in 24 hours or I will hold you in contempt of my court." So, I went to the third floor and told them about the call and turned it over to them. Later I was told they were making the arrangements to have the handcuffs and leg irons removed. I called the judge's clerk to let them know. That was the last I heard of that.

McNaughton: It's just amazing to me to think that the judge called you. Why wouldn't he reach out to the chief counsel's office or to the commissioner's office? How did he even find you?

Shutt: I don't know. Maybe someone told him about my having run that command post for five days. ... I could never connect those dots.

McNaughton: Maybe he figured that you were the chief of security and that you were the one to talk to. Going back to you talking about that log book, as you were talking about the different things that you were logging, I wrote down [in my notes], "JD had a log book for everything." I also was thinking that I'd love to get my hands on that log book. Apparently other people wanted their hands on that log book too, and it must not exist any longer.

Shutt: Yeah. That guy from the IG's office said, "What log book?" JD explained how every order given and/or received is logged, along with anything of importance. JD also talks about the various incidents he experienced or was involved in over the years when he was at Graterford and how he learned to deal with emergencies, including logging information.

[McNaughton was coughing here.]

Everybody just wanted it over... Freeman, R.C. Smith and DeRamus and Owens. None of them had ever been involved... that's the first time in the history of Pennsylvania corrections... we've been doing it longer than anybody... we go back to the Walnut Street Jail [in Philadelphia]... nobody's done corrections longer than we have. They just wanted it over... and they just wanted it behind them and to say that they handled it. Unfortunately, some guys paid a real stiff price for that.

McNaughton: Yeah. JD, I want to thank you so much for participating in this project.

Shutt: You're welcome.

END