

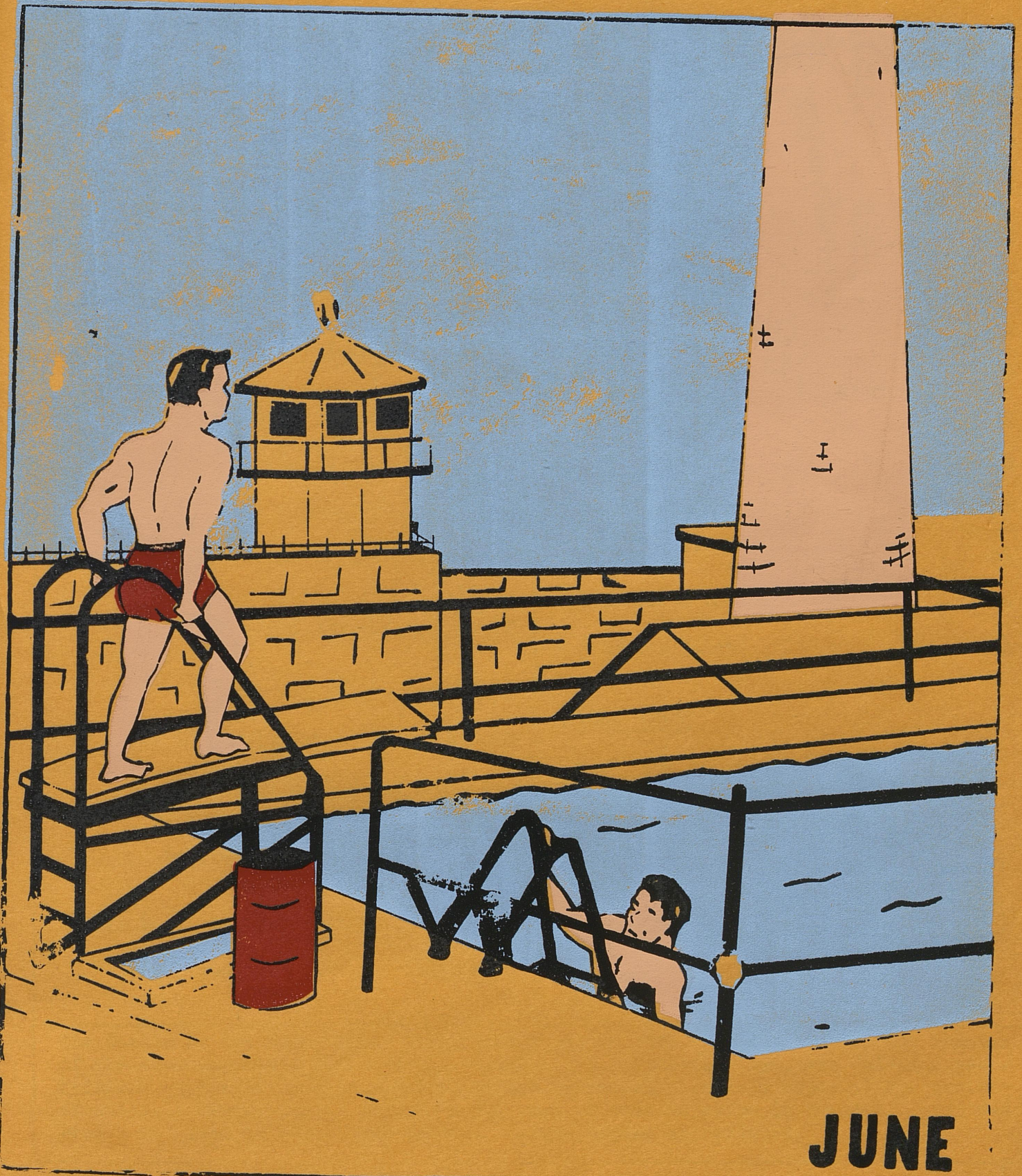
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CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND



JUNE

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CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND

<u>ADMINISTRATION</u>	<u>TABLE OF CONTENTS</u>	
The Honorable Bert T. Combs, Governor	Castle News	2
Wilson W. Wyatt, Lt. Governor	Editorial	6
Marshall Swain, Welfare Commissioner	NO LOCKS IN THIS PRISON	7
Dr. Harold Black, Director of Corrections	MANUEL ORTEGA	11
W. Z. Carter, Director of Education	I SAW 300 DIE	15
	WHY DO WE COME BACK?	16
<u>BOARD OF PARDONS & PAROLES</u>	Exchange Page	18
Dr. Fred Moffatt, Executive Director	Tall Tales	19
Walter Ferguson, Chairman	Department Reports	20
Simeon Willis, Member	Nightkeeper's Report, 1886	22
Ernest Thompson, Member	Crossword	23
	Statistics & Movies	24
<u>PENITENTIARY ADMINISTRATION</u>	The CASTLE Laughs	24
Luther Thomas, Warden	<u>CASTLE STAFF</u>	
Lloyd Armstrong, Deputy Warden	Lawrence Snow, Editor	
W. T. Baxter, Captain of the Guard	Harold Arnold, Associate Editor	
Reverend Paul Jagers, Chaplain	James F. McKinney, Art Editor	
Henry E. Cowan, Supervisor of Education	John Busby, Multilith Operator	
William Egbert, Vocational Instructor	Ted Lewis, Silk Screen Department	

The Castle on the Cumberland is published on the 15th of each month by the inmates of the Kentucky State Penitentiary at Eddyville. Subscriptions, one dollar a year. Opinions expressed in this magazine do not necessarily reflect those of the administration. Permission to reproduce any part of this magazine is granted, provided credit is given to author and source. Marked copies appreciated.

600 BOOKS DONATED TO KSP LIBRARY-- PART OF DECEASED ATTORNEY'S ESTATE

A complete set of the Harvard Classics, two encyclopedias, more than 50 volumes of world and American history and a 12-volume set of the works of convict writer O'Henry were among the 600 books received here last month from the son of a deceased attorney.

The books, which represent probably the largest single donation received by the prison, were part of the library left to the attorney's son. They are all in excellent condition and well bound.

Among the volumes that have been placed on the library's shelves to date are a 5-volume MacCauley's History of England, the 4-volume Outline of History, 30 volumes of world classics, 15 volumes of Balzac, 16 of Dumas, 17 of Stevenson, 10 of Twain, and an 8-volume set of the works of Kipling.

Also included were the complete works of James Whitcomb Riley and still another 27-volume literature series.

For Dickens fans, there is a complete set of the works of the famous English author, and another set of the world's wit and humor.

The Greek and Roman classics are included in the library, as are volumes and sets on philosophy and drama.

The donation filled half a truck, and room has yet to be found for an approximately equal number of books awaiting classification.

EXPLODING TRACTOR KILLS FARM TRUSTY WHO EARNED PAROLE WITHIN MONTH OF DEATH

Morris Edward Taylor, 28, died May 5 from burns received when the tractor he was driving burst into flames and exploded the day before.

Taylor was assigned to the prison farm as a trusty when the explosion occurred. He was immediately rushed to a free-world hospital, where doctors gave him

little chance to survive severe burns over most of his body. Had he not died, it was said, the burns would have made him a semi-invalid for a period of years.

Serving a two-year sentence for cutting and wounding, Taylor had been granted a parole shortly before the accident occurred. He was waiting for his release papers when he died.

FIVE YEAR STUDY OF CRIME ROOTS WILL EM- PLOY IBM COMPUTER, 30 YEARS OF RESEARCH

Thirty years of exhaustive research into the motivations of criminal behavior and Harvard Law School's new IBM 7090 Computer will get together in an intensive, 5-year research effort to discover why men go wrong, according to an article in the CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR.

The research will be conducted by Harvard's Sheldon and Eleanor Glueck, the husband-and-wife team that gathered the data. Also included in the study will be data collected in Japan and Europe.

From their study the Gluecks hope to provide the beginnings for a new type of comparative criminology. If the study can determine why teenagers and adults turn to crime, appropriate treatment methods can be developed, according to the MONITOR.

"There is evidence that among delinquents, as among ordinary persons," said Dr. Glueck, "there are wide variations in personality and temperament. During our many years of research in the Harvard Law School, we have accumulated a unique mine of material which we now propose to subject to computer analysis in order to ascertain whether they will inductively yield several more or less distinct types of delinquents from the points of view of etiology, recidivism, and preventive efforts."

LOS ANGELES NO LONGER LARGEST CITY

Oklahoma City is now the country's largest city in terms of area.

INMATE DIES FROM BLUDGEONING WOUNDS

Robert Lewis Gay, 19, died in a Madisonville hospital on May 31, apparently as a result of a blow or blows struck by another inmate earlier in the month.

According to information gathered on the yard, the youthful Gay sustained severe skull fractures when he was struck with a length of 2x6 lumber wielded by a fellow prisoner early on the morning of May 25. Gay was taken to the prison hospital for emergency treatment. In a coma from which he apparently never awoke, he was later transported to the Madisonville hospital, where surgery failed to save his life.

Gay, a resident of Fayette County, Kentucky, was serving a four-year sentence for storehouse breaking.

HOODLUM PRIEST SPEAKS IN LOUISVILLE

Father Dismas Clark, famous "Hoodlum Priest," spoke last month to a group of citizens assembled in Louisville's Brown Hotel. His subject, according to the LOUISVILLE TIMES, was prisons.

He told the assembly that supervision under parole is more beneficial than incarceration in a prison, and noted that what he calls "accidental" criminals do not belong in prison at all.

Don Congram, an ex-convict and presently a resident of Dismas House (a "halfway house" where newly-released prisoners without home or family connections can get a fresh start), spoke on the same program. He said that no prison, state or federal, has ever made a better man of anyone. But the state prisons are worse, he said, for, "a young kid comes in and he's either going to be a killer or a homosexual."

He advocated spending more on more and better trained parole officers.

Father Clark is the founder of the St. Louis, Missouri Dismas House, a project that has been widely copied, often with astonishing results.

THE CASTLE GOES TO COLOR

For two years now, the CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND has been prepared for you with little more than a typewriter, a ruler and a ball-point pen.

The plates, typed and hand drawn, have been (and will continue to be) run on the Multilith press in the Deputy Warden's office, John Busby, the Deputy Warden's secretary, is our Multilith man. With this single exception, however, all the rest of the work -- news-gathering, editing, layout, collation, stapling, addressing, and the hundred and one other tasks that go into even a simple magazine such as ours -- has been performed in the little office under the cookshack.

But, with this or the next month's issue -- we can't know until presstime -- the front cover and, later, much of the interior illustration and lettering, will be printed in color by a silk screen process. We hope this will improve the appearance of the magazine to a considerable extent, and perhaps get it to you sooner.

This is something we have been wanting to do for some time, but it took the cooperation of two individuals -- one an official, the other an inmate -- to get it for us.

Education Supervisor Henry Cowan, who recently took over the cabinet shop as part of the vocational training program now underway in Eddyville Prison, deserves our gratitude for approving our plan and doing everything possible to see that the materials we needed got here on time. Ted Lewis, the sign painter for the cabinet shop and a fine artist to boot, deserves recognition for his wholehearted cooperation and advice. Ted will be helping us make the first color run and overseeing the operation thereafter.

Also, thanks are due to Jim McKinney, who has been doing our art work for us in his spare time and who designed our cover for the month.

CHAPLAIN JAGGERS, PREACHING EVERY SUNDAY
FOR FORTY YEARS, MISSES FIRST SERVICE

An inflamed bursa and other complications involving the hip and leg forced KSP's Chaplain Paul Jagers into the hospital for X-rays and tests last month and necessitated his missing worship services in the chapel.

It was the first time in 40 years that illness had kept Jagers from being in a pulpit on Sunday.

Chaplain Jagers, 64, preached in Louisville churches for 30 years before coming to the prison to serve as minister and counselor to a congregation of 1200 men. He retired from other church work this year to devote all his energy to the "inside" congregation.

Before checking into the hospital, Chaplain Jagers arranged for the Reverend Calvin Wilkins, Pastor of the Baptist Church at Kuttawa, and Reverend R. G. Shelton, Pastor of the First Baptist Church in Eddyville, to alternate in the prison pulpit during his absence. Both ministers have preached in the church here before.

It was learned late last month that the Chaplain may have to undergo an operation for his ailment.

SECOND GED EXAMINATIONS GIVEN HERE

Officials of Murray State College and Mr. Chester Esham, Director of Adult Education, were here last month to examine candidates for the equivalency high school diploma awarded by the college to qualified inmates. It was the second time such testing has been conducted here, the first tests resulting in diplomas for all 14 of the men who tried for them.

The cooperation of Dean J. Matt Sparkman and other Murray officials made the testing program possible some months ago. A fee for the examination and diploma is also paid for by the college.

GET APPLICATION IN NOW FOR DIPLOMA

If you're interested in getting a high school diploma -- and if you're over 21 and have finished at least the 10th grade in school -- you still have time to join the current GED class, according to Mr. Henry Cowan, Educational Supervisor for the prison. But you'll have to hurry -- the class will close shortly after this magazine goes to press.

The GED class is a brush-up cram course intended to prepare applicants for the equivalency high school diploma examination, given here once each semester by Murray State College. Instruction includes mathematics, grammar, and social studies, and classes are held every weekday afternoon.

Anyone who is interested is urged to see Mr. Cowan at the school without delay.

PRISON'S SWIMMING POOL OPENS

The reservoir-turned-swimming pool on the KSP compound has been opened for the summer season, providing a welcome diversion for hundreds of inmates.

A large volunteer crew labored all one day last month to scrub the pool's walls and sides, clearing away the scum and plant life that had accumulated during the winter. When the fresh water came pouring in, large numbers of inmates changed to trunks and plunged in.

As far as is known, the pool is the only one in a maximum security prison in this country. A few medium and minimum-security prisons also have pools.

ROMAN CATHOLIC LARGEST DENOMINATION

The Christian religion is the world's largest with 904 million members, including 550 million Roman Catholics. Second is the Moslem religion, with 433 million and third, the Hindu, with 335 million members.

HONOR BAIL SYSTEM CITED

A new Chicago Municipal Court procedure which will release approximately 1,000 persons per day from jail to await trial in freedom was cited recently by Windy City penologists.

Attorney Morris J. Wexler, president of the John Howard Assn., a penal welfare group, when commenting on the long overdue plan said, "This is tremendous progress. It will assist in both reducing jail congestion and costs."

Also commenting on the plan was Chief Justice Augustine J. Bowe of the Chicago Municipal Court, who said the program would enable qualified persons accused of misdemeanors such as disorderly conduct to be released on their own individual recognition bond rather than putting up a cash bond.

"The Cook County Jail and the House of Correction are jammed these days by individuals who do not have money to post bond or to pay bondsmen.

"Under this plan," the judge continued, "when a man appears before one of our judges or referees he'll first be interviewed by an assistant public defender or a volunteer law student."

Justice Bowe further stated, "The purpose will be to determine if the accused is stable enough to keep a promise and return to court."

In summing up, the magistrate pointed out, "Court cases are continued for many reasons, and this program will help many unfortunate people.

"Suggested by the Vera Foundation in New York City, this program has been in operation in that state for the past year. I have been informed by Jack Johnson, Warden of Cook County Jail, that it presently costs \$28.00 to process one inmate through the jail for one night; in all cases this need not be."

COURT OF APPEALS UPDATES INSANITY LAW

The Kentucky Court of Appeals last month revised the traditional test for legal insanity in criminal cases, according to an AP story in the LOUISVILLE TIMES.

The old ruling -- that a defendant may be acquitted if judged incapable of knowing right from wrong -- has been challenged repeatedly in recent years by legal authorities.

The new test specifies that a defendant may be acquitted as insane if, because of mental disease or defect, he was unable to appreciate the criminal nature of his act or, appreciating its criminal nature, he did not have the capacity to "conform his conduct to the requirements of the law" at the time the criminal act was committed.

Two of the court's seven judges protested the decision, said the TIMES story.

PARDON FOR TRUSTY WHO HALTED ESCAPE

George Collins, a trusty who was "working off" a \$5000 fine in the McCracken County (Paducah) jail, was pardoned by Governor Bert Combs after he broke up an attempted jailbreak last month.

Collins had already served four years in the jail and would not have been eligible for release until 1967.

The trusty broke up the escape attempt by grabbing a pistol from an office desk and forcing nine prisoners back into their cells.

Just a year before, Collins was credited with persuading another group of escapees to spare a jailor's life.

Half the things that people do not succeed in are through fear of making the attempt.

(James Northcot)

NEW ERA DAWNING IN PRISON EDUCATION

By W. Z. Carter, Director of Education,
Department of Welfare

A new era is dawning for the educational program at the Kentucky State Penitentiary. There is being launched a correctional and rehabilitation program for the inmates, the like of which has never been tried in this institution.

The reason for the project is to transform the Castle on the Cumberland from a mere detention place for men whose peers have condemned to confinement as retribution for crimes against society into a real correctional institution. Such a program has the approval of all the officials of the Department and the administration. It will involve participation of the Warden, Deputy Warden, Chaplains, the school people, the parole officers, and above all the residents of the penitentiary. With that team, most anything can be accomplished.

The school program is being expanded and, as in the free world, is of greater importance than ever before. It has become mandatory for citizens now to have more academic and technical training in order to secure jobs. Gainful employment is necessary to provide the financial security required for a full life with social well being and fit-in-ness.

Our educational expansion to fit in this overall program consists of a woodwork and upholstering shop where more emphasis is being placed on training and the development of skills rather than on production. Mr. Hillyard not only acts as a security official but also as foreman. The barber school we hope will soon be recognized by outside accrediting agencies as a training school for accomplished tradesmen in that field. One school completely new in the penitentiary is that of structural masonry, under the direct supervision of Mr. William Egbert, the vocational instructor. The laboratory for this is a concrete slab recently poured between the academic educational building and the canning factory, where walls and corners

are being built and torn down, only to have better ones built the following day. It is also anticipated that other trade schools will be opened under the direction of Mr. Cowan as facilities are made available and the overall rehabilitation program demands.

ONE ENDURANCE RECORD NOBODY WANTS -- SIXTY TWO YEARS IN PENITENTIARY

In a recent news item, the OP NEWS of the Ohio Prison at Columbus stated that Lorenzo Roach, an inmate there, could probably claim the record for length of time served without a break. Roach has been in the Ohio Penitentiary for 50 years.

Then another Ohio institution challenged Roach's claim with the case of Martin Dalton, who has been confined for 62 consecutive years. Dalton, said that institution's magazine, went 21 years without receiving a letter, 61 years without a visit.

Ironically, the name of the prison of which Dalton is an inmate is the Marion Correctional Institution.

HIGH TENSION WIRE STRUNG ATOP CELLHOUSE

Cellhouse Three, an old hewn-stone building more than four stories high, is getting an unusual addition to its upper levels. The addition is more practical than decorative, however -- it consists of several strands of electric wire.

The wire is to prevent further escape attempts at that point. In recent months Cellhouse Three has been scaled twice, once by two convicts who used a home-made rope and grappel to climb the building and make their getaway, and again by an inmate who scaled the sheer walls in broad daylight with only his hands and feet. He was captured on the other side.

The cellhouse, which was recently completely rebuilt on the inside, is used as a quarantine and isolation unit.

EDITORIAL

MEN WITH THE NAME PLAY THE GAME

Once upon a time, in the segregation cellblock of one of the country's oldest and "hardest" prisons, there lived a group of men who had the reputation of being incorrigible; hardened criminals. Most of them were there because they had taken part in a vicious riot a few years before. Some of them had mutilated themselves by cutting the large Achilles tendon that runs down the leg to the heel. All of them, since being placed in the "lockup," had taken part in disturbances, hunger strikes, and other forms of protest.

Then a new prison was built and a new warden spoke to the incorrigibles on the week before they were to be transferred preparatory to tearing the old institution down. Every man in the segregation unit, he said, would be given a chance to begin anew in the new prison, they were to be placed on the yard with the other inmates, and they were to grow up and act like men.

Oddly enough, that's just what happened. Given a new image of themselves, given trust, this "hard core" of ringleaders assumed the responsibility for their own behavior and proved to be generally better behaved than the rest of the inmate population over the years that followed. Some of them went to the prison's honor farm. Two of them were eventually named "Prisoner of the Year." Only one or two had finally to be locked up again.

Our lead article this month, which starts on the following page, tells of another prison in which convicts were given a new reputation to live up to, and how the experiment has succeeded. The moral is that humans generally behave as they are expected to behave, and prisoners are no exception. Perhaps this is one reason why the typical American prison, which provides a ready-made, romantic-if-sordid picture of the convict to which he feels he must live up, has failed.

NO LOCKS IN THIS PRISON!

Condensed From The

By ALBERT Q. MAISEL

CHRISTIAN HERALD

Forty miles from Los Angeles a dusty country road winds through a tall gate toward a three acre greensward. This billiard table of a lawn is shown in none of the guidebooks, yet at sunrise every Saturday in the year a mile-long cavalcade of cars begins to line up outside the gate. The magnet that draws each of the hundreds in these cars is the chance to have a family picnic with a man who has worked another week off his sentence in Chino, one of the most unusual prisons in the country.

At 11 o'clock the gate is opened and the public address system calls the men in every dormitory: "Visitors for Mr. Jack Jones." "Mr. Jim Smith, your wife is here, with the baby." When Mr. Jones or Mr. Smith appears in the unbarred reception hall, he may be dressed in blue jeans or a well-tailored sack suit. One thing is certain: he won't be wearing prison garb. Off the family goes toward the picnic grove.

If it hadn't been for Superintendent Kenyon J. Scudder, the California Institution for Men at Chino--a penitentiary without stone walls, guns or iron bars--would have been as grim as our older jails, filled with embittered convicts. The legislature had ordered Chino built as a "farm-type institution for prisoners capable of moral rehabilitation," but the State Board instead began to use its appropriations to construct another bastille with a ten-foot wall, tall gun towers and a three-tiered cellblock.

Then a riot occurred at San Quentin. An investigation revealed a reign of terror

in the prison, and a state penal system rotten with graft, sadism and abuse, second from the bottom in the national rating. Governor Culbert Olsen appointed a new Prison Board to clean house, headed by Judge Isaac Pacht. And Judge Pacht late in 1940 turned to Ken Scudder, who had served California for 26 years as a vocational director and reform school superintendent.

Most of Scudder's previous attempts to introduce new methods had been blocked by prejudice or politics, and he had accepted the coveted job of warden at the new Federal Reformatory in Chillicothe, Ohio. To get him to take over at Chino, the judge promised to back him in building a prison where coercion would be at a minimum and where convicts would be rehabilitated as well as punished.

Neither man had any illusions. If the scheme worked, it would shatter all traditions. If it failed, both men would go under along with their dream of a new type of prison.

For his staff, Scudder would have none of the old-time "bulls." He fought for higher pay to attract men who could teach prisoners as well as guard them. To by-pass political patronage he talked the State Personnel Board into running a competitive examination--for which he wrote most of the questions himself. Of the 50 supervisors he finally accepted, all but five had had two years or more of college training.

Up at San Quentin, Scudder interviewed hundreds of prisoners. He didn't care

What crimes they had been convicted of. He tagged those who seemed to sense the opportunity the new institution offered them to win back self-respect.

One July morning in 1941 an ordinary passenger bus drove into the outer yard at San Quentin. Behind the big gates 34 prisoners huddled: burglars, sex criminals, assault cases, forgers and two murderers. The guards at San Quentin sneered at the bus's unbarred windows. When they found that Scudder had brought no handcuffs or guns, one guard said, "I'll bet you'll lose the whole load."

But on that 500-mile trip nobody made the slightest move toward a break. When they stopped for gas, Scudder let the convicts out four at a time to go to the lavatory. He let them out again to pick up box lunches and pop. When the bus reached Chino, all 34 passengers were on board. The men had proved -- as nearly 12,000 more have proved since -- that Scudder was right when he insisted: "Prisoners are people; and most of them will earn your trust."

The men were told that at Chino the disgrace of conviction and incarceration were considered to be punishment enough, and that each one was to be given ever-increasing responsibility until he had earned freedom.

Letting escape remain easy is a key policy. As new drafts come in, Scudder often points out the barbed wire on the fence: "If you try to bang out of here, it will be a cinch. Just throw your jacket over the barbs and you won't even scratch yourself. I know that's a temptation, but when you leave here a free man you're going to face a lot of temptations. Unless you keep in practice now, you'll give in. And then you'll be in stir again."

In most prisons, officials cultivate stool pigeons to bring in news of plans for a break, but Scudder discarded such tactics. "We don't like squealers," he tells his charges. "If you think a man may be planning to escape, just work on him yourself. Convince him that he'll

betray your interests as well as his own."

Eighty percent of all men sent to prison have no skills they can offer an employer. When they go on parole they are condemned to the poorest jobs, and thus are tempted to revert to crime. At Chino, for four hours each day, men without skills are taught plastering, bricklaying, welding, farming or their choice of 30 other trades. So long as the men make steady progress, these classes count as half their regular 40-hour-a-week prison jobs.

A month before each prisoner goes on parole he enters Redwood Hall, another Scudder innovation. Here he learns to live and act like a free man. In the evenings he meets with policemen, sheriffs and parole officers in long talk sessions, to break down his resentment against them. He has sessions with a woman psychologist in the reactions to be expected from his wife and children in the first weeks at home--children who may regard him as an intruding stranger. After having eaten for years from a steel tray he might be ashamed to enter a decent restaurant, and might drift into the first bar where his manners wouldn't be questioned. So, for his last three evening meals at Chino he is invited to the staff dining room. At the first dinner, he will stare wide-eyed at tablecloths, polished silver, glasses and napkins. The second night he will be more relaxed. By the third night the strangeness will be gone completely.

Today, nearly 12 years after Ken Scudder threw away the rule book, Chino stands out as an unqualified success. Even Scudder did not believe that more than six percent of the convicts in California's prisons would be eligible for his wall-less institution. But today one-third qualify for minimum-security custody. Chino has never had a riot. From 1941 to 1945, it lost a little over four percent of its population through escapes. In recent years runaways have averaged less than two percent. One fifth of the men released from tradi-

tional prisons have to be jailed again for parole violations. At Chino the return rate is less than half the average elsewhere.

California applied the idea of a wall-less prison at its Institution for Women at Tehachapi; so has the Federal Bureau of Prisons at its new Correctional Institution at Seagoville, Texas; and so has New York State, at Wallkill. But most of America's 200,000 convicts -- first offenders as well as hardened repeaters -- are still behind bars in high walled, gun-guarded bastilles.

And the most effective of Scudder's maverick ideas remain unique to Chino. Nowhere else in the United States do convicts mingle as freely with their families on visiting days. The usual practice elsewhere is to restrict visits to one or two half-hour sessions a month; screens separate the convicts from their wives; children are often not admitted.

In his first year at Chino, even Scudder hesitated at breaking with this tradition. Yet as he studied the families who came to visit he was impressed. And prisoners who had visitors, he noted, behaved better than those who didn't. So he got a gang of prisoner volunteers, working after hours, to plant a lawn at the end of the administration building. Around its sun-baked edges they erected a shady pergola, with picnic tables and chairs. They set up a canteen, and a hobby shop to sell inmates' handicraft. And they built Chino's only bars -- the bars in gaily colored playpens for visiting babies.

When wives and children flocked in, there were misgivings even among Scudder's supporters. The slightest untoward incident would endanger the entire Chino experiment. But 12 years of experience and half a million individual visits have dispelled the dread. The visits have become the most important rehabilitation feature of Scudder's program. Typical were the words of a convict who had served six years at San Quentin before his transfer. "I've been

here five months," he said, "and I've already seen my wife more than I would have in 17 years at Quentin. I'd never seen my kid before, and he's nearly six. My wife had to drag him here the first time, but now he calls me 'Pop' and talks about 'when you come home.'"

"Don't let anyone kid you," said another. "It's punishment still. But a man can take it, a week at a time. It's the long stretch that makes you want to kill a guard. They'll never have a riot here -- unless they try to cut out those weekend visits."

Possibly even more important than its effect on the prisoners is the meaning of the picnic grounds to those who come from outside. "I got so I could hardly force myself to go to Quentin," one young wife told me. "All Harry would say was 'Divorce me, I'm no good.' But since he's been here, it's a different world. He makes plans and I'm in them."

As Scudder puts it: "Our prisoners will someday return to the communities from which they came. If we treat them the old way, they'll return embittered against society. If we trust them, teach them and preserve their family ties, no man need ever be given up as lost.

-- Via THE HARBINGER

BIGGER AND BETTER -- OR JUST OVERCROWDED?

According to world education statistics the United States has 7,392,100 more students than the U.S.S.R., but the Soviet Union has 84 more colleges and universities and 117,835 more schools than the U.S.

CRIMINAL:

A person with predatory instincts who has not sufficient capital to form a corporation.



MANUEL ORTEGA

A Short Story By

Lawrence Snow

Manuel Ortega had never seen Matamoros, Mexico. He had never set foot in Juarez, Mexicali or Tijuana, either. In his entire life, he had not once been more than a mile or two from the city of his birth, which was called San Miguel and which was, like those other bustling, hustling border towns, situated only a peso's toss from the United States of America. Yet if you were to whisk Manuel from the streets of San Miguel and set him down again in any one of the places I have named, he would have been thoroughly at home. For Manuel was as expert a thief, beggar and pimp as any boy of ten could be expected to be.

Like most other street urchins, Manuel had another important talent. Almost by instinct, he knew everything he needed to know about you. He knew if you were a thief, a hustler, a phony, or just another gavacho from north of the border, come to find release from the morality of his own civic minded group in the ubiquitous night clubs, curio shops, brothels, cribs and gaming tables of San Miguel. He knew your character and your desires and your deepest secrets with the first glance of his wide, dark eyes. It is an uncomfortable thing to most of us to know that we are being read so easily, and perhaps this is why most visitors to Mexican border towns hate the street urchins on sight.

But there is one more thing you need to know about Manuel Ortega. That is that the characters and desires and secrets of the gavachos meant nothing to him be-

yond their immediate usefulness. To Manuel, the tourists and other visitors to his town were unreal, just as faces on a movie screen are unreal. He could read them and use them and then forget them, for people who are not real to us cannot be on our conscience. Born in a whirlpool of clashing cultural tides, born to poverty and the need for shrewdness and cunning, Manuel had no way to bridge the gap between his way of life and ours.

But that was before Mary Overstreet.

It was a Sunday. A hot Sunday, like most days in San Miguel. It would have been a hot, lazy Sunday, except this was bullfight Sunday and San Miguel was alive with people and cars. The parking areas near the Plaza de Toros were filled to capacity. The main streets of San Miguel were also jammed with cars. For the late arrivals, like Mary Overstreet, this left only the side streets, which are highly undesirable places to leave a car night or day.

Perhaps a dozen children of the street, Manuel among them, swarmed to Mary's car as she parked it. "Watch you car, Lady?" they begged. "Watch you car for a dime?"

Mary put a coin in the nearest hand. It was an unfortunate choice. The boy who owned the hand was out of favor with the gang, only just tolerated by them.

They turned on him quickly and savagely, kicking him, beating him, and taking the

coin. He was bleeding and gasping for breath when they finished, and he started to walk away, holding his stomach with his hands.

Mary stepped from the car. "Espedite, nino," she said. "Wait, child." Her Spanish was effortless and colloquial in accent.

The beaten boy turned and waited for her, but his eyes were full of terror and pleading. "Please, lady," he said. "It's not important."

Mary hesitated for a second. "All right," she said, and the boy turned to go. Then to the others, she said calmly, "I'll give you all a nickle now. When I come back, if you have watched the car well, I'll give you another nickle." And, without locking the car, she distributed the coins and left.

As soon as she turned a corner, the boys looted her car.

It was a long time before Mary returned to the car, and she seemed preoccupied and anxious when she did. Opening the door, she slid under the wheel without a glance at the open glove compartment and inserted the key in the ignition. Instead of driving away, she sat for a minute with her head bowed over the steering wheel, little worry lines leading away from eyes that were otherwise youthful and pretty. After a time she became aware that someone was standing just outside the car, waiting for her to look up.

"I'm sorry we beat the boy," Manuel said quietly. He lifted his hands to the car's window and handed her the valuables that had been stolen. "I'm sorry we stole these things."

Mary studied the little boy's face soberly. Then she deposited the stolen items on the seat and asked, "How did you get them back?"

"It was nothing," Manuel said. "I am their jefe, their chief." It was a lie, of course. Street children might recognize a leader to some extent, but not to the point of relinquishing loot to him. Mary didn't press the question.

"All right, child," she said. "Now tell me -- why did you bring them back?"

"I don't know," he replied. "Maybe because you're so pretty. Maybe because you look so sad. Who knows?" He used the polite "you," a form normally reserved for priests and policemen in this section of Mexico. "Maybe because you speak Spanish so well. I have never done it before."

There was more to it than that. Although Manuel couldn't have put it into words, Mary, of all the tourists he had seen in his young life, was the only one who had become real to him. For an instant during the transaction that preceded the looting, something in the manner of the girl had reached out to him, bridging the gap between poverty and comparative wealth, between insecurity and security, between cultures that were radically different. And for that instant, Mary and the boy had been two human beings together, rather than Anglo woman and Mexican street boy.

"How are you called?" Mary asked now, still speaking in her fluent Border Spanish.

When he told her, she said, "Manuel, would you do something for me? Would you give this coin to the boy you beat?"

Manuel took it and nodded, knowing that he would do as he said despite his contempt for the beaten boy. "And this," she said, "is for bringing my things back to me."

He studied the bill hungrily. Then he shook his head in refusal.

Mary nodded and returned the bill to her purse. "You have a mother, Manuel?"

"No," he said simply. He did, of course, but only in a technical sense. He would not recognize his mother if he saw her.

"Where do you live?"

He told her, blushing a little as he named the word.

"Do the girls there treat you well?"

"Oh, yes, they are nice ladies," he said, without any sense of the possible incongruity of the word. "They treat me well, except when they are busy."

Mary took the bill out of her purse again. "Manuel, if you won't take this for what you did, would you like to earn it? It would be helping me, you know."

"Is it about what has made you sad?" he asked, for he had noticed the anxiety in her young face.

"Yes."

"Then I will help you if I can, but you needn't pay me."

She stuffed the bill into his shirt. "You will help me and you will take the money because I want you to."

2.

He had gone to all the night clubs by this time, and to the gambling rooms and all the other places that a boy of ten should not have known about and yet must know about to survive in San Miguel. And finally, when he had tried everywhere else, he went to Tito's.

Of all the low places that catered to the erotic and twisted parts of the human makeup, Tito's was the lowest, at least in San Miguel. Here were made many of the most perverted photographs and movies that were hawked on the streets under covering trays of cheap jewelry. Here could be satisfied any appetite the human animal might have, no matter how warped. And this was why Manuel had saved it for the last.

It was not easy to see Tito, and when he was in the presence of the proprietor of this unsavory business, Manuel found Tito stoned, far gone on the marijuana that was his only personal vice. He smoked it in a pipe, Tito did, rather than in the brown papers usually employed in the smoking of the hypnotic.

Manuel clowned for him a little and Tito rolled on the floor laughing, for the drug made everything hilarious to him. Then, when Tito had stopped laughing, Manuel asked him the question that he had put to everyone that day.

"Oh, yes, there was such a man here," Tito said instantly. "He was stoned too, only on lush, on liquor. But he didn't buy anything but the lush, so we got rid of him."

"Where did he go?"

"Who knows? Ask the bartender."

The bartender didn't know, except that the man had gone toward the Rio Grande, in which direction lay nothing but a few shacks and a lot of trouble for a gavacho who looked as if he might have money left in his pockets. How long had it been? Oh, perhaps ten minutes, perhaps twenty. Who knows?

And it was at the river that Manuel found Mary Overstreet's husband. Miraculously, he was unharmed and unrobbed, and he stood quietly on the bank, looking across the river toward the United States.

"It is much too shallow for that," Manuel said quietly, knowing as usual what this particular tourist had in mind.

The man was not surprised. "It is, isn't it?" he said, and there was only the slightest trace in his voice of the alcohol he had consumed. "Did my wife send you?"

"Yes. She loves you."

"And I her, child," the man said. "What is your name?"

"Manuel Ortega."

"Well, Manuel Ortega," he went on. "I love her too, you see. But you tell her to go on home, because I love her. Do you understand what I am saying?"

"No, I don't understand. If she loves you and goes home without you, that would not be good, would it?"

"It would be for the best if she would, Manuel Ortega."

"No, it would be worse. Because then she would miss you and she would feel bad because she let you go when you still loved her, and she is the kind of lady who would feel very, very bad about something like that."

Overstreet laughed heartily, albeit somewhat drunkenly, and put his hand on Manuel's head. "You know her pretty well, don't you, child?"

"So do you, because you love her. Will you go back with me?"

The man studied the boy for a long time. The laughter left his face as the drunkenness left his brain and finally he said: "Yes, I'll go back. Because you're right, you know, Manuel Ortega. She is that kind of woman." And so, that simply, Manuel accomplished his errand.

Manuel never learned whether the Overstreets solved whatever immediate problems they had, for he never saw them again. Nor did it occur to him that they might have lived happily ever after because of his simple part in their lives. He could not read, so he had no way of knowing that some people, in fiction at least, could possibly "Live happily ever after."

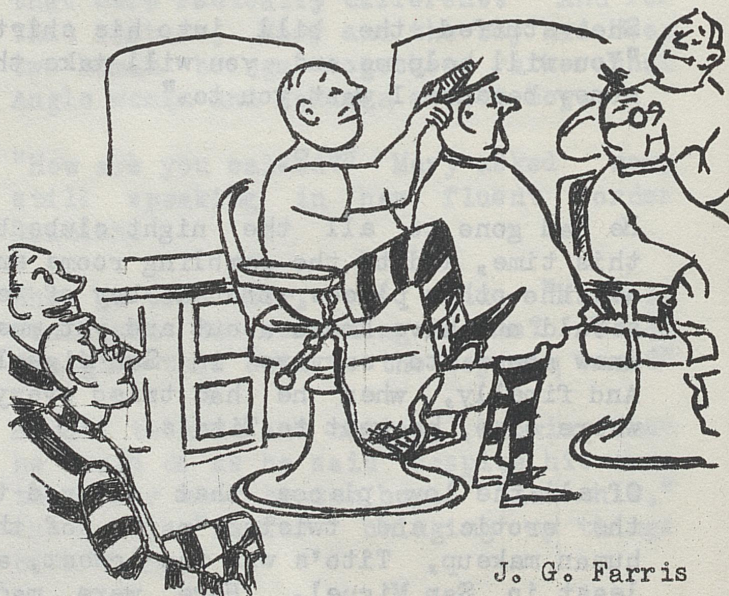
Nor did he stop running with the street gang, except temporarily. For a time, for a week or more, he lived carefully and frugally, hoarding the bill that

Mary had given him, staying off the streets whenever possible to avoid his old friends. But eventually they came to see him, inquiring whether he was sick and why he didn't come out on their forays any more, and he went back to them. How else could it have been?

But, for a period of months, Manuel lived with a dream. He dreamed of growing up and, with money saved here and there from his activities on the streets of San Miguel, leaving the border town behind. He dreamed of doing whatever it was that gavachos did for a living, and perhaps even meeting a Mary of his own someday.

And then, gradually, the dream and the memory faded, and Manuel was once again just another street urchin, soliciting trade for the girls with whom he lived, looting cars and snatching purses and rolling the sailors who passed out in the alleys from the cheap liquor they drank in the clubs, just as always.

How else could it have been?



J. G. Farris

"Most independent barber I ever saw."

(Adapted from a cartoon in the

SATURDAY EVENING POST.)

I SAW 300 DIE

By John Sheehy

Former Chief Warden

Sing Sing Prison

It is Thursday, the end of the world. The prisoner has been convicted of first degree murder. The sentence ... "You shall be put to death in the manner prescribed by law."

As principal keeper of Sing Sing I arrive at the death house early, remove the prisoner from his cell and allow him his last handshakes.

Then I escort him to a cell facing the anteroom of the execution chamber. Then at 10 o'clock I take him for a shave, a haircut and a bath.

SOME LAST MEAL REQUESTS BIZARRE

Later I give him pencil and paper to compose his own menu. The prisoner now is allowed any meal he desires.

For his last meal he prefers sirloin steak smothered in onions.

Sometimes he has a bizarre request.

One man ordered a dozen roses. I later found out they were for his mother. Another wanted whiskey. His request was refused.

The prisoner spends the remainder of the afternoon receiving visitors.

At 9 P. M. I separate him from his hysterical mother, his tear-stained wife. It is now the chaplain's turn to try and comfort him.

The radio speakers are silent tonight. The condemned man only hears whispered prayers and the ticking of the clock. A special wire to the Governor's office has been kept open all day. At ten minutes to eleven the wire is switched off. No one can save him now.

At eleven I enter the cell, accompanied

by four guards. The prisoner rises. A guard bends down, scissors in hand, and cuts the right trousers leg.

I lead the prisoner out of his cell. He usually tries to pull ahead of me to get it over with as soon as possible.

We march through the narrow corridor, flanked by guards and led by the chaplain. The "Last Mile" takes less than a minute, and usually occurs without incident.

There have been exceptions. One man insisted on wearing a white business shirt. Another begged to walk to the chair on his hands. Both requests were denied.

COURT OFFICIALS SELDOM ATTEND

A door opens and we are in the execution chamber. On one side of the room sit the witnesses and reporters. Invitations have been sent to the condemned man's district attorney, judge and sheriff, but they are rarely accepted. The prisoner is seated in the old oak chair. Each guard carries out his appointed task. One is responsible for the arms, another for the ankles, another for the torso. The fourth adjusts the electrode to the right leg.

I walk to the rear of the chair and, standing on a rubber mat, adjust the hood over his head. He looks at me, pleading for a few extra seconds of life.

I allow him time to give his last message.

Sometimes they are words of contempt: "You dirty scum! You like to watch people die. Okay, I'll give you something to see you'll never forget!"

Sometimes they are words of bravado: "I

just want you people to know that I am not one bit afraid of this contraption. Not one bit! You'll need a lot of juice to shut me up!"

Sometimes they are words of resignation: "I ... I don't hold anything against anybody. I don't mind much, just as long as somebody takes care of my kids."

Some like to go out with a Hollywood touch. One gangster asked for a dust rag. The chair had previously been occupied by a dishonorable gang member. He wanted to clean it after a "rat" had sat in it.

Last-minute prayers are frequently made. But the most common remark is: "Well, I guess you know, here goes another innocent man to the chair."

I lower the hood over the head. The electrician examines the electrode, makes a final check of the mechanism and steps back to his instrument panel awaiting my signal.

The electrician watches for me to step off the rubber mat.

A spluttering drone breaks the silence. The condemned man lurches forward, as if to break his bonds. He actually feels no pain, since the current travels faster than the nerve impulse.

The drone becomes louder, more insistent. It reaches a crescendo as the condemned man's fingers tighten around the arms of the chair. The body slumps back and the droning ceases.

A doctor steps forward and listens for a few minutes. He backs away, nodding. "I pronounce this man dead!"

It is all over. This last act in the life of a murderer took less than three minutes. Multiply that scene, as I have, by 300 and you have some idea of what it is to spend 28 years as an official at Sing Sing.

-- Via the STRETCH

WHY DO WE COME BACK?

A friend of mine, a six-time loser, has spent more than a third of his life in Southern and Western prisons. Another, a four-time loser, served one of his terms in the federal system and has been in perhaps ten different penitentiaries on his four offenses. Yet another, who has also taken six falls in adult institutions, was twice in reform schools as a juvenile. Between us, we can swap tales and legends of such widely separated institutions as San Quentin and Kilby, Alcatraz and Raiford, Jackson and Santa Fe, Reidsville and Leavenworth. But we have nothing beyond that to show for our years.

Why do we come back?

We've asked one another that question, many times. We've arrived at no single answer, except perhaps that there is no single answer. Nevertheless a pattern, however vaguely drawn, exists in our responses. For what it's worth, here it is:

THE QUIRK AND GROUP VALUES. Call it emotional instability, call it the death wish, or simply call it the Quirk, it's there. The recidivist, the chronic, compulsive offender, is born or made -- who knows which? -- with the kind of defects that make the derelict, the alcoholic, the professional private, the goofball and the congenital failure. The Quirk, intensified and hardened by the values and the hatreds and the loyalties of the criminal or convict group, is directed and channeled by the training in crime readily available in every street gang, reform school and penitentiary in the land. On this we all agree. Yet it's only a part of the pattern.

WHAT'S TO LOSE? After the first excursion up the river, almost nothing. Those intangibles that are precious to the average citizen, which serve him as a stronger incentive to obey the law than the threat of prison -- such things as reputation, status, social approval,

and the time and effort invested in a career or trade -- we have lost or never had at all. Nor can they be regained in full, ever, except as they are replaced by status and reputation within the social group of prison. Even money is in a sense meaningless.

WHAT'S TO GAIN? If the standards of a normal society no longer have any meaning, then community rejection is not to be feared. In fact, social rejection of the ex-convict is something that seems to be worried over by the sociologist more than by the ex-convict. The overlooked point is that a normal society cannot extend acceptance, at least not full acceptance, to the ex-convict. Even if he does not subscribe to convict values and attitudes, his prison experience has made him a person apart, or at least made him feel that he is a person apart, which is the same thing. He does not miss the prison as such -- he's damned glad to be away from it. But, whether he realizes it or not, he does miss the close and intimate associations formed in prison, and the free society can become a very lonely place. Soldiers returning to the community from combat are said to experience the same thing. But, with no war to return to (or rather, none of the close associations that war brought), he is absorbed gradually into the community. By the time another war comes along, his civilian habits are firmly fixed again. For the prisoner, however, there are any number of prisons to return to. Perhaps this is why so many released prisoners who return do so within a relatively short time -- before the civilian habits and attitudes have had a chance to become fixed. After a period of years in prison, the prison habits have almost completely replaced the civilian habits the prisoner formed as a child. These habits include not only the opportunity to associate closely with those who are in the same situation, but the almost complete freedom from responsibility and the ability to fall easily into the monotonous groove of incarceration, even to prefer it to any other kind of life. Thus a truly vicious circle is established. The convict, hating the prison

itself, finds it hard to do without the environment the prison provides. Again, compare the prisoner with the career private so often found in the service.

HOW TO BREAK AWAY? If there is little incentive to break away from the circle, there is also not a great deal of opportunity. This, by the way, should be taken as a statement of fact, not as a complaint or a wail. But the truth is that in most cases the inmate goes into the free world on his release with no funds and few skills in trades from which he is not almost automatically barred by his criminal background and his broken employment record. With severe financial and employment handicaps, with the ingrained, prison-learned hatreds and attitudes and loyalties and criminal skills, with a distinct and real social handicap, and yet with ambitions and desires that are not consistent with his saleable skills, the ex-convict finds it extremely difficult to break away.

Little wonder that the experienced prisoner, confronted with the innocent, downy cheeks of the neophyte convict, seeing the youngster absorbing as only a youngster can the convict outlook and attitude, watching him soak up as if by osmosis the criminal skills pooled by a thousand or more recidivists, smiles cynically and walks away when the first offender says, as first offenders do, "Yes, this is my first fall -- and my last one!"

-- The Editor

THE NAME'S THE THING

MOLLY: How did you stop your husband from staying out late at night?

MABLE: When he came in late, I called out, "Is that you, Jack?"

MOLLY: How did that stop him?

MABLE: My husband's name is Harry.

EXCHANGE PAGE

By Harold Arnold

PARK WORK CAMPS IN KANSAS MAKE FOR GOOD PUBLIC RELATIONS -- Via THE HARBINGER

The possibility that a park work camp, which employs inmates from Kansas penal institutions, may be moved away from Tuttle Creek, Kansas, is disturbing to residents of that community, who say they have found the inmates not only good neighbors, but fine workers as well. The work camp is one of several in Kansas.

According to the HARBINGER, inmates of the camp recently engaged in an intensive search for a drowning victim in a nearby reservoir. This and other such incidents have cemented relations with the townspeople.

PENDLETON REFORMATORY INMATES GIVE FREELY TO "DAUGHTER" -- Via THE REFLECTOR

Inmates of the State Reformatory at Pendleton, Indiana, like many other convict groups across the nation, have a "daughter" -- Hwang Jung Sook, a girl assigned to them as their foster child whom they have pledged to support.

Last month a call for volunteer support for the little girl resulted in a donation of more than \$180, the amount necessary to keep the girl as the prisoners' foster daughter, within the first few hours.

KILBY INMATES INVENT SECOND BLOOD DRAWING MACHINE -- Via the KILBY SUN

Larry Linton, who recently invented a "Hemolator" to be used in drawing off blood plasma, teamed up last month with Robert Mathus, also an inmate of Alabama's Kilby Prison, to invent the "Hemovac," also used in the drawing of plasma.

The Hemolator is already in use at Kilby's Plasma Center, but it may be replaced by the Hemovac. Both machines agitate the collected blood and draw it by a vacuum process.

Two laboratories are interested in the machine, and plans have been made for manufacture of the Hemovac on a mass production basis. Patent arrangements are being made.

LAWYER SEES NO GOOD IN NEW JAIL -- Via the WEEKLY PROGRESS

Attorney Chester A. Ray of Allegan, Michigan gave an unusual dedicatory address for the county's new \$458,000 jail.

"We are here to celebrate progress," he said, "... but it's hard for me to see how building a better jail represents progress.

Saying he tried to think of something good to say about a jail, but couldn't Ray said he preferred to think it might be better to concentrate on mending broken homes and reducing school dropouts instead of building better jails. "Heart disease and cancer are the major causes of death in our country and we spend millions to combat them. But alcoholism is the No. 3 Killer and for its victims we build jails. We can never consider (a jail) a success until we can point to it and say, 'It's empty now and no longer needed.'"

TALL TALES

BY FLOYD "DAGO" RIIS

James McKinney, the Big Chief, has returned from the Island in the Bay, and the years have wrought a mighty change in Old Chief. I wish there were more in here like you, Jim.

David "Smitty" Smith has caused considerable gossip and speculation since his recent arrival from LaGrange. This young hairless man lives in the past -- always telling tales about him and some man at Coney Island. Finally I awakened to the fact that Coney Island is in actuality LaGrange.

I'll bet you can't get Buttons Nevitt to tell you what sort of answer he received from Cheatum when Buttons tried to bum Cheatum out of his half-smoked stogie. I wonder why Roy Love always disappears on Easter. Seems a friend of Roy's told him rabbits were hunted on Easter. Don't you worry, Roy-Boy, no one wants a baldheaded rabbit for an Easter present.

I wish I knew where Billy "Britches" Houtchins and James Calvert learned to brew such a potent pot of coffee. I believe they've stolen my Brazilian recipe. Since Frank Brown made parole you can't buy hair oil, talcum and such cosmetics at the store. Could be Franks wants to pretty up for the girls outside -- but Frankie, you should at least let us shave.

Dickie Ray Brandenburg really knows the ponies. He picked a Derby winner days ahead of the race, but to this day that

old plug of his has never been sighted. Black Eyes, I tried awfully hard, but I just can't drop him in that deep; he'd never live it down.

E. J. Fugate is undoubtedly the biggest crybaby in the joint. He's always complaining about his ill fortune, holding old Dame Fortune responsible for all his troubles -- and man, has he got troubles! The only thing he never complains about is the rent or his board bill.

I wish there was some way I could get David Brewer to shut up all that talk about Hazard and his dad's store, for, David, you've already convinced me it's a wonderful place to live and I'll go there if I can be sure there's a watch-repair stand in the store. Then I'll gladly forget all about Chicago and the state of Illinois.

If any of you fellows have attended law school, please give Earl Hatcher a few pointers. Earl has decided he wasn't supposed to have ten years. Well, Earl, you've got a hard battle on your hands, for John Law is rough. I went out front the other day to chat with a Dr. Wynsockie, who has some big wordy title but to you and me is the nut doctor. I was a bit afraid I might end up in Lakeland but to the best of my knowledge I'm still here, so maybe I'm not a nut. But I do wish he'd tell us nuts if we're nuts.

Tune 1290 for CLOSED WORLD, broadcast from Eddyville Prison on WCBL.

DEPARTMENT REPORTS

GARMENT FACTORY - DAVE "SHOTGUN" SMITH

In the month just past we finished all of our orders for the period, but we expect to get some small orders through the end of this fiscal year. During the past year we have made 15,530 blue chambray shirts, 10,160 pairs of blue denim pants and 11,728 pairs of shorts. All of these items went to other state institutions -- the Reformatory at LaGrange, Eastern State Hospital, Kentucky State Hospital, Central State Hospital, and the Kentucky Children's Home to name a few. There are some 98 men working in the garment factory and knitting mill and the items just named are just a small part of all the items that are made here, so you can see our boys do a lot of work. They do a good job, too.

Kenneth Cox, Calvin "Pumphandle" Grimes and Charles Taylor have gone home.

I wonder why Lester "Bootsie" Booth is afraid to go into the dining room with me on Saturdays. What's wrong with him, Dike?

Charles Dobbins has gone to work in the stockroom with James Gee. It seems Gee got lonesome working by himself and had to have someone to talk to.

Ed Willis, George "Pop" Gardner, Arlan Pence, James Tapp and Richard Combs have been assigned to us since last month's report.

James Green has gone to work on the new gymnasium. James Maye has entered the bricklaying school. Eddie White has left us for the farm. We're sorry to have lost these men. They were always fun to work with.

LAUNDRY BITS -- Buck Penn

It's that time of the month again, and I don't have too much that's new. But maybe some of this will be of interest to someone.

We just got through dying the guards' uniforms a lovely forest green, and it's a good thing for us there aren't many trees spread around the compound or we never would be able to see where a guard is standing.

The bus from the Flat Country was here again and brought a couple of our boys back. By the time this goes to press Ike and Chasteen will be back on their old jobs in the laundry. They told me they were really happy to be back to the old Castle. So B. Coley, it must not be as good as you say there in LaGrange, what with all the boys trying so hard to come back home. Your job on the press is waiting for you, so hurry back.

If you've noticed a lot of commotion around here, it's just the paint detail giving our laundry a little face lifting.

I finally took a hint and bought a coffee pot for the stand up here. We're going first class all the way. (But I still hate to spend money; I'm almost broke buying Dago cigars.)

Notice to the men in the laundry -- If you'll give me a pack a week, I'll help you keep your clothes straight. Seems some of us lose our own bags. Huh, Bud? Or is it just age?

Gilbert Gooch is really a first-class dye man, but he only showed the Man the pants. I wonder why? It really is a job to turn cloth gray with black dye.

Well, kids, I hear someone yelling for coffee, so I gotta go.

SCHOOL DAZE - Bill Wise & D. Trodglen

As the time for testing in the GED high school refresher course draws near, all men enrolled in the class have these questions on their mind: What will the test be like? Will I pass it?

The teachers and the supervisors of the school have done all that they can to help these men, and wish them good luck. Now it is the job of each man to do the passing. So our good wishes go out to each of the students when they take the tests.

The graduation awaited by the men who graduated from the eighth grade last semester will be held the 14th of June. Also at this time, ceremonies will be held for the men who are to graduate from the GED course with equivalency high school diplomas. Our congratulations to each of the graduates for their achievements. We hope to have an outside speaker for the graduation, and all of us, the teachers and the supervisors, wish you all much luck and success in the future.

Another semester has started for the 1st through 8th graders. May everyone pass this term. Another GED class will have begun by the time this is out, and we hope it's a full one.

The school has been in control of the vocational training courses for some time now, and most of the classes are in full swing. We can give thanks to Mr. Carter, the Director of Education for the Department of Welfare, Supervisor of Education Henry Cowan, and Mr. Egbert, Vocational Instructor at Eddyville. Only through their efforts have we been able to enjoy this addition to our educational program.

Another masonry class is due to begin in the near future. If you're interested -- and more interest has been shown in this course than in any other -- see Mr. Cowan at the school.

CABINET SHOP NEWS

The Educational Department Training Program is already in full swing in the Cabinet Shop, and we have several trainees already assigned to full time duty here. So far the results have been very satisfactory, and all concerned are well pleased with the program.

Under the new setup, we are repairing, refinishing, reupholstering, and building furniture for all State employees who desire to have such work done, provided they furnish the materials and pay a very nominal labor charge. Other interested parties can also obtain the same services, provided they meet the same conditions and pay a slightly higher labor charge.

Our upholstering department, headed by John Fields, is very busy lately. In fact, they are about snowed under since the new system went into effect. But one look at the work they turn out is reason enough to see why they have so much work, as their work is superb.

By the time this goes to press, the cabinet making department will be well in progress on a solid maple bedroom suite, the first to be made in some time, and we feel sure that it will be as fine as their work always is.

EFFICIENT BEATNIK

A beatnik stood on the corner snapping his fingers. Approached by a "Square" who had the gall to ask why, the beatnik answered:

"Man, it's to keep the wild animals away."

"But there are no wild animals around here."

"Well, man, like I'm doing a pretty good job, ain't I?"

SUBSCRIBE TO THE CASTLE; \$1 A YEAR.

NIGHTKEEPER'S REPORT 1886

EDITOR'S NOTE: "Nightkeeper's Report 1886" is taken from old records of the State Penitentiary at Jackson, Michigan, and is usually reprinted here from The Spectator. This month, however, in the absence of a regular Report, we are running the following tale, excerpted from the Spectator reports.

THE SAGA OF HANNIBAL THE BEAR

In the Michigan backwoods in the early 1880s, a lusty, brawling lumberjack killed a fellow worker with his double-bitted ax and was committed to the State Penitentiary at Jackson. In the years that followed, a legend grew up around the lumberjack, one that is still alive in prison literature today.

Hannibal the Bear -- real name buried somewhere in the prison records -- was an irrepressible troublemaker whose spirit lashings, chains, and bread-and-water diets could not break. Other inmates learned to respect and walk softly around the good-natured giant, for he loved a fight and on one occasion nearly incapacitated half the convicts on his range in one wild brawl.

But most of Hannibal's trouble had to do with his notable aversion to authority of any kind. In a prison where silence was the rule, his wild Indian war-whoops and his fog-horn voice broke the silence night after night, and he spent almost as much time in "The Tower" on bread and water as he did in his cell. During one unruly period, he lived for 60 days on the restricted diet, then, leaving the solitary confinement cell, he put away two loaves of bread, three serving-bowls of gravy and half a dozen bowls of coffee and, like the bear he was named for, hibernated around the clock in his regular cell. A few days later, he was back in trouble again.

Although the lash was liberally used in the Jackson Prison for the 1880s, using it on Hannibal the Bear was not always the easiest task in the world. Sentenced to stripes one night, he took the whip away from his guard and applied it to the backs of several officers, the phusician and everyone else who happened to be handy. The next night, however, when an even larger contingent of guards arrived to give him the lashes, he cheerfully submitted his bare back to the whip.

Such a difficult time did the Jackson authorities have with Hannibal that, in 1885, they offered to release him to a logging camp in the Upper Peninsula if he would only keep a clean record for thirty days. Hannibal promised to try.

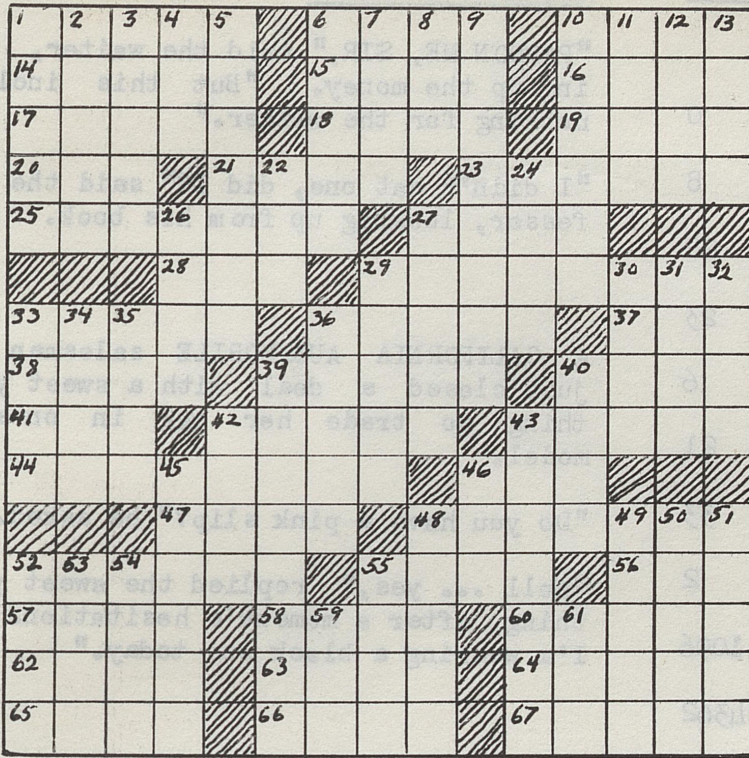
And, for almost half that period, Hannibal did manage to stay reasonably free from trouble. But, before two weeks were over, another brawl resulted in his being sentenced to the lash and another sixty days in solitary confinement.

Hannibal the Bear accepted the sentence -- and the loss of his opportunity for freedom -- with good-natured equanimity, says the prison record.

THE THREE ESSENTIALS OF HAPPINESS are something to do, something to love, and something to hope for.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By FRED CARDWELL



- 13. Sea eagles
- 22. Allied Expeditionary Force (Abbr.)
- 24. Macaw (Pl.)
- 26. Ego
- 27. Flavoring seed
- 29. Adjust
- 30. Pacific isle
- 31. Stove chamber
- 32. Rave
- 33. Mart
- 34. Story
- 35. Man's name
- 36. By oneself
- 39. In a cowardly manner
- 40. Storm
- 42. The one mentioned
- 43. Relate to
- 45. Maps
- 46. Fish
- 48. Sits
- 49. Wanderer
- 50. Stale
- 51. Glutted
- 52. Animal's stomach
- 53. Flower
- 54. Direction
- 55. Shape
- 59. Central Intelligence Agency (Abbr.)
- 61. Joanne _____, Actress

ACROSS

- 1. Sparse
- 6. Harvest
- 10. Wish
- 14. Dye
- 15. Idol
- 16. Winged
- 17. Brazilian Cockatoo
- 18. Singular person
- 19. Check
- 20. Rembrandt (Abbr.)
- 21. Water Conduit
- 23. Small drums
- 25. Flourish
- 27. Air (Prefix)
- 28. Tiny fairy
- 29. Michigan City (2 wds)
- 33. Trite
- 36. Mine entrance (Pl)
- 37. Girl's name
- 38. One of two
- 39. Style
- 40. Narrow valley
- 41. Palm leaf
- 42. Unusual use of a word
- 43. Color
- 44. Inclination
- 46. Set
- 47. Possess
- 48. Father & mother

- 52. Cause to be
- 55. Military post
- 56. Orange grower's assoc. (Abbr.)
- 57. Din
- 58. Army Officers (Abbr)
- 60. Own up to
- 62. Helper (Abbr)
- 63. Italian coin
- 64. Upset
- 65. Dampens
- 66. Sweet Potatoes
- 67. Bared

DOWN

- 1. Steep slope
- 2. Instrument to remove the middle
- 3. Davy Crockett's last stand
- 4. Neither
- 5. Tread on
- 6. Group of singers
- 7. Rennin (Abbr.)
- 8. Metal-bearing rock
- 9. Omens
- 10. Shelter
- 11. Bread spread
- 12. Two

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE

GALE	OLIVE	SITE
ADAM	LIVID	ENID
MINUTEMAN	CAGED	
ETE	HOPS	MELODY
DESIGN	CODED	
SOFAS	DOLLAR	OT
PRAYER	TIER	ONE
ISIS	ECHOS	OYEN
NOR	FARE	TAPERS
EN	REMARK	VERSE
CALEB	IVAN	
ACHILD	OSSES	PTA
ERIES	IMMATURED	
ERIE	CREEL	SALE
REND	CARAT	AMEN

KENTUCKY STATE PENITENTIARY STATISTICS
(May, 1963)

Escapes	0
Death Row	8
Admitted by Commitment	28
Transferred from KSR	23
Transferred to KSR	6
Released by Expiration	21
Released by Parole	33
Released by Death	2
Total Population	1096
High Number	24362
Low Number	5240

THE CASTLE LAUGHS

"PARDON ME, SIR," said the waiter, taking up the money. "But this includes nothing for the waiter."

"I didn't eat one, did I?" said the professor, looking up from his book.

A CALIFORNIA AUTOMOBILE salesman had just closed a deal with a sweet young thing to trade her car in on a new model.

"Do you have a pink slip?" he asked.

"Well ... yes," replied the sweet young thing, after a moment's hesitation. "But I'm wearing a black one today."

SIGN SEEN on a door of a Dallas animal hospital "If after hours, please growl."

MOVIES FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS

June 14	NO MAN IS AN ISLAND Jeffrey Hunter and Barbara Perez: Drama
June 21	BOY'S NIGHT OUT Kim Novack & Barbara Perez Drama
June 28	TWO WEEKS IN ANOTHER TOWN Kirk Douglas & Edward G. Robinson: Drama
July 5	UNCONFIRMED AT PRESSTIME

THE FATHER decided not to inform his little son of the impending arrival of the stork, but as the months progressed, the secret grew more difficult to conceal. Finally, the father felt he had to break the news to his son.

"The stork has been flying over our house," he explained delicately, "and he's going to swoop down very soon!"

"I hope he doesn't scare Mommy," replied the lad. "She's pregnant, you know."

TWO SMALL FRY were discussing their experiences in the children's ward of a hospital.

"Are you medical or surgical?" one asked.

"What do you mean?" asked the other.

"Well, were you sick when you came, or did they make you sick after you got here?" responded the first.

CLOSED WORLD BROADCASTS:

Sunday, June 16, Sunday June 30, and Sunday, July 14. All broadcasts at 2:00 PM on Radio Station WCBL, 1290 kc, Benton, Kentucky.

Don't miss these half-hour broadcasts of music and interviews brought to you from Eddyville Prison.