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 E S C A P E 

PAGE 7

Castle ON THE
Cumberland

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY

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FROM THE MAIL BAG

Lions Eye Bank
101 W. Chestnut St.
Louisville 2, Kentucky

LIONS
Eye Foundation

Lions Eye Clinic
323 E. Chestnut St.
Louisville 2, Kentucky

April 25, 1962

Mr. Lawrence Snow, Editor
Castle on the Cumberland
Kentucky State Penitentiary
Eddyville, Kentucky

Dear Mr. Snow:

Thanks so much for your April 5th letter and the 24 additional signed pledge cards. I also appreciate the copy of your magazine and the cover publicity as well as the story you ran on page 19.

On behalf of the Kentucky Lions Eye Foundation, I want to thank you and John Brown, Jr. and all the others there who have shown interest for the eye pledge cards you have had signed and for promoting our very worthwhile project.

Under separate cover we are mailing you an additional supply of cards with several posters. Included with this letter is a copy of our latest Eye Bank Progress Report which will bring you up to date on what has been accomplished by the Kentucky Lions Eye Bank, since it was organized $4\frac{1}{2}$ years ago.

I'll write John Brown to thank him personally for his support of the Eye Bank.

Thanks again for helping us secure our organization's life line -- signed eye pledge cards.

Congratulations on doing such a fine job as Editor of your magazine.

Sincerely yours,

R. S. Burnett
President

Men interested in furthering the work that John Brown's letter to this office began, and all those interested in pledging their eyes to help give sight to the blind men, women, and children of Kentucky and Southern Indiana may apply at the magazine office. In no case will the eyes be taken before your death, and the pledge costs you and your family nothing.

* * * *

And just before press time, we received some very large farewell letters from our friends in the seventh grade at St. Edward's School, Jeffersontown. The kids are leaving for summer vacation this month, and we wish them well. They are great kids, all of them!

Castle News

READER DONATES LARE BOX OF BOOKS TO LIBRARY: CASTLE GETS DICTIONARY

Not long ago the CASTLE devoted its editorial page to an appeal for books to be used in the book-short prison library. No sooner had that issue been mailed than a thoughtful reader, Mr. Harvey Sherer of the University of Kentucky in Lexington, wrote to offer his help. And shortly after that, a large box of books arrived from Mr. Sherer.

Included in the box was a fine Webster's dictionary to end one of the CASTLE'S pressing problems -- the fact that we have been the only editorial office in the world without a dictionary.

The box also contained H. L. Mencken's The American Language, Virgil's Aeneid, The Second Woolcott Reader and This Is My Best, in which are found selections from the works of many of the best contemporary writers, You and Heredity, The Writer's Market, and many other books, all good, and all in excellent condition. Most of the books seem to have been taken from Mr. Sherer's own library.

MORE BOOKS ARRIVE FROM UNIVERSITY

Early this month another box of books arrived from the University of Kentucky, this time from Dr. Sheldon Grebstein of the Department of English. As was the case with the donations received from Mr. Sherer, the books are of a type that will make a valuable addition to the prison library.

Included in the box were books on current English usage, several books on writing skills, some anthologies of short stories, essays and poems, and several histories and novels.

Our thanks go to Mr. Sherer and Mr. Grebstein for their generous donations and their concern for us. Thanks are also due to the U. K. Student Council, which voted to sponsor a project to obtain more books for our library.

WELL-KNOWN PADUCAH EDITOR ADDRESSES GRADUATING CLASS AT PENITENTIARY

More than a hundred students gathered in the prison school last month to hear Bill Powell, popular Executive Editor of the PADUCAH SUN DEMOCRAT, address the graduating class. The students found themselves paying close attention as Mr. Powell congratulated them and their teachers for doing what he termed an excellent job in spite of adverse conditions, and then went on to discuss some of their common problems.

Speaking in simple and eloquent terms, Powell mentioned briefly the need for a real education, which, he said, consisted not so much in diplomas or degrees as in the ability to "...know the right thing to do, to separate the genuine from the phony." At one point he said, "It doesn't make sense that a man can get along without an education. It's a real thing, something you can see in people."

He went on to say that he could see bitterness reflected in some of the faces. "Well, I don't blame you. If I were in your place, I'd probably be bitter too," he said. "But more people have wrecked themselves on the junkpiles of the world by feeling sorry for themselves than by any other way I know."

Speaking against cynicism and distrust, Powell stressed the need for faith, saying that the principles of Christ are more vital today than ever before. "But," he said, "before you can have faith in God, before you can have faith in Warden Thomas, before you can have faith in Bill Powell or anyone else, you must have faith in yourselves."

"I can see a great deal of intelligence here," he said at another point, "a great deal of promise, of what the world needs. But it needs a governor if we are to contribute rather than detract from the world."

(Please turn to Page 3)

BILL POWELL ADDRESS CLASS (Con't)

Toward the end of his address, Powell told the Biblical story of Jesus' rebuking Peter for his lack of faith during a storm on the sea of Gallilee as an illustration of the need for faith. "I'm betting on you," he concluded. "And get this -- a lot of people -- like me -- are pulling for you."

Also on the program were the Educational Director, Mr. Henry Cowan, and Warden Luther Thomas, who also congratulated the men for their efforts and expressed his hope that facilities would be expanded in the near future. Reverend Jagers gave the benediction.

FARSIGHTED DECISION PLUS ABILITY AND HARD WORK PUT BILL POWELL WHERE HE IS

Bill Powell, who managed to make a deep and lasting impression on many KSP inmates during the short time he was on the Mountain last month, is modest enough to believe that a wartime manpower shortage made his career for him.

A stocky, well-groomed man who looks younger than his 42 years, Powell was born in Tennessee and moved to Kentucky more or less permanently in 1924. He attended Murray State College long enough to soak up all the journalism and English offered there, and then, in 1940, took a \$10 a week job with the PRINCETON LEADER, a weekly newspaper. In 1941, the war interrupted his career.

Inspired by patriotic indignation over Pearl Harbor, Powell enlisted in the navy, intending to serve for the duration. In April of 1942, however, the navy, to his intense disappointment, gave him its thanks and a medical discharge, and he found himself back in civilian life.

It was then that Powell had a hard decision to make. "The delicate turn of events plays a great part in a man's life," he says. "I wouldn't have had a

chance if it hadn't been for the war." It was a time when factory workers could grab off upwards of \$200 a week, which is good money in any period, and he was tempted to take it. Instead, to the consternation of some of his friends, he chose a \$25 a week job with the PADUCAH SUN DEMOCRAT.

Time, of course, proved his choice a wise one. Beginning as a reporter, he became first city editor and later executive editor, his present position and one, incidentally, that nobody gets through luck alone.

It was a privilege to meet him.

TWO INMATES OF INDIANA REFORMATORY GIVE SKIN TO SAVE TODDLER'S LIFE

a four-year-old Indiana boy is alive and on the way to recovery today thanks to two inmates of the Indiana State Reformatory at Pendleton, according to the PENDLETON REFLECTOR.

The boy, who suffered first-degree burns when his parents' trailer home caught fire, needed immediate skin grafts if he was to live. Informed of the toddler's plight, the two inmates, Larry Perrin, 25, and Robert Clark, 42, immediately volunteered to go under the knife. The child received 128 square inches of skin from the volunteers.

Perrin and Clark were receiving treatment at the out-patient clinic of an Indianapolis hospital when the call for skin came.

SCHOOL RUNNER HAS CARRIED A LOT OF BULL

Twice every week, each student at the prison school is issued a sack of Bull Durham tobacco. Over the years, a lot of tobacco has been consumed.

Sherrid Wolfe, who has served as the school runner for more than 7 years, recently estimated that he had carried almost 90,000 sacks of Bull Durham from

the canteen to the school during that time, and that the total value of this tobacco has been some \$5,400. And that, says Wolfe, is one heck of a lot of Bull!

**KENTUCKY APPEALS COURT JUDGE
WANTS INDETERMINATE SENTENCING**
(Based on a COURIER JOURNAL article)

Believing that retribution has no place in the field of corrections, Judge John S. Palmore of the Kentucky Court of Appeals went on record last month for the indeterminate sentencing procedure presently being used in several other states.

"There is a proper time to release a prisoner under supervision," said Judge Palmore. "Beyond that time, prolongation of his imprisonment simply unravels the good that has been accomplished. In the end, the man is worse when he is released than he was when he was convicted."

The plan Palmore proposed would take sentencing out of the hands of juries and allow judges to give a convicted felon a maximum, but not a minimum sentence, thereby enabling the parole board to release the prisoner when it believed him ready to readjust to a free society.

But, Judge Palmore warns, the plan won't work unless certain other reforms are made. Among them are: A good program of diagnosis, classification, and institutional treatment; a parole board comprised of experts in the behavioral sciences; and a system of probation and parole operated by trained personnel free of political influence.

Palmore also warned that his plan would require more money initially. It would, however, be an economy in the long run. It now costs from \$1200 to \$1500 a year to keep an inmate in an institution, and about \$200 a year to keep an individual under probation or parole supervision. A sound program of treatment in an

institution, Palmore estimates, would cost perhaps \$2000 a year. But since prisoners would be released earlier, overall costs would soon decline.

If the high percentage of repeaters were also reduced by Judge Palmore's plan, (from 70 to 88 percent of prison inmates are repeaters) even more drastic savings would seem to result.

KENTUCKY CHURCHES OPPOSE DEATH PENALTY

Delegates to the Kentucky Christian Churches convention at Lexington voted for a resolution condemning the death penalty, according to the LOUISVILLE TIMES.

While the delegates were generally agreed that the death penalty was unjustified, some wanted to make sure "murderers would not be walking the streets." The Reverend Elmore Ryle, a former member of the State Parole Board, however, said that during the time he sat on the parole board, ten men who had once been condemned to death had been granted parole. Of the ten, nine are good citizens today and one had a technical parole violation.

"If those ten had been executed, ten citizens would have been lost," he said. "The only thing society has lost is revenge."

NEW EYE BANK DONORS FOR THE MONTH

Twelve more men have pledged their eyes to the Lions Eye Bank this month, making the total number of inmates who have contributed forty-two. The inmates are:

- | | |
|------------------|-----------------|
| Richard Ditsch | Richard Wiggins |
| Anthony E. Shaw | Franklin Clapp |
| John Lee Carroll | William Baldwin |
| Joe Paulhus | Donnie Blair |
| Isaac Storms | Vonroe Hicks |
| Charles Renfrow | Robert Carter |

More pledge cards are available.

THE EDITORIAL SIDE

WITHIN THESE WALLS: WHAT PRISON IS REALLY LIKE

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The following article was written at the request of a free reader, an official of one of the state universities, who suggested that many other of our outside readers might be interested in gaining a clearer idea of what prison is really like.)

Motorists driving by Kentucky's maximum-security prison at Eddyville have little cause to wonder why it is popularly called the "Castle on the Cumberland." Built in the early 1880's of rough-hewn limestone blocks, the prison sits, fortresslike, astraddle a rocky hill overlooking the river. To the south, facing the river, a long line of connected, 4-story buildings, towered and turretted like a medieval castle, form the front wall and serve as the administration building and three of the five cellblocks. On the west, at right angles to the front buildings, is a fourth cellblock and the death house. On the east, completing the "U" shape of the main group of buildings, is a fifth cellhouse with the prison messhall in its first level. A twenty-foot stone wall extends back and around the hill from these buildings to enclose the rectangular compound.

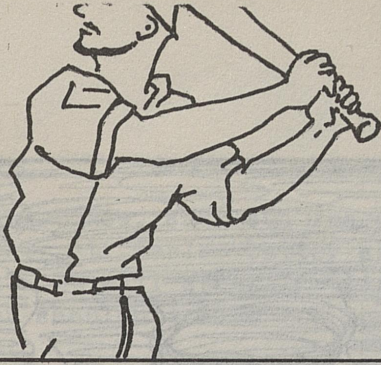
Inside the compound other buildings -- a chapel, a hospital, a tiny gymnasium that doubles as a school, and two buildings that serve as "shops," or day-rooms -- fill much of the space. On the highest level of the terraced yard, an old reservoir has been converted into a swimming pool. And swarming over the yard, if the weather is good, or crowded into the "shops," if it is not, are some 1200 men of all ages from 17 to 80, from almost every avenue of life, and all clad alike in the blue-denim prison uniform.

This much a visitor to the prison may see for himself. What it is like to serve out a sentence of years here is something he can only imagine. And

usually the picture is distorted, for a great deal of nonsense has been written about the mental anguish and spiritual torment suffered by convicted men.

This is not to say that the world we live in isn't very different from yours. It is. The cellblocks, four tiers high with each tier made accessible by wooden or concrete stairs and catwalks, honey-combed with cells, and made secure by barred windows and doors, are a far cry from the kind of building you call home. The furnishings in our 6-by-10 foot cells are more Spartan: A table, a bed, a stool, a sink, a toilet, perhaps a radio or TV set if the occupant can afford one. Our "dining room," while probably much larger than yours -- it can hold hundreds of men at once -- is considerably different and far less comfortable. Crowded together on long metal tables set in rows, we eat our food in complete silence and considerable haste from compartmented metal trays, with a spoon our only utensil.

On the yard itself, there is little for the non-workers to do, and most of the men are idle. There is a gymnasium, open for two hours each weekday and all day on weekends, but it is too small to accommodate more than a comparative handful of men. There is a library, but no space for a reading room. In the shops, there are pool tables and a television set, but the shops are crowded to a standing-room-only degree. Even the walkways are crowded, and men walking together must separate every few yards on sunny days to let other walkers pass. In the summer the swimming pool, and on
(Please turn to page 9)



SPORTS REPORT



Billy Howell, Sports Editor

The sports program has been slow this month, but here's a rundown of batting averages:

	AB	H	Pct.	AB 6 TIMES OR LESS	AB	H	Pct.
McCutcheon	14	8	.571	Ridley	4	4	.1000
Lamar	13	7	.538	Hopkins	1	1	.1000
Lewis (Lips)	16	8	.500	Bynum	6	3	.500
Herring	14	7	.500	Wadsworth	6	3	.500
Merriwether	15	7	.467	Watson, J.	2	1	.500
Burton	11	5	.455	Allen	2	1	.500
Davis, E.	12	5	.417	Buchanan	2	1	.500
Stiles	13	5	.385	Hogan	6	2	.333
Hall, R.	8	3	.375	Cook, T. C.	3	1	.333
Hollowell	11	4	.364	Lynch	3	1	.333
Youngblood	11	4	.364	Manning	4	1	.250
Bailey, W.	17	6	.353	Watkins	5	1	.200
McClure	9	3	.333	Hayden	6	1	.167
Crafton	16	5	.313				
Newton	10	3	.300				
Meredith, J.	17	5	.294				
Scruggs	14	4	.286				
Viers	14	4	.286				
Evans	14	4	.286				
Robinson	7	2	.286				
Mooney	11	3	.273				
Lynn	11	3	.273				
Johnson, Chas	15	4	.267				
Harris, Wm.	19	5	.263				
Martin, W.	16	4	.250				
Morris, O.	16	4	.250				
Taylor, J.	17	4	.235				
Brent, John	17	4	.235				
Maitland	13	3	.231				
Baldwin	14	3	.214				
Pepper	15	3	.200				
Tipton, R.	16	3	.188				
Sheppard	11	2	.182				
Hampton	17	3	.176				
Troutman	17	3	.176				
Hicks	12	2	.167				
Ford, E.	13	2	.154				
Smith, R.	14	2	.143				
Marthal	7	1	.143				
Hickman	7	1	.143				
Rouse	7	1	.143				
Littleton	9	1	.111				
Tooley	11	1	.091				
Gannon	12	1	.083				

PITCHER'S RECORDS

	W.	L.
Crockett	2	0
Baldwin	1	0
Hall, R.	1	0
Meredith	2	0
Buchanan	1	0
Tipton	3	1
Davis	2	2
Herring	1	1
Bailey	1	1
Lynn	1	1
Evans	1	2
Wadsworth	0	1
Page	0	1
Hicks	0	1
Pepper	0	1
Dennis	0	1
Troutman	0	1
Greer	0	2

The managers are: Gene Herring, Joe Manz, Russell Lynn, Chuck Evans, E. Davis, and Milton Hayden.



ESCAPE

By Joe Paulhus

"Conscience does make cowards of us all ..."

Scared, Fred? You ought to be ... that guard is right behind you, isn't he? And that pistol he's holding will finish you, once he gets a clear shot at you. It's funny, isn't it, how different a gun looks when it's pointed at you; that terrible, rifled circle ready to spit a flaming death at the slightest squeeze of the trigger. And your side -- that throbbing, burning crease across your ribs proves he's a good shot, doesn't it? A little more to the right and you could have kissed them all goodbye. But even if he'd killed you, maybe that would be better than being dragged back to the prison you left behind.

If they catch you now, you'll never see the outside world again. You'll have to pull your twenty flat before you start on the five they'll hand you for escaping. And you'll do every day of it in Stoney Lonesome. Twenty-five years of solitary! And all the labor to finish that tunnel from your cell ... No, Fred, you can't afford to let them catch you now.

It's a shame you had to enter this swamp, Fred, but you did lose that pack of howling dogs. A hound's sniffer isn't worth much in three feet of stagnant water and muck, is it? But there are other dangers here, Fred: Water, snakes, quicksand, death -- each lurking in the deep shadows, waiting for you.

How many guards behind you, you say? One, two, three? Well, you're sure there is at least one, and he's almost breathing down your neck. So, keep moving, pal, or the next slug might find its mark. That's it, over there, through that clump of willow trees.

Did you say something, Fred? Oh, something bit your hand. Yes, I see it; coiling, writhing -- the putrid white of its gaping mouth now stained with venom dripping from the stumps of its broken fangs. You'd better do something quick, or you'll never make it.

That's it, pull out the fangs. Now, the knife -- cut deep, an X at each punc-

ture. Now, suck out the poison. There, now, it feels better already, doesn't it? It will start swelling soon, but you shouldn't have too much trouble with it.

Rest? Yes, I know you're tired and weak, but if you stop to rest, the guards might find you. You can't let that happen, can you, Fred?

Listen! Someone is coming through the water, in that tall grass ... it's that guard. You were right, Fred, he's tailed you pretty close. His gun is ready, and this time he might not miss. Who is he? Do you know him? Sure you do. He's the one they call "Snoopy." One of the others might have spared you, Fred, but not him. They say that he would report his mother if he thought she would suffer. Aren't you glad that you're not like him, Fred? Cold, ruthless?

Quiet, Fred! Don't move or make any noise. He can't see you here. You know what it means if he finds you. Good, he's moving past you. He missed you this time. But how long will luck be on your side?

That's it ... lie back and try to sleep. Oh, you can't sleep? Pains, Fred, or are you too scared to sleep? Oh, I see ... the war, this swamp reminds you of the war. Sure, I know ... I was beside you there, too, remember? The South Pacific, on that island, the "Canal" they called it. Almost the same, isn't it? Water, mosquitoes, lizards ... and always the swampy, hellish green jungle surrounding you, pulling you deeper and deeper into its slimy depths, and the little "Banzai" soldier, Fred, the sickly little boy who was a soldier. Sure, I know, buddy ... but that was war ... kill or be killed. Yes, I suppose his mother cried when she learned he'd been killed. But suppose he'd killed you -- he was trying to, you know -- suppose it had been your guts

spreading into the jungle ooze ... oh, Fred, you're not as scared as I thought, falling asleep so soon.

Yes, Fred, it's morning all right. You didn't sleep so well? Rough dreams, eh? Don't worry, buddy, you've had many restless nights before, haven't you? You'd better move on soon or that guard might come back and find you. That's it, get up ... see if you can get out of here before he spots you.

Hey, look out! There he is, over there, he's lying on that rise. He's asleep, isn't he? And look, Fred, there's his gun beside him. What are you going to do? Move on? Oh, I see ... the gun. Yes, I suppose that's probably best. Get the gun and shoot him. That way, you won't have to worry about him anymore.

Go slowly, watch your step or he might wake up. That's it, slowly ... slowly. Now you've got it. Okay. Now shoot! Go ahead, shoot. No? Why, what's the matter, Fred? Oh, yes ... his leg, it's swollen. He was bitten by a snake, too. He must not have a knife, from the looks of it. That tourniquet is probably the only reason he isn't dead now.

Well, maybe that's best ... just leave him here to die. He can't move on that leg and he's five miles into the swamp. That's it. Just take the gun and leave. What are you waiting for, Fred? Die? Yes, he'll die, if you leave him here. Isn't that what you want? Oh, you're not sure. Now, look, Fred, wasn't he trying to kill you just a short time ago? All right, then, why shouldn't you let him die now? Oh, I see. Yes, there is a difference, Fred, but why bother about that? Doesn't your freedom mean more to you than the life of another? Especially his life? Remember, Fred, he's cold, ruthless -- he'd report his own mother. Yes, yes, I know -- but you KNOW it's true; didn't everyone say so?

(Please turn to next page)

Hey, where are you going? Come back here, you're going the wrong way. You just came from there. What are you doing? Why pick him up? Leave him there! Hey, you're going towards the prison, you fool! Put him down and let's go the other way. They'll catch you, Fred. They're going to catch you!

Bright sunlight flooding through the window in dust-flecked streaks, reflected by the spotless white of the hospital ward. Yes, Fred, it's morning again. Quite a change since you woke yesterday in the swamp, isn't it? The ceiling and walls of this room have no mosquitoes to torture you, nor snakes to kill you. But look at the bars on the windows ... the swamp had no bars, Fred. And walls ... you'll find no stone walls guarding the edge of the swamp. So, what have you gained by your foolish trick? Nothing? You were free, and ... oh, you say your mind is clear ... you feel good. Well, Fred, perhaps you're right. Peace of mind is worth a lot of things. Maybe even a man's freedom ... maybe.

The END

WITHIN THESE WALLS (Continued)

weekends a movie and a ball game are welcome diversions. But the year-in, year-out sameness, the crowded conditions, and the sense of futility, make the 15 to 16 hours spent in the cells each day almost welcome.

Yet the mental anguish and spiritual torment we talked of earlier don't exist, at least not as constant factors. New men -- we call them "fish" -- may go through a period when the shock of being torn from whatever roots they had and the consistent idleness are disturbing things, but they soon settle down into whatever routine will help them do their time the easiest way. Horseplay, practical jokes, gossiping, bickering, and bargaining are ways of life in here

for some. For others, study, writing, reading, and correspondence (limited by the necessity of censorship) help to pass the time. The lucky ones work at whatever jobs are available -- a small garment factory, a laundry, repair and maintenance shops, the messhall, the school, and clerical work help ease unemployment -- and look forward each month to drawing their eight cents a day in the form of tickets to spend for tobacco, toiletries, or food at the commissary.

But this same process of adaptation is more destructive than any kind of torment could possibly be, especially here where so many of us are serving long sentences up to and including life without privilege of parole. When men are idle for years at a time; when few men can feel that the work they do have is constructive work; when the search for petty diversions to pass off time, every hour, every day, every month, and every year, becomes the principal occupation; and when hope of freedom is so far off to be not a hope, then men become precisely what a prominent industrialist recently accused prisons of grinding out -- human husks. Given enough time -- and the laws of the land assure that enough time will be given in most cases -- men serving time under such circumstances just vegetate, losing the ambition, the drive, the interest, and the will to use whatever talents or skills they may have had, or may have learned during confinement, when they are at last released.

Reading this back, I see that I haven't really answered the question that was put to me; that is, I haven't really given a clear picture of prison life from a physical standpoint. But it just may be that I've put my finger on one reason so many of us fail so often to readjust to a free society, and why prisons are such expensive -- and destructive -- institutions.

* * * *



EXCHANGE PAGE

RAIFORD RECORD, Raiford, Florida

Terrific cover this month! Your coverage of prison life is valuable and Sean O'Brien is great!

The ISLAND LANTERN, McNeil Island, Washington

Your magazine is consistently good, and your January-February issue was no exception.

The MONOCLE, Lincoln, Nebraska

Although, like us, you girls are limited in the size of your magazine and the equipment available to reproduce it, you're doing a fine job, and your book remains an interesting one.

The WESTERN BULLETIN, Hopkinsville, Kentucky

Enjoyed the change in your cover. Very good art work.

The MESSENGER, Sioux Falls, South Dakota

We enjoy your little magazine every time we get it, but we could wish it came out more often.

TERMINAL ISLAND NEWS, San Pedro, California

Your "Breaking the Invisible Wall" was revelatory and concise. The editorial was also well worth reading.

WEEKLY PROGRESS, Marquette, Michigan

Don Phillips is a real credit to your paper. Looking forward to your educational section next week.

ANGOLITE, Angola, Louisiana

This is another very worthwhile "little" paper. Good news coverage, good writing.

POKING OUR NOSE IN -- Nobody asked me, but I believe there is a wealth of good writing in the various publications of the Penal Press, and regardless of whether it appears in mimeo, multilith, or standard printed format, we usually take the time to read it and enjoy it. But one thing that detracts immeasurably from the writing is bad mechanics, and by that I mean sloppy grammar and punctuation, especially the latter. I'm talking about myself, too, and it does seem that we could make the effort to sharpen ourselves up in this respect. We owe it, if not to ourselves, to our readers.



Meet The PRISONERS

MEET THE PRISONERS is a regular feature of this magazine designed both to give credit where credit is due, and to allow our outside readers the opportunity to meet those prisoners who have distinguished themselves by their efforts for themselves or for others; who have interesting trades or hobbies, or who have accomplished unusual things. Anyone wishing to nominate a prisoner may do so simply by contacting the editor on the yard or at the CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND office.

BUCK PENN -- At 35, Buck Penn is still very much an athlete. Active in all sports, he is particularly outstanding as a wrestler, and he and his cohort, Rudy Jones, can put on an exhibition that rivals the best TV offerings.

But more important than his activities as a wrestler is Buck's surprising change of attitude over the years. A steeplejack by trade, Buck (properly, Arthur) has led a rough and ready life since adolescence. A life sentence for armed robbery didn't slow him down. For the first years of his stay here, Buck was constantly in trouble and made the trip to "Maggie's" more often than most men go to the dining hall. As in the words of the song, "fighting and trouble" were his middle name.

But for the past three years, Buck has led a changed existence. Not once in that time has he had so much as a minor disciplinary report. For two and a half years, he has been a steady and expert worker in the laundry. His outlook for all that time has been friendly and cheerful, and his aggressions have been worked off in the ring.

What caused the change? Buck isn't sure himself. But whatever it was, "The main thing now is to get out and stay out," he says.

Whether he'll go back to his trade when and if he is released, Buck isn't sure. But regardless of what job he takes, he go to it a changed man.

Hear both inmate bands every second Sunday at 1:30 on WCBL. Dial 1290.

CHARLES GARRETT -- One of the CASTLE'S most popular features, at least among the cons, is the page written by a chunky little lifer who signs himself "The Irrepressible Chuck Garrett" and whose column, "Tall Tales," appears this month on page 12.

Chuck's sprightly and straightforward writing style and his habit of irreverently pricking egos and exposing secret foibles have endeared him to his readers, if not to his subjects, and it would be hard to find a man better qualified to write such a column. During his seven years or so on the mountain, Chuck has managed to get himself into and out of virtually every job on the hill from Captain's clerk to school teacher, and there isn't a free man or convict here whose full name, character, and quirks Chuck doesn't know. The knowledge is invaluable to him in his second job on the paper, that of persuading the various department contributors to get their material in on time, a task he accomplishes by blackmail, insult, and his famous "poodle-dog" expression.

In spite of his complete irreverence and brashness, however, Chuck is one of the few men here who could be described as "loveable." Probably one of the reasons is his bigheartedness. Always the first to give blood, money, or time when it is needed, Chuck will literally give a man the shirt off his back and then insult him if he thanks him for it.

Chuck, who admits to being 39, is also known as "Teddy Bear," and is a native of Kentucky.

TALLES

TALLE S

and a
few facts



Once again the LaGrange Board has paid us a visit. There were quite a few lucky ones this time, but yours truly wasn't in the race. I got scratched after sitting on the waiting bench for two days. (*!%#&!)

Gillie Woods and Elty Lee Fox are wondering where Paul "The Roadrunner" Milburn and Henry C. "The Ferrett" Blkington are each Tuesday and Friday. These two are very much in view each and every day other than those mentioned. Where do they go? I think that Gillie and Fox want to join them on those days!

The U. S. Supreme Court recently turned down Gordon Mercer's bid for freedom. He is now busy writing a writ (of Copus Sneakus), and vows that he will carry his fight to the angels this time.

HELP WANTED: The following inmates have been granted a parole, but they're still here. The only reason they're still here is that they do not have employment. When and if they can acquire approved employment they're on their way. A person signing the job papers is by no means under any form of responsibility for said parolee's conduct, and is under no obligation other than to act as employer of them. The first man is Robert Middleton, aged 19, in robust health, inexperienced, but a capable and diligent worker, presently assigned to the prison farm. He is a first offender, by the way. The second, Hughie Hammock, age 30, is a real gem. He's healthy, capable, and experienced as a multilith operator, drugstore clerk, laborer, and baker, and clerk-typist. He's now employed as a clerk and lithographer in the front office, and he's a bargain for anyone needing a reliable hand. Anyone interested in either of these man may

contact them care of the state penitentiary, Eddyville. That's us.

Bill Powell of the PADUCAH SUN DEMOCRAT was our guest at the recent graduation. A few of the comments we picked up concerning his talk: "A straight talker; seems like a nice guy", "I'm glad that I came to hear him", "Run him for governor!", and "He'd make a good con man. He had me thinking I could get out and start a new life." Not an adverse comment was heard, which is a record in here.

Harry "Hurricane" Dennison is anxiously looking for 90 days lost time. If he finds it, he's short for the Big L. Mel, why do you set the alarm clock for midnight? You can't get out of your cell until 6 am. You must be an awful slow shaver. I'm not inquisitive, it's just that most of your friends have asked me why, and I can think of no logical answer. What are you, some kinda nut?

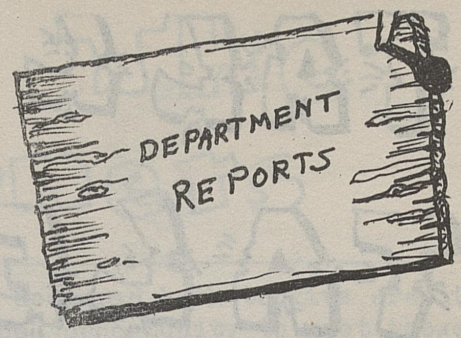
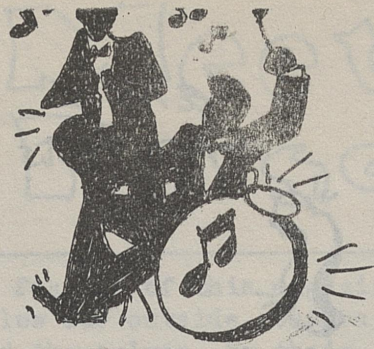
Eugene "The Greek" Cuneo is at the weights once again. What're you trying to prove, Don?

And you know how some people have ships and towns and buildings named for them? Our editor has to be different ... he's got three coffee cups named after him!

But, Dago, I confess all ... I wrote all items about you in this column. Me and me alone!

PSYCHIATRIST: "Can you actually tell by your husband's face when he's lying?"

WIFE: "Always. If his lips are moving, he's lying!"



BAND REPORT -- "Brother in Law"

What's all that noise we're hearing? Chuck Soules, our band leader and song arranger, says it's music. Man! But we must admit, it does sound like music sometimes, because we give credit where credit is due.

White, who plays lead sax, is doing a fine job, while Otis, on tenor sax, is knocking out some fine solos. Our lead trumpet is doing a great job -- after he gets with it. Right, Sylvester? And don't worry, Leroy, you're doing fine and we predict you can do much better.

Where have you been, Wright? We miss you. Come and see us once in a while! Richard Pratt, the newest member of the band, is doing a good job on the bass. Cheer up, Barricklow, one of these days you'll wake up and be a fine trumpet player. If Jerry would stop saying "we can't play that," we would play it, but keep up the good work, Jerry. Baldwin, you're going to have to get to rehearsal on time. No, Jack, we don't worry about you, even if you do jump beat sometimes. Oh! Mathis, our vocalist, is doing great. Keep those songs coming, Buddy!

All in all, we think we have a very fine band and we are proud of every member in it.

ONE SHOP -- Mose Parker

This month's news can be summed up in six immortal words; therefore to eliminate the element of suspense, here's the scoop, and I quote: "All's Quiet on the Western Front." Now, with the editor's permission, I'd like to bat the breeze, so stick around and watch the ball bounce.

It's a fact that spring has sprung and is here to stay, at least until summer arrives. Accompanying it as always is the phenomenal manifestation of a power greater than ourselves working perfect and perpetual harmony. Once again for you and me, the brass ring is coming around. Latch on to it, lad, for it's later than you think.

It's a time for man to observe, evaluate, and comprehend that which is offered and that which he has accepted to make his life full and rich in this day.

It's a time of outdoor activity, sports, debates, lollygagging, aloneness, and whatever else attracts your fancy. But remember not to sell your portion. Give your all, keep it clean, constructive, and maintain a wholesome atmosphere; in short, be a man.

It's a time for "Slim" Baldwin, Otis, Wimpy, Skin, and Kupie to play pretty for the people, with Mr. "Body and Soul" Clark, Jones, "Blues Shouting" Milton Hayden, Jackie "Look Out Wilson" Toliver, the Emeralds, and William Wilson heading up the vocal department. This should add up to one spectacular jamarama. May 30th is the ideal date to twist a little twister. What you say, fellas?

It's a time to give thanks to a group of men for a job well done. Over on the right, tucked in the corner almost out of sight, is the boiler room, sometimes referred to as the separating room for men. It is here that the appetites of the huge power-producing fire monster is appeased, and the separating of the will-be and the has-been from the now-is. Nine dieticians (firemen), 12 chefs

Department Reports

(coal-heavers), 2 waiters (boiler tenders), 1 busboy (sootman), and 1 medic (greaseman), from November 1 to April 1 employing professional artistry, sweat, muscles, and guts, serving up approximately 28,350 tons of coal with burns, blisters, and backaches.

It's a time to start attending worship services in the Chapel, and for those with a drinking problem, A. A.

Last but not least it is a time for H. Taylor and the other birdwatchers to return to active duty.

That shrewd barrister, Father Time, appeared in our shop affecting the release of 14 men. All in all, if you will count your blessings, I think you will find it's been a good month.



CABINET SHOP NEWS

-- by Bud Lyons

Well, another month has rolled along. During this past month we've been going over the records. It's amazing how much work has been done in this shop from November 6th to April 17th. For Kentucky State Parks, over 700 pieces of furniture have been cleaned and refinished. For this work alone, 5,533 man-hours were used.

There has been a change in the making and the designing of our caskets, and a very good one, I might add. More man-hours, better materials, richer designing. It's comparable now to a decent burial on the outside. This is a step forward, and we're not asking anyone to try them out, but just bringing it to light. Our many thanks go to the Officer in Charge, Mr. Bridges, for making

these things possible. His insight for the future promises many changes for the better in the near future.

We now have oak ready to come out of the dry-kiln room; a lot of this material will go into the making and repairing of chairs for use here in the prison.

A few of our boys have gone home this past month. A lot of luck and good wishes to them.

Well, everyone's busy working, so till next month ... so long.

P.S. A suggested sign for the casket makers: "Do good work and be careful, for the casket you make may be your own!"

ENGINEER DEPARTMENT -- James Yager

We have lost a really fine person this month with the retirement of Fred H. Hopper, our chief engineer, effective April 17. It was with real regret we received word from the old chief that he was retiring.

It has been a pleasure working for once with a man like the old Chief, and we greatly appreciated the cooperation and fatherly advice given us which helped our sense of understanding and boosted the morale of every inmate working in the department.

Mr. Chester Cummins, our assistant chief, was also sorry to learn of the chief's leaving. About all that can be said by us now is that we do hope he will enjoy leisure from here on. We know his life will be a fruitful one, well-filled with activities, and with well-deserved happiness.

The chief's last words were that he had never been associated with men so kind and considerate as have been the inmates and officials working with him here in the engineer department for the past

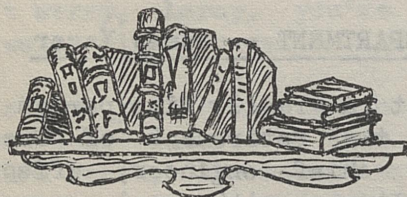
fifteen months. To us this was the most pleasing statement we have heard since coming here.

To have a sympathetic understanding of other people's problems and a sincere desire to be of help to them is the greatest blessing that can come to anyone. May God bless our retiring chief for having been such a person with such broad and intelligent desire.

(Signed) James Bell Yager, Clerk; William Nevitt, Electrician; Douglas E. Masterson, Welder; Goebel Doles, Shop Officer.

SCHOOL DAZE

by Carl Shroeder and Franklin Clapp



It's time once again to report the latest happenings at the local 3-R's emporium.

Since our last report, eleven students have left us via graduation. This was an outstanding class, having a cumulative average of 84 percent with no failures at all. Charles England and David Banton qualified for exemptions from the final examination by earning above 94 percent each. Since the list of graduates is covered elsewhere in the magazine, and was in addition mentioned last month, we won't repeat them here. But something no man can take away from these men is the knowledge they have acquired while attending school here. Some of these men who could not qualify for certain jobs before can now fill the requirements because of what they have learned while incarcerated in this institution.

We have three new teachers, Norman

Sanders, Franklin Clapp, and Eugene Treviso, all doing a real job.

Oh! One more note of interest before we sign off. The one and only, our very own, irrepressible Chuck Garrett has left us to become the hospital clerk.

And last of all, our wholehearted thanks to Bill Powell of the PADUCAH SUN DEMOCRAT for being with us on graduation day.

HOSPITAL NEWS -- Haskell Gumm

Hi guys! Well, here I go again trying to write my farewell column to you. I know to some of you this thing is getting stale, but to me it's really starting to get good. So if you'll bear with me we'll get on with the story.

Laying all jokes aside and getting quite sincere about the matter, it has been my pleasure to make the acquaintance of quite a few of the men on the hill, if only for the reason that my job is that of hospital clerk. I will be leaving behind many friends and perhaps a few enemies, but my intentions have always been for the best.

To the fellows in the hospital with whom I have worked, it's been a pleasure. At times we've been hot and at times we've been cold, but we have always managed to patch the boys up together and send them back to the hill. As far as I'm concerned it has always been a job well done. Of course, we've lost one now and then, but that happens in the best of places. Just keep up the good work, fellows, and I'm sure everyone concerned will be satisfied. Also I would like to express the pleasure it has been working for my boss, Mr. Hyde, and for Dr. Jay, Dr. Jolly, and Dr. Niles, who visit the institution regularly. It has been a pleasure working with them and knowing them for the last fifteen months. To each of them I bid a fond farewell and wish them the best of luck.

And just a note about my friend, Eldred Huskissen, one of the most popular and well-liked workers in the hospital. He can usually be found -- when he isn't working -- with Denzil "The Barber" Smith, Billy Weatherspoon, and John Daughtery. Their conversation? Usually centered around a gallon or two of Thunderbird Wine! I'll miss them all.

Well, I suppose I've just about covered the waterfront (Editor's Note: If you haven't, it's time you did, friend. You're the only writer we have who can spend six solid months saying goodbye!), so I'll fade out like I ain't here, or like it never happened. And all you cats keep your powder dry and play it real, real cool. I'll be seeing you in the Motor City later -- much later!

HAVE A FRIEND who'd like to read the CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND? He can get it every month for a year for just a dollar. Anyone may subscribe, anyone may subscribe for a friend.

Send your money order for one dollar and your name and address to CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND, Box 128, Eddyville, Ky.

"What you in jail for, bub?"

"Two weeks."

"No, I mean what's the charge?"

"Ain't no charge. Everything's free."

"Yeah, but what they got you for?"

"Done shot my wife."

"Shot your wife! And they only gave you two weeks?"

"Yep. After I'm here two weeks they're gonna hang me."

"LIVE IT DOWN"

By David Kemp

You will find it never pays
Just to sit, wet-eyed, and gaze
On the graves of vanished days;
Live it down.

Is disgrace your galling burden?
You can win a brave heart's guerdon,
Make your life so free of blame
That the luster of your flame
Shall hide all the olden shame;
Live it down.

Has your heart a secret trouble?
Useless grief will make it double;
Live it down, live it down.
Do not water it with tears,
Do not feed it with your fears,
Do not nurse it through the years,
Live it down.

Have you made some awful error?
Do not hide your face in terror;
Live it down.
Look at the world square in the eyes;
Go ahead as one who tries
To be honored ere he dies;
Live it down.

* * * *

WEEDS

No matter how often
I level this weed
It returns after rain
As if there is need
To remind men who sever
Life's delicate string
That destruction is never
A permanent thing.

Mark Soifer in the
READER'S DIGEST

"You who govern public affairs, what need have you to employ punishment? Love virtue, and the people will be virtuous."

-- Confucius

CONSCIENCE

by Harold Arnold

We don't need the ridicule
Of our fellow man
To inform us when we've done wrong
Or taken a bad stand.

We have a dependable little meter
Within our chests,
That will always condemn
When we fail to do our best.

Conscience, we call
This small voice;
And it can always be depended on
To help us make the right choice.

It will bite into our thoughts
And give us no rest
When we have wronged a neighbor
Or cheated in some test.

Each of us must live
His own life day by day,
And if we're true to our conscience,
We needn't worry what others have
to say.

The next time you are tempted
To condemn or ridicule,
Check your own conscience:
Are you helping, or being cruel?

PLATONIC

by Lida Christner

I'd never known a friendship
That had from love been free;
For years until I met you
I thought it could not be.
But you and I, together,
Could talk as man to man;
And we two, most Platonic,
Would think, discuss, and plan.
Until, one night, you kissed me
And thus began the end ...
For both of us were human,
My intellectual friend.

(Reprint)

DESERT STORM THAT CAME AT DAWN ...
AND THEN WAS GONE

by Lawrence Snow

Listen! Did you hear the thunder roll
Softly, from the east, where those mountain peaks
Stand in dim outline above the desert bowl ...
Darkened now but lightening with the dawn?

See there where Sol's great painter's brush
Has edged those purple clouds in fire?
Hear how the desert's living creatures hush,
To watch and wait and thirst with us?

And 'way off there, see those lightning flashes--
Those flickering, far-off tongues of flame?
Count the seconds till the thunder crashes!
The storm is nearer now and coming nearer still.

Now smell the rain in that sudden gust
Of wind? A few great drops
Of it will fall to peck the dust,
And then, unblest, the storm is gone again.

MY DREAM (From the SOUTHWEST TEAMSTER)

I dreamed Death came the other night,
And Heaven's gates swung wide;
With kindly grace an angel
Ushered me inside.

And there to my astonishment
Stood folks I'd judged and labeled
As unfit, of little worth.
Indignant words came to my lips,
But never were set free;
For every face showed stunned surprise ...
Not one expected me!

-- Contributed by Betty Teeters

PLEDGE YOUR EYES to the Lions Eye Bank. It costs you nothing but your signature, and you will have the blessing of knowing that your eyes will go after your death to give sight to some blind man, woman, or child. For cards or information, contact the editor.

Poetry & Miscellany

WHAT'S YOUR *A. Q.?
(*Awareness Quotient)

by Lawrence Snow

How alive are you to the events and institutions of the world around you? How much do you really know about politics, world affairs, literature, and history? To test your "Awareness Quotient," complete this simple quiz and check your answers on Page 21.

PART A -- World Events

1. The new Secretary-General of the United Nations is: A. Mongi Slim B. U-Thant C. Dagmar
2. Pablo Casals is: A. An Argentine dictator B. An O. A. S. general C. A cellist
3. Empress Farah is from: A. Egypt B. Iran C. Iraq
4. Moise Tshombe is: A. Indian Prime Minister B. Dictator of Red China C. Katanga President
5. Allen Dulles is: A. Former C. I. A. Chief B. Former Secretary of State C. Former Secretary of the Treasury

PART B -- Wars and Rumors of Wars

1. The "Charge of the Light Brigade" took place during the: A. Spanish-American War B. Crimean War C. Seven Years War
2. "I regret that I have but one life to give for my country" was uttered by: A. Nathan Hale C. Jonathan Parks C. John Paul Jones
3. John Brown became famous during the: A. Civil War B. Revolutionary War C. Mexican War
4. Napoleon's Waterloo is in: A. Belgium B. Russia C. England
5. The Emancipation Proclamation was issued: A. Before B. During C. After The Civil War.

PART C -- Pen and Ink

Match the famous writers in Column A with their works in Column B

- | | |
|----------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Pasternak | A. Leaves of Grass |
| 2. Shakespeare | B. Essay on Man |
| 3. Poe | C. Dr. Zhigavo |
| 4. Pope | D. A Cask of Amontillado |
| 5. Miller | E. The Razor's Edge |
| 6. Maugham | F. East of Eden |
| 7. Voltaire | G. Walden |
| 8. Steinbeck | H. Candide |
| 9. Thoreau | I. Tropic of Cancer |
| 10. Whitman | J. As You Like It |

NIGHTKEEPER'S REPORT 1885

EDITOR'S NOTE: "Nightkeeper's Report 1886" is taken from old records of the state prison at Jackson, Michigan, and is reprinted here from the SPECTATOR, inmate publication of that prison. We feel that these unique reports give considerable insight into penal methods of the past as contrasted with those of the present, and we wish to thank the SPECTATOR for making them available.

DECEMBER 7 -- Hannibal the Bear was the cause of much disturbance in the prison last night. Since breaking his good behavior record he has become almost unmanageable. We were preparing Hannibal for the fifteen bats which the Deputy directed him to receive when he grabbed the flogging bat from the guard and proceeded to beat the guard and physician. It took seven officers and myself to restrain him and lodge him in a solitary cell. He will also serve an additional 30 days in the hole. It will require several extra guards to administer the flogging.

DECEMBER 8 -- Master, No. 1347, told me tonight he is due to be released at an early date and wants me to help him collect money due him for making a wooden leg for Wilson, No. 1786. Masters has complained for some time that Wilson will not pay him. He threatens to take the leg with him when he leaves, but I'm inclined to believe this would be rather difficult because Wilson does not remove the wooden limb. He even sleeps with it on. I cautioned Masters and told him I would do what I could in the matter.

DECEMBER 9 -- There is little to report for the night just past. A slight hollering and yelling by the cranks and maniacs caused a minor disturbance, but they were soon quieted and the prison was peaceful the rest of the night.

DECEMBER 10 -- Shortly before bedtime, I came upon Mallory, No. 2165, the religious fanatic, waving his hands in the air and shouting at the top of his lungs that he was glad he'd been saved. When

I told him to keep quiet he looked at me with his stupid face and mumbled that I should be saved. He then sat on his cot and kept quiet, but when I walked away from his cell he yelled, "You'll pay in hell for this." I will not tolerate such insubordination and I have put this crank in solitary.

DECEMBER 11 -- On the last three nights I have found a cigar with a note attached in my desk. Each time the note contained the phrase, "May the Lord bless you." I am sure this incident will result in the request of a favor, and I will be waiting for the guilty person to show himself. The only possible way he could have gotten the cigars is by stealing them, and when he reveals himself he will be duly punished. I have an idea who this guilty person is, but I will wait until he shows himself.

DECEMBER 14 -- With the aid of several extra guards "Hannibal the Bear" was given twenty bats with the strap. He gave little resistance, and the brute laughed when it was over. During the midnight check I found Miller, No. 4150, swearing in his sleep. When I woke him he informed me his wife was arguing with him. Miller is a reasonable convict and so I gave him no more reprimand. There is nothing further to report for tonight.

JUDGE: "Can you prove your innocence?"

PRISONER: "I can if you give me time."

JUDGE: "All right ... five years!"

DEPUTY WARDEN'S PAGE



Lloyd T. Armstrong, Deputy
Warden

A few years ago the method used in hiring employees at this and other state institutions was, of course, almost a hundred per cent political; in some cases, if an individual was too old or broken down, too blind, too deaf, or too lazy to do the work on the highway department or some other state agency, they would always send him to the state penitentiary or reformatory to work. To me this means they didn't think the penal institutions were important enough to employ a better type of person.

The state troopers screen their employees and hire first-class men for the job and, of course, the people elect the county officers of their choice. When a metropolis employs a person as a police officer, he is usually of a higher quality; and, of course, we know our government agencies always employ a high type of person for F.B.I. and federal marshalls careers and in the various other agencies of the government.

All of that type of men use their skill and knowledge to bring to trial the type of men we have in our institutions today -- yet the institutions have always been expected to keep them in the institutions with a type of personnel that was not fit for any other state agency.

However, in the past two years this situation has changed considerably. We are now permitted to screen our employees and reject the people who are not considered suitable to become correctional officers at the Kentucky State Penitentiary. Today this has resulted in a higher type of personnel, more intelligent, more eager to learn, and more capable of being trained.

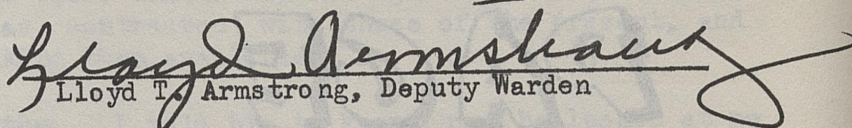
It is my opinion that no comparison can be made between the employees of the state penitentiary today and those of even five years ago. They are now working under the merit system and also the retirement system, both of which give them a great deal to look forward to in comparison with conditions of just a few years ago.

I am very lucky in that I have had the privilege of working with and for some of the most wonderful people I have ever known at this institution and at other institutions. However, I have worked with some at this and other institutions who were not and never could be suitable for this type of work.

(Please turn to page 21)

Deputy Warden's Page (Con't)

I am sure that in the next few years more and more wrinkles will be ironed out of the penal institutions in this state, and that the penal system will be one day looked upon as one of the Number One operations in the state government.


Lloyd T. Armstrong, Deputy Warden

LATE NEWS

MORE BOOKS ARRIVE -- ACCOUNTANTS, TAKE NOTE!

Several men who have indicated a desire to learn accounting, or to sharpen up accounting skills they may already have, will have the chance to do so thanks to Mr. Harvey Sherer, whose donation to the library is mentioned elsewhere in this month's CASTLE.

In his second shipment, Mr. Sherer included several books on business procedures and control, including: Production Handbook, Financial Handbook, Analysis and Control of Distribution Costs, Budget Principles, Handbook of Accounting Methods, and several texts on cost accounting. All of these texts are on the college level, and all of them are welcome to the library.

For a partial list of other books Mr. Sherer has been generous enough to contribute to the library, see the story in the news section of this issue.

QUICK CHANGE RECORD

Jack Martin may have set a job-changing record last month. In the course of 72 hours he went from wrestler and runner to the inmates' messhall and thence to the guards' kitchen.

"The most beautiful smile is that which struggles through tears." From the CUMBERLAND ECHO

ANSWERS TO "WHAT'S YOUR A.Q.?" (See P. 19)

PART A

1. B
2. C
3. B
4. C
5. A

PART B

1. B
2. A
3. A
4. A
5. B

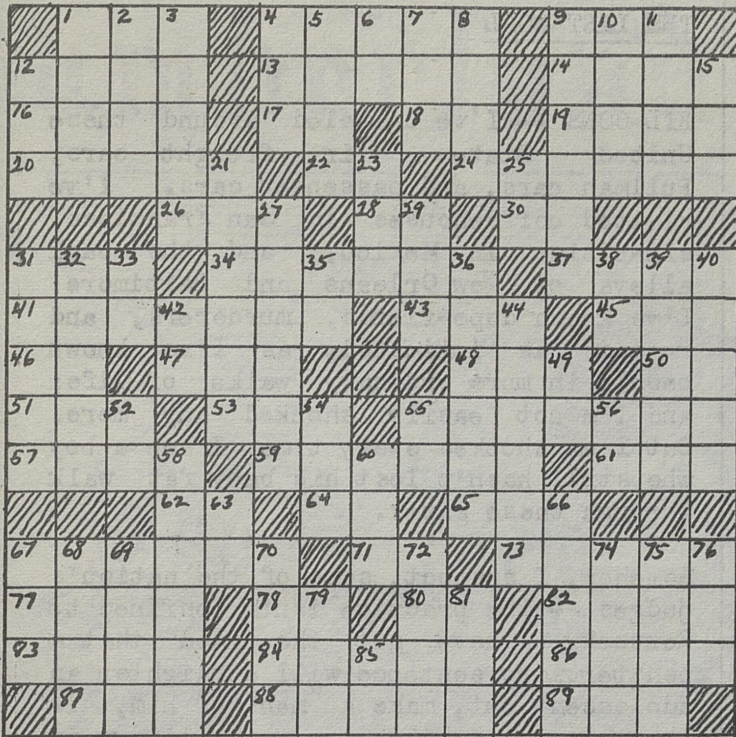
PART C

- 1-C, 2-J, 3-D, 4-B, 5-I, 6-E, 7-H, 8-F, 9-G, 10-A

To determine your "A.Q." multiply the number of correct answers by 9.

HILLBILLY BANDLEADER GETS REQUEST FOR HIS OWN SONGS

Some time ago we mentioned in the CASTLE that Ray Stone, formerly a member of the Hillbilly Band, and now bandleader, was an amateur songwriter. Since then he has had several requests for his own songs from readers who also listen to the CLOSED WORLD broadcasts over WCBL.



ACROSS

- 1. American soldiers
- 2. One who has ESP
- 9. Pig pen
- 12. Bull (Sp.)
- 13. Loop
- 14. Squad
- 16. Desert nomad
- 17. Perform
- 18. Father (Colloq.)
- 19. Depend upon
- 20. Article of faith
- 22. New York
- 24. Airships
- 26. Male sheep
- 29. Preposition
- 30. Article
- 31. Laboratory
- 34. Champion chess player
- 37. Thick headed one
- 41. Highest mountain
- 43. Emerged victorious
- 45. Correlative conjunction
- 46. Writer's initials
- 47. Emmet
- 48. Extinct bird
- 50. Double prefix
- 51. Title of respect

- 53. Golfing term
- 55. Feeling
- 57. First garden
- 59. Threadbare
- 61. Compass point
- 62. _____ Sullivan
- 64. Preposition
- 65. Guided
- 67. Return to a former state
- 71. Hobo
- 73. South American beast of burden
- 77. Latin poet
- 78. Preposition
- 80. Article
- 82. Type of steel beam
- 83. Healthy
- 84. Desert plants
- 86. Cut
- 87. Born
- 88. Faith
- 89. Japanese money

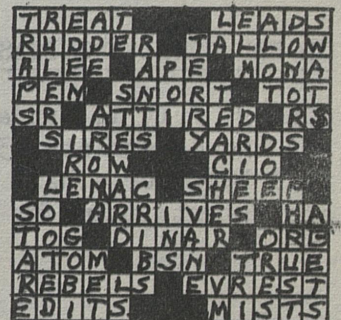
DOWN

- 1. Blood

DOWN (Con't)

- 2. Near Eastern country
- 3. Not drunk
- 4. Finale
- 5. Quickly
- 6. Famous river
- 7. Extra sensory perception
- 8. Harvest
- 9. Thread
- 10. Adolescent
- 11. School or lock
- 12. Coarse cloth
- 15. Possessive pronoun
- 21. Biblical money unit
- 23. Wild ox of Tibet
- 25. City of Angels
- 27. To conquer
- 29. Stitch
- 31. To rent
- 32. Steer clear of
- 33. To _____ or not to _____
- 35. Street
- 36. The Desert Fox
- 38. Preposition
- 39. Wolves (Sp.)
- 40. Type of pitchfork
- 42. Babylonian Sun God
- 44. Misspelling of noodle
- 49. Preposition
- 52. Thing in law
- 54. Consum
- 55. Artist's initials
- 56. Part of "to be"
- 58. Sewing implement
- 60. Sailor
- 63. Doctor
- 66. Musical slide
- 67. Scraps
- 68. Matched
- 69. Foul
- 70. Savoir Faire

Answer to Last month's Puzzle



KENTUCKY STATE PENITENTIARY STATISTICS
(April 1 to 30)

Escapes	1
Death Row	8
Admitted by Commitment	29
Transfers from KSR	22
Released by Expiration	25
Released by Parole	30
Released by Death	0
Total Population	1165
High Number	23844
Low Number	11549

MOVIES FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS

May 25	SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON John Mills & Dot Malone Adventure
June 1	THE COMANCHEROS John Wayne, Ina Balin Western
June 8	MORGAN THE PIRATE Steeve Reeves & V. LaGrange: Adventure
June 15	THUNDER OF DRUMS Richard Boone, L. Patten Western

CLOSED WORLD BROADCASTS

Sunday, July 1; Sunday, July 15
All broadcasts at 1:30 pm on WCBL
Dial 1290 for a half hour of music
and entertainment by the prisoners.

THE LAST WORD

KID-CONS -- I've traveled around these United States in freight cars, Pullman cars, and passenger cars. I've visited coffeehouses in San Francisco, sin-cities in Mexico, and the back alleys of New Orleans and Baltimore; I've known dope-fiends, murderers, and rapists as intimately as I've known people in more ordinary walks of life; and I'm not easily shocked any more. But I am shocked every time I see a boy who still hasn't lost his baby fat walk through these gates.

Somehow, I suspect, some of the nation's judges -- the practice isn't confined to Kentucky -- have got the idea that a penitentiary sentence will straighten an adolescent out, make a "man" of him, in the same way a hitch in the military is supposed to do. Well, brother, someone should tell those judges the facts of prison life!

I don't think I'm revealing any secrets when I say that homosexuality takes place in prisons. Not so much as some outsiders would think, it's true, and not even so much as prison conversations would lead you to believe. But it happens, no matter how hard an administration tries to prevent it.

And I don't think I'm revealing any secrets when I say that prisons are, for the young man with a young man's curiosity, crime colleges, and that most men leave these walls far worse off than when they entered them.

In fairness to the judges, of course, I should mention the tragic fact that the so-called "reform" schools aren't much better, and are, in many cases, worse. (The adult convict shudders at the thought of being transferred to a reform school on a maintenance detail, for example). But prisons, especially penitentiaries, are no place for children.