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Castle ON THE Cumberland

A Penal Press Publication

AUGUST 15, 1962

"This, Too, Shall Pass"

Volume II

Number II



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CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND

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The CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND is published monthly by the inmates of the Kentucky State Penitentiary at Eddyville. Subscriptions, one dollar a year, payable by money order at: CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND, Subscriptions Dept., Kentucky State Penitentiary, Eddyville, Kentucky, and by inmates at the Chief Clerk's Office. Articles are solicited, but the CASTLE reserves the right to reject, edit, or revise any material submitted. Opinions expressed in this magazine do not necessarily reflect those of the administration. Permission is hereby granted to reproduce any part of this magazine, provided proper credit is given. Where possible, a marked copy of the quoting publication is requested.

DEPUTY WARDEN'S PAGE



Lloyd Armstrong
Deputy Warden

JULY 27

On this date I received word that Mr. Lawrence Casner, an architect from a firm in Madisonville, Kentucky, would be here on Monday, July 30, to start making plans for the new building that is so badly needed and that has been talked about for so long. This building will be located on the north-east corner of the institution on part of the ground which was used as a stockpile for coal.

If I understand the plans correctly, this will be a quite large two-story building with school classrooms on the first floor and an auditorium on the second floor.

This building, in my opinion, will be one of the best steps that have ever been made as far as construction inside the institution is concerned. It will provide room for all types of indoor athletics, picture shows, and special entertainment groups from outside.

This building, if I understood correctly, will have to be constructed with inmate labor and outside supervision. Not only will it help the inmates who are now serving time in the institution, but it will also help those who will be here in the future.

By this time next year the building should be in use. It will be built of concrete, concrete blocks, bricks, and,

of course, quite a bit of steel. All the materials that come from the razing of the Lyon County Consolidated School will be used as far as possible, and, of course, there will be quite a lot of new material purchased.

It will be our duty, once this building is started, to move along as swiftly as possible; and, of course, we cannot have any waste if we intend to finish this building on time without running out of capital. There is only a limited amount of money set aside for this project. Naturally, the more swiftly we move along on this job the less it will cost us for outside supervision.

The Warden and I ask the cooperation of each and every employee and inmate of this institution in getting this job under way and completed as soon as possible. I think that when this building is completed we will have a building that all can enjoy and take pride in having had a part in constructing it. As I have said before in other articles, since I have been associated with this institution, we have progressed a long way. However, we still have a long way to go and there is no reason why we cannot move along and help modernize this institution as much as possible if everyone will cooperate. I say WE CAN and WE WILL.

Lloyd Armstrong
Lloyd Armstrong, Deputy Warden

CASTLE NEWS

SCHOOL SUPER DOWN IN BACK; MURRAY M. A. SUBSTITUTES

Education Super Henry E. Cowan, head of the prison school for some two years, has been absent from his desk with an injured back during the past month and a half. Filling in during his absence has been Garth Franklin Petrie, an education major from Murray State College.

Mr. Petrie, 24, is a man who has accomplished much in a short time. Entering the army prior to graduating from high school, he has also worked as a driver and bookkeeper for a trucking firm, as well as acting as principal and teacher in Murray City School for two years. Somehow he has found time to take his B. S. and M. A. degrees from Murray State College (he qualified for the B.S. in three, rather than four years). This winter, he plans to enter Indiana University to work toward his Ph.D. in education. He hopes to make it in two years.

Married (he married his wife while she was a junior in high school), Petrie is the proud father of twin girls (they're 11 weeks old). His wife has been busy, too. Just last month she took her B. A. in music from Murray, and she plans to become a teacher.

Petrie's yen to teach comes natural. There were 15 teachers in his mother and father's families. Both his parents teach, as does his brother. His sister plans to teach, as do his wife and sister-in-law. Counting him, that makes 22 teachers or prospective teachers in the family.

Was this his first experience at teaching in a prison? Yes. Did he find any surprises? Most certainly.

"Everything was a complete surprise," Mr. Petrie said. "The only idea I had of prisons was from TV." One of the surprises, he said, was the size of the cells. "On TV, all the cells seem so

large," he told us. "Here they seem just big enough for the bed."

"Another great surprise was the youth of some of the inmates. I expected all of the men to be old, hardened criminals, but so many of them are actually teenagers, aren't they?"

In spite of the surprises, however, Petrie said that this is "the experience of my life. It's something I'll never forget."

Mr. Petrie hopes to teach on the college level when he obtains his Ph.D.

PRISON MAY GET HIGH SCHOOL, VOCATIONAL TRAINING CLASSES

If W. Z. Carter, Director of Education for the Department of Corrections, has his way, Eddyville Prison will get both a senior high school and a vocational training school.

During our interview with Garth F. Petrie, acting Supervisor of Education in Mr. Cowan's absence, we learned that Mr. Carter and the Department are trying to find ways and means to extend the prison's training program, presently confined to an academic grade school.

First in importance in the plan would be the vocational school. Such courses as auto mechanics, masonry, electronics, and agriculture would be taught if space and funds could be found.

During the past months Mr. Carter has been working with institution officials to set up a program under which qualified inmates could earn high school diplomas through equivalency testing. A high school course would enable dozens more inmates to earn the diploma.

Also discussed was the possibility of providing college correspondence courses for inmates who could profit from such training. Mr. Carter confirmed the plans in a subsequent interview.

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FIVE TIME LOSER FINDS SELF WITH YOUTHS

Pete Slager of Muskegon, Michigan, who served five prison terms before 1947, is now a pillar of his community.

A married man and father of two children, Pete now contributes most of his leisure time aiding wayward kids.

"I was ready to go up for the sixth time when something struck home to me that I didn't have to live that way," says Pete. "I haven't lived that way since."

Recognizing the futility of his past, Pete dedicated his future to preventing youths from following in his footsteps.

Approximately three years ago, he and his wife, urged by the late James Belgrave, probation officer at Muskegon, and Circuit Judge Henry L. Beers, began United Youth in their home.

They began with 3 youths who had already been in trouble with the local police. Pete's success with the 3 youths brought a drove more to his door.

"These aren't just kids from the other side of the track," says Pete. "They come from all phases of life, looking for love, respect, affection -- something to belong to."

Slager's main line of action with these kids is in discussion groups, which he holds at least once a week. Talking out their problems and encouraging them to cope with them in a mature way, he tries to show them that there is more to life than what they've been exposed to in the past. There are social gatherings, too, which include dances, beach parties, sports events, and other activities.

To date, with very little financial help from the community, Mr. Slager has helped over 700 boys -- some who already wore a "hopeless" label pinned on them by other community agencies who had failed to help them.

Judge Beers stated: "Of all the boys Mr. Slager has worked with, only 25 have reverted to their former habits. These boys just won't listen to social workers, but they listen to a man like Pete Slager; a man who speaks their language."

-- Via the MENTOR

PAROLEE'S EMPLOYER NOT RESPONSIBLE

Under existing rules in most states, including Kentucky, a convict who has been granted a parole by the board must have valid employment before leaving the prison.

Finding the all-important job is not easy, especially in times when men who are free to contact employers personally have difficulty finding work. It's even tougher because of the widespread belief that a businessman who hires a parolee is in some way responsible for his conduct. Partly because of this belief, a large number of inmates who have had paroles for months are still in prison.

Yet nothing could be further from the truth. The relationship between an employer and an employee who happens to be a parolee is no different from that of any other employer and employee. The employer assumes absolutely no responsibility for the ex-prisoner, beyond that of providing him with work. He is free to discharge or lay off the parolee at any time he sees fit, if he wishes, or to keep the man in his employ indefinitely, if both wish.

VOICE FROM THE PAST

"The activity of governments, with their antiquated and merciless methods of punishment, their galleys, prisons, gallows, and guillotines ... tends rather to lower the standard of morals than to elevate it, and therefore rather to increase than to lessen the number of criminals."

-- Leo Tolstoy, 1893

U. S. PRISONS INHUMAN, SAYS KARL BARTH

World famous theologian Karl Barth stated after his tour in the United States that American church people ought to be more conscious of what he called the inhuman treatment in United States prisons, instead of making so much fuss about Russia.

Dr. Barth, who occasionally preaches to prisoners in his own home town of Basel, Switzerland, told a press conference here that he had been taken on a tour of a large American prison which he declined to name.

Speaking with considerable emotion, the famous theologian said the visit had been "a terrible shock."

"I saw human beings ... in what they called cells," he said. "They were not cells, but cages, with two people all crowded up in each, with no privacy."

"It was like a scene out of Dante's Inferno," Dr. Barth declared. "The prison in which I preach in Basel is a paradise compared to that," he said.

Dr. Barth said that instead of spending billions of dollars to send a man to the moon, the United States might spend more money on building better prisons.

"Why are the churches silent on this problem?" he asked.

The 75-year-old theologian came to the United States to lecture at the University of Chicago Divinity School and at Princeton Theological Seminary.

-- Via The MENTOR

HALFWAY HOUSE ESTABLISHED IN NEW JERSEY

For prisoners across the nation, getting a parole is only half the battle. There is, for instance, the problem of getting a job (most states require parolees to have certified employment before leaving the prison). And once the inmate leaves prison, especially if he has no money or family, there is the further problem of living until he draws his first check.

But inmates of the state reformatory at Bordentown, New Jersey, now have the chance to overcome both these problems at once, if they choose. The answer to the convict's prayers has come in the form of a "halfway house," an institution dedicated to providing room, board, clothing, and employment help, as well as counseling, to released inmates. The idea for the halfway houses was originated by Father Dismas Clark, the famed "Hoodlum Priest" whose St. Louis "Dismas House" has achieved wonders in working with ex-convicts.

The New Jersey halfway house at present admits only Bordentown parolees. Participation in the program is voluntary, but inmates agree that they may be returned to the prison at any time the directors of the house think fit. Ordinarily, however, inmates are not returned. The usual requirement for employment is waived in the cases of men paroled to the house, and work is found for them after they are released. All their needs are provided during a period of not more than 5 months, and working inmates pay only 20% of their income in return.

An important aspect of the New Jersey halfway house is group therapy.

PRISON SHORTS

In Michigan State Penitentiary, inmates are allowed 10-day Christmas furloughs.

In Mississippi, married inmates are allowed conjugal visits with wives.

In Florida, men being released from prison are provided with jobs by the Florida State Employment Agency.

Alaska joins Mississippi in conjugal visit.

SOVIET PRISON SYSTEM
PROGRESSIVE IN MANY WAYS

According to an unsigned article in the Penal Press, the Russians may be ahead of us in penology as well as in space.

Penal and legal authorities in Russia have formulated a 5-point philosophy of corrections and organized a new science of penology. They call it: Corrective Labor Science.

The five points are (1) Conditional release should be extended whenever possible; (2) Wherever possible, punishment of the offender should consist of a social reprimand by the court to express society's attitude toward the offense; (3) Wherever possible, obligatory labor without deprivation of liberty should be the basis of punishment; (4) Prisons must evolve into educational institutions; (5) The educational work of the prison must be strengthened through the active, participating interest of the community.

The philosophy seems to work. At Krykukovo, a corrective labor colony some 355 miles from Moscow, inmates live in rough barracks and work in prison factories. They are paid the prevailing scale for their labor. They pay their own room and board, buy their own clothing. With what is left, they save toward their release or help support their dependents.

No one escapes. They don't want to. Minimum sentence is one year, maximum, ten. Conjugal visits with wives are allowed seven days in each quarter. Homosexuality is almost non-existent. When the inmate leaves, he has enough money to get back on his feet and to make his re-adjustment to the community with relative ease.

Few inmates ever return to prison, and the Soviet Union saves itself a whopping prison bill.

EDITOR MUST DECLINE INVITATIONS

Approximately once a month, the mailman brings us a handsomely printed card with the rooster symbol of the Owensboro-Daviess County Chamber of Commerce printed on its front. On the other side is an invitation that begins "Dear Rooster Booster;" and goes on to invite us to a dinner or breakfast sponsored by one or another of the Chamber members.

Reason we get the invitations is that we're on the mailing list to receive the Chamber's monthly bulletin. Since the invitations as well as the bulletins are addressed by an automatic process, we get all the mail the Chamber sends out.

The invitations are attractive for the most part. The speaker one month was a Cuban refugee. Last month it was an Hungarian fugitive from Communism. And the bill of fare is tempting, too.

But as much as we'd like to accept the invitations, there are problems. For one thing, we don't have a thing to wear. Transportation would be a problem, too. And getting over the wall wouldn't be easy. So we have to decline, with thanks.

But it's nice to be wanted!

ENOUGH IS ENOUGH!

Police in Dallas, Texas, thought they had a murder on their hands last week when they answered a disturbance call and found a man standing in his yard with a shotgun and shouting, "I finally did it! I finally did it!"

Rushing into the house in search of a body they found a gaping hole where the glass and picture tube had been in his television set.

DON'T MISS "Closed World" -- the public-service presentation of WCBL, broadcast from Eddyville Prison on the 1290 spot.

THE EDITORIAL SIDE

Technologically speaking, the United States is one of the biggest, wealthiest, most powerful nations on earth.

Socially speaking, it often seems to be one of the most backward.

The United States, in spite of mass education and the world's highest standard of living, has one of the highest divorce rates in the world. It has more alcoholics, drug addicts, and neuretics than almost any other nation. In spite of spending more money on crime prevention than a dozen small nations spend on defense, it has one of the world's highest crime rates. And the U. S. is unequalled in the percentage of its population that is in prison.

As the editor of a prison magazine, I am acutely aware that this is so. Every day the mail brings me news of the great forward strides that other nations are making or have already made in the fields of sociology and penology. Every day the mail brings me news of the continued rise in crime and other social problems in this, our own nation.

As an individual, I am also aware that we seem to be becoming a nation of conservatives. Lacking a long tradition as a state, we have become tradition-levers, shying away from new ideas simply because they're new. We look for precedents where precedents have already failed us time and time again. In short, we're afraid to be "radical." And as long as we're afraid to be radical, to try something new when the old ways have proved their ineffectiveness, we're going to stand still. Or worse, we're going to go backward.

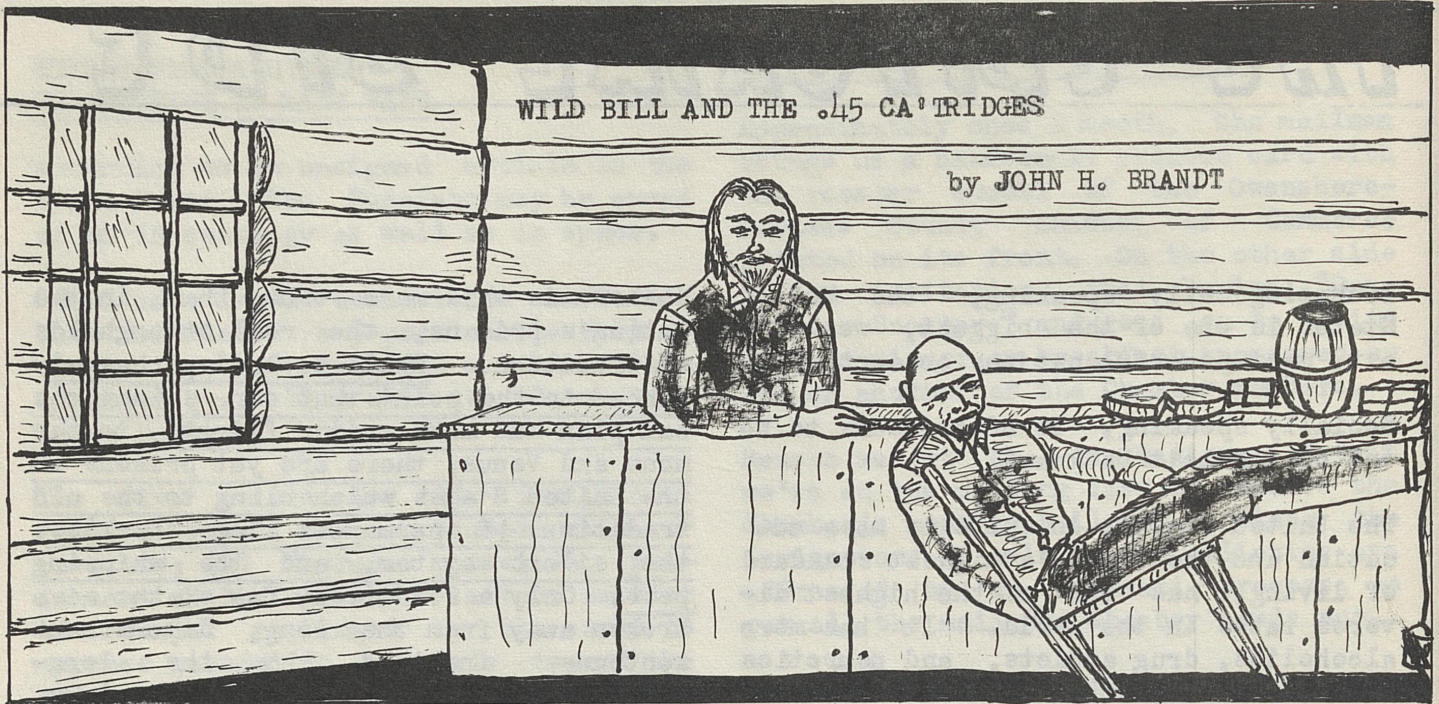
Nowhere is this more true than in the nation's prisons, the real strongholds of tradition. While technology has advanced to the point that our scientists can plan and make guided flights to the moon and Venus, there are yet prisons in the United States which cling to the old traditions of permanent leg shackles, the silent system, and the whipping post. Only a relatively few states have broken away from the long, determinant sentence inspired by the long-discredited hedonist school of penology. The traditions of the death sentence and of "made" work and outright idleness still persist in even the best of U. S. prisons.

Nor are we convicts blameless in this respect. Clinging to our old traditions of hate, prejudice, and resentment, we more often than not negate any worthwhile efforts in our behalf.

In the news section of this magazine are two articles which point up the successes of other nations -- one of them our rival in the cold war -- in the prison field. There could have been other stories, of other nations. There could have been stories illustrating how far behind us some nations are. But the only story that really matters is the story of what this country, with its gigantic resources and its wealth of trained minds, is doing with its misfits.

It's not a pretty story.

-- Lawrence Snow



WILD BILL AND THE .45 CA' TRIDGES

by JOHN H. BRANDT

It happened in one of those Southwestern states. You know the kind of country I mean ... all sagebrush and cactus and open spaces, except for bare, rocky Western mountains, and nothing but Indians and Mestizes scratching a living out of 99 per cent of the country. The other one per cent is different, though. That's where the cities are, and they're not like cities in other parts of the country. Not old and concentrated and kinda dead, you know, but young and rangy and sort of alive. Anyway, it was in one of them cities that Jimmy and me planned our caper.

It would have been a good one, too, if it hadn't been for Wild Bill. A new department store, it was doing a booming business, like most enterprises in the desert, and its safe was bulging with green. We knew, because we'd made a point of seeing it.

The trouble was getting to it. There was so much money in that box it would have taken a Brinks team to sack it up and move it. In a way, that's how we planned to get it.

The armored car picked up the money three times a week, always on different days and at different times. But about 15 minutes before they came, the manager and the bookkeeper would have the money out of the safe and into those green canvas sacks that the armored car company used. We planned to get there just a few minutes before the car did.

Well, we'd cased that store down for almost three weeks when we finally saw a pattern in the time the car came. In another week we had it down pat, and we was ready to move the following Monday, which was the day we figured they'd make the next shipment of money.

But I mentioned Wild Bill. Wild Bill Hickok. That wasn't his name, I guess, but that's how I thought of him. That Sunday ... the Sunday before the Monday we was going to do our stuff ... Jimmy and me got to feeling tense and kind of shut in, like. We hadn't been out of the house except to case that store for almost a month, and we decided to take a ride around the desert to settle our nerves and get in the mood for the hit.

On the way out of town Jimmy noticed a sign advertising a riding stable. It was up in the forested part of the mountains, rare in that part of the country as I've already said, and Jimmy took the notion he'd like to ride a horse. There was a sort of road map on the sign showing how to get to the place, so I watch for the turnoff while Jimmy fights the Sunday traffic.

The road leading to the stables turned out to be a winding, climbing little asphalt strip with almost no traffic on it. The country was all desert and rocks when we first started up it, but as we drove on, all that fell behind. Before we know it, we are right up in the mountains, with the trees getting thicker and thicker and the road crooked and crooked. The air is cooler and fresher up here, with a sort of clean pine smell to it, and I begin to think that maybe a little horseback riding wouldn't be so bad after all.

Pretty quick we come to another sign advertising the riding stables. Below the sign, on the same post, there is a little wooden shingle with a hand-lettered sign on it that says something about a trading post a half mile ahead. "Guns and Ammunition," the sign says.

"Watch for that trading post," I says to Jimmy. "I need some ammunition." I have a box of shells, but I don't want to use them up shooting at tin cans.

Jimmy says okay, and a minute later he pulls up in front of the little store. There isn't much to it. Just a log cabin with another hand-lettered sign over the door, and a pull-off where cars can park. I get out and push open the door.

Right off I get the funniest feeling that this place isn't real, somehow. To start with, the merchandise on the shelves is the sort of stuff you'd see in old Western movies. Yard goods, crackers in a barrel, cheese in big

wheels -- but nothing new, nothing modern. There is an old pot-bellied stove in the middle of the room, and two old geezers are sitting with their feet propped up on it, even though it isn't lit, and not saying a word -- just giving me the cold-eye as I come through the door.

But the screwiest thing of all is the way the fellow behind the counter looks. He has on a faded plaid shirt made of some real coarse material and a pair of pants that look like buckskin. His hair is white and so long it hangs down to his shoulders, and he has a big white beard and handlebar moustache to go with it. He is a dead ringer for Wild Bill Hickok.

Well, I walk up to the counter and before I can say a word Wild Bill says, "Sorry, son, we ain't got a new .45 ca'trtridge in the place."

"Oh," says I, and turns to walk out.

"Well, now, just a minute, young fellow. We ain't got no new ca'tridges, but we've got some old ones here in a ceegar box, if you want 'em. You can do your target shooting with them and save your good ones." And he pulls an old cigar box out from under the counter.

I buy a handful of the shells -- old cartridges they were, too, with the brass just starting to turn green -- and walk out. It wans't until I get to the car and sit down that it hits me.

How the devil did Wild Bill know I wanted .45 cartridges? I hadn't opened my mouth to tell him what I wanted. And how did he know that I wanted to do some target shooting? For that matter, how did he know that I had a box of good shells packed away that I didn't want to use up? It gives me the creeps, but I don't say nothing to Jimmy, not right then.

(Please turn to Page 10)

LOVE MOTHER CHAIN

EDITOR'S NOTE: This unsigned article appeared in the Summer Edition of The EAGLE, inmate publication of the Federal Reformatory for Women at Alderson, West Virginia.

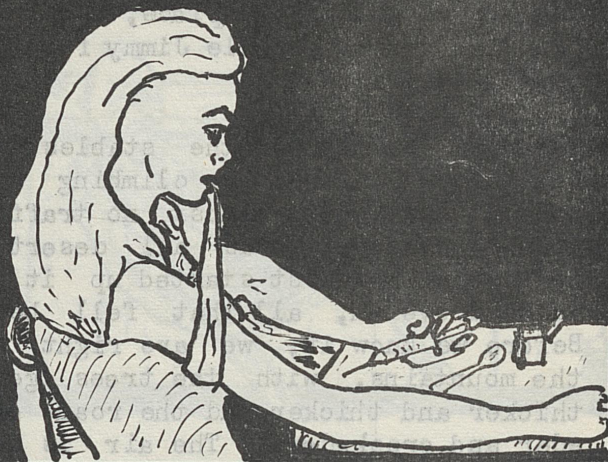
Everywhere I go, I find a Mother. Yet each time I go, it is to escape from a Mother. It seems there is an ever-present something for me that shapes into "Mother."

As a child I loved "Mother." Just the sound of the word did something wonderful to me. Then as I grew older I began to find I was losing too much of myself to this "Mother." I began to be less selfless and more selfish. I wanted myself to myself. I could share with others, but still wanted to be with "myself."

So I got married, sort of to cut off Mother and share with Hubby. But, Lo, the tie is not so easily broken, and through various tugs and pulls at the strings of our connections, Mother won out over Hubby. We were divorced (Hubby and I), and we were reconciled (Mother and I).

My return to the womb, so to speak, lasted approximately five days, during which I was pampered, coddled, cooed over, and made to feel completely inadequate to face Life. "Help," I cried, and on the sixth day I was rescued via narcotics. My previous experiences with drugs had left little or no impression on me except excitement -- you know, "live dangerously." But now they seemed a boon in the times of strife, a comfort in the storms of coddling, and like fresh air after being smothered in the bosom of my mother's love.

Yet each link that I broke from the chain of Mother Love only added a pig-



iron link to the chain of narcotics. I made myself a slave to drugs and in being a slave seemed free. I had almost loosed the Mother Chain -- or so I thought.

And then I was arrested. Was I pleased? No. Was I disturbed? Slightly. Was I worried about what Mother would think? No. At last I was doing something on my own. Mother couldn't help me now ... and I was glad.

So I arrived at Alderson, my mind made up to find myself and be my own person, my own guide in life, to be an individual. But Lo, I found I was still an embryo. A different womb, but still "Mother," a bigger, more accommodating womb, but still "Mother." I have been coddled when performing a likeable task, and chastised when I was "bad." I get a pat on the head for being a good girl, a good talking to when on the wrong track. Sometimes the admonition is, "Be a woman" -- and then I am given the diversions of a child.

How to cope with this? Retreat? Defiance? Submission? Am I equipped to cope with it? How would I know? I

never have time to find out. I'm tired, tired of Mothers and Mother figures, and Mother Institutions. To the devil with them all; I'm going to be my own Mother and lead my own life. I'm going to be independent of all maternal ties and suggestions. I don't need anyone to smooth the path before me. After all, I'm 29 years old now, and who wants to be a 29-year-old child? Not me. I think I've just about outgrown it. I've crawled for a long time and when I began to take my first steps, I had help, and when I didn't need the help any more, I had help. So this time when I try my legs out, I'll run FROM help, especially if it bears the name Mother.

WILD BILL (Continued from Page 8)

We go on to the stable and rent our horses all right, but all the time we are riding I am thinking of old Wild Bill knowing I want ammunition for my .45. Finally I tell Jimmy about it. Well, he remembers that he'd felt pretty creepy sitting there in front of that old trading post, too. The more we talk about it, the more jittery we get. So after a spell we just look at each other and nod, and then we head for the car.

We never do make that department store. In fact, we get out of the state the next day. We just don't feel right until we do -- it is like someone reading our minds all the time.

But I guess the funniest part of it is on the way back down the mountain road. It looks like the same road we had come up on. Same signs, same trees. Even the same twists and turns. And we are both keeping an eye out for it, too. But all the way down that mountain, we never do find that old trading post or the little wooden sign underneath the riding stable ad!

Subscribe to the CASTLE! A dollar does it! Address: Box 128, Eddyville, Ky.

DON'T QUIT

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all up hill,
When the funds are low and the debts are high,
And you want to smile, but have to cry;
When care is pressing you down a bit,
Rest if you must, but don't you quit.

Life is queer with its twists and turns
As everyone one of us sometimes learns,
And many a failure turns about when he
Might have won, had he stuck it out.

Don't give up, though the pace seems slow;
You may succeed with another blow.
Success is failure, turned inside out,
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt.
And you never can tell how close you are;
It may be near when it seems so far.

So stick to the fight when you're
hardest hit,
It's when things seem worse that you
must not quit.

-- Contributed by Gordon Mercer

ARIZONA JAIL INMATES RESCUE JAILOR

Phoenix (AP) -- Deputy Sheriff Charles Tweedy, a jailor at the Maricopa County Jail, received a 450-dollar bill for blood transfusions given his 9-year-old son Randall during an operation. But Tweedy didn't have to pay it. News of the huge blood bill reached 165 prisoners of the jail, who donated 3 pints of blood for every single pint used during the operation.

COMING NEXT MONTH:

THE BELIEF THAT REFUSES TO DIE

A brief analysis of man's persistent belief in the transmigration of souls.

DEAR MR. SHERER:

Many of our readers have wondered what prison life is really like. In order to give these persons a somewhat clearer idea of what one man finds the prison existence to be, we present these articles in letter form. Readers are invited to comment on the series. -- The Editor

Eddyville Prison
August 15, 1962

Dear Mr. Sherer,

Not long ago, a visitor made a tour of this institution. After the visit was over, he turned to the guard who had accompanied him and remarked: "Why, they look just like everyone else, don't they?"

Well, Mr. Sherer, as much as we dislike to disappoint our visitors, we can't help looking "just like everyone else." We were born in the usual way, like everyone else. We were babies and toddlers and adolescents and then men, like everyone else. We were "recruited" from the same communities and neighborhoods everyone else lives in. And we bleed if we're cut, like everyone else. We are not a breed apart, at least not in any physical sense.

Nor in any other sense, for that matter. I have known men, and I'm sure you have, whose actions were usually good or usually evil. But I have never known a man who was either good or evil. Goodness and evil simply are not human qualities. Human qualities are love and hate, fear and anger, hunger and satiation, and all the delicate and diverse other qualities that spring from them. And every man I have ever known, in prison or out, psychotic or sane, had every single quality that every other man in the world has. The differences between men are not differences in qualities, but differences in degree of quality. As you have suggested, men's qualities are often dulled, and they are sometimes intensified.

Now, it often happens that men in prison hate more intensely, resent more intensely, and fear more intensely than other men. It often happens that our better qualities -- our capacity to love, to reason, and so on -- are dulled. But the significant thing is that the change usually occurs in prison, not before prison.

Next time you read about a so-called "hardened criminal" in your newspaper, read about his background, too. I have never heard of a hardened, embittered criminal who did not have either a prison record or a slum upbringing. The everyday existence of everyday America -- which is where the larger part of your convicts were reared -- is just too soft and too easy to harden men. It takes a jungle to do that, and prisons and slums are jungles.

Fiction & Articles

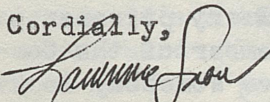
But something had to be wrong, to be "different" about a man to make him come to prison in the first place? That's true. But the point is that the prison jungle intensifies it, hardens it, tempers it, and sets it, rather than corrects it. And don't ask me what "it" is, because if I knew that, I wouldn't be here myself.

While we're on the subject, it may surprise you to know that convicts aren't significantly "dumber" or less educated than people on the other side of the walls. In Michigan recently, 400 prisoners were given I. Q. tests. The highest I. Q. was 132, the lowest, 77. The average was roughly equal to the average of a comparable group of free citizens. The overall, or group educational level is usually slightly lower, because there are not quite as many college men in prison, proportionally, as there are in the general population. But otherwise the literacy of the prisoner group usually reflects pretty closely the literacy of the areas from which most of the prisoners came.

And all kinds of men come to prison. Laborers and semi-skilled workers abound inside the walls, of course. But there are also doctors, lawyers, and other professional men behind bars. There are businessmen and executives and salesmen, craftsmen and artists in prison. And once in a while, not often, there are wealthy men in prison.

So, Mr. Sherer, if you want to get an idea of what kind of men we are, drive through the streets of your own city. Look in the slums and the lower-class residential districts, of course. But look in the business districts, the districts that display the better homes, and in the colleges and high schools of your town. Look in the soda counters and the taverns, and in your own shops and factories and offices. The faces you see there are the same faces I see here. We were your neighbors once, and most of us will be your neighbors again.

Cordially,


Lawrence Snow

BRITISH VS AMERICAN LEGAL ATTITUDES

A British jurist visiting the United States recently made the statement that he believed American criminals have more contempt for the law than British criminals. The difference? Fairer treatment of offenders by British prosecutors than by Americans, who often "make deals" and offer reduced sentences for "copping out," or use underhanded trial practices.

"You Americans," he went on, "keep emphasizing the punitive aspects of handling crime. In Britain, where the crime rate is much lower, the average sentence is much shorter than in the U. S. The difference is that our justice is swift, sure, and even-handed."

-- Via the Penal Press

EXCHANGE PAGE

By Leonard
Rule

THIRTEEN CONS TAKE DEGREES

Thirteen men wearing caps and gowns marched across the stage and received college degrees recently at the U. S. Penitentiary auditorium in Leavenworth, Kansas. The graduating class included men convicted of murder, bank robbery, checkforging, narcotics sales, and other crimes. Two are life-timers. They had studied for their degrees in prison over the last 10 years. -- Via The REFLECTOR, Indiana

FORMER PRISON EDITOR TO WED

Stan Crooks, former PILLAR editor, has announced his engagement to a girl from Bingham Lake, Minnesota. Both are employed at a weekly newspaper in the southern part of the state. Via The REFORMATORY PILLAR, Minnesota.

TWO PLEAS FOR BLOOD BRING FAST RESPONSE

A newspaper story telling of a little girl in need of open heart surgery and blood to make the operation possible, and the appeal of an ex-convict for blood for his wife, brought immediate response from the inmates of the Ohio Penitentiary. Unfortunately, only the latter appeal could be answered, since the girl needed on-the-spot treatment. -- Via the OP NEWS

EARLIER PAROLE IN MINNESOTA

Minnesota is paroling prisoners earlier under a new philosophy, a member of the State Adult Corrections Commission said recently.

In the past year the commission has paroled men and women who would have been held to the end of their sentences in another era. "Every prisoner is ultimately going to get out," said Arthur B. Johnson, a member of the Commission. "Isn't it better if we put him on parole and have somebody looking after him -- an agent, an employer -- trying to reorient him to society while we have some control? -- Via the MINNEAPOLIS TRIBUNE, quoted in the MESSENGER, S. D.

SO WHO'S CRAZY NOW?

It was a lovely day and some of the asylum inmates were permitted to go outside. A staff doctor spotted one of them with a fishing rod, casting in the middle of a flower bed.

He approached the man and asked: "How are they biting?"

"Fine," was the reply. "You make the seventh!"

-- Via The CORRECTOR, Chicago



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.

O'NEAL DOWNING and **CLYDE CRUM** -- On The Mountain, as in most prisons, actual cash in units larger than a dime is contraband. But twice each week, inmates may draw out a portion of their personal funds in the form of canteen "tickets," spendable only in the commissary. The tickets will buy cigarettes, tobacco, and toiletries, but many prisoners use their spare "cash" to buy groceries from the canteen, too. The job of turning the groceries into hot meals falls on two genial gentlemen named O'Neal Downing and Clyde Crum.

Working in the cookshack, a small kitchen included in the canteen building, Crum and Downing turn out meals for 75 to 100 men every day -- more on "state paydays," the days when working inmates draw their pay from the prison. It's a big job, a 7-day-a-week job, and in the summertime it's a hot job. But the two men work hard to keep the orders straight and to prepare the meals on time, and most of the time they succeed. More importantly, they both manage to give courteous and fair service to everyone.

Downing, 42, is a native of Bowling Green, Kentucky. A single man, he has worked for much of his life as a foundry moulder. Since going to work in the cookshack some five months ago, however, he has become interested in the preparation of food, and he may decide to become a cook when he leaves here. A man marked by his courtesy and consideration for others, he has served almost five years on a ten-year sentence, and he's kept a clean record during his entire

stay. He transferred here from the reformatory at LaGrange last December.

Crum, who hails from Pikeville, Kentucky, is 34. Here for seven years on a life sentence, he, too, has kept a spotless record. A truckdriver and short-order cook in free life, he is also an accomplished country musician. He plays the bass fiddle and the guitar, and during the time he was with the prison band he occasionally filled in as vocalist. He has never married, and he has worked in the cookshack a total of a year.

Most popular orders in the cookshack are chicken dinners, ham or bacon and eggs, and hamburgers. But Crum and Downing will also prepare custom orders when they can, including exceptionally good spaghetti dinners and meat dishes. There is also a popcorn machine in the cookshack.

"If there's room," Downing said while we were interviewing him, "how about reminding our customers that when there's something bad about our service, we'd like to know it. There's always room for improvement. On the other hand, we like to hear about it when the service is good, too."

As long as these two boys are in the cookshack, we're sure the service will be as good as it can possibly be.

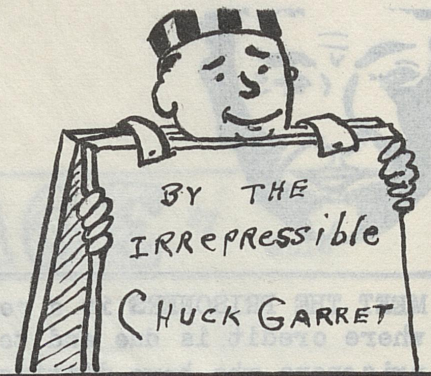
Subscribe to the CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND

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-- Still 12 issues a year!

TALL TALES

And a
few facts



Parting is such sweet sorrow!

What I'm trying to say is, I finally got the green light to transfer to the Flat Country (for the benefit of our outside readers, the Flat Country is the reformatory at LaGrange). And believe me, I'll miss some of you yaps -- like I miss a toothache! During my tenure at the Castle, I have made some friends and some enemies. However, I hope that my friends outnumber my enemies.

As mentioned last month, the Dark One, "Dago" Riis, has moved to 4 Shop, having acquired Lloyd Warman's watch-repair shop there. Lloyd got the go-ahead from the parole board and will be leaving us soon. And I hear Dago is going to step into my shoes on the magazine after I leave. He may be older than I am, and he may have been here from the time he stepped off the ark, but he can't fill 'em! He can't fill 'em!

Stanley, whatcha know about this fellow who got bit in the swimming pool? Or was it in the swimming pool he was bit?

D. B. has left 3 Shop for 4 Shop. Slick Balsey's presence has been missed since he moved from 4. Kenneth Liston Morton, Plumber Par Excellence, got encouraging news concerning that 15 months. He should be meeting the parole board in about 60 days. Lots of luck, boy.

Jim Sears is still searching for that 13 months' lost good time. Sears even had nerve enough to ask for a transfer to the Flat Country with me. The reason for that long face on Dick Oliver is that he got a denial, too. Ditto for Burney Crafton.

Roy Taylor is sweating out the August parole board. If he makes it, he will

soon leave our fair state. This guy cannot get it into his thick head that every state has a penitentiary!

Carl Hardin is toiling away in the guards' barber-shop, awaiting approval of his papers and his ticket to the Free World.

Leonard Rule is now assigned to the prison magazine as Associate Editor. He will make a good one. Tubby Snow, our esteemed editor, will probably shift most of the work off on Leonard.

By the time this issue is on the streets, Henry Griffith will be in Indiana on parole. Henry has taught in the prison school longer than anyone I know of.

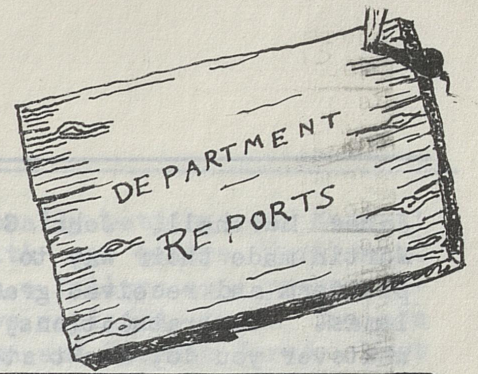
Joe Morton, one of the hospital janitors, made parole a year ago and can not find anyone to sign his papers. Joe is an excellent worker and disgustingly healthy. It seems as if he would make someone a good, strong, willing worker. If anyone can use him, by all means contact Joe here at the penitentiary.

Sherrid Wolfe, another old timer, has made parole and is sweating out his parole papers. Sherrid has held the same job, that of school librarian and runner, for better than six years now, and he's hoping to go to Ashland or vicinity.

One of our old timers, Jack Wright, is on his way back to the Castle. Welcome home, Jack.

Edward "The Nub" Newton has finally flipped. He's going around the hill telling nursery tales. By the way, Nub, who are you getting your cigaret butts from during your pinochle games now?

And now... goodbye, forever!



OFFICERS' KITCHEN -- Jack Martin

As far as anyone knows, this is the first time the Officers' Kitchen has been in the paper. So, here we are, and by way of beginning, let me introduce to you all the people who work up here.

First on the list is Jim Roby. He's Chief Cook, and boy, what a cook! His Number Two cook is John Young, Jr., a fine worker, but one who wants to go back to LaGrange. Good luck, John, and good luck on the parole beard, too!

Our pastry cook is Willie Madison, who turns out all the pies and cakes for the dining room. And that takes care of the cooking department.

In the dining room, Jim Taylor and I do the serving and cleaning up. Jim has been here for a long time, but I've only been in the department for 3 months. Both of us are old heads as far as pulling time goes, however.

Charles Bushrod, William "Hit the Ball" Hicks, and Earl Vires, as well as Elijah McKnight, work in the back room.

And now, let me introduce to you the man who has to put up with all this bunch, Mr. W. S. Mitchell, Officers' Dining Room Stewart. How he does it is a miracle. See you next month!

ONE SHOP -- Mose Parker

Tomorrow I'll probably hate myself. But, realizing my duty to my readers, it's my responsibility to set you straight. The educators have led the masses to believe that the land area known as the equator is the hottest spot this side of the devil's domain. Having

spent three summers on the Hill, I know this to be untrue. The exact temperature here is unknown, but O'Neal took a few eggs out of the refrigerator and before he could crack them, they hatched!

To make life bearable, we have been provided with two escapes from the heat: (1) Those having electric fans are permitted to run them all night; (2) The swimming pool. Speaking of the pool, S. S. Collins and John Broady have stepped from the ranks of non-swimmers. Perry, Bubber, Buford, and David Bland are also in there stroking, but having difficulty in navigating. They have a tendency to go straight down!

By the way, if you haven't learned to swim, don't let it bar you from a cool dip. However, you stand a better chance of surviving by notifying the life guards before you make your debut.

The old shop ain't what she used to be. No sir, the old girl has undergone a paint job and general cleaning, and she's emerged spick, span, and easy on the eyes. She's ours, fellas, but as most of you know abuse will turn the loveliest queen into an old hag. Knowing that she'll be whatever we make of her, let's you and I treat her with tender loving care.

Also there has been a turnabout in the shop's administration. Mr. Abell, the custodial officer, has been rotated to another department, and Governor, the shop's runner, got the green light and is long gone. I wish both of these success in their new positions. Mr. J. D. Davis now sits in the seat of authority, and Lacy Williams, one of the tallest tellers of tall tales, is the new runner.

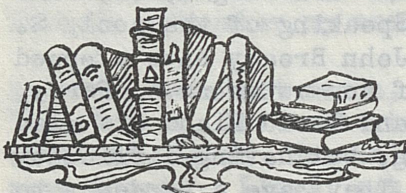
Department Reports

James Marthall, John Clark and Will Martin made their way to the graduation platform and received grade-school diplomas. Congratulations, fellows, and whatever you do, don't stop now.

Clark Jones is back with the band, and Garfield Green is the newest addition. Jones has already proved by past performances that he is an asset to the group.

Best of luck to the new officer and to all the new men in the shop. And now, keep cool, and I'll see you around.

Until next month ... peace!



SCHOOL DAZE

-- Joe Paulhus

While Mr. Cowan is out with a bad back, Mr. Garth Petrie has taken over his duties (See news section), aided by Mr. W. Z. Carter, Director of Education for the Department of Corrections. By the time this is on the streets, Mr. Cowan should have returned to his desk, and we extend our "Welcome Home."

We have several new students this month, including a new man in the typing class named John Clark, who graduated from the 8th grade last month. In the academic school itself, the new men are: Robert and Charles Hoover, Albert Tubbs, Paul White, George Johnson, Robert Jones, Dearwood Rager, James Quarles, Jerry Caldwell, Carl Evans, Jewel Dunkin, Henry Millikin, Alfonso Brown, Johnny Norville.

Anyone who is over 21 years of age, and who is interested in earning a high school diploma, hear this. Preparatory training -- training intended to get applicants ready for the GED tests this January -- has already gotten underway in the school. These men who wish to

take the tests this winter may attend the training classes being held from 1:00 to approximately 2:30 P.M. in the school. Any inmate who passes the tests -- and they will be tough tests -- in January will receive a high school diploma.

Sherrid Wolfe is still looking for his parole papers. We hope that he'll be gone by the time this edition comes off the press. Henry Griffith will be in Peru, Indiana by the time this is out. He plans to go back to work in the steel mills. He'd like to say so long to all the men and wish them the best of luck.

"Spider" Steel has returned to the school to take over Griffith's duties. Griff was the second grade teacher at the time he left, but he has taught virtually every class in the school since it was started.

The 8th grade has begun two new subjects this semester. Science will be taught by Treviso, and yours truly will be teaching general business.

Also the reference library has been made available to the students during school hours. The books will be out in the classrooms rather than in the library. They include a World Book and an Americana Encyclopedia and an unabridged dictionary.

Phew! I'm glad this is over for a month!

EGG HITS HAT IN LIBERTY, KY.

REWARD -- I will pay \$5.00 for information leading to the identification of party or parties who broke an egg in my hat at the Clerk's office Saturday afternoon, and spoiled a good hat, a shirt, and caused me humiliation, embarrassment, chagrin, mortification, humility, and mental disquietude in a public place. H. B.

(From the CASEY COUNTY NEWS Classifieds)



CABINET SHOP REPORTS

-- Bud Lyons

Another month has slipped away as time moves on here in the Cabinet Shop. With the passing month much effort has been expended by all present. Mr. Hillyard has been very busy between the shop and work outside the shop. He also has the job of building a new scale house, a job he has handled capably and that is now nearing completion. Also, Mr. Hillyard has been instrumental in the selection of materials that will be used in the construction of a gymnasium here. In all, Mr. Hillyard is kept busy here in the shop along with supervising various construction jobs going on in the institution.

DEPARTMENTAL PROGRESS: In the past month 1-Shop has undergone a face-lifting job. We built and installed new lockers for them, something they didn't have in the past. A new truck was purchased, and the bed for it was built and installed here in the shop. There are so many such jobs done here that it is impossible for me to mention them all. The name "Cabinet Shop" is misleading. We are active in assisting all construction work done here. The other day a man asked to see the boss, Mr. Hillyard. I noticed he was carrying an automobile tire, and I thought he was looking for the re-capping department. But later I learned that he was from the kitchen and wanted rubber bumpers installed on the tray boxes used there. So you can see we are always willing to lend a hand to any department.

AROUND THE SHOP: This month, as every month, we have lost old hands and gained new ones. Marcus Wright and Bobby Brewer are no longer with us. They've returned to the Free World for another try. We wish them both a long stay.

But I am personally betting on Marcus' being back with us before Christmas. Let's hope I'm a failure as a prognosticator. We have replaced these two men with Hoyt Bynum and Sherman Jared. Hoyt is a carpenter of vast experience and will be one of our carpenters-on-call. Jared has no past experience, but he's an enthusiastic worker and a willing learner. Both men are a welcome addition to the shop.

I understand John Fields wants to know if anyone has invented a silencer for a planer. And that concludes our report.

GAGS FROM THE ENGINEER DEPARTMENT

Submitted by James Bell Yager, Clerk

Don't borrow trouble. Be patient and you'll have some of it yourself.

Sunday drivers aren't all they are cracked up to be!

How easy it is the night before to get up early the next morning!

And have you heard about the girl they called "Income Tax" because she had such a staggering figure?

Hard work is the sum total of the easy things you didn't do when you should have.

Old-fashioned saying: a smart man hides his money in a sock that needs darning. It's still true.

There is something wrong about the man who is always right.

Some people never put out anything but a chill, and then wonder why the world is cold.

A smile is a curve that can set a lot of things straight.

Nations do not go down by the act of God, but because of the people.



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NIGHTKEEPER'S REPORT 1885

EDITOR'S NOTE: "Nightkeeper's Report 1885" 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.

JULY 17 -- The prison has been in good order during the night except there was a flurry of noise made by a dozen or so convicts yelling in their cells in the South Wing. What it was about no one seems to know.

JULY 18 -- The prison has been quiet and orderly during the past night, except just after the bell when there was a lot of hand clapping done in applause for a tune played on a banjo by a convict in the East Wing. Mr. Singer has been at the barn all night. One of the women on Prison Street told him that an ex-convict, Shrader, formerly assistant at the gate, intended to steal a horse. The thief did not come.

JULY 19 -- The prison has been in very good order during the past night, except that about 2:00 AM a barking dog from over the way woke up a number of men, who in turn yelled and barked back at him.

JULY 20 -- Some of the convicts in the West Wing were noisy during the early part of the evening. They were whistling in their cells. This lasted but a short time. A water pipe burst sometime during the night flooding the kitchen cellar. I don't think too much damage was done. Other than this the night has passed uneventfully.

JULY 21 -- At noon while the other men were at dinner, McGovern, No. 561, was found on one of the timbers that support the roof with a roll of sheeting torn into strips and knotted together. Under the eaves the boards were partly cut away, so that a few minutes' work would

make a place large enough for him to let himself through down in the yard in front of the East Wing of the prison. By order of the Deputy Warden, McGovern was sent to his cell and chalked in, the cell darkened by boards being placed a few inches in front thereof. He was ordered to remain there for fifteen days. Other than this obvious escape plot there is nothing to report.

JULY 22 -- The convicts tonight have been mostly quiet. Curney, No. 1576, has done plenty of talking in his cell, but not loud. One of his neighbors has complained of him. Guard Sloan reports No. 2741, Shivers, and No. 3164, Barry, for talking from cell to cell. Other than this the night has passed quietly.

JULY 23 -- During the first half of the night affairs in the prison were of the quietest, but about 10:00 PM Crapehart, No. 1476, and Grey, No. 987, broke out in concert in the East Wing. Grey, covering his head with a cloth and standing in front of his cell, said, "Bring on your hose!" I got the key and a can of water, then both promised to be still. I heard no more of them.

JULY 24 -- The prison has been very orderly throughout during the night past. There was but one guard for each wing. Mr. Webber was absent, with leave.

JULY 25 -- There was a little flurry of noise in the West Wing of the prison early in the evening occasioned by Berger, No. 1876, and others calling to the guard to open the window. Berger and Seth, No. 1021, did some loud talking together and Berger got caught.

KENTUCKY BUSINESSMAN SPEAKS AT CHAPEL

A soft-spoken businessman from Hopkinsville came to prison this month to speak at a fellowship meeting in the chapel.

Joe Rose, owner-manager of Dixie Gas, Inc., spoke for perhaps half an hour on a variety of topics, all, however, centering on two concepts in which he seems to believe strongly: positive thought and personal responsibility.

At one point in his talk, Mr. Rose said that all of us are partly products of our environment, but that basically, "we are what we think about all day long." Speaking in a relaxed, almost conversational tone, he went on to illustrate his point with anecdotes about people he has dealt with in his business and civic activities.

"How many of you," he stopped to ask, "know exactly what it is you want to be?" Several hands were raised. He advised the men to write out on a piece of paper just what their goals are. "It can't be anything that would hurt anyone else," he admonished. "It can't be anything that violates natural laws. But if you know what your goals are, and if you'll give them, say, 15 minutes of thought twice a day, you'll be surprised at the results."

But Rose is not a faddist. During his talk he made it clear that he doesn't believe in positive thought as a kind of magic, but rather as an aid to personal initiative and responsibility. "God isn't going to spoonfeed me," he emphasized once. He stressed the need to exorcise the human-but-hurtful qualities of resentment, bitterness and revenge.

Rose, a youthful 46, is a man who seems to have caught the real point of Christianity. In addition to his business responsibilities, he is a family man (two children, a boy, 8, a girl, 5). Yet he finds time to be concerned with people

who are unable to do much to help themselves. According to Chaplain Jagers (Rose himself is genuinely reluctant to talk about his own work), he was instrumental in raising funds for the chapel at Western State Hospital, and he has been active on behalf of other mental and penal institutions throughout the state. During the past 3 or 4 years, he has made periodic trips to this institution, and he has made important contributions to the prison library.

To us, however, one of the more interesting of his activities has to do with the Flynn Christian Fellowship House in Hopkinsville. Rose, who is chairman of the board, explained some of its purpose. Basically, it is a home for the homeless, a place where alcoholics, derelicts, and ex-prisoners may go to get back on their feet. Inmates of the house (capacity 20) are helped to find work, just as in the halfway houses begun by Father Clark. Once they find a job, they pay a nominal fee for room and board. As soon as they can afford to do so, they leave to make room for others. As far as we know, this is the only such organization in the state.

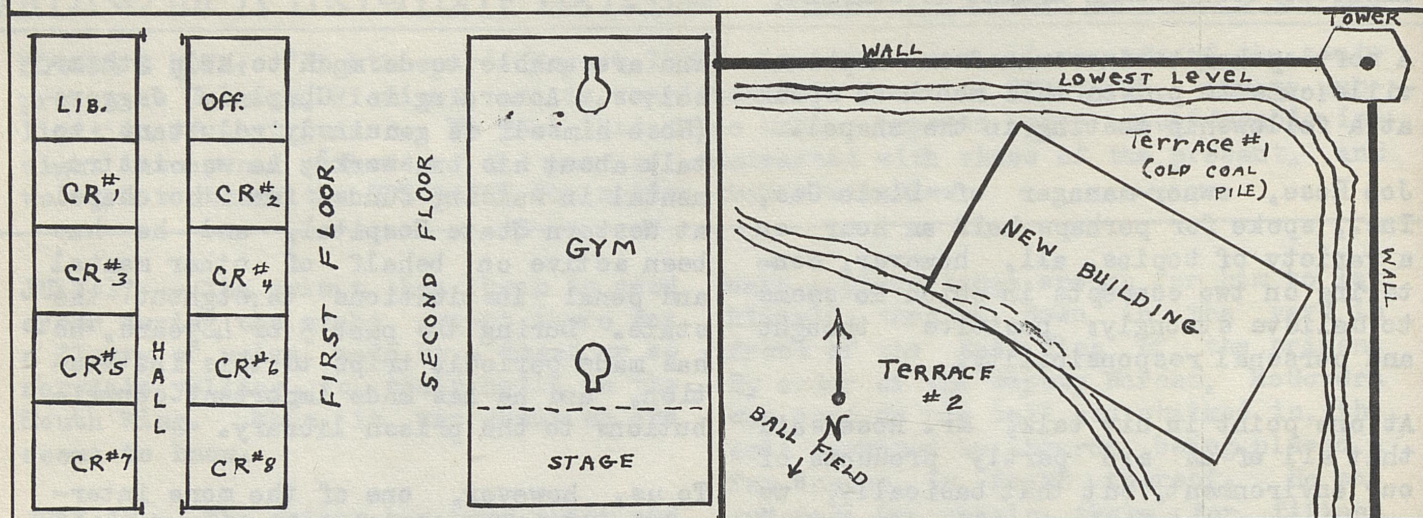
JAZZ BAND GETS JAZZY UNIFORMS

Whistles and cheers broke out in the noon chow line last month as the dinner-bound men passed the prison band. Reason for the excitement? The new uniforms donated to the band by Murray State College.

The uniforms, blue and trimmed in gold, with plumed caps and white Sam Brown belts, add a note of unity and color which the band lacked when it played in the regulation blue work uniform of the prison.

In spite of all the kidding, the band members appreciate the colorful new duds.

NEW SCHOOL-GYMNASIUM FIRST "NON-ESSENTIAL" CONSTRUCTION IN YEARS



Diagrams show sketch of floor plan (left) and possible location of new building.

In this issue of the CASTLE, Deputy Warden Lloyd Armstrong (see page 1) has announced a plan to begin construction of the long-awaited school and gymnasium building.

The building will include eight classrooms, a school office, and a school library on the first floor. A heavy insulating pad in the ceiling will cut down noise from the gymnasium-auditorium situated on the second floor.

According to school officials, each classroom will have glass partitions to permit supervision from outside the classrooms. The partitions will, however, block enough noise to allow teachers to use discussion periods, a basic teaching method that is not possible in the present one-room school building.

In the second-floor gymnasium, a projection booth and bleachers will be installed so that movies may be shown to large numbers of inmates simultaneously. A stage at one end of the building may be used for variety shows and assemblies.

The new building will be the first "non-essential" construction undertaken

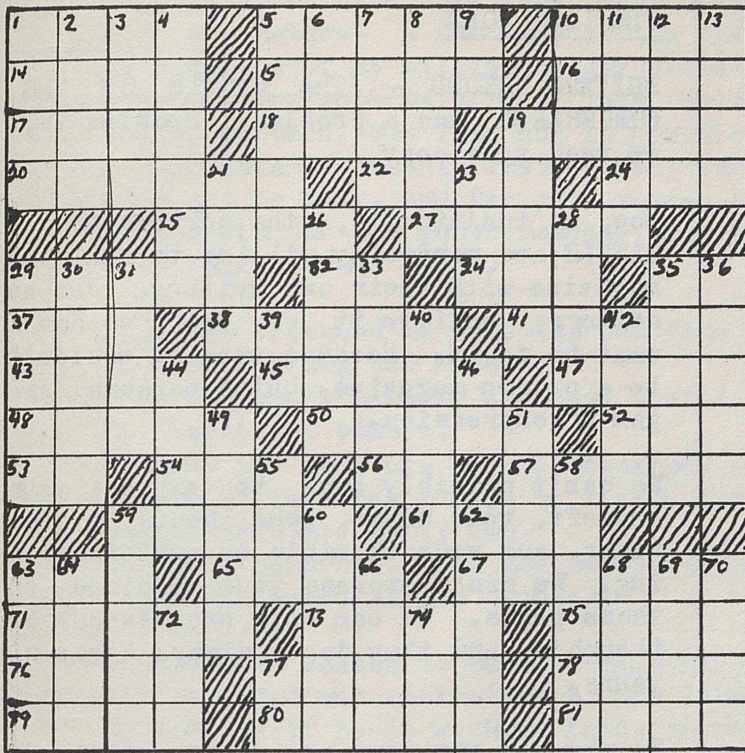
in the prison for many years. Although the prison has been expanded from the original three cellblocks, built in 1883, almost all of the new buildings have been used for living or working quarters. The exception is the present gymnasium-school, a building that allows neither academic work or recreation activities to go on full time.

Inmate labor will be used in the construction of the project, under the supervision of the architects. Preliminary surveying for the structure has already begun. Target date for completion is summer, 1963.

Announcement of the construction plans followed shortly after the announcement by the Department of Corrections' Director of Education, Mr. W. Z. Carter, concerning a plan to increase educational opportunities for KSP inmates.

The old one-room gymnasium may be turned into a vocational training school, according to informed sources.

"Don't take anything that doesn't agree with you," the doctor advised the patient -- whereupon the patient went off on vacation and left his wife behind.



DOWN (Con't)

- 4. Ship's kitchen
- 5. Yields, to instruction
- 6. Pack
- 7. Common element
- 8. _____ Pyle
- 9. The (Fr.)
- 10. Wine vessel
- 11. Faithful
- 12. Electrical force
- 13. Helpful factor
- 19. Commenced
- 21. Wyatt _____
- 23. Weep
- 26. Region in Austrian Alps
- 28. Similar
- 29. Retard growth
- 30. Milwaukee ballplayer
- 31. Harbear beats
- 33. Toward the center
- 35. Mediterranean sail
- 36. Doleful
- 39. Not(Pre.)
- 40. March king
- 42. Frigid
- 44. Slippery
- 46. Football position (Abbr.)
- 49. Twilled fabric
- 51. Abhore
- 55. Long period of time
- 58. Erin's capital
- 59. Saline drops
- 60. Billow
- 62. A cause of joy
- 63. Church recess
- 64. Fish trap
- 66. Quickly
- 68. Verdi opera
- 69. Group, in sports
- 70. Actual being (Lat.)
- 72. Bishopric
- 74. Cornish Prefix (town)
- 77. Atomic (Abbr.)

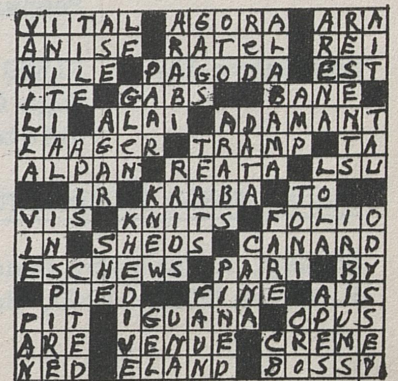
ACROSS

- 1. Hart
- 5. Bay window
- 10. Fish sauce
- 14. Light salutation
- 15. Vermont city
- 16. Dim. of Mary
- 17. Branch angle
- 18. Eng. college
- 19. _____ tigers (LSU)
- 20. Indiana county
- 22. French seaport
- 24. Amer. humorist
- 25. Previously
- 27. Potential energy
- 29. Sylvan demigod (myth)
- 32. Old Eng. Pronoun
- 34. Tibetan ox
- 35. Midwest State (Abbr.)
- 37. Greek letter
- 38. Bobbins
- 41. More pleasant
- 43. Prod
- 45. Helicopter prop.
- 47. To observe
- 48. Proboscis (pl.)
- 50. Show mirth
- 52. Silk measure: 120 yds.
- 53. Thoron (Abbr.)
- 54. Sheltered side
- 56. College degree
- 57. Hognose snake
- 59. Amateurs
- 61. Aleutian island
- 63. Solemn wonder
- 65. African antelopes
- 67. Deduction
- 71. A vegetable (col.)
- 73. Surf noises
- 75. Prevaricates
- 76. Sovereign's title
- 77. Assembly place (Gr)
- 78. Feminine name (pl)
- 79. Gaelic
- 80. Doctrine
- 81. Nominat

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

DOWN

- 1. Dark _____, Derby Winner
- 2. Maneuver, on airstrip
- 3. Touching



KENTUCKY STATE PENITENTIARY STATISTICS

(July 1 to July 31)

ESCAPES	1
DEATH ROW	8
Admitted by Commitment	11
Transfers from KSR	23
Released by Expiration	22
Released by Parole	18
Released by Death	1
Total Population	1160
High Number	23965
Low Number	11549

MOVIES FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS

August 17:	FRONTIER UPRISING James Davis & Nancy Hadley; Western
August 24:	BATTLE OF CORAL SEA Cliff Robertson & Gia Scala; War Drama
August 31:	LOVER COME BACK Rock Hudson & Doris Day; Comedy
September 7:	GUNS OF BLACK WITCH Don Megowan & Sylvania Pompani; Adven-Drama
September 14:	FIEND WHO WALKED THE WEST Hugh O'Brien & Linda Cristal; Western

CLOSED WORLD BROADCASTS

Sunday, August 26; Sunday, Sept. 9, 1:30
P. M. on WCBL, 1290, Benton.

THE LAST WORD

WRITERS NEEDED -- The CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND has a problem. Problem is, we need some copy.

Now, as individuals, the editors of the CASTLE are perfectly willing to fill the magazine with their own writing. But as editors, believe it or not, we don't want to do it. Because then it wouldn't be a prison magazine, but a personal organ of expression.

We can't possibly hope to express your beliefs, your hopes, your hopes, your fears, and your thoughts in our own writing. We can't express your opinions on these pages. We can only express our own thoughts, and they don't always agree with yours.

So why not sit down and do an article for yourself? Organize your ideas and put them down on paper. Don't worry too much about your spelling or your grammar, or your punctuation. Just do the best you can, and we'll take it from there.

And, friend, if you're handy with fiction, we can use you. Good short stories -- up to 2000 words, but preferably shorter -- are just exactly what we need. Poems, too and filler materials, including jokes.

Our standards are not high, of course. We don't have any professional writers here; but we would like to have your best. And to write your best takes thought and work.

There is a deadline, of course, and it is the 15th of the month preceeding the date of publication. In other words, when one magazine comes out, it's time to start work on the next. There are good reasons for the deadline. Laying out a magazine with a typewriter takes a lot of time and work. Doing the drawings and cutting the plates takes more. And collating, or putting the pages together, as well as distributing the magazine, takes time, too. So does censorship. So please, let us have your material a good month ahead of time.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir:

This will serve notice to each and every fellow inmate in this institution that I, James Bell Yager, will not from this date forward attempt to help or assist any of you with legal problems of any nature. A few have in the past come to believe that I am obligated to you as if you were one of my million-dollar clients. I have in the past helped some when I was asked to on matters appertaining to legal documents, income tax returns, pensions, and various other matters, but I am not in position to properly assist each and everyone of the 1250 men incarcerated in this institution, and for me to assist one and have to refuse the other would not be fair, and for this reason I am declining assistance in this respect in the future to all for the above reasons, and the following reasons, I feel that this is the only proper thing for me to do.

First, I am not licensed to practice law from the penitentiary.

Second, I didn't bring you here.

Third, I am an inmate myself, and feel that I should first free myself prior to thinking about the freedom of others.

Fourth, ninety per cent are legally confined anyway.

Fifth, I have no business trying to listen and hear out problems of others when Lord knows I have enough problems of my own.

Sixth, I didn't come here with the expectation of practicing law, and I have no one here to whom I am obligated in any respect.

If anyone has good reason to believe that his rights have been violated, and that he is unlawfully detained and restrained of his liberty, I would suggest that he retain an outside attorney, or if he is without funds to retain private counsel there remains the Legal Aid Society, and the Civil Liberties Union with whom he may contact to act on his behalf as a pauper. (Editor's Note: As far as we know, these legal bodies in Kentucky do not take criminal cases)

I want the each of you confined here as my friends, but I don't in the future want you as my clients. There is one thing that many of us fail to realize, and that is that no man can do the impossible. No one here has anything I want other than his friendship. One convict lawyer or jailhouse lawyer whichever name one might prefer to use cannot assist 1250 men with their legal problems, and in my opinion to remain friends I should decline assistance to each and all, I don't feel that it would be right for me to assist one with legal matters when it would be impossible to assist others.

WHEREFORE, and upon all the foregoing, I, James Bell Yager, do hereby retire as convict lawyer while confined in this penitentiary.

Respectfully submitted,

(s) James Bell Yager

(Approved for publishing) Luther Thomas, Warden

CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND
Box 128
Eddyville, Kentucky

TO :