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MERRY

CHRISTMAS

Castle ON THE

Cumberland

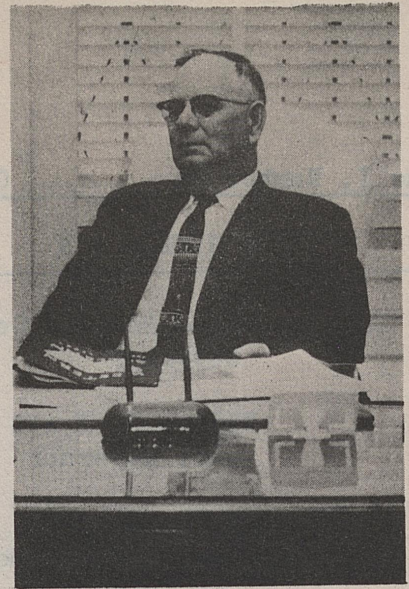
December, 1961
Volume I, Number VI

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UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY

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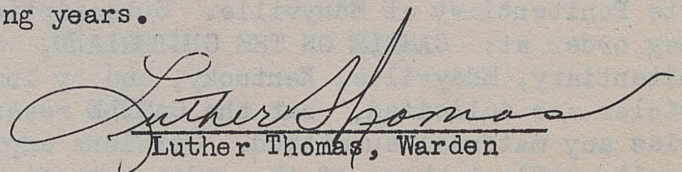
WARDEN'S PAGE



I wish to take this occasion to extend my very best wishes for a joyous and happy Christmas to each employee and inmate of this institution. Our relationship for the past few months of my tenure have been most pleasant and a very soul-warming experience. It is my fervent hope and desire that we shall continue in our forward movement to make this institution one of which we can all be proud. We can only do this with enthusiasm and dedication to a united purpose.

Programs, gift, and special meal are being planned for the inmate body. While it is a sad occasion for many of you being separated from your loved ones during the holiday season, I urge that you dedicate yourselves to the task of rebuilding your life and elevating your thoughts and sights whereby that you never again shall be separated from your family upon your release.

May God's richest blessings be yours during the holiday season and the coming years.


Luther Thomas, Warden

INSTITUTION NEWS

EDDYVILLE PRISON GOES ON AIR

At long last, this prison has taken to the airwaves.

On the 27th of last month, State Representative Shelby McCallum, who also manages Radio Station WCBL in Benton, and James Wilkins, Assistant Manager of the station, brought taping equipment into the prison chapel and recorded the first in a series of programs scheduled to originate here.

The institution's popular Hillbilly Band furnished the theme music, then followed it up with a number of other selections, all delivered in top-notch style. The Swing Band, playing under the name of "The Rhythm Kings," belted out two numbers, too, and did a remarkably good job considering that one horn went out of commission on the second number. The rest of the musical side of the program consisted of spirituals from the chapel's Negro Choir and Negro Quartet.

Sandwiched between numbers were interviews with Warden Thomas, Deputy Warden Armstrong, Chaplain Jagers, and Recreational Director Everett Cherry.

The idea for the program originated with Representative McCallum, who had heard other prison programs in other states. Arrangements were made by Mr. McCallum and Mr. Wilkins through Warden Thomas, Deputy Warden Armstrong, the Chaplain, and the Recreational Director.

The first show was heard at 1:30 pm Sunday, November 3rd, and the second program, a special Christmas show, will be heard at the same time on Sunday, December 17th.

The inmate body would like to express their gratitude to Representative McCallum and Mr. Wilkins, as well as the prison officials responsible for the program, for this giant step forward.

MANY IN PRISONS RECEIVE A. A. HELP

(AP) More than 350 mental hospitals and 400 prisons in the United States have established Alcoholics Anonymous chapters. Results have been striking. About 80% of the alcoholics released from these institutions find permanent freedom from drink. Without A. A., only about 20% escape from alcoholism.

* * *

PASTRIES MAKE HIT WITH MEN

The coffee cakes served recently in the messhall were delicious. Everyone seems to have liked them, and many of the men would like to see this kind of pastry served more often, especially for breakfast.

* * *

LOST AND FOUND DEPT.

An inmate who prefers to remain anonymous has found a wallet-sized snap-shot on the yard, and has requested the editor to try to find its owner. The picture is of a baby about one year old. On the back are stamped the words, "Blair Studio, Detroit, Michigan," and the words "From Tony" are written in green ink above the stamp. Owner can claim by describing the object the baby is holding and reminding us that we have the picture in our wallet. The latter requirement will not help to identify the owner, but will probably be necessary since we often forget where we put things

* * *

OVERHEARD ON THE YARD:

Inmate #1: "Gimme a ceegaret, man."

Inmate #2: "What you mean, gimme a ceegaret? I done smoked so many butts my breath is beginning to smell like everybody's!"

Inmate who lost an argument with Deputy Warden Armstrong and won several days in the hole as a consolation prize: "Man, and Khrushchev think he's tough!"

CANTEEN HELPS PAY FOR XMAS

Every Christmas, the inmates of KSP eat a special holiday meal and receive gifts from the state. Each Thanksgiving, there's turkey on the table. On the 4th of July, there's a barbeque, and on other holidays throughout the year there are special meals served... with all special dishes costing the taxpayer of Kentucky not a penny.

Each weekend, there's a movie--complete with newsreel and cartoon --shown in the prison chapel. Every day, inmates use sports equipment in their idle hours. Inmates who need dentures or glasses receive them from the state free of charge...and not of cent of the cost has to come from the state treasury.

Where's the money tree? In the prison canteen, which pours every cent of its profits into the Inmate Welfare Fund.

In an interview with Canteen Manager Joseph P. Ruppel, we learned something of the way the canteen and the Welfare Fund operate. We learned, for instance, that the canteen is an entirely self-supporting corporation operating independent of the state for the benefit of inmates.

Chartered under the name of Kentucky Commissary, Inc., the canteen has a President--Warden Thomas; a Secretary--Mrs. Ordway; a Treasurer--Mr. McGee; and even a Board of Directors, comprised of several Department of Corrections officials.

The corporation meets all its own expenses, including salaries, and the Inmate Welfare Fund gets the cream.

It's Big Business, too. Each of the 1200-odd inmates may draw up to \$20 a week in the form of canteen tickets, the only "legal tender" other than pennies, nickles and dimes allowed in this closed world. In return for their tickets,

inmates get cigarets, tobacco, toilet articles, and food to be transformed into hot meals by the two cookshack chefs, "Hap" Mercer and Junior Jackson, who estimate they prepare from 50 to 80 meals on an average day.

In addition, inmates who are assigned to institution jobs are paid a minimum of \$2.50 a month for their labors, payable on or near the 15th of each month. When "state payday" arrives, Mr. Ruppel and Officer Lowery, as well as the two inmate clerks, Frank Brown and Clarence "Kewpie" White, are kept jumping to handle an average of a customer a minute for as many as three straight days.

With that many customers, it's not always easy to keep the tiny canteen building clean and orderly, but the crew manages amazingly well.

"We're still in the process of re-decorating," said Ruppel. "We've rearranged the stock, cleaned and painted all the shelves, and added a new refrigerator, meat-cutter, and Pepsi-Cola fountain. But the hardest job is to arrange the stock so that it can be reached conveniently and expedite that line of customers."

"It would speed things up," he went on, "if the men would remember to have their I. D. cards handy when they come up to the window. Some of them have forgotten that they must show their cards to buy, and it slows down the line quite a bit when a man has to fumble in his pockets for identification."

We talked about leather sales for a while. Formerly, the leatherworkers here had to buy their supplies from the canteen, and there is a small room where the hides and lace were stored. It is now being cleaned out to make room for merchandise, and inmates who are assigned to the leather shop may buy their craft materials from outside firms, providing they pay for the orders from their own accounts. (Cont. on Page 4)

CANTEEN PAYS FOR XMAS (CONT.)

The telephone rang as we were talking, and the tall, husky Canteen Manager paused to answer it. The call was from the isolation cellhouse.

"There's another thing," he said as he hung up the phone. "We give the men in lockup and on the farm custom service. They write down their orders and we fill and deliver them during our lunch hour."

"I don't feel sorry for anyone here," he continued; "they got themselves into trouble. But I do think they should get a fair shake while they're here, and not be walked on, and that's the way I try to operate this canteen. I try to keep a good stock, and I watch my buying so that I can offer the boys a little better price on the items whenever possible."

Another break that is given the men, he explained, is the absorption of state sales taxes by the canteen.

"We have to pay state sales tax like any other business," Ruppel said, "But we take it out of our profits and charge the men nothing."

We also learned that the Officers' Canteen, located in the Administration Building, passes its profits back to the officers in the form of uniforms and other necessities.

He had to leave then to pick up the lockup orders, and we went back to our office to write this story, feeling that we had a little better understanding and appreciation of the way our canteen is operated.

* * *

UNLICENSED SURGERY?

A picture of a barbeque scene in the November 5th COURIER JOURNAL MAGAZINE was captioned, in part, "Overall view catches the spirit, chefs slicing meat and hungry people."

CHRISTMAS OLDER THAN CHRISTIANITY?

(Based on data from Religions of the World and the Encyclopedia Britannica.)

On the 25th of this month, some 800 million persons throughout the world--almost a third of the planet's total population--will celebrate a holiday that is, in one sense, even older than the religion that fostered it.

Although Christmas is today the most significant of all Christian holidays, the practice of feasting and gift-giving during the latter days of December seems to have been adopted almost intact from the old Roman "Saturnalia" or "Feast of Saturn," a pagan holiday practiced for centuries before the birth of Christ.

And, although Christmas, which means "Christ Mass," honors the birthday of Jesus of Nazereth, no one really knows for certain on what day, or even in what year, He was born. However, Biblical scholars are generally agreed that Jesus was born some 3 or 4 years before the Year One A. D., and probably not on December 25th. For some 3 centuries the Birth was celebrated on various days of the year, a practice that understandably led to confusion and prompted Bishop Liberius of Rome to set the date officially at December 25th, the day on which the Saturnalia Feasts ended.

Some nations, however, guided by the Old Style Calendar, observe Christmas on January 6th.

Time has wrought considerable changes in the holiday. In England, where the day was at first kept only by religious services, celebrations of the Birth eventually grew so wild that in 1654 Parliament passed a law abolishing Christmas from the calendar. And in the New World, the New England colonies ignored the day, while in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, the observance of Christmas was a prison offense! It remained for the Catholics of the South

(Cont. on Page 5)

CHRISTMAS OLDER...? (CONT)

and the Dutch of New York to make the holiday generally popular in America.

And Santa Claus himself is an American invention, although the legend is based on fact. In Asia Minor, in the 3rd Century A. D., there lived a Saint Nicholas who was known for his generosity, and eventually became the patron saint of children--and Russia. He came to be a symbol of Christmas gift-giving, and the tradition was brought to America by the Dutch. In 1822, in New York, a poet named Clement Moore wrote for his children the now-immortal poem, "A Visit from Saint Nicholas," in which the venerable saint was for the first time pictured as a fat, jolly elf who rode about on the Yuletide in a sled pulled by reindeer and loaded with toys. Both the poem and the image caught on, and children shortened "Saint Nicholas" to "Santa Claus" before many years went by.

* * *

ERLE STANLEY GARDNER COMMENTS ON PRISONS

This came to us via the BAY BANNER.

"I don't know about you, but I don't like the way society runs its prisons. The weak young man is turned into a criminal, the criminal is turned into an embittered convict with a hatred of society, and the embittered convict is all too frequently turned into a killer. I feel pretty certain that our penologists who know the system is wrong could do one hell of a lot to improve it if they only had the public support, instead of public condemnation, whenever they try to do anything worthwhile in the field of rehabilitation."--ERLE STANLEY GARDNER.

* * *

And most women's slacks make you wonder why they aren't called something else!

--Via ROCKY MOUNTAIN BREEZES

ST. EDWARD SCHOOL ANSWERS EDITORIAL

In a recent issue of the CASTLE, we commented on the fact that a large number of the men here are idle, and wondered if there weren't some worthwhile task we could undertake for the sake of others.

In Jeffersontown, Kentucky, Sister Joseph Mark read the editorial, and decided to do something about it. First of all she wrote to the Governor, urging him to consider the idea of setting up a strong musical program in the penitentiary. Then she put the problem up to the 7th-Grade class at St. Edward's Catholic School, where she is a teacher.

The result was a sort of chain letter in which each student contributed a paragraph or two of ideas, some of which follow:

An art gallery, with prizes to the best painting.

A prison Olympics, with track and field events, tugs of war, boxing, and wrestling.

Ceramics, sculpture, and wood-carving.

Short-story contests, stamp and rock collections, poster contests.

Furniture-making and auto-mechanics classes; writing and painting classes.

And one boy who had just taken a trip through Kentucky said he noticed that many of the road-signs were rusted or bent. He suggested that we make signs commenting on the beauty of Kentucky and pass them on to the Highway Department.

Our sincere thanks to Sister Mark and the students for their suggestions. If more people in this world took that kind of interest in others, crime and prisons would no doubt become things of the past.

* * *

USELESS INFORMATION--by Useless Dave

If a snail travels two and a half feet an hour, it would take 61 years and 73 days traveling 24 hours a day for it to reach LaGrange from Eddyville.

Not all Civil War Troops wore blue or gray. The Fifth New York Volunteers, for example, called themselves the "Dur-yea's Zouaves" and wore fez, red pantaloons, and leggings copied from the French-Algerian uniforms. (They fought for the North!)

Playing cards were not invented by the Russians. They were first used in Hindustan as early as 800 A. D.

Henry Prochow profoundly says: "If you lend someone 5 dollars and never see him again, it may be worth it!"

According to Don Rich, one of our more erudite students, the meaning of "paradox" is a couple of doctors.

At birth, some baby whales have been 22 feet long and many weigh more than 2 grown elephants. I wonder if "Mamma Whale" ever has triplets. Wow!

Dr. Charles Fisher, a noted specialist in psychoanalytic theory, states: "Dreaming permits each and every one of us to be quietly and safely insane every night of our lives."

And the average smoker can get 18 drags off a Pall Mall before he smells flesh burning; therefore, don't let a friend who is saving you the butt go past 9.

Merry Christmas from--DAVE COLLINS:

* * *

GEM SWIPED FROM THE ENCHANTED NEWS:

"Two men looked out through prison bars
The one saw mud and the other stars."

--Stevenson

YAGER'S CONTRIBUTED FOOLOSOPHY

--James Bell Yager

Dean of Women: "Didn't you read the letter I sent you?"

Coed: "Yes, ma'am. I read it inside and outside. On the inside it said, 'You are requested to leave college' and on the outside it said, 'Return in Five days' ...So here I am!"

An attractive young lady entered the lingerie shop and, after looking at some sheer nylon hose, asked if she could have the words, "If you can read this you're too darn close," embroidered on the tops.

"We can do that," said the clerk. "Do you want block or script letters?"

"Neither," the beauty said. "Just Braille."

When an oilman who had crashed into a telephone pole and brought down the wires recovered consciousness, his hands were clutching the wires.

"Thank heavens!" he exclaimed fervently, "It's a harp!"

There's a new deoderant out called Van-ish. After you rub it on, you disappear and nobody knows where the smell comes from!

A customer in a restaurant had been particularly loud and obnoxious, generally giving the waiter a hard time. Finally, he said loudly, "What do you have to do to get a glass of water in this dump?"

"Set yourself on fire," replied the man at the next table.

There's nothing wrong with teen-agers that reasoning with them won't aggravate!

the EDITORIAL SIDE

It happened during the Christmas season. A cat-burglar was silently and efficiently ransacking a private home when, unexpectedly, he came across a small leg-brace of the type used by paralytic children. Without a moment's hesitation, he took a 20-dollar bill from his own wallet and wrapped it in the straps of the brace. Then, replacing the valuables he had collected, he just as silently left the home, poorer and yet richer than when he entered.

It's a true story, and yet not really an exceptional one; for generosity and a touch of sentiment--and often a great deal of honesty and loyalty in personal dealings--seem to be integral parts of the makeup of professional criminals--the thieves, heistmen, safecrackers, and burglars who inhabit the prisons of the world.

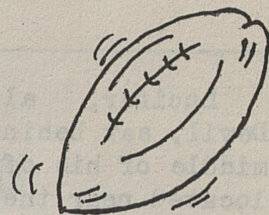
And when Christmas time rolls around, the spirit touches prisoners in much the same way as it touches free men. There's a lot of walking done in prisons on Christmas day...a lot of visiting and sharing of packages, a lot of touching, generous gestures of friendship.

And, inevitably, there's a lot of reminiscing, too. Christmases and New Year's Days of the past, however mediocre they may have seemed at the time, become memorable occasions with the retelling. Parties and Christmas dinners get a little bigger each year, gifts a little grander, and friendships, a little warmer.

It's a good time of year, even here.

SPORTS

REPORT



BILLY HOWELL, SPORTS ED.

This is still the season for football, so each Sunday we bear witness to the slaughter. This past Sunday we looked on as CARTER'S COLTS defeated the BEARS 12-0 in a real thriller.

While talking to Bill Coley on the sidelines, he informed us that hitting the big Bear fullback was like hitting a Mack truck. He wasn't kidding. He had all the bruises to prove it. Joe Anderson said he did well in the game--his only injuries were an injured shoulder, bruised ribs, and a swollen ankle!

John Brent, the big 220-pound back, has been doing a good job for the Colts. Brent informed us this is his last year to play, as he is pushing 50 and he feels he will have to go back to a milder sport, like boxing.

We would like to give each player a writeup, and try to do justice to his ability. Unfortunately, our space does not allow for this, so we will have to do the next best thing, and list each team at the end of this column.

As usual, we are short on sports, therefore we have a short report.

On this most joyous of all holidays, I want to wish each of you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

COLTS ROSTER

Herring	Housman	Robinson
Coley	Meriweather	Cole
Pyle	Penn	Lyons
Underwood	Anderson	Hollis
McCutchen	England	Crazy Jack
June Bug	Estes	
Carter	Houchins	
Mercer	Smith	
Brent	Lewis	

BEARS ROSTER

Ford	Badeye
Hobo	McHenry
Skin	Mooney
Stiles	Hollowell
Hammerhead	Tippy
L. C.	Lewis
	Petty

MOE: What does one car approaching a railroad crossing at 80 miles an hour, plus one train approaching a railroad crossing at 108 miles an hour, equal?

JOE: I don't know, what does it equal?

MOE: A caboose full of scrap metal!

Contributed by JOHN METHERTON, Jeffersontown, Kentucky.

BEATNIK VISITING THE GRAND CANYON:

"Dig that crazy irrigation ditch!"

Via The PRESIDIO

Jack be nimble, Jack be quick
Watch the Russians for a trick
Play it cool and play it slick
And be like Teddy, tote a stick!

"Professor Dizz"
in The PRESIDIO

One explanation of the meaning of "Canada" is that early Spanish explorers searched there for gold, but, finding nothing, said in disgust: "Aca nada," or "Here is nothing."

SATAN HAS A PARTY

A Short Story by David Holmes

Lucifer, alias Satan, alias The Devil, sat behind the large desk in the middle of his office. The office was located near the center of his domain, and the new Sears air-conditioner had little effect on the heat which seemed to come through the thin walls. He had just sent for 5 men who were suffering their fate. As he awaited them, he unbuttoned the top button of his shirt and wiped beads of perspiration from his forehead. He made a mental note to have one of his workers bank the main fire.

He was just beginning to lose patience when the door opened and his Number One boy stepped into the room.

"They are here, sir," he said with a big grin.

Satan rose to his feet, buttoning his shirt. "Good! Good! Send them in."

The Number One boy turned and left the room, and a few minutes later 5 men entered. Lucifer nodded to each in turn and waited until they stood before he spoke.

"Good evening, gentlemen. Be seated and make yourselves at home." He laughed at this last remark.

The 5 men sat down and each held a look of wonderment on his face.

"Ah," said The Devil, taking his own seat and folding his hands on the desk, "I see you are wondering why I sent for you. Well, you have good reason to wonder, so I will explain." He paused for a moment. "Each one of you has lived a pretty bad life while you were on earth or you would not have been here, am I right?"

No one spoke.

"I see you refuse to answer. It makes no difference. The fact that you are here speaks for itself. There never is any mistake in that. But I have a deal to make with you...one that is very

unusual and has never been made before and will never be made again."

The 5 men moved uneasily in the chairs.

"I see that I have drawn your interest," said The Devil. "That is good. I picked you because of your wonderfully bad records on earth. I need a group of people up there to work for me...to harm other people. In other words, to lead them here. I'm sure you all know what I mean."

One of the men stood up. "But why us?"

Satan gave him a sneer. "I've told you once, stupid. Because of your records on earth. Wait! I'll spell it out for you." He shuffled some papers on his desk. "Ah, here we are." He looked up at the man standing nearest him.

"Now, take you for example. Your name is Nero. You were, at one time, the Emperor of Rome--until your little fetish got the best of you and you burnt the place down. Made it almost as hot as it is here! At times, you killed thousands of people just to have something to do. Now, I'm not blaming you for that. As a matter of fact, if I gave out medals, you'd surely get one. I'm just showing you why I picked on you."

He looked at the other men sitting before him. "That's the same reason I chose all of you. Each of your records is as good as Nero's." He pointed to one of the remaining four. "You, Caesar! Do you remember all the slaves you ordered killed just to honor your weddings? And you! And you! And you!" he said to the other men. "Your records are just as good--or bad, depending on which way you look at it."

The man called Nero sat back down. "Now," said The Devil, "I'm sending all of you back to earth with new names and faces, and I want you to work for me. I

SATAN HAS A PARTY (CONT)

want you to be as mean and dirty to your fellow man as you can. And as long as I get good reports from you, I will let you remain there. I want your number to grow and grow!"

He stopped talking and pushed a button on his desk. The door opened and the Number One boy entered with the smile still on his face. "Yes?"

Lucifer looked up at the 5 men. "Do you understand your jobs?"

The men got to their feet. All nodded.

"Good," said The Devil. "You may go, and good luck." He turned to his Number One boy. "Show these gentlemen the way to earth."

The boy bowed, but as the men started out, Satan stopped them.

"Before you go, I think your group should have a name." He paused, stroking his neat little Van Dyke that thrust itself from his chin. Then, his lobster red tail wagging gleefully, he chortled and said:

"How about calling yourselves the Party?"

EDITOR'S NOTE: The author of this amusing story had inserted one of the political parties where there is a blank. Since this is a non-partisian paper, however, we have left it up to the reader to insert the party of his choice!

* * *

Blessed are the deaf....
For they cannot hear the dumb!

Via the Penal Press

TWO BUMS
in a
RAILROAD YARD

--Jonathan Parks

"Hey, there! Yep, you...where ya headed? Dago? Los Angeles?"

"What! Frisco! Hell, man...Frisco's cold this time of year...cold and rainy wet."

"You don't care? You say you've got a sister there that'll take you in?"

"Well, that's different. A man's got somebody there to help him, he's all right."

"Me? Ah, just travelin'. You know how it is...caught a freight outta Chi--man, it's colder'n a well-hole in Alaska back there--migrating to Sunny Cal. L. A. for the winter, that's for me!"

"St. Louis your home town? Yep, I know St. Louis well. Used to operate outta there, you know, but that was 'way back there. Probably before your time; prohibition."

"Nineteen, you say? Yep, you 'us just a little squirt then. Say, boy, come to think of it, ain't you pretty young to be out on the road?"

"Been roamin' around since you was 12, huh? Ever since your mother died an' the fambly broke up? Yep, that's the way life is, I reckon. Kid grows up kinda wild-like when his Ma passes on. Best friend a boy ever has, his Ma."

"Myself? How long I been trampin'? Oh, 'bout 20 years, I 'spect...20 years therebouts. I must like hit? Waal... I'll tell you, boy, it's a fair-to-middlin' way to go through life. Course, nowadays it's a dang sight different than when I started out. Yessiree, nowadays a man don't hafta have any git-up

(Cont. on Page 11)

TWO BUMS (CONT)

and-go about him at all. Don't hafta worry about findin' a place to sleep or gettin' somethin' to eat. Big organizations to take care 'o things like that now. Man wears his clothes...gets hungry, or wants the feel of a bed on a chilly night...why, all he's gotta do is go along to a 'Sally' and show em his Social Security card."

"Was things harder back in the old days? Well, boy, that depends on how a man looks at things...how he evaluates ideas, as the big shots say. Take a man on the road back in the Twenties. That man had two choices about gettin' somethin' to fill his belly. He could ask the woman of a house for a hand-out, or he could offer to do a little work for a bite to eat; either way he lost his self-respect."

"You say that's the way it is now? Well, now, you're right to a point, boy --to a point. The difference ain't in the act, it's in the idea behind the act. What I'm driving at is this; the man that had to go up to a house to beg for somethin' to eat, well, that man knowed that he didn't have no right to ask a woman for the food her husband had earned for his fambly. Nobody has the right to take somethin' for nuthin' from a person that's worked for it...a man knows that! I don't care what kinda man he is, a man knows that an' goes ahead and begs for food regardless...why, that man can't help but have no self-respect. He'll feel guilty...start hating hisself an just become no good in general, worse'n an old egg-suckin' houn' dawg. But you take nowadays it's different. A man don't hafta feel that he's low-ratin' hisself, or think that he's a good-for-nuthin', no-count bum just by askin' for somethin' to eat. Hell no! Special outfits been set up for to take care of him. It ain't a personal thing anymore, he don't hafta face a woman and beg somethin' knowin' that it's been worked for by her husband. Hell, it's

a man's duty nowadays to take all he can get from the Sally or any other social outfit; iffen he didn't he'd be makin' liars and hypocrites outta the kind folks what're trying to help him."

"You don't think it's like that, you say? You think a man's supposed to stand on his own two feet, work for his livin', eh? Waal, I reckon this bein' a democratic country that a man's gotta right to his own opinion. But, boy, you gotta look at both sides of things. There's always two sides, it's a law...it's what democracy is. Now you take this little idea we been kick-in' around, 'bout whether a man should take all he can get from outfits like the Sally, like I think, or stand on his own two feet and ask for nuthin', like you think. Now, boy, this is a very important thing we're talkin' about. It's a big social issue, a big economic issue, and a big religious issue. It concerns a lot of people in all walks of life. When you get right down to it, a bum's a pretty important fella."

"In the first place, boy, bums like me 'n you reflect the economic stature, moral stability, and general progress of our country; we're a sort of human index to civilization. Yes siree, boy, don't ever low-rate bums. We're right important folks, play a big part in things. Course, hardly anybody realizes what we really are, except people with a religious bent. That kind of folks make up such outfits as the Sally, and--now.... that's what I meant a minute ago when I said a man should take what he can get. The Salvation Army consists of thousands of warm-hearted folks, organized to help bums like you 'n me. Why, they have schools, universities, buildings all over the world where people can get jobs helpin' us. Think for a minute. How would those good people fare in life if it weren't for us? What would the thousands of them do if bums like us ceased to exist?

"Well, boy, that's old 60 pulling out
(Con't on Page 12)

TWO BUMS (CONT)

...I reckon I'd better be gettin' a move on. Been interesting talking to me, eh? Well, I shore do appreciate that, boy. You just keep in mind what I said. You get to Frisco and can't get a job, end up back on the road, start gettin' blue, don't go to feelin' that you're no-count because you're a bum. A bum's a lotta things, boy...and he's damn important."

"Take it easy now, boy...watch yourself iffen you hop a cooler."

The End

The following poem is reprinted from The RIVERSIDE, the publication of the Minnesota State Training School. We feel that this young poet bears watching.

THIS IS THE LAND

by Richard Raymond Ragnor

This is the land where hate should die--
No fueds of faith, no spleen of race
No darkly brooding fear should try
Beneath our flag to find a place.
Lo! Every people here has sent
Its sons to answer freedom's call.
Their lifeblood is the strong cement
That builds and binds the nation's wall.

This is the land where hate should die--
Though dear to me my faith and shrine
I serve my country well when I
Respect the creeds that are not mine.
He little loves the land who'd cast
Upon his neighbors word a doubt,
Or city the wrongs of ages past
From present right to bar him out.

This is the land where hate should die--
This is the land where strife should
cease.

Where foul suspicious fear should fly
Before the light of love and peace.
And to the land our fathers sought
Our services we freely give.
And be worthy as we ought
Of this great land in which we live.

CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND

CARD OF THANKS

During this holiday season, I want to express my thanks and appreciation to several people who have been instrumental in making my time here as worthwhile and pleasant as possible.

First, to the many free persons who have shown me the kind of wonderful courtesy and graciousness that have restored my faith in human nature, my very sincere appreciation and thanks.

Next, to all the men who have worked with me in the front leather stand, my gratitude for promptness in filling orders and for many kind suggestions.

To my close friends in the guards' barbershop, where I was employed for two years before being assigned here--to John Daughtery and John W. Medley--Thanks for your warm friendship and companionship over the years.

And finally, to Warden Luther Thomas and Deputy Warden Lloyd T. Armstrong, my sincere thanks for the faith and trust you have displayed by assigning me to this job.

To all of you wonderful people, Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

RICHARD CLARK

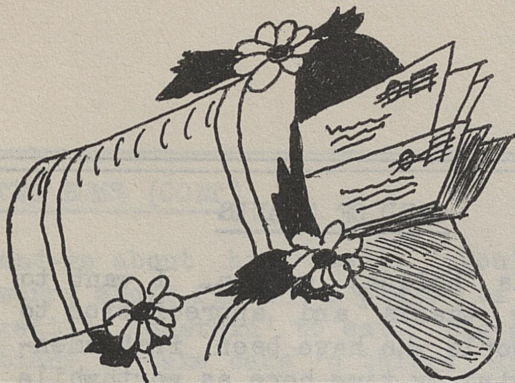
The doctor was visiting the Hillbilly's wife to deliver her tenth offspring. As he approached the house, he saw a duck in the front yard.

DOCTOR: Whose duck is that?

HILLBILLY: That ain't no duck, Doc. That's a stork with his legs wore off!

Contributed by James Yager

The city of Los Angeles was founded in 1781 as El Pueblo de Nuestra Senora Ia Reina de Los Angeles.



THE EXCHANGE PAGE

The LYON COUNTY HERALD, Eddyville

This excellent weekly newspaper carried a reprint of our "Eddyville Prison Now 78 Years Old" in its November 16th number. Front page, too. Thanks for the lift, fellas, but our writing looked kinda sick surrounded by that of professional journalists.

The HORIZON, Philadelphia

Thanks for the compliments, especially for the moral encouragement on "Meet the Prisoners." We like you, too.

The REFLECTOR, Women's Reformatory, Minne.

Well done! One of the best magazines we get from the distaff side.

The PATH FINDER, Saskatchewan, Canada

Enjoyed your new format and the writing, too. Keep it coming.

The ATLANTIAN, Georgia

Excellent all-round coverage. Impressed by the article from Attorney-General Kennedy.

HOSPITAL HIGHLIGHTS and WESTERN BULLETIN, Ky.

Both of these magazines are doing a good job of portraying life in state hospitals. We believe that many false impressions about mental hospitals could be cleared up through your publications. Good work.

The PRESIDIO, Fort Madison, Iowa.

Just plain congratulations on "The Hands of Time." 'Twas art!

WE ARE NOT RECEIVING the following publications:

The HAWKEYE, Anamosa, Iowa; SAN QUENTIN NEWS, San Quentin, California; The PIONEER NEWS, Chino, California; The SKYTOWER NEWS, LaGrange, Ky; The PENSSCOPE, Moundsville, West Virginia; The HARBINGER, Kansas...and The DEER LODGE NEWS, Montana.

EXCHANGE EDITORS, Please Note:

The CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND is the only publication originating from these walls. The HOURS and The CASTLELIGHT are defunct.



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 either on the yard or at the CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND office.

BUDDY MATHIS: Short, slender, and with the kind of shy, mannerly personality that makes for popularity, Buddy Mathis is perhaps the best jazz singer this institution has seen in some time.

With no voice training other than that he picked up as a member of a high-school choir, Buddy has developed a voice good enough to be heard in several Louisville night clubs. In 1951 and 1952, he was on WHAS Radio and WAVE-TV in Louisville as a singer, along with a group of other LaGrange inmates. He won top honors in a LaGrange talent contest, and his voice has opened many doors to him in the Free World. Yet Buddy modestly disclaims any professional talent, and has never tried to crash Show Business except as an amateur.

Assigned to the kitchen, where he works from before sunup to after sundown, Buddy hasn't had the chance to do much singing at Eddyville, but those who have heard him singing or whistling to the accompaniment of the Rhythm Kings wish he would do more of it.

Buddy, who is 39 years old and a native of Louisville, also plays the saxophone occasionally.

Buddy, let us hear that voice of yours more often.

HAROLD ARNOLD: Born in Charleston, South Carolina, some 36 years ago, Harold Arnold is a man who has had wide experience in a number of fields. The most valuable of these, at least to this magazine, is of course his experience in printing and editorial work.

Working principally in Charleston, Harold has been an offset pressman, make-up and layout man, proofreader, and flatbed pressman. While in another penitentiary, he worked on the magazine staff, and he has worked for various printing companies around the nation. Since arriving in Eddyville, Harold has taken a great interest in this magazine, and has done a great deal of work on a voluntary basis.

In addition to his printing work, he has been a hard-rock miner in Montana, a construction worker in Georgia and Washington, and a hotel employee in states east and west of the Mississippi.

The job he enjoyed most, however, was that of Assistant Stewart at the Lido Hotel in Long Island, a hotel that charged a minimum of \$85 a day. Beach privileges and fine foods, as well as the chance to meet interesting and often famous people went with the job.

This month, Harold starts to work as Associate Editor of this publication.... a job he's well qualified to hold.

Hear CLOSED WORLD...the public-service presentation recorded inside these walls... every second Sunday at 1:30 pm on Radio Station WCBL, Benton. Dial 1290 kc.

Have a friend who'd like to read the CASTLE? Subscriptions are only a dollar for 12 monthly issues. A money order to The CASTLE, c/o this prison, does the trick.

TAGG TAGG

And a few Facts

By
The
Irrepressible Chuck Garrett

Well, folks, the bus from the Flat Country has once again paid us a visit, bringing some old friends back. JERRY BLACK, GORDON MERCER, LEON SCHUMAKER, GEORGE BURKHEAD, and CARL HARDIN were some of the old-timers. JAMES HORTON, HAROLD BARRICKLOW, ALLEN STUMP and ERNEST SUMMITT were some of the new arrivals from LaGrange.

LARRY MARTIN, DAVID GAMMON, JIMMY CARRICO and LARRY SHORT are fresh in from the bricks via Christian and McCracken Counties.

And parting is such sweet sorrow! Once again I have applied for transfer to the Flat Country, and I'll be on the January Classification Board, I hope. I want to say that I have walked this mountain for 4 years, and I've detested every day of it, really. The last time I went before the board, though, begging, pleading, and crying, I got a big "Transfer Denied." So, fellows, if you have any good stories I can strap on the C. B. members--please contact Chuck Garrett. Incidentally, the purple-heart routine and the poodle-dog expression are no good; I tried both last time.

JOHN HOLLIFIELD has left the Knitting Mill for the Electric Shop. JOHN and BOBBY McGAHA should make a good team. MARCUS "CARPENTER EMERITUS" WRIGHT has been officially acclaimed Captain of the Head. ROY SCHELL has made a trip to Maggie's. Seems as though Schell has been eating on the Short Line. Natural, he got caught, so we'll see you on the regular line, Roy. Rumor is that the reason BILL NEVITT and KENNY MORTON have become inseparable is that Nevitt gives Kenny half his tray at supper--has he got you big-eyed, Nevitt?

Say, BUCK, how come BILL COLEY is so friendly lately? I met him in Four Shop and he insisted that he buy me a cup.

Maybe he's running for election.

PAUL _____ recently got a letter from his wife, and one sentence knocked him to his knees. "Honey," said the Better Half, "I'm working as a call-girl." He was really stunned until she went on to explain that she was working as a call-girl for Southern Bell Telephone!

To clarify a statement that appeared in this column last month (we must like this life for we keep coming back), we weren't talking about everyone here--only people like our esteemed editor, LARRY SNOW, and my friends BUCK PENN, BILL COLEY, ROOSTER MEREDITH, BUSTER HUDSON, SAM COPELAND, ALFRED CUNNINGHAM, CARL HARDIN--and me! (ED. NOTE: It'll take more than a cup of coffee to keep me off your back now, Teddy Bear. You'd better hope that bus runs soon.)

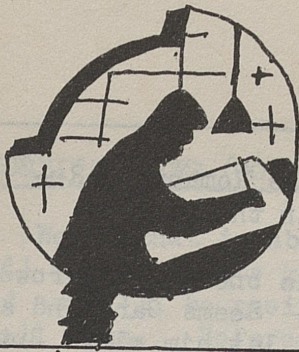
JACK TUDOR will be short for the bricks when this is published. Ditto for EARL "PICKHANDLE" WHITT, and JOE WEATHERFORD. In 5 long years, Joe has made good use of his time, graduating from the 8th grade after starting in the 2nd.

And BUSTER HUDSON is quoted as saying: "I've read about rehabilitation so much in this magazine, and heard about it so often on the yard, I'm ready for a little taste of it. Where do you go to get it?"

TUNE
1290

For Eddyville Prison's
half-hour
radio

Program on WCBL!
Every other Sunday at 1:30 pm. Next
program on December 17th.



Department Reports



THE LAUNDRY--Buck Penn & Bill Coley

Well, fellows, here we are again with a little of the dirt from the laundry. Well, actually, it couldn't be dirt if it comes from the laundry--just good clean gossip.

Our Chief, Mr. FRITCHARD, has had several complete days off lately, and he's all smiles. I believe he must be getting a lot of his outside work done, or else he's making a lot of money. Incidentally, we must have got a little out of line, because he gave us a pep talk the other day, but everything is ironed out now (pun not intended) and the laundry is running smoothly. So keep smiling, Chief; all the Indians are working to make you happy.

Since the last issue of our fine magazine we have lost several good men from the laundry. But they have been replaced by some really fine help. Hear what I'm saying, JERRY?

Say, fellows, if when you pass the laundry you hear us calling "Cow Cow!" over and over, it's not because we're off our rocks. It's just that something has broken down and we're calling our mechanic to repair it.

Listen here, CHUCK GARRETT, I'm not afraid of you. It's just that you have me over a barrel, and that's why I've told every one on the presses to please not wrinkle your old clothes. Oh, Pal!

Say, DEPUTY ARMSTRONG, your shirts sure look good. Where do you have your laundry done? I've heard that BILL HOLLIS does it. I didn't think he was that good, but I guess he is.

Well, fellows, this about does it for the month. Look here, though! If we ever PLEASE any of you with your laundry, how about letting our Chief know about it? I know he would really like to hear a good word every now and then, and he's really trying to give you a better laundry.

So long, and MERRY CHRISTMAS.

* * *

SCHOOL DAZE--Dave "Shotgun" Smith

We have another new teacher this month, EDGAR LAYMAN, who comes from Louisville, Kentucky. Ed has attended the Chillicothe Business College in Missouri, and has also been a teacher at LaGrange.

HENRY GRIFFITH has come to work in the school office, and I'm really glad to have him working with me. (He does all the work)

LAWRENCE "TOOTHLESS" STEWART is singing "All I Want for Christmas Is My Two Front Teeth," although I believe that two DOZEN would be more like it.

We mentioned in our last issue that several fellows have volunteered to attend school even though they are not required to do so. They are OLIVER LAWSON, JAMES CARNES, and HOYLE FENNINGTON.

We'd like to take this opportunity to thank all of the school janitors for the fine job they are doing, and we hope they keep up the good work.

CHARLES REYNOLDS, one of our janitors, has made parole and will be leaving as soon as his papers come back. Best of Luck, Charles.

DEPARTMENT REPORTS

ONE SHOP--Commonael Brooks

Well, it won't be long before Christmas will be here. It's a holiday that's very special not only to free people, but to each inmate of this institution, and I hope everyone will remember the real significance of the occasion.

There are a number of things that Christmas reminds me of. Carols, bells, Chimes, and little children singing; Grandmother baking her Christmas goodies; the first Christmas I was old enough to enjoy; and gifts and the giving of them.

Everyone at One Shop is expecting some form of Christmas--Christmas cards, visits, and packages--and it comes to me that if you haven't made preparation to send gifts to someone you love...send them a letter, anyway.

Everyone is growing nostalgic, too--especially Hambone, who is fond of talking about the "Good Old Days." Hambone is a top professional chef, and he's been around long enough to be an authority on the Good Old Days.

To everyone of you from everyone of us, a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

* * *

THREE SHOP NEWS & VIEWS--Jack Cavender

That fine old game of castles, queens, kings, knights, pawns, and bishops is on the upswing here in Three Shop. With winter coming on, and the cold weather keeping everyone in the shops, we have several new chess fanatics. Tracy Barker and Dave Collins are at it every morning right after breakfast and at school recess (Dave is a school teacher). It's a toss-up as to who is the better player.

GARY UTTERBACH is another tough nut to crack. RICHARD "PROFESSOR" DITSCH is pushing pawns at anyone interested.

JERRY BOGDEN, alias "The Romantic Rumanian," is a whiz in the biz.

JACK CAVENDER is the one in the crowd with the long face. Seems Gary and a couple of others won't let him win. But that's the breaks. Maybe when he gets good he can find someone to pick on.

Till next month, that's about all from Three Shop. Merry Christmas to all.

* * *

HOSPITAL NEWS--Haskell Gumm

Well, here we are again with the horse-pistol news. There really hasn't been too much excitement around this department the last month. We did lose right-end SAM McCUTCHEEN, one of our janitors, to the football team. Seems he went out for a long pass and couldn't make it back in time for work, or something. I never did get the whole story. But anyway, we're rooting for you, Sam.

We have also acquired some new help in this department this month. Big, long, tall BUFORD "WHICH WAY DID THEY GO" MCGINNIS, my right-hand man and part-time salesman. Buford took over the janitor work in our hospital kitchen, and since then I haven't been able to find anything to eat. We also have two more janitors, LLOYD DANIELS and RICHARD OLIVER. They're doing a fine job. Also, I'd like to mention our dental lab technician, RICHARD EVANS, who's putting out some good dental plates under the direction of our outside dentist, DR. JOLLY, who visits the institution weekly. You're doing a great job, Rick.

The other day I happened to hear "MIGHTY MOUSE" -- ROY TEAGUE -- mention something about wishing the officer's mess would go back to the old dinner trays instead of the new ones they have put out. What's to it, boys? You think he has any grounds for his grievance? Anyway, it doesn't hurt too much, Mouse.

Department Reports

HOSPITAL NEWS (CONT)

Well, that is about it for this trip. All you cool cats keep everything chilled and I'll be seeing you on the sick-call line. Before we go, though, I think it would be well to mention that we have no pills yet to cure short-timers with "tinitis." This 5 months and days is killing me!

* * *

A. A. NEWS--Haskell Gumm

I would once again like to take this opportunity to invite and encourage any man who feels he might have an alcoholic problem to attend our A A Meetings, held each Monday in the Chapel. Time, One PM.

We each as individuals know whether or not drinking has been our downfall, and whether drink has led us to put ourselves in the position we are in today. If alcohol is your problem, and you sincerely want to do something toward making a better way of life, then why not attend our A A Meetings and hear us out? There's no requirement other than sincerity and the honest desire to want to do something about your drinking problem.

This program has worked for 40,000 other members, and it will work for you if you want it to. You have nothing to lose and everything to gain.

So once again I'll be looking forward to seeing any new members wishing to attend our meetings. You can rest assured you'll never spend any other sixty minutes more rewarding than with us in A. A.

Be seeing you at the meeting.

* * *

According to the ENCHANTED NEWS, you can determine the approxiamate size of your vocabulary by counting the words you know on the second page of each alpha-

betical listing (i.e., the second page of the "A" section, the second page of the "B" section, etc.) and then multiplying the number of words you knew by the number of pages in the definitions section of the dictionary. Once you have done this, divide by 25, and the result will be the size of your vocabulary. Do not include the "X" section in your calculations.

FAULT FINDER

Via The GRAEVINE, Chicago

Pray, don't find fault with the man
who limps;
Or stumbles along life's road,
Unless you've worn shoes like he wears,
Or struggled beneath his load!
Why, he may have thorns in his shoes
that hurt;
Though hidden away from view,
For the burden he carries within his
heart
Could cause you to stagger, too!

Don't smirk at the man who is down today
Who knows pain, and felt the blow
That caused his fall, and brought on
shame,
That only the fallen know!
Don't be too hard on the man who sins
Nor pelt him with words of stone,
Unless that you are doubly sure,
You have no sins of your own!

For as far as you know, temptation's
soft voice
Could whisper and lead you astray
And cause you to waver, stagger and fall
Along life's short highway.

by Everett Bicks & Al Waitkus

Cook County Jail

KOREA

by Jonathan Parks

From out of the night they came
Through the gloom of a dreary dawn
A convoy of lost souls
Wandering...wandering.

This was not a retreat of mortals
The bone and flesh of the physical world
Rather was it a contingent of memory
The remnants of un-lived dreams

They had fought in the fields of shadow
On the treeless plain of despair
Comrades had fallen beneath swords of
steel
And now lay rotting on the muddy soil

The glory of battle was a sullen thing
A pit of hol' wness in hungry stomachs
Gone forever was the false reality
Of the majesty of armies going forth to
conquer.

Rivers of blood had flown yesterday
Screams of agony had rent the air
Sabers had clashed amidst their yells
Death had reigned for an hour

And the weary young G. I. thought...

Some day I shall return to Lorenzo
And walk the silent paths again
In the dew-laden meadows
Where brooks churgle and gleam

Some day the war shall be over
And friends' blood shall not soak the
ground
Nor the air be filled with screams of
agony
And the wretched machine-gun snarl.

Some day peace will again reign
And the sun will brighten the earth
To awaken the joy of living
On Nature's good green earth.

Spring

by Jonathan Parks

The nights of the days are dawning
Time has ceased
Winter winds are retreating
Spring is God over earth

Starflake snow of yesterday
Liquid nucleus of tomorrow's rain
Feeds the shoots in the meadows
Of living
To rinse the green earth of death

Streams in the field are churging
Rippling down sun-spotted ground
Coming down from mountains
Of beauty
Down to majestic lowlands

* * *

An office girl went into her accustomed
self-service restaurant on her lunch
hour and found all the tables taken.
Finally she sat down at a table with
a very proper and dignified little old
lady.

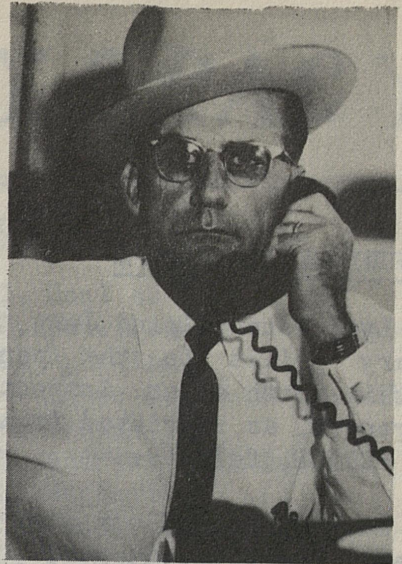
They ate silently, exchanging not a word
until the office girl finished and lit
up a cigarette. The little old lady
gaped. "I'd rather committ adultery than
be seen smoking in public," she said.

The office girl nodded. "So would I, but
I only have half an hour for lunch."

Contributed by James Yager

A subscription to the CASTLE ON THE
CUMBERLAND makes an ideal Christmas
gift. Just one dollar a year.

DEPUTY WARDEN'S PAGE



I think that everyone's main interest at this time is the menu for Christmas. Due to the fact that we served turkey for Thanksgiving, I think it would be appropriate if we have fried chicken with all the trimmings. However, this is not definite at this early date, but I feel safe in saying that chicken with all the trimmings will be on our Christmas menu. Each and every inmate will receive a one-dollar ticket as a Christmas gift. Inmates will also be permitted to mail 10 Christmas cards to their friends and relatives, but there must not be any writing on the cards other than the inmate's signature. The cards will be available for the inmates to purchase at the prison commissary. The institution will also have a Christmas program which will be broadcast over Station WCBL in Benton, Kentucky, 1290 on the radio dial.

At this time, I want to take the pleasure of extending to each and every employee and inmate of this institution and to every reader of this magazine a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

The year of 1961 is approaching an end, and in my opinion the maintenance and repairs here at the institution have advanced a great deal during this year. No. 1 and 2 Cellhouses are the oldest cellhouses in the institution, and we are now in the process of installing new windows; in the very near future,

we are going to install running water and wash-basins and commodes.

We are now in the process of repairing the kitchen and dining room ceilings. We have purchased a number of new vehicles for use here at the institution and on the farms. Our livestock herds have been greatly improved also.

The security is far better than it was. I also think that we have very good discipline and moral throughout our inmate population. There has also been considerable improvement in our feeding program, Engineering Department, and Education Department, which is now at an all-time high.

We have had more comments on our sanitation program during the years 1960 and 1961 than any other thing. I think that all concerned should be complimented for their efforts. I also think that all inmates should be complimented for the fine job which they do on our prison newspaper.

I do hope that we can make as much progress in 1962 as we have during the years 1960 and 1961. There is always room for improvement in an institution, especially one that dates back as far as the Castle on the Cumberland.

Lloyd T. Armstrong
Lloyd T. Armstrong, Deputy Warden

GRAND JURY VISITS PRISON

The Lyon County Grand Jury paid its customary visit to the penitentiary early this month on an inspection tour. Their report, as reprinted from the LYON COUNTY HERALD, follows:

"We have completed our work and have returned six indictments. We also visited and made a very detailed inspection of the Kentucky State Penitentiary. We enjoyed our visit to the Penitentiary and are glad to be able to report that it is in excellent condition. The physical properties are clean and orderly and the prisoners, likewise, appear to be very tidy and their physical appearance makes a good impression.

"We find that many of the prisoners are greatly interested in improving their education and vocational abilities. Much work has been done along this line and we would suggest that the next Legislature in so far as possible make provision for increasing instructional, educational, and vocational training facilities. We think that Warden Thomas and his entire staff are doing a good job and if they are given such support by the legislature the overall advantages to the inmates of the prison will be greatly improved."

Other visitors to the penitentiary this last month included some 35 members of the 1961 State Legislature. The legislators visited en masse during the course of a conference being held at Kentucky Dam Village State Park. The Commissioner of Welfare, Carlos Oakley, as well as Commissioner of Public Safety Glenn Lovern and Deputy Park Commissioner Dix Winston, were with the group. The party was escorted throughout the prison by administration officials.

* * *

THE EDITOR'S LAMENT

Publishing this paper is no picnic. If I print jokes, people think I am silly; if I don't, they say I am too serious. If I don't accept contributions, I don't appreciate true genius-- if I print other articles, they're filled with junk! If I clip things from other papers, I am too lazy to write them. If I don't I am stuck with my own horrible stuff. If I edit the other fellow's stuff, I am too critical; if I don't I am asleep. Now some character will probably say that I swiped this from some other publication. I did!

Via The ANGOLITE, Angola, Louisiana

From the COURIER JOURNAL MAGAZINE:

SON: Dad, what did Adam and Eve do after they left the Garden of Eden?

DAD: They raised Cain.

SIGN OF THE TIMES:

A woman returned from her bridge club to find her husband sewing a button on his shirt.

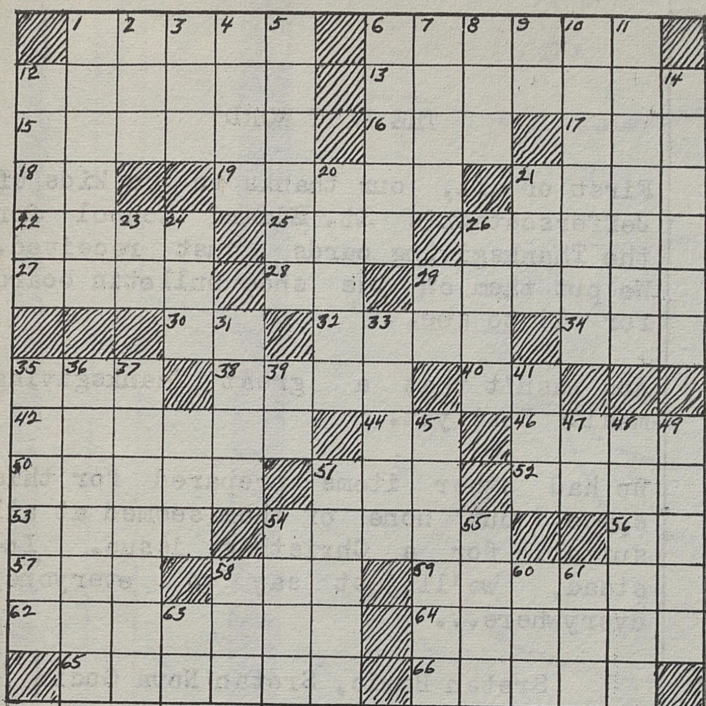
"The thimble is on the wrong finger," she laughed.

"It sure is," he replied; "it should be on yours."

--Jack Herbert in The
COURIER JOURNAL MAG.

And the FAMILY WEEKLY says: Draft notices are like women -- no one complains until he gets one of his own.

CROSSWORD BY TRACY



DOWN (Cont.)

11. Coal chute
12. Water bird
14. Speckled
20. Actor who shot Lincoln
21. Spider
23. Actress' initials
24. Explosive
26. Pedal phalanges
29. Personal pronoun
31. Town in Sweden
33. A famous lover
35. Improved
36. Pool game
37. Aggravate
39. Preposition
41. Article
43. Navy
45. Lead away from
47. A suffix
48. A duplicating machine (pl)
49. Jewel
51. Leg joints
54. Aperture
55. Every
58. Baba and the 40 thieves.
60. Feminine pronoun
61. Crafty person
63. Form of "to be."

ACROSS

1. Mark
6. Small child
12. Hay
13. In an oval shape
15. Turn
16. By
17. Chief Petty Officer
18. Exclamation of disgust.
19. A sword
21. Sobbed
22. Salamander
25. Spec. No. (Mil.)
26. A statement of belief.
27. Ireland
28. Thus
29. Art form
30. Preposition
32. Woody plant
34. Religious degree
35. Boy's organization
38. London slum district
40. Street (Abbrev)
42. Surround
44. Personal Pronoun
46. Gage
50. Part of body
51. Barrel
52. Lake
53. Brooklyn for "turn."
54. Nocturnal noises
56. Mother
57. Squeeze out
58. Beverage
59. Religious holiday
62. Bugle call
64. Place of learning.
65. Pay
66. Lean-to (Pl.)

A FEATURE BY TRACY BARKER--

-- Answer to last month's puzzle below--

DOWN

1. Supercharger (Slang)
2. Decay
3. Girl's name
4. Snares
5. Nocturnal hallucinations
6. Pouts
7. Above
8. Golf term
9. Artist's initials
10. Of a geologic age

A	P	R	I	L	S	P	O	T	O	C	S
P	R	I	D	E	T	O	N	E	A	R	T
E	O	N	S	P	A	E	A	S	T	E	R
G	O	I	C	E	M	E	P	A			
S	P	E	N	T	K	I	S	S	F	O	P
P	A	R	E	L	D	O	B	O			
A	N	S	N	A	R	E	T	O	P	I	C
D	E	A	L	T	E	R	R	O	R	D	R
B	Y	R	C	I	T	L	E	E			
O	L	E	E	R	O	S	E	R	A	S	E
T	O	O	D	N	C	D	M	Y			
H	O	A	R	S	E	E	N	D	M	A	E
E	S	P	E	R	I	N	M	R	A	L	S
R	E	B	L	E	N	T	D	A	N	E	S

Statistics & Movies

PENITENTIARY STATISTICS

Escapes	0
Death Row	7
Admitted by Commitment	13
Transfers from KSR	0
Released by Expiration	20
Released by Parole	27
Released by Death	0
Total Population	1198
High Number	23648
Low Number	11549

MOVIES FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS

December 22	WORLD OF SUZIE WONG Bill Holden & Nancy Kwan; DRAMA
December 29	THE APARTMENT Jack Lemmon & Shirley McLane; Comedy-Drama

EDITOR'S NOTE: We're sorry that the movie schedule for January was not available at the time we went to press. However, rumor has it that some top movies are on the way.

THE LAST WORD

First of all, our thanks to the kids of Jeffersonstown's St. Edward School for the Thanksgiving cards just received. We put them on the shop bulletin board for all to see.

And wasn't that a great Thanksgiving meal? Best yet.

We had other items prepared for this space, but none of them seemed at all suitable for a Christmas issue. Instead, we'll just say to everyone, everywhere...

Sretan Bozic, Sretan Nova Godin

Feliz Navidad, Feliz Ano Nova

Joyeux Noel, Joyeux Annee

God Yul, Ett Gott Nytt Aar

Buon Natale, Buon Capo d'Anno

Aloha L Ka Wa Hauoli

Froeliche Weihnachten

Linksmu Kaledu, Glaedelig Jul

Nieuwjaar Yanochi, Prazdniny
Pezdrav

Which means, of course ---

MERRY CHRISTMAS, HAPPY NEW YEAR, AND
GOD BLESS US, EVERY ONE.

--THE EDITOR