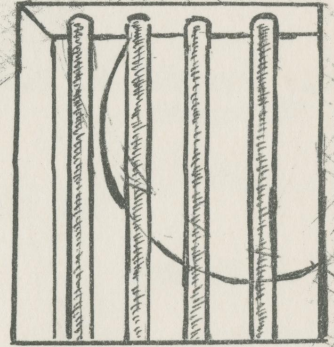


CAS TLE



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UNITED WE STAND



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THE COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY

Honorable Wendell H. Ford
Governor

Honorable Julian Carroll
Lieutenant Governor

THE DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS

Charles J. Holmes

Commissioner

Luther Lockett

Deputy Commissioner

THE KENTUCKY STATE PENITENTIARY

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Admin. Assistant

William Reynolds

Assoc. Super./ Custody

William Lasley

Assoc. Super./ Treatment

Duke Curnutte

Chief Counselor

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Chas DuRain

Illustrator

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James Graves

Reporter

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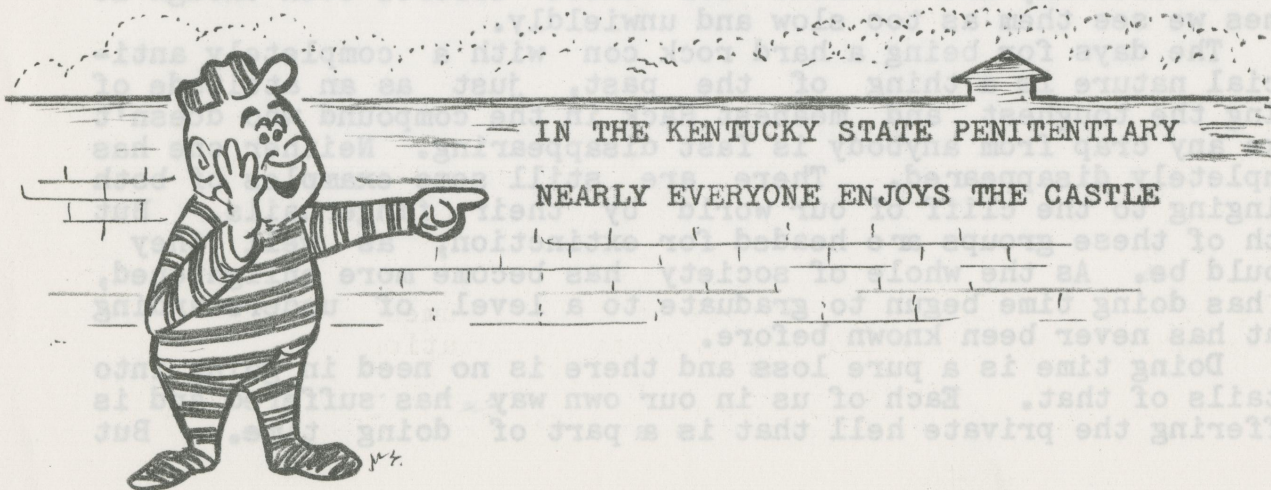
Press Operator

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CASTLE is published by the inmates of the Kentucky State Penitentiary near Eddyville. The primary purpose of this publication is to promote a better understanding between the prisoners and interested persons outside. The views and comments contained herein do not necessarily reflect those of the administration. Permission to reprint all material is granted provided the source is acknowledged. If there is any good here, use it with our blessings.

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FROM THE EDITOR

What is doing time? It is just that! It means a great many things to a great many men and it certainly would be fair to say that it means a different thing to each different man that is going through the torment that it brings. It means one thing to the people who run the places where men do their time. It means another thing to the families and friends who wait at home and it means something altogether different to the society and the system of justice that brought it all about.

But, what about the men who are doing the time? What does it mean to them? I feel it would take a literary genius to capture the feeling and the mood of every man who has ever been imprisoned, therefore, it would be an impossible task in a few hundred words, to tell just what doing time really can be and is. But there are certain things we all share in common that affect each of us in doing our time.

The libraries are full of stories, some long and some short that tell about prison life, and doing time, but I feel that none of them have ever captured the whole picture. For one thing doing time is changing. It is always changing, if for no other reason than the fact that the faces who are in charge, change. Change in faces are not the only change though. The attitudes are changing on both sides of the fence, and the changes at this point seem to be good ones for the most part.

The changes are slow, and there are many times when we feel that the whole process of change needs to be speeded up a hundred times its current rate. Yet, when we think about it, we come to realize that the situation, or the act, behind the time we are doing did not come about in a hurry. It took each of us a whole lifetime to end up where we are, and all the years of our lives are surely some part of our doing time or we would have to accept all the years of our lives as waste.

The biggest single criticism of the system would seem to be that they refuse to accept each man for just what he is without the benefit of ever really knowing him or caring about him as a person. For the most part, I think that is a valid criticism. We have seen some examples recently of attempts to change the old ways and institute programs for change that would give each man doing time an opportunity to express himself as a human being and we certainly are thankful for these efforts even though at times we see them as too slow and unwieldly.

The days for being a hard rock con with a completely anti-social nature is a thing of the past, just as an attitude of being the toughest and meanest Hack in the compound who doesn't take any crap from anybody is fast disappearing. Neither one has completely disappeared. There are still some examples of both clinging to the cliff of our world by their fingernails. But both of these groups are headed for extinction, as well they should be. As the whole of society has become more enlightened, so has doing time begun to graduate to a level of understanding that has never been known before.

Doing time is a pure loss and there is no need in going into details of that. Each of us in our own way has suffered and is suffering the private hell that is a part of doing time. But

there is a need to point out that doing time is changing and we should be alert to those changes and accept them with an understanding born of the responsibility of first being a man.

Doing time is an unhappy situation and that is the very best that can be said about it. Anyone who ever suggested that it could be enjoyable or even compatible would be a good candidate for certification. However, the inescapable fact that each of us, for whatever period of time it may amount to, have got to do the time. During that period we all have a certain way of handling ourselves and conducting ourselves and certainly it is obvious that the way we do our time will tell how the time will go.

None of us has any respect for the officer who has an attitude that we are all a bunch of cattle and that we are unable to think for ourselves. Likewise, none of us care for having a man who is doing time with us step on our toes in one fashion or the other.

It is too bad that it is going to take the change that is blowing in the wind so long to do away with the prison administrator or officer in the system who considers all men committed to an institution as so much cattle. But, the hopeful thing is that the change is just as certain as the wind on which it is blowing and the day will come when doing time will be free of at least that much of the problem.

Will the day come when all those doing time are considerate and courteous to the men at his side who are also doing time? No doubt, it will take society just as long to rid itself of those who could "care less" about the other guy. For the fact is, the two are closely related and debates are carried on endlessly as to which came first; The harrassment and the indifference or the attitude of the convict.

When we look at the fact that change is coming in doing time and we see that much of that change is on both sides of the fence we come to the very undeniable conclusion that the two are intertwined. Further, we feel that the speed and efficiency with which things do change will be closely tied to the way that each man who is doing time responds to each other and their needs.

This then is a pitch for just one thing; Respect each other and each others' rights in the hope that it will make an impression big enough to command the respect of those in administration big shots and little shots alike, and that it will hasten the day when doing time will at least be a human and understood experience rather than the frustration and hate building experience that we know it as today.

Nothing is simple or comes without a price, but the act of courtesy which you display when you say a simple please or thank you or pardon me is an act that has far-reaching affect on your whole life and the way you are doing your time.

This is one way you can help speed the change, which we all want and work for in our different ways.

In this issue we have a couple of articles sent in to us from two of our outside readers. Mr. Polsgrove of Louisville, Ky. has an article dealing with correctional reform which he is trying to get passed in the General Assembly. SEE PAGE 15-16 Mrs. K.L. Asher of Paducah, Ky., sent us a poem that she received from her husband and ask if we would print it. SEE PAGE 21

We are always very happy to hear from our outside readers, whether it be commending us or criticizing us, and we would like to hear from each and everyone, regardless.

CONVICT CARTOONISTS FEATURED IN U.S. CONGRESSIONAL RECORDS

Probably for the first time in history cartoons were published in the United States Congressional Records. 16 convict drawn cartoons, all of which decry the prison system, appears in Ninety-Second Congress' hearings of the Committee on the Judiciary CORRECTIONS: PART VII-B, Appendix 31, Pages 1535 through 1550. Of these 16 convict drawn cartoons, 13 were the product of CASTLE illustrator Chas DuRain.

All the cartoons were submitted to the Congressional Committee by Joseph Grant, Publisher of the PENAL DIGEST INTERNATIONAL, and Co-director of the National Prison Center during his testimony before the Judiciary Committee. Like the testimony of nearly all the witnesses called before that Committee, all 16 of the convict drawn cartoons denounce some area of the present prison system, and the related fields - such as parole procedures, rehabilitation programs and even the rhetorics of self-styled penologist.

Of the 16 cartoons, one is drawn by Don Hood of Huntsville, Texas's Echo, one is by B. Drummond who is probably in Leavenworth Federal Prison, and one is signed Askew, who is in the Federal Prison at Lewisburg, Pa. Here at Eddyville, we noted with some pride that while these cartoonists carried their message across well enough, and presented excellent art work, they lacked the universal appeal and caustic humor that has become the DuRain style.

Only one of the DuRain cartoons was previously published in CASTLE. 3 others were previously published in the PENAL DIGEST, and the other 9 were published for the first time in the Congressional Records. All 3 of the other inmates cartoons had been published in the PENAL DIGEST INTERNATIONAL.

Looking back, it seems impossible that little more than a year ago Mr. Curnutte, the prison's chief caseworker, encouraged DuRain to take up cartooning. Since then more than 100 DuRain cartoons and short humorous sketches have appeared in publications other than CASTLE. All of which says much for the Department's new policy of "Helping the inmates help themselves."

Reflecting upon the laughter he has caused since he first came to work in the CASTLE NEWS OFFICE little more than a year ago, DuRain said: "When I was a little guy I always wanted to be a mailman so that all the people would smile when they would see me coming with their love letters and old age pension checks."

James Graves

You can't really worry about what people think of you if you realize how seldom they do.

cdr

GOVERNOR FORD'S ADDRESS TO
THE COUNCIL ON CRIME AND
DELINQUENCY

Louisville; September 7, 1972 - 7:00 P.M.

"The timing for this address could not have been better. Only yesterday at the Southern Governors' Conference, part of our morning business session was devoted to crime, corrections and justice.

Revealing to me in all of this was the very fact that governors are placing the highest priority ever on the problems you share and are vitally concerned with.

It became obvious during the conference that, as Commissioner Holmes said in his introduction, this administration has indeed chartered a new course, not only in corrections, but in all phases of the criminal justice puzzle.

And it is a complex puzzle. Governor Hall of Oklahoma termed crime, "the chief enemy of every governor." Governor Mandell of Maryland looked across the conference table at Governor George Wallace, telling us of his experiences in the control of handguns and how perhaps the Governor of Alabama might not have been crippled had his would-be assassin been a resident of Maryland and thereby subject to newly provided investigative procedures before buying and carrying a pistol.

I want to assure you here, tonight, that America's Governors are giving much more than lip service to the dilemma of public safety. Legislatures are involved as never before as well as independent organizations such as the United States Chamber of Commerce when it recently underscored the critical need for reform in our corrections systems.

And let's look at a difference in philosophy. Four years ago, in a speech before Southern Governors, my predecessor took the conventional, or easy way out, in dealing with criminal justice. He blamed it on someone else, and I quote: "It is rooted in our court system and its coddling of criminals."

This is where we disagree. Yes, there are huge gaps in our court system. Yes, there has been coddling of criminals. But the measure of one's posture in this is not retort, it is action.

I have no intention of belaboring you with facts and figures. Yet you, and the public, deserve a full accounting of what we are doing in facing up to our responsibilities to stem the tide of crime.

Our first budget offers a form of revenue-sharing to fund a 15 percent supplement to local police officers who qualify through self-improvement. Because of the president's wage-price freeze, we have thus far been denied approval in implementing this program, but I have communicated with the president, urging his approval, and am prepared to testify in Washington for our police officers before the Federal Pay Board. I firmly believe an exemption will be made in our behalf.

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

We have also increased the salaries of our state police by 5 percent in addition to their annual increments. We have transferred 30 policemen from the division of boating to more complex duties in order to take full advantage of their training and experience.

These individuals are being replaced with qualified men who have achieved water safety and patrol standards. Their appointments are based on merit to comply with state and federal regulations.

In order to intensify our detective force, we are removing them from time-consuming arson investigation activities and assigning 10 fully trained members of the fire prevention division to that task.

Overall, we have increased the budgetary allotment to public safety by 10 million dollars in the first biennium.

Kentucky now has seven new circuit judges to decrease heavily overburdened court dockets. To assure that everyone, regardless of his financial status receive fair and just protection under the law, we are establishing the office of Public Defender, a 2.6 million dollar project guaranteeing constitutional rights of all accused.

No aspect of criminal justice in Kentucky was so in need of overhauling as was our corrections system. Our administration inherited a corrections system that was not only critically underfunded, but was so riddled by patronage that it was on the verge of total collapse.

Beginning at the top, Kentucky is fortunate to have one of the most progressive and firm minded corrections reformers in the country. Commissioner Holmes comes to us with impressive credentials and a compassionate interest in people. He has reorganized the corrections department with genuine concern for a system which rehabilitates rather than one which only punishes.

Don't think for a minute there will be coddling of criminals. I remind you of the tough stand taken during recent disturbances at our state penal institutions.

Our new law governing the state parole board will help Commissioner Holmes carry out his reform of Kentucky's Correctional system. We have not only assured professional competence of the appointees, but we have taken the board out of politics.

On the fiscal side, we have also made positive contributions to Kentucky's correctional system. We have increased state appropriations going to our corrections department by over 30 percent this biennium. We have also increased our support to the Kentucky Crime Commission from 2.1 million dollars to 6.7 million dollars. This new money going to the Crime Commission can bring an additional 16 million new federal dollars into the state over the biennium.

One visible component of the new direction in Kentucky's Correction system is the new Blackburn Correctional complex near Lexington. This model facility, designed to help parolees adjust to life in the "outside world", could set the pace for correctional institutions of the future.

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

We are not going to build any more giant facilities of the one to two thousand inmate category. These oversized, impersonal types of institutions only decrease the opportunities for correction and rehabilitation and increase the chance for trouble. The smaller, more manageable centers, well staffed with professional help, are in our plans for a new Kentucky Correctional System.

We are also building a 4.9 million dollar forensic psychiatry facility for mentally disturbed inmates now residing in our prisons. This is just another component of a corrections system that believes in rehabilitation as well as protection of law abiding citizens.

A word of caution. Money, bricks, mortar and fancy charts give us no assurance of success unless they are properly used.

I become irritated with government officials who try to convince us that everything will be fine and dandy just because there has been massive funding. The wise use of funding determines success or failure.

In our case, there had to be massive funding in order that we might:

1. Prevent the collapse of our correctional system;
2. Restore dignity and a sense of self-improvement to our police officials who have been bypassed for too many years;
3. Recognize that without proper compensation, we will not have the quality we must have in our judges;
4. Take advantage of federal funds available, yet not acquired.

In a large sense, the 50 states have been supported most effectively by the Safe Streets Act. As governors, though, we are concerned and critical that the President of the United States seeks only 57 percent of the authorized funding for this activity. Crime is a 100 percent challenge and deserves total commitment. This total commitment is reflected in Kentucky's expanded approach.

You can see, I trust, the overall picture - from the policeman on the beat, through the courts, in corrections and probation and parole. All must work together if we are to substantially erase the threat of crime.

Our police need the support of every decent citizen of this state.

Our courts must have the ability to provide speedy trials while assuring everyone those protections granted by our constitution.

Our criminal population must realize we want them freed, but only after they are free of criminal behavior.

Our institutions are wastes of money if they don't rehabilitate, and our parole system is inept unless those released have continuing professional guidance and supervision.

Only when all of these factors come together in concert will we be able to say the war is being won.

I am practical enough to expect further difficulties. We cannot solve overnight the puzzle of crime and delinquency that has eluded us for decades. We cannot anticipate complete calmness in our overcrowded institutions when they have been hell holes for ages.

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

But we have finally placed the pieces in proper position. We are beginning to fit each into the other. When this puzzle is completed, the picture will be one of more security than ever before for our families, our properties and all which is so meaningful to the law-abiding citizens of the great state."

Courtesy of
Mr. Glenn Hodges
Public Information Officer

A NEW DIRECTION FOR CORRECTIONS IN KENTUCKY

"The corrections system of Kentucky has turned the corner, and is moving in a new direction:

--- Away from the narrow-minded view that the only way to deal with prisons' problems is with custody and punishment.

-- Toward a new era of rehabilitation in which more individualized treatment will be given to inmates and more attention directed toward their specific problems.

Moving on its new course, the Kentucky Department of Corrections will emphasize the growing role of small correctional institutions across the state, underscore the value of probation and parole and other community services as alternatives to institutionalization, and promote the proper implementation of community based work release, furlough, and education release programs.

The traditional concept of corrections, emphasizing punishment over rehabilitation, has failed in its primary goal to protect society. The failure of the concept has contributed significantly to the high number of prisoners who return to our state institutions.

Through wider application of individual treatment, education safer custody and human care, and the vital aid of the community, we will hopefully eliminate these flaws, produce a more workable correctional system, and release an improved person."

Commissioner Charles J. Holmes

SO YOU THINK YOU GOT TROUBLES?

In 1804, Kentucky convicts could not be released from the "jail and penitentiary house" until they had paid off the court cost and various fees. From example, in that year, George Fielding arrived at the old Frankfort prison with this bill:

Clerk's fees	\$9	66
Sheriff's fees	1	11
Attorney's fees	2	50
Veniremen's allowances	14	93
Called court, expenses of	10	61
	<u>\$38</u>	<u>81</u>

There were additional charges, as in old George's case:

To the sheriff, summoning 23 men as guards	4	83
To one rope, to confine prisoner on taking him to penitentiary		25
To distance of 17 miles, at 12½ cents a mile ..	2	12½
To 23 guards, for traveling 17 miles, at 3 cents going and returning	23	46
	<u>30</u>	<u>66½</u>

Incidentally, old George had two years. (History of American Prison) DuRain

OL' HARD TIME takes a shower:



DuRarr

GUEST EDITORIAL

THE NEW ENLIGHTENMENT

By: William S. Cottringer

For decades erudite criminologists and pragmatic penologists from Beccaria to Moore have been searching diligently for a theory of criminal behavior to explain why some individuals act out in socially deviant ways. Perhaps, because of the trap of fashionable scientific exploration they have inadvertently passed over the most obvious of explanations. Even though simple explanations are often not inclusive enough to fully satisfy the cynic, it is quite possible that criminal behavior is natural and unlearned and non-criminal behavior is a spurious and suppressive outcome of the social contract. In other words, it is feasible that a criminal is behaving as a result of the interaction between his natural instincts and coercive social pressures and the successful law-abider is behaving by sitting on his instincts and being reinforced for doing so with learned obscure social compensations. Put even another way, a criminal is real, a non-criminal is ideal. However, this new enlightenment is not aimed at condoning criminality or to say that it is desirable, because certainly we have grown to a stage too complex to irresponsibly permit the destruction and dissolution that it inevitably brings.

Substantiation of the shocking thesis is founded in the scientific concept of evolution. Through the years the natural sciences have come to accept and prove the idea that man is just a distinct species within the animal kingdom, contrary to the non-secular fantasy of man as a completely unique entity in the universe separate from the lower animals. Of course, there is a plethora of zoological proof in support of the former notion, but the most incredulous layman can be swayed with the recent psychological studies that find even the most human-like behaviors, including social organization, morality, and language to the present in other social animals.

An anthropologist named Dart made the discovery of australopithecus africanus, the ape man link between modern homo sapiens and his animal ancestors. This discovery did not gain immediate esteem, but with its recent growth of acceptance has added a new dimension to the idea of man-----the animal; it has destroyed Rousseau's romantic fallacy, "God made all things good and man meddles with them and makes them evil," because Dart's australopithecus africanus was actually a killer ape. This ape man made and used weapons systematically to satisfy his primary instinctual drives of dominance and territorial gain.

It would not be beyond reason to conclude that we have inherited some degree of these ancestral animal instincts. One can easily swallow that our human obsession with the competitive acquisitions of social status and material possessions has its roots in the dominance, territorial and even killer instincts of australopithecus africanus. Naturally then, when social pressures coerce and thwart such strong independent drives, the result is criminal behavior from fraud to murder.

In conclusion, it would seem almost obligatory for contemporary penologists to at least consider incorporating this thesis into their correctional philosophies. It would necessitate more active and stringent teaching aimed at suppressing instincts or at the least changing them into socially acceptable behaviors. It would also require a sound reason for doing so, far beyond the obscure learned social compensations available at present.

IT'S ONLY A DELUSION

If there is anything that will make people beat a path to your door more than a better mouse trap, it is a better sales pitch to sell a better mouse trap.

At the turn of the century, the Lovell Manufacturing Co., of Erie, Pa., had both. They called it the Delusion Mouse Trap. I'm not sure who was supposed to be deluded on this deal. The mice, I guess!

Their ad carried a picture of the trap with a mouse entering and started off with a poem of sorts:

The mouse goes in to get the bait,
And shuts the door by his own weight,
And then he jumps right through the hole,
And thinks he's out, but bless his soul,
He's in a cage somehow or other,
And he sets the trap to catch another.

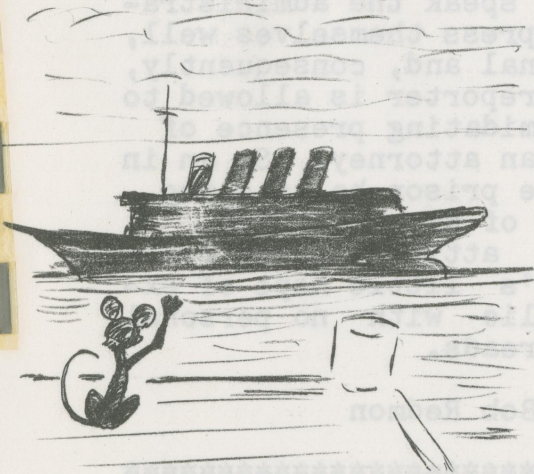
Next comes the purple pitch:

"The greatest thing in the mouse trap line is called the Delusion, because it does not catch a mouse around the neck and squeeze the immortal soul out of him, like the old kind, but gets him inside in a cordial, friendly manner, and sets out a free lunch counter for the victim. When the other mice hear him rattling the plates and smacking his lips, they all go in. It will hold enough for a quorum, and after the caucus has transacted all the business that is to come before the meeting, a motion to adjourn is in order; but when they come to adjourn, it is found to be impossible to do so with any degree of success. They generally worry through the watches of the night, and in the morning the woman of the house puts the trap into a pail of water, and the work is done. Thousands of mice are now climbing the golden stairs in this manner. This trap is more fatal than the yellow fever, and about as prompt and efficient as a Leadville vigilante committee. The way this trap is going, it won't be long before the women of this glorious republic will have nothing to jump up in a chair and squeal at what ever. The Delusion is filling up the little mouse cemeteries throughout the land at an appalling rate."

The company sold millions of mouse traps and did send a lot of mice up the golden stairs, but it found trapping people more profitable and began making television cabinets.

No one knows what happened to the enchanting executioner who wrote the copy for this ad. It is believed he moved up to greater challenges, moving to England where he became chief designer of the Titanic.

Bob Redmon



EDITORIAL OPINION

THE PRESS AND THE PRISONS

The press is a powerful instrument, far more than most people appreciate. The press not only informs---it is a strong tool in shaping public opinion and "thinking." Man thinks as he is conditioned or taught to think. If the press and other media repeatedly refer to ex-cons in the style of--"Smith, an ex-convict" and to others as "Mr. Smith and Mrs. Wilson," then the public is unconsciously conditioned to form their thoughts in terms of "Smith, an ex-con." And why is the designation "ex-con" so often unnecessarily tagged on a name when the article itself will usually reveal this? Does the press refer to "Mr. Jones, an ex-garbageman," or Mrs. Wilson, a school dropout?"

The press possesses the greatest power for enlightening and changing the public's thinking toward inmates and ex--inmates. Unfortunately, they seem to be stuck in a rut of "style" and continue to do us injustice and the public a disservice.

Another evil of the press which I think should be noted is the practice of quoting out of context, or selecting quotes in such a way as to cast a bad light on the inmate or inmates. Quoting out of context can be a particularly treacherous ploy. Out of a lengthy statement, the press will excerpt a few sentences, a single sentence, or even a part of a sentence, for quotation. Invariably, the quotation selected can be interpreted (or misinterpreted) a dozen ways, which allows for journalistic gymnastics by the reporter. By inference and innuendo, the quotation is more often than not given an extremely different meaning than was intended by the speaker.

Reporters also seem very adept at asking leading and loaded questions. A skill they probably learned from prosecutors.

In most prison systems, I've learned, when the press does, or is allowed to visit a prison, they are given a "guided tour" in which they are shown only what the administration wants them to see----and no more. Rare is the prison where a reporter has free access to speak to random inmates of his choosing. A reporter may be permitted to speak with a few "selected" inmates--- inmates who the prison officials know will speak the administration line, or inmates who are unable to express themselves well, or inmates who are bitter, hateful, irrational and, consequently, reflect badly on all the rest. And when a reporter is allowed to talk to prisoners, it is always in the intimidating presence of an official-----never in privacy as with an attorney. So an inmate knows that anything he says against the prison he is going to suffer for in proportion to the severity of his criticism.

Until the press changes its thinking, attitudes, and practices toward inmates and ex-inmates, there's little hope of expecting the general public to. For the public with no personal experience can only know and think what it reads.

Bob Redmon

No matter how much money government allocates-----no matter how many new prisons are built-----no matter how many judges or guards are hired----penal reform will not be achieved without the personal involvement of countless thousands of "ordinary citizens around the country.

PASS THE BISCUITS PLEASE



Overeating has nothing to do with getting fat.

Good old American medical researchers, dissatisfied with the stock answer that people are fat because they eat too much, are delving into the mystery of the bulging exterior. It's about time!

I could have told them that eating has little to do with lardy fronts. Look at the appetites of fourteen year old boys and then count how many fat ones there are in the bunch.

The researchers have come up with a relationship between infant feeding habits and adult fatsoes. They have pinpointed a little region at the base of the brain, called the hypothalamus, as the seat of both hunger and satisfaction.

For those who don't know a hypothalamus from a hole in the malt barrel, this is the trigger that makes a fellow reach for the second, third and fourth piece of pie when he ought to be picking his teeth. That is one part of my anatomy that is still as good as new.

Animals and people who have been injured in the critical part of the hypothalamus tend to overeat and become obese. Studies show that such injuries interfere with the signal to stop eating, something of a short-circuit in the switching mechanism. The researchers don't explain how come all boys come with shorted out hypothalamuses.

In addition to eating too much at one meal, some people fail to wait long enough before their next feed. We never had that problem when I was a farm boy! We knew it was time to quit eating when everything was gone off the table. Eating too often was no problem either. Mom had it all figured out that three squares a day would keep a young boy just above the starvation borderline.

Contrary to public opinion, most obese people are not automatic gluttons. It has been found that overstuffed animals and people-types rely more on the taste of food and surroundings than on the amount of intake. This points to the fact that a true gourmet is not a chowhound. His hypothalamus is wired to his taste buds instead of his stomach.

This I have repeatedly pointed out to my wife in teaching her that burnt taters and soggy cornpone shorts circuits my hypothalamus causing undue expansion of the mid-section.

She is not yet convinced that a guy raised on sow-belly and polk greens can have such a sophisticated solid--state hypothalamus.



(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

Bob Redmon

A WORD ABOUT CIVIL DEATH IN KENTUCKY

By: Donald R. Polsgrove

Kentucky's punishments for the criminal offender include incarceration, fines, probation, all sorts of conditional release programs, and death. Actually, Kentucky's punitive process begins at the time of arrest and continues, not just until the formal sentence has been satisfied, but forever. Civil disabilities or, more appropriately, "Civil Deaths"---are as real as devastating as any prison sentence a person could receive.

A prison sentence is tangible. It has a beginning and in virtually all cases, an end. But the civil disabilities which a felony conviction entail in Kentucky are truly more severe than the actual sentence imposed by the court. After an offender leaves Eddyville or LaGrange, he is denied the opportunity of equal consideration in obtaining employment. What's worse, he is barred from professions and occupations ranging from accountancy to driving a taxi cab.

Hence in Kentucky an offender is denied the opportunity to use his own talents and abilities to aid in his own rehabilitation and to better serve the community. Almost all, if not all, professions and occupations requiring a license are "closed off" to anyone with a criminal record.

The 1962 publication of the National Council on Crime and Delinquency contained a Model Act for the expungement of a criminal conviction. The Act itself was prefaced by these remarks:

"The present law on deprivation of civil rights is in most jurisdictions an archaic holdover from early times and is contradiction to the principles of modern correctional treatment. The law should provide that criminal desposition other than commitment to a penal institution and such commitments as are revoked by the sentencing court, in due process, shall not entail the loss by the defendant of any civil or political rights. If offenders are allowed to retain these rights, their rehabilitation is thereby furthered. Therefore, there should be no less of rights except where protection of the public is involved."

There are countless cases of individuals whose talents have been wasted and ambitions thwarted because the existence of their criminal record precluded them from pursuing an occupation, profession, and in many cases from securing gainful employment. Our present system serves as an absolute ban to a former offender's being licensed in a trade of his choice, even though he is otherwise qualified to fill the position with honor, dignity and proficiency. A man should not be burdened with his past everytime he tries to take a forward progressive step. Nor should a man be denied equal opportunities under the present law because his past record is required to be disclosed when he seeks to better his economic status in life. Kentucky's lawmakers should pass proper legislative measures giving rehabilitated convicted offenders equal employment rights and allowing them to enter into an occupation or profession of their own choosing.

It would be useless to belabor the point of "Civil Death" further. The discussion could go on indefinitely. I hope I have engendered some interest in the area of restoring rights to the former offender.

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

In conclusion, I strongly urge and respectfully submit to all those whom this article reaches to immediately contact their state representative and/or senator and demand the 1974 Kentucky General Assembly consider the following recommendations:

- (1) Expungement of records of arrests and convictions from general public access after an offender's showing of compelling evidence of his rehabilitation.
- (2) Application forms for employment and admissions to universities should eliminate the question relating to arrests and convictions.
- (3) Each person considering entering a plea of guilty should be advised by the court, before such plea, of the civil disabilities that his conviction and sentence will incur.

Donald R. Polsgrove
Louisville, Ky.

LEGACY OF NEGLECT

Correctional improvement efforts are mired in two centuries of neglect and, too often, face open hostility by the public and legislators.

Overloaded, antiquated, underfunded correctional institutions have created problems of near desperation for the administrators and personnel who man them. The degree of this desperation has been intensified by the recent wave of disturbances and inmate rebellions in institutions across the country. Of approximately 460 State and Federal institutions for offenders sentenced to long terms, there are 25 over 100 years and 61 that opened before 1900.

State institutions are often expected to be largely self-supporting through their farming and prison industries, most of which involve only repetitive and underproductive work with obsolete equipment. Few correctional industrial programs provide skill development opportunities or training experience relevant to the industrial requirements of the community. In many states, prisons are prohibited from training inmates or making products that will compete on the market with local industry.

U.S. Chamber of Commerce

"Ninety-eight out of every hundred criminals who are sent to prison come back out into society. That means that every American concerned with stopping crime must ask this question: Are we doing all we can to make certain that many more men and women who come out of prison will become law abiding citizens?"

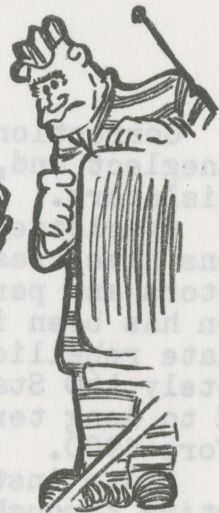
President Richard M. Nixon

THE MARY TYLER MOORE SHOW VS: THE GAME OF THE WEEK

EXIT



LEGACY OF NEGLECT



DuRan



A TOUCH OF GOD

DESIDERATA:

GO PLACIDLY AMID THE NOISE & HASTE, & REMEMBER WHAT PEACE THERE MAY BE IN SILENCE. As far as possible without surrender be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly & clearly; and listen to others, even the dull & ignorant; they too have their story. ** Avoid loud and aggressive persons, they are vexations to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain & bitter; for always there will be greater & lesser persons than yourself. Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. ** Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time. Exercise caution in your business affairs; for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals; and everywhere life is full of heroism. ** Be yourself. Especially do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity & disenchantment it is perennial as the grass. ** Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue & loneliness. Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. ** You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees & the stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. ** Therefore, be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be, and whatever your labors & aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life, keep peace with your soul. ** With all its sham drudgery & broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be careful. Strive to be happy....

Found in old Saint Paul's Church, Baltimore. Dated 1692

GIVING SPRINGS FROM LOVE

All giving that is worthy the name involves love, self-denial, and sacrifice on the part of the giver. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son." Love delights to give to the object of its love. It is its nature to give; it cannot help it. No sacrifice or self-denial is too great where love controls. Real gifts are born of love, and stand for love in the minds of the recipients. Real gifts cost us thought, time, and strength.

POETRY

THE LIFE

Why is it when a person's poor,
Wealth and good times are his dreams?
He'll sometimes risk years of life,
For quick profits from criminal schemes
To make his dreams become real.
Is it the money or adventure,
That give him the biggest thrill?

His life becomes a battle,
Waged against honest men,
And he'll take some victories,
But the war he can never win.
His outlook on life changes,
He only lives from day to day,
The more money he can steal,
The more time there'll be for play.

His clothes have to be the very best,
And only of the latest style.
Buys his shirts by the dozen,
Owns all the extras worthwhile.
His car has to be the best, maybe custom built,
Lives only in the best places,
Plays his role to the hilt.

When he's out on a party,
It's always his turn to buy,
He's treated as a man of importance,
They know his tip will be high.
Setting on top of the world,
His nod gets everyone's attention,
Any service that he desires,
Comes with but a casual mention.

And when he tells a joke,
They laugh and think it's funny,
But was it really the story he told,
Or the way he was spending his money?
Aren't I a big shot baby,
Money makes my world go around,
I know I've reached the ultimate,
"This is the life I've found."

But then when least expected,
Your good times cease to be,
You are arrested and sent to prison,
May be years before you are free.
But this doesn't slow you down,
You are still a man among men,
You haven't had time to realize,
Just how big a fool you've been.

(Continued next page)

But after awhile you examine,
All the good times that you had,
You realize something was missing,
Were you happy or really sad?
How about all the friends you found,
That helped you spend your money,
It seems they all abandoned you,
When things aren't quite so sunny.

Remember when you were irritated,
The anger you had shown,
How you had to get away from everyone,
And spend some time alone?
When the pleasures of the war you fought,
Grew larger with each day,
Never having any peace of mind,
You watched your morals decay?

Was this the life you wanted,
When from the real life you strayed?
Who done all these things to you,
Or was it you, you had betrayed?

When finally you come down to earth,
And see what a mess you've made,
Seeing yourself as you really are,
That's quite a price you've paid.

When the lying to yourself is over,
Self-pity a thing of the past,
Maybe, just maybe, you'll be ready,
To begin really living at last.
This want come easy,
Worthwhile things seldom do,
But if you are tired of serving time,
No one can help but you.

If you search I'm sure you'll find,
In some way you are gifted,
Leave your mark before it's too late,
And your sands of time have sifted.

BOB REDMON

ODE TO A BOUQUET

We met in the garden.

"I'm sorry for the things I said last night.
You were right and I was wrong." She said.

"You sending those flowers proved you were right."

And as we walked and talked beneath the bowers,
I wondered.....

Now who the hell sent her those flowers?????????

MY WIFE

Who is it that with a quickened smile,
Least you forget would go that last mile?
One who's posture is never unbinding,
This is the image she'll always be sending.
One hard to compare but an attempt will be made,
For an everloving memory that will never fade.
As refreshing and sparkling as dew on the ground,
A search past eternity another will not be found.
As the sun's brightness dims and beckons out of sight,
Somewhere else it's showing its brilliant glowing light.
Hasten not to wonder at life's mysterious ways,
For our destiny and fate goes way beyond our days.
She's given her best and labored hard to the bone,
Even taken for granted, missed much when they're gone.
Is it right that two people in love should be apart?
No it isn't, they just have to hold each other in their hearts.
The grief, sadness, and sorrow they shall share,
Will come the promise for no more than we can bare.
For we had realized yesterday, today was tomorrow,
And for tomorrow, yesterday is today's happiness we borrow.
How sweet is the thought in loving you,
For no one else to me would ever do.
The rapture of beauty and happiness you've brought,
Was never let down as forgiveness was sought.
She's the apple of my eye, the queen of my heart,
Which brings on heartaches for us to be apart!
Compassion and understanding she has always shown,
She still retains it even though I have to be gone.
So sincere and loyal by deeds that I can see,
She's the only woman that could ever be for me.
Of all the trials and tests, I've never been let down,
I shall always remember her, all the way to the ground.
The truest love in the greatest form let me show,
For the mistakes and misjudgements I now know.
As I plead for mercy and want her to wait,
To her I will rush when they open the gate.
To forget the past and start a new life,
I'm proud and honored to have you for my wife.
I'll be a father and husband that I should be,
With God's help and blessing, I pray you'll wait for me.
I love you darling and will make it all up,
May our future be love and happiness to fill our cup.

Kenneth L. Asher
Submitted by Mrs. Asher, Paducah, Ky.

To make a man happy
Whenever you meet him,
What he thinks of himself,
Repeat when you greet him.

LETTER TO A CONVICT'S WIFE

My Darling,

In the near future, when I am free, I shall awaken in the middle of some warm, safe, perfumed night, and sweating, will recall, relive, the nightmare existence of shackles and chains. I'll smoke and sweat, recalling, rehearsing, reliving and reseeing overly bright lights and dull leaden steel bars.

The scuffle of countless men, moving, and the moans and cries of the sleeping.

The face-splitting grin of a letter from home, and the frozen bleakness of waiting for a visitor who may never show.

The paralyzed, unbelieving acceptance of the murderer, and the hysterical frenzied mouthings of the dandified pimp. The heaped-up bullshit lives of the scabby, tattered wino, who is no one to everyone, but knows it.

The endless chess, domino, card and con games that help pass the days, and the continuous games played in the labrynth of men's minds to help pass the solitude of lonely nights.

The barely understood babbles of various languages, spoken as one, along with the obscene gestures of contempt and hatred shown the guards, and understood by them as frustration outlets, with them as targets.

The lesson impressed onto every atom of your being, day after day, that you are accused, a number and accursed, and etc.

The sweet dreams of the men we were and the living nightmare of the men we are. The hungry straining towards living, and the brutal miasma of existing.

The special smile that I got from you on visiting day, that always told me that I was still a man, no matter what.

Yes! I'll smoke and sweat, then turning to you sleeping next to me, warmly and peacefully, I'll sigh, the cigarette will go out, the sweating will stop, and cuddling close to you, I'll sleep, never again to waken in this NIGHTMARE WORLD.

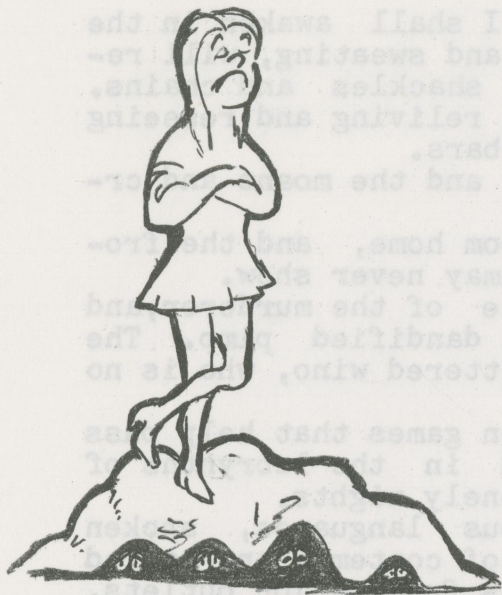
Bob Redmon

I BELIEVE

I believe in the sun
Even when it's not shining;
I believe in love
Even though I am alone;
I believe in God
As he speaks through the silence,
I believe in a family.

And though the road
Is long and winding,
I know that it reaches
The place where I'M bound.
And if it takes forever
I know that I'll get there,
Cause I'm guided by
The truth that I've found.

THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER



"It's long past time that women took you men in hand," a woman said, between nasty remarks, in a little speech she was giving at a Women's Lib meeting the other day.

She must have been suffering from indigestion from her cooking or she found out Adam didn't have a navel. She ranted:

"Women ruled the world in matrearchies a long time ago and mankind lived in peace and happiness. At this time women saw to it their families were supplied with food from the gardens they cared for. Women have always taken a greater interest and love in gardening; but when the Ice Age came, men had to supply food by killing animals and that's when the plague of wars and strife commenced. But now you might as well face the change, the world is going

to the women-----otherwise it will go to the dogs!"

Men have gone to the dogs since the beginning of time and it usually were women that sent them. Women never ruled the world in matriarchies a long time ago-----except in the minds of Hollywood writers. Small groups and tribes existed for relatively short periods under matriarchies, but the more advanced the tribe or civilization became, the sooner the man became the boss. Then of course, came real progress.

Matriarchies must be the Utopia of Women's Lib, but like most things women dream up, they don't work. There is no one to take out the garbage.

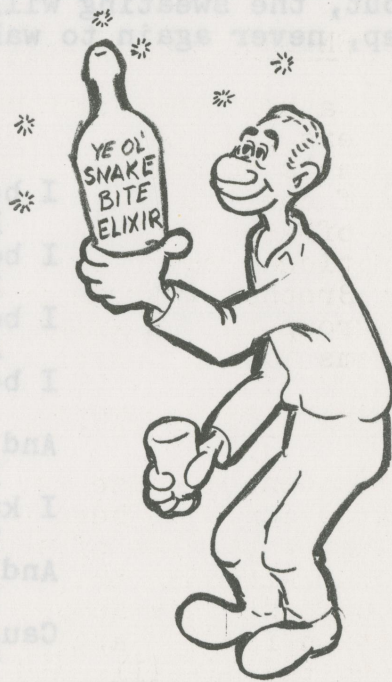
Women have been spoon fed so long they have grown to think they are something superior. They remind me of a guy who had a pounding toothache and went to the dentist's office. He was a rugged gut, but panicked at the sight of the dentist's drill.

The dentist noticed his neverousness and perspiration and, wanting to put his patient at ease, got out a bottle of his medicinal brandy. "Here," he said, "pour yourself a drink while I make a phone call."

The patient poured himself a couple of blasts and when the dentist hadn't returned right away, helped himself to a couple more quick ones. When the dentist finally came back, he inquired:

"Well, did that fix you up."

"You danged right it did," roared the patient, "and I'd like to see anybody mess around with my teeth now!!"



Bob Redmon

CORRECTIONAL EDUCATION AROUND THE COUNTRY

SURVEY COMPLETED ON USE OF G.E.D. IN PRISONS

Dr. John Marsh has completed a national survey on the use of the General Equivalency Diploma in correctional institutions. Of the 49 states that responded, 48 do administer the G.E.D. However, several states do not provide the G.E.D. in all their adult institutions. Survey questionnaires were submitted to State Departments of Education. A full report to be published later this year will be sent to the respondents. Dr. Marsh has also initiated a survey to determine the policy of each state with respect to teacher certification for ex-offenders.

SAN DIEGO PAROLEES RECEIVE MASTERS DEGREES

The first two Masters Degrees in social work have been awarded to participants of the "College as a Parole Plan" program at San Diego State College in California. One of the recipients is presently employed as assistant to a member of the faculty and the other has been appointed general manager of a federally funded drug treatment program.

NORTH CAROLINA STUDY-RELEASE PROGRAM EXPANDS

Late in 1968, the North Carolina Department of Corrections initiated an experimental study-release program for twenty inmates ten each at Wilson County Technical Institution and Forsyth County Technical Institute. During the past year, with the cooperation of the Division of Vocational Rehabilitation, the Department of Community Colleges, and other educational institutions, 270 offenders have taken courses on a full time basis, and more than 359 inmates are on study-release.

EX-OFFENDERS FORM SELF-HELP ORGANIZATION

DESEO, a new organization funded by LEAA and planed solely by ex-offenders, has been formed in Bernalillo County, New Mexico. Its purpose is to help offenders and their families during the periods of confinement, reentry, and parole. Among the many services offered by DESEO are vocational counseling, job planning, transitional short-term work while job applications are pending, a Big Brother program for the children of offenders, and a self-help group to aid wives in coping with personal and financial problems during their husbands' incarceration.

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON AIDS OFFENDERS

The Resident Release Project, an outgrowth of a campus student organization, has been established to help the University of Washington provide offenders with the opportunity for higher education. Although project personnel have no role in the selection of students, they assist inmates in processing and completing application forms, applying for financial aid or funds available through the GI Bill, and in completing other paper work necessary for enrollment. The project, which works through the office of Minority Affairs, also offers tutorial and counseling services as well as the other services provided by OMA.

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT

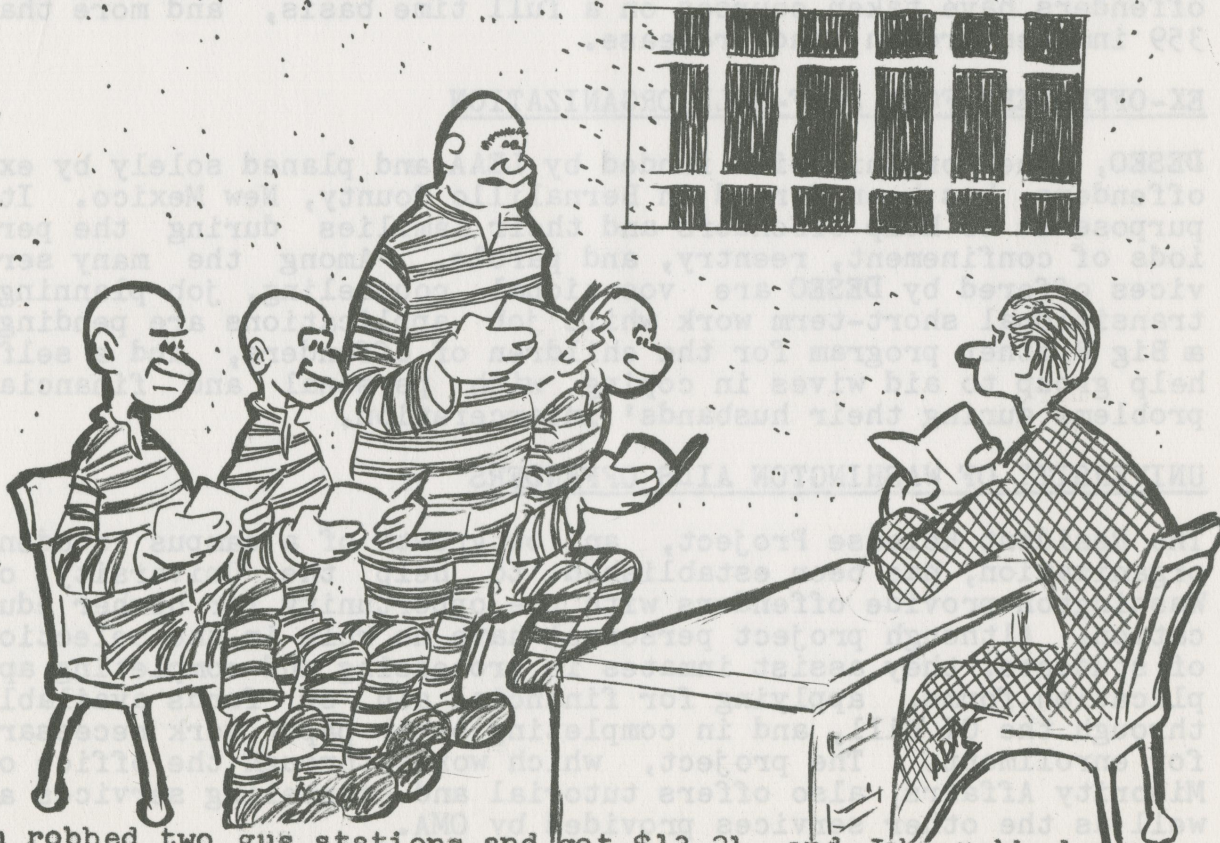
The new school semester began September 11, 1972, with an increase in enrollments. There are 120 students attending classes during the day and 40 students attending the evening classes.

On October 3rd and 4th, fifteen students will be tested for a G.E.D. diploma.

The Educational Department is planning graduation exercises the latter part of October. The date is not yet determined. Along with those who will receive G.E.D. Diplomas, are 28 other men who will receive an eighth grade certificate as the results of the last testing.

Mr. Walker has also informed me that 75 new books were added to the library shelves last month. Most of these books are paper backs and there have been a lot of complaints of these books being stolen and not being taken care of when they are checked out. Please take care of these books or in the future there will not be any more coming in.

An increase in the participants in Arts and Crafts have way exceeded the space and material available. It is rumored that in the near future the Arts and Crafts class will be moved to a different location. Where it will be moved is uncertain at this time.



If Tom robbed two gus stations and got \$13.21, and John robbed one gus station and got \$16.82, their profit for the day was \$30.03 - (?)

Bits & Pieces

WITHOUT A TRIAL

Marion, Va.--Lowery Trent, 73, was released from the Southwestern State Hospital after spending 48 years in confinement without a trial on a charge of murder.

Trent was charged with murder in November 1923. He was sent to the State Hospital the following April to determine if he was mentally competent to stand trial. He never did go back to court. He remained in the criminal division of the facility.

The old murder charge was dropped after nearly 49 years and the State Hospital still hasn't determined if he was mentally competent or not.

Soledad Star News

SEXISM IN JAIL TERMS

Men are given much longer prison terms than women for similar offenses.

The average minimum sentence for women convicted of second degree murder was 6.1 years, while the average for men was 16.3 years----166 per cent longer.

The disparity lessens with the severity of the crime. For armed robbery, women receive an average sentence of 4.4 years and men 9.3 years-----110 per cent longer. For bad check writing, women average 2.2 years and men 3.9 years-----81 per cent longer. For larceny, women receive 1.5 years and men 1.9 years----26 per cent longer.

(Detroit Free Press)

ARMED ROBBERY 101

Washington.---Mercedes University has recently announced it will offer an experimental course in bank robbery.

ARMED ROBBERY 101, as the course is designated, will be taught to see if students can break down the sociological and psychological barriers between the criminal and his victim.

GSP News

SHEEP (ish) DOG

Baltimore (AP)-----Ronald Lapia pulled his car up to a stoplight in downtown Baltimore. His large English sheepdog was sitting in the back seat.

A man walked up. "Does the dog bite?" he asked. Lapia, 30 said the dog did not.

The man pulled out a pistol, forced Lapia and the dog out of the car and sped off!

PHIBADUB!!

Las Vegas-----With the lowering of the legal age to drink, drive, marry, vote, carry a gun, and be drafted-----fourteen year old Freckles McGuire was shot in front of a polling booth by his twelve-year-old ex-wife, a chronic alcoholic, who escaped in a new convertible with training wheels.

Folsom Observer

THE JAILHOUSE LAWYERS

DEATH ROW.....

In order that all may know and that all may understand, these are the true facts surrounding the execution date set recently for a condemned prisoner at the Kentucky State Penitentiary. Although the prisoner's name has been widely publicized through the news media, it is felt that the name should be withheld pending further court action.

The Associate Warden of Treatment was the first to bring this case to the attention of the Legal Service Department here. He had learned early in August that the Court of Appeals of Kentucky had affirmed the death sentence. Thus began a series of legal moves by the Legal Staff.

Upon arriving at Associate Warden's office, we were handed a signed authorization to enter death row. This authorization slip allows Legal Staff members to confer with individuals on death row who request legal assistance.

We were first asked to read the mandate order issued in conformance with the opinion of the Court of Appeals affirming the death sentence imposed by the trial court. The execution date was fixed as the fifth Friday, as required by Kentucky law, following the date of mandate, September 1, 1972.

"Do what you can for this man," the Associate Warden said. "I've informed him this morning of the sad news and permitted him to make phone calls."

This mandate shocked the usually calm imagination of the Legal Staff in as much as the Supreme Court of the United States had just recently declared the "Death Penalty" unconstitutional. The "High Court" in its application stated,....."it violated the Eighth and fourteenth Amendments to the Constitution of the United States, enforced upon the states through due process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment.

The condemned prisoner was contacted immediately and assured that he would not be executed in light of the U.S. Supreme Courts decision. He was told that all action would be rushed to the appropriate courts to halt his execution.

Imagine, if you can, how encouraging this must have been coming from a fellow prisoner. Moreover, being a poor person, without financial means of obtaining paid service of counsel to protect his rights, and only days from the "Hot Seat," this man had problems!

Still in shock of the affect of such a decision at this late date after the U.S. Supreme Court's ruling, the Legal Staff agreed the fastest approach to this problem would be letters for the afternoon mail addressed to the Franklin Circuit Court, Frankfort Ky.; to Supreme Court Justice Douglas; to the United States District Court, Western District of Ky., seeking permission that same be taken as legal form in proper remedy for relief of staying the mandate in conformance with the U.S. Supreme Court decision.

The following morning a legal form in remedy of Civil Rights complaint for relief of Declaratory and Injunction was sought for declaring the constitutionality of the Kentucky law imposing the death penalty and an order enjoining the Warden from imposing the death penalty was mailed.

(Continued next page)

From these letters came a favorable reply from the Honorable Judge Meigs, 48th Judicial District, Frankfort, Ky., with two copies, stating the proper approach was directly in the trial court for appointment to "file in the Court of Appeals of Kentucky to stay the mandate, and you may also apply to the Governor's office and feel free to attach my letter."

Due to the time involved in using the mail to follow the procedure outlined to the trial court, and preparing a legal form and then filing of the same through mail, then awaiting the calling of the court back from vacation to hear same, was more time than we had in such a short notice.

The proper jurisdiction in the Court of Appeals was involved for extraordinary remedy CR 81, and the motion seeking a modification of the mandate omitting the fixed date grounded upon the U.S. Supreme Court of the United States. This was based on the reason until such time the State of Kentucky had settled the issue regarding the death penalty in Kentucky.

At the same time this avenue was undertaken, the Clerk of the Supreme Court, acted on the advise of Justice Douglas, called the original trial court, the Court Appointed Attorney, J.D. Buckman Jr. originally and the Court of Appeals of Kentucky as well as the Governor's office.

A letter to the condemned prisoner informed him of the afore said action, and that Justice Douglas was accepting his letter as legal form, and would act upon same in stopping his death if it became necessary.

The Clerk of the Court of Appeals informed the court to return from vacation and the hearing was set for August 24, 1972.

At this hearing the Court of Appeals ruled: "Appellant, having moved this court to modify the mandate affirming the conviction until such time the Commonwealth of Kentucky has properly adjudicated the constitutionality of the death sentence in conformance with Furman vs Georgia, 92 S. Ct. 2726 (1972) 40 L.W. 4923." The court being sufficiently advised and that of Attorney Buckman, said: "The court being sufficiently advised it is ordered the mandate issued in these proceedings be and it is recalled for further consideration of this appeal."

The U.S. District Court sustained the filing a related action under Civil Rights remedy 28, U.S.C.A. 2201, and 1983, 42 U.S.C.A. 1343 (3) (4), with directions to the clerk to issue summons to U.S. Marshalls for process of service upon defendant.

All of the above action being executed promptly by the Inmate Legal Staff in rapid session procedure, was quiet as far as the public knew until the Warden made it known via news media in a speech before the Paducah Rotary Club.

This has been another of many cases where the Legal Staff here has made a winner out of a loser. The Jailhouse Lawyers chalked up another victory.....

Jimmy Talbert

The greatest burden we have to carry in life is self; The most difficult thing we have to manage is self.

THE SAGA OF FALLING ROCKS

By: David Holmes

Many Indians became famous for one thing or another. There was Sitting Bull, who became famous from the battle of the Little Big Horn. Geronimo became famous for his savagery as a renegade.

But, the most famous Indian of all time will not be found in any history books. He never became famous because of some battle he fought. Nor did he do some brave deed. No, the Indian this story is about had to get lost before he really became famous.

There was once a tribe of Indians called Olataholopes, which translated into Indian Language means "Big Tribe." Now that doesn't mean that all the Indians in the tribe were big, because they weren't. Many of them were small, as a matter of fact, a lot of them were small.

The leader of this tribe was named Chief Big Nose. He had two sons whose names were Jack Knife and Falling Rocks. Now Chief Big Nose had ruled wisely for many winters, not to mention the summers, and was well liked throughout the land. However, he was getting old and it was time to name one of his sons to be Chief after he went to the happy hunting ground.

There was one problem. Chief Big Nose loved both his sons equally, therefore it was a hard decision for him to make. He decided to ask the Great Spirit for guidance. He went into his teepee and when he came out a long time later, he sent for his two sons, Jack Knife and Falling Rocks.

"I have held council with the Great Spirit," he said, "and this is my decision. My sons, when the sun rises two more times you will enter the Woods of Lost Souls at different points, without food or weapons. Each of you will roam about for one moon. The one who comes out as he went in will become chief of the Olataholopes."

On the appointed morning, the whole tribe met together to cheer the young braves as they started their journey into the Woods of Lost Souls. Chief Big Nose felt sadness in his heart as he watched each son disappear into the woods. But he knew that this was a good test of a warrior. The Great Spirit had said so.

The days passed slowly for Chief Big Nose, but they finally became weeks, and then one morning the tribe met once more at the edge of the woods. It was a beautiful day. All the Indians were dressed in their finest beads and clothes to welcome the two sons of their great chief.

A loud yell sounded from the crowd of the happy faces when the first son, Jack Knife, emerged from the trees. He was congratulated by all that could touch him until at last he fell into the arms of his father.

His appearance was no different than the day he had left except maybe he was a little thinner. It was hard to believe that he had withstood the dangers of the Woods of Lost Souls without any harm coming to him.

But what of Falling Rocks? Surely he would soon appear. Was he not the equal of Jack Knife? There was no need for concern. All the Indians stood around laughing and joking...waiting.

Night came and still there was no sign of Falling Rocks. The laughing faces were no longer. Still, they waited. They waited until the first light of dawn, but no one came from the woods.

(Continued next page)

At mid-morning the Indians started back toward the village. They all loved Falling Rocks, yet they were hungry and tired. Besides, they concluded, Falling Rocks must have been slain by some wild animals.

Finally, by noon, there was no one left waiting but the old chief and his son, Jack Knife.

Father and son waited for two more days. They hardly ate anything, seldom spoke. Eyes concentrating on the woods.

At last they, too, gave up the watch and with tears in their eyes, they went back to the village.

A few days later, Chief Big Nose died of a broken heart and his son, Jack Knife, was appointed Chief. That same day he sent all the braves of the village into the woods in search of his brother. He refused to believe Falling Rocks was dead.

The braves searched for many days, but returned empty handed, Chief Jack Knife still refused to end the search. He finally came upon the idea that more people that looked for his brother, the better the chances of finding him.

The idea was to get all the people in the land to join in the search. To do this, he ordered many signs made and he told his braves to travel throughout the land placing these signs where other people would be sure to see them.

So, even today, as we travel in our cars from one place to another, we see these signs along highways asking for our help. The signs read: WATCH OUT FOR FALLING ROCKS.....

Bosque John McLennan was one of the best horse-thieves there was in the middle 1880's. He was carried off by the Keechi Indians in Texas at the age of 6 and lived with them for 10 years, acquiring the skills needed to make himself a good horse thief. But before the vigilantes could slip a noose around his neck, he married the prettiest gal in the county and settled down.

There were, however, some things about domestication that didn't suit Bosque John. He disliked sleeping in houses. His wife didn't care much for camping out. In the shuffle, they did manage to come up with seven children, which must have meant they were not entirely incompatible.

John was well on his way to making a name for himself as a scout and interpreter in the Indian country, first for the U.S. Army and Texas Ranger expeditions and then for the Confederate forces. But his liking for outdoor sleeping was his downfall.

One night he picked as his roost the second story ledge of the McLennan County courthouse and rolled off!!!!!!

Bob Redmon

The wits are the stars of the firmament; The rest of the people are the inky darkness in which we float.

CDR

✓ GOLF GREATS

This puzzle contains 50 of golf's greatest. They may be read forward, backward, up, down or diagonally. Draw a line around each as you find it and check it off the list below.

A	R	C	H	E	R	E	B	R	A	B	N	A	A	R	O	D	N	A	R	C
D	H	E	H	R	B	A	E	R	Y	T	A	B	E	R	E	Y	A	L	P	R
B	L	E	A	A	R	G	A	P	A	L	M	E	R	V	G	O	A	L	B	Y
D	B	A	E	M	R	A	R	N	N	O	E	B	I	O	T	R	E	B	E	H
L	T	B	W	E	O	L	D	R	C	B	B	C	O	R	S	C	A	S	P	I
S	E	R	B	R	C	C	E	H	E	A	E	R	L	E	E	S	C	O	O	N
L	L	I	D	O	E	Y	D	S	Y	N	E	V	I	C	E	L	N	Z	O	S
O	E	O	O	D	R	T	E	V	Z	L	I	N	D	D	L	I	T	C	K	O
G	I	D	H	N	S	O	S	O	O	N	F	I	Y	I	N	S	T	T	E	N
R	Y	R	W	C	A	L	S	N	D	F	L	O	T	J	O	Y	D	F	I	I
U	U	R	G	O	I	L	G	E	I	I	L	S	B	E	A	R	H	I	L	L
F	G	E	R	G	O	N	A	L	B	F	Y	H	A	G	N	N	E	M	O	K
Y	H	E	B	E	R	H	I	T	I	L	L	H	I	N	S	O	U	N	T	C
D	D	H	O	G	A	J	A	L	N	C	K	L	I	N	D	R	J	A	Z	A
I	A	O	N	U	A	R	Y	J	V	O	E	N	E	S	G	A	L	E	R	J
C	M	A	O	L	I	T	T	L	R	E	E	L	L	N	O	T	E	Z	O	Y
K	L	U	N	M	N	N	M	A	N	G	D	R	A	U	M	M	A	N	R	R
I	M	A	S	H	O	S	E	N	G	A	L	M	E	G	A	M	E	L	S	M
N	I	D	O	S	D	L	E	C	O	F	F	M	I	I	N	S	A	L	L	E
S	R	G	L	M	O	O	D	N	E	L	S	R	Y	O	N	E	N	R	I	C
O	A	E	H	O	N	L	H	A	D	L	U	G	O	S	L	S	S	N	R	I
N	N	C	K	L	I	G	E	L	T	T	I	L	I	N	A	A	U	S	S	S
R	E	P	S	A	C	R	P	A	N	L	M	F	E	R	I	R	P	H	A	L
H	A	Y	E	R	K	U	R	E	O	S	F	B	U	R	G	V	A	S	A	M
R	A	A	Z	E	L	B	V	N	S	O	I	F	F	O	N	W	E	Z	R	D
S	H	G	A	W	A	S	B	B	R	A	P	S	N	E	N	A	D	R	E	S
T	I	L	E	L	U	O	T	D	O	O	W	R	E	V	U	I	N	O	T	N
A	A	R	O	N	S	R	E	L	L	I	M	I	D	D	L	E	C	O	F	F

Below are the words you should have found.

- | | | | | |
|---------|-------------|---------|------------|---------|
| AARON | DE VICENZO | HILL | MANGRUM | PLAYER |
| ARCHER | DEVLIN | HINSON | MARR | ROSBURG |
| BARBER | DICKINSON | HOGAN | MASSENGALE | SARAZEN |
| BEARD | FINSTERWALD | JACKLIN | MILLER | SHAW |
| BEMAN | FLOYD | JANUARY | MOODY | SIFFORD |
| BOLT | FURGOL | JONES | NELSON | SNEAD |
| BOROS | GEIBERGER | LEMA | NICHOLS | STILL |
| CASPER | GOALBY | LITTLER | NICKLAUS | TREVINO |
| CHARLES | HAGEN | LOTZ | PALMER | VENTURI |
| COODY | HEBERT | LUNN | MIDDLECOFF | YANCEY |

AN ODE TO A CONVICT'S WIFE

The time has passed,
I'll be free at last,
Hello, my darling wife.

I've paid for sin
Now let's begin,
Another start in life.

I'll never rob,
I'll get a job,
You see, I've got a trade.

I'm sure my dear,
The people there,
Need some license made.

I've got a scheme,
My little dream,
To keep me out of jail.

It's simple see,
like one, two, three,
I'm sure it cannot fail.

It depends on you,
Here's what to do,
Just stick with me and then...

In every way,
Both night and day,
Remind me of the pen.

Paint the walls, rooms and halls,
A morbid, dingy gray,
And let a gust of wind and dust,
Blow in there every day.

In winter, Sweet,
Turn off the heat,
And let the darkness in,
If it should be too cold for me,
Walk past my cell and grin.

Give me a broom,
To sweep my room,
But cut the handle through,
Give me a light, that's not to
bright,
A forty watt will do.

A table here,
A wooden chair,
A rag to wash the floor.
Another thing!
Be sure to string,
An ear phone by my door.

Back there in jail,
I used a pail,
To shave with looking Glass,
Give me a blade,
That someone made,
Otherwise I'll have to pass.

And, Dear, I hope,
You'll give me soap,
That never lathers up,
A brush that's tough
Hard and rough,
And a plain metallic cup.

If you and me should watch TV,
I mustn't hear the sound,
So you be sweet and stomp your feet,
Then move your chair around.

When we go to church,
You must search,
This guy when he comes out.
Be on your toes,
And search my clothes,
Each time I move about.

Each time I wash,
Be sure to squash,
My clothes up in a ball,
Then put them in a metal bin,
My shoes, pants and all.

Include two socks within my box,
One short and one too long.
If I admit that they don't fit,
Just sneer and say you're wrong.

A cigarette!
Oh, thanks my Pet,
But not a tailor-made.
Those years alone I rolled my own,
On the salary I was paid.

An ash tray, Boss!
No thanks, I'll toss,
My butt upon the rug.

A drinking glass!
I'll have to pass,
I use a metal cup.

When I am ill, give me a pill,
Don't try to understand,
Just send me off to choke and cough,
As long as I can stand.

(Continued Next page)

If I complain about a pain,
Then stare me in the eye,
Say:

O.K. jerk, get to work,
Your kind will never die.

When I get up, give me a cup,
Of coffee muddy brown,
And make my toast, pale as a ghost,
Or black as a judge's gown.

For supper make a rubber steak,
Or serve some leather pork.
Use lots of lard and fry it hard,
Until it bens the fork.

Then heap some suds upon my spuds,
Or bake them, Dear, in sand.
Make sure the skin is not to thin,
To break within my hand.

Whatever you fix be sure to mix,
The courses all in one.
Carrots, peas, or maybe cheese,
Spill tea upon my bun.

When serving tea it ought to be,
As cold as the warden's heart.
And make my bread like heavy lead,
So I can't tear it apart.

And when you bake, for goodness sake,
Put raisins in the pie,
But crunch them well, so I can't tell,
The roaches from the flies.

It's understood that pie is good,
With cole slaw on the top,
My memory brings me many things,
That you can splash and plop.

Now, don't you set the table, Pet,
For I'm not used to that.
Three times a day, give me a tray,
Then vamoose, beat it, scat.

When I have ate, if it's not too late,
I'll walk around the yard,
To the funny man's court,
Where the Homo's consort,
Either way it wan't be hard.

I want you to dress in blue,
Or pretend you're a guard,
Or better still, if you will,
Hit me on the head real hard.

And give me hell,
And be sure to yell,
"Get in line you clod."

And when the sun shows day is done,
Don't come to bed with me,
Many a year upon the tier,
I slept alone you see.

And don't you fret, my little Pet,
As you may use the den,
We'll shout and call across the hall,
As I did in the pen.

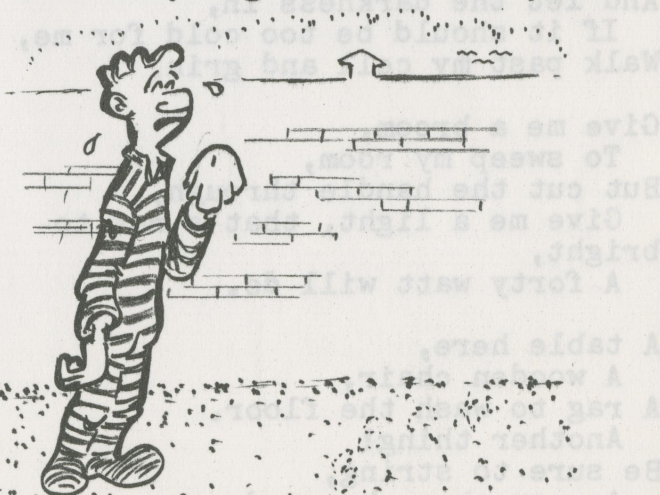
That mattress is too soft, gee whiz,
Get me another kind,
That's full of lumps and many bumps,
That stick in my behind.

The blankets too!
Will never do,
They're much too soft and fine,
Get me a pair that horses wear,
And smell like turpentine.

Don't set the clock,
And don't you knock,
To wake me any more.
Just use a bong and bang it long,
Outside my bedroom door.

You want me home,
No more to roam,
Then heed my little tale,
So I'll recall, the months and all
The years I've spent in jail.

Remind me Dear, all through the
years,
In every thing I do,
And you can bet a million, Pet,
I'll stay right there with you.



Bob Redmon

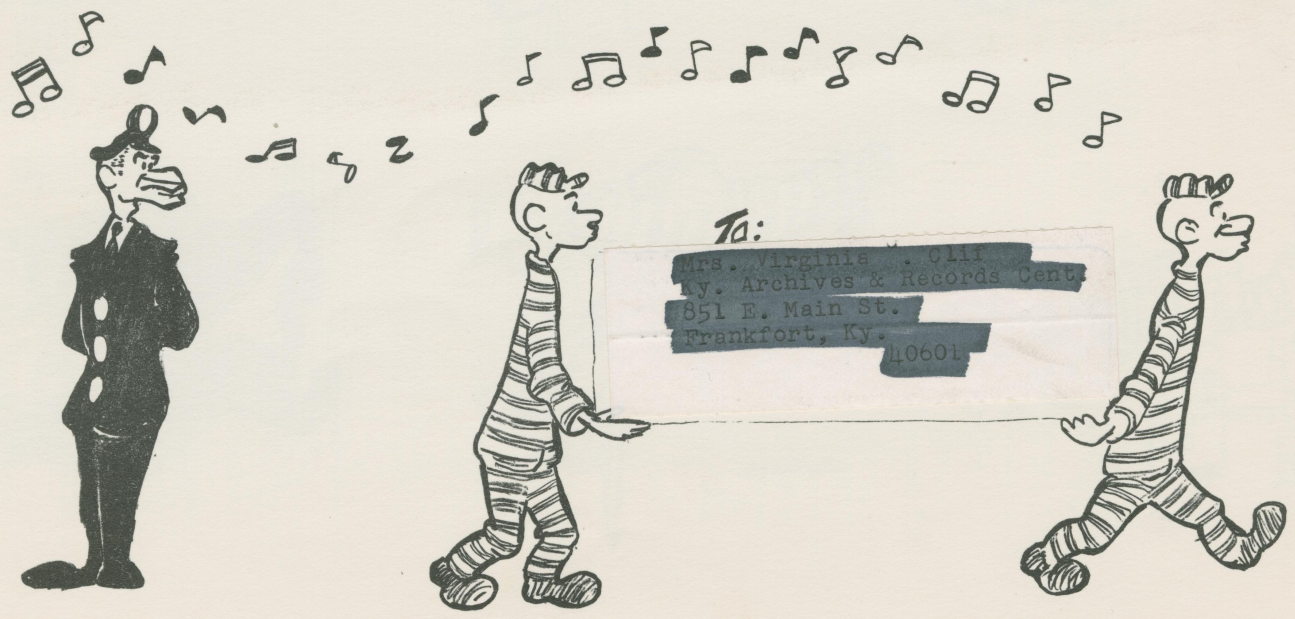
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