

CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND



DECEMBER

1963

<u>ADMINISTRATION</u>	<u>IN THIS MONTH'S CASTLE:</u>
The Honorable BERT T. COMBS, Governor	Deputy Warden's Page 1
WILSON W. WYATT, Lt. Governor	IN MEMORIAM 2
<u>DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS</u>	Castle News 3
JOSEPH G. CANNON, Commissioner	Chaplains' Corner 10
MARSHALL SWAIN, Deputy Commissioner	Editorial 11
Dr. HAROLD BLACK, Director of Institutions	FLOOD AT FRANKFORT PRISON
W. Z. CARTER, Director of Education	The story of the '37 flood as written from eye-witness accounts 13
<u>BOARD OF PARDONS & PAROLES</u>	Exchange Page 20
Dr. FRED MOFFATT, Executive Director	Tall Tales 21
WALTER FERGUSON, Chairman	Department Reports 22
SIMEON WILLIS, Member	LETTER TO THE EDITOR 23
ERNEST THOMPSON, Member	Statistics & Movies 24
Mrs. LUCILLE HURT, Member	The Castle Laughs 25
<u>PENITENTIARY ADMINISTRATION</u>	
LUTHER THOMAS, Warden	<u>CASTLE STAFF</u>
LLOYD ARMSTRONG, Deputy Warden	Lawrence Snow, Editor
W. T. BAXTER, Captain of the Guard	Harold Arnold, Associate Editor
Rev. HOUSTON E. INMAN, Protestant Chaplain	James McKinney, Art Editor
Rev. THOMAS CLARK, Catholic Chaplain	John Busby, Multilith Operator
HENRY E. COWAN, Supervisor of Education	
WILLIAM EGBERT, Vocational Instructor	

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

DEPUTY WARDEN'S PAGE

WHY AND WHAT WOULD HAPPEN?

BY DEPUTY WARDEN LLOYD ARMSTRONG

On the 22nd day of November, 1963, the President was killed by a sniper's bullet. Along with 180 million other Americans and a great many foreigners, I am wondering why. I would like to say this: all of the excitement of the assassination of the President, attempted assassination of the Governor of Texas, the murder of the Dallas policeman, and finally the death of the assassin of President Kennedy, has the whole nation and the biggest part of the world in a state of confusion. I wonder if anyone could answer why Oswald assassinated the President, or why he killed the Dallas policeman and attempted to murder the Governor of Texas.

Today another killer shot and took the life of the President's assassin, and now all of us are wondering why. We will all admit it should have never happened, and I think that all civic minded Americans realize that it was caused by extreme bitterness, possibly the work of a maniac. Ruby, a night-club operator, is the man who killed Oswald. Was it because he had hate so deep inside of him or because he was such a patriotic American? I do not think it was because he was a patriotic American, as patriotism does not include murder. I have heard one person say, "Why did they take Oswald to the hospital and attempt to save his life?" The answer to that is very simple: it is the American way of life. Oswald was entitled to a fair and impartial trial before a court of law and not before one man with a murder weapon.

What would happen if each American would realize how close he lives to someone who has so much hate in his heart for another, and if it was not for the laws of the land, would go out and shoot him down like a beast? How many of us today are willing to face facts? In case your

son or daughter came in and explained to you that they had some type of run-in with the police -- say, for instance, running a stop sign -- how many of us would take the side of the daughter or son and how many of us would take the side of the law? I am wondering if you would be willing to look at both sides honestly. Will you be honest with yourself, or would a lot of us do like so many of us do nowadays by making a lot of false statements and trying to back them up with a lot of alibis, and make them think it has to be right because you said it was true?

The American newspapers get a big headache from the public accusing them of printing false statements. What would happen if everyone who talks to a newspaper reporter told the truth instead of a bunch of phony make-believe? Would it help the newspapers to get closer to the real story?

If we look at it simply and soberly, I think we all would have to agree that we have two mad-dog killers in our headlines, men with hate so deep inside them they just could not go any further without discharging their hate. The highest official in the land was assassinated by a mad-dog killer. In my opinion he did not need a reason to kill the President or anyone else. He had to release his hate on someone, but now he is dead due to another killer, again I am wondering why.

My friends, I think I am sure that all Americans should stop and examine themselves and ask why this had to happen. Why should good true Americans have to die and families split up, be tortured and punished, widows left, such as Mrs. Kennedy and the policeman's wife, and the Governor of one of our great states in the hospital? All because a killer is allowed to run loose in the streets!

(Please turn to Page 24)

The Prisoners Join the World in Mourning

JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY

Born May 29, 1917

Inaugurated as President of the United
States of America January 20, 1961

Killed In the Service of His Country November 22, 1963

ASSASSINATION NEWS RECEIVED HERE WITH SHOCK, DISBELIEF; MANY JOIN IN NATION'S GRIEF

NOV. 22 -- The news came here seconds before a windstorm cut off power to the Kentucky State Penitentiary, and only a few of the prisoners heard it. With all radio and television sets silenced by the power failure, no one could be certain that the rumors sweeping across the compound were anything more than that. Few could believe that the President, very much alive according to earlier reports and seemingly enjoying his Texas tour, could be either wounded or dead.

For almost an hour, the power remained off. And even when the lights blinked back on and the radio and television sets blared back to life -- even after there could be no doubt -- it was a hard, hard thing to believe.

But slowly, belief came, and with it for most of KSP's inmates, shock came too. One inmate, his eyes reddened with emotion, cursed the assassin steadily, obscenely. Others, less emotional, tried aloud to understand the twisted, warped thinking that could result in such an enormously wanton crime. The utter senselessness of the assassination, the thought of what it must mean to the President's family, the incalculable loss to the nation, all contributed to the sense of outrage and grief for many of us here.

Not all of the inmates here were visibly saddened by news of the President's death. Yet a surprisingly large number who had outspokenly condemned his policies were among those who mourned him. And throughout the rest of the afternoon and the night, hundreds of prisoners stood by to listen to the news of what we, too, knew to be an international catastrophe.

TASK FORCE CONCLUDES ITS WORK WITH REPORT URGING \$11 MILLION CHANGES IN PRISONS

NOV. 15 -- The Governor's Task Force on Corrections concluded its lengthy diagnosis of Kentucky's sick prison system today with a comprehensive report that urged removal of its cancers and a massive transfusion of money and brains to make it the healthy, functioning organ of correction it has never been.

The cancers, said the report submitted to Governor Bert T. Combs, are "partisan politics of the most damnable kind" and inadequate funds, according to a Louisville Times story. Overcrowded, deteriorated, poorly-staffed institutions that have "actually produced psychopathic personalities" have been the result.

An \$11 million dollar building program and the addition of 120 qualified workers to the Department of Corrections were recommended to correct the correctional system, the Times reported, and the four-year program proposed by the Task Force has the backing of the new Commissioner of Corrections.

"I am completely in favor of everything in the report," said Commissioner Joseph G. Cannon, who assisted in its preparation.

NEW BLOOD FOR CORRECTIONS DEPARTMENT: The Task Force report recommended properly qualified people be hired in the following capacities:

1. At the Frankfort level: A statistical analyst and directors of in-service training, medical services, education and community relations.

2. A training officer for the Probation and Parole Division and 12 additional parole officers with at least 2 years of college training.

3. A training officer and an additional associate warden at both LaGrange and Eddyville.

4. A full-time physician for each prison.

5. Three psychologists for LaGrange, 1 here.

6. A chief social worker for the women's prison, 1 each for each male prison, 6 caseworkers for LaGrange, 4 here.

7. Ten qualified teachers for LaGrange, four here.

8. Four vocational instructors each.

9. A full-time Catholic chaplain for each prison and an assistant Protestant chaplain for each.

10. Three food-service workers to upgrade the menus and supervise the preparation of food.

11. Additional prison guards -- a total of 41.

MERIT SYSTEM URGED: The report stressed the importance of removing all correctional workers with the exception of the commissioner "completely and irrevocably" from politics. This must be done, said the Task Force, if professionally trained people are to be recruited and kept. "Rigid enforcement" of a "working merit system" is necessary to accomplish these goals, the Task Force emphasized.

But, it went on, the merit system should be extended to key positions only "at such time as professionally-trained and/or competent persons fill each established position, in the opinion of the commissioner."

TRAINING AND PAROLE NEEDS: Of especial importance to an effective corrections system are education, vocational training and parole, said the report. A complete educational system through the 12th grade, high-quality trades-training courses and expansion of the prison industries program -- all under qualified supervisors and teachers -- are essen-

TO ALL OF YOU EVERYWHERE, THE MEN OF KSP EXTEND
THEIR VERY BEST WISHES FOR A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS AND

A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

tial to the success of the program. A preliminary interview with the parole board within 30 days of commitment for the purpose of working out a reformation plan, increased use of early parole, and the termination of all sentences in parole -- even if only for a period of months -- were recommended. A system of pre-release centers -- apparently modeled after the halfway house plan -- was also urged.

NEW BUILDINGS NEEDED, the Task Force report said, include:

1. Farm dormitories at each institution to house a total of 550 men.
2. Three more forestry camps to house minimum-security prisoners.
3. Renovation of existing buildings at LaGrange, possibly including the conversion of some of the difficult-to-supervise open dormitories into cell-blocks.
4. The conversion of the LaGrange administration building into a reception-diagnostic center.
5. A separate prison for young offenders. The report noted that almost 600 of the state's prison inmates are under 21. Many of these young men have to be housed in separate wings for protection.

It was also suggested that it be remembered that Eddyville Prison, built almost 80 years ago, will probably in a very few years have to be replaced.

OTHER CHANGES SUGGESTED included:

1. Issuance of toilet articles and other necessities -- soap, toothbrushes, toothpaste, razor blades and tobacco -- free of charge to ease the "pitiful poverty, even by institution standards" of many Kentucky inmates.
2. Intensive treatment for seriously disturbed inmates.
3. Doubling of inmate wages from 8¢ to 16¢ a day, with 5¢ automatically set aside as a "going home" fund.
4. Incentive pay of up to 50¢ daily for excellent work, with at least 15¢ set aside for the release fund.

The Task Force on Corrections, an unpaid group which has given generously of its time and experience on our behalf, is composed of: M. R. Mills (Chairman), a commonwealth attorney; Criminal Court Judge L. R. Curtis; Dr. W. Walter Fox, State Hospital superintendent; Dr. Arleigh Lincoln, professor of social studies; Paul Oberst, professor of law; Businessman George Stoll; and commonwealth attorney John J. O'Hara.

LARGER AND BETTER TRAINED STAFF KEY TO
PENAL REFORM, CANNON SAYS IN FRANKFORT

NOV. 13 -- More correctional workers, better trained and better paid, are needed in both of Kentucky's adult male correctional institutions, Commissioner of Corrections Joseph G. Cannon told an AP reporter two days before the Task Force report was made public.

Cannon, himself holder of a master's degree, hopes to appoint an additional associate warden at both the LaGrange Reformatory and the Penitentiary here. The new positions would call for a master's degree in correctional work and some experience in institutions. The new men would be in charge of the rehabilitation program, the recruitment of prison personnel and in-service training of personnel.

The newly-appointed commissioner, veteran of 14 years with Ohio's penal system and considered to be the first "non-political" appointee ever to hold the top correctional post in Kentucky, also called for:

1. A director of psychology and two psychologists for both LaGrange and Eddyville.
2. A director of social service and 5 or 6 social workers for each prison.
3. Eight more academic teachers at LaGrange, 4 or 5 more here.
4. Three or four more vocational teachers at LaGrange, 2 or 3 more here.

A pay raise for prison guards and a standard uniform are also wanted, said the AP story. Guards presently start at \$266 a month. Cannon wants this raised to about \$300, with two pay grades instead of the present one.

He said his recommendations would depend on how much money is allocated to the correctional system by the new Governor. Edward "Ned" Breathitt, the Democratic nominee, won the gubernatorial race in November.

ONE PHASE OF PROPOSED TOTAL REFORM
PROGRAM ALREADY UNDERWAY IN INSTITUTION

By the time you read this, at least one phase of a total rehabilitation program drawn up 12 months ago by a prominent Kentucky psychiatrist should have gotten underway.

"Total rehabilitation" is Dr. J. Wysocki's term for a 10-phase project aimed at treating the whole man in an effort to restore him to useful citizenship.

In the past, commented voluntary Prison Psychiatric Consultant Wysocki recently, "rehabilitation" has meant nothing more than allowing a man to train towards a job skill -- thus neglecting entirely whatever basic causes may have existed for his criminal behavior. Dr. Wysocki's plan, designed at the request of Governor Bert Combs and the Department of Corrections, aims to go beyond this stage.

Because of personnel limitations and the difficulties of treating the entire prison population at once, the program will be at first restricted to three groups: first offenders under 25 years of age, new commitments to the institution, and all prisoners scheduled to go before the parole board within a year. Eventually, the program will also be extended to the entire population.

Using present personnel and whatever additional personnel may become available, the program aims to treat offenders through the following phases:

1. A PHYSICAL PROGRAM, under the supervision of the physician, to correct real and imagined medical problems. A physical fitness program also comes under this division.
2. A PSYCHIATRIC PROGRAM, to treat three kinds of offenders: the psychotic, the neurotic, and those who have behavioral problems which do not fall into either group. "Commonsense" psychotherapy, drug therapy and electronic therapy where indicated are the means.

3. PASTORAL COUNSELING, for those who need and want religious guidance or advice of a kind a chaplain can give.

4. A MOTIVATION PROGRAM, for younger offenders who need to learn to accept themselves and to be accepted by others. It is this phase of the program, to be conducted by the prison chaplains, which it is hoped will be underway for young first offenders by December 1.

5. A RE-MOTIVATION PROGRAM for older offenders who have in the past been socially and morally motivated but who need help to "find their way back."

6. MARRIAGE COUNSELING for married inmates who are having marital difficulties.

7. A CITIZENSHIP PROGRAM, using much the same material as is used in classes for immigrants, for those who need this type of training.

8. A SCHOLASTIC PROGRAM to provide high-level academic training for those who have not completed their education.

9. A VOCATIONAL PROGRAM to provide trades-training that will be acceptable to schools, unions and industry.

10. A PAROLE PROGRAM, wherein recommendations will be made from all departments at such time as it is believed the inmate is ready for parole. The parole program will also include a carefully worked out parole plan and adequate, positive supervision in the community.

At the time this was written, a list of some 150 young first offenders had been compiled and preliminary interviews for grouping the men into small classes had already gotten underway.

MEN ON DEATH ROW NEED READING MATTER

The eight men on KSP's death row would appreciate your old paperback novels and magazines -- in fact, any kind of reading matter, which seems to be in short supply over there. Inmates wishing to donate may leave books at the library.

YOUNG INMATE PASSES AWAY HERE

NOV. 9 -- Donald Phillips, 28, died in the prison hospital last night. He had a record of epileptic seizures.

An unmarried farm worker in civilian life, Phillips was serving a 21-year sentence imposed in McCreary County, Kentucky, for attempted robbery.

SOME IMPROVEMENTS MADE IN KSP HOSPITAL

Not long ago, if an inmate here needed oxygen for a heart attack, it wasn't available. The hoses on the oxygen cylinder had rotted to the point of uselessness.

Now, however, although there is still no oxygen tent in working order for those requiring longer periods under oxygen, there is a mask and hose available for emergency use. In other ways, too, the hospital has been improved during recent months.

Mr. Kevil Sellars, formerly of Paducah but now living in Marion, is the new officer-in-charge of the hospital, and he is proud of the changes that have been made there. Among them are: re-decorating and repainting of the interior of the hospital; construction of restraining cells for mental patients, still not completed; new cabinets; a new electric clock to replace the grandfather clock that was useless in taking pulses; a heater for the office.

Morale is higher, too, among the inmates employed in the hospital, emphasized Howard Garrison and Claude Dalton, first aid nurses. Other inmates working in the medical department include: Eldred Huskisson, nurse; Richard Racine, 3 Cellhouse nurse; Herman Howard and Charles Soules, dental technicians; Stan Simpson, clerk and lab technician; Buford McGinnis, John Cook, James Lewis, Henry Kraus, Ernest Abbott and John Lyons, janitors and orderlies.

ORGANIZER OF POLISH UNDERGROUND IS NOW PSYCHIATRIC CONSULTANT FOR EDDYVILLE PRISON

On September 1, 1939, a week after the historic German-Russian neutrality pact was signed, German panzers assaulted Poland from three directions. Virtually helpless against the attacking Nazis, the Poles concentrated on defending their eastern sector. On September 17, Soviet troops attacked from the rear. The regular armies capitulated and Poland was partitioned a few days later.

But resistance never ceased in Poland. For 10 long days after the surrender of the army, Warsaw held out against seige. And sometime during this period, the famed Polish Underground -- still fighting today -- was organized.

One of the organizers of the underground was a soldier fresh from medical school. Later, this soldier, Dr. J. Wysocki, was arrested by the Russians and sentenced to death for his resistance activities.

After six weeks under sentence of death, Wysocki found his sentence had been cut to life imprisonment. He was transferred to a concentration camp in Siberia where, after two years, he managed to escape.

Successfully making his way across Russia into Europe, Dr. Wysocki joined the British 8th Army as a medical officer. He saw action in the African and Italian campaigns, and when peace came he resumed his medical studies, specializing in psychiatry in Italy and Britain. Finally, in 1949, he came to America to begin his career.

Although psychiatry was born in Europe and Dr. Wysocki was licensed to practice anywhere else in the world, his training was not recognized in the United States. It was necessary, he was told, to go back to school to study his specialty all over again. He did, studying in New Jersey. Finally, doubly-trained, he applied for U.S. citizenship and began his practice. Three years ago, he became Chief of Medical Staff at Hopkinsville's Western State Hospital.

For the last two years, Dr. Wysocki (he pronounces it wy-SOZ-ki) has been serving in a voluntary capacity as Psychiatric Consultant to the Kentucky State Penitentiary. Part of the work he has done here at the request of Governor Bert Combs has been the designing of a total rehabilitation program described elsewhere in this issue, and the interviewing of men about to be released on parole. He has also done preliminary counseling work with small groups of inmates.

In some superficial ways, Dr. Wysocki resembles the Hollywood conception of the European psychiatrist. Although his English vocabulary is surprisingly large in view of the fact that he learned the language "from my patients," as he puts it, his native Polish accent is overlaid with a British pronunciation. He speaks rapidly, volubly, occasionally hesitating for a fraction of an instant to reach for a word. Introduced to members of an inmate club, the slightly-built, 50-year-old psychiatrist waved his hand and cheerfully waggled his eyebrows behind his glasses, looking for all the world like Groucho Marx.

But there the resemblance to the celluloid professor ends. Talking to the man, you are immediately impressed with his tremendous mental energy and his equally great interest in the human species.

Asked about his unpaid status at the penitentiary, he says, "That is the only way. Every man has his hobby." He talks of the dignity of man and his right to seek happiness, and he obviously means it.

"For animals," he said to the inmates, "it is enough to live. But humans must have something to live for." He asked the men to examine themselves with courage and honesty. What did we want out of life, and what had we accomplished?

"Life is only once," he said. "Count your years. How many have you left?"

After his address, the doctor submitted to an interview for this magazine. We talked at some length, but little of the conversation was about him. Instead, he directed the discussion to the program that is in the making for the prison.

He listens keenly as he talks, his eyes following the facial expressions and the attitudes of the person talking with him. Occasionally a phrase will cause him to listen even more intensely, and his facial expression then is that of a mechanic listening for sounds of trouble in an engine. The impression he leaves is that of a man who knows the intricate pathways of the human mind as intimately as any man can. Yet it is not an uncomfortable impression. For you also feel that he is interested, understanding, even sympathetic ... as could be expected of a man whose hobby is people.

HOPKINSVILLE CHURCHMEN SING, EAT, PREACH AT EVANGELISTIC SERVICES IN KSP CHAPEL

NOV. 10 -- Nine Hopkinsville churchmembers and KSP's Protestant Chaplain H. E. Inman held evangelistic services in the prison chapel and stayed to eat a convict-style meal in the inmate mess-hall.

The special services were organized by Joe Rose, prominent Hopkinsville businessman long active in prison affairs, in cooperation with Chaplain Inman. A popular new quartet from the Second Baptist Church in Hopkinsville provided music for the special activity.

Earl Fuller, lead tenor, Leonard Ezell, second tenor, Wallace Maddox, bass, and baritone Fred Shelton sang in the quartet, with Don Atwood filling in as bass on two numbers. Atwood's father, Cliff, accompanied the quartet on the piano.

Also present were "Big Bill" Wells and Billy Russell of the Methodist Church in Hopkinsville.

The group lunched with the inmates later.

SCREENS REMOVED FROM VISITING ROOM

NOV. 16 -- Inmates receiving visits from their relatives today in KSP's visiting room, located in the hall of #4 Cell-house, were surprised to find that the screens that formerly separated visitors from inmates had been removed.

SILENT SYSTEM ENDS IN KSP MESSHALL

NOV. 18 -- The messhall silent system, in effect in the Kentucky State Penitentiary for generations, has been ended.

Effective on this date, said a general order issued today, talking in low tones will be permitted. Before the order was issued, absolute silence was enforced in the messhall and in the line outside the hall.

OVERDUE PAROLEES WANT WORK TO DO

Do you need a good hand? Want a truck driver, a machine operator, a watch repairman? Some overdue parolees, who can't leave until they find employment, would like to work for you. You assume no responsibility, so if one of these men suits your requirements, why not get in touch with him through the prison?

SAM COPELAND, 57, is 15 months overdue, can go to a sponsor or to a job. A former city bus driver, he can also operate drill presses, punch presses and small band saws, is willing to go anywhere in or out of Kentucky on any job.

FLOYD "DAGO" RIIS, 36, now 5 months overdue, is an expert but self-taught watch repairman with six years of practical experience. Unlicensed but willing to work as an apprentice, Floyd can also go anywhere in Kentucky.

CHARLES MATTINGLY, 49, is physically fit, alert and personable. Now 5 months overdue, he has worked as a truck driver and driver-salesman, will take any job at all, full or part time, in the Louisville area.

Write to: Box 128, Eddyville, Kentucky.

BREATHITT SAYS PRISON SYSTEM SECOND ONLY TO EDUCATION IN BUDGET CONSIDERATION; AIMS FOR "REDEMPTION, NOT RETRIBUTION"

NOV. 20 --- As Governor-elect Edward "Ned" Breathitt sat down to two days of briefings on the next biennial budget, he commented to a Louisville Times reporter that he is "fully committed" to the objectives of the Task Force, the new State Commission on Corrections, the bar association and the people of Kentucky toward establishment of a real preventive and rehabilitation program."

The Democratic winner of November's gubernatorial contest said the state should "aim for redemption and not retribution in its prisons system." He will take office January 10.

Breathitt told reporter Dick Berger, who earlier this year posed as a convict to get an inside look at prison conditions, that the needs of Kentucky's Department of Corrections were second in his opinion only to the needs of the state's educational system. He commended Commissioner Joseph G. Cannon and the Task Force for their recommendation that top-level personnel be added to the Department before large-scale building programs get underway.

ROOM TO BREATHE FOR KSP INMATES -- NORTH YARD IS NOW OPEN ON A LIMITED BASIS

A step was taken toward providing breathing space for inmates here with the opening last month of the north yard. The large field to the north of the walls, surrounded by a double wire fence and protected by gun towers, was opened two afternoons last month for intra-mural football games. Whether it will in the future be opened for leg-stretching as well as for athletics was not announced.

Prior to the opening of the north yard, only a small, dusty "exercise yard" was available to the inmates for outdoor activities in the building-cluttered main compound. The yard, located between the laundry and cannery buildings, is somewhat smaller than a standard

football field and only a few of the 1100-plus men here could use it at any given time. The sense of crowding occasioned by such limited outdoor space can over a period of years amount almost to claustrophobia.

A. A. STEERING COMMITTEE MEETS WEEKLY

Wayne S., Chairman of KSP's Alcoholics Anonymous Hopeful Group, announces that the A. A. Steering Committee will meet each Saturday from 2 to 3 P. M.

The Steering Committee passes on applications for membership from the inmates. Its purpose is to assure that only those with genuine alcoholic problems are admitted to the revitalized group.

GOOD CHOW FOR THANKSGIVING AND CHRISTMAS

NOV. 27 -- The KSP kitchen announced to the Castle today that turkey would be the main course for Thanksgiving, with baked chicken in all probability for Christmas. The Thanksgiving menu:

BAKED TURKEY & DRESSING

Snowflake Potatoes Giblet Gravy

Green Beans

Creamed Corn

Celery-Carrot Salad Cranberry Sauce

Lettuce

Hot Rolls & Butter

Iced Layer Cake Milk & Coffee

HOLIDAY VISITING OKAYED FOR KSP

The visiting room will be open seven days a week, holidays included, according to revised rules printed on the penitentiary letterhead.

Formerly visiting was not permitted on legal holidays. The visiting room is in #4 Cellhouse.

CHAPLAINS' CORNER

REV. HOUSTON INMAN, PROTESTANT CHAPLAIN

Many people today find it impossible to believe in a personal God. They do not seem to have a conception of God which they can honestly worship. I have talked with a good many people who either do not believe in God, or who have given up faith in Him. In most cases such people have thrown overboard certain childish ideas of God, and have found nothing to put in their place. The thing that is necessary in advocating faith in God is to get people to leave behind the childish and the inadequate, to look away from the distraction and false values of this world and to rediscover the living God.

It is my firm conviction that a person must accept the revelation of God in Jesus Christ if he is to discover a personal God. An individual may be moved to wonder and awe at the Infinite Mind behind all things but he cannot love, worship and adore the Infinite God, who is infinitely concerned with human beings, until he accepts Jesus Christ for what He claimed to be. It is only when we see God expressed in a human being, living under human conditions and limitations, that the idea of worship has any meaning.

Christians believe that this revelation of God in a human being actually occurred nearly two thousand years ago, in the man Jesus Christ. That quiet insertion of Himself into human history, which we celebrate at Christmas is not just a piece of pious legend. It is a sober fact of history! Anyone with any imagination at all can think of some God of righteousness and power breaking

(Please turn to Page 12)

PROTESTANT ACTIVITIES (Sunday)

Worship Service: 8:00 to 8:45 AM
Inmate Sunday School: 8:50 to 9:45 AM
Inmate Church Service: 9:50 to 11:15 AM
Alcoholics Anonymous: 1:30 to 3:00 PM

FATHER THOMAS CLARK, CATHOLIC CHAPLAIN

Most of us take pride in the belief that we can do most anything if we really set our mind to it. We do not stop growing at the age of 18 or 21. We stop growing physically, yes. But, unless we are mentally ill or senile, there is an urge within us which impels us to keep on growing in mind and in skills. If we did not want to grow mentally, there would not be such an expanding market for books and periodicals of all kinds. We always are seeking to increase our knowledge of people, of events, of the world around us.

We desire, too, to perfect our skills. No matter how good a cook you may be, it is very likely that you still collect recipes, try new dishes and read the kitchen page of your favorite magazine. If you play bridge however expertly, or poker, you still hold post-mortems to examine how you might better have played this hand. If you are a golfer, even with a low handicap, you still keep trying to perfect your grip or your swing. If you are a parent, ever so successful, a lecture or an article on "How to Raise Children" will still get your close attention. So it goes, through the whole gamut of human activity. Whether you swim, bowl, garden, run a business or shoot pool, always you seek to do it a little better.

That is, almost always. There is one department of life, the most important department, in which people are content with mediocrity. This is the realm of the spiritual. Improvement here will pay everlasting dividends. Yet, without putting it into words, we all too often

(Please turn to Page 12)

CATHOLIC ACTIVITIES

Holy Mass: 12:30 Sunday
PRIVATE CONSULTATIONS:
Monday: 10:30 to 1:00
Thursday: 10:30 to 1:00

EDITORIAL

THE SUCCESS OR FAILURE OF PRISON REFORM MOVEMENTS IS UP TO THE PEOPLE NOW

Now that the astonishingly comprehensive report of the Task Force on Corrections has been presented to the Governor and the citizens of Kentucky, it remains for three groups of people to make a success or a failure of the long-awaited prison-reform program.

Firstly and most importantly, it is up to us here and in LaGrange to put aside our bitterness and our hates and our cynicism so that the tremendous amount of effort and thought put into this thing that has come to pass and that is coming to pass shall not have been wasted. For it must be obvious to even the most doubting among us that a strong, genuine, humane effort is being made by literally hundreds of individuals, in and out of politics, to help us. And God help us if we are stupid enough or vain enough or bitter enough to fail to reach out to accept that assistance!

Secondly, it is up to the governing and lawmaking bodies of the state to have the courage and wisdom to assure, with laws and appropriations, that the sweeping changes proposed in this report have a chance to take full effect. What is done in Frankfort in the next months and years will determine whether Kentucky, some day soon, shall have one of the most truly modern and effective correctional systems in the country -- or one of the most backward.

But in a very real way, it is also up to the ordinary people of Kentucky.

Prison reform is not the only great social need in the state. There are at least two other grave problems -- graver even than the prison situation -- facing

Kentucky citizens. The miserable, grinding poverty of thousands of "free" Kentuckians and the pressing need for more and better educational facilities are the two that come most readily to mind. These questions are, we believe, at last being realistically faced in this state. They deserve the thought and effort of all Kentuckians.

But so, we believe, does the prison system of the state.

Today in Kentucky a tremendous movement toward prison reform is underway. It did not get started easily. Tradition and ignorance and apathy are ponderous, heavy things. Hundreds of levers, wielded by hundreds of individuals who opened their eyes to the tragedy and waste of the prison system as it exists today, were required to pry them loose and start them rolling slowly out of the way of genuine progress. And now, every day, the movement is gaining momentum.

But the momentum gained could be lost, the movement could be blocked again, the enormous amount of time and thought and tax money already invested in penal reform could be wasted, without hope of return, if all three groups are not wise enough or do not care enough to see the program through. And in the final analysis, it is up to the people.

In the next few years, this state could very well be looked to by the rest of the nation as having a model prison system and a genuinely effective one, both in terms of economy and in terms of human lives and energies reclaimed. In spite of definitely limited funds, in spite of the state's long history of backwardness in penal matters, all of

the elements that could make for a truly humane and efficient correctional situation are present to a degree probably to be found nowhere else in the country. For perhaps the first time in penal history, knowledge gained through countless years of study of penal questions is actually being drawn upon. The old ways, the traditional ways that have proved their ineffectiveness over countless years, are being scrapped.

The result can only be economy. Economy, as the experts tell us, in actual dollars and cents saved over the years by getting to the basic causes of criminal behavior and eliminating them. But economy, too, in terms of lives reclaimed -- the life of this writer, the lives of all of us here in Kentucky's prisons, and those of generations of Kentuckians yet unborn.

The money and support for this program can only come from the individual citizen of the state. It is his money that is being spent, his neighbor's, his family's, his own life that can be affected by the success or failure of the ambitious project now underway, ultimately his government. We in the prisons of Kentucky can only hope he will care enough to study the project intelligently and carefully and arrive at a wise and farsighted decision.

CATHOLIC CHAPLAIN (Continued)

assume "I am good enough." Theoretically we agree with the fact that no one actually is "good enough" from God's standpoint. No one ever is as good as God wills him to be. Yet, we somehow manage to agree with the theory without letting it disturb the comfortable spiritual groove into which we have settled.

If we put only a small portion of the effort into the job of growing spiritually that we put into increasing our other abilities, the world would be a happier and more kind place in which to live almost overnight. But we must be-

gin with the root of the trouble -- my own spiritual laziness. No one else can do the job for me.

PROTESTANT CHAPLAIN (Continued)

through into the life of this sinful planet, in wrath and judgement, and displaying enough physical force to make the bravest tremble. But this was not the way that God chose to enter. He came not to condemn but to save, and His humble means of entry is a strong clue to His character. No man's freewill is interfered with; no man's personality is assaulted; no one is forced to do anything at all. God enters His world in humble circumstances.

The methods of God have not changed. He is still gentle and humble. He does not interfere with anyone's freedom to choose. The self-centered, conceited person can keep God at arms' length for as long as he wants to. This is not to say that God is not active in His own world. He speaks, wherever men will listen, through conscience, through circumstance, and through the crying needs of other people. He does not cease to call people away from the life that leads to unhappiness and destruction to the life that leads to peace and cooperation with Himself.

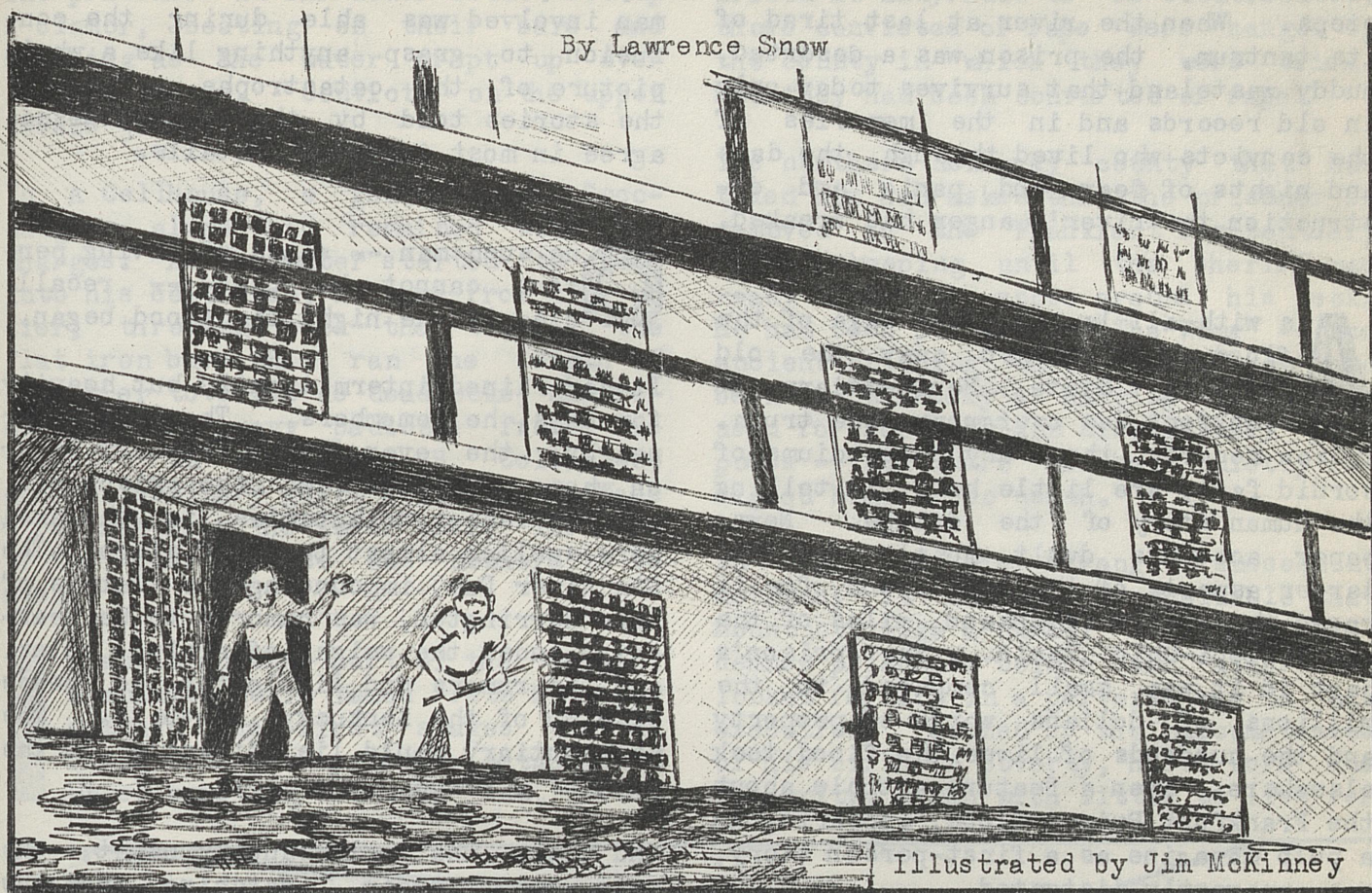
Two thousand years ago the life of Jesus was an insignificant failure. Yet today there are millions who gladly serve and worship Him, and many who have proved their willingness to die for His sake. There is wisdom in this, higher than any of this world's wisdom. -- H. E. I.

I know not how that Bethlehem's Babe
Could in the God-head be;
I only know the Manger Child
Has brought God's life to me.
I know not how that Calvary's Cross
A world from sin could free;
I only know its matchless love
Has brought God's love to me.
I know not how that Joseph's tomb
Could solve death's mystery;
I only know a living Christ,
Our immortality.

-- Harry Webb Farrington

FLOOD AT FRANKFORT PRISON

By Lawrence Snow



TO THOSE WHO LIVED THIS STORY: The story that follows is drawn in its entirety from first-person accounts of the flood that washed away Frankfort Prison in January, 1937. Although every precaution has been taken to assure its accuracy, errors will inevitably occur in a story of this type. Some details that could not be verified have been omitted altogether. Others that might possibly do harm to or reflect unfavorably upon persons still living have also been passed over. To those who gave so freely of their time and interest in the gathering of material for this account, grateful acknowledgement is made.

Parts of it had stood there in the old river bed for more than a century, and the river had bided its time. Bided its time and held its anger while an institution dedicated to human folly and misery grew, stone by stone and brick by brick, into a giant penitentiary that held more than 3000 unrepentant souls within its gates. And then, one day in January, 1937, the river struck.

At the height of the flood, the river poured water through the gates in an angry, irresistible torrent, as if try-

ing in one short spasm of revenge to wash away the memory of the years the prison had defied it and desecrated its home. The water rose from a mere trickle, ankle-deep, to a stream, and finally to a deluge that swept into the lower compartments of the cellblocks, flooded them, and rose higher still until it covered the roofs of the dingy buildings that housed the prison commissary and stores. It reached into the solitary cells, into death row, it raced through the quarters of the guards and the offices of the warden and deputy warden, pouring mud and sewage into

desks and files and washing away the long unused gallows that had choked the life out of all who had climbed its steps. When the river at last tired of its tantrum, the prison was a deserted, muddy wasteland that survives today only in old records and in the memories of the convicts who lived through the days and nights of fear and panic and destruction the river's anger had wreaked.

As with all legends, the saga of the flood that washed away the old Kentucky State Penitentiary at Frankfort has overgrown the truth. Prison records, those dry compendiums of sordid fact, are little help in telling the human story of the deluge. Newspaper accounts dwelt mostly on the larger aspects of the 1937 flood, for it raged through a thousand miles of the Mississippi-Ohio Basin. The prison's part in it was small compared to the millions of dollars worth of property and the hundreds of lives the flood took elsewhere. Even a feature article about the Frankfort Prison flood, appearing in a pulp magazine as a first-person story, was apparently distorted.

Wildly exaggerated tales, each with some apparent basis in truth, have crept into the legend. There are stories of men left in their cells to drown, of convicts blasted from the walls they were trying to scale, of killings done when old feuds flared anew, of wholesale rape in the women's quarters just over the wall, of heroism and cowardice and a wild orgy of destruction. And each tale is told with relish and a wistful, faraway look in the eye. For convicts hate the prisons that house them, and the dream of a natural disaster that will tear down the walls and cellblocks -- and perhaps, but not necessarily, make escape convenient in the process -- is an old dream of prisoners.

To complicate matters further for one seeking to extract the truth from the legend, all of the men who were there have since been released or died. The few now back in prison and available for interview have lived what is for many of

us younger prisoners almost a lifetime since the flood. Memories fail, details fly away or are submerged, and no one man involved was able during the confusion to grasp anything like a whole picture of the catastrophe. Even so, the stories told by these eyewitnesses agree in most important details.

One such man -- names of living persons cannot be used -- recalls clearly the night the flood began.

It had rained intermittently but heavily for days, he remembers. The Ohio River nearby, the even closer Kentucky River on whose deserted bed the prison sat, and the lesser tributaries in the area were swollen almost to flood stage. The Dix River Dam, impounding the waters of Lake Herrington, was rumored to be weakening under the weight of rising water, and the rumors did little for the peace of mind of the Kentucky convicts. The penitentiary would lie directly in the path of a flood.

And then, that cold January night, the rain began again. Watching from the kitchen where he was working late, the prisoner saw a seemingly solid wall of water cascading from heaven to earth, a drenching downpour that stayed on the ground in a silver sheet, even on the sandy soil of the prison compound. He remembers being concerned about how to get to his living quarters in time for late count, since failure to be there would be a serious infraction of the rules amounting almost to attempted escape. But when the rain showed no sign of letting up, a guard shouted to him from a nearby building to stay put for the night. He made himself a bed of potato sacks and went to sleep.

In the cellhouses, other convicts locked in the lower cells slept not at all that night. They sat on their bunks, quietly watching the water rise outside, listening to it rushing through the drains next to the cellhouse walls, wondering what they would do when the flood came. For by this time there could be little doubt that a flood would come.

Suddenly, water began to gush from the drains as the flooded sewers backed up. The prisoners in the lower cells set up a clamor, beating on their bars and shouting as the water crept up over their shoetops. Convicts on the upper levels joined in.

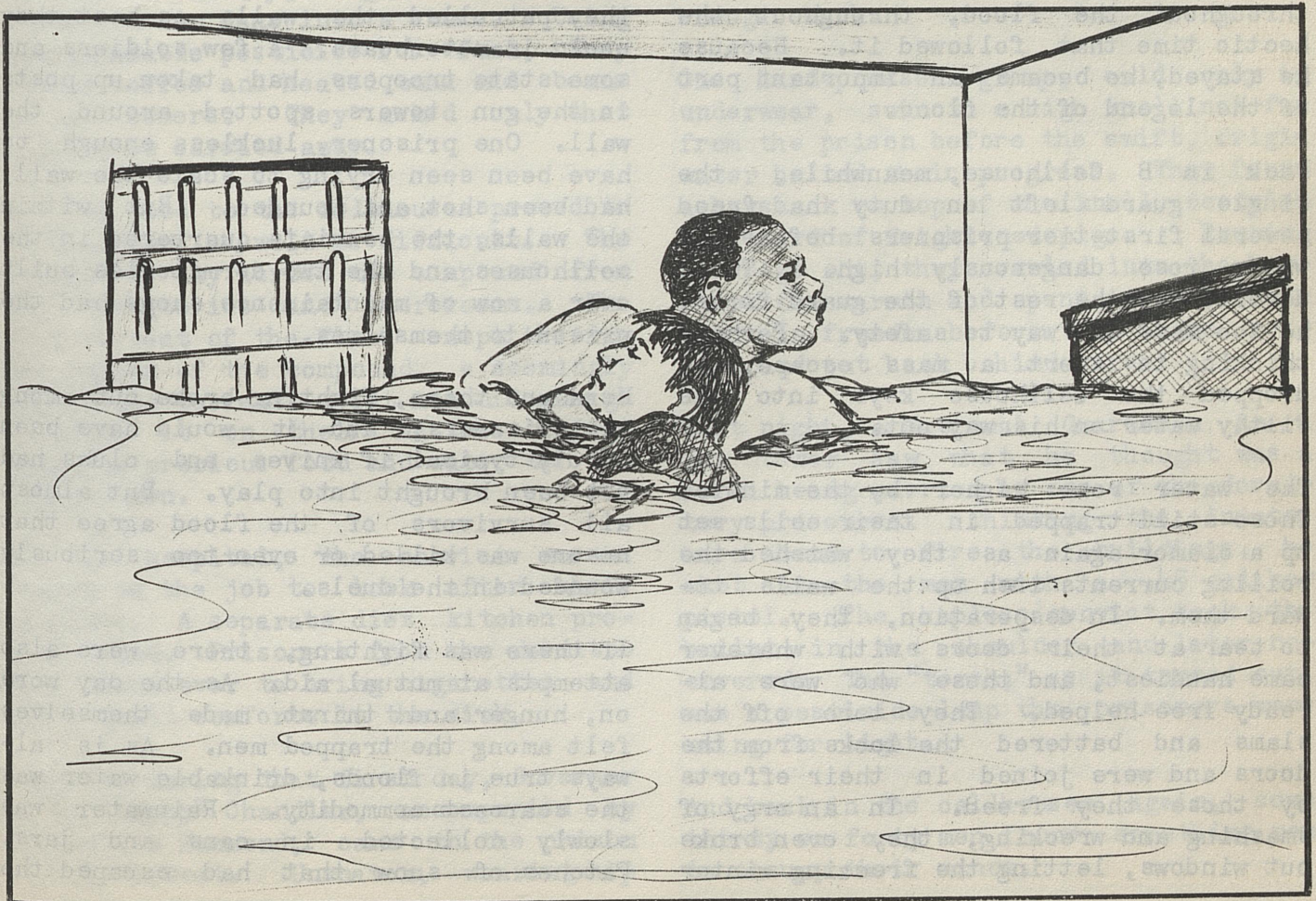
In A Cellhouse, a guard named Coconauger alone had remained with his charges. As the water started to gush into his cellhouse, he went from tier to tier, throwing back the "slams," the flat iron bars that ran the length of each tier to serve as deadlocks, and removing the heavy padlocks from the doors. In adjoining B Cellhouse, another solitary guard began to release a few men from the lower tier. The rest of the guard force was nowhere to be seen.

In still another part of the prison, a mulatto Negro named Pete Mountjoy watched the first stages of the flood with perhaps more detachment. Under existing Kentucky law, those

condemned to death for murder or robbery were taken to the maximum-security prison at Eddyville to be electrocuted; those convicted of rape were hanged by the county in which they were tried. Mountjoy had been convicted of rape.

The northern Kentucky county that had tried him had asked that the prisoner be removed to the Frankfort Penitentiary for safekeeping until the sheriff was ready to fit the noose around his neck. He had been placed in "The Wing" -- the ancient building where death row had been in Kentucky's hanging days, now used for security and disciplinary purposes -- and there he had quietly resigned himself to death.

In light of his strange subsequent actions, it is even conceivable that Mountjoy, like a number of other condemned prisoners before and after him, looked forward in a perverse way to his execution. Doomed by the circumstances of his birth to poverty, hard work and obscurity, a man with little to live for



under the best of conditions, it may be that he enjoyed the notoriety and attention lavished on a man about to be hanged.

At about the same time the prisoners in A Cellhouse were being released by Coconaugher, someone smashed the lock on Mountjoy's cell door, freeing him. The condemned man immediately made his way into the cellhouses.

It would not have been difficult for Mountjoy to have made his escape then. By this time, muddy water was whirling and eddying through the cellhouses at the height of a tall man's head. Only Coconaugher and the other guard remained on duty in the two main cellhouses of the prison, and they were helpless in the panic and anger of the prisoners. A door opening into the administration building had somehow been opened; although the flood had risen almost to the top of the door by this time, only a quick dive and a brief, hard swim were required if a man decided to leave. But Mountjoy stayed. He was to stay throughout the flood, throughout the hectic time that followed it. Because he stayed, he became an important part of the legend of the flood.

Back in B Cellhouse, meanwhile, the single guard left on duty had freed several first-tier prisoners before the water rose dangerously high. Then, deserted by the rest of the guard force, he too made his way to safety. Perhaps thinking to avert a mass escape, he dropped the cellhouse keys into the filthy water on his way out.

The water rose higher by the minute. Those still trapped in their cells set up a clamor again as they watched the roiling currents inch up the walls toward them. In desperation, they began to tear at their doors with whatever came handiest, and those who were already free helped. They tore off the slams and battered the locks from the doors and were joined in their efforts by those they freed. In an orgy of smashing and wrecking, they even broke out windows, letting the freezing winter

air pour into the cellhouse to add to their discomfort. But finally, every man in B Cellhouse was free.

And Coconaugher, the guard who stayed behind to release the A Cellhouse men? Unable to swim, he found himself trapped in the block when the water rose above the level of the cellhouse doors. Only with the aid of another Negro inmate -- who must, unfortunately, remain nameless -- did he manage to save himself.

When morning came the flood was at its height. The prison and the lower sections of the city surrounding it lay in a vast, turbulent lake. A raging stream poured into the compound from the gate on Front Street, racing out again through the old wagon gate at the rear. The commissary, the store-room, other single-story buildings, all were completely submerged by the inundation.

Sometime during the first hours of the flood, soldiers from the National Guard had arrived outside the prison, and now they patrolled the walls as best they could in motorboats. A few soldiers and some state troopers had taken up posts in the gun towers spotted around the wall. One prisoner, luckless enough to have been seen trying to scale the wall, had been shot and wounded. But within the walls, the convicts quartered in the cellhouses and the two dormitories built over a row of maintenance shops had the prison to themselves.

Here and there, fighting broke out among the prisoners, and it would have been hardly typical if knives and clubs had not been brought into play. But almost all survivors of the flood agree that no one was killed or even too seriously wounded in the duels.

If there was fighting, there were also attempts at mutual aid. As the day wore on, hunger and thirst made themselves felt among the trapped men. As is always true in floods, drinkable water was the scarcest commodity. Rainwater was slowly collected in cans and jars. Patches of snow that had escaped the

rain were melted and drunk. Throughout the catastrophe, thirst and freezing cold made the lot of the prisoners miserable. Yet the water that was available was shared.

Food was almost as difficult to come by. Stacks of canned goods lay in the prison stores, but the high water and swift currents made them next to impossible to recover until someone discovered that the hard, thin prison mattresses would float. Rafts were improvised by lashing the mattresses together, rafts that would barely support a single man, and Operation Salvage began.

The salvagers used brooms to maneuver their makeshift rafts in the swift currents. The best swimmers were selected to dive. Throughout the day, these men risked their lives to bring up pitifully small amounts of canned food and cigarettes, which were then distributed as equally as possible among the dormitories.

In one dormitory, ingenious convicts converted tin cans into a stove. Using an inflammable pesticide for fuel, they cooked coffee and heated corn and beans for all comers. They asked only that nothing be carried away.

Getting food to the cellhouses proved to be dangerous as well as difficult. The cellhouses lay across the compound from the dormitories and storerooms. The main current of the flood swept through the center of the compound, a seemingly impassible torrent. Yet men did manage to cross it on their mattress rafts, carrying precious food and water to the trapped men.

In the hospital, the convict nurses stayed on the job to look after their patients. A separate diet kitchen provided food. Prisoners from the dormitories rowed over to bring cigarettes and other small comforts to the sick.

Sometime during that first day, Governor A. B. "Happy" Chandler, accompanied by Warden Jim Hammond, came to the prison in a motorboat. Unshaven, wearing hip

boots that would be deadly if the boat overturned, the Governor called to the men through a megaphone. He told them to sit tight and not worry. He said they would be evacuated as soon as it was possible.

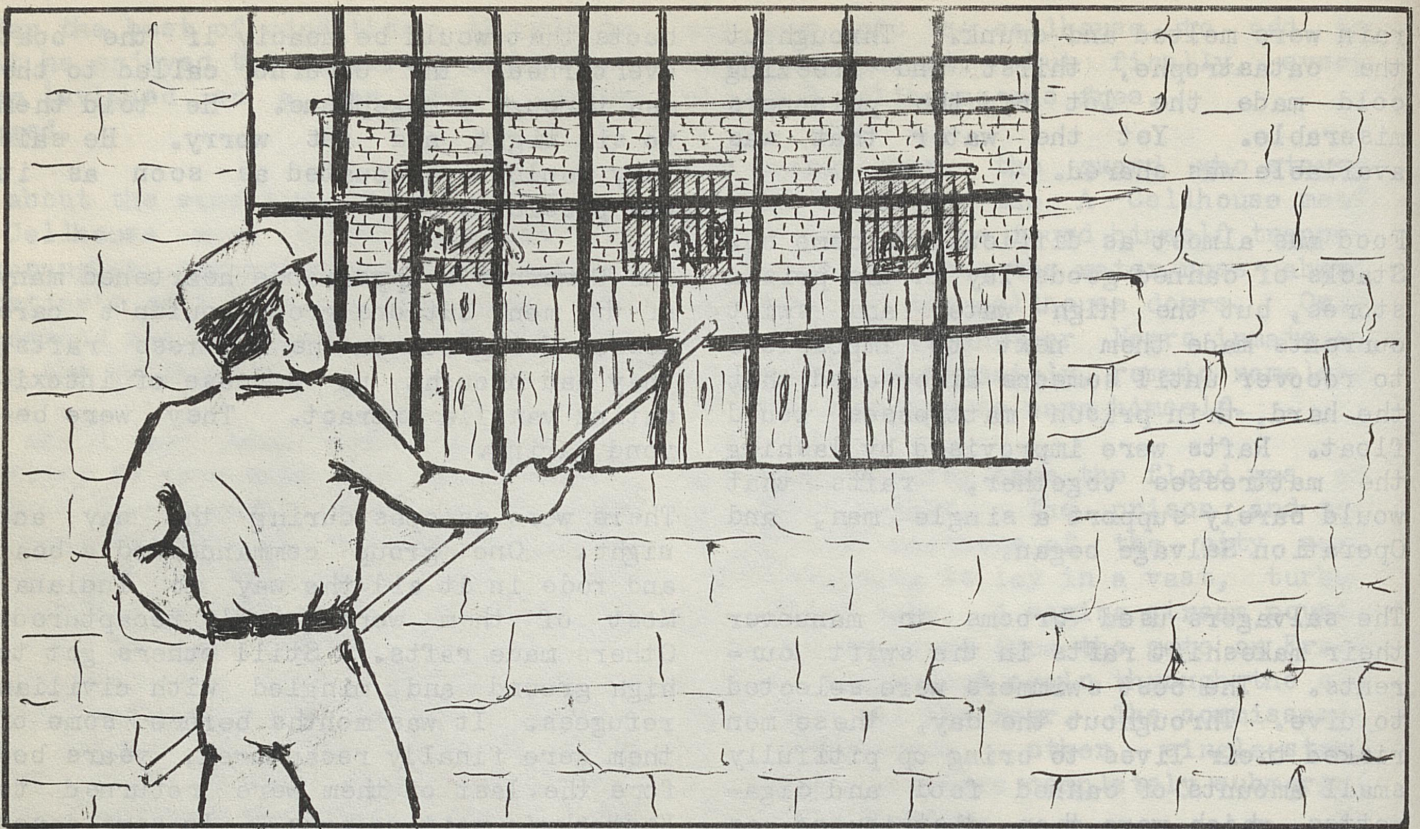
The Governor's appearance heartened many of the men, but one group couldn't care less. Going out in the mattress rafts, they had brought up a case of intoxicating vanilla extract. They were beyond caring.

There were escapes during the day and night. One group commandeered a boat and rode in it all the way to Indiana. Most of them were quickly recaptured. Others made rafts. Still others got to high ground and mingled with civilian refugees. It was months before some of them were finally recaptured, years before the last of them were returned to Kentucky's waiting arms. In some cases the escapees, successfully clearing the state, got into further difficulty with the law elsewhere and had to serve out-of-state terms before they could be brought back.

One hard-pressed group, clad only in underwear, swam to a high knoll not far from the prison before the swift, frigid water halted their progress. They found a haystack on top of the knoll, occupied by a herd of frightened pigs. Running the pigs out, they crawled into the haystack for warmth and spent a miserable night in freedom before they were rescued and put back behind bars.

That night, a National Guardsman in a gun tower saw what he thought was a torch being carried by one of the dormitory prisoners. Thinking the inmates were about to fire the buildings, he shot at the man with a .45 caliber pistol. The hapless convict took the bullet in the shoulder and later recovered. The "torch," as it turned out, was a pesticide lamp the prisoners were using for light.

And back in the cellhouses again, some thirty or forty men found something new to occupy their minds.



Not far behind the cellhouse wall, which also happened to form one portion of the wall proper, were quarters housing another type of prisoner -- women. Only a narrow strip of ground and a high wooden fence separated male from female, and the group decided to try to bridge the gap.

They gathered what rude tools they could find -- iron bars, pipes, parts of the slams -- and attacked a barred window at the back of B Cellhouse. Steel and masonry quickly succumbed to their frenzied strength.

The quickest way across was over the large heating pipes that ran from the men's prison across the fence into the female quarters. Disregarding the rifles in a strategically situated gun tower, the convicts scrambled across the pipes under a hail of fire.

No rape was done that evening in the women's quarters, the legend notwithstanding. There was no need for it. The 300 women there had been locked away from love as long as had the men. As the men poured in, a matron who had stayed with her girls requested that

they not molest her. Her wishes, and those of the few female prisoners who took no part in the orgy, were respected. And somehow, again in spite of the legend, no pregnancies resulted from that wild night.

An old photograph taken after the flood receded shows a bridge, hastily but expertly rigged and trussed with lumber and planks, leading from the dormitories to the wall. It was over this bridge, erected by soldiers on the second day of the flood, that the evacuation of the dormitories was begun. During the next day, the convicts locked in the cellblocks were also removed by boat. Thirsting, bearded, hungry and exhausted, the men were by now eager to leave.

Every available building in the state was used to house the refugees from Frankfort Prison. Some were taken to already swollen jails on high ground. Others went to armories, hospitals, police lockups, even an old post office building.

Trusties and others with less violent

records were pressed into service as rescue workers. These men worked around the clock, often at considerable personal risk, to rescue hundreds of civilians during the rest of the record-breaking flood.

An automatic parole system was established to meet the emergency. Every man who was eligible or nearly eligible to be considered for parole was released. Dozens had to wear prison uniforms into freedom; "dress out" clothing simply wasn't available for all who won parole because of the flood.

And in the end, of course, the river won. When the flood abated, soldiers set up row on row of tents on the grounds of an institution for retarded children in Frankfort. Rolls of barbed wire and enough lumber for guard stands around the fence completed their preparations. Then from every corner of the state hundreds of prisoners were herded back to Frankfort to live in this Tent City, as it came to be called. Hundreds more were taken to Eddyville Prison, filling it to overflowing. But the bleak old stone and brick penitentiary in the river bottoms was never used again.

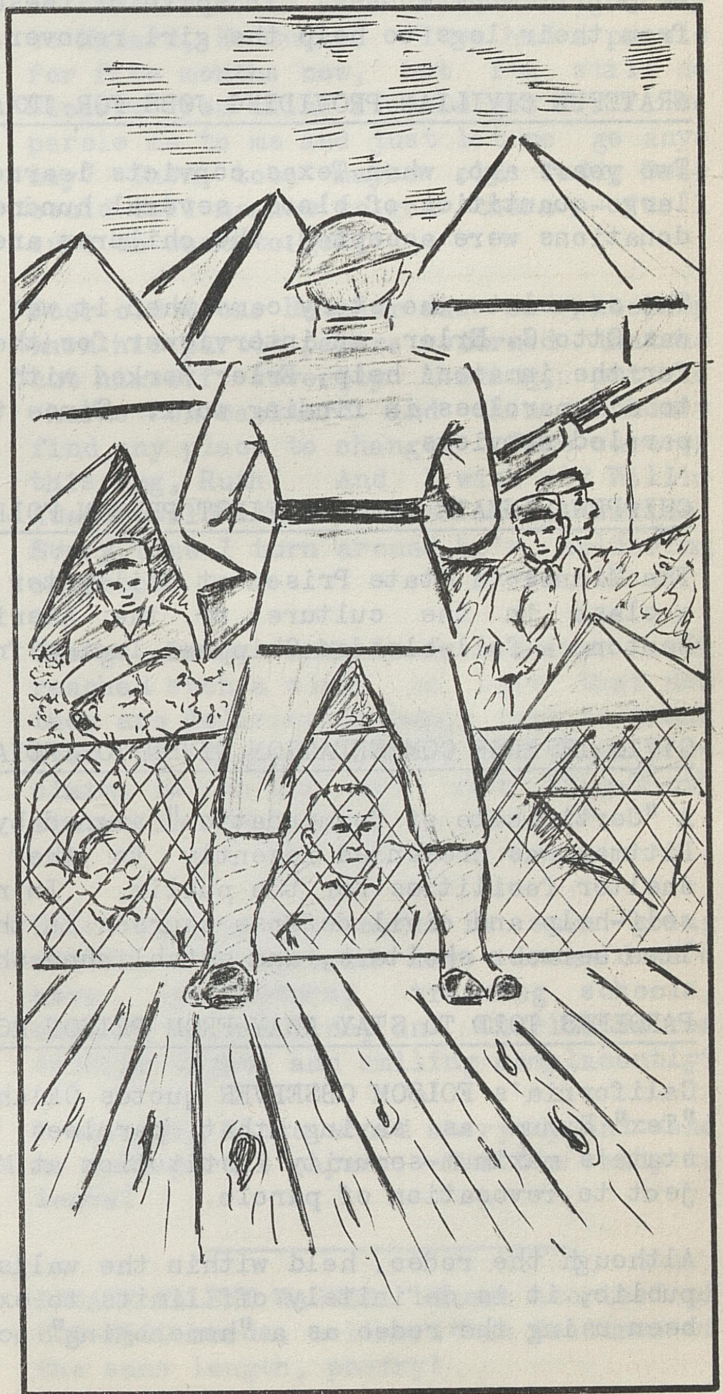
Eventually, the State Reformatory at LaGrange was completed on a donated tract of Oldham County land to replace Frankfort Prison. First barracks were thrown up to house the Tent City convicts. Then, in part with their labor, permanent buildings of a type considerably different from those used for so long at Frankfort were erected. But it was a long, long time before the Kentucky penal system recovered from the blow the river had struck.

And what of Pete Mountjoy, the man condemned to hang, the man who refused every opportunity to escape? Eventually he too wound up in Tent City and in the temporary barracks on the LaGrange Reformatory grounds. There he worked with the others on the construction of the permanent buildings, there -- thanks to a confusion in the records -- he even worked as a trusty, leaving the prison

on the water wagon, as unguarded as any other man in the prison.

At last, the records were straightened away. Amazed prison officials transferred the condemned man back to the sheriff of Kenton County. And there, in spite of every appeal in his behalf, Pete Mountjoy was hanged by the neck until he was dead -- the last man, so the legend goes, to die by the executioner's rope in the history of the Commonwealth of Kentucky.

THE END



EXCHANGE PAGE

By Harold Arnold

229 OHIO INMATES VOLUNTEER BONE FOR INJURED GIRL -- Via The OP NEWS

A fractured bone in a leg already crippled by polio meant permanent invalidism to 19-year-old Sandra Goldstein of Ohio if healthy bone could not be found and grafted to repair the break. A call for help went to the Ohio Penitentiary at Columbus. Potential volunteers were told the operation necessary would leave a permanent, foot-long scar, necessitate the wearing of a cast for 90 days and a recovery period of 5 or 6 more months. In spite of these facts, 229 convicts offered to give bone from their legs to help the girl recover.

GRATEFUL CIVILIAN PROVIDING JOBS FOR TEXAS CONVICTS -- Via THE MENTOR (MASS.)

Two years ago, when Texas convicts learned that two children in a hospital needed large quantities of blood, several hundred of them volunteered their blood. The donations were accepted; the children are now healthy and happy.

The sequel to the story came when it was discovered that the father of the children was Otto C. Erler, an interviewer for the Texas Employment Commission. Grateful for the inmates' help, Erler worked with Texas prison authorities to set up a plan to aid parolees in finding work. Since then, Erler has provided work for 108 paroled convicts.

CHIPPEWA INMATE TEACHES FIRST PRISON FOLKLORE CLASS -- Via PRISON MIRROR

The Minnesota State Prison at Stillwater has a "first" in prison education. It is a class in the culture of the Amerindians. The class is taught by inmate Ed Benton, a full-blooded Chippewa Indian from Wisconsin.

CIVIL DEFENSE COMMENDATION GIVEN TO INDIANA STATE PRISON -- Via LAKE SHORE OUTLOOK

A "Certificate of Commendation" signed by Assistant Secretary of Defense Stewart L. Pittman was presented recently to the Indiana State Prison for providing fallout shelter facilities for the public. In recent months the prison has taught medical self-help and civil defense courses in the institution school, established a direct line between shelters, and established shelter areas within the prison.

PAROLEES TOLD TO STAY AWAY FROM PRISON RODEO -- Via the FOLSOM OBSERVER

California's FOLSOM OBSERVER quotes Oklahoma's Pardon and Parole Director W. J. "Tex" Bynum as saying that parolees from Oklahoma's prisons who return to the state's maximum-security institution at McAlester for the annual rodeo will be subject to revocation of parole.

Although the rodeo, held within the walls of McAlester Penitentiary, is open to the public, it is definitely off limits to ex-cons. Bynum said that some parolees had been using the rodeo as a "homecoming" occasion!

By

Floyd

"Dago"

Riis

The battle of the century recently took place here. Battling Billy Delaney challenged Fuzzie Couch to a sparring match. I gazed with awe-stricken eyes as one-legged Delaney disdainfully tossed his crutches in the corner and, with a stance similar to John L. Sullivan's, hopped into the ring. Fuzzie suffered an ignominious defeat, but hollered foul. Claimed the Battler stubbed him with his stub leg. Fuzz said he may try a two-legged guy next!

I was lolling around the commissary the other day trying to figure out what Mel meant by shouting "Helen!" over and over again. Who's Helen, Mel? Another amazing spectacle is 49-year-old, bald-headed, banty-legged John Pitman, Jr. strutting like a capon in a pair of Levis. And wrinkled, gray-haired James Phelps politely told me, "Don't call me James, call me Jimmie-Boy!"

Perry Joseph, the editor asked me to thank your wife very kindly for the collection of jokes she sent for the magazine. Some of them are being used in this issue. And why, old Perry, don't you write something too?

Old Elmer Fitzpatrick is once again enjoying yard privileges, but he looks almost human now that he's shaved off his mustache. Roy Williams claims to have once been a professional swimming star, but said we probably wouldn't recognize his name since he went under an alias at the time.

Robert "Poo Poo" Baldrige has finally decided aspirins won't do away with that middle-aged spread, and since he kicked the habit he just keeps right on spread-

ing. John Cain told me the reason he's called "Eagle Beak" is that he was once an eagle trainer.

It sure seems to be a hazardous journey to Hazard, Kentucky. I've had a parole for five months now, but I'm still no closer. You think I could get Mr. F. to parole me to me and just let me go anyway? Then, too, maybe old Teddy Bear could tell me how to get there -- for I sure do want to go!

Poor old Oscar Hatcher was so shook up when his parole papers returned that he cut himself severely shaving, put his shorts on backward and then couldn't find any place to change. Take care of this bug, Ruth! And I wish old Willie Adams would learn how to play casino. Every time I turn around he's hollering calfrope.

George Baker and Louis Addison have reached such a slump in life that now they are deliriously happy just to break even on fights! Elsie Meredith proclaims to one and all that "Big-Shot" status is now his.

This old home of ours is sure going modern. Who would have dreamed we'd have nut-doctors, training schools, chicken on the line, and Charlie Hatter smoking tights and smiling complacently?

I wish Big Bluto would hurry up and send me some parole papers, for I'm ready to leave!

INMATE TALENT WANTED! Short stories of 800-2500 words, well-written features of the same length, poetry!

DEPARTMENT REPORTS

SCHOOL DAZE -- By David Trodglen

November the 26th and 27th are the dates set for a representative of the State Board of Education, along with Mr. Carter, the Educational Director for the Department of Corrections, to come to KSP to administer the final tests for the GED high school equivalency diploma.

We wish good luck to the present class, one that contains many students who have worked very hard indeed. Since the program has been approved here in the institution, 23 men have bettered themselves by obtaining their GED diplomas. We hope everyone in the present class will follow their lead.

Several men have asked to be enrolled in the next GED refresher course, which will have begun by the first of this month. Anyone else who is interested in taking the course to prepare for the examinations may contact Mr. Cowan or Mr. Egbert at the school. If qualified, you will be enrolled in the class.

Because of the cool weather, the vocational classes have been getting more work in theory. The masonry class, however, is working on a project inside the institution. They are doing very well with it, too.

The various academic and vocational courses offer an opportunity to any individual who has a desire to improve himself. Age or lack of previous training will not disqualify the individual inmate who has the initiative and the determination to learn. This applies in both the academic and the vocational classes. We hope more and more of you will take advantage of the training offered by the academic and vocational departments. It could stand you in very good stead in years to come.

The Supervisor of Education, Mr. Henry Cowan, and the Vocational Instructor, Mr. William Egbert, as well as the entire teaching staff, stand ready to assist anyone in every way possible if and when the individual decides that he needs assistance.

In the educational program the primary decision rests with the individual. If he is satisfied with his present status, there is little or no chance for improvement. If, on the other hand, he decides to use his stay here as an opportunity for self improvement, we are ready to help him.

LAUNDRY BITS -- By Buck Penn

Here we are again, and I've selected a pretty good athlete to write about this month.

He was State Diving Champion three years in a row and quarter-and-half back for Bardstown High School. What's more, he played all positions on the basketball team there and won letters in all the school's major sports.

Of course, I'm talking about a personal friend of mine, but nevertheless it's true. Those of you who know Harrell R. "Pete" Pyle know that it is.

Pete, as his friends call him, is our utility man. That means he can be used anywhere in the laundry. He has worked on almost every task and does his job cheerfully and efficiently.

Mr. Parker, our laundry superintendent, says he is going to put Pete on the new tub we are getting shortly. We are sure he will do a good job there, too.

Pete is a first timer and he feels sure with his record down here that this new law will set him free. We hope it does, Pete.

By the time you read this, Christmas will be upon us, so I would like to extend my best wishes to my friends here and at LaGrange. Bill C., give my best to all our friends at the Flatlands.

Even though I hate to lose a good thing, I hope my cigar-buying friend is home when this comes out. There, Dago, I said something nice about you after all!

CABINET SHOP NEWS

With Christmas just around the corner the cabinet shop is really buzzing. Ted Lewis has been working for the past many weeks on the various signs, posters, and banners to be displayed in the institution, and now the cedar work has begun. Quite a bit of work involved in the making of cedar garlands. A little scratchy, too -- just ask any of our staff! Anyway, we hope that each and every one of you will enjoy the decorations which have been prepared and in doing so make our efforts worthwhile.

As for our regular work, we have been rather busy. As some of you probably know, Mr. Henry Cowan's home was destroyed by fire a short time ago. We have been busy refinishing what little furniture he managed to save. Leonard Gann, our finisher, had a job on his hands attempting to restore some of the pieces to their original colors, particularly since he was suffering from a malady common to many in his age bracket -- having his teeth pulled. But it was a job well done, Leonard.

Our radio cabinet business is doing pretty well. We never realized there are so many different sizes and shapes of radios! Quite an art to reproducing in wood something originally formed in plastic. We have to make a few changes occasionally, but we believe all of our customers have been satisfied so far. Those of you who would like picture frames or radio cabinets made, see Mr. Bridges in the cabinet shop.

Well, we wish all our readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and we'll be with you again next year.

LETTER TO THE EDITORS

Castle on the Cumberland
Box 128
Eddyville, Kentucky

Dear Sirs:

I am sorry I am so late sending for renewal to the Castle on the Cumberland. I do hope I won't miss your November issue.

I like your magazine very much. In an article not so long ago I learned some things about our Texas prison farms that I did not know. You also give data on other penal institutions that I find very informative.

I enjoy the short stories, also Mr. Armstrong's articles. I do wish he would write more often. In fact, I enjoy everything in the magazine except the misfortunes that happen. You see, I have a son there and each night when I say a prayer for him I include every inmate in there. Isn't much, but it is all I have to offer.

Sincerely yours,

MRS. GRACE N.
HOUSTON, TEXAS

We appreciate both your letter and your prayers, Mrs. N. Thanks for writing.
-- ED.

ANYONE MAY SUBSCRIBE -- \$1 A YEAR

To receive the Castle every month for a year, drop us a line with your money order for \$1.00 to: Castle on the Cumberland, Box 128, Eddyville, Kentucky.

KENTUCKY STATE PENITENTIARY STATISTICS
(November, 1963)

Escapes	0
Death Row	8
Admitted by Commitment	17
Transferred from KSR	22
Transferred to KSR	12
Released by Expiration	14
Released by Parole	28
Released by Death	1
High Number	21,608
Low Number	5240
Total Population	1136

MOVIES FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS

December 13	<u>TARAS BULBA</u> Tony Curtis & Yul Brynner Drama
December 20	<u>CALL ME BWANA</u> Bob Hope, Anita Ekberg & Edie Adams: Comedy
December 27	<u>BARABBAS</u> Anthony Quinn, Silvana Magnano, Arthur Kennedy, Katy Jurado: Drama
January 3	<u>FANCY PANTS</u> Bob Hope & Lucille Ball Comedy
January 10	<u>WHITE SLAVE SHIP</u> Edmond Purdon & Pier Angelli: Adventure
January 17	<u>DAYS OF WINE & ROSES</u> Jack Lemmon & Lee Remick Drama

DEPUTY WARDEN'S PAGE (Con't, From P. 1)

Even Oswald, the man who discharged the first shots which took the life of our President, has left behind a widow with children, his mother and loved ones to mourn over his death. Ask yourself what would happen to our nation if episodes like this are allowed to continue. What would happen if we would wake up some morning and find our loved ones murdered or slain as if they were some kind of beasts?

There was a man who should be a good American citizen who made a statement at a service station in one of our local towns that in his opinion, "Oswald should be decorated instead of being punished." Now let's ask ourselves, is this man the true American? Is he fit to raise a family? Is he the type of neighbor you want living next door to you? The answers are, he lives in America, he has a family, he is someone's neighbor. The question is will he ever exercise his thoughts, is he a murderer at heart? Would he shoot a man down like a beast if he had the chance? It is possible that this was nothing but idle talk from the man. As you know, there is an old saying, "An idle mind is the devil's workshop."

I do not think any sober-minded American should blame the Secret Service, the FBI, or the Dallas Police Department for what has happened. I think in some cases we can blame ourselves for not letting our law enforcement departments know of things that occur in your neighborhood that could lead up to things of this nature.

I am wondering if many Americans think because Oswald is dead and Ruby is in jail that our problem is solved. If any of us have this thought in mind, he had better stop and examine himself and ask how many Oswalds and Rubys are roaming the streets this afternoon. How many realize the fact that we have 250,000 Americans incarcerated in penal institutions today, November 24, 1963? And how many Americans are wondering why? Are there very many Americans who realize

the fact that there are over \$20 billion of the taxpayers' money being paid out to support penal institutions in the U.S.A. every year?

This nation of ours is one of the great powers, one of the richest nations, the most civilized, the best nation on earth to live in, yet we have had four of our highest elected officials assassinated by killers. It is not the fault of our law enforcement officers, certainly not of the clergymen or the school teachers. Who can we lay the blame on? There should be someone to whom we can point our finger.

Every American should make every effort possible to see that a tragedy such as this never happens again in this great country of ours. I am one who happens to know by experience that there is no country equal to our America. Many of us do not realize it, but we are the luckiest people on the face of the earth to be Americans. I do not think anyone will overlook the fact that at one minute you can be at your home, place of business, or vacationing, and have your life snuffed out just as did President Kennedy.

I would like to leave this impression on everyone who reads this article: It is a lot easier to say what should be done than to do it ourselves. It is very easy to sit back in our soft chairs and comment on what should have been done in Dallas, Texas. But ask yourself what you would have done. Remember it is mighty easy to criticize but hard to take when you are receiving the criticism. Because of the tragedy that happened in Dallas, it does not mean Americans believe in such brutality or murder. At the same time it does not mean that we still do not have other people living in America who would commit crimes just as bad and brutal if given a chance.

In my opinion, in order to deserve the right to live in America, regardless of color or creed, first you should earn the right to be an American. Not just yesterday or today, but every hour of

the day, every day of the week, every week of the year, as long as we live. There are entirely too many Americans today who want all the luxuries that America has to offer but do not want to pay the price to achieve them.

As President Kennedy said in his Inaugural Address to the American people, "Ask not what your country can do for you; ask what you can do for your country."

At this time, I want to take the opportunity to extend my sympathy to Mrs. Kennedy, her children, and the entire Kennedy family, and to the others who have lost loved ones in the Dallas, Texas tragedy.

I would also like to extend to everyone a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

-- Lloyd T. Armstrong, Deputy Warden

THE CASTLE LAUGHS

A CUTE LITTLE student nurse took a driver's license test. Accompanied by a state policeman, she drove through a red light without noticing.

"Young lady, what does a red light mean to you?" the trooper inquired sarcastically.

Quick as a flash, she answered, "A bedpan!"

THE BATTERED OLD JALOPY and the jackass met high on a hill-town road in Kentucky. They looked at each other with misgivings. Then the jackass asked, "What, pray tell, are you?"

"I," replied the jalopy proudly, "am an automobile. And you?"

"Oh," replied the jackass with a twinkle, "I am a horse!"

-- Thank to Mrs. P. J.

CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND
Box 128
Eddyville, Kentucky



TO: Mr. Lawrence Thompson
The Margaret I. King Library
University of Kentucky
Lexington, Kentucky