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# Castle ON THE Cumberland

A Penal Press Publication

APRIL 15, 1963

"This, too, shall pass"

Volume II

Number X



### IN THIS MONTH'S CASTLE:

CASTLE NEWS:	1
FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK (Letter to a Reader)	6
THE FENCE (Fiction) A burglar gets revenge on a tight-fisted fence	7
FIRST DAY ON PAROLE (Fact) An ex-convict barber runs into the unexpected	11
PAGES FROM THE PAST The Bill of Rights -- Concession to the Common Man?	13
THE EXCHANGE PAGE	16
TALL TALES	17
DEPARTMENT REPORTS	18
LATE NEWS	20
NIGHTKEEPER'S REPORT 1886	21
CROSSWORD PUZZLE	22
STATISTICS & MOVIES	23
THE CASTLE LAUGHS	23

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# CASTLE NEWS

## SUPREME COURT RULES IN FAVOR OF FLORIDA CONVICT DENIED RIGHT TO LEGAL COUNSEL

The United States Supreme Court last month upset the conviction of Clarence Earl Gideon, a Florida convict who claimed he was tried without counsel. The decision of the court is expected to affect three other Southern states -- Georgia, Mississippi and Maryland -- which have in the past refused to supply legal counsel to indigent persons accused of non-capital crimes.

In Florida itself, the ruling may bring about the release of more than half of all State prisoners.

Gideon claimed in his appeal that he was forced to try his own case when the Florida court refused to appoint legal counsel for him. His plea to the Supreme Court was argued by a Washington law firm which had heard of his single-handed fight to upset the Florida practice. The law firm took the case without fee.

A United Press International story in the LOUISVILLE TIMES quoted Justice Hugo Black as saying in his opinion that "The right of one charged with crime to counsel may not be deemed fundamental and essential to a fair trial in some countries, but it is in ours." All nine justices voted in favor of Gideon.

The decision upset an older ruling by the Supreme Court that the right to counsel was mandatory in cases which involve the death penalty, but did not specify that counsel must be supplied in lesser cases.

Although the ruling made it clear that all persons accused of crime have the right to a competent attorney regardless of their ability to pay, it did not define what constitutes a criminal trial nor how low on the scale of offenses the ruling applied, according to the UPI story.

## SYNANON GRADUATE DONATES HIS FREEDOM; WILL STAY IN PRISON TO AID ADDICTS

Candy Latson, a young Negro ex-addict who found the strength to break away from narcotics at Santa Monica's Synanon House, is in prison today.

But Candy is not in prison because he has committed a crime; he is there as a volunteer prisoner, and he plans to stay there indefinitely. He lives in a wing in the Nevada State Prison with thirty-one convicted felons who are also narcotics addicts, and he is using the techniques he learned at Synanon House to help them find themselves again.

According to a story in the MENTOR, South Walpole, Massachusetts Reformatory Candy Latson began his drug habit when he was fifteen years old -- a habit that took him through jails and numerous "cures" in Federal narcotics hospitals. Then, in July, 1960, Latson applied for help at Synanon House in California.

Synanon House, a private experiment in the fight against drug addiction, is operated much like Alcoholics Anonymous. Drug addicts who ask for help are taken into the home, where they break the habit "cold turkey" -- without drugs or drug substitutes. Afterwards, they take part in merciless, soul-searching group discussions and finally, when they feel able, they leave the home to go out on their own. Thus far, Synanon House has the world's most impressive record for "cures" -- a drug addict, like an alcoholic, is never really cured -- and a second Synanon House has been set up in Reno, Nevada.

Like most of the other addicts who took the Synanon treatment, Candy Latson found that he was able to live without drugs. He also found that he had a mission in life -- to help other addicts fight clear of narcotics addiction.

Last August, Candy asked Nevada penal

authorities to let him bring Synanon to the prisoners on a full-time basis and permission was granted. It was then that Latson took up residence in the narcotics wing of the prison.

Twice each week, groups from the Reno Synanon House enter the prison to conduct seminars with the prison group. Once each week, Candy and the other prisoners hold a private seminar.

No holds are barred in these discussions. The "dirty little secrets" of each of the men are dragged into the light before the entire group, and reason is slowly substituted for the emotions that make men susceptible to addiction.

How effective is the program? According to research conducted by the MENTOR, it is far too early to say. But, significantly, not one prisoner aided by the Synanon process has so far returned to narcotics addiction or crime.

#### CALIFORNIA MAY ABOLISH DEATH PENALTY

The State of California, long notorious for the number of convicted murderers, rapists and kidnappers sent to its gas chambers annually, may scrap capital punishment if Governor Pat Brown has his way.

The Governor sponsored a bill asking for a four-year moratorium on legal killings recently. The bill, if it becomes law, would not, however, exempt persons convicted of murder for the second time, persons killing police officers, or the prisoners now on death row.

#### THIEF JARRED BY JELLY, CANNED BY COPS

In California, a thief broke into a market, made himself a jelly sandwich, dropped it, slipped on the jelly and knocked himself out. He was discovered by the manager and revived by the police.

John Wycliffe made the first English translation of the Bible in 1382-84. The King James version appeared in 1611.

#### KENTUCKY HEALTH DEPARTMENT'S MOBILE UNIT X-RAYS 1100 INMATES FOR TUBERCULOSIS

Just about 20,000 times each year, a young Madisonville X-ray technician named Beetie Bratcher exhorts his "clients" to "take a deep breath ... HOLD it!"

Last month, Bratcher repeated his incantation 1100 times in the Kentucky State Penitentiary alone as he examined the inmates and employees of the institution for tuberculosis in a Health Department mobile X-ray unit.

But Beetie Bratcher, who began working for the Kentucky Health Department last October, doesn't mind repeating himself. During an interview with the CASTLE on the third of his five days in the penitentiary, he stated that instead of being tired of his work, he loves it.

The slender young technician and his big white truck, a unit donated by the Kentucky Elks Association, have a big territory to cover -- 24 Western Kentucky counties, including Lyon County and the institution. He gets around to each of the counties at least once every three months. In some of them -- especially Marion and Crittendon counties -- tuberculosis is rife, and he's responsible for uncovering a lot of cases in time for early treatment. In others, his visits turn up only one or two cases of the lung disease each trip.

The plates he exposes are sent off to a radiologist in Frankfort, where they are examined for symptoms of tuberculosis. If definite symptoms of the disease are found, the patient and his doctor are notified by mail. If scars show up on the lungs, the patient may be asked to submit to further examinations to determine if the disease is still active.

What happens if signs of some other disease -- lung cancer, for example -- crop up in the plates?

"Well," said Bratcher, "the Association is primarily interested in tuberculosis, of course. But if cancer is spotted,

the film will be turned over to the proper agency." He said occasional cases of lung cancer are turned up in this manner.

In order to photograph the internal organs of the nearly 1100 inmates and personnel, Bratcher worked from Monday through Friday of one week, photographing some 300 men each day. Aiding him in the task were inmate volunteers who filled out cards to be submitted with the film. Working in the yard office during the week were Wayne Stephenson, James Harris, Tom Evans, Haynes Robinson, Alford Cunningham, Raymond Forsting, Gordon Mercer, Donald Sills, Kenny England, "Waterdog," and Tom Brock.

#### DRILLING BEGINS FOR NEW WATER TOWER

Curious about the drilling activity that went on last month near the prison hospital? A reliable source close to the top (there's that journalistic cliché again) tells us it's for the foundation of a new water tower.

The new tower will be located on the highest level of the hill that forms the prison yard, directly opposite the existing 200,000-gallon water tank.

With a capacity of about 600,000 gallons the new tower should solve the prison's water problem, which includes extremely low water pressure at peak use periods.

Gregg Laboratories is doing the preliminary drilling for the structure.

#### LAW STUDENT TO GO TO PRISON

A student of the University of Minnesota School of Law will soon be admitted to the Minnesota State Prison. The commitment will not, however, be for a crime -- the purpose of the jaunt is to gain an inside view of prison life.

The student will be given the assignment by Professors John Ellingston and Maynard Persig of the law school. The student will be mugged, printed and showered at the prison, just as would be

any other new prisoner. He will then be assigned a cell, given a rule book and prison uniforms, and presumably he will submit to the orientation classes given all new men at the prison.

It is planned for the student to remain in prison several days before he is "pardoned."

#### MINNESOTA TO PAROLE ALL PRISONERS

(PP) -- A new Minnesota policy will result in the parole of all prisoners, even those who would ordinarily not be considered "good risks."

Stating that it is better to have every prisoner leave under supervision, a member of the Minnesota Parole Commission said: "There are no objective scales for telling when a prisoner is ready for parole, but we are justified in risking premature release of prisoners, for if a man is ready for parole now, now is the time to release him -- not a year from now. It may be too late then, and the blame will be on our shoulders."

#### GEORGIA CONS TO EAT CD DIET IN HOLE

The traditional bread-and-water diet for prisoners in solitary confinement in Georgia prisons is a thing of the past. Instead, inmates assigned to the "hole" for punishment will receive a 2000-calory ration of survival crackers together with one full meal every fourth day.

Survival crackers are intended for use in fallout and civil defense shelters.

#### CASTLE COSTS TAXPAYERS NOTHING

The CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND, now almost two years old, has never cost the taxpayers of Kentucky a penny.

Although income from subscription fees do not yet entirely cover the cost of preparing and mailing the KSP monthly magazine, the deficit is made up from the Inmate Welfare Fund, a special account created mostly by profits from the commissary, operated by Joseph Ruppell.

## PRISON'S EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT MAKES START IN VOCATIONAL TRAINING FIELD

KSP's Supervisor of Education Henry Cowan told the CASTLE early this month that significant beginnings have been made toward providing a vocational training program for inmates of the prison.

In addition to the typewriter repair class, presently serving five inmates under the instructorship of Sam Youngblood, the education department intends to begin classes in masonry, barber training, and cabinet making.

The masonry class, said Mr. Cowan, will consist of classroom theory and actual practice on a cement slab laid for that purpose outside the present quarters of the academic school. The first class will accommodate from six to ten pupils. If demand for training is greater than that, however, more instructors will be added and other classes begun. Instruction will fill most of each weekday.

Barber training will be conducted in the existing barbershop. Because of the limited space available, no more than three students can be handled at one time, Mr. Cowan said.

"We hope to set up a minimum educational requirement at the tenth grade level," Mr. Cowan said, "so that later on, the barber trainees can take the GED tests and get their high school diplomas." He said that a high school education is required of applicants for barbering licenses in Kentucky, and that he hopes to have the school accredited in time.

No definite plans have been made for training in carpentry and cabinet work. Again, existing facilities will be used, and probably the more skilled inmates now assigned to the cabinet shop will be used as instructors. Some classroom theory may also be taught.

Other educational programs presently offered to KSP inmates include training in the first eight grades, a cram course

for those who want to try for equivalency high school diplomas, and a typing class.

The new two-story education-recreation building now under construction will provide more badly needed space for the education department upon its completion next year.

## MUHLENBURGER, 72, MAY GET SIGHT BACK

William Litsey, 72, may be enabled to see again through efforts of doctors and the Lions Eye Bank of Louisville, according to the Central City, Kentucky TIMES ARGUS.

Litsey, a resident of Martwick in Muhlenburg County, has been blind in one eye for ten years and lost the sight in his other eye three years ago. He was given a corneal transplant late last month, but results of the operation will not be available until after presstime.

More than 50 KSP inmates have pledged their eyes to the Bank from which the "eyes" for William Litsey were drawn, and the outcome of the operation should be of considerable interest here.

Eye pledge cards may be obtained in the CASTLE office below the cookshack. Eyes are not taken before death, and there is no charge to the donor or the recipient of the eyes.

## PRIEST SPONSORS RETREAT FOR CONVICTS

Father Malcolm Maloney, Catholic Chaplain at the Branch Prison at Marquette, Michigan, is sponsoring a three-day retreat for the prisoners.

The retreat will give prisoners what should be a much-welcomed opportunity to escape from the usual lack of privacy and the oppressive routine of prison life. Meditations, prayers, and conferences are scheduled for the event.

\* \* \*  
U. S. population is now 178,464,236.

## INMATE SPEAKERS AID CRIME PREVENTION

A unique crime-prevention program is being conducted by inmates of the Texas penal system, and as far as Texas teenagers are concerned, the operation is a success.

"Operation Teenager," as the program is called, allows prisoners to travel under guard to schools to relate their experiences as unsuccessful thieves to teenage students. Four inmates have so far spoken to more than 300,000 individuals at 400 different gatherings, winning the acclaim of teachers, ministers, law-enforcement officials, civic leaders, and, most importantly, the teenagers themselves. A film of the 40-minute program has also become an item much in demand among Texas TV stations.

The men participating in the program, according to the Texas Prison's newspaper -- the ECHO -- spend their nights in county or city jails while they are on the road and receive no extra privileges beyond an occasional restaurant meal. They often work overtime upon returning to the prison to catch up on the work they have missed.

Although "Operation Teenager" is designed to prevent young people from entering criminal activity, it also seems to be paying rich dividends in public understanding of prisons and prisoners. Most people who listen to the talks are surprised to learn that cons are "people just like we are." And, according to one Texas Prison official, "This is the best public-relations program the prison has ever had."

Although the program has been in operation less than a year, the speakers have received thousands of letters from young people telling them how much they appreciate their efforts.

\* \* \*

First electrocution of a criminal was of William Kemmler in Auburn Prison, Auburn New York, August 6, 1890. In 1847, the state of Michigan abolished executions.

## SO MAYBE IT'S DEDUCTABLE

(PP) -- A pair of bandits failed so miserably at a holdup attempt that they actually lost money on the deal.

Using a basket of fruit as a prop, the bandits pretended to be delivery men to gain entrance to a suburban home.

When they announced that it was a hold-up, the lady of the house screamed. Both bandits fled, leaving their basket of fruit behind them.

The police estimate the basket cost between \$10 and \$15.

## WILLARD STRUNK DIES OF PNEUMONIA

Willard "Rooster" Strunk, serving five years from McCreary County, died in the prison hospital on the night of March 21.

Strunk, 48, was suffering from anemia, but the direct cause of his death was a case of pneumonia.

## LIFE TERMER COMMITS SUICIDE IN CELL

James Henry Cameron, 43, hanged himself in his cell late last month and died before the guards who discovered him could cut him down.

Cameron was serving a life sentence from Daviess County, Kentucky. He was committed to the prison in 1959.

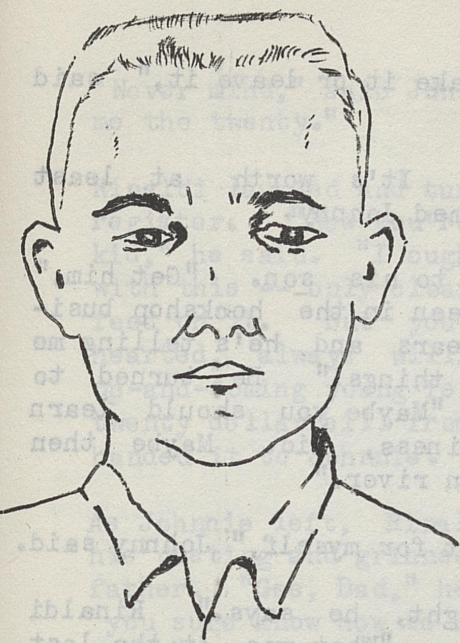
## MCKINNEY BECOMES CASTLE'S ART EDITOR

James Franklin McKinney, 35, will be doing the art work and art editing for the CASTLE beginning with this issue.

McKinney, who formerly did covers for the Alcatraz FOGHORN, submitted pencil sketches for the CASTLE's cover and two department pages (see pp 6 & 17), and next month he will be drawing the plates himself -- which should result in better reproduction of his work.

McKinney is a native of Lexington, Kentucky.





# FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

Eddyville Prison  
April 15, 1963

Dear Reader:

No matter what the weather may really be like, the sun will seem to be shining brightly and the air will be incredibly fresh and sweet the day a prisoner finishes his term and walks through the big iron gate that is the "front door" of the Kentucky State Penitentiary. But, instead of entering the land of milk and honey he often pictures the free world as being, the newly released prisoner may find himself still in the wilderness as far as his opportunities for earning a decent living are concerned.

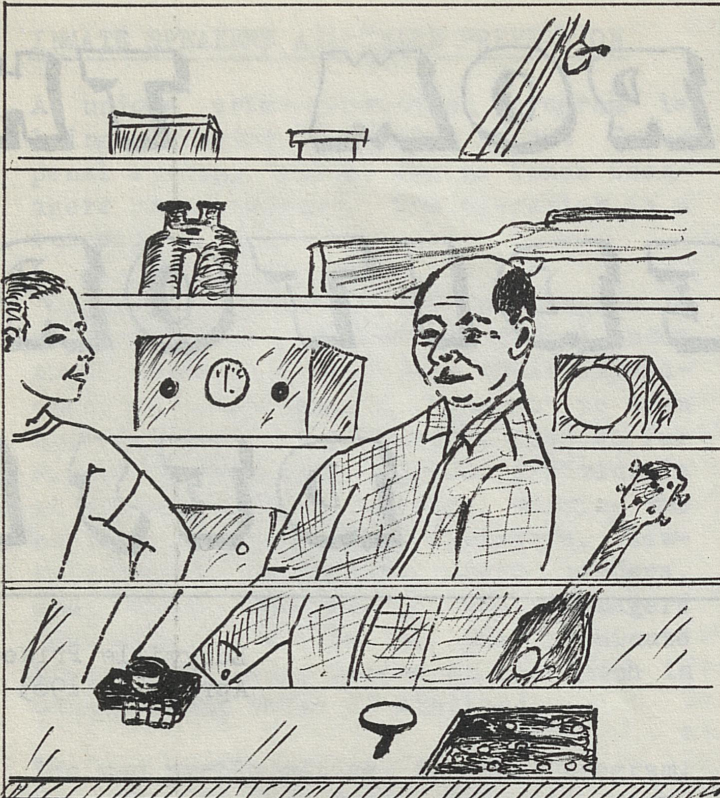
Often unskilled and relatively uneducated, just as often an emotionally incomplete person, the ex-convict must also contend with the barriers presented by his police record and the habits and attitudes developed during years typically spent in idleness and frustration in the institutional jungle. Thus equipped, he is apt to find all but the most menial and unrewarding of jobs closed to him, at least for the first years of his freedom.

He usually faces still another handicap as well: that of entering the job market and the social world stone broke, completely without possessions or money except for the suit of work clothes and the five dollar bill given him at the gate. He must put whatever pride and dignity he has left in his pocket along with the gate money and take whatever he can get, realizing that it will be a long, hard climb before he rises above the subsistence level of existence and finds his place in the sun again.

It is impossible to "blame" the employer for such a situation. The businessman's first goal is to make a profit. He needs and wants employees who can not only handle the work assigned to them, but who are trustworthy and reliable and who will be a credit to the company and the community as well. Understandably, the employer finds it difficult to fit the ex-prisoner into such a picture.

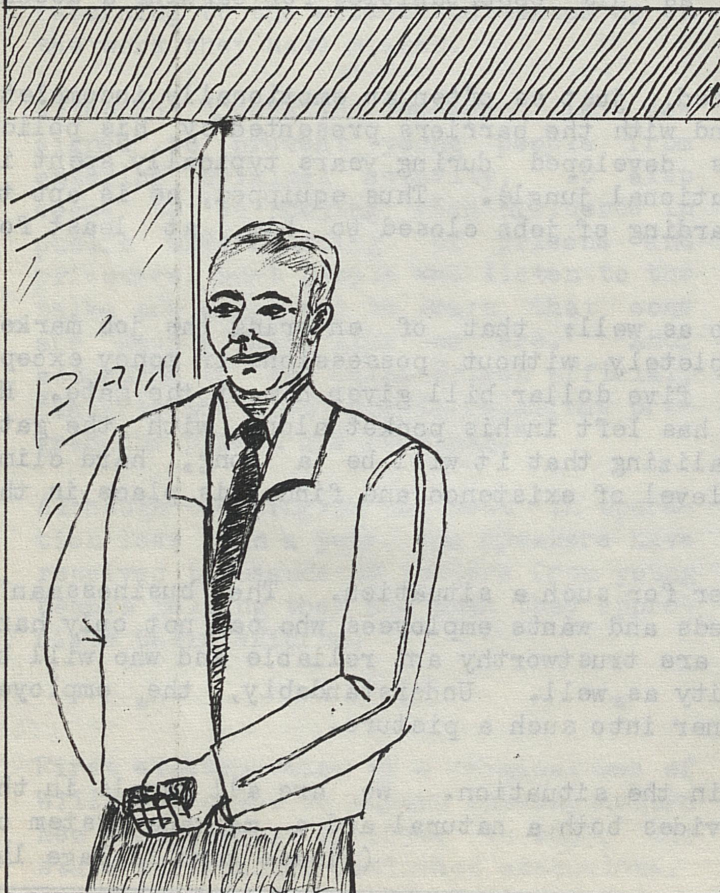
Nor is there any particular injustice in the situation. We are all equals in the sense that we live in a world that provides both a natural and a manmade system of

(Please turn to Page 14)



THE FENCE

A Short Story by Jonathan Parks



"That's it. Take it or leave it," said Rinaldi.

"Twenty bucks? It's worth at least fifty," exclaimed Johnny.

Rinaldi turned to his son. "Get him," he said. "I been in the hockshop business fifteen years and he's telling me how to price things!" He turned to Johnny again. "Maybe you should learn your own business, kid. Maybe then you'd stay down river."

"I do all right for myself," Johnny said.

"Yeah, all right, he says." Rinaldi grinned at him. "What was it the last time, kid? A two-year stretch in Kingston, eh?"

"Just a little bad luck," Johnny grinned. "You play the game, you gotta pay. When you gonna pay, Pop? You been playing the game a long time."

"Smart guys don't pay. Brains, kid -- it takes brains."

"I got brains, Pop. You just wait."

"Yeah, well, if you got brains, you'll know when I say twenty bucks, I mean twenty bucks," said Rinaldi. "No more hassling. If you think you can get more some other place, take the ring and beat it."

"Look, Pop," Johnny said. "I need fifty bucks tonight. I'm taking a little trip. We done a lot of business together, so why don't you break down?"

Rinaldi shook his head. "I told you my price, kid," he said, "and that's it. Unless you got something else you want to get off your hands?"

"Damn it, if I had ... wait a minute! How long you gonna be open tonight?"

"Ten thirty, as usual. Why? Since when you taking an interest in my hours?"

Jonathan Parks is the prison librarian

CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND

"Never mind," said Johnnie. "Just give me the twenty."

Rinaldi laughed and turned to the cash register. "Now you're getting smart, kid," he said. "I oughtn't even to mess with this -- only clear a little chicken feed on it. But you know me, soft-hearted, always willing to help an up-and-coming young fella." He took a twenty dollar bill from the register and handed it to Johnnie.

As Johnnie left, Rinaldi's son left off his dusting and grinned knowingly at his father. "Gee, Dad," he said admiringly, "you sure know how to handle these riff-raff."

"You just watch your old man, son," Rinaldi said, "and you'll get ahead in life." He laughed delightedly. "You know what this ring will bring, son? Three hundred bucks -- over two hundred fifty per cent markup. Not bad, eh?"

"Who was that guy, Dad? You knew him, didn't you?"

"Just another hoodlum. A petty, two-bit burglar with no brains." He put the ring away. "You learn one thing in this business, son. Keep your morals out of it. Don't ask no questions where a thing comes from. Just grab it up, boy."

## 2.

Johnny walked slowly down the neon lighted street and stopped under a corner light. Seven thirty, his watch said: two hours left of the night, he calculated. Two hours to find a likely looking house. He walked on, his hand caressing the bill Rinaldi had given him for the ring.

"That cheap, chiseling skunk!" he mused. "Twenty dollars -- and for that I risk getting five years' in the joint." A sudden anger boiled within him. He saw himself as he'd been the night before ... creeping stealthily from room to room in a strange house, his body exuding a cold sweat of fear as he played the flashlight into drawers -- and for

what? So that someone like Rinaldi could make a couple of hundred!

He turned into a side street and stopped hesitantly before the door of a bar. "Why not?" he asked himself. "Hell, you got two good hours of burglarizing time left." He went into the bar and took a stool.

"Double vodka and Squirt," he said to the bartender, and then put his elbows on the bar and cupped his chin in his palm. Somewhere tonight he had to get thirty more dollars. At least thirty more ... a ticket to Cincinnati would set him back at least half a bill. And here he was drinking on his last twenty! It was starting again, the same old thing. Every time he got a few bucks in his pocket, he ended up in a bar.

"Nice night out tonight, isn't it?" the bartender said, placing the drink in front of him.

"Real nice," Johnnie agreed, and then, to keep the bartender talking, to get away from his own troubles, he continued the conversation. "Swell band you got tonight. New here, aren't they?"

They talked for a time about the band, and at length Johnnie ordered another drink, giving the bartender the single bill he had in his pockets. He had the drink halfway to his mouth and was watching the bartender fumbling for change when the thought struck him.

He burst out laughing.

People began to stare at him after a minute, and the bartender came back with his change.

"You all right, buddy?" he asked. "Must have been a great joke."

"Yeah, it was," Johnny said, laughing again. "Listen, do you have a phone here?"

The bartender pointed to a booth in the corner of the room, and Johnny crossed to it. Closing the door, he thumbed

through the directory until he found the name he was looking for. Chevy Chase ... 837 Chevy Chase. It was a good address. He dialed the number indicated and listened. No answer. He waited until the phone at 837 Chevy Chase rang twice more, and then hung up. He gave the bartender a wide grin as he left the club.

Outside, he hailed a cab and directed the driver to take him to Woodland Park Auditorium, and when he left the cab, he tipped the driver a dollar. Lighting a cigarette, he waited until the cab disappeared, then started walking into the Chevy Chase district just across from the auditorium. It was six blocks to the 800 block, and he took a good ten minutes to walk the distance. It was 8:10 when he arrived at the house at 837.

Noting with satisfaction the plushness of the house, which was in keeping with the smart neighborhood in which it was situated, he pushed the doorbell. When there was no answer, he pushed it again and waited for several minutes. Finally he put his foot against the window pane nearest the lock and pushed until it caved in. Then he walked quickly down the path and hid himself in the shrubbery. After ten minutes, he walked back to the door, reached through the broken pane, and let himself in.

Ignoring the living room with its mammoth color television set and other expensive but bulky appliances, he turned on his pocket flashlight and headed for the bedrooms. Up the steps, then a quick check of all the doors until he found the master bedroom and entered it to make a thorough search.

There was nothing of value in the bedroom, but Johnny quickly found the dressing room that led off it. His light picked out a built-in vanity and dresser, and he selected a likely locking drawer. Nothing. He picked another one. This time, a large jewel box of

inlaid wood rewarded his search. The beam of his pocket light sparkled and played over the jewels inside, and his heart skipped a beat at his find.

After a cursory examination, his heart-beat returned to normal. Most of the stuff, however rich looking, was just well made costume jewelry. But one piece caught his eye. A woman's watch, it was encrusted with diamonds which he was sure were real. Slipping it into his pocket, he also selected a necklace that looked as if it might bring a good price, and then turned his attention to the closets.

It was in the closets that he hit the jackpot. Setting on a top shelf, pushed all the way to the back, was a large leather bag of the kind photographers carry. An expensive foreign camera, one he knew to cost at least 500 dollars, lay in one of the compartments of the bag. He stuffed it in his pocket and continued to search the bag. Ignoring a cheaper camera, he picked out a telephoto lens and a wide-angle lens and he pushed the bag back into the closet.

"That's it," he thought, "that's all I want from here tonight!" Without bothering to look further, he left the house and made his way back to the auditorium. The building was closed, but a small drugstore on the corner was open, and he called a cab from there, then ordered a cup of coffee at the counter.

The next step, he knew, was to take the stuff to his room to check it for identification of any kind. But, he reasoned, why go to all that trouble? There would be nothing on the camera except serial numbers -- and who remembers a long string of numbers? Just to be sure, he directed the cabdriver, who arrived at that moment, to take him to a bar in the downtown area near the pawnshop.

At the bar, he ordered a drink, then made his way to the restroom. Going in-

to a booth, he checked over the watch and necklace, then turned his attention to the camera. Just as he thought, no marks, no chips, no names engraved on the case. A cinch, he thought, and then laughed aloud again at the thought of what he was going to do.

At 9:50, Johnnie was back at the pawnshop. Rinaldi's son was sweeping the floor, and Rinaldi himself was at the rear of the room putting some watches in a showcase. He looked up as Johnnie entered.

"Well, what you got this time, kid?" he asked.

"Something worth more than a measly twenty bucks," Johnny said, noticing with satisfaction the greed that came into Rinaldi's eyes when he pulled the camera from his pocket. He handed the pawnbroker the camera and watched as he examined it.

"Yes, a nice little job," Rinaldi said, turning the camera over in his hands.

"Dad..." interrupted his son.

"Never mind, boy," Rinaldi said, and then, to Johnny: "Yes, it's a fairly nice little camera. You hit it about right, kid. I could give you the fifty bucks you need for this."

"Come off it, Pop!" Johnnie said. "You know that piece of equipment is worth five hundred if it's worth a penny. I'd have to have more than that for it." He pulled the lenses from his pocket.

"And with these, you've got a good 800 bucks worth of merchandise. Tell you what I'll do. I'll take 300 for the works."

"Three hundred!" Rinaldi snorted. "I couldn't get that for it myself. I'll give you a hundred for the outfit."

"Nothing doing. Two hundred, at least,"

Johnnie countered, jingling the coins in his pocket and smiling inwardly.

"A hundred fifty, and that's my last offer."

Well, hell ... Johnny thought, grinning inwardly now. "I'll take it."

"It's robbery," Rinaldi said. "Hell, kid, I gotta make something myself, you know. Business is slow these days. I don't take in more than enough to meet my overhead. But for you, Johnny -- one-fifty it is."

The pawnbroker opened the register and took out the money. Johnny stuffed the bills in his pocket, then pulled out the watch and necklace.

"Oh, by the way, Pop," he said, and the inward grin turned to a belly laugh. "I got something else here you might want. How much?"

Rinaldi pulled a small jeweler's glass from his vest pocket and examined the jewelry.

"Somebody got hold of some bad-cut stones here," he said. "But I'll let you have twenty on both of these pieces."

"A hundred," Johnny countered.

"Fifty and no more."

"Let me have it," Johnnie said, and took the bills Rinaldi offered him. The pawnbroker's son, who had been trying to break into the conversation, began to talk to his father again, but he was cut off.

"You're doing all right for yourself, Johnny," Rinaldi said, ignoring his son. "You must have made a good score to-night, huh?"

"You know me better than that, Pop," Johnny said, turning to the door. "So long, Pop. Don't take any wooden diamongs. But then, you wouldn't, would you. You got brains."

(Concluded on Page 15)

# FIRST DAY ON PAROLE

A FIRST-PERSON REPORT FROM A PAROLED INMATE. REPRINTED FROM THE HARBINGER, KANSAS STATE INDUSTRIAL REFORMATORY

I had never met my employer until I reported for work that first day. That in itself was enough to make me apprehensive. I couldn't help but wonder about the kind of reception I would receive. My employer was the concession-air of barber shops at an Army camp and the job had been approved before my release -- meaning, of course, that he knew where I was coming from and something of my history. He knew that I had been paroled from the State prison and this was my first day out.

I reported for work early that day, hoping to make a good impression by promptness. I was eager to get to work as I only had about \$2 left after paying my room rent in advance, and I was plenty anxious to get going on this commission-basis job. Business should be good, and it would beat working for a straight salary.

The shop was open when I arrived and the only person there was standing at the cash register. When I looked at him, my heart dropped a foot.

There stood a man with the most vicious face I had ever seen, and he was drilling holes through me with his little ferret eyes, and I knew he was the boss. I've known some pretty rough boys in some of the places I have been and I decided I wouldn't let this character intimidate me. So I pulled myself together and started to introduce myself. But he cut me off before I had time to give more than my name.

"Look, fellow, I know who you are, and I know where you came from, and I know what you are," he said. "And there's something I want you to know right now. I'm the boss here and don't you ever

forget that. And another thing, I don't like your kind of people and I want an honest day's work out of you or out you go."

I was trying to think of some reply when he interrupted again.

"I know you've been loafing for years while the taxpayers were feeding you, but nobody's going to give you anything here. These guys you will be working with are a bunch of cutthroats, and if you can't produce, that's your tough luck."

By that time, all that was keeping me there was the fact that I was broke and had to work. I had to get a few bucks together, so I knew that I would work until he actually fired me. And from the looks of things, that wouldn't be very long in happening.

The rest of the barbers had arrived during my little welcoming ceremony, and this gave old Evil Eye an audience for his last remarks.

"There's your chair," he said, pointing. "Now get over there and give me an honest day's work."

As I turned to walk to the chair, he said, "Oh, by the way -- I just made a bet with myself that I'd fire you before payday."

Ouch! I was thinking that he really emphasized that "honest" every chance he got. What kind of joint am I getting into? Here I am practically fired before I even get my chair dusted off.

None of the other barbers even looked my way as I was setting up for work. None of them had spoken to me since they entered the shop. Well, to hell with

them, I thought. They can keep me on silence if they want. I'm sure not going to let them make me quit.

I'll admit I was plenty shaky on my first customer, and the job must have looked lousy. Old Personality Kid was really giving me the fisheye. He just shook his head when the customer paid his check. That's when I made up my mind that if he thought that was a lousy job, just wait until he sees what's coming.

The shop was full of customers and all I had to do was get them in and out of the chair as fast as I could. I turned on the old jute mill speed. The old task had been 60 haircuts a day, and I had my mind made up to equal that, at least -- if I lasted the day.

I knew that I was a better barber than anyone in that shop, but they weren't going to see my first-class work. All they were going to see was a guy making enough money to last a week before he got fired.

At the end of the day, I was feeling pretty well satisfied. I had made enough money to tide me over until I could find another job. I was just putting my equipment away when the barber on my left stepped over and introduced himself.

"Never saw anything like it," he said. "In all my years as a barber I've never seen a performance like that. Every haircut was perfect. How did you do it?"

The old man who worked on the end chair came over. He was a small, stooped old man, and he looked very tired.

"Say, partner, how about slowing down a little tomorrow? You worked hell out of us today, and I couldn't keep up with you. My wife's not used to having so much money, and I don't want to spoil her this late in life."

The old man and I were friends right

then and there, and while talking to him I thought of trying to walk out with him to avoid the boss. We kept talking as we headed for the door, but no such luck. Old Simon Legree had spotted me.

"Hey, you!" he yelled. "Wait a minute. I want to see you."

Well, this is it, I told myself. But I was ready to say a few words myself by this time.

"Look," I told him, "I know you're going to fire me, so just pay me off and let it go at that."

"Fire you?" he said, in apparent surprise. "Whatever gave you that idea? I just wanted to find out what kind of sales talk you use to sell shampoos. You broke the record for shampoos as well as for haircuts in one day."

I was standing there in amazement when he reached into the cash register, took out a \$20 bill, and handed it to me. I couldn't believe this was the same clown I had met when I entered the shop.

"You'll need this to tide you over until payday," he said. "If you run short, just let me know and I'll be glad to let you have what you need."

I tried to say thanks, but only a mumble came out. I don't suppose he knew what I was trying to say.

"Oh, one more thing," he continued. "About this morning -- I was just trying to find out if you have the courage to try to work under that kind of conditions or whether you were looking for a spot where everyone would be sorry for you. Well, I'll see you tomorrow. Good night."

I was afraid to try to answer. I felt choked up, so I turned and walked to the door. I reached the street with a lift in my heart and knew this had not only been my first day on parole, but a perfect day at that!

# PAGES FROM THE PAST

## THE BILL OF RIGHTS: CONCESSION TO THE COMMON MAN

Installment III of a Series by the CASTLE Editors

Just last month, a Supreme Court decision (see news section) cast new light on a right that is as old as the United State -- the right of persons accused of crime to the services of an attorney.

The right to counsel is so basic to the American legal system that we often take it for granted. Yet it is not a right provided for in the original U. S. Constitution. Like the right to speak and print what one chooses, to be free from unlawful search and seizure, to have reasonable bail set in case of arrest, and many of the other rights guaranteed to the American citizen, the right to counsel was seemingly almost "tacked on" to the Constitution as a concession to the cry of the common man for liberty and dignity.

Almost without exception, the framers of the Constitution were themselves men of wealth and property. While certain rights considered basic to freedom -- as for example, the right to habeas corpus writ, the prohibition of bills of attainder, and restraints on taxation-- were included in the document, the chief objection of the "common" or unpropertied man to the instrument was its provision for a strong central government and the resulting danger to the liberty of the individual citizen. Only just emerged from a war against the tyranny of the powerful English government, the man in the street was in no mood to accept another such government, at least not without extraordinary guarantees of the rights he had fought to gain.

Nor was he alone in his distrust of the Constitution as it was originally written. Patrick Henry spoke fiercely against the doctrine of a powerful fed-

eral government, almost as fiercely as he had spoken against the tyranny of England. Thomas Jefferson, one of the most liberal figures in early American history, received a copy of the document while in France. Approving of many of its provisions, he insisted in a letter to James Madison that provision be made for the establishment of religious freedom, freedom of the press and of speech, and other rights that he considered to be "what the people are entitled to against every government on earth."

To meet such objections, the people of the thirteen states were promised the addition of a bill of rights in the form of amendments to the Constitution at the first meeting of Congress. It was only with such assurance that the approval of the necessary nine states was gained and the Constitution of the United States was finally ratified.

Briefly stated, the Bill of Rights -- the first ten Amendments -- guarantees the people freedom of religion, speech and press, and the right of petition; the right to bear arms, to be free from the unlawful quartering of troops and unlawful search and seizure; the right to indictment and speedy, public, jury trials for crimes; the freedom from unreasonable bail and cruel or unusual punishments, and the right to jury trial in civil suits, as well as the right to legal counsel.

Powerful guarantees of freedom these were. But time has borne out the wisdom of the common man in his insistence on such guarantees for protection of the rights he had fought to win.



FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK (Continued from Page 6)

rewards and punishments for observing or violating the rules. We have violated them.

Obviously, the prisoner who is sincere about staying out of jail in the future is going to have to face the fact that it won't be easy. He is going to have to accept, in most cases, a sort of second class citizenship and learn to live with it for what is usually a long time. This is harsh, but it is the way it is. The only alternative -- which too many of us have chosen in the past and which too many of us will probably continue to choose in the future -- is to revert to crime.

This is what all the rehabilitation hubbub is about, really -- to help the prisoner prepare himself through education and training to shorten the period of second class citizenship which he must face upon his release, and to help him find the moral courage to live with himself both during and after this period. In other words, to keep him out of prison.

If you want to look at this from a practical viewpoint, it's an extremely practical idea. If prisoners stay out of prison, prison populations are going to go down. Crime losses are going to go down. And taxes are going to go down. As far as economics is concerned, it's the only practical solution.

But I like to think that there's more to it than economics. I like to believe that people care about people as individuals, not as figures on a chart. Maybe you'd be interested in knowing about some of these individuals, because some of them are worth knowing about.

Let's start by admitting that there are no doubt a lot of individuals in here you might not care to know. There are hardened, dangerous men here, there are what used to be called psychopathic personalities, and there are outright psychotics. We won't go into what made them that way, because that's not our department. Maybe a few of them are beyond any kind of help. I wouldn't know about that. But I do know that for every one of these "incorrigibles," there are a dozen who are just as capable of responding to interest and kindness as they are of responding to brutality and indifference.

For example, there's a teenage prisoner I know who has one of the most cheerful and friendly personalities you could imagine. He also has a great deal of talent for drawing and painting. Maybe some day, with the right kind of training, he'll develop into a good commercial artist or cartoon animator. Right now, however, he's not doing much drawing. He doesn't have the materials he needs, and he still has a year or two to serve before he can be released.

There's another, older prisoner with a lot of talent in his hands. A personable Italian-American of about 30, this fellow recently discovered that he could make beautiful things in wood with a carving knife and chisel. He spends most of his free time carving, and I wish you could see some of the things he's made: a large "Last Supper," an intricately carved jewel box, a serving tray. He's also learning cabinet making, by the way, as part of his work in the prison. Unfortunately, it will be a long, long time before he's free to do anything with his abilities.

Another teenager, a boy with a keen, alert mind that wants to know about everything under the sun, works with me in the magazine office. A first offender, he was arrested before he finished high school. He hopes one day to be free to go to

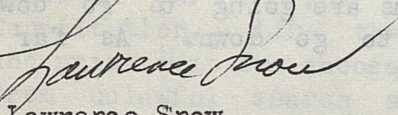
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college, though, and he's working on his high school diploma through a correspondence school. Although he plans to become an engineer or a mathematician, he's currently engaged in the study of classical Greek because he believes it will help him understand the English language better. He gets discouraged sometimes, of course -- it'll be four more years before he's eligible for parole.

All of these people, as well as others I could mention if I had the space, have two things in common, talent and a determination to work to make something of their talents. They aren't, perhaps, "typical" convicts, because there are no typical convicts. Prisoners are people, not stereotypes, a fact that is too often overlooked by the lay public when the question of penal reform is considered.

With the right kind of help, a lot of fellows like these could find that "place in the sun." Although such help would cost money at first, in the long run, they tell me, it would save money. More to the point, it would save lives. Ultimately, the decision of whether or not prisons will save lives is up to you. I hope you'll give it some thought.

Very sincerely yours,



Lawrence Snow

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#### THE FENCE (Con't. from Page 10)

Rinaldi turned to his son and laughed expansively. "You seen, boy," he said. "You see how your old man operates. Two thousand dollars worth of merchandise for a couple of bills. Brains, boy, that's what it takes."

"But, Dad," the boy protested, "that camera! It's ..."

"Sure, I know, son. We got one just like it. I knew that's what you were trying to say. But don't ever queer a deal like that."

"But, Pop, this camera isn't just like ours -- it is ours! And look at this watch and necklace. They're the ones you gave Mom for her birthday last year!"

Rinaldi grabbed the jewelry and examined it more closely.

"I'll be damned," he said. "I'll be double damned!" And he stared red-faced at his son.

3.

As the bus came to the city limits, Johnny sat up in his seat and stared through the window at the lights of the town. "So long, you cheap, two-bit fence," he said quietly. "Enjoy your junk, pal."

For the third time that day, Johnny let himself laugh aloud.

-- THE END

#### THIS VAST COUNTRY

The distance from El Paso to Beaumont, Texas is greater than the distance from New York to Chicago.

Alaska, the largest state in the Union, (571,065 square miles) has a total population that is less than half that of the city of San Diego, California, which has just 248 square miles.

# EXCHANGE PAGE

By Leonard Rule

## ANCIENT DRUG GIVES IMMEDIATE INSIGHT -- Via the ECHO

A startling new experiment in rehabilitation was recently revealed by the penal publication at Walpole, Massachusetts, says the ECHO (Huntsville, Texas). The program consists of pre-parole group therapy and extends throughout parole. The outstanding feature of the therapy sessions is the use of a new drug, psilocybin, a synthetic drug patterned after Mexico's "sacred mushrooms." The drug brings about immediate insight into the patient's own self. According to the report, the drug produces a "stripping away of defenses to such an extent that it is possible to see clearly -- and often frighteningly -- the true nature of one's psyche. Out of the hardened shell of the criminal emerges a sensitive, lonely, childlike human being."

After a number of sessions with the drug and several group-therapy sessions, the parolee is released to a halfway house.

## INMATE DOES 50 MILE HIKE IN HIS CELL -- Via the PRISON MIRROR

Harley Sorenson, an inmate of the State Penitentiary at Stillwater, Minnesota, heard of President Kennedy's interest in forced marches recently, and decided to try the 50-mile hike for himself. On Washington's Birthday he folded up the bunk in his cell and started walking in a tight circle.

"I figured one lap around the cell at 12 feet, 440 laps to the mile," Sorenson says. "I walked 22,000 laps that day, exactly 50 miles. Barefoot." His time? Nine hours, nine minutes. He swears it's true.

## ATHLETES SPEAK AT S. CAROLINA PRISON -- Via the ABOUT FACE

Raymond Berry of the BALTIMORE COLTS, Jerry Kindal of the CLEVELAND INDIANS, and Bobby Richardson of the NEW YORK YANKEES took time out from a world tour to speak to the inmates of the South Carolina Penitentiary at Columbia recently. Although the athletic stars came to the prison at the bidding of the athletic director, the program was essentially religious. The speakers told of their conversion to Christianity.

## PRISONERS ENCOURAGED TO ESCAPE -- Via the HARBINGER

Padu Prison in Malaya has a unique program designed to keep the guard force alert. Two or three times each month, the warden gives the prisoners ten minutes to hide themselves. Then he blows the escape whistle and the guards hunt down the "escaped" convicts. Thus far, not one prisoner has turned up missing.

## ALABAMA INMATE DESIGNS BLOODLETTING MACHINE -- Via the KILBY SUN

A new type of hemolator -- a machine used in the drawing of blood -- has been put into use at the plasma center of Alabama's Kilby Prison. The machine was developed over a period of months by Kilby inmate Larry Linton.



By  
Floyd  
"Dago"  
Riss

# TALE TALES

Puppet Man Roach seems to be expanding his stand. He has added quite a few new things, and he even puts coffee in the percolators now before he hooks them up.

I've never seen a man in my life who has as many aches and pains as Clyde Crum. Headache, sore neck muscles, eye trouble and what have you -- maybe, Clyde, those aches would disappear if you'd work off that paunch of yours.

One of the most astonishing things I've seen in my life is an Italiano cotton-picker from Alabama. But I guess Alabama is so seedy and run down they had to import Little Joe to improve the stock. But they must have become fearful of what they'd done, for they shipped the guy to Eddyville.

I asked Popeye Spaulding what his first name is and couldn't seem to get any proper answer. He just glowered and told me to go somewhere real hot. Maybe I should go there, Lindsay, for it's a bit chilly here right now.

I think Clarence Scott can blush prettier than anyone in here, and he seems to have a habit of doing so. At least every time I've met him he's been blushing.

I wish to humbly apologize to Mr. William Grider for failing to live up to his expectations. Next time I see you, Bill, I'll give you that nickle so we'll be straight.

Jerry "Siftu" Bogden sits patiently strumming on his guitar with a look of content on his face while Bobbie Johnson croons out those old ballads to him.

Don't ever ask Marvin Nevitt what time it is, for you'll have to spend an hour listening to him tell you how you just press two little buttons on the case of his watch to regulate it. Yet he never has the correct time.

James McCormack said he learned to cut hair shearing sheep outside, and Ramsey learned cutting grass on the grass detail. After two answers like that I was afraid to ask anyone else where he learned to barber.

Gordon Mercer, the faithful old clerk in the clothing house, has a new boss, Mr. Alexander. Gordon is still pining for his old cell buddy, Chuck "Teddy Bear" Garrett, who deserted him for the Flat Country. He (Gordon) is saving up all the small-size blues he can get his hands on so Teddy Bear will have something to wear when he comes home again.

Speak of the devil -- the SKYTOWER NEWS, of which Teddy Bear is the editor, just came in! It's a beautiful job, too, all nicely printed and with a lot of photos, including one of Teddy. Teddy, Gordo liked Loyola all the way.

Incidentally, the SKYTOWER NEWS has been out of print until just now. It's the quarterly magazine of the Kentucky State Reformatory, Box 188, LaGrange, Kentucky and it's free to all who want it.

# DEPARTMENT REPORTS

## KITCHEN REPORT

By William Conner

I mentioned toward the end of my report last month that there are a lot of fellows doing a good job in the kitchen who would not be mentioned because there wasn't enough space. Let's see if we can't give them a little credit this month.

First of all, there are the fellows dishing out the chow on the steam tables. James Burnett, T. J. Stone, Donald Griffin, Junior Hoskins, Milburn Helton, George Carroll, Minor Taylor, Paul Garner, Clarence Paige, Clarence Green, Marion Savage, Marvin Bradley and Richard Elmore are their names.

To keep from getting hit with a mop, I'd better mention a name you hear constantly around the kitchen, that of Charles Renfrow, that boy wonder with the mop and scrub brush. Charles washes all the pots which are used to feed the hospital and #3 Cellhouse. He also keeps the basement and the steps leading to the basement clean.

Peeling the spuds are John Allen, Charles Hickman, David Horton and Harold Norman.

And finally, since the last report we have lost Richard Wiggins, the fellow who worked on the compressor at night and who helped prepare the guards' meals. Richard has gone to the farm. Taking his place is Paul Johnston. Another familiar face around the kitchen at night was old Hambone, who has gone by way of the guards' quarters. That's it for this month. Be seeing you!

## GARMENT FACTORY NEWS

By Dave Smith

During the past month we have lost three men from the garment factory and knitting mill. George Brown went to work on the construction detail and is going to help build the new gymnasium. William Groves, who helped run the machine that puts the toes in socks, went home on parole. But our biggest loss was Willie "Kingpin" Kessinger. Kingpin has gone to work on the prison farm to help grow enough green beans for Wiley Mullins and Herschel Reynolds.

We have three new men assigned to the garment factory. They are J. D. Rich, Donald Cruse and Leroy Terry.

Roy "Moonman" Brunner has worked so hard he has worn out his sewing machine. Mr. Grubbs had to order new parts from the company. Slow down, Moon!

We have already finished over half our work for this contract period, which runs from January 1, 1963, to June 30, 1963. Our only problem is in the knitting department. We have orders for 1764 dozen pairs of socks. Since we can only manufacture 12 dozen pairs a day, it will take us 147 days to fill the orders.

Ralph Rowe is now helping me in the office. He says he hates to see me work so hard and he wants to take part of the burden from my shoulders. If he does half the work for me, I'll only have to work about 30 minutes a day.

Before I close, I want to ask Willie Moran if he'll fix my cap for me. It's about two sizes too large.

## CABINET SHOP REPORT

The outbreak of the flu during the month of March deprived us of Mr. Hillyard for a few days; however, he has returned now and is looking and feeling much better.

Upon returning to the shop, Mr. Hillyard put into motion a vocational program that has been mentioned in the past, and one much needed for the younger men in the prison. There has been another wood lathe installed here in the shop. A wood lathe operator, I am sure, will have no trouble finding a job once he is returned to the free world.

Around the shop, Kenny Etherton and Double Buddy can be found in the same spot, refinishing, and doing their usual fine job.

Alvin Lucas keeps carving, and now it has really got good to him.

Ted Lewis, old "Off Limits" himself, is still in there pitching. Hope he gets his time cut soon. Good luck, Ted.

John Fields has become just as good as he pleases when it comes to upholstering. Old Joe Adams looks on.

Freddie Ballard is waiting on the parole board. Jack Ingram and Bud Lyons can't seem to think of anything but LaGrange. They just won't give up.

Mitchell Shepard is new with us, a fine boy and a good worker. Roy Carter brings up the other end of the janitors. "Jive Roy," they call him. Howard is doing the spray work and handles his job well.

Now if I can get Jack Horn off the window washing and on the typewriter, we will get this ready for Editor Snow.

## SCHOOL DAZE - Bill Wise & D. Trodglan

Spring and semester tests -- those seem to be the thoughts of the entire school at this time of year. Both are foremost in the minds of the teachers and students, but we think semester tests lead our thoughts.

For the 8th grade, the end of the semester will be a time of looking back on something well done, and another step in life completed. As for the other grades, the close of the school term means another step up the ladder, with the goal a little closer.

Spring affects people in different ways, as witness our clerk, Kenny Clinton, and our English teacher, Edgar Johnson, who felt they must seek nature in the raw. They asked for a release from their positions and were given an assignment to the inside construction detail. John, may your brick construction be as excellent as your English construction; Kenny, may your body-building results be worthy of the effort.

A hearty welcome to our two new teachers. Sherman Jared and Richard Oliver have joined the teaching staff of our academic school. Both are members of the GED high school class and good examples of the quality of the efforts of the GED teaching staff.

We were fortunate to have a visit from Mr. W. Z. Carter, who is in charge of the schools in all the State penal institutions. He and Mr. Cowan discussed the need of books for our high school class. We have the promise of Mr. Carter for the needed books.

Watch for new developments in the vocational training field. More on that soon.

Final thought: Surrender not to past defeats, but look forward to the future.

## LATE NEWS

### KSP TRUSTIES AGAIN HELP FIGHT FLOOD

Trusties assigned to the institution's farm and other outside details were called on once again to help fight flood waters at nearby Smithland, Kentucky. The town credited the prisoners and the State Highway Department with helping to save their homes. The prisoners also came in for praise from the civil defense director at Smithland, according to the LYON COUNTY HERALD.

Some 50 prisoners worked with Highway Department employees to build up the Smithland levee for almost a week last month. Prisoners from KSP were also instrumental in saving Smithland from floods last year.

### ASSOCIATE EDITOR TRANSFERRED TO LAGRANGE

Leonard Rule, Associate Editor of the CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND for almost a year, was transferred to the State Reformatory at LaGrange last month.

During his time here, Rule, an 18-year-old resident of Paducah, Kentucky, helped edit and lay out the magazine and wrote the exchange column. One of his articles, an account of his conviction at 16 and his arrival at the penitentiary at 17, won a reprint in the LEXINGTON HERALD.

Rule had almost completed his high school credits through correspondence when he was transferred.

### PRISONER OFFERS TO PAY FUNERAL FURLOUGH EXPENSES OF BEREAVED FELLOW INMATE

Ernest Summit, who works as a runner in the administration building, learned late last month that his younger brother had been killed in an automobile accident in Louisville. For Summit, the news was doubly hard to take, since it appeared unlikely that he would be able to attend the funeral.

Although prison policy allows furloughs for inmates for the purpose of attending the funerals of close relatives, the prisoner must pay all expenses,

including the cost of providing a guard escort. And Summit didn't have the money to pay for the trip.

Then Bob Carter, another inmate who works in the administration building offices, volunteered to put up the money from his own account. Institutional rules normally prohibit the transfer of funds from one inmate to another, but Carter appealed to Warden Thomas for special permission to make the transfer.

At that point, Summit's relatives wired the necessary amount. On April 2, Summit made the trip to Louisville and paid last respects to his brother. As it turned out, Carter's offer wasn't necessary after all. But we think it was a darned generous thing to do.

### MISSISSIPPI PRISON RESUMES FLOGGING

(UPI) -- Former prison superintendent Fred Jones says flogging of convicts has been resumed on a large scale at the Mississippi State Penitentiary.

Jones, who abolished the lash during his tenure, said he was informed that 30 convict field workers were flogged in one afternoon for "hanging around the ends of cotton rows too long."

Prison Superintendent C. E. Breazeale said use of the lash, authorized under state law, has been revived. He declined to discuss the number of floggings under his administration

### PUNNING PREACHER

Chaplain Jagers has earned a reputation for never being at a loss for words. For instance, a fellow we know quite well asked him for some medical advice the other day. He should have known better.

"Chaplain," said the innocent, "what's wrong with a fella when he has all the symptoms of fever, but no fever?"

"Well," replied the Chaplain, "it could be he isn't as hot as he thinks he is."

# NIGHTKEEPER'S REPORT 1886

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

AUGUST 1 -- I am entering my report tonight in the journal with pencil. It seems someone here has made off with my pen. It was in excellent condition and if I find the culprit who stole it, he will have more trouble than he can handle.

AUGUST 2 -- The convicts generally have been very quiet and orderly except a couple of cranks in the West Wing, Caswell and Clote, who were especially obstreperous along toward morning. The former is a chronic disturber of the peace to some extent, but he is never very loud. He keeps up a continual talking to himself which is very annoying to adjoining convicts. Clote, I think, needs a good flogging. He is more brutish than insane, and he can be forced into decency.

AUGUST 3 -- It has been quite a while since we have had an escape here at the prison, but we had one tonight, there's no mistaking the fact. Along about 2:00 A. M., No. 1300, Smith (a lifer) broke through one of the skylights in the West Wing and skipped right before my very eyes. He was well equipped with instruments and implements. I know this because he hurled some of them at me as I charged towards him, challenging him to halt. One implement in particular, a steel bar two feet long ground to a chisel point, narrowly missed my head. Such a weapon is a vicious instrument for an unarmed guard to run up against in the dark. However, I am willing to bet and predict that Smith will be back with us in a short time. Before disappearing over the roof, my bullseye lantern caught him in the act of stopping to thumb his nose at me. Such a caper hardly denotes wisdom, and wisdom

is precisely what is needed to keep out of jail these days.

AUGUST 4 -- With the exception of Adams, No. 374, the prison has been in excellent order tonight. Adams fussed about considerably when I confronted him per your instructions on the charge of wilfully misrepresenting Guard Eldred. At no time during my questioning would Adams look me straight in the eye. Other convicts residing near Adams steadfastly declared that Guard Eldred had not at any time climbed upon the West Wing galleries and shouted: "All ready, hip-hip hurray, let her flicker!" thus leading the convicts on a cheering spree as Adams would have us believe.

The Deputy was in the building last night, so I called upon him to handle the disciplinary end of the matter. He ordered 20 bats on the buttocks for Adams, instructing Guard Eldred to see to it that his lying friend's bottom was tanned to a turn.

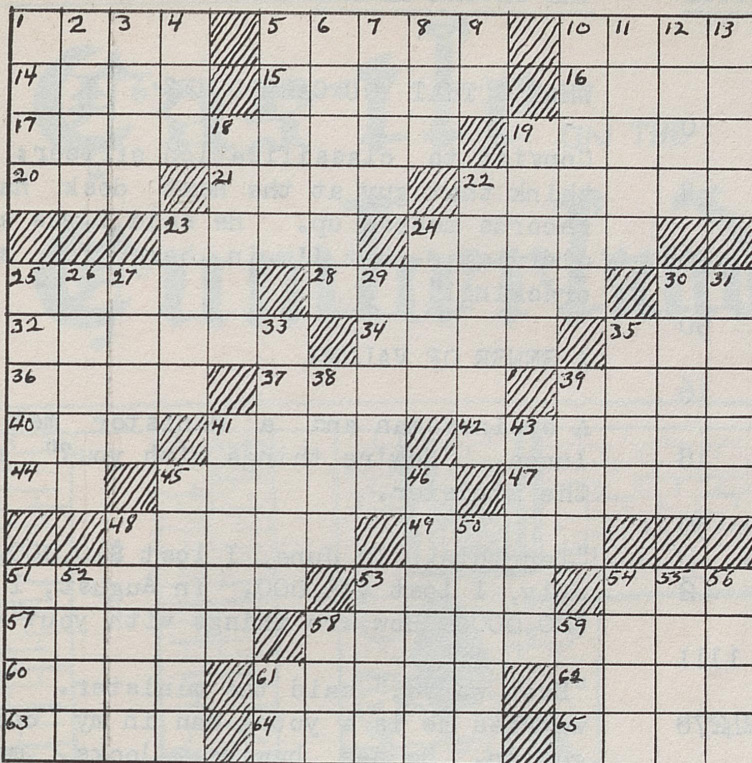
AUGUST 5 -- Helminger, No. 884, is an agitator. By blowing spitballs through an improvised cardboard blowgun at first one and then another of the convicts sleeping on the cots in the north hall of the East Wing, he caused more than a little unrest. At first the cot sleepers were wont to blame one another, but when in the midst of several wrathful accusations a few more spitballs popped, the source was determined and Helminger was lucky he was locked in his cell.

The Warden meted out justice by ordering a bat from the leather strap for each spitball used, which numbered 20 in all much to Helminger's discomfort.



CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Fred Caldwell



- 10. Oars
- 11. Moldy
- 12. Olive genus
- 13. Shaded valley
- 18. Tilt
- 19. Entirely
- 22. Denied (two words)
- \* 24. Nevada city
- 25. Business exchanges
- 26. Choice steak (two words)
- 27. Sins
- 29. Pet bear
- 30. Rodent
- 31. Healer
- 33. Die
- 35. Pronoun
- 38. Long periods
- 39. Man's nickname
- 41. Separated
- 43. \_\_\_\_\_ Seltzer
- 45. Fence steps
- 46. Man's name
- 48. Imprint
- 50. Flower
- 51. Girl's name
- 52. Man's name
- 53. Cooler
- 54. Ananias
- 55. \_\_\_\_\_ upon a time
- 56. Indian exclamation(pl)
- 58. Theater sign
- 59. Permit
- 61. Letter addition

ACROSS

- 1. Retired
- 5. Remit
- 10. Air pollution
- 14. Pigeon cage
- 15. Tests (Colloq.)
- 16. Pick out
- 17. \_\_\_\_\_ right or wrong (two words)
- 19. Large headed match
- 20. Letter
- 21. Persian fairy
- 22. Eastern potentate
- 23. Greek letter
- 24. Political gathering
- 25. Rear end of a boat
- 28. Carney talk (pl.)
- 30. Maestro (abbr.)
- 32. Rub together
- 34. Amos and \_\_\_\_\_
- 35. Pronoun \_\_\_\_\_
- 36. Bereft
- 37. Colorless gas
- 39. Spoiled
- 40. Printers measure (pl.)
- 41. Footless
- 42. Stupid
- 44. Direction

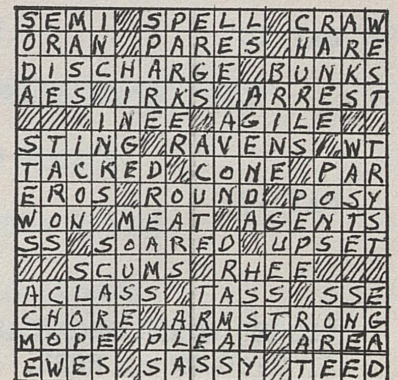
- 45. Pertaining to the backbone
- 47. Harder to find
- 48. Asterisks
- 49. Atop
- 51. All
- 53. Short news story
- 54. Man's nickname
- 57. Distributed the cards
- 58. One form of re-habilitation
- 60. Appellation
- 61. Primp
- 62. Every
- 63. High mountains
- 64. Rueful
- 65. Very (Fr.)

DOWN

- 1. Apex
- 2. Lads
- 3. Et cetera (pl.)
- 4. Spanish for god (var.)
- 5. Catch again
- 6. Spares
- 7. \_\_\_\_\_ Mutuel
- 8. Girl's name
- 9. Yesterday (Abbr.)

\* ERRATUM -- No. 23 down is "Broken cereal coat."

ANSWERS TO MARCH CROSSWORD



KENTUCKY STATE PENITENTIARY STATISTICS  
(March, 1963)

Escapes	0
Death Row	8
Admitted by Commitment	36
Transfers from KSR	50
Transfers to KSR	16
Released by Expiration	18
Released by Parole	30
Released by Death	2
Total Population	1111
High Number	24278
Low Number	5240

MOVIES FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS

APRIL 19	THE INNOCENTS Deborah Kerr and Michael Redgrave: Drama
APRIL 26	IT HAPPENED IN ATHENS -- Jayne Mansfield & Bob Mathias: Western
MAY 3	BON VOYAGE Fred MacMurray & Jane Wyman: Comedy
MAY 10	WARRIORS FIVE Jack Palance & Jo Anna Ralli: Drama
MAY 17	THE WILD WESTERNERS Jas. Philbrook and Nancy Novack: West.

CLOSED WORLD BROADCASTS -- April 21, May 5, 2:00 PM on WCBL, Benton. Dial 1290.

THE CASTLE LAUGHS

WHAT'S THAT YOU CALLED ME?

Convict to classification officer: "I think that guy at the next desk has my records messed up. He said I was a recidivist -- but I'm in here for safe-cracking!"

A SENSE OF VALUES

A businessman and a minister met for lunch. "How're things with you?" asked the minister.

"Terrible. In June, I lost \$10,000. In July, I lost \$15,000. In August, I lost \$20,000. How are things with you?"

"Even worse," said the minister. "What worries me is a young man in my congregation. He has brains, looks, money, talent ... but he's ruining himself with liquor. What could be worse than that?"

"September," replied the businessman.

ESPRIT DE CORPS

"Mommy," said the little boy after a day at the amusement park, "I learned a dirty word from a sailor today."

"Oh?" said the mother gingerly. "What was it?"

"Coast Guard," replied the boy.

DOCTOR'S ORDERS

"I was at the doctor's today," a wife told her husband, "and he ordered a change of climate."

"That's fine!" the husband exclaimed. "According to the weather report, it's coming tomorrow."

HIGH HOPES

"I'll carry this case to the highest court in the land," said my lawyer. "But in the meantime, try to escape."