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Castle ON THE Cumberland

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"This, too, shall pass"

Volume II

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IN THIS MONTH'S CASTLE:

| | |
|--|----|
| Deputy Warden's Page | 1 |
| Castle News | 2 |
| The Editorial Side: A Christmas Message | 6 |
| Dilemma of the Prison Administrator | 7 |
| The Five-Dollar Bill | 9 |
| Letter to a Reader | 10 |
| The Exchange Page | 14 |
| Tall Tales | 15 |
| Department Reports | 16 |
| Nightkeeper's Report, 1886 | 19 |
| Late News Section | 20 |
| Statistics & Movies | 23 |
| The Last Word | 23 |

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THE DEPUTY'S PAGE

By Deputy Warden Lloyd T. Armstrong

This is in reference to children of the 20th century.

I hear lots of criticism of our children of all ages, particularly teenagers. I want to say very frankly that I do not agree with most of the adults' criticism of our children. Of course, I am an adult, but I was also a child once and I think all adults should understand the problems that children have. In fact, I think the children are the only pure people that we have left, because they have not reached the age to become a phony.

I do not think that children should be turned loose and allowed to run wild. However, I do think they are due what credit they deserve. For No. One thing, children did not ask to be born. We adults are responsible for children, so why not give them the same kind of chance that we asked for?

I hear adults criticising teenagers and teenage gangs. I want to ask this question: Was Roger Toughy's gang, Al Capone's gang, or John Dillenger's gang children? No! They were adults. So I don't think any of us adults can point a finger at a few teenage gangs and say that they are ruining the world. Moreover, I would say that in most cases, teenage gangs are due to a few delinquent children who have been allowed to run wild by their parents.

Most correctional institutions today are practically filled with boys and girls from broken homes. Now, I want to ask you, how can the children be held responsible for something their mother or father did? Moreover, children that are raised by normal parents, whether you believe it or not, keep a pretty close eye on their mother and father. Boys

mainly keep an eye on the dad and girls mainly keep an eye on their mother. If this boy finds his dad to be a phony, in short a "wolf in sheep's clothing," how is this going to affect the boy when he grows up to be an adult? Or if the girl finds her mother to be some type of undesirable type of mother, how is this going to affect her when she grows up to be an adult?

I would like to ask the adults another question: How would you like to be in a predicament where you had to beg your parents for a little money to go to a picture show, skating rink, beg for the car to drive on Saturday night, beg for a new pair of slippers, a dress, or a garment of any kind and probably get slapped in the mouth because you asked for them, or be told by your mom or dad, "Well, what did you do with that dollar I gave you a month ago?"

I know that most adults will not agree with me because I take the side of the children, because I can see their problems. There is also one other viewpoint I can see about children: Usually, if you ask a child his or her opinion on something, they will tell you the truth and not a bunch of phony statements that most adults give.

I think it is time for us adults to wake up and take some advice from our children, instead of being a big dictator and putting on a phony show of some type. Some adults go to church on Sundays and sleep halfway through the sermon and then go home and complain about the preacher's preaching too long. Or they will get up in church and pray a phony prayer that just suits the entire congregation -- and I am wondering who hears that prayer outside the church. (Please turn to Page 20)

CASTLE NEWS

CONSTRUCTION WORKERS FIND CURIOUS FOSSIL

Inmate workers digging in the northeast sector of the penitentiary last month unearthed several large pieces of fossil-bearing limestone that had apparently been blasted loose by the dynamite charges necessary to excavation.

Among the pieces was a rock containing what appeared to be part of a fossilized human or ape hand or foot.

Several of the pieces were brought to the CASTLE office, where they were cleaned. A sketch drawn from the one bearing the human-like "bones" was prepared and sent to the University of Kentucky for an opinion. Chaplain Paul Jagers, who has had some training in the man sciences, also examined the fossils. His opinion that the "bones" were actually made by colonies of small animals similar to the ones that form coral reefs was substantiated by Dr. Lois Jeannette Campbell of the geology department of the University of Kentucky after she examined the drawing.

Dr. Campbell asked, however, that the specimen be sent to the University, where an analysis of the bonelike material will settle any remaining doubts.

"LIFE" TO FEATURE PRISON PUZZLEMAKERS

(Condensed from the OP NEWS, Ohio)

LIFE Magazine is planning a story on the crossword puzzle makers of Ohio Penitentiary, whence come most of the puzzles eagerly sought after by addicts of the crossword pastime.

It was a prisoner, Victor Orvill, who invented crossword puzzles, and today from 60 to 85 percent of all crosswords originate in prison -- most of them in the Ohio Penitentiary.

When life hands you a lemon, make lemonade, says Ann Landers.

MISSOURI NURSES CONTRIBUTE BOOKS TO KSP

Nurses working at the Skaggs Community Hospital in Branson, Missouri, last month collected and contributed to the prison library almost a hundred books.

The books were brought to the prison by Nurse Billye Maddox, a former resident of Paducah, Kentucky, and a reader of the CASTLE. She made the trip from Missouri by car.

All of the books seemed to be in excellent condition. Most were novels or collections of short stories. A few physiology texts and other non-fiction works were also included. All were books of a sort that should bring hours of reading pleasure to users of the library, and many of them were recent novels that many inmates have been looking for for some time.

Our sincere thanks to the girls at Skaggs Hospital for their generosity, and to Miss Maddox for taking the trouble and expense to bring them to us.

THE COUNTRY WITH NO PRISONS

(Via the MENTOR)

There are no prisons in Greenland -- and the island colony is getting along quite well without them.

Whenever there is an infraction of the law committed, the Greenland legal system provides punishment of an entirely different nature from that of this country: the defendant, upon being found guilty, is sentenced to "education."

Of course, this system has not survived without criticism. It was established in 1954, and for the specific reason of criticism, a social research team has been appointed by the Danish government to examine this island's laws.

(Please turn to next page)

The first report by this group of investigators indicated that Denmark's criminal code should gradually be brought to coincide with that of the Greenland system.

Henning Broendsted, departmental head in the Danish Government's Ministry for Greenland affairs, says that even in the distant past, "emphasis was put on individual treatment, to discover the CAUSE of the crime and to try to remove it."

"It is a curious fact," states the gentleman, "that the 1954 legislation, which rests on ancient Greenland practice, is in agreement with modern thought on penology, which emphasizes rehabilitation."

In effect, sentences are executed this way:

A young juvenile delinquent, recently convicted of theft in Godthaab, Greenland's largest community, was sentenced by the court to become a carpenter.

Another aspect of sentencing felons is that of boarding them out. Eight persons were boarded out to a sheep farmer, who was allowed a sufficient allotment for their living expenses.

Greenland, with its immense Eskimo population, the report pointed out, has an entirely different social atmosphere from that of Denmark. But changes have been occurring constantly since 1950, when the "Eskimo Reserve" was thrown open to the world.

Thus began large-scale industry, trade, and commerce in Greenland, but the change also brought crime.

For generations in Greenland, the emphasis in the law has been on the criminal rather than simple punishment, long before this became popular in more "civilized" countries.

EX-CRIMINALS HELP REFORM FELONS

(Taken from INSIDE BORDENTOWN; Originally published in the NEW YORK TIMES)

LOS ANGELES -- "Criminal Therapy" -- the use of ex-criminals to treat criminals -- is a major breakthrough in criminology, according to Dr. Lewis Yablonsky, criminologist at UCLA.

In an article in the September issue of FEDERAL PROBATION, a leading criminology publication of the Federal Government, Dr. Yablonsky described the important new treatment for criminals.

The technique originated, he pointed out, at Synanon House in Santa Monica, California, a unique self-help community for the rehabilitation of drug addicts. Over the past year, several "graduates" of Synanon have effectively introduced "criminal therapy" at the Federal Prison at Terminal Island, California.

Dr. Yablonsky, who is also Synanon research director, said: "We have found that former addicts with long criminal backgrounds and prison experience often make the most effective therapists for younger addicts and delinquents who have embarked on similar criminal careers. The ex-criminal therapist has 'made the scene' himself. He cannot be 'conned' or outmaneuvered by his patient. He quickly gains the grudging respect of his patient and there is rapport. The result is a communication that penologists and others in authority find difficult to establish with those who, by their criminal background, are defiant of authority."

In this new approach, "being clean" (of drugs, crime and violence) becomes the status symbol, a reverse of the criminal code appears, and any slip back into criminality means great loss of face in the group.

Defeat isn't bitter if you don't swallow it!

Hear CLOSED WORLD on WCBL, 1490, Benton!

CALIFORNIA PRISON ASKS PAROLEES
TO RETURN -- TO GIVE LECTURES

(From the PENDLETON REFLECTOR)

A man going out of prison is just like a diver coming out from the ocean -- you've got to decompress him gradually or he gets the bends.

That's how a prisoner -- a wiry crewcut young man with hornrimmed glasses who edits the Folsom Prison paper -- graphically describes the shift from life in prison to a life of freedom.

California prison officials, searching for better ways to ease prison inmates who have served their terms back into the mainstream of life, are experimenting with a new "decompression" technique at Folsom.

They are bringing back former prisoners who are making good outside to talk to men about to be released.

Warden Robert A. Heinze of the State Prison at Folsom says: "Most people don't realize what a shock it is for a man to leave prison. He is suddenly faced with a hundred decisions that someone else has been making for him. You would be surprised how tough it is for someone who has spent years in prison to go into a restaurant and order a meal."

The authorities try to ease the pressure gradually, starting while the man is still behind bars. They let him earn extra privileges and more independence by showing good behavior. The last decompression stage is parole, which gives the authorities a chance to see if their man is ready for freedom.

Brining successful parolees back to lecture at the prison is the latest wrinkle in the training program that has developed in California prisons over a decade.

"If we tried something like this 12 years ago, everybody would have thought we were off base," says Heinze. "The old idea was to keep the parolees and the inmates apart."

Associate Warden Bill Lawson explained the value of having former inmates talk to prisoners. "You've got to remember that the only direct information the prisoners used to get about parole," he said, "was from the man who failed -- the parole violators who were returned to prison. Every one of these men had a goat to blame for the fact he was back. And nine times out of ten, he would put the blame on the parole officer."

"Bringing back the successful parolee tends to counteract that bad propaganda and show the men that it can be done."

"The parolees tell the men the same things we've been telling them for months, but the difference is that the inmates listen."

Warden Heinze emphasizes that the parolee-lecturers get no beforehand coaching. "If we told one of these fellows what to say, the word would be all over the prison in five minutes and the program would be dead."

However, men who return are carefully screened to be sure they are not potentially dangerous to the security of the prison and to make certain they are men the prisoners can trust.

Two buddies in the state penitentiary heard that research doctors needed prisoners to act as human guinea pigs. Reporting to the infirmary, they were told the experiment was highly dangerous.

"Count me out," said one, and then turned to shake his buddy's hand.

"Don't ever speak to me again," his buddy said. You're a disgrace to the uniform!"

FOOTBALLERS SHOW SPIRIT AND INTEREST THIS SEASON: PROTECTIVE GEAR PROVIDED BY KSP

Four spirited football teams, each one taking first place in the prison league at least once this season, have provided KSP fans with an exciting season of ball.

Currently, Lyons' team is in first place with a win-lose percentage of .563, Brown and Robinson are tied at .500 each, and Brock's team is trailing with a .438 average. It should be noted that only one and a quarter games separate the first and fourth place teams this season.

Although all of the players have shown a high standard of sportsmanship and drive, sports fans point to such players as 45-year-old Dean, McCutchen, Hoffman, Manning, McHenry, Horton, Mitchell, Terry, Nix, and Honbarger as outstanding during the season. Brent, another old-timer at 40, also did a fine job.

Thanks are due to Warden Luther Thomas and Recreation Director Everett Cherry for providing protective helmets for the teams this year. Previously the players had no equipment at all. The teams hope to be provided with more safety equipment for future seasons.

A complete roster of all players this season follows:

No. I -- Lyons, Manager; Brent, Coach

| | | | |
|--------------|-------------|-------------|------------|
| Reno Wilson | Buster Dean | Jared | R. Clymore |
| Gene Lynch | W. Mitchell | Bill Palmer | E. Wiley |
| Everett Ford | A. Wilson | J. Foster | Joe White |
| Ernest Davis | J. Stiles | Mooney | J. Fox |

No. II -- Brown, Manager; Herring, Coach

| | | | |
|-------------|----------|-----------|-----------|
| Terry | J. Smith | Price | Jordon |
| Broghs | Mays | McCarley | Arnett |
| Satterfield | Hampton | W. Martin | Lamarr |
| McHenry | Baldwin | Manning | Cole |
| | | | Albritten |

No. III -- Robinson, Manager; McCutchen, Coach

| | | | |
|-----------|---------|---------|-------|
| Hollowell | Morris | Jackson | Moss |
| McClure | Green | Allen | Evans |
| Anderson | Hoffman | Nelson | Page |

No. IV -- Brock, Manager; Nix, Coach

| | | | |
|-----------|--------|-----------|------------|
| Underwood | Lewis | Taylor | Workman |
| Houtchins | Rido | Johnson | Montgomery |
| Houseman | Wilson | Honbarger | Bynum |
| Horton | Payne | Marthell | McClure |
| | | | Lewis |

THE EDITORIAL SIDE



This is the Christmas issue of our magazine, yet there will be little mention of Christmas in these pages.

To a prisoner, Christmas means getting and giving cards and small gifts. It means a good -- but not home-cooked -- meal, served cafeteria style in a dining room planned to seat the largest number of men in the smallest space, eaten in company with other men wearing the same uniform, the same stigma. It means packages from home, an official gift from the state, carols on the radio, and a deep sense of loneliness in the heart.

But prisoners know, as only prisoners and soldiers and vagabonds can know, that it is not gifts and cards and food and music that make Christmas. If it were, Christmas inside prison walls would be as meaningful as Christmas anywhere. And it is not.

For Christmas is more than anything else the warmth and cheer that comes of sharing a special day with special people, with family and friends. It is a time for the forgetting of the little irritations and quarrels and differences that make up our family and social life during the other days of the year, a time when all men strive to be at peace with others, and with themselves. It is the warm handclasp of friends, the joy on the faces of little children, the radiance shining from the faces of men and women who have rediscovered, for one day in the year, the age old truth that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

What, then, can Christmas mean to prisoners? Perhaps not much. Perhaps only a day that marks the nearing of the end of another futile, wasted year, a day spent in self-pity and resentment, a day in which the loneliness of prison is heightened and made more poignant by the thought of the warmth outside these walls. But it can also be a day of evaluation, a day when we decide what is worthwhile and meaningful in life, and what is not; a day in which we make those quiet little inner changes that mean more than a host of hollow New Year's resolutions.

And it is a time for all of us to wish all of you the very merriest of Christmases!



DILEMMA OF THE PRISON ADMINISTRATOR

By James V. Bennet, Director

Federal Bureau of Prisons

A prison administrator is repeatedly reminded how widely our citizens disagree as to the fundamental purposes of a prison. On the one hand, there are those who accuse him of running country clubs, coddling prisoners, and otherwise removing the sting from the punishment meted out to those miscreants who have at great expense been caught and convicted.

On the other hand are the arm-chair psychologists and amateur criminologists who tell the administrator that the total effect of a prison is to brutalize those persons unfortunate enough to land in one. They say that only the ignorant and untalented would work in a prison, and that behind its walls brutality, apathy, and worse are rampant.

Both charges may be made although the persons making them may never have stepped foot inside a prison. In my thirty years with the Bureau of Prisons, I have learned that a prison administrator does not lack for suggestions on how to run his prison.

Actually, at least as far as many American prisons are concerned, both viewpoints are wrong. The day when brutality was common has long since gone, and the inherent nature of a prison prevents it from becoming a country club.

Make no mistake about it, a prison sentence is tough medicine. It imposes a stigma that will linger with the offender long after he has served his time. It takes a man away from his loved ones for what is now becoming a longer and longer period. Inevitably it enforces monotonously regular hours on him. It confines him to a few acres of land during that period. It clothes him in a

cheap uniform completely lacking in any sartorial elegance. And it deprives him of any normal sex outlet. For most, the latter is more refined torture than the cruelest of corporal punishment.

During the thirty years of my association with prison work I have known of only two men who wanted to be in prison. One was an old man, 83 years of age, friendless, arthritic and crippled, who had been in prison so long that he had lost contact with all friends and relatives. Another was a middle-aged mental incompetent who was so homesick for the Medical Center for Federal Prisoners where he had served two previous sentences that he arranged his recommitment to that institution by the desperate expedient of sending a crude bomb through the mail to a Bureau of Prisons official.

The prison administrator walks the tightrope between softness and harshness by making a prison purposeful and by providing a program of training and constructive work. He can do this only if he can keep the numerical population of the prison within manageable limits and he is not frustrated by short-sighted laws. The prisoner is there to learn the moral values of society and the skills to make him a productive citizen. His mere presence in the prison is punishment enough. The regime he follows there has the higher purpose of salvaging his social usefulness.

To relieve the hardships of a prison which would otherwise become inhuman the prisoner is accorded such privileges as correspondence and visits with his family, weekly movies, a recreation program. Religious instruction is made available and as attractive as possible so that

those inner changes so essential to true reform occur. Then, to appeal to his legitimate aspirations and talents there are the talent shows, the educational and vocational training programs, the prison newspaper, and human relations groups. And modestly paid jobs and productive work are furnished in order to give the prisoner a basis for self-respect, without which rehabilitation programs would founder.

It is not coddling to make a socialized human being out of a criminal. A deliberately punitive prison program would have vastly destructive results on the public welfare. For with the exception of the three or four out of a hundred who die in prison, the rest all come out some day. They come right back into the community, and it is to make this a day filled with hope, not hate, that prison programs should point.

The recognition of this principle does not solve the prison administrator's dilemma. The society he serves, or at least the representatives of that society, do not yet give full support to that principle.

I read in the newspapers the other day that a judge had given a tax accountant a term of 31 years and 31 days on tax fraud charges. As I read the item I wondered what the judge expects us to do with this man when he reaches one of our institutions. His crime, as crimes go in this country, does not warrant a punishment which exceeds that usually given to armed bank robbers. He is educated and has employable skills. He raised a family and kept out of trouble for most of his life, his offense apparently stemming from a temporary lapse in his sense of values.

How, I asked myself, can we be expected to keep hope, drive, and ambition alive in this prisoner over the long years of his sentence? How can we prevent him from hating and attempting to get even with a society that permits such a thing?

Not long ago we had to release a prisoner who had received a term of 98 days for armed bank robbery and he is now on probation. When he left us he was about as unskilled, emotionally unstable, and lacking in social values as when he entered. I sincerely hope that he manages to keep out of trouble; but if he fails, the whole machinery of justice -- the courts and the prisons -- will stand indicted for his failure. As for the prison warden who released this man, I know that he has already experienced a deep sense of frustration. The youngster might have been straightened out more enduringly before he was exposed to further serious temptation. Whether the judge's leniency has truly served the welfare of both this youngster and society remains for the future to determine.

The warden does his best to deal with the problems the individual prisoner poses, even within the limitations of such capricious sentences. But in the meantime he must tend to his knitting. He has to find housing and work for the prisoners who crowd in on him from the courts. He has a plant worth many millions of dollars to run. He has to run a large prison industry, and perhaps an agricultural program that would rank among the largest in Iowa or Kansas. And he must be quick to answer the phone -- it might be a disturbance, an escape, anything.

He really cannot solve his dilemma. Society must do it for him. Society must decide what kind of individual it wants to come out of prison. An unreconstructed rebel, ready to rob another bank? Or a trained mechanic who wants a job in a garage? There is, obviously, but one choice.

-- Via the Penal Press

If at first you don't succeed -- you're running about average!

* * * *

Wise men know more than they tell.
Fools tell more than they know.

THE FIVE DOLLAR BILL

A Short Story By

Wayne Stephenson

Standing before a window of a cheap, run-down hotel was a thin-faced, spare-figured man of middle age, dressed in a dusty drab-colored suit. His hands were ragged and scarred, and there was a cut scar in livid white across one cheek. He was of medium height, neither tall nor short, neither stout nor thin. His complexion was not excessively fair. He had a broad chest, a small waist, and feet of medium size. When he walked it was with a slight stoop. As he stood looking down at the milling crowd below, he seemed generally to be absorbed in thought.

Or was it the shadow of loneliness and despair?

John had checked in at the hotel three days before, after being discharged from the state penitentiary. Now, three days before Christmas, he had fifty-five cents to his name. The people below were hurrying to and fro having a grand time buying presents for their loved ones, but he, he had walked the streets trying to find a job, anything that would hold body and soul together until he could find a better job. But his search had been fruitless. Nobody wanted to hire an unskilled man. Then again, every place he had asked for a job required references from the last job he had held.

"John, if you can give me references from your last job, I believe we can find something for you to do."

"Write the warden of the state penitentiary. I've worked for him these past eight years."

"I'm sorry, John. We'll let you know if anything is open in the next week."

It would go that way, and John would return to his room, trying to collect his wits about him and figure out his next move. He knew he was going to have to do something, for his room rent was up and he had no money except the fifty-five cents left from the five-dollar bill given him when he left prison.

Large snowflakes were falling now, dancing about the window. It was a time to be happy and enjoy the occasion, to celebrate the birth of Christ. But there was no joy in John's heart.

Standing there, he let his mind go back to the past. He was selling papers on the corner of 13th and Greenup Avenue, hurrying home to a warm fire in the fireplace and a loving mother and father who would encourage him in his ambitions. How many times he had said to his parents, "I'm going to save my money and go to college and be a doctor!"

They believed in him and prayed for his dreams to become reality. His mind toyed with all the different jobs and the money he had saved all through high school ... the bank account ... how proud he was when he finished his last year of high school with enough money to pay his way through four years of medical school.

Then one night, a wreck, a man killed, a judge sentencing him to ten years in prison. It all seemed like a dream, a horrible nightmare. John, who had never hurt anyone, a man who had dedicated his life to helping others, now stood condemned, all for one night of carousing and what he thought was a good time.

His mother died soon afterwards, and his father, two years later.

(Please turn to page 12)

LETTER TO A READER

Eddyville Prison
December 15, 1962

Dear Friend,

Recently a friend of mine, a fellow who had served a long term in the institution, left the prison at the expiration of his sentence. I said goodbye to him with the usual mixed feelings -- the sense of loss that everyone, regardless of his situation, feels when he loses a close friend for good, a sort of vicarious happiness that he was returning to freedom and all that it means, and the more selfish emotion of wishing it had been me.

And I wondered if and when he'd be back.

That I wondered about it at all was a judgement in his favor. Most prisoners with any prison experience at all behind them can predict with remarkable accuracy whether or not a given fellow prisoner will stay "on the streets" or return to prison, and they can tell, with a little less accuracy, approximately how long the men marked for failure will remain free. But my friend was a borderline case. It was not that he had joined any of the discussion groups, or attended school, or taken advantage of any of the other activities -- and they are few enough -- that it is possible to offer in a maximum-security institution. He had simply passed his time as most other long-term prisoners do, working at a regular job, eating at specified times, spending his free time in his cell or with a small group of people with whom he felt close enough to talk freely. It was just that he had already served several prison terms, and he was past middle age, a time when the prospect of another long stretch behind bars is most unattractive. He left with no boasts, with little ambition, with nothing, in fact, but a quiet determination to remain free, to live out his remaining years as far away from civilization -- which to him by this time meant police and jails and courts and high stone walls -- as he could get and still earn a modest living. In other words, he had had it.

So he has a slightly better than even chance of staying free.

The man who consciously wants to be in prison is rare; yet once a man is locked up, the odds are he'll keep coming back until he reaches the stage this fellow had reached, as I said in my last letter. There are a number of theories about why this is so, and I suppose I've heard them all at one time or other. Probably there's an element of truth in most of them. But I wonder if it isn't basically a matter of conditioning. From the time we make our first response in life, the response of an indignant wail to the stimulus of the doctor's stinging swat across our newborn backsides, we keep on responding hundreds of times each day, building response on response in such a way that we are at any given time the product of all of them. What I'm trying to say is that the manner in which we face a given situation depends on how we have faced every other situation in life. Isn't this the way so-called "behavior patterns" -- an old-fashioned term for it is character -- are built?

Most people learn fairly early -- and I suppose that parental discipline has a lot to do with it -- to respond to most situations in a far-sighted manner. That is,

we work today, even though the work may be unpleasant, in order that we may have a paycheck tomorrow. We stop eating green apples after a certain point, even though eating green apples may be pleasant, because we know that something unpleasant will happen to us if we don't. We save money now, even though it would be more pleasant to spend it, so that in the future we may have something that will bring us more pleasure.

But other people learn to respond in a near-sighted fashion. Perhaps one man will find alcohol, and the escape it brings, so pleasant now that he will not let the thought of unpleasantness to follow deter him from drinking too much. If he keeps on responding in this way, sooner or later he becomes a confirmed drunkard, and this behavior pattern is so much a part of him he can't break away from it.

Another man will become a chronic spendthrift, choosing the short-range pleasure of spending over the long-range pleasure of saving, and this, too, becomes habitual, becomes a part of the character.

The thief, then, would be another case of near-sighted behavior patterns. He may want to stay out of prison, but when his work becomes onerous, when the bills start piling up, when his business or social life goes wrong, he has an escape too near at hand -- to chuck it all and start stealing again. He knows that he may be caught, but the prospect of punishment is too far in the future to overcome the prospect of an easy way out. It's a pattern he's spent most of his life building up, and it's an extremely difficult one to break away from.

I wonder if this isn't where prisons fail? By the time such a fellow is caught, he has usually racked up enough offenses to put him away for a good long time. So for years, he has no bills to worry about, no paycheck to work for, no decisions to make. Everything he needs to sustain life is provided for him without any effort on his part. Even though prison life is unpleasant in other respects, after the first year or so he has settled into a comfortable routine and the time he is serving becomes only a background unpleasantness. In other words, the process that is supposedly trying to reform him is actually perpetuating the character traits that made him a thief.

But even assuming that some good were served by a very long period of incarceration the very length of the sentence works against reformation. Over the years, a prisoner loses touch with friends, business contacts, even family members. Whatever property he may have owned is gone, and when he leaves prison, he must start all over again from scratch. Because he had no earnings in prison, he has nothing at all to start with except a suit of clothes -- anything from a cheap suit to a set of khakis, and the five dollars handed him at the gate. He must either start his new life in the free world by going into debt from the first day -- or revert to stealing.

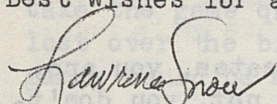
Somehow or other, of course, the ex-prisoner can manage to live until he draws a paycheck, but even so the sheer weight of financial worries may force him back to crime. He won't be earning much money, because his record and his lack of references are going to eliminate him from any of the good-paying jobs for the next few years, until he has built up a good work record and a record of trustworthiness, just as a boy fresh from school must do -- but without the help a boy has.

In the meantime, a normal social life is out of the question. If he marries, it

only means that his responsibilities are doubled -- and remember that he has not been conditioned to accept responsibility. If he has returned to his home area, he is liable to shunning, or even worse, patronization. If he has not, he has the added unpleasantness of being a stranger in a new community. It takes a very strong determination, a very strong character, to stick it out under such circumstances.

I wonder, too, if this isn't the reason the halfway houses have been so successful. The now-famous Reverend Charles Dismas Clark, who established the first halfway house in St. Louis several years ago, has had an astonishing record of success working with what some would call the worst risks among the ex-convicts -- the armed robbers, the safecrackers, the three-and-four-time losers. What does he do? Simply gives them a place to stay when they are released from prison, helps them find a job, helps them "get on their feet" again, and helps them with the myriad problems a released long-termer must face. Helps them to help themselves. A good parole department, given enough money and enough help, could do the same thing, and eliminate much of the recidivism problem. A system whereby inmates could earn and save money toward their release would also help. Long sentences and the complete freedom from responsibility over a period of years won't. Criminal offenders are not built to look far enough in the future to see the end of a 10 or 20 year term.

Best wishes for a happy holiday season.



Lawrence Snow

THE FIVE-DOLLAR BILL (Con't.)

John brought his mind back from the past and, turning away from the window, sat on the bed. His eyes traveled around the room. A dresser, one small stand beside the bed, a cracked mirror, a dirty bathroom, a threadbare rug on the floor. How many men before him had spent a night of hell in this same room? John closed his eyes, trying to escape from the reality of it all, but his mind wandered back again to the past.

He was walking up a long flight of stairs into the administration building. The handcuffs were taken from his wrists and he was a number among a thousand other numbers, and he knew what it was to be in a crowd and be alone. How many times had the thought come into his mind, "a city of dead men?" Dead men who walked, told where to go, what to do, what to eat, when to talk, when to shut up, and when to get up.

For eight years John had cut grass, dug ditches, whitewashed walls, and steps. At last his day of release came. The Warden had called John into his office. He gave him a pep talk and five dollars and told him, "John, you have paid your debt to society. Now go out and make something of your life. I wish you luck."

He turned over now, trying to go to sleep, to forget it all until tomorrow. For he knew what he was going to do when another dawn broke. He knew, and he was fearful of what he had made up his mind to do.

He awoke with the sun streaming into his room from the dirty window. A faint tinkling of bells drifted into his room. He could hear the chimes being played from somewhere downtown. The winds seemed to be carrying the sounds to him, and how long had it been since he had heard anything so beautiful?

Arising, he washed and shaved. Then, taking his billfold from his pocket, he looked for an address he had carried for some time. One of the men he had known back in the joint had given him his address and said, "John, when you get out look me up. Maybe we can do business together."

John knew the kind of business Bill was referring to, for Bill was a skilled craftsman at opening a box -- a safe. John had taken the address, but saying in his own mind that he would make an honest living when he got out.

He finished dressing, went downstairs, gave the key to the clerk, and walked out on the street.

It was a fine, crisp morning, and the people on the streets seemed sickeningly happy and gay to John.

Twenty-one blocks and one hour later, John was knocking at a strange door. He was led through a long hallway and into a large living room, where he was told to wait.

"Man!" he thought, looking around the well-furnished room. "Bill must be doing all right for himself!"

A bloated figure entered the room and moved toward John, who had to squint his eyes to recognize the shape. It was Bill, sixty pounds heavier, his face red and blotched from too much food and liquor.

"Good morning, John. Glad you're out. How's tricks?"

"Not so good, Bill. I've been walking the streets for three days, trying to find a job."

"Sucker! I told you not to worry, to look me up. I can take care of everything," Bill said. "How do you like the layout here?"

"Quite a place, Bill. Must cost you something to keep it up."

"John, I have a job all lined up, and you're just the man I need to stand on pivot for me. We can net a coupla grand from it. Think it over, and I'll get dressed." He left the room.

John did not know where this merry-go-round would end, but he knew no other way out. He had no people, no one who wanted to help him. The odds were a hundred to one he would end up dead or in some penitentiary "doing it all."

Feeling like a man about to jump off a cliff to win a bet, John prepared to accept Bill's offer.

THINKING WITH COURAGE

If you think you're beaten, you are,
If you think you dare not, you don't.
If you'd like to win, but you think
you can't,
It's almost a cinch you won't.

If you think you'll lose, you're lost.
For out of the would we find
Success begins with a fellow's will;
It's all in a state of mind.

If you think you're outclassed, you are.
You've got to think high to rise.
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You ever can win a prize.

Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man,
But soon or late, the man who wins,
Is the one who -- with courage -- thinks
he can.

H. Kawaihae in the PAAHAO PRESS
Hawaii State Penitentiary

Hear the Christmas show on CLOSED WORLD --
broadcast from Eddyville Prison by Radio
Station WCBL, Benton, Kentucky.

THE EXCHANGE PAGE

by Leonard Rule

SENATOR LANDGREBE SUGGESTS 4-POINT PLAN -- Via the ENCOURAGER, Indiana

In an article written for the ENCOURAGER, one of two inmate publications printed in the Indiana State Penitentiary at Michigan City, State Senator Earl F. Landgrebe of Valparaiso presented a four-point plan intended to help solve the nationwide problem of penal overcrowdedness. His four points were: (1) The reawakening of the home, church, and school; (2) Increased rehabilitation facilities in the prisons; (3) Expanded probation and parole systems; (4) Building of more adequate penal institutions.

FOLSOM INMATES SHARPENING UP FOR MARBLE CONTEST -- Via the FOLSOM OBSERVER

California's Folsom Prison, which is to the state penal system as Alcatraz is to the Federal's, is the site of one of the most unusual tournaments on the prison circuit -- a marble tournament! Old timers in the state's maximum-security prison take the game quite seriously, and often many cartons of cigarettes are won and lost over the big marble rings behind these high, bleak walls. "Fudging" in these games could be a dangerous practice!

LARGE PERCENTAGE PLEAD GUILTY IN COOK COUNTY -- Via the PRISON MIRROR

According to the Chicago Tribune, 76 per cent of the persons indicted by the Cook County grand jury during the court year ending in August, 1962, were later convicted. Of 2,851 persons indicted, 1,591 pleaded guilty. Overall, only 9 per cent of all inditees were acquitted outright, but of those contesting their cases, the acquittal rate jumped to 30 per cent.

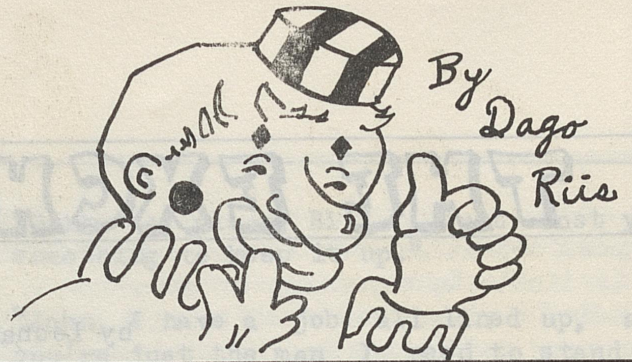
MUSIC DISTRIBUTORS WANT PRISON RECORDING -- Via the WEEKLY PROGRESS

Music distributors have been calling and writing the prison at Marquette, Michigan to find out where they can buy copies of a record made there. The record, entitled "The Lifer," is said to carry a terrific impact on young people who may have been thinking of entering a criminal career. The record, according to the WEEKLY PROGRESS, is available from Longhorn Records of Dallas, Texas.

ALCATRAZ 25TH IN SIZE AMONG FEDERAL PRISONS -- Via the TERMINAL ISLAND NEWS

Alcatraz Prison, the "biggest" of the big houses in reputation, is small in total population, according to the TERMINAL ISLAND NEWS. Of the 30 federal prisons in the nation, Alcatraz with 252 inmates ranks 25th in size. Largest federal prison is Atlanta, with 2,672 prisoners. Total population of the federal prisons, including the National Training School for Boys at Washington, D. C., is 23,507.

TALE TALES



Howard Garrison, who has changed jobs from runner to hospital nurse, now has a freshly-pressed white suit that looks very becoming. Mr. Pritchard said Howard looked better with the little red cowboy boots he wore in Murray when he impersonated Jessie James, however. Howard, did you really wear red cowboy boots?

Gordon Mercer, who is now working in the clothing room with Mr. Parker, must miss his old cell buddy, Chuck "Teddy Bear" Garrett. Says he wishes Chuck would hurry up and foul up at LaGrange so he'd get transferred back here. Why not try burning bread, Gordon?

Gilbert "Red" Gooch and James Phelps have the distinction of having their own personal coffee cups with their names engraved on the side. Sure makes them stuck up, too. You should see them mincing across the shops holding their personal cups of coffee! They call this house of ours a prison. Sure is a misrepresentation of facts! It should be called a menagerie, for we've got a Mule, Goose, Rooster, Roach, Chicken, Milk Cow, Stallion, Pig, Crow, Possum, Dog, Cat, June Bug, Parrot, Camel, Owl, Horse, and a little fat Mouse. We also have two Shotguns, a Jeep, and the one and only Siftu. I should explain that these are all nicknames for the inhabitants of this castle.

Eldred Huskisson, Male nurse, told me never to call him Schnoz again. Said these fish didn't know that for years people called him Schnoz. Well, I most certainly won't mention it to anyone, Schnoz. James "Sniffer" Fultz is at it again. He's opened up a coffee shop with that long tall man from Tennessee, Whitley Hunter. They seem to be doing fine considering they don't sell Brazil-

ian coffee. Rooster Meredith has certainly duped the population selling "genuine" quill pens at a pack apiece. Rooster isn't an ethical businessman, for everyone knows a goose quill is the proper writing implement, and an old Rooster quill drips ink blotches on the paper and generally looks like hen scratches. If you actually desire a real quill pen, I would recommend you see that granddaddy of the gander family, old Goose Watkins. He's located in Four Shop and guarantees each quill to last 25 pages or a new one free.

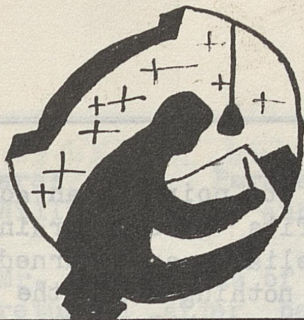
Harold Raymond Pyle, known to one and all by the name of Pete, toils daily in our laundry, industriously laboring at the press to keep our sheets neat and tidy. I have learned from a reliable source that Harold Raymond detests his own name and wants to be called Pete. So boys please don't call Harold Harold, call Harold Pete. Does that make sense?

Say, Gypsy, I just finished counting my pennies, and they came to a grand total of 97. For 97 long days, Gypsy Adams has graciously doled out one little copper piece, which he will continue to do until he goes home. Oh, of course, he grumbles a bit occasionally, and berates the quality of the little brass chain he's paying a penny a day for (rather than pay 35¢ cash). Oh, well, Gyp, old boy, I'm getting short, and when I leave in '70, it'll all be paid for!

Sign posted at the gate of a Canadian nudist colony: "Clothed for the winter."

* * *

Buyer to dealer, looking at small foreign car: "What's it run on, transistors?"



HOSPITAL NEWS -- Anonymous

Many new faces can be seen in and around the hospital these days. The staff has taken on some new help. Wayne Stephenson, who arrived from the Flat Country recently, has taken over the duties of clerk. Donald Mason is filling in as janitor until James Sears gets back. "Little Bit" Garrison has taken Roy Taylor's place as first-aid nurse. Jack Cavender is now working as a janitor.

I am told there are three men at the hospital taking the Dale Carnegie course. It has been reported that the little bitty fellow working in the hospital has been practicing his D. C. on the patients and none of them want to be discharged from the hospital. Is that correct, Roy Teague?

All the men were happy to see the regular officer return to work after being sick for some time. Mr. Hyde had a mild heart attack, but is doing well at present.

I understand the hospital staff will lose one of its most valuable men if the next classification board sees fit to send him to the Flat Country (LaGrange). Eldred Huskisson has been holding down the position of head nurse here at the prison for some three years. I am sure he will be missed by the patients and the staff.

At present there are nine patients in the hospital, two of them permanent patients.

The thing that astonished me was learning the number of pills dispensed by the hospital. There are over 200,000 pills of different nature being given out at

the hospital every three months.

That's it for this time. Later.

FROM THE BAND ROOM -- by Siftu

It's that time of year again, and those who have had occasion to pass the band room lately need no reminding. Included in the last order of sheet music we received were "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer" and "White Christmas." These numbers will help give a holiday flavor to our next regular prison broadcast to be heard over Radio Station WCBL, 1290 kc, in Benton, on the 16th of this month. Broadcast time is 2:00 P. M., so let's give a listen, huh? Both bands will play and there will be a singing group also.

The band is shaping up real nice with plenty of practice and a lot of new orchestrations. We've just received two Count Basie favorites, "Swingin' the Blues" and "One O'Clock Jump." These haven't been played for the fellows yet at this writing, but when they are the men are in for a pleasant surprise. Clark Jones and Otis Montgomery blow some real cool sax solos on these, and Chuck Soules takes a nice break on trombone. Kewpie White and Yours Truly will fill out the sax section, with Sylvester Thomas on first trumpet and Doug Barricklow on second. Rhythm section is Richard Pratt, guitar; Bob Baldwin, bass; and Leroy Hollowell on drums.

And have we discovered a crooner in our midst! Leroy "Skin" Hollowell has been exercising his vocal cords lately, and doesn't sound bad! We might have to find a new drummer.

That's all from the band, so till next time ... play cool notes.

CABINET SHOP REPORT

by Harley Hillyard Shop Officer

November has been a busy month here in the shop. This being our last report for 1962, I will take a few notes from our monthly report. Perhaps this will help you to understand our function better.

Work was performed as follows:

- Repaired chairs in #3 Cellhouse.
- Repaired doors in #5 Cellhouse.
- Repaired and repainted church pews.
- Repainted truck seat for state.
- Repaired chairs for #4 Cellhouse.
- Built stake body for state truck.
- Repaired tables for Officer's Mess.
- Ran lumber for garage.
- Repaired chairs for school.
- Cut props for plumbers.
- Made floats for Construction.
- Re-roofed laundry.
- Repaired desk for record office.

All of these jobs required man hours and an all-out effort on the part of all concerned. Know-how is a must. Training men to do the jobs required takes time.

Here I would like to point to an actual case of the benefits of shop training. One of our most reliable and learned men in this shop knew nothing about the work when he came to us. Jack Ingram was received here in April, 1956. Being from Frenchburg, Kentucky, his outside occupation was mostly concerned with whiskey. I mention this man in earnest. He has worked very hard to learn a trade, and this he has done very well. This man is capable of holding his own with any carpenter today. He is a young man who, with proper guidance and help, could someday become a successful business man.

More of this sort of thing is needed here. I personally believe a man should learn all he can when and where he can, and that he should be given the opportunity to do so.

We extend holiday greetings to all our readers.

-- Harley Hillyard, Shop Officer

GARMENT FACTORY NEWS

Reported by David "Shotgun" Smith

Hello folks, we're back in the CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND news department again after a brief layoff.

During the past few months we have lost several of our men to the free world and to the Flat Country.

Andy Mathews, Albert Hess, and Brad "Chisel Chin" Hargroves have gone home.

Paul Hubbard and Ed O'Brien have been transferred to LaGrange.

We have four new men this month. They

are: Gene Parsley, Herbert Larmore, William Connors and Wayne Doubek.

Mr. Adams, one of our supervisors, has returned after being sick for the past two weeks. We hope that he is feeling better and will be here to keep me working right in the office.

Well, folks, that is about all the news that I can think of at this time. Hope to see you again next month.

Did you know that over 3,100 men have won the Medal of Honor? This is our nation's highest award.

ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

W. G. Doles Shop Officer

Chester E. Cummins of Eddyville was recently appointed Chief Engineer here at the penitentiary by Warden Luther Thomas and to us this is a real blessing. However, Mr. Cummins is by no means a new face to those who have been around the joint any length of time.

Mr. Cummins has worked for the Commonwealth of Kentucky at this institution off and on for the past 14 or 15 years, working as custodial officer on up, but for a good many years he worked as our Assistant Chief Engineer until his recent appointment as the new Chief.

Mr. Cummins has in the very short time that he has been in command made several improvements in this department by the complete remodeling of the old building, which previously looked somewhat like a joint where hop-heads and similar characters hang out doing their two-bit hustling along some old skidrow. But that look and scenery has taken on a complete change through the endeavors of

Chester Cummins.

The Chief Engineer's job is by no means an easy one here in that many times the Chief as well as the other men working in the department sometimes have to work around the clock on emergency jobs which in recent months have occurred quite frequently. And, of course, when these emergency jobs occur we can always depend upon our most dependable Maintenance Officer, Mr. Gary Benton Armstrong, and Murl Johnston, also a newcomer to this department.

While writing this article, I would like to ask all department heads to have patience when in need of repairs, for, believe it or not, we are bombarded daily with from ten to fifty repair requests.

YOUTH'S MISADVENTURE

Youthful spirit, adventurous, bold,
When led by clink of silver, glitter
of gold,
Accounts for many deeds of sinful
daring,
Laughing at thoughts of iron bars
ensnaring.

Oh, but the deed is done ...
The trap is sprung!

Too late for remorse, too late for
repentance.
Youth, hang thy head and wait thy
sentence.
Remember the deeds of sinful daring
And laugh not at thought of iron bars
ensnaring.

-- D. E. S., 1946

One dollar still buys a year's subscription to the CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND -- and anyone may subscribe. Get your subscription started now ... send your money order for a dollar to: CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND, Box 128, Eddyville, Kentucky

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.

SEPTEMBER 21 -- There was no disturbance the night long, save for a new arrival, Cole, No. 2161, and he was not so much a disturbance factor as a pathetic nuisance. He stood by his cell door the entire night and each time the guard made his rounds this convict would protest his imprisonment claiming he is innocent. There is nothing unusual in that claim, for there are few here who admit their guilt. However, I have often thought how terrible it would be if one of these unfortunates were actually innocent and wronged thusly without any way to prove the validity of it. I shudder to contemplate such a thing, though I realize it is not beyond the realm of possibility and the thought disturbs me more than I care to think, calloused as I am to convicts and their ways.

SEPTEMBER 22 -- Talbot, No. 2622, has been overheard in the hospital planning an escape from here. He was operated on yesterday, which will lay him up for a few days at least. I ordered Guard Freeman to keep close watch on Talbot, as he is a dangerous convict and would stop at nothing to make another getaway.

SEPTEMBER 23 -- All was quiet throughout the night save for the new arrival, Cole, who again stood by the door of his cell all night and begged the guard to let him go home as he is innocent. May the Good Lord forbid, but I fear we have another crank on our hands.

SEPTEMBER 24 -- "Silent Slim" Jackson, No. 1314, informed me that he was chalked in for talking to other convicts near his cell. He denies the charge and

pointed a finger at old Abbott, No. 2592, as the guilty one. This may be true as I know Abbott is a gabby old coot and I have had to report him on more than one occasion. I dislike to go over the head of Deputy Millets in a case of this sort, but "Silent Slim" is a taciturn fellow and besides I depend on him for a lot of information I could not get otherwise. I also happen to know that the other convicts avoid talking to him and refuse to have anything to do with him in any way. Therefore, I recommend that he be unchalked.

SEPTEMBER 25 -- Michael Angelo, No. 2958, the most misnamed convict ever to lodge here, threw a slop bucket directly in the face of Guard Crippen. Crazy or not, I fear firm measures must be taken with this maniac. So befouled was the guard that I was obliged to send him home. He had no change of clothing. I only trust this experience will not cause his resignation, for he is a good guard and good guards are hard to find. Yet I doubt not that this affair left a bad taste in his mouth.

SEPTEMBER 28 -- The mule that draws the cart at the coal mine appeared to be sick. I sent for the veterinarian, but he could do nothing for the animal. Convict Lane, No. 1194, who is assigned to care for the mule, appears quite distraught about the illness. On the vet's orders, I issued him some turpentine to be used for doctoring the mule.

SEPTEMBER 29 -- Tonight convict Lane was sick. Upon investigation I discovered that Lane drank most of the turpentine that was to be given to the mule!

DEPUTY WARDEN'S PAGE (Con't.)

As for myself, I don't know any children who are guilty of this type of carrying-on. Other parents leave their children at home and go out and throw a big cocktail party, and if the children happen to slip out and go to a picture show or ball game, they are accused of being delinquents.

I am not trying to make the statement that all children do everything right. I do not think it can be expected of them until they have been taught what is right and what is wrong, and if they are not taught right from wrong, then I think it is the parents' fault, 100 per cent. In my experience in dealing with children of the 20th Century, I find them to be very bright and intelligent and way above the adults, with a lot more character and morals.

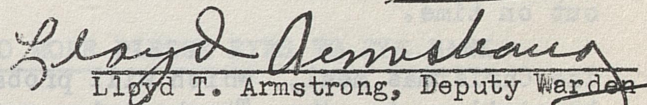
There is one more question that I would like to ask the adults who are always kicking up so much sand about the children: If you had been a child in the modern day with the conveniences provided for the children, what kind of delinquent would you have been? Speaking for myself, when I was in my teens, if I had had automobiles, highways, and the money that some children are permitted to have now, I'm afraid my mother and father would have had a problem child. However we can all rear back in our easy chairs and say, "Well, those days are gone for me. I am now a good citizen." Well, of course, that is only our opinion whether we are good citizens or not.

We might as well be honest. The whole truth is that we got so old it forced us to become good citizens and now all we have to do is sit around and criticise some child who is blowing off a little excess energy, or envy some teenage boy or girl who is driving a new car instead of riding a mule as we did.

I think it is time for us adults to examine ourselves and figure out what part

of us are phonies and also figure out what part of us are real people like our children. I am sure that after we complete our examination, if we will be honest with ourselves for one time in our life, we will find a bigger percentage of children who are real people than we will find in the adults.

I expect to receive some criticism from this letter. In fact, I hope I do. But I want to say again and make it very clear: I am on the side of the children because I prefer good honest people rather than a bunch of phonies.


Lloyd T. Armstrong, Deputy Warden

LATE NEWS

HOLIDAY SEASON HITS KSP

You have to look closely to find it, but the holiday spirit is to be found in the Kentucky State Penitentiary, too.

One of the signs is the sudden increase in the number and size of the packages coming through the mail room. Any inmate in good standing may receive one package a month throughout the year, with certain restrictions. But during the Christmas season, the restrictions, both on the number of packages and on some normally prohibited items, are off.

Another sure sign is the increased activity on the part of the institution bands, which begin rehearsing Christmas music and special numbers for the holiday variety show.

Still another is a certain wistful look that comes on the faces of many inmates about this time of year.

THE KITCHEN MAKES THE BIG CONTRIBUTION - Biggest news of the season is always food, and that means the kitchen, under the supervision of Chief Stewart Henry

Griffin, is a mighty busy place this time of year.

To prepare the Thanksgiving meal last month, which included such items as turkey, dressing, cranberry sauce, rolls, potatoes, giblet gravy, and sweet-potato pie, Mr. Griffin himself put in some 35 hours work with only about an hour and a half for sleep. The cooks and bakers, many of whom gave up football games and other spare-time activities to cook for us, put in almost equally long hours, and they also had the job of fighting the shortage of ovens and other equipment in an effort to get the big meal out on time.

The Christmas meal, which will probably be similar to the Thanksgiving spread except that chicken may be substituted for the turkey, will require a similar effort, and our thanks are due all these fellows for their labors. Apparently a number of men have already expressed their appreciation. Stewart Griffin told us that a record number of compliments came in on the Thanksgiving meal.

CARDS AND CHRISTMAS EXTRAS -- Christmas cards, according to Joseph Ruppel, manager of the inmate commissary, will be available at the canteen again this year and they may be sent to a reasonable number of persons, regardless of whether or not they are on your mailing list. Only writing that may appear on the cards, of course, is your signature. Some special items may also be available for purchase this year.

HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENT -- By the time the magazine is out, at least one outside group of entertainers -- the Valley Mountain Boys, an area TV country-music group -- will have come into the institution to entertain the inmates. But some home-grown entertainment is on tap, too. Plans for the all-inmate variety show are being kept hush-hush, but it is known that several comedy skits will be given. Dancing, too, will probably be featured, if past variety shows are any

indication. Both bands -- the Rhythm Kings, the prison's swing band, and the as yet unnamed hillbilly band -- will provide the music. Clark Jones of the Rhythm Kings has been working hard getting the show organized, and we'll have the names of the other participants in the next issue.

The Kentucky State Penitentiary wrestling team provided some welcome entertainment with a series of Thanksgiving Day wrestling matches last month. Rudy Jones, David "Cow" Cupps, June Bug, Buck Penn, Ronald Tipton, "Tippy" Foster, and the prison's one-legged wrestler, Crip Delaney, were on the card. Crow, an inmate with outside refereeing experience, officiated.

OFFICIAL CONTRIBUTIONS -- Besides the holiday menus, the state will contribute a couple of trimmed and decorated Christmas trees to be set in the mess-hall. The prison's artists, including of course the Cabinet Shop's Ted Lewis, will no doubt be busy painting other messhall banners and decorations. There will also be an official Christmas gift to each inmate. In previous years this has been a one-dollar canteen ticket. No announcement has been made, however, on what the gift will be this year.

Already, we have had a sampling of several holiday packages, including one of the tastiest fruitcakes we have ever eaten and some fine Italian cheese and pepperoni, compliments of two of our friends. By the time Christmas is over, beltlines -- not only in the magazine office, but all over the hill -- will have expanded, the waste barrels will be full of wrappings and empty sacks, and stomachs will have a hard time getting used to non-holiday fare again. But there's one traditional aspect of the Christmas-New-Year's holiday scene that won't be present in here -- there won't be a single hangover on the hill!

Q. What's the penalty for bigamy?

A. Two mothers-in-law.

INMATES ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT DALE CARNEGIE

Inmates enrolled in KSP's first Dale Carnegie course glow with enthusiasm when they talk about the doings at the weekly sessions held in the prison chapel.

Purpose of the course is to develop self-confidence and poise in business and social situations, and part of the instruction consists in delivering at least two brief, off-the-cuff talks before the classes each Sunday. Other aspects of the work entail memory work and Carnegie's famous rules for "winning friends and influencing people." According to student reports, some men who had never thought of talking before a group are delivering their addresses with gusto and ease after only three or four sessions.

The course, which costs the inmates and the state absolutely nothing, is instructed by Dale Carnegie graduates from this area. Permanent graduate instructors for the first cycle are C. C. Miller and Joe Brooks Prince, both of the Benton area, but guest instructors -- including Don Flenar, Don Deffendall, Jim Lindsay, Jim Rudd and Gene Cook -- come in from Indiana and Illinois as well as Kentucky. These men are apparently the Carnegie Institute's best advertisements, for the men speak in glowing terms of their instructors as well as of the course.

The current cycle, the success of which will determine if further instruction is offered, is scheduled to last for 14 weeks. The sessions, held every Sunday, last from noon to 4:30.

Most students make it a point to apply the lessons they learn in the sessions. One piece of advice, however, has had to be rejected. To work up to a properly enthusiastic frame of mind in the mornings, advised one instructor, the men should jump out of bed and shout at the

top of their lungs, "I feel like a ball of fire!"

This is not the way to win good time and influence cellblock officers!

Winners of Dale Carnegie pencil-awards so far have been: Norman Sanders, Dale Flatt, Joe Paulhus, Clarence Underwood and Jackie Payne, Achievement; Clarence Underwood, John Parks, Otis Montgomery and James Smith, Best Speech; and Black Eye Patterson, Roy Teague, Booker T. Seats and Dick Oliver, Most Improved.

TWO MORE PLEDGE EYES TO EYE BANK

Two more inmates, Norman Sanders and William Conners, last month pledged their eyes to the Lions Eye Bank in Louisville, bringing the total number of pledges from the prison to 53. The "campaign" to collect eye pledges began when a condemned inmate, John Brown, Jr., pledged his own eyes and urged the men, through this magazine, to pledge theirs. The two pledges collected last month have been the first in recent months.

"Pledging" of eyes means simply that permission is given (in this case, to the Lions Eye Bank) to remove the donor's eyes after death. The eyes, which must be removed within a few hours of death, are used to restore the sight of persons stricken with certain forms of blindness, and to aid medical research into eye diseases. There is no cost to either the donor or the blind recipient of the eyes, and removal of the eyes makes no difference in the body's appearance. Donors receive a pocket card which states their donation and authorizes the Eye Bank to remove the eyes.

Anyone wishing to pledge his eyes may see the editor in the magazine office or on the yard. It costs you absolutely nothing to pledge, so why not do it now?

KENTUCKY STATE PENITENTIARY STATISTICS
(November 1-30)

| | |
|------------------------|-------|
| Escapes | 3 |
| Death Row | 8 |
| Admitted by Commitment | 19 |
| Transfers from KSR | 0 |
| Transfers to KSR | 0 |
| Released by Expiration | 19 |
| Released by Parole | 18 |
| Released by Death | 0 |
| Total Population | 1124 |
| High Number | 24115 |
| Low Number | 5240 |

MOVIES FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS

| | |
|-------------|--|
| December 14 | BLUE HAWAII Elvis Presley and Joan Blackman: Mus. |
| December 21 | SMOKE SIGNAL Dana Andrews and Piper Laurie: West. |
| December 28 | VISIT TO A SMALL PLANET: Jerry Lewis & Joan Blackman: Com. |
| January 4 | WOMEN LIKE SATAN Type and stars not confirmed |
| January 11 | MUSIC BOX KID Ronald Foster and Luana Patten: Drama |

CLOSED WORLD BROADCASTS

December 16 and 30; January 13. All
at 2:00 pm on WCBL, Benton. Dial 1290

THE LAST WORD

We didn't have room to include it this month, but a weightlifter, Benny Strunk, wrote us a letter concerning one of the librarians. Said he'd seen this particular fellow standing in an empty chapel waving his arms in great agitation and talking at the top of his lungs. Well, it's not an uncommon sight these days. The Dale Carnegie course has gotten well underway, and enrollees are kept pretty busy finding private places in which to practice their speeches. Which brings up an interesting question -- why is it always so much more embarrassing to rehearse a speech before an audience of two friends than it is actually to stand up before a roomful of people and deliver it?

Speaking of interesting questions, know who the convicts root for in the movies? You're wrong -- we root for the good guys just like everybody else. Hollywood villains are just too villainous, even for us.

Kentucky State Penitentiary is unique among maximum-security prisons in having a swimming pool, but it is probably also the only walled prison in the country where the inmates can watch the leaves turning in autumn and kids sliding down hill on sleds in winter. The reason is that the walls are in some places actually lower than the yard, which is located on top of a hill. This also makes it possible for us to keep up on the latest car models, for what it's worth.

For you inmates who want to send the CASTLE home, remember that a CPO for a dollar, given to the Chief Clerk or to the editors, will buy you a year's subscription. You can also use change to pay for it, but please don't give it to me -- the temptation to go south with it would be a little too much!