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Castle ON THE Cumberland

A Penal Press Publication

July 15, 1962

"This, too, shall pass"



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Castle ON THE Cumberlandiana

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DEPUTY WARDEN'S PAGE



We regret that we will not have a Deputy Warden's Page for you this month. Mr. Armstrong has just returned from a vacation and a trip to the Wardens' Convention in Nebraska. Since a deputy warden's work is never done, Mr. Armstrong's work has piled up in his absence.

We have received many comments on Mr. Armstrong's column in the last months. We wish to assure our readers that his column will reappear as usual in next month's CASTLE.

LATE NOTE:

I wish to apologize for not having time to write my section for the magazine this month, but I have been away from the prison quite a bit on vacation and on business in other states. My work has piled up considerably and I am busy trying to find the top of my desk again. However, I will make every effort to continue with my page in the next issue, and I do appreciate the Editor's making my apology for me. I think he did a very fine job. I also think that all the writers of this magazine have done a good job in the past and will do a better job in the future.

Before closing, I would like to say that I have had two teen-age nieces visiting me from Arizona. They toured the prison late one afternoon and they made some very nice comments on our flowers and the upkeep of the yard and buildings compared with the Arizona State Penitentiary.

One other thing I discovered is that when a man gets to be 49 years old, it is almost impossible for him to keep up with two teen-agers. I am still recuperating from a trip I took to the Smokey Mountains with my nieces!

Lloyd T. Armstrong
Lloyd T. Armstrong, Deputy Warden

CASTLE NEWS

ELEVEN INMATES GRADUATE FROM 8TH GRADE: PLAN TO GIVE EQUIVA- LENCY HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMAS TOLD

Ceremonies were held at the prison's gymnasium-school last month for eleven inmates who had completed 8th-grade training during the past semester. Two guest speakers, both well-known Kentucky educators, were on hand.

The rites were opened by Warden Luther Thomas and Assistant Education Director William Egbert. Warden Thomas took occasion to congratulate the teachers on their work, saying, "You are working to help others, the most important thing that can be accomplished at this institution."

J. Matt Sparkman, a teacher for almost two decades and presently dean of students at Murray State College, spoke next on the program. He urged the graduating class to go on with their education, through formal training if possible, but on their own if necessary. It was then that he announced that a plan was underway which would allow deserving inmates to earn a high-school diploma through equivalency testing.

W. Z. Carter, Director of Education for the Department of Corrections, corroborated Mr. Sparkman's statement when his turn came to speak.

"Ninety-nine percent of you," he said, "are someday going back to society. Society may not be too friendly toward you -- they sent you here. But we want you to go back as men society can accept."

He then went into further detail concerning the equivalency program. He said the tests would be tough, a long hard examination. He said that he would have to be satisfied the inmate stood a chance of passing the test before he let him take it. But anyone who succeeded in completing the examination satisfactorily would be awarded a high-school diploma.

Following Mr. Carter's speech, Warden Thomas handed out the diplomas and Chaplain Jagers gave the benediction.

Graduates this semester were Dennis Burgess, John Clark, Jr., Vernon Callo-way, John Cook, Leroy Ellis, Bobby Hope, James Marthall, Will Martin, Charles Renfrow, James Tinsley, and Donald Vickers.

CORRECTIONAL WORKER URGES PAROLE CLINICS

According to Maurice Floch, clinical psychologist at the Detroit House of Correction, mental health clinics for parolees would help them to effect a satisfactory adjustment to community life, says FEDERAL PROBATION.

Floch, a veteran of 16 years in penal work, says he believes mental hygiene is rarely possible in the highly restrictive environment of a prison, and that the efficacy of treatment cannot be checked and tested until the inmate leaves for parole. He is convinced that many offenders suffer from emotional problems and conflicts that cry for treatment.

Establishing such a clinic, says Floch, "... would tend not only to reduce the number of parole violators, but would insure a more successful adjustment to community life than has been possible."

DEPUTY ARMSTRONG ATTENDS PENAL MEET

Lloyd T. Armstrong, Deputy Warden of the Kentucky State Penitentiary and a penal worker of 16 years' experience, left his desk briefly last month to fly to a warden's convention in Lincoln, Nebraska.

The meeting was scheduled to last for the greater part of a week.

Reformer's Motto: NO thyself!

(reprint)

NEW LEATHER SALESROOM OPENED;
LEATHERMEN HAPPY WITH PRICES

Leather craftsmen may now buy their supplies directly from the canteen instead of ordering it from outside firms, according to commissary officials, and a new leather salesroom has been opened in the building that formerly housed the clothing room.

Two benefits will be realized by the leatherworkers under the new policy. First, prices will be lower. The canteen buys in volume and adds a slight markup, absorbing the freight charges and other expenses rather than adding it to the cost of the leather. Also, prices paid the leatherworkers for the portion of their product sold through the state leatherstand have been raised for most items.

"It's as fair a deal as we've had since I've been here," commented one craftsman. "And you can quote me on that."

The leather salesroom will be open on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Fridays for the convenience of inmates who wish to purchase leather and supplies. The canteen will be open seven days a week as usual.

Profits from the canteen, from leather sales, and from the state sale of finished goods go into the inmate welfare fund, and it is said that Warden Thomas plans to use the fund to buy more dentures, glasses, and recreation equipment. New gloves for the baseball team have already been ordered, and it is said that new musical instruments are being ordered for the band.

In the canteen itself, say Canteen Manager Joseph Ruppell and Assistant Manager Guy Lowery, several regular items have been reduced in price, and an effort is being made to bring prices down generally.

Inmates James Lewis and Frank Brown are also employed in the canteen.

"BOX SCORE" ON EYE PLEDGES

Pledges to the Lions Eye Bank were raised to a total of 51 during the month of June when five more men signed pledge cards.

Men who pledge eyes simply agree to leave their eyes at death to the eye bank to be used for research or for the replacement of defective corneas in blind persons. The campaign to "collect" pledges was begun here when condemned prisoner John Brown, Jr. left his own eyes to the bank.

Men who pledged last month were:

Richard Doutrick
Lawrence Haney
William Wallace Owens
Charles A. Peak
Bill Burton

Inmates are again reminded that pledge cards are available at the CASTLE office, below the cookshack.

CONS ADDRESS SALK FOUNDATION ENVELOPES

KSP inmate volunteers addressed some 25,000 envelopes last month for the Salk Foundation.

The envelopes, containing appeals for contributions to the Foundation, were sent to Paducah area residents.

More than 20 inmates took part in the work.

R&R GROUP ENTERTAINS KSP INMATES

The Thunderbirds, a rock and roll music group from Hopkinsville, donated an afternoon of their time and talent to the inmates of the Kentucky State Penitentiary last month.

The Thunderbirds play at night clubs and other public gathering places in this end of the state.

A large crowd turned out for the show.

LEATHERSHOP ACTIVITY PICKS UP

Walk through the doors of KSP's small leathershop and you find yourself in an atmosphere of intense activity. Here mallets pound and swivel knives fly over pieces of freshly-cut leather as 46 highly skilled inmates turn out the beautifully tooled leathergoods for which convicts have long been famous. Sturdy wooden benches, cluttered with tools and hides, crowd the floor, and the aroma of dyes and new leather hangs over the shop. The scene contrasts vividly with the slow tempo of life throughout the rest of the prison.

One of the reasons for the immense amount of industry is that the leatherworkers are self-employed. They buy their own leather and tools, and their profits are their own. Yet the work they do benefits the entire institution directly or indirectly.

Almost no one in the shop does a start-to-finish job on a leather product. One man may cut the leather, taking pains to get the maximum possible number of purse or billfold pieces from each hide. Another may carve in the designs and do the background stamping. Still another will dye and paint the leather, and a fourth man may lace it. Since the lacing and carving operations can be carried on in the cells, almost all of this work is done by men not assigned to the shop. Not a few inmates earn tobacco money in this way, men who would otherwise have to do without.

The finished products are among the world's finest examples of leather craftsmanship. Each man takes pride in his skill, and makes sure that only the best materials and work go into the product under his name. Often, leatherworkers specialize to a great degree, not only in the kind of work they do, but in the product they turn out. One man, for example, turns out nothing but holsters and belts. Another makes hand-carved bowling bags, and still another

produces briefcases and purses of the finest quality. Billfolds, belts, key-cases, watch-chains, and pocket-protectors are among other popular items produced by the shop.

Once the product is completed, it may be sold directly to the consumer by mail, or through the state-owned leatherstand across the road from the prison. Still a third market is the inmates who do not themselves work leather, but who have friends or relatives in the state to whom they may send leather to be sold. These men often buy leather goods at quantity prices, ship them home, and realize a tidy profit on their transaction. Thus a number of men are able to save money for their release date or send money home to their dependents. At least one inmate "broker" has put hundreds of dollars into charity in this manner.

We talked for a while with Mr. Bridges, the leathershop officer. A genial man whose appearance belies his 60 years, Mr. Bridges has been in the shop only since May. During the four years he has worked here, however, he has been employed in virtually every department of the prison except the school. A native of Cadiz, Kentucky, he owns several acres of woodland there, and just recently he and his wife completed a new home on the property.

Mr. Bridges, we discovered, is an ex-carpenter and cabinet-maker, forty years married and the father of a daughter who has given him two grandsons. For a year he operated the cabinet shop inside the walls here. During our talk he said that he had always found the inmates surprisingly easy to get along with, "a nice bunch of fellows," in his words. He is a veteran of both the navy (World War I) and the army (following World War II).

Mr. Bridges told us about Herb Brubaker's new gold-stamping machine, an innovation in the leathershop, and we

walked over to Herb's stand to see it. Herb, an old timer here and an ex-restauranteer on the streets, told us about the machine over a cup of coffee.

With the machine, any combination of letters and emblems can be stamped onto any leather product in 23-carat gold. At the moment, Herb has some 15 service-club and fraternal emblems and a complete set of type, with several more emblems and type-fonts on the way. The stamping machine should add quite a bit to the appearance of the goods that leave the institution. Herb, by the way, plans to specialize in bowling bags.

Business seems to be on the upswing for the leathermen. Peak season, of course, is Christmas. From before December to late in January, the leather craftsmen are kept jumping to turn out a deluge of orders from inmates wishing to send gifts home and from regular customers on the outside, as well as those who buy from the state leatherstand. After that, business slows down to a crawl until the summer season opens. Tourists and weekenders seeking the coolness of the nearby river and lakes account for much of the trade received at the prison stand then. Profits from the state stand, of course, are put into the inmate welfare fund after sales taxes have been deducted. Craftsmen mailing orders to personal customers also pay state taxes. Thus even the state treasury is swelled by inmate crafts.

"DINNER MUSIC" PROVIDED FOR INMATES

Inmates were surprised last month by the appearance of the prison band on the hill above the messhall during the noon chow call.

The band plays into a public address system while the inmates file into the messhall. It also plays during the meal and while the men leave the dining hall.

CASTLE SUBSCRIPTIONS --- \$1.00 a year!

UK STUDENTS, BOOKSTORE, OFFICIALS, CONTRIBUTE MORE BOOKS TO LIBRARY

Last month another large shipment of books contributed to the prison library arrived at the Castle.

Many of the books were left at the University of Kentucky's Campus Bookstore in a special box provided by store manager James Morris. Others were contributed by the bookstore itself, while Mr. Harvey Sherer and others of the University contributed from their own libraries.

The books are all of wide general interest. Many of them are textbooks on the college and high-school level. Others are anthologies and books of fiction. All are worth having in any library.

Our thanks to all of these fine people at the University. Their books will be widely read and enjoyed here.

Donated books may be sent in care of the Chaplain.

OP INMATES REWARDED BY KISS

Inmates assigned to the chapel at the Ohio Penitentiary can count themselves the luckiest men in prison since the visit to the prison of starlet Signe Hasso.

According to the OP NEWS, inmate publication of the prison, Miss Hasso was visiting the prison when chapel clerk Matt Rycombel presented her with a song written by him and Nasir Hafiz, another inmate of the prison. Rycombel has already had one song published.

Miss Hasso was so overwhelmed at the gift that she gave each member of the chapel staff a hug and a kiss. Each, that is, except for Father C. Valerian Lucier, the Catholic Chaplain. "His cigar was too formidable," explained Miss Hasso.

THE EDITORIAL SIDE

I don't know how it got started, but there seems to be an idea going around that prisons exist to rehabilitate criminal offenders. Even judges and legislators, who should know better, seem to have been influenced by the rumor.

Well, all of this reminds me of the time I worked on what Californians call an apple "ranch." The apples that grew there were mostly big and ripe and juicy, but occasionally there were bad apples, too. The bad apples, of course, were segregated in a barrel of their own.

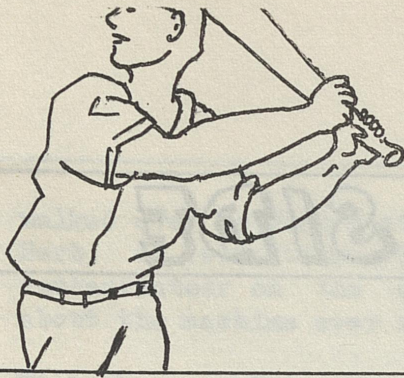
Now, the owner of the ranch was a practical man. He watched his costs carefully, and he couldn't afford to throw apples away, even bad apples. But he certainly didn't expect that segregation of bad apples would reclaim them for him. On the contrary, he knew that the apples would just get more rotten in the segregation barrel. So as soon as each barrel was full, he rushed it off to the cider mill where the apples were processed, changing them from worthless rotten apples into valuable apple nectar.

People aren't apples, of course, but it is a fact that you can't expect human "bad apples" to become a bit better when you put them in the prison "barrel" with other rotten fruit. Like literal apples, they just get worse. And worse. And worse. Something further is needed if human apples are to be reclaimed. They need to be got out of the barrel as quickly as possible, to be "put through the mill," to have the rotting process stopped and the process of reclamation begun.

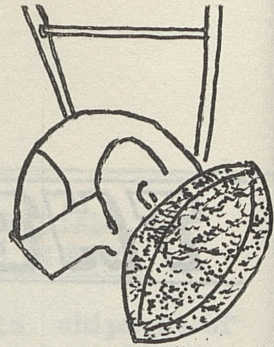
Now, prisons don't do this. In fact, prisons cannot do this because it is not their job. Legally, prisons exist for the sole purpose of segregating and punishing offenders, which is just exactly what they do.

If prisons were allowed to turn prisoners over to an adequate parole system as soon as they were ready for it, regardless of their sentence or crime, and if some process of reformation were available in prison and on parole, then it could be said that a prison sentence at least brings the offender into contact with a reformation process. But imprisonment in itself never reformed anyone.

Now, anyone who sets out to revise human personalities is faced with a difficult job -- one that can't be handled by half-measures and compromises. And the idea of long inflexible sentences and the idea of reformation of criminals simply cannot be mixed. There is no workable compromise between them. Yet so many people seem to be saying, "Sure, go ahead and reform the crooks -- but keep them locked up out of harm's way, too!" John Q. Public, an inconsistent fellow at best, wants his revenge and reformation too. And maybe that's why the United States leads the world in the number of persons imprisoned in proportion to population. And in crime. And in crime costs!



SPORTS REPORT



Billy Howell, Sports Editor

This year the league went kaput, so we have no baseball games with outside teams. There have been several intramural games, however, and here are the standings to date:

TEAM STANDINGS

Bradford	10	4	714
Evans	7	6	539
Lynn	7	6	539
Lamar	7	6	539
Davis	4	7	364
Hayden	3	8	273

PITCHERS' RECORDS

Buchanan	2	0	1000
Baldwin	2	0	1000
Shepard	1	0	1000
Meredith	3	1	750
Tipton	5	2	714
Dennis	2	1	667
Lynn	3	2	600
Hall	3	2	600
Crockett	4	3	571
Hicks	1	1	500
Herring	1	1	500
Wadsworth	1	1	500
Davis, E.	4	5	444
Evans	2	3	400
Bailey	2	3	400
Greer	0	1	0
Page	0	1	0
Harris	0	1	0
Hayden	0	4	0
Hobson	0	1	0

BATTERS' RECORDS

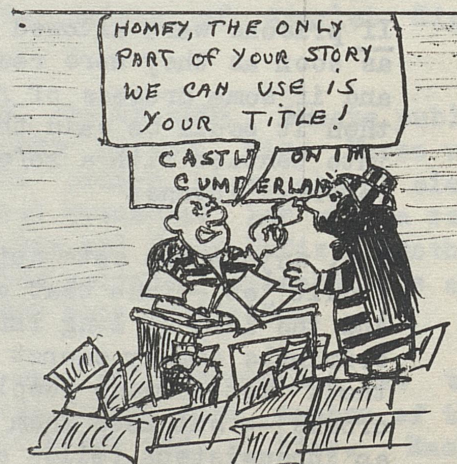
At Bat 12 Times or More:

	AB	H	PCT
McCutcheon	22	12	540
Buchanan	20	11	524
Lewis, Lips	34	16	471
Wadsworth	22	10	455
Lynn	27	12	444
Stiles	39	17	436

Meriwether	28	12	429
Burton	24	10	417
Davis, E.	22	9	409
Scruggs	31	12	387
Hall	22	8	364
Morris	36	13	361
Lamar	30	10	333
Robinson, H.	15	5	333
Robinson, G.	18	6	333
Dennis	12	4	333
Hollowell	31	10	323
Lewis, J.	22	7	318
Newton	22	7	318
Hayden	19	6	316
Johnson	35	11	314
Troutman	35	11	314
Manning	16	5	313
Crafton	37	11	297
Shepard	18	5	278
Mooney	22	6	273
Beal	15	4	267
Taylor	23	6	261
Bailey	31	8	261
Green	16	4	259
Tipton	30	7	233
Meredith	45	10	222
Brent	41	9	220
Greer	15	3	200
Baldwin	31	6	194
Harris	37	7	189
Clapp	16	3	188
Maitland	28	5	179
Hampton	34	6	176
Hickman	23	4	174
Evans	34	4	174
Steel	34	5	167
Hicks	25	4	160
Viers	25	4	160
Martin	25	4	160
Marshall	17	2	118
Crockett	31	3	097
Tooley	14	1	071
Ford	33	2	061

At Bat 11 Times or Less:

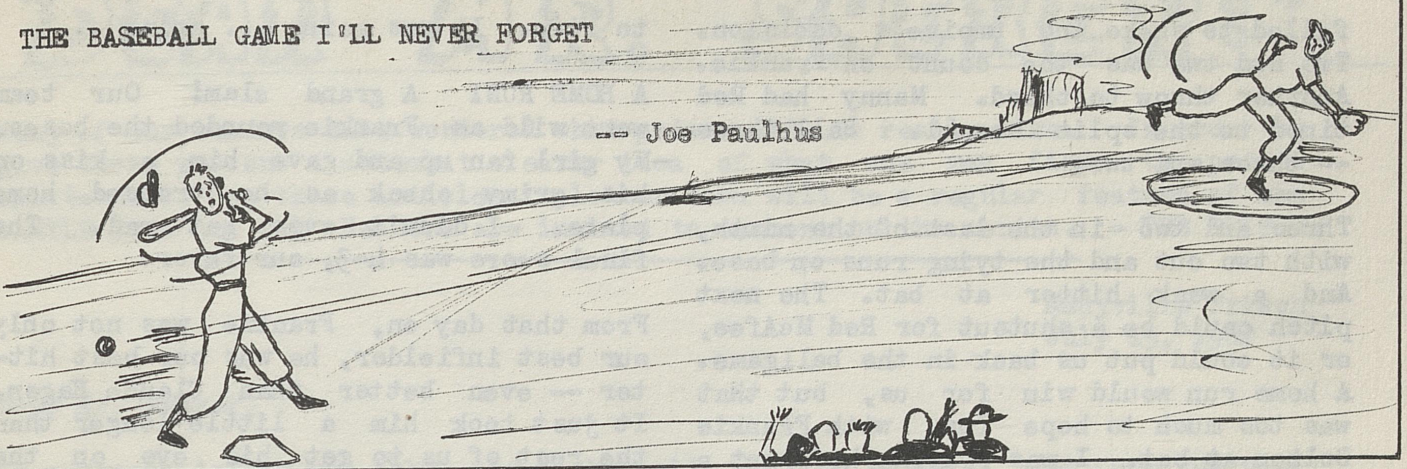
Page	5	4	800
Ridley	8	5	625
Watson	7	4	571
Bynum	10	5	500
Burk	8	4	500
Mitchell	2	1	500
Lynch	11	5	455
Allen	6	2	333
Cook	6	2	333
Addison	3	1	333
Sanders	10	3	300
McClure	10	3	300
Dixon	11	3	273
Shepard	4	1	250
Grill	4	1	250
Hobson	9	2	222
Willis	9	2	222
Watkins	5	1	200
White	5	1	200
Price	10	2	200
Leachman	5	1	200
O'Hara	6	1	167



Adapted from BACH in the LOUISVILLE TIMES

THE BASEBALL GAME I'LL NEVER FORGET

-- Joe Paulhus



There's no game in the world that can match baseball for sheer suspense, tension, and drama. Proof of this was dramatically illustrated one day in the spring of '42, in a game I'll never forget.

It was a sandlot game. Not a player was over seventeen, but a scrappier lot of young wildcats would have been hard to find. I seriously doubt if the local authorities would have wanted to find any.

The game developed into a pitcher's duel between our team's Lefty Sanders and our opponents Red McAfee. Both pitchers hurled scoreless ball for eight innings. The game was interrupted briefly in the sixth, when Bob Martin, our center fielder, was called out on a close play at second. Bob didn't like it. Umpire Willie Evans called time, and they slug-ged it out. Willie "justified" his decision and the game continued.

Our opponents scored three times in the ninth before Lefty retired the side. It was our last chance. Manny Gleason was up first, and singled out on a Texas Leaguer ... taking second on a long fly to left field. Ray Parker struck out. Two outs. Then Red McAfee walked two in a row and Manny advanced to third -- bases loaded. Our hopes soared, only to crash to the ground as Frankie Bolton stepped up to the plate. Frankie was the weakest batter on the team.

I'd known Frankie Bolton since the day he was weaned. I remember our first effort at playing ball. The bat was a broomstick, the ball was made of thread unraveled from dis-cared socks, and the bases were piles of cow chips in a cow-pasture diamond. Every day after school little Frankie would be tagging along at my heels. "C'mon, let's play ball. Aw, c'mon!" And off we'd go to the cow pasture.

Frankie was our shortstop, and the balls that got ny him were rare indeed. But he just couldn't seem to get his eye on the ball. We had no pinch-hitter. Just a nine-man team.

Frankie dug in. The first pitch was high and inside around his shoulders for ball one. The next pitch was a called strike. Manny Gleason took a dangerous lead off third in an effort to distract the pitcher. If he could cause Red to walk Frankie, that would end Red's shut-out and bring up our leadoff man, Claude Hagen, who was a batter to reckon with every time he stepped to the plate.

Red whirled and Manny made a running dive for third. It was close. Manny took another lead, almost, but not quite, as far as before. The next pitch was ball two. Again Manny forced a throw to third. The next pitch was a called strike. We put up an argument about that one, but, as usual, argument
(Please turn to next page)

failed to shake the umpire's decision. Two and two was the count on Frankie. Another throw to third. Manny had Red timed to the split second. Ball three -- three and two.

Three and two in the last of the ninth, with two out and the tying runs on base. And a weak hitter at bat. The next pitch could be a shutout for Red McAfee, or it could put us back in the ballgame. A home run would win for us, but that was too much to hope for, with Frankie Bolton at bat. I was praying he'd get a walk. Claude Hagen on deck.

"Look 'em over good, Frankie!" I shouted. There was no doubt in anyone's mind what Claude Hagen would do if he ever got up to bat. Claude was due ...

The next pitch! A foul tip on the screen behind the catcher. Red got a new ball. He went into the stretch. This is it! A hard-hit foul along the third-base line. Manny crossed home plate before he knew it was a foul. Another long foul, this one over the left-field fence. The youthful spectators were suddenly transformed into howling maniacs. Another long foul! I've never seen anything like it before or since. I said to myself, "maybe," following each pitch with the eyes of a hawk.

"Come on, Frankie! Don't let those East End tramps shut the Timber Wolves out!"

"Shutout! Shutout! Shutout!"

"Home run, Frankie, home run!"

Another foul down the third-base line!

Suddenly, I got a feeling. Frankie dug in. The windup. The pitch ...

CRACK!

It was a high fly to center. The center fielder moved back. The ball continued

to rise. It was going ... going ...

A HOME RUN! A grand slam! Our team went wild as Frankie rounded the bases. My girl ran up and gave him a kiss on his grimy cheek as he crossed home plate. I didn't even get mad. The final score was 4-3, our favor.

From that day on, Frankie was not only our best infielder, he was our best hitter -- even better than Claude Hagen. It just took him a little longer than the rest of us to get his eye on the ball and a little confidence in himself. I've often wondered whatever became of Frankie Bolton. I suppose, like most of us grown-up juvenile delinquents, he's probably doing time somewhere.

But that's one game I'll never forget!

DID HISTORY REPEAT ON JULY FOURTH?
(A WORLD BOOK Release)

American colonists were simply taking a page out of English history when they declared their independence on July 4, 1776.

Many of the ideas contained in the Declaration of Independence had been used by the English to justify their own revolution of 1688, explains World Book Encyclopedia.

"The Glorious Revolution," as the English called it, sent James II fleeing to France and brought to the throne William and Mary. It also resulted in a bill of rights that reads suspiciously like the forerunner of the American Declaration.

The "Self-Evident Truths" and "unalienable rights" noted in the Declaration, for example, recall the "true, ancient, and indubitable rights" of the English document. Both complained about taxes, although for different reasons, and condemned the maintenance of a standing army.

"DEAR MR. SHERER:"

Many of our readers have wondered what prison life is really like. In order to give these persons a somewhat clearer idea of what one man finds the prison existence to be, these articles in letter form will be a regular feature of the CASTLE from now on. Readers are invited to comment on the series. - THE EDITOR

Eddyville Prison
July 15, 1962

Dear Mr. Sherer,

In a recent letter you asked about the cells we live in here, and from the tone of your letter I assume that you already have a picture of a prison cell in mind. Let's see if I can describe that cell for you.

It has, first of all, thick stone or concrete walls, a high ceiling, and a barred front. Two steel bunks are suspended from one wall by chains. In the rear of the cell, set very high in the ceiling, is a small barred window. Two burly inmates share the cell. They wear stripes, and they pass their time marking off the days on a calendar or digging tunnels under the lower bunk.

Is that the picture you had in mind? It probably isn't, but it's at least the picture most professional cartoonists draw when they want to do a convict cartoon. And like most stereotypes, it contains an element of truth. My own cell is a fairly high-ceilinged rectangle with concrete walls, and it does have a barred front. There is a single steel bunk, bolted, not chained, to the wall. But there is also a rough wooden table and a stool, and a metal shelf high on the wall for books, and the necessary plumbing fixtures. A scarf covers the table. An ash tray, some pipes, tobacco, toiletries, and an empty tobacco can filled with pencils, pens, needles, and other miscellaneous items cover the scarf. Another scarf hangs across the front of the table, concealing a low shelf on which my clothes -- two spare blue-denim uniforms, handkerchieves, socks, and underwear -- are stacked. From the light fixture at the front to the shelf at the rear, a leather cord is strung to hold my towels and, on washdays, my socks. A broom stands in one corner.

And that's it. Except for the window, which is reasonably large and at waist level. It overlooks the compound, which is actually the crest of the hill on which the prison sits, and the view isn't quite as bleak as you might think. There are flowers here and there, and grass, and a few trees, and the chapel, in addition to the stone cellblocks and the asphalt drives of the prison. At night, lights flood the compound, and occasionally a spotlight from one of the gun towers sweeps the yard and casts a pattern of bars on the wall.

Now if you can imagine the cell I have described, imagine 28 of these cells in a row, each opening onto a corridor about 6 feet wide, and each facing, across the corridor, another cell exactly like it, and you will have some idea of one "walk" or "range" or division of the cellblock I happen to live in. And that is the physical side of prison "home" life.

-- Please turn to next page --

Fiction and Articles

Because each cell is about 6 feet wide by 10 feet deep, about the size of a bathroom in an average home; and because for some two thirds of each day it serves as living room, study, and bedroom, life in a prison cell must sound a little cramped. Well, it is -- at first.

But only at first. Because after they get used to it, many convicts find that the cell takes on some of the aspects of a refuge. And to understand that, you must understand another aspect of prison life, the fact that a prisoner must learn to live with the same faces day in and day out, under rather crowded conditions. There is no such thing as change or privacy in a prison, but the cell at least permits a degree of physical separation between individuals, which in turn permits a degree of mental separation. That's not antisocial, I think, but a human need. (Yet how many "free" persons, with infinite opportunities to get off to themselves when they wish, realize how important it is?)

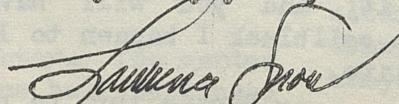
And I think Thoreau wouldn't have minded our kind of home life so much, even though there's no Walden Pond here, since 60 square feet of space enforces a large degree of freedom from "things." And because no one around us has much in the way of "things," we're content with very little. The only status symbol in here is a portable TV set, which I'm happy to do without, or a radio or a gold watch. Thoreau's "warmth and shelter" are furnished by the state; aside from that, a little tobacco, a few books, and once in a while enough money to buy a change of diet in the prison canteen, are enough to make us as happy as it is possible to be. Ranch houses, block-long automobiles, and Fiberglas boats mean little to us now.

Are you a psychologist, Mr. Sherer? If you are, I imagine you're reading all sorts of things into this letter, and to a point you're right. Armies and prison do provide a certain security -- a refuge from the rat-race of installment payments and status symbols. It may even be that the famous "death wish" invented by Freud and Menninger is mostly a wish to escape from the responsibilities and insecurities of the kind of life so many men lead today. It may even be that this is one reason so many men return to prison. But I think it's not as simple as that.

And so far, I've made prison sound like some sort of monastic idyl, and it isn't that at all. If we're cut off from the materialistic side of outside life, and from the responsibilities and worries that go with it, we're also cut off from two very important things that free people can enjoy if they choose (they don't always choose). The first is the freedom to live as a responsible, thinking individual. The second is love and all that the word means.

That's why we don't mark the days off the calendar. We try to forget the calendar. Sometimes we even have to stop and think for a moment to remember what year it is, and if we don't think about what we're saying, we're apt to say, "I did so-and-so last year," when by "last year" we mean the year before we came to prison. In a peculiar way, life seems to cease when we enter prison.

Very truly yours,


Lawrence Snow

EXCHANGE PAGE

By

Leonard

Rule

The KILBY SUN, Alabama

Welcome to the circuit, Mssrs. Heyrock & Miranda. Your paper makes a welcome addition to our reading list. We hope you'll find room for features and fiction soon, too.

The ENCHANTED NEWS, New Mexico

Congratulations on a superb anniversary issue. Artist Baker has captured the feel of the Southwest on his cover. Always enjoy Point's "Word Wise," and James Church Isted's novelette reads good.

OWENSBORO C. C. BULLETIN, KY

Thanks for the plug. We enjoy receiving your bulletin, even if you're not members of the Penal Press!

OP NEWS, Columbus, Ohio

We think your news coverage is excellent, and we especially agreed with the last paragraph of your editorial.

The ECHO, Texas

We appreciated your "Birth of Penal Press" insert. Its history was interesting to us.

The HORIZON, Penna.

Theodore R. Blackson's poem, "Who Is There to Challenge?", is handsomely phrased and conveys its message well. We were interested in Herman Johnson's article about the SIG meeting. "Something to Think About," by Walter Kulman was well worth reading.

The MENTOR, Mass.

These articles we particularly liked: "Is Murder Expunged Through Emulation?" by James Schowern, and "Important Reconstruction" by Walter J. Faherty.

The PRESIDIO, Iowa

Your May editorial was impressive, at least partly because it reflects some of our own thinking. The Landek article also provided much food for thought.

OUR PAPER, Mass.

To the oldest continuous penal publication from one of the newst: What's the secret of your longevity? Keep it coming!



Meet The PRISONERS

MEET THE PRISONERS is a regular feature of this magazine designed both to give credit where credit is due, and to allow our outside readers the opportunity to meet those prisoners who have distinguished themselves by their efforts for themselves or for others; who have interesting trades or hobbies, or who have accomplished unusual things. Anyone wishing to nominate a prisoner may do so simply by contacting the editor on the yard or at the CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND office.

LEONARD RULE -- It's not especially unusual to find a 17-year-old in prison, but it is unusual to find one with as much horse-sense and perception as Leonard Rule seems to have.

Blessed with an I.Q. in the brilliant range, Leonard was attending the 11th grade and planning to go on to college when his education was interrupted by his arrest at the age of 16. It was the first time he had been in trouble, but he ended up with a 21-year sentence to the state penitentiary.

To an adolescent boy, 21 years must seem like a lifetime. Most 16-year-olds would have been not a little discouraged at such harsh punishment. But Leonard took the setback philosophically. Taking the blame squarely on his own shoulders, he determined not to let a serious mistake stand in his way.

His first move was to go on with his education, for he still plans to go to college whenever he is released. Studying journalism on his own, Leonard soon enrolled in a correspondence school in order to win his high-school diploma. So far, his grades have been straight A's, and the diploma is within sight.

During the past month Leonard, a transplanted Chicagoan who has lived in Kentucky most of his life, secured permission to work and study in the editorial office of the CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND. Quiet and serious-minded, his pleasant personality and willingness to work have been a real blessing to us. In fact, his work has been so good that his name appears in this

FITZHUGH BURRELL -- Born in Alabama 50 years ago, Fitzhugh Burrell has led something of a full life in the free world. Married in 1937, he is the father of two children, a boy, 27, and a girl, 29. The son of a minister father and a schoolteacher mother, he served as a deacon in his church from 1934 to 1940, and worked with the L&N Railroad during the same period. In the service, he was attached to the Army Aviation Engineers as a tech sergeant, serving during World War II in Europe and Africa. In 1952, he received a life sentence to this prison, his first fall. Since coming here, Burrell has not been inactive. He worked in the kitchen for some time, and he has been active in religious work in the chapel and in the colored shop. His friends there are legion, for he is a generous person.

It is in religious work that Burrell shines, however. He serves as educational advisor and moderator of an inmate Christian group, and often preaches in extra-curricular religious meetings at the chapel. Those who have heard him say he is a polished and fiery speaker.

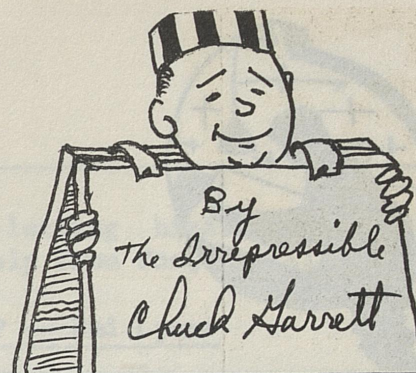
When he leaves prison, Burrell plans to follow the ministry and rear his orphaned nephews and nieces. He came to Kentucky in 1934.

month's issue as associate editor.

Twenty-one years is a long time, and no one can predict what effect years of imprisonment will have on a young man. But we sincerely believe that Leonard Rule will come out on top.

TALK TALKS

And a
few facts



Another month has slipped slowly away, a few new ones have slipped in, and a few old ones have slipped out. Frank Slade, who has been here since the Year One, is awaiting approval of papers to Illinois. Joe Manz is waiting on his approval to New Jersey. Joe's pet saying, by the way, is "Yankee, go home!"

Garfield Green, Leroy Terry, Jr., Charles Butler, Eugene Ferguson, and William Watson have come back home after short sojourns in the Free World.

Kenny, what was it you wanted me to say about Bob and Larry? Jerry Black resembles a young whale in a bathtub when he goes swimming in our pool. James Hampton has left Three Shop and gone to work as our local movie operator. Joe White gave up his paints and brushes for a job in the Receiver's Office. Bobby Pierce is the lad with the sexiest pockets in the joint. Floyd Sims is ready for the bricks, if he can get a minor charge in Louisville filed away. Roy Teague has deserted the Hospital for the clerk's job in the Deputy's office.

HELP WANTED: For five months now Harvey Green, 31, and a native of Louisville, has been a free man -- technically. Harvey made parole in January, but he can't go home until he gets a job. He's worked as a janitor, caretaker, farm hand, deliveryman, and laborer, and he says he's ready to make someone a good hand if he can ever get a chance to prove it. If you know where this lad can find work, you might drop him a line in care of the state penitentiary.

Donald Carrico conned Cuneo and Tucker into helping him cut the grass on the hospital lawn. After 15 minutes Don was sitting under a tree and the two frogs were out in the hot sun pushing the mow-

ers. Shades of Tom Sawyer! How did you do it, Don?

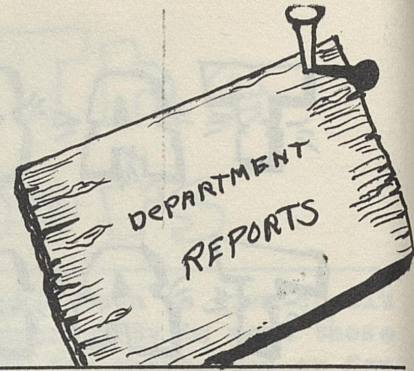
Song Number One on the Mountain is "Bushrod Has Not Gone, He's Only A-Sleepin'." Donald Vickers has finally gotten his 8th-grade diploma -- after four and a half years. Congratulations, Don! Doug Barricklow is toiling away in the record office since turning in his trumpet. My next door neighbor, Dalton Satterly, got a Dear John from his wife. Said Dalton, "I got a Dear John and my name is Dalton. This broad can't even remember my right name!"

Sam "Burrhead" is sweating out the September parole board. If he makes it, he's St. Louis bound. Roy Taylor meets with the Big Three next week. If he gets a deferment, he'll end up in the hospital as a patient! Saw my little fat friend, Buck Penn, down on the wall telling Pete Pyle all his troubles. Lighten up, Buck. Pete can't help you!

The bus from the Flat Country made its visit and brought back some familiar faces. Carl Ferrell, Lindsey Spaulding, J. B. Hooper, James Fultz, Freddie Ballard, Ed Napier, and John W. Lucas were a few of the old timers who came home.

We were going to let up on Dago Riis in this month's column, but he's made news again. The Dark One has purchased the watchmaking room in Four Shop and he's taken his tools, his watches, and his couterie with him. What a guy! But he is one of the best watchmakers in this prison, so if your old turnip goes hay-wire, remember where to go. If you can't remember, Dago will tell you.

Money isn't everything?



ONE SHOP -- Mose Parker

All right, lads, stand tall and caper! This month I'm going to review the rank and file, so turn to.

Mustache and Sam, dress it down. These two men, along with myself, are trash hustlers ... I mean sanitary engineers! We, with truck in tow, roll seven days a week mud or blood. Our laundry tag stenciled "Slophouse" makes it clear that our position isn't the cleanest, but we flatly refuse to be called garbage jerks!

Speaking of positions, James Ware is one of the few men in our shop holding a professional status. He is instructing the newly-formed typing class. Congratulations, James.

Cecil, help "Pop" Brown up from the floor. Pop is 82 years young, which may explain why he's on the floor. I said parade rest and Pop thought I said rest. These two gentlemen share a common joy. They and seven others will be among the unfortunates who have to pay their own bills and appease mothers-in-law by press-time.

S. S. Collins, front and center. This is the bugle boy replacement. As yet he hasn't reached perfection, so if you hear any strange sounds around chow time, you had better head for the bean-ery.

I believe Henry Wilson and Billy Joe have release in mind when they sing, "What's Your Name?" with that faraway look. In case I'm correct, here's a word of warning, lovers. If when you make the scene and reach the porch, there is a strange feminine creature framed in the doorway, Jack, you had

better ask directions, because you have the wrong house.

That's it, wrapped, tied, and just left. You may stand easy.

Until next month -- Peace!

GARMENT FACTORY NEWS -- Shotgun Smith

Hello, folks. Here we are back again this month with another bit of news from the garment factory.

The boys from the paint detail have been with us for the greater part of the past month, and they've really made the garment factory a pleasant place to work. They have completely painted the inside of our plant and my hideaway in the office.

We have a new man with us this month, Willie G. Moran. He was working with the paint detail here in the garment factory, and he liked our company so well that he asked for a transfer to our department. We're sure glad to have you with us, Willie, and I hope you'll like working with us.

We have almost finished our work for this fiscal year, and we're looking forward to the next one.

Cecil "Hawgjaw" Boggs finally has a job to suit his intelligence: carrying garments from one sewing machine to another on our production line.

Robert Cockrell is anxiously awaiting an answer from the courts on his sentence. He seems to think they'll turn him out on the streets to rob people's garbage

Department Reports

cans again. You're out of luck, Bob; they're putting locks on them now!



BAND REPORT

by

Brother-in-Law

Well, here I am again, trying to keep everyone in on the know about the swing band. I was talking to Chuck Soules, the leader of the band, and I asked him about the members and the music they play. He tells me the music is arranged by Jerry "Siftu" Bogden and himself. He said Jerry was coming on fine and had learned all he knows about music since coming here. But we know that's not true, because Jerry worked the hillbilly circuit outside. Keep up the good work on the tenor sax, Jerry.

C. White, who plays lead on alto sax, is reading very well and keeps a cool tune. Otis Montgomery, who's been playing tenor sax for only two years now, is turning out some fine solos. And those are the reeds in the band.

Sylvester is first trumpet with Barricklow backing him up, and Sylvester, who played outside too, takes all the solos. Barricklow has a smooth tone; he's coming along fine. Before coming here he blew trumpet, but couldn't read. Chuck Soules comes next on the trombone. Chuck won't say much about himself, but they say he used to be with Artie Shaw in the 30's.

In the string section, Jack on rhythm guitar and Pratt on bass, are doing great. Jack played before coming here, and Pratt, who is learning bass, used to play guitar. He's doing fine.

Leroy on the drums is making excellent progress, but he's trying too hard and

has trouble letting himself go. But, with some help from Joe, he'll make it.

CABINET SHOP -- Bud Lyons

The progress made in the Cabinet Shop during the last month speaks for Mr. Hillyard's ability to handle his new job. He has a knack of getting more work done with less manhours being expended, which is shown by the fact that the work is now flying out twice as fast as before. Since being assigned the Cabinet Shop, he has re-opened departments that have been shut down for some time. The upholstery department is one of these, and certainly a much-needed one. He has brought John Fields back to handle this department. Since returning to upholstery, John has been a one-man gang. He has reupholstered from 3 to 6 chairs daily, which is quite a feat for any man. We also have a wood carver among us now, Alvin "The Wop" Lucas. What that Wop can't do on wood, Rembrandt couldn't do on canvas.

DEPARTMENTAL PROGRESS -- Along with our regular work of cabinet-making and re-finishing, we also lend a hand to several other departments here in the institution, such as the Engineering Department and the construction details. If you need a carpenter, call the Cabinet Shop. We're always at your disposal. In the past month, Joe Goff and Jack Ingram helped with the construction and remodeling of the Dental Office and Lab at the hospital. The word here is it's a job well done. The construction work being done at the truck scale and scale-house is under the capable hand of Marcus Wright. This guy works all over the place. I don't know whether or not he is assigned to this department, but we'll take credit for him since we get as many calls for his assistance as anyone.

Here may I mention our little Indian, Stanley Porter, who, along with his many other jobs, keeps pace with Mr. Holloman, the construction boss, in

Department Reports

gathering form lumber and whatever else must be processed here before being used. Stanley is assigned here, but he's also on call for other departments. Kenneth Etherton and the gang in the refinishing department were kept busy during the month of May. They built and refinished 75 chairs for the Chapel. This was in addition to their usual work in refinishing furniture for the Kentucky State Parks.

AROUND THE SHOP -- Roy Carter, one of our janitors, just received his new store teeth. Not a happier face can be found anywhere. We have a new face in the refinishing department, one Charles "Molly" Vaught. I asked where this man came from and was told he just wandered in like a stray pup and Mr. Hillyard put him to work. That smiling face in the spray department belongs to Junior Pence. His work in spraying furniture is a mark of one of our many improvements. Credit for finding him goes to Mr. Hillyard.

No article would be complete without mentioning Ted Lewis. Ted is our sign painter, and if it weren't for Ted and his signs, we wouldn't know where or when to go.

In conclusion, let's everyone remember that there is a coffee shop in the Cabinet Shop, and it's in dire need of cash customers. Come on, fellows, give Lyons a play!

NO HOLDS BARRED

When it comes to doing for others, some people stop at nothing!

-- READER'S DIGEST --

To be occupied with what does not concern you is worse than doing nothing.

-- Penal Press --

HOSPITAL NEWS -- Chuck Garrett

The sick-call line and the dentist's line are run each morning immediately after breakfast. All emergencies are taken care of as they arise, but minor complaints should be cared for at sick call.

The pill window is open from 5:30 AM until 8:00 AM; from 11:00 AM until 12:00 noon; and from 3:00 PM until 4:30 PM.

After a month of hard work and confusion, the back ward has been converted into the dental office and lab. The plumbers who did the work are too numerous to name, but William "Kilowatt Kid" Nevitt and his aides, Creighton Wright and George McCamish and Larry Kirby took care of the painting. Thank you, fellows, and I sincerely hope your services will not be needed again in the immediate future.

All of you yaps who get offended when you come up to the hospital porch and say "give me this or that" and then have a fit when you're refused, take notice: it is forbidden to give any medication through the bars. You must come into the first-aid room for treatment.

Joe Morton, the hospital janitor, is always losing one of the garbage cans. Joe, how can you misplace anything as large as that?

Eldred Huskisson, one of the nurses, can usually be found -- when he's not working, of course -- visiting Denzil the Barber and Billy Witherspoon.

Jim Sears is frantically searching for a year's lost good-time. If he finds it, he's short for the bricks. Roy Taylor is sweating out the August Parole board. What are you going to do with those holders, Roy?

And that's about it for this month.

Poetry

Chronology of Human Bondage

-- Lawrence Snow

Once darkies were subjugated, made to serve white masters;
They were taken from their jungle homes to be transported
Across the Atlantic on boats that stank
Of human sweat and excreta and misery, and
When they reached the shores of Virginia, they were sold
To the highest bidder, and made his property, to
Be worked, or beaten, or used, or even killed, at his whim.
And men said the Negro had lost his freedom ...

And he had.

And six millenia before that, a new civilization sprang up
On the banks of the Nile.
It was a specialized culture, and as such demanded a ruler;
So pharaohs grew powerful and enslaved their subjects --
And were in turn enslaved by the priesthood.
And men said the Egyptian had lost his freedom ...

And he had.

And sometime between these two darkest eras of human bondage,
Man made prisons, and Man stole, and was
Put into them; and men said the thief had thrown away
his freedom ...

And he had.

But men became sated with putting other men into prison,
And they began to build each his own little prison.
The prisons were wall to wall and back to back,
And each depended for its existence upon all the other prisons.
The walls were built of bricks made from the clay of Main Street;
The bars were rolled of inhibition iron; the locks were fashioned
Of bigot steel. And the keys, stamped from an alloy of
largemindedness
And tolerance, mixed with education and independent thought ...

Were lost.

And men began to say, "I'd like to ... but what would people
think?"
And once in a while, not often, a man would ask himself
If perhaps he had thrown away his own freedom ...

And he had.

NIGHTKEEPER'S REPORT 1885 ~

EDITOR'S NOTE: "Nightkeeper's Report 1885" 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.

DECEMBER 30 -- At about 10 o'clock I came upon Lewis, No. 2640, hollering "Crazy, Crazy," in a lugubrious tone which soon provoked a lot of noise from the other convicts. Those near to Lewis cheered him on by clapping their hands and jumping up and down in their cells. I have chalked the following men in their cells: Wilson, No. 2123; Hartley, No. 2441; McCoy, No. 1749; and Carson, No. 2649. The latter two were not positively seen participating in the noise, but I believe them guilty nevertheless. Outside of this the prison has been quiet.

DECEMBER 31 -- With the physician in attendance the six men reported in the last few days were given a few bats with the strap. The four troublemakers of last night were given ten bats, while Farmington and Caswell were given five bats. All were ordered to serve a few days in solitary confinement. The punishment meted out to these convicts seems to have a beneficial effect, as there has been no trouble during the night past. I fear that the convicts will raise plenty of trouble tomorrow night, it being New Year's. Warden: I wish to extend my sincere wishes for a happy New Year.

JANUARY 1 -- The prison has been quiet and orderly tonight, except that as the clock struck midnight, there were a few faint cheers in the West Wing. Stewart, No. 978, thought he was going to die of a heart disease tonight. He insisted that I call the physician, and when I refused, he got quite wordy about it. I checked on him early this morning and he is still living.

Anything learned with pleasure is learned with good measure

JANUARY 2 -- The prison has been exceptionally quiet tonight. Guard McKenny did not report for work again tonight. This is the fourth day running that he has not worked.

REPORTS FOR 3rd-27TH MISSING FROM FILES.

JANUARY 28 -- The night has passed away quietly and peacefully within the prison. No. 3072, Yearly, was taken with hemorrhage of the lungs about 9 PM. I was obliged to send for Dr. Crosby. He was not at his rooms, but came presently. Two other convicts, Boyle and Jinoski, however, succeeded in stopping the bleeding before the doctor arrived. The patient had to sit up most of the night, his cell door being left open so the guards could attend to him occasionally. Other than this there is nothing to report.

JANUARY 29 -- Everything in the prison was very quiet until about 2 PM, when Cole, No. 3079, broke out and forced the West Wing into an uproar with raving and cursing convicts. The burden of Clote's complaint seems to be that he is locked up all the time. I wonder if it would not be well to try him at some work.

JANUARY 30 -- Everyone in the prison has been quiet and orderly except the chronic crank, Caswell. Swearing that his brother was in the next cell, he kept screaming that if he could only get at him and choke him, he would be satisfied. We got Burns, No. 3177, the convict with fits, put to bed at 9 O'Clock. He was very weak and could hardly stand alone. He slept soundly the rest of the night.

STOLEN WIT & HUMOR

Purloined by -- Leonard Rule

"Have you heard about the woman who had a baby that was part animal?"

"No, how's that?"

"It had a dear face and a bare tail!"

Small boy to friend: "Well, I know all the facts of life, but I don't know if they're true!"

-- Chon Day in the SATURDAY
EVENING POST --

Ad in the Salt Lake City TRIBUNE: "Get a lot for a box top! Hillside, 2 level, with a stream. Just send cap from unopened fifth of Old Crow together with \$2500."

-- The READER'S DIGEST --

A fellow was having his first date with a new girl. Things were going along pretty well, as they rode along in his car, when she turned to him and coyly asked: "Do you want to see where I was operated on."

"Why ... uh ... sure!" He replied.

"Well, all right," said the girl. "The hospital's just two blocks from here!"

-- The DPESTER

Changeable women are more endurable than monotonous ones. They are sometimes murdered but seldom deserted.

-- G. B. Shaw --

In a discussion on college education, Eugene Wilson, dean of admissions at Amherst, remarked, "We don't need any more well-rounded people. We have too many now. A well-rounded person is like a ball; he rolls in the first direction he is pushed. We need more square people who won't roll when they are pushed."

-- The TEXAS OUTLOOK --

The larger the island of knowledge, the longer the shore line of wonder.

-- Ralph Sockman in the READERS DIGEST.

Everything in the world was against me, it seemed. I lost my job and I was a stranger in the community -- except for the friendly postman. I poured out my troubles to him, saying with self-pity and resignation, "You can't fit a square peg into a round hole."

"That's true," he said thoughtfully. "But you can always reshape the peg."

The advice hit home. I did just that.

-- Herb Stone in LIFE IN THESE
UNITED STATES

A backwoods cracker, the soles of whose feet had been toughened by a lifetime of shoelessness, was standing in front of his cabin fireplace one day when his wife addressed him.

"Bettah move you' foot a mite, Paw. You're standing on a live coal."

"Which foot, Maw?" replied the farmer.

SORRY ... WE'RE LATE

The CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND, which usually appears on the 15th of the month, will be late getting to you this month.

The delay was caused by a delayed shipment of paper. We hope to be more prompt in the future.

FOURTH OF JULY MENU

- Barbequed Pork & Mutton w/ Sauce
- Potato Salad Fried Squash
- Creamed Corn Cole Slaw
- Green Beans Radishes
- Onions Jello
- Bread Lemonade

BOTTOMLESS PIT!

The federal budget speaks in terms of billions. But how much is a billion dollars? If a man stood over a big hole in the ground and dropped in a \$20 bill once every minute, day and night, it would take him 95 years to throw a billion dollars into the hole. (UPI)

HEAR

CLOSED WORLD

Kentucky's only radio program broadcast directly from a penal institution!

CLOSED WORLD ... a full half hour of en-

tertainment and interviews from inside the Kentucky State Penitentiary on WCBL,

Benton ... dial 1290.

PRISON POPULATION SOARING IN U. S.

The United States has more people in prison in proportion to population than any other country in the world, says Federal Prison Director James V. Bennett. According to Bennett, there are 120 adult prisoners in the United States for every 100,000 of the general civilian population, a record "that cannot be matched anywhere else in the world. It is a fact we cannot be proud of. We must do all we can to get rid of it."

Bennett urged several remedies, the most important being that courts stop sending offenders to prison unnecessarily. "Major surgery," says Bennett, "ought not to be used to clear up a pimple."

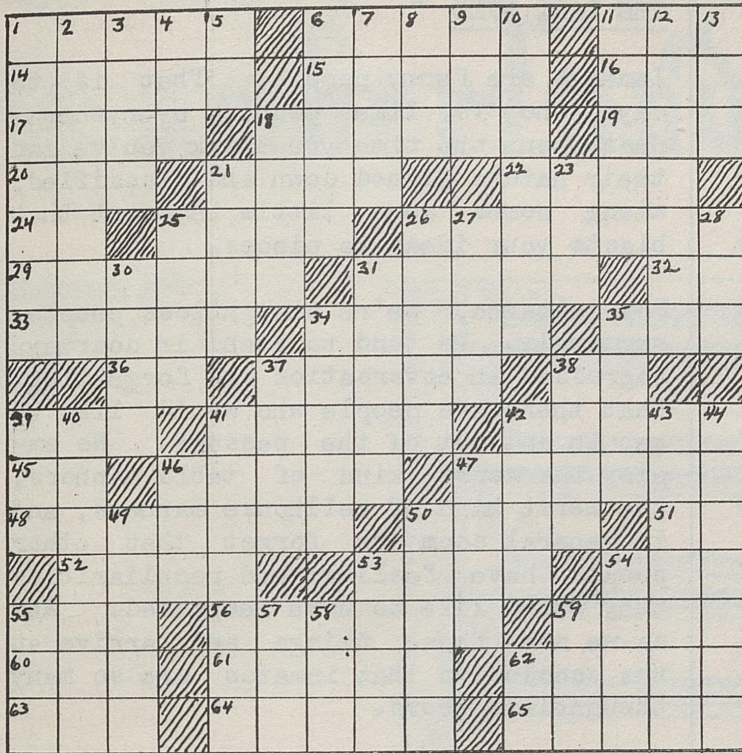
Bennett also said the judges should keep in mind the limitations of the institutions to which they send offenders. "In a recent survey," he said, "we found that there are only 32 full-time psychiatrists employed in all the state institutions for adult offenders. Fifteen of the 32 are accounted for by California; the other 17 are spread out in 11 states; 38 states do not even have one full-time psychiatrist."

The available psychiatrists, he said, are usually so overloaded with work that they are lucky to have time enough to perform the diagnostic services required of them.

Calling the country's penal statutes a "mishmash of conflict and variation," Mr. Bennett also criticized the great disparity in sentences for the same offense, and called for more equality in state laws.

Trial by jury is something that every American believes in -- until it comes time for him to serve on the jury!

** Shelly Burmen in the READERS DIGEST



DOWN (Con't)

- 2. Foremost
- 3. Ceramic piece
- 4. Peer Gynt's mother
- 5. French article
- 6. Near East country (var)
- 7. Jokes (colloq.)
- 8. Western Indian
- 9. Revolutionary
- 10. Southern state
- 11. Amphitheater
- 12. Takes offense
- 13. River island
- 18. T.V. personality
- 21. Narrow valley
- 23. Electrical abbr.
- 25. Culture medium
- 26. People of 6 down
- 27. Facts
- 28. Greek letter
- 30. Egyptian sacred bull
- 31. Udder projections
- 34. Inroads
- 35. Feminine name
- 37. Was aware
- 38. Home permanent
- 39. To contend
- 40. Rouse
- 41. Old viceroy of Egypt
- 42. Bill of
- 43. Element 68 (Pl.)
- 44. Greek epic poem
- 46. Third person feminine
- 47. Scene of Christ's 1st miracle
- 49. Quoted
- 50. Longed for
- 53. Woodland diety
- 54. Simians
- 55. God of the flocks
- 57. Solidify
- 58. Girl's name
- 59. Gold (Spanish)
- 62. DeMille initials

ACROSS

- 1. Indispensable
- 6. Greek Market Place
- 11. Macaw
- 14. Sweet-scented plant
- 15. Honey Badger
- 16. Brazilian coin
- 17. African river
- 18. Oriental structure
- 19. Superlative ending
- 20. Follower
- 21. Prate (Pl.)
- 22. Poison
- 24. Chinese measure
- 25. Turkish regiment
- 26. Hard stone
- 29. South African military camp
- 31. Wanderer
- 32. Tantalum symbol
- 33. Pertaining to Swiss mountains
- 34. Western rope
- 35. College near Baton Rouge (Abbr.)
- 36. Not (prefix)
- 37. Shrine at Mecca
- 39. Power (Latin)
- 41. Heals, as bones
- 42. Manuscript
- 45. Symbol for Indium
- 46. Moults
- 47. Hoax
- 48. Shuns
- 50. Equal (comb. form)
- 51. Beside
- 52. Varigated
- 53. Penalty
- 54. Three-toed sloths
- 55. Excavation
- 56. Tropical lizard
- 59. Musical composition
- 60. Verb form
- 61. Place of trial
- 62. _____ de Menthe
- 63. Male nickname
- 64. African antelope
- 65. Tyrannical

DOWN

- 1. Dried fruit of the orchid

* * *
Answers in next month's
CASTLE

* * *

Statistics & Movies

KENTUCKY STATE PENITENTIARY STATISTICS
(June 1 - 30)

Escapes	2
Death Row	8
Admitted by Commitment	55
Transfers from KSR	0
Released by Expiration	22
Released by Parole	27
Released by Death	0
Total Population	1182
High Number	23932
Low Number	11549

MOVIES FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS

July 20:	THE PLUNDERERS Jeff Chandler & John Saxon; Western
July 27:	TARAWA BEACHHEAD Ray Danton & Julie Adams; war drama
August 3:	YELLOWSTONE KELLY Clint Walker & Andra Martin; Western
August 10:	GEORGE RAFT STORY Ray Danton & Jane Mansfield; Drama
August 17:	FRONTIER UPRISING James Davis & Nancy Hadley; Western

CLOSED WORLD BROADCASTS:

Sunday, July 29; Sunday August 12.
All broadcasts at 1:30 pm on WCBL,
Benton. Dial 1290

THE LAST WORD

Inmates are funny people. That is to say, they're like people everywhere. Just about the time you think you've got their nature pinned down and classified, along comes some little incident that blasts your ideas to pieces.

For instance, we're thoughtless people, seemingly. We tend to stand in doorways engrossed in conversation and forgetting that there are people who would like to get in and out of the passage. We employ the worst kind of table manners, the worst kind of cellhouse manners, and in general seem to forget that other people have feelings and peculiarities they would like to have respected. And so we note these things and arrive at the conclusion that inmates are so many thoughtless boors.

But then along comes an appeal for blood, or for money, or for eyes, and the cons jump in with both feet, giving "till it hurts," in the words of the fund-raising campaigners.

And you'd think that convicts don't like each other, not really. Well, that's understandable. When you're with the same people 24 hours a day, year in and year out, you get to know them pretty well, and perhaps you see your own faults reflected in those around you. And since human beings are pretty much jealous of their favorite foibles, we don't like to see anyone else with the same ones we have. So it is generally true that cons are apt to become thoroughly disgusted with convict company and yearn for a change of faces. And yet some of the fastest and most touching friendships I've seen were between convicts.

And I could go on and on giving examples ad nauseam, but I won't. Because what it all leads up to is that convicts are no different from people and people just can't be classified and typed.