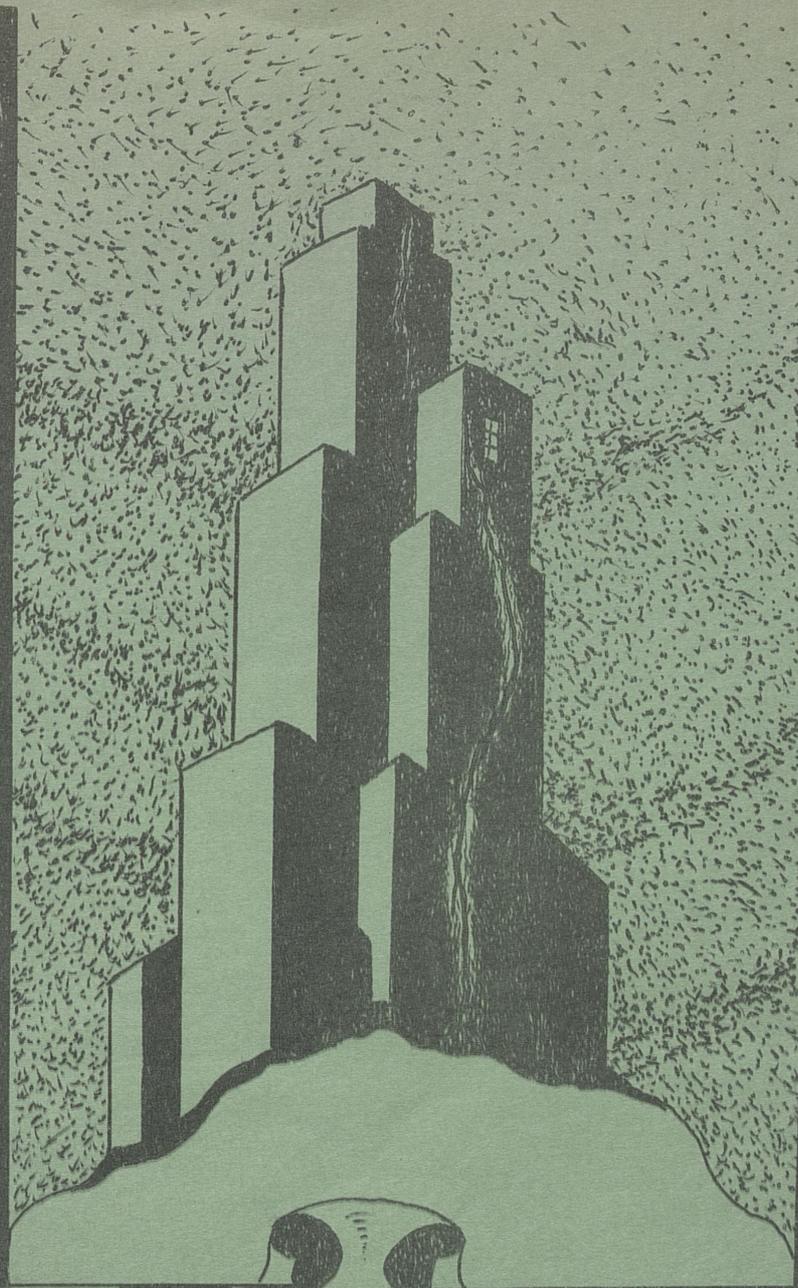


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Castle ON THE
 Cumberland

November 15, 1961

NUMBER
Vol. I

VOLUME
No. V

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY

ADMINISTRATION		TABLE OF CONTENTS	
The Honorable Bert T. Combs Governor		Warden's Page	1
Wilson W. Wyatt Lt. Governor		Institution News	2
W. C. Oakley Welfare Commissioner		Letters to the Editor	5
Marshall Swain Deputy Commissioner		Editorial	6
Dr. Harold Black Director of Corrections		Sports Report	7
Luther Thomas Warden	Lloyd T. Armstrong Deputy Warden	Articles	8
Kathlyn Ordway Business Manager	W. T. Baxter Guard Captain	Exchange Page	12
Rev. Paul Jagers Chaplain		Meet the Prisoners	13
Henry E. Cowan Supervisor of Education	William Egbert Vocational Instructor	Tall Tales	14
--Parole Commission--		Department Reports	15
Dr. Fred Moffatt Executive Director		Poetry	12, 16, 18
Walter Ferguson Chairman		Deputy Warden's Page	20
Simeon Willis Member	Ernest Thompson Member	Crossword	22
		Statistics & Movies	23
		STAFF	
		Lawrence J. Snow Editor	
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WARDEN'S PAGE



A man behind prison bars can make valuable use of his time while confined, and it is my wish that he take advantage of this opportunity. The virtue of solitude can be put to good use in study, contemplation, and appraisal of one's self. Outstanding men throughout history seem to have indulged. If they did not seek the solitude of a hilltop or the silence of a field or meadow, leastwise they learned how to synthesize those conditions in whatever their environs.

Although we do not offer the vocational and academic training opportunities for our population that we wish, we will continue striving to achieve them. Until this can be accomplished, your time need not be wasted. We stress that you avail yourself of the good reading material we have in our library--study, learn, and appraise. You will have a more complete understanding of your fellow man, and add to your peace of mind and development.

Strive to do everything well and avail yourself of every opportunity--develop every talent you have.

Luther Thomas
Luther Thomas, Warden

INSTITUTION NEWS

HORSE FALLS ON INMATE

A KSP inmate sustained neck injuries last month when the horse he was riding fell on him.

Joe Paige, a trustee assigned to the prison farm, was herding cattle when the accident occurred. A cow darted away from the herd and raced up a ridge. Paige followed on his quarter-horse. The horse reared suddenly on the treacherous footing, falling backward on its rider.

Paige was carried unconscious to the prison hospital for treatment. Several X-rays were taken, but it was determined that no bones were broken, although there was severe injury to the neck muscles.

By this time, however, Paige has recovered and is back at work on the farm, where he is now referred to as "Cowboy Joe."

FLU SHOTS GIVEN

The hospital staff, under the direction of Dr. B. B. Jay, last month administered flu shots to the entire population.

More than 1200 inmates were given the shots, most of them in the first day of the project.

15 YEARS ON GOOD BEHAVIOR

This must be something of a record. W. W. Owens, who is serving a life sentence without hope of pardon or parole, has been here 15 years. In all that time, Owens has never been in the hole.

This is particularly amazing in view of the fact that many men don't make 15 days without a trip to "Maggie's."

* * *

If at first you don't succeed...apply for probation! THE AGENDA, Washington.

INDIANA CONVICTS "ADOPT" DAUGHTER

The men of the Indiana State Prison--every blessed one of 'em--became fathers last month with the adoption of 9-year-old Anna Granata.

Anna is an Italian...a solemn, handsome little girl with sad dark eyes and a yen for education. An orphan, she lives with her paternal uncle in Guigliana, Italy, with the uncle's 9 children.

The uncle is a laborer, and his meager income would not have permitted him to keep Anna in school if it had not been for the generosity of the Indiana convicts, who have sent the Foster Parents Plan a check for \$180 for Anna's food, clothing, and expenses for one year.

THE CASTLE ERRS!

We wuz wrong.

Actually, that's not news. We're often wrong, as our readers are quick to tell us. But the error we want to correct here appeared in a recent issue of the CASTLE and concerned the height of certain man-made structures. We said that the TV tower at Monkey's Eyebrow was the world's highest. It isn't, and hereafter we'll consult more up-to-date reference books for our material.

The world's tallest man-made structure is a TV tower at Cape Girardeau, Missouri, and it stands exactly 1676 feet high. However, according to the LOUISVILLE TIMES, it will soon be overshadowed by an even taller one planned for the joint use of WRBL-TV and WTVM-TV at Columbus.

Other notably tall structures are: The tower at Paducah (Monkey's Eyebrow) which is 1638 feet tall, several other TV towers throughout the United States that are all above 1500 feet tall, and the famed Empire State Building, 1250 ft.

CASTLE EDITOR INTERVIEWS YARD OFFICE

It having been brought to our attention--several times--that the CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND has been neglecting the Yard Office and its efficient crew for some time, we took pencil in hand (actually we stuck it behind our ear in the hope we'd look more like an editor) and ambled down to the Yard Office for a story.

"Mr. Clerk," we said to Norman Carter, who manages the famous CARTER COLTS when he's not clerking, "May I interview you?"

"Does it hurt?" he asked, and after we had assured him that it was a perfectly painless process, we asked him to explain the functions of the office.

"Is it really necessary?" we wanted to know.

"Necessary!" he shouted, out to the quick. "Necessary? Why, I guess it is! Who would see to it that the men assigned to extra duty did their work if it weren't for the Yard Office? And where else would Lt. Hunton warm his backside on cold winter days? Why, you bet your bottom canteen ticket it's necessary!"

The runners were in the office at the time, (the runners being Harry "Hurricane" Denison, who dropped the hints that brought on this story, and his partner, Richard Crafton) and we turned to them next. Apparently the prospect of being interviewed at last pleased them, for they both grinned broad--and toothless--grins. Aghast, we turned back to Carter for an explanation.

"Why," we demanded, "don't your runners have any teeth?"

"Occupational hazard." he replied.

The sargeant who sees to it that our office door is unlocked and locked each

day was in the office, too, and we wanted to mention him in this article. Trouble was, we couldn't recall his name.

"Uh, Sargeant," we said, diplomatically, "how do you spell that last name of yours?"

"T-U-C-K-E-R," he said, "And what kind of editor are you, anyway?"

That did it. We said our goodbys to him and Officer Coleman and left. And that, so help us, is our story.

EX-PUBLIC ENEMY FINDS NEW INTERESTS

According to the OP NEWS, another group to aid released prisoners has been organized, this time in Texas. "Conaid", as the group is known, is a non-profit organization whose aims are to help ex-inmates of the Texas State Penitentiary find jobs and establish themselves in the community.

What is unusual about Conaid is the fact that its treasurer, once labelled "Public Enemy Number One" by the FBI, has himself served some 30 years in prisons.

Floyd Hamilton was active during the days of Dillinger, Karpis, and Machine-Gun Kelly. His reign as top-gun ended, however, when the public enemy tag was put on him, bringing about his arrest.

Released in 1958 after serving terms in Alcatraz, Leavenworth, and Huntsville, Hamilton has made speeches and guest appearances throughout the state to raise funds for Conaid. Eventually, he hopes to raise enough money to erect a building to house and feed released prisoners who have no place else to go.

* * *

"The trouble with our economy is that the USA is making more money than Europe knows what to do with!"

--Professor Dizz in THE PRESIDIO

ARIZONA DEPUTY APTLY NAMED

This came to us via an AP dispatch in the LOUISVILLE TIMES. Deputy Sheriff A. P. Burns, whose nickname is "Stormy," put up 5000 dollars bond for a prisoner, Ronald Echols. Echols jumped bond, and Burns lost no time getting on his tail. He followed him all the way to Guadalupe, Mexico. Got 'im, too.

Trouble was, Deputy Burns had made the trip without authorization; when he brought his prisoner back to Arizona, he found that he no longer had a job.

Furthermore, "Stormy" lost his 5 G's bond-money, and, to top it all, his wife had sued him for divorce in his absence.

ANNUAL TEXAS PRISON RODEO IS BIG DEAL

Each year, the inmates of the Texas State Penitentiary, Huntsville, stage a rodeo within the walls. Over the years, this affair has grown into an event of major importance in the state.

Legend has it that one of the participating inmates, a clown named "Snuffy" Smith, won a pardon during one of the rodeos. Seeing the governor in his usual box, he called out that all he wanted for Christmas was his pardon. He got it.

There may not be any pardons granted this year, but the rodeo will be long remembered inside the walls nevertheless. Some of the biggest names in show business, including Chuck Connors, the "Rifleman" of TV, and Rex Allen, "Mr. Cowboy" of the movies, will take part.

Also on the program will be the Santa Rosa Quadrille and the Goree Girls. And --incongruously--Fats Domino will rock-n-roll at the rodeo.

Thousands of visitors, many of them from out of state, are expected to attend.

USELESS INFORMATION DEPARTMENT

by "Useless Dave"

When I was at another penitentiary, I had a very good friend who was a clerk--or an "administrative assistant," as he liked to call himself--in the business office. He said that his most important duty was to act as the custodian of "useless information." It is to him that I dedicate this column

...Did you know that residents of the United States probably write more letters than do the people of any other nation? Imagine, if you can, that all the stamps used to mail American letters in one year were placed end to end in the form of a long ribbon. The ribbon would stretch back and forth across the United States approximately 80 times. If you were to drive your car along this ribbon of stamps, and ride steadily at 40 miles an hour for 8 hours a day, it would take you over 2 years to cover the distance. You may figure the amount of gas and oil needed for yourself!

...According to David "Shotgun" Smith, 2 dogs came to this country aboard the Mayflower. Although Dave neglected to say whether one was a male and the other a female, I assume from the number of "bow-wows" which are presently in the country that it is a reasonably good inference they were a pair.

...And did you know that more married women sleep on the right side of the bed than the left, and more single women sleep on the left than on the right? It's a fact, and this information may not be entirely useless!

-- Dave Collins--

Tourists: "How many bushels of corn did you raise last year?"

Farmers: "Didn't bushel it--bottled it!"

Via the COURIER JOURNAL
MAGAZINE.

Letters to the Editor

DEAR SIR: Ever since we received the first issue of your publication, I have wanted to write to congratulate you on your effort. Number III issue looks particularly promising.

The Penal Press in the United States has made a major contribution both to the constructive use of leisure time of men in institutions and as a tool in the total process of rehabilitation.

In the final analysis, no one person can change another. Such changes come from within. Hopefully, those who join you in your venture will use the written word for constructive vehicles of communication for themselves and others. I hope that you will encourage the inexperienced to try their hand at writing. Who knows what genius lies dormant?

Best of luck in your venture.

Cordially,

CHARLES L. NEWMAN, DIRECTOR
DIVISION OF CORRECTIONAL TRAINING
SCHOOL OF SOCIAL WORK
UNIVERSITY OF LOUISVILLE

* * *

The following letters are from the St. Edward School in Jeffersontown, Ky. We thought our readers might enjoy them as much as we have.

DEAR SIR: This note is to say that I enjoyed your newspaper, "Castle on the Cumberland", very much. It is made up very well, and you have some talent there.

My pupils enjoyed it also because we have it on our Reading Table.

Good luck, God bless all there, and give you grace and strength to love Him more and may you have the opportunity to serve Him again.

SISTER JOSEPH MARK

DEAR EDITOR: I liked the paper you sent the 7th grade. I think the poems in the paper were best of all. I thought you might like this little poem for your paper. If you put it in please send me a copy of it. My address is 9807 Sue Helen Dr., Jeffersontown, Ky. I will show it to the 7th grade class. Say hello to all the fellows for me. My name is Teddy Schenck. I will be waiting for your paper. I would like to come see you, but with school and all I will have to wait awhile. Please send me a copy of your paper now and then.

Well, I must be going now. I will write again soon.

TEDDY SCHENCK

PS: Don't forget to send me the copies and say hello to the fellows.

DEAR EDITOR: I am writing to you because I want to tell you how much I enjoyed your paper. It had beautiful poems, I thought, and so did my mother. I am sending you this poem that I wrote and I hope you like it. Tell those men who wrote the poems that we liked them very much.

Keep writing the paper. It's very interesting. Be good and maybe you will get out early.

God bless you, and say Hi to the warden for me. Yours truly,

GEORGE EDWARD HEINSOHN

ED. NOTE: The poems are on page 12.

* * *

For every law you think there ought to be--there be! The BUENA VISTA REVIEW

Sign on donut shop windows:

"Our donuts recommended by Dunkin' Hands!"

* * *

"We cannot always oblige, but we can always speak obligingly"--Voltaire

EDITORIAL SIDE

It seems to us that if some interested psychologist or psychiatrist wanted to do some really intensive field research in the problem of anti-social behavior, he could choose no more rewarding place to work than in a prison.

In the last year or so, we've done as much reading on the subject as the limited library facilities would allow for the simple reason that for the first time in our life it occurred to us that something must be wrong with our thinking. What reading we were able to do opened our eyes not a little bit.

We've found, for example, that we're not an exceptional case; that most of the men here have strikingly similar behavior patterns, much the same strengths and weaknesses, and even--forgetting economic and social factors--the same basic type of background.

A trained man--if he were willing to forget "schools" of psychiatric thinking, and if he were willing to do more than fill out questionnaires--would be able to pinpoint at least some of the underlying causes of criminality, alcoholism, and other anti-social forms of behavior. And we personally believe that he would come away with the conclusion that chronic criminal offenders are ill in much the same way that an alcoholic is ill.

In Vacaville, California, an experiment along these lines is in progress. Selected prisoners from the California penal system are being studied in what seems to be an earnest attempt to find causes, and perhaps even cures for the problem. We could wish that similar experiments would be begun in other states.

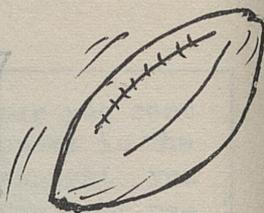
AN APOLOGY TO MR. SWAIN

The other day, Deputy Warden Armstrong pointed out to us that we were not including Deputy Welfare Commissioner Marshall Swain's name in our frontispiece. We checked our records and found that not only was this true, but we were even forgetting to send Mr. Swain a copy of the magazine.

By way of excuse, we can only say that we're new to the state of Kentucky, and not as familiar with the state's official set-up as we should be.

Our one contact with Mr. Swain was at a recent graduation ceremony, and from observing him there, we believe that he is not the type of man to take offense at the omission. However, we would like to apologize to him, and in this month's issue we have corrected the oversight.

SPORTS REPORT



Billy Howell, Sports Editor

We have seen some rough and bloody football games on the outside, but we must tip our hats to the driving, courageous inmates who engage in legal mayhem here each weekend.

It is not an exaggeration to say that these men are courageous. If anything, it would be putting it mildly. These galloping gridmen actually play tackle football in its roughest form without the benefit of protective equipment!

True, sometimes the blood flows freely, heads crack, muscles swell. But the following weekend, the same men are back to give another account of themselves... and a darned good account it is!

We have a number of inmates here who played football in high school, and a couple actually made college teams. These few have succeeded in whipping together a rough and determined team.

The inmates do not, of course, play outside competition, but we are sure that if it could be arranged, they would give a team all the competition it wanted, even without proper equipment.

We see the basketball goals have been erected, so now basketball will be played during the week. Last year we had a little outside competition in this sport and would like to see some of it again.

The cold days last month put a chill to the 'ol swimmin' hole, so we have had it for this year. Now we anticipate the coming of summer so we may once again pass away the hours in the water.

If this column seems a bit short this month, it's because I'm short. That is, short on sports, for a short sports report; but some sports is better than no

sports, a good sport is better than a poor sport. So long, yours in sports,

Billy Howell

How's that again, Billy? You lost me somewhere down the road, old sport.

FOOTBALL SCORES

Sunday, September 17

Norman Carter's COLTS.....15
John Brent's BEARS..... 0

Sunday, September 24

Carter's COLTS.....12
Wesley Bailey's BEARS..... 0

Sunday, October 1st

Carter's COLTS.....8
Buster Dean's BEARS..... 0

Sunday, October 15

Buster Dean's BEARS.....12
Carter's COLTS..... 8

Sunday, October 22

Carter's COLTS.....26
Dean's BEARS..... 0

"Zeke, why do you call this white lightning 'bonded liquor'?"

"I was out on bond when I made it."

--The BUENA VISTA REVIEW

And Kathryn McCullough is quoted in CORONET as saying that the reason newspapermen use the editorial "we" is so the reader will think there are too many of him to whip!

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following story is the tale of a young man who has just received his first prison sentence. Something of a wise-acre at first, he eventually grows up in the hard world behind bars. This is essentially an optimistic story, and we consider that Billy has done a good job with it.

In fairness, we must add that the jail conditions described here, while all too prevalent in county jails around the county, are not to be considered indicative of conditions in jails everywhere.



THE HARD ROAD

--Billy Howell

"Do you have anything to say, or can you give any reason why this court should not pass sentence upon you?"

"But, Judge...I didn't even have a gun!"

"That doesn't make any difference, son. The court hereby sentences you to serve 10 years at Eddyville Penitentiary. You will be taken to the county jail until such time as the sheriff can transport you to the state penitentiary."

And so it goes. Back to the dirty, foul-smelling, varmint-infested cages that are clean only when the Grand Jury comes for inspection, at which time the jailor will provide a feast that will insure his getting an "excellent condition" writeup in the local papers.

Now everything will be okay if I can avoid seeing the family. I don't care to see them...not just now. I don't believe I can talk. My throat feels swollen, something is wrong with my eyes, my stomach is rotating...I feel terrible, but I'm not going to cry. Now wouldn't that be the most...crying at 25?

"Step in here. You have some visitors."

Why couldn't they wait until later? Then perhaps we could laugh and joke like old times. I don't feel up to joking today.

Well, let's see. There's Mom, two

sisters, and my younger brother. But why do they look so sad? I'm the one who has the time. Why don't they say something? Please don't cry, Mom. I know everything will be all right if you don't cry!

"Time is up!"

Goodbye, my loved ones. Please come to visit me someday. I hope you get the message, as I can't talk to you...not just now.

"All right, get your things together. You're going up to the Castle today."

The waiting is over. I'm thankful I'm getting to ride on the outside. I can look out the window and salvage the last precious glimpse of the Free World.

"Get out and walk up those steps!"

So this big, ugly, cold-looking monster is the "Castle on the Cumberland!" I suppose we'll just have to go in and look it over.

"Empty everything out of your pockets and put it in these bags. Take off your shoes, put them there."

Why all this rush? I have lots of time.

"Name and address of your next of kin? Religion? Occupation?"

Say, Mister, did you ever see Sally
(Con't on Page 9)

Articles

THE HARD ROAD (CON'T)

Rand do her famous fan dance? Well, I have. Did you ever see Fats Domino at the Sho-Bar? Have you ever heard Dixieland Jazz on Bourbon or Royal? Have you ever seen the horses run at the fair grounds?

"Occupation?"

Indeed! Why did I pull this robbery? Well, you see, Mister, I kinda like to hear Dixieland Jazz. Silly, you say? No, man, that's living! Put me in the hole? Well, just as long as I get credit for 24 hours a day.

So I will be on the Fish Walk for 30 days, huh? Then I can go to work? Eight cents a day! I'm not being paid for my labor, I'm being rehabilitated, you say? Well, that's different. I thought for a minute you were violating the fair-wage law. The Labor Relations Board does investigate violations, you know!

Little fish on the walk, you're in trouble if you talk. You mean, really, I'll be locked in this cell for 30 to 45 days? But can't you understand me when I tell you it keeps getting smaller every day? The walls close in on me, y'know.

Blood tests...shots...dental checks...chaplain's talks...warden's interview...at last we're free! Well, anyway, we're out of those shrinking cells and on the hill.

Beautiful summer, I see you out there! Convertibles passing, outboards, pretty girls in beach attire! Our summer? Baseball, horseshoes, boxing, wrestling, canning green beans, apples, peaches, cabbage...such a difference a few yards of space make!

Out of your cell at 7 am, return at 4:30 pm...oh, the nights are terrible! Unpleasant thoughts, wild dreams,

sorrow, repent, repent, repent! The mosquitos are thirsty. I give them all I have left. Someday...someday!

The white blanket of winter covers us! Such crisp, cold air! The blue-denim seems light. Slide into the mess-hall, skate into the warm shops...snow-ball fights...snowmen...chilly cells... long, long nights to think...to think... and regret. Wait for me.

Such a hard rain! It's as if the heavens have opened. Me report to the front? I'll be drowned in this rain! So you're a sheriff and you have a summons for me to appear in court to answer a divorce hearing? Divorce? More sorrow. The rain is so nice, we must stay here for a while. The rain from the eyes is warm. Why?...why, why? Did you really have to do it?

It's been a long sentence. A thousand nights of sorrow, a million heart-aches. But soon we hope it will be over. The parole board meets soon. We can't remember what Sally Rand looks like. Fats Domino, like dixieland, was just a passing fad. It doesn't seem important how fast the horses run anymore. Maturity...Hope...Plan...Future!

Soon now, my Little Ones. Please forgive me. A better life...security...peace...happiness...forgive me...forgive me!
THE END

Some girls like a man with a past, some like a man with a future, but they all go for a man with a present! PADUCAH SUN DEMOCRAT.

In Wisconsin, a man had a ready answer when police asked him why he was riding a streetcar on Tuesday morning without his pants. "I thought it was Monday," said he. Via The SPOKESMAN

And one reason English is taught in high school is to acquaint teen-agers with a language other than their own.

...Anna Herbert in The SATURDAY EVENING POST...



THE SILENT WAR

--Jonathan Parks

The thunderous, ground-shaking noise that was one of the beasts walking awakened Tagro to instant alertness. He extended a signaling tenticle to warn his sleeping companion, Temor, then compressed his tubular body and pressed closer to the ground in an effort to make himself smaller. He gave thanks to Gar for the vast leaves of the giant trees below which they had alighted during their reconnaissance patrol the day before; they afforded considerable protection from observation and discovery even if they were completely useless as dampeners of the tremendous shock waves which accompanied the beast's every movement. He lay curled in a circle--the nearest his anatomical makeup would allow him to approximate the low surface area of the disk--his many-faceted eyes squeezed shut in terror and rage as his body was thrown first one way and then another by the tremors of the giant's passage. Then, as the harsh, grinding, stone-against-stone sounds of destruction became less intense...as the mountainous Biped continued to move farther and farther away...his mind again functioned and he visualized with consuming rage the monstrous animal that ruled this world; the ugly, fear-inspiring, two-legged, two-eyed beast that he and his kind must conquer. This planet was rich in mineral elements. It was a sea of fertile plains alive with their every need. It was only fitting that his people should rule this gem-world of shimmering green-ness. He, Tagro, was a being of greatness; he would lead his people in the coming struggle!

"Temor," he signaled, raising his head to swerve his tenticles in a half circle, "you have been witness, too, and have survived a tremor storm of great magnitude. In this, you are quite fortunate; many of our people perish daily in these all-too-frequent storms." he paused, his great eyes staring into those of his young companion. Then, measuring and choosing his words carefully, he continued: "You are surely able to understand the necessity of sub-

jugating the Biped. There can be no compromise between them and our people, as certain of our less enlightened ones suggest. Coexistence is not possible between two such different races. Their values...and the absurd machine technology which those values have created... are those of a half-formed, stultified mentality. Their tendency toward destruction and their machines of war are a negation of inherent beauty and harmony, the two factors most important to our people's existence. We must launch our armies now! There is no time to spare! Every Ta we hesitate will mean the death of millions more of us!"

He paused again, catching fire from his own words. Lifting the forward part of his body from the ground to describe the position made famous among his people by a conqueror of great rank, he continued in dramatic fashion.

"Can't you see it, Temor? No piddling, half-hearted gestures of defiance...no paltry guerilla action such as the Grand Council is fond of staging...but a united, concerted assault of our combined armies. Can't you see it? The might of the people, with me at its head...sweeping grandly across the face of the planet, destroying, ravaging, driving the Biped into the seas before us! Ah, what a magnificent day that would be!" He sank back to the ground again and was silent for a long time, and little by little the fire went out of his eyes. "Ah, Temor, if only they would listen to me. But they laugh! Do you hear! They laugh!" Sudden anger made him swell to twice his size, and then, like a deflated ballon, he slumped back into a posture of absolute dejection.

"Ah, Temor," he said sadly, "If only I weren't such a little locust!"

* * *

Send a gift subscription to the CASTLE home! Only one dollar for 12 big issues.



Who Are The Real Delinquents

--David Holmes

One of the world's biggest problems today is juvenile delinquency. Everyone seems to write about it, yet no one comes up with an answer. Maybe there is no answer. Maybe there will always be juvenile delinquents. But to contend with the problem we must first find out what causes it, or, better still, who causes it.

I, for one, am shocked to think that one million children a year are brought before the courts for actions that endanger society. We are stunned to learn how greatly the incidence of delinquency has risen in the last twenty years. We read the statistics, we see some of these children at the corner drugstore; we hear them roar by in their hot-rods. The press is quick to inform us of the latest sordid case of vandalism or murder by someone we had always called a child.

Our impulse is to throw up our hands in despair. Frankly, we are afraid of these kids. We don't know what to do. Youth crime is not confined to the slum areas of our bigger cities. We hear of its approach even in the sheltered suburbs and quiet towns around us.

We have juveniles who are delinquent, yes. But there are also a society and a church that produce them, or at least do little to save them. When we look at modern youth, we may find that delinquents are actually the best-adjusted children of all. They have adjusted very well to a world where power, greed, and a series of gutter-bred, glittering illusions are the gods their elders worship. The children are merely trying to emulate the adults.

Can you pick up a daily newspaper and not find at least one major story about sneaky political conniving, about payola in high places, or graft just around the corner? "Do them before the do you" seems to be the theme-song of the age. From the big business companies to the lowly numbers-runner on skid-row, every-

one is out for the fast buck at the expense of everyone else.

Look at the examples held up for our young to emulate. The truly successful are the entertainers, the movie queens, the ball players, and the garbage-voiced crooners who gyrate in front of an orchestra. After all, who wants to be a plain old schoolteacher? Or a missionary? They don't quite fit into the success image of the age. It is usually the "operator" with his white sports car and mink-coated mistress who fits best into the fulfillment dream of the American youth.

How does a young person adjust to a world where his own nation can announce the perfection of a new hydrogen weapon with as little moral concern as accompanies the introduction of a new toothpaste? Do we want them to do as we do or as we say? If they watch us, they see no peace in our actions. We maintain planes and submarines armed with nuclear warheads capable of virtually eliminating humanity. What are they supposed to adjust to? How can a child of 13 or 14 survive the constant flow of violence, smut, and obscenity that lure him into a theatre marked "for adults only?" Or the studied sadism of a million dead TV Indians lying among a million spent 6-gun shells? Take a look at the corner drugstore, and see the everyday pornography displayed prominently on the magazine racks. To find out what is really important at Christmastime, count the number of full-page liquor ads in your family magazine.

Having done all this, ask yourself who, after all, is maladjusted--the child or the world? Who is delinquent, the frightened child who stands before the juvenile court...or the twisted moral code of the adults who put him there?

The End

THE EXCHANGE PAGE



The ENCHANTED NEWS, New Mexico

We enjoyed very much reading your magazine, Jim, especially the account of KOB's filming of the 1961 Variety Show. It must have been fun. The SWINGTIMERS looked sharp in their free-world duds, and we wondered if that was the suit made by a certain tailor in L.A., old fella? Incidentally, Bobby Ferguson has really gone places, hasn't he? Best of luck, Bobby.

The NEW ERA, Leavenworth, Kansas

A very "slick" publication. We liked the study of bank robbers in your current number. Keep up the good work.

The GEORGIA SPOKESMAN, Reidsville

"The Perfect Escape" by Harold S. Sampson is one of the finest pieces of writing we've seen in a prison publication. It should have a far wider audience. Congratulations, Harold.

The ANGOLITE, Louisiana

This we particularly liked. It's called: "No Such Thing as First Offenders," and it goes like this:

"After considerable research on the matter, we discovered that there is no such thing as a first offender. Here are the facts:

1. When you were an infant in the crib, you yelled and disturbed the household. THAT'S DISORDERLY CONDUCT!
2. At the age of 5, you stole some jam while your mother was looking elsewhere. THAT'S PETTY LARCENY!
3. As a boy of 10, you played hooky

from school and signed your dad's name to the excuse. THAT'S FORGERY!

4. Reaching manhood, you married and at the church, you promised to love and cherish. THAT'S PERJURY!

LINES FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD

(The following poems were written by two 7th-grade students at St. Edward's in Jeffersontown, Kentucky.)

BUGS

--Eddie Heinsohn

Bugs are very odd;
Some live underground,
And some, under sod.
Others live in trees,
(Such as bumble bees.)
Some bugs are funny,
Some are stunning,
Some bugs are good,
Others are a hood!
The spider is a sneak,
And he looks like a freak.
No matter what kind they are,
They're the worst and best by far!

THE TREES

--Teddy Schenck

I walked along to see what I could see.
I saw a tree..."A tree," said I.
And I also saw the bees
That make the honey in the trees.

I also saw a butterfly--
Going gently by--
And with the breeze,
I could see the leaves,
Moving on the trees.

* * *

Eddy and Teddy, thanks very much for the poems. You've given our 7th-grade boys something to shoot at!

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 either on the yard or at the **CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND** office.

JONATHAN PARKS--Thirty one years old, and a regular contributor to the **CASTLE**, Jonathan Parks' great ambition in life is twofold: to write, and to do social work.

We don't know what sort of social worker Parks would make, but if constant study and work will make a writer, he'll become one.

The few things of his that we manage to publish amount to only about one tenth of Parks' total output. Believing in the adage that the only way to learn to write is to write, he's always busy with some sort of article, poem, or story.

His biggest obstacle is his lack of formal education; he left school after the 6th grade, and has never had the chance to make up for it except through self-study--a form of education that takes a great deal of self-discipline. Parks seems to have it, though, for he's given himself something like the equivalent of a high-school education already, and he's not content to stop there.

Born in Kentucky, he has managed to jump around the stateside geography quite a bit, and everywhere he goes, he studies people with an eye toward learning the ins and outs of human behavior, singlemindedly trying to improve his writing.

Lately, we've even caught him studying us!

COMMONEAL BROOKS--Ask almost anyone who knows him what he thinks of Commoneal Brooks and the answer will probably be: "Brooks? Darned nice guy!"

But Commoneal Brooks, 25 years old and a native of Henderson, Kentucky, is more than just a nice guy; he's also a man who wants to get ahead in the world, and who is willing to work hard to achieve his goal.

Because he is a Negro, the job market isn't exactly wide open to him, but Brooks quietly accepts this fact and goes right on studying and working. Last semester, he graduated from the prison school, and he still studies on his own in his cell. Upon his release, he plans to attend a meat-cutting school in Ohio to learn to be a butcher.

But his real ambition is to become an inventor. Mechanically inclined, and with a knack for figuring out better ways to do a thing, he would probably make a good one. However, he's sensible enough to realize that inventors don't always strike it rich, and that even a tinkerer must live; hence the meat-cutting school.

In the past, Brooks has worked as a laborer for the City of Henderson, and has held other, similar jobs. In here he often takes time out from his personal studies to write a column for the **CASTLE**.

TAGG TALES

And a
Few
Facts

By
The
Irrepressible
Chuck Garrett

The parole board gave the green light to one of our long-timers, VERNICE GRIFFIN. Griff has done almost 30 years without seeing the Free World. Lots of luck, Griff...Another of our 'ol timers, ESTILL ROBINSON, got the go-ahead, and he is anxiously awaiting his release... DOUG EGLIAN and JOHN HOLBROOK also got lucky and caught the brass ring...TRACY BARKER, MILTON FORD, and GORDON MAITLAND couldn't convince the powers that be that they're sorry and wish they had n't done it, for all three received 1-year deferments...Better luck next go-round, boys.

I admit to being a coward, KENNY. Who were those 3 fellows who did 10 days work recently? Did you get any blisters, D?...JACK HENRY, one of our recent arrivals, has taken over BILL GILLEY'S duties at the chapel...Jack is doing a real nice job. GLEN ROBERTS, a very pleasant fellow, is now assigned to Captain Baxter's office...JAMES' (JC) CALVERT and EARL "SILVER" HIBBS are toiling over at One Cellhouse...DELBERT "HAP" MERCER took over CLYDE CRUM'S job at the Cook Shack...JOHN W. MEDLEY is now assigned to the Guards' Barber Shop. Be careful with that razor, John.

RICHARD CLARK, one of the nicest guys on the mountain, vacated his duties in the Guards' Barbershop for the leather stand out front. Lots of luck, Richard, you earned a rest.

RONNIE BROWN is back with us, with a new number...Ditto for BILLY EDWARDS via PV. E. J. "THE JEW" FUGATE is back amongst us.

And it is too so! Our #**&% Editor has more degrees than a circle!

DADDY-O, you BUILT that building, but it isn't yours! ROBERT CLARK goes out in a

couple of days via expiration. Take your brother-in-law's advice, Bob, and stay away from that wine bottle...SLEEPY CANTRELL, painter supreme, is looking for a job on the paint detail...SHOTGUN MCNUTT informed me of this...and, boys, throw those cigaret butts where they'll stay dry. HARVEY GREEN keeps the yard free of litter and gets all the butts he can pick up as a reward.

And RICHARD "JUGHEAD" EVANS is now assigned to the dental lab...making falsies!

PERSONALLY SPEAKING, some of the recent articles on rehabilitation nauseate me. Most of us are here on our own volition, and have no one to blame but ourselves. All of this nonsense about environment molding us into this or that is just that--nonsense. If environment is that important, then all of us thieves, robbers, and what-have-you would have come from broken homes and slums, and no men from well-adjusted families would be here. That's a laugh. We're here because the 8-hour working day was for slobs, we believed, and most of us are too lazy to change our ways. We must like this life, or we wouldn't be repeaters.

Often I hear some fellow say, "I'm going to try to go straight, if they'll let me and if someone will help me get started." Why SHOULD anyone help us, when we won't help ourselves?

Most of us could stay out of prison simply by wanting to stay in the Free World so much that we wouldn't do anything to jeopardize our freedom. The most effective way not to get caught is to break the law!

THE ABSOLUT

SHAVE FRONT
SHAVE BACK

TAGG TALES *And a few Facts*

By
The
Irrepressible
Chuck Garrett

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THE ABSOLUTE END



SCHOOL DAZE--Dave "Shotgun" Smith

This semester we have a new addition to our teaching staff, David Collins. Dave hails from New York City and has 3 years' teaching experience in the outside world. In his capacity of English instructor, he's doing a fine job, and we'd like to welcome him to the staff.

Every man who is under 26 years of age when he enters the prison, and who cannot pass an 8th-grade test, is required to go to school. However, we have several fellows who are over 26 and who are attending classes voluntarily. Good luck to those fellows.

Charles "String Bean" Woods has left for the bricks. Sure was glad to see him go--he was bugging us with his shortinitis.

Here's an item we'd like to pass along. It's by Dave Collins, and it's worth your attention.

Grammar Shows the Way

"Why do I need grammar?" scoffed the skeptical student. "I can read and write, can't I? And I can make myself understood plain enough."

Have you ever heard those words? I have, and there were times in my life when I felt the same way. I have learned differently.

It is true that without knowing grammar, we can express ourselves freely and often eloquently. But grammar is necessary to a real mastery of the language in the same way the multiplication tables are necessary to arithmetic. Why do we study grammar? To learn that participles end in "ing?" No. We study

grammar to learn to use participles and other word tools effectively to express ourselves clearly and concisely.

So, you may wonder why the elimination of this language rubbish when one can always make himself understood, when inaccuracies and slang often seem more emphatic than the correct forms, when one's friends habitually repeat the common errors?

Well, take the case of Joe "Honest Joe" Bond, the automobile salesman. Joe is typical of the men who at one time thought grammar had no importance in his life. That is, until he started to lose money! Like many people he still says, "Everybody should buy their car here," "He don't," and "It don't," and "I laid down on the couch." Now he is struggling to eliminate these expressions because he has found that educated people lack confidence in his knowledge of automobiles because he speaks and writes so inaccurately. And thus it often happens. The better the job you hold, the more important correct English becomes. When one lacks knowledge of the language his knowledge in other fields may be (perhaps unjustly) open to question.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE LAUNDRY Buck Penn and Bill Coley

Well, fellows, here we are with a little gossip from the laundry, and so help us, it's all gospel. It seems as if it has been firmly established that Mr. Pritchard is the chief and the 30 inmates working for him are the Indians. And y'know...it really works! We think Mr. Pritchard should be thanked for the effort he is putting into getting a better laundry. If you aren't really happy with your clothes, fellows, be a little patient; things are improving every day,
(Con't on page 16)

Department Reports

LAUNDRY (CON'T)

but after all, we're not Uptown yet.

Say, in case you haven't seen GENE "THE BLIMP" HERRING, it's because he's now working on the press and the two guys he works with have him big-eyed, so he's playing it safe. BILL "SLIM" BROOKS is taking advantage of the guys with his uncanny luck in picking football winners. Of course, he doesn't know that we know that he's getting the point spread a week before we do. Watch us, Bill!

And say, BUCK, what's this I hear about the guys picking on you? Something about some extra duty. I hear they really groan when you're at the dye vat. Have you any idea what they're talking about, fella?

Let's give IKE and SKETER a word of praise; they're two very fine pressmen, even though they do sneak half their work off the back press. Say, BILL HOLLIS, we thought that dye you use was for the guards' clothes. How come you get more on yourself than you do on the clothes?

On the serious side, fellows, let's give all the guys in the laundry a little encouragement. They are improving, and I believe they will continue to improve. So long for this month from ...THE TWO SNOOPS!

ONE SHOP--Commoneal Brooks

Well, this month old Number One seems to be sailing on a steady course. Everyone in the crew is doing his best to keep her shipshape.

Incidentally, Mr. S. R. CRENSHAW says he's the only guard in the place who has a governor working for him. The "governor" is the janitor, and the fellow we're talking about is NAMED governor, not an elected governor. GOVERNOR took Thomas Cook's place recently when Cook

left, and everyone believes he'll make a fine head janitor.

Mr. Crenshaw is doing a fine job of keeping everything under control, a job that isn't always easy to handle.

Today I am going to introduce you to one of the fastest communication systems this side of the Mississippi. This one has Western Union beat all hollow on speed, although the accuracy isn't too great. Fact is, Russia should make a close study of it, because when you can take the smallest mole-hill and make a regular Mount Everest of it, you've got an effective propaganda tool! By now, you probably realize that I'm talking about the KSP grapevine.

We have a spiritual group in One Shop this month, the EVEREADY SINGERS. The group was established over at the institution kitchen by REVEREND FITZGERALD BURRELL, who is a fine spiritual singer himself. The Eveready Group sings sometimes on the yard, and turn out some really beautiful spirituals.

SIDNEY WEBSTER, who works over at the dining room, wishes to thank DEPUTY WARDEN ARMSTRONG for allowing him the privilege of going to his mother's funeral the last of September. He also wishes to thank LIEUTENANT OWENS and Mr. HOOKS for taking him.

That's the news from One Shop, and we'll see you next issue.

It's True

--by Norman

You always hurt the one you love,
This may, or may not be true.
But if it's so, you'd better go...
Before I beat the hell outa you!

SIGN IN A RECORD SHOP:

"Used LP records for sale...for sale...
for sale!"

REPORT

Department Reports

HOSPITAL NEWS--Haskell Gumm

Nothing much new has happened here at the sick bay. In the past few weeks we lost one of our hospital workers, GLENN ROBERTS, who was assigned to take over the clerical duties in the Captain's Office. Good luck on your way up, Glenn ...we'll meet you on your way down. All kidding aside, we wish you lots of luck in your new job.

We also lost another of our workers to the Big L...Louisville, that is. All will remember WILLIE WEST through his weight-lifting activities, and for keeping the chewing-gum business alive. Yes he was quite a gum-cracker. Anyway, we all wish him lots of luck, and hope he makes a success of his parole.

We are sorry to report that one of our patients, JESSIE KINLEY, lost an eye as a result of an injury he received while working on the prison farm. Jess was taken to the Paducah hospital where the eye was removed. He's now back with us, and we all wish him a speedy recovery.

Last, but not least, I'd like to mention our Man About Town (actually I don't know where he is) DANIEL "SCRAP-IRON" DAVIS, who will be departing from the institution in a very few days. Daniel was really quite the guy, and you never knew what to expect from him, or where he would show up next. We can refer you to our boss, MR. HYDE, for proof ...Scrap Iron sure kept Mr. Hyde going around in circles! He's been a lot of fun to work with, though, and we'll all miss him--especially ROY T. Lots of luck, Daniel.

The hospital staff and I would like to express our appreciation to all the men who came when called and cooperated with us in the taking of influenza shots. We have heard so much of the good they are doing, and so much about how the men enjoyed them, that we are scheduling a return bout with the

shots in about 2 weeks. You're all cordially invited.

Until later, be cool cats!

THE SANDS OF TIME

--by Norman

The sands of time, fleeing from all
mortal grasp,
Swiftly nearer to Death's horror clasp
Never stopping, never slowing,
Never ceasing, ever flowing,
Like a river, hasting to its ocean floor
Bringing us at last to Death's dark door.

Recall the early days of childhood,
When before you Life, large and endless,
stood...

Time then did not matter, ever,
You and I would live forever,
We had youth and youth could even
any score.
Never dreaming, never dreading, Death's
dark door.

All life is but a great advisor,
Those who live it, come the wiser,
Gleaning knowledge from it day by day,
Each lesson taught its different way...
The essence of wisdom, and more;
The realization of Death's dark door.

Having felt the joys and pleasures,
Being poor or having treasures,
Feeling pain and knowing sadness,
Health, beauty, or total madness...
This is life; but to the fore,
Comes a fear, a deadly fear, of Death's
dark door!

Hold back the sand, stop this frantic
race
If stop it not, at least hold back its
pace
All life is fleeing me too fast
Please God, let Life's sail idle on its
mast.
The gale is strong, my ship is driven
to the shore,
All living past, I stand at Death's
dark door.



NIGHTKEEPER'S REPORT "1886"

EDITOR'S NOTE--Readers of the Penal Press are no doubt familiar with this fascinating series that appears each week in The SPECTATOR, the official publication of the Michigan State Penitentiary. Taken verbatim from old records, "Nightkeeper's Report 1886" tells its own story of prison life in bygone days. This segment of the report appeared in the October 6th issue of The SPECTATOR.

FEBRUARY 24--the convicts have been quiet and orderly during the night. But Mallby, who tried to be noisy early in the evening, quickly shut his mouth after he was drenched with a bucket of water. The water cure is a very good deterrent to noise makers. I questioned the wagon driver, Peters, No. 1343. At first he denied knowing anything about the bird, (Ed. Note: Apparently a rooster had been smuggled into the prison) but he finally admitted bringing it in. He said that he and Walters, No. 1456, had intended to cook and eat the bird, but it had got out of the cell of Walters' sometime during the night. Walters had kept the bird wrapped in a blanket, and in bed with him. Both have been sent to solitary to await the action of the deputy.

FEBRUARY 28--In the East Wing there was considerable noise during the evening, caused primarily by the cries and groans of Lawson, No. 2428. This man undoubtedly suffers terrible pain. His limbs are shrunk and his feet are swollen. He is certainly a fit subject for the hospital. Peters and Walters were given 10 bats with the strap for bringing the rooster within the walls.

MARCH 2--There has been good order in the prison during the night past. However, in the early evening, "Hannibal the Bear" came out with an imitation of an Indian. There is no doubt but that he is the fellow that has been doing this for the past week. I have chalked him in and suspended his writing privileges, but that will make no difference to him, he cannot write anyway.

* * *

Prisons may have changed since this was written...but prisoners certainly haven't!

THE THINGS THAT COUNT

--Contributed by Ernest Romans

Not what we have, but what we use,
Not what we see, but what we choose,
These are the things that mar or bless
The sum of human happiness.

The things nearby, not things afar,
Not what we seem, but what we are,
These are the things that make or break
That give the heart its joy or ache.

Not what we take, but what we give,
Not as we pray, but as we live,
These are the things that make for peace
Both now and after time shall cease.

THE AUTUMN OF AMERICA

--Jonathan Parks

Men of the army, be proud;
Yours is a cause of greatness,
Of majesty in the lowlands.
The people's hearth
Is yours and mine...
Grandeur lives there
Among the throng.

The people
Of the land...yours and mine...
So magnificent! So divine!
That all does sparkle
With freedom glow;
About us on every shore
The delight of waking
In a child's sweet mind
The Autumn of America!

Poetry & Miscellaneous

THE SECRET OF ALGODONES

--Lawrence Snow

Some 20 miles south of Yuma, Arizona, there begins a narrow little roadway that runs for several miles through the northern end of the state of Sonora, Mexico. The road will eventually deposit the motorist--if he is patient--in Mexicali, a bustling border town just across the line from El Centro, California. There are bullfights in Mexicali on certain days of the year, and I was on my way to one of these when I decided to use the Mexican road.

Just beyond Algodones, I passed a modern, ranch-style house that was obviously the home of the patron who owned the land on either side of the road. A wooden tower behind the house gave evidence of a central air-conditioning system within. A massive TV antenna thrust itself from the roof of the home, and an expensive automobile glistened inside the carport.

A half mile down the road, the scene changed. Squalid, windowless huts, built of mud and sticks, with mesquite logs framing the open doorways lined the road--the homes of the peones who worked the patron's lands. Children of every size--ragged, brown, and everywhere--played around the huts, and in the fields nearby, equally ragged men worked under the hot Mexican sun.

Here was poverty of a kind seldom seen in the United States, and my first reaction was resentment against the patron who lived in a kind of feudal opulence while his workers wallowed in squalor.

A little herd of goats was crossing the road in front of me, and I stopped the car, glad of the opportunity to study these poor people more closely. There was a bag next to me on the seat, bulging with its load of photographic gadgets, and I was reaching for my camera when something I had missed before

struck me.

These were happy people! The men who worked in the fields laughed and joked as they worked, and the children were as joyful as any I have seen. Even the leathery old herdsman grinned and waved as he choused the last of the goats off the right-of-way.

How, I wondered, could these people be so gay in the midst of what seemed to be intolerable poverty? What purpose could they find in a life of hard work, with only an occasional fling in the bars of Algodones and an early Mass with the family on Sunday to break the week?

The answer that occurred to me then seemed so trite that I rejected it, and drove on to Mexicali, the pictures forgotten and the incident, nearly so.

Now, two years later, the answer no longer seems trite, although it has been written and said for centuries by many different kinds of people. Quite simply, the peones of Algodones had learned--if it can be learned--the value of acceptance: acceptance of life for what it is, and what it brings; acceptance of individual strengths and failings; acceptance of the idea that the purpose of life is to be lived, a day at a time.

Changing what can be changed, accepting what cannot be changed, living each day for itself, the people of Algodones have found a happiness that is not dependent upon TV sets, luxurious homes, and expensive automobiles for completion.

THE END

The atom of the element hydrogen is the simplest of all the atoms.

DEPUTY WARDEN'S PAGE



First of all I want to apologize to the Deputy Commissioner of Welfare, Mr. Marshall Swain. Through an oversight his name was left out of the last issue of our prison newspaper.

I also want to thank each and every employee of this institution for the nice cards and visits that I received during my short stay at Western Baptist Hospital in Paducah, Kentucky. I also want to thank the inmates for the cards and other people not connected with the institution for the nice cards, visits and flowers.

This is the time of year when everyone's thoughts begin to turn toward Thanksgiving and of course, Thanksgiving Day Dinner. I thought this would be a good time to let all of you know what will be served here at the institution. We will have turkey and dressing, cole slaw and various other items from which the inmates may choose their meal. The institution is now purchasing approximately 75% of the bread served here at the institution from an outside bakery, which I think is more economical and apparently the inmates prefer the outside bread to the bread baked here at the institution.

This year, we have received more comments on our sanitation and also our beautiful flowers than we have ever received before. During the past year we have applied about three thousand gallons of paint here at the institution. The chapel, hospital, dining room, kitchen, and all of the cellhouses except No. three and four have been painted.

No. 4 Cellhouse is in the process of being painted now.

In my letter today I will attempt to answer a question that has been asked me recently concerning the institution and inmates. Why are some inmates continuously in trouble while others have perfect records? Is it the fault of the institution or the individual inmate himself?

All inmates that are committed to this institution, naturally, have been convicted of a felony but all of the inmates confined here at the institution are not of a criminal nature. Approximately 18% of the inmates in this institution are the only ones that ever cause trouble by violating our prison rules to the extent that they have to be punished. Some inmates come to this institution and serve their time and go out without ever having a Disciplinary Report against them, while others are consistently violating the prison rules. This, I think, is very obvious that it is not the fault of the institution but the fault of the individual himself. It stands to reason, that if 82% of the inmates can stay out of trouble, the other 18% can also stay out of trouble if they themselves want to.

There are a number of alibies that I listen to from the inmates of this institution, which are nothing more than the individual's excuse for violating our rules, some of which are: "I was raised in a broken home," "I was drinking," "I was running with the wrong
(Con't on Page 21)

(Con't from Page 20)

crowd," "The court was unjust," or just about any other excuse to justify their wrong-doing. In other words, the blame everyone but themselves for their downfall, and of course, to that particular 18%, everyone is wrong but them. I think, in most cases, that if they would study the situation closely, they would find this situation vice-versa.

According to the state parole authorities, 20% of the inmates that are released on parole from the Kentucky institutions violate their parole and are returned to the institution. Of course, 80% make good their parole and stay out. The same question comes up again. If 80% of the inmates on parole can make good why can't the other 20% do the same? In most cases, after they are returned to the institution, we hear the same excuses again: "I was drinking," or "I was running with the wrong crowd," "My wife (or girl friend) double-crossed me," or "The parole officer didn't give me a chance." They will blame anyone in order to justify themselves for violating their parole. The same thing applies to the breaking of prison rules: there is always some one else who causes it.

In my opinion, until any individual can judge himself before judging other people and learn that he himself is the one that violates prison rules and parole and until he learns to take the blame for his own violations, he will remain a member of the 18% that are consistently breaking prison rules as well as the 20% that are violating their parole.

I hope that this answers the question that was asked me. I think that anyone would be safe in saying that no one can be helped unless he wants to be helped and is willing to admit his own mistakes and stop blaming other people for his own doing.

Lloyd Armstrong
Lloyd J. Armstrong, Deputy Warden

LATE NEWSMOUNTAIN MEN MAKE MUSIC FOR MOB

The KSP chapel was shakin' one Sunday last month when the institution's Hill-billy Band played before a near-capacity audience. It was the first time in recent months that such a show has had a really sizeable turnout.

Much of the enthusiasm for the mountain concert was due to the legwork of bandleader Ray Cummins, who drummed up interest among officials and inmates alike. But once the audience was there, they weren't disappointed, for the top country talent of the institution was on stage.

Emceed by Garvin Shepard, the show featured vocal numbers and music by Robert Clark, Clyde Crum, Ray Stone, Dogwood Johnson, Sydney Bruce, and Earl "Pickhandle" Whitt, as well as by Shepard himself.

Lead guitarist Dogwood Johnson played and sang with even greater enthusiasm than ever; he had just been granted a parole.

Audience reception for the show was enthusiastic, and many of the inmates expressed the hope that there would be another hoodown in the not-too-distant future.

Warden Luther Thomas, who attended the show, congratulated the band on their talent.

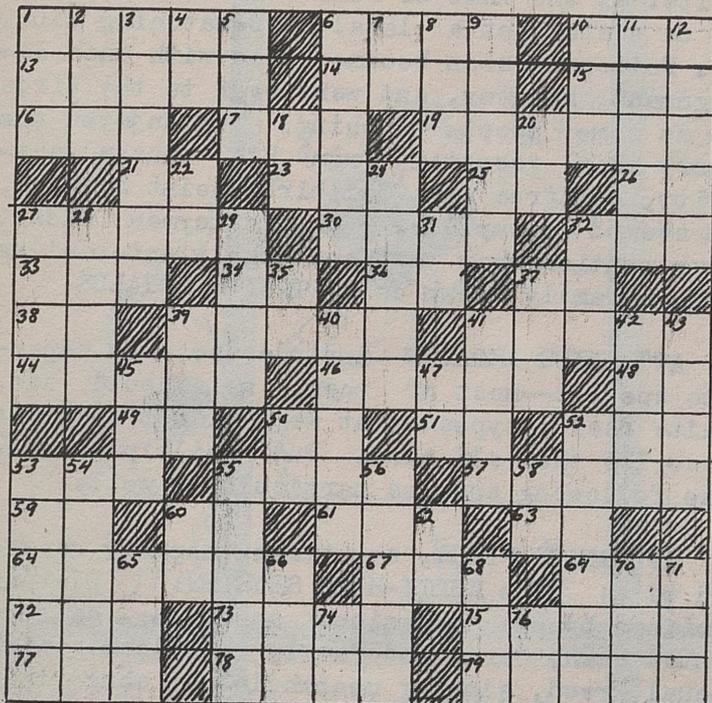
Ray Cummins, when contacted after the event, said that another show was planned soon, if conditions were favorable.

* * *

A good listener is not only popular everywhere, but after a while he knows something---Wilson Mizner

CROSSWORD by TRACY

--Tracy Barker



ACROSS

- 1. Spring month
- 6. Blob
- 10. Officer's Candidate School
- 13. Self esteem
- 14. Sound quality
- 15. Dali's profession
- 16. Period of time
- 17. Mineral spring
- 19. Special Sunday
- 21. Leave
- 23. Form of H2O
- 25. Personal pronoun
- 26. A father
- 27. Used up
- 30. Osculate
- 32. Eddie _____, actor
- 33. Golf term
- 34. Elevated train
- 36. Perform
- 37. Hobo
- 38. Article
- 39. Trap
- 41. Thing talked about.
- 44. Handed out
- 46. Mistake
- 48. Doctor (Abbrev.)

Down (Con't)

- 39. Shrewd
- 40. WW II term
- 41. Carry
- 42. The _____ of March
- 43. Indians
- 45. Honest
- 47. State
- 50. Railroad
- 52. Not a pro.
- 53. Adjective
- 54. Not tight
- 55. A Ford Bro.
- 56. Odor
- 58. Ream (Int.)
- 60. Conjunction
- 62. Atop
- 65. All Points Bulletin
- 66. Before (Poetic)
- 68. A misfire
- 70. Beverage
- 71. Worm
- 74. Accepted

- 49. Past
- 50. Soft drink
- 51. Pronoun
- 52. Sheltered side
- 53. Spanish exclamation
- 55. God of love
- 57. Rub out
- 59. Preposition
- 60. Olive drab
- 61. Sargeant
- 63. Possessive pronoun
- 64. Gravel voiced
- 67. Omega
- 69. _____ West, actress
- 72. Extra-sensory perception
- 73. Ireland
- 75. Russian Mountain range.
- 77. Southernor
- 78. Religious month
- 79. Natives of Denmark.

DOWN

- 1. An anthropoid
- 2. In favor of
- 3. Horseshoe term
- 4. Identification
- 5. _____ Paul
- 6. A pile
- 7. _____ River
- 8. Unit
- 9. Squads
- 10. Cereal
- 11. Statement of belief
- 12. A maverick
- 18. Mathematical term
- 20. Compass point
- 22. Atop
- 24. Kind of duck
- 27. British Fighter Plane
- 28. Sheet of glass
- 29. Shelter
- 31. Thus
- 32. Fancy dresser
- 35. Los Angeles
- 37. Bureau of Relief

(Con't)

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

Statistics & Movies

PENITENTIARY STATISTICS

Escapes	0
Death Row	7
Admitted by Commitment	69
Transfers from KSR	22
Released by Expiration	20
Released by Parole	16
Released by Death	0
Total Population	1234
High Number	22633
Low Number	11549

MOVIES FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS:

November 17	MAGNIFICENT 7 Yul Brynner & Steve McQueen
November 24	HELL TO ETERNITY Jeff Hunter & Pat Owens
December 1	RAT RACE Tony Curtis & Debbie Reynolds
December 8	THE UNFORGIVEN Burt Lancaster & Audie Murphy
December 15	BELLS ARE RINGING Judy Holliday & Dean Martin

THE LAST WORD

Some time ago, a LOUISVILLE TIMES feature writer by the name of John Fetterman was sent to do a story on a local bird-watching club. Mr. Fetterman soon became bored with this assignment, however, and went over to the birds to do some people-watching! We enjoyed the story that resulted from his unusual activity, but from our jailbird point of view, it seemed incomplete. Mr. Fetterman didn't even mention that vast and highly interesting people-family known as ATTORNIUS LEGALUS.

ATTORNIUS LEGALUS includes so many separate species--most of them, we should add, quite useful types--that we couldn't begin to describe them all here. But jailbirds know the following species particularly well.

ATTORNIUS FIXUS, sometimes vulgarly referred to as "The MULTI-HUED SHYSTER." Distinguished by his voracious appetite, he consumes cash, cars, and family heirlooms with equal greed, singing meanwhile a song that sounds remarkably like "We'll buy 'em all, we'll buy 'em all!" Fortunately a rare species, FIXUS often does more harm than good, though a few consider him a useful bird and one that should be preserved.

ATTORNIUS COURTAPOINTUS, sometimes called the "COURT APPOINTED ATTORNEY," is interesting because he never seems to age. At least, we've never seen one who was quite dry behind the ears. A habitue of drab brown nests which he refers to as "courts," the COURTAPOINTUS sings a number of songs, the most common of which seems to be, "Cop-a-plea, cop-a-plea!"

But the loudest song of all is sung by the species ATTORNIUS CALABOOSUS, also known as the "JAILHOUSE LAWYER." Only distantly related to the ATTORNIUS family, CALABOOSUS is easily recognized by his striped coat and his strident song, which at times sounds something like, "Whereas, to wit, mandamus writ, what very fine words those are...Though I can't understand, for the life of me, why they've failed to spring me so far!"

See you in court. THE EDITOR