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Castle ON THE Cumberland

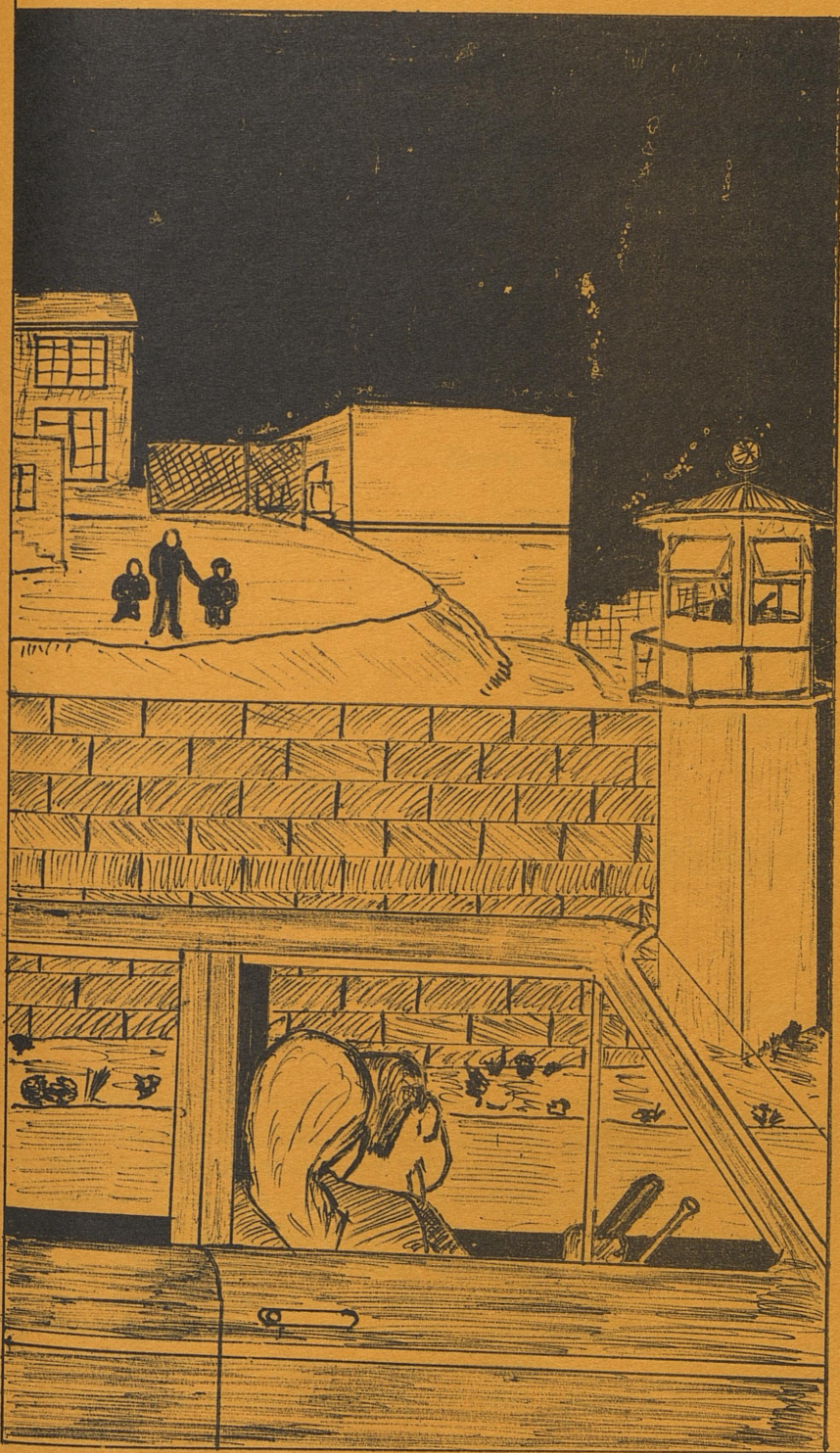
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NOVEMBER 15, 1962

"This, Too, Shall Pass"

Volume II

Number V



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CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND

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THE DEPUTY'S PAGE

By Deputy Warden Lloyd T. Armstrong

Capital punishment has been discussed for the past several years both pro and con. I have even been asked orally and through letters my feeling about capital punishment. I do not think I am prepared to answer this question either way. In fact, I don't believe, due to my position, that I would be justified in making a statement of this type.

I have seen quite a lot of condemned men die in the electric chair. In almost every case, in my opinion, they were guilty; however, in one or two cases I have wondered about their guilt.

I do not believe in capital punishment on circumstantial evidence, or I don't believe in capital punishment in cases where two men are buddies in crime, do the same crime and one of them winds up with the death penalty and the other with a sentence less than death. However, I do not think that this is the fault of the courts. It is simply due to some small counties that have never, and do not give death penalties, and then of course, there is a lot of difference in the feelings of the jurors. Some jurors will qualify themselves as jurors stating that he or she does not have any conscientious scruples against the death penalty, and deep in his or her heart they know that they would not participate in the death penalty. In those cases I do not think that anyone could point their finger at the judge or anyone else in the court.

It seems to me that the death penalty for armed robbery where there was no one injured is a little bit too severe. However, if it is the law of the land or the law of the Commonwealth of Kentucky I would say that the way to get around getting the death penalty for armed rob-

bery would be not to commit the crime.

Premeditated murder is altogether a different problem that I would not care to comment on at this time. Rape is another one that I had rather not comment on. I do realize, that in my opinion, there are inmates in institutions that are probably there on phoney, stumped-up charges. This is another subject that has been discussed for many, many years and again I would like to say that it is not the fault of the court because the courts go by law and evidence but both premeditated murder and rape, we realize, are serious charges and the people who discuss them, in most cases, are people that are not involved.

I have had people say to me that there is no such thing as rape because a man could not rape a woman if she resisted. This I am not prepared to argue. However, in most cases, the very person that says there is no such thing as rape, if this happened to his mother, sister, daughter or wife, he would then think there is such a thing as rape. So I do not think it is left up to any individual or any group of individuals to say whether or not that a woman was or was not raped or that a person was or was not premeditatedly murdered. I think that all this should be left up to the law to work out according to the law and evidence.

I doubt if any judge on any bench gets any big thrill out of reading the verdict passed down to him by the jury where the death penalty is involved. Also, I doubt if any jury gets any thrill out of participation in a case where the death penalty is involved. However, the judge on the bench is only doing his sworn duty and the jurors are
(Please turn to page 21)

CASTLE NEWS

HALFWAY TO PAROLE (Via PP News Release)

When United States Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy talks of crime and crime prevention he likes to mention his "halfway houses."

His Justice Department has established three of them, one each in Los Angeles, Chicago, and New York. Formally they are called Federal Pre-Release Guidance Centers.

Mr. McDannell, Director of the pre-release guidance center here in Los Angeles, says that "To us and to those in the field of correction this whole thing represents a new philosophy, a whole new theory in treating young offenders. We feel it has been needed for a long time."

The "halfway houses," as Attorney General Kennedy prefers to call them, are the newly established homelike institutions where the Justice Department is attempting to better prepare young federal criminals for the day of parole.

Young convicts from ages 16 to 26 are sent to one of the three centers near their original homes three months prior to their scheduled parole. There, under the supervision of social workers, they live, go out into society, hunt jobs and get accustomed gradually to the society to which they are about to return.

After only nine months' existence the center here has a near-flawless record. It has released 30 young offenders back into society.

LACK OF CONVICTS CLOSES CELLBLOCK

Marquette -- Cellblock A, oldest section of the Marquette, Michigan state prison, was closed recently for lack of prisoners. Greater use of parole and probation has resulted in a general drop in Michigan's prison population.

KSP WEIGHTLIFTER LIFTING OLYMPIC WEIGHTS JOE ANDERSON HOLDS SEVERAL IRON RECORDS

A 6-foot, 200-pound inmate here is pushing the pig-iron up in weights that many an Olympic lifter would envy.

Joe Anderson, 27, is no newcomer to weightlifting. Beginning to lift in 1951, he has continued to train almost continuously since that time. Transferring around the country on a federal sentence, he broke all weightlifting records in federal prisons at Terre Haute, Indiana, Leavenworth, Kansas, and Atlanta, Georgia. He was the champion at Angola, Louisiana, and the weightlifting instructor and trainer at Terre Haute. One of his finest lifts, performed in competition against super-heavies in Atlanta (Joe ranks in the light-heavy division), was a 3-lift total of 860 pounds.

In spite of a long layoff from training, Anderson is the unquestioned champion at Eddyville Prison. In the military press, an event in which the contestant must lift the bar-bells overhead at arms length while standing with legs and back straight, he lifts 270 pounds. In the snatch (lifting weights from the floor to the overhead position without a pause), he lifts 240 pounds; and in the clean-and-jerk (similar to the military press except that the weight may be "jumped" overhead with the aid of the legs), his record is 290 pounds.

Anderson is not satisfied with his lifts. In June of 1963, he will become eligible for parole and, if he is granted his freedom, he hopes to find a sponsor in weightlifting circles in Louisville, his home town. With a special diet and plenty of hard work with equipment superior to that he is presently working with, he feels that he could add considerably to his lift total. His long range ambition is to find a place on an Olympic weightlifting team and he is willing to work to make it.

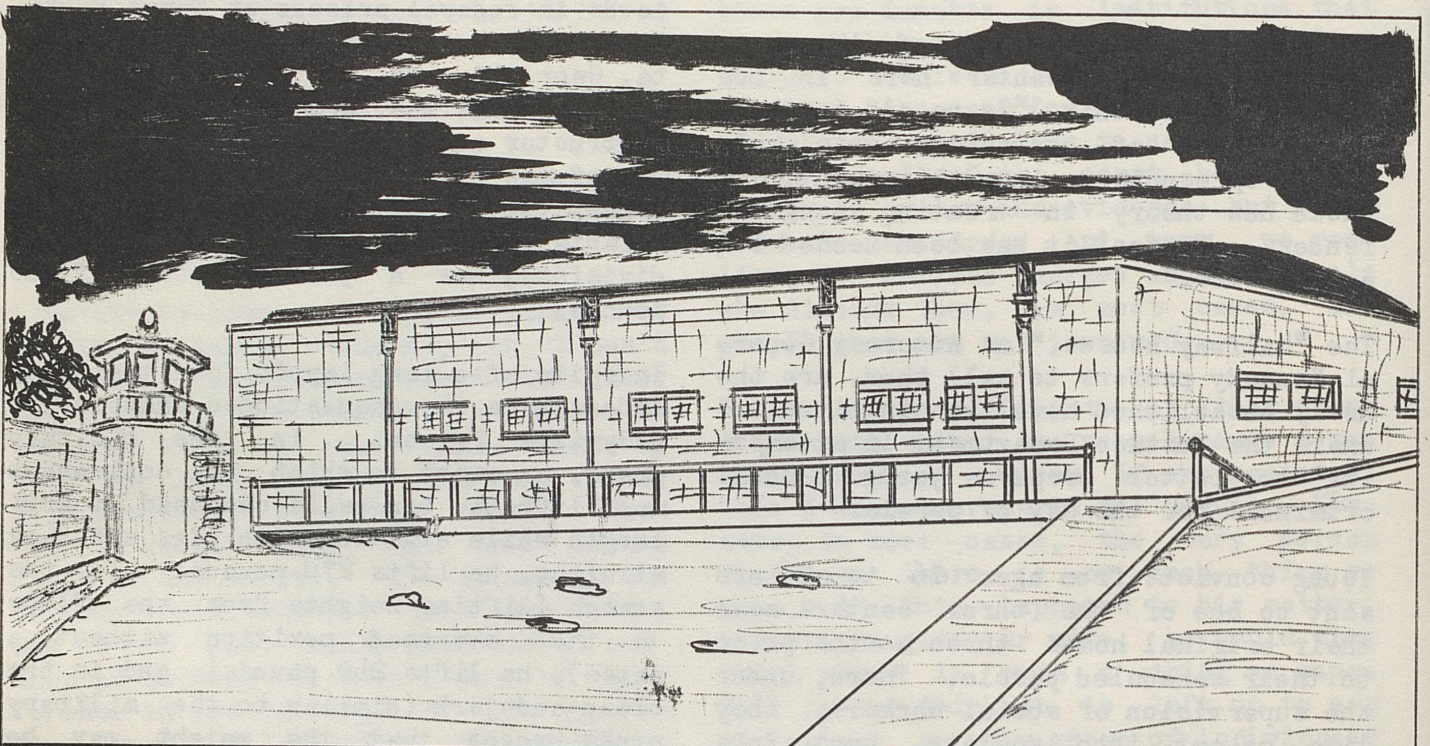
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BLASTING, DIGGING DONE FOR NEW BUILDING

A series of dynamite blasts resounded through the prison last month as digging for the new school-gymnasium building's foundation was completed. The blasting was necessary to clear shelvings of rock from some of the 50 caisson holes needed for the building's footings. The footings will reach down to bedrock to provide support for the 70-by-144 foot building.

By the time this magazine appears, first pouring of foundation cement will have been finished, and the tile detail, in charge of forming the concrete caissons used for the foundation, will have finished making approximately 150 of the big tubes.

Through use of inmate labor and skills, and through purchase of doors, windows, plumbing, used brick and a large part of the structural steel for the building



Possible Appearance of Finished Educational-Recreational Building in N. E. sector --

Construction of the building, designed by architect H. Lawrence Casner of Paducah, will continue throughout the winter, and the structure should be ready for occupancy by next summer. Inmate labor is being used wherever possible under the direction of Mr. Casner and his representative, Mr. Freeland Harris, Visiting Engineer for the job. Mr. M. E. Cummings is superintendent of construction, and Mr. L. L. Abell is employed as officer in charge. Inmate Joe Paulhus also serves as an engineer for the building.

from the razed Eddyville School, a great deal of money will be saved the state's taxpayers. The final cost of the building may be less than \$4 a square foot. By way of comparison, it costs an average of approximately \$10 a square foot to erect a family dwelling. When completed, the building will provide space for a much-needed school, complete with offices and separate, glass-walled classrooms, and a full-sized gymnasium and auditorium. A stage, bleachers, and toilet facilities will be included on the second floor.

FOUR CLERKS ALREADY PLACED BY TYPING CLASS: DALE CARNEGIE COURSE POSSIBLE

Four men who have learned to type at or better than 50 words a minute have already been placed in clerical jobs by the Education Department, says Henry E. Cowan, supervisor of education for the prison. Thirteen other men in the new typing class are gaining proficiency rapidly. The class is the first course other than standard grade-school courses to be offered in the school.

In other school news, 14 men are now enrolled in the preparatory GED classes. Testing for equivalency high-school diplomas is expected to be completed some time before Christmas. A Dale Carnegie course is also being planned for interested inmates, and anyone wishing to take the program is urged to sign the enrollment notices in the shops or to contact Mr. Cowan at the school. The course is said to give students more self-confidence and poise in social and business situations. Mr. Cowan emphasized that the program is only in the planning stages, however.

Mr. Cowan also said that he expects school enrollment to increase now that summer is over and more young inmates are free from farm assignments. Average enrollment at the school is 100. He commented on the improved attitude and efforts of the student body.

HENS COME ACROSS FOR KSP INMATES

In case you haven't noticed, there's an egg on everyone's breakfast tray these days -- or at least there was at the time of this writing. Some mornings there have been two. And cases of eggs keep coming in from the farm to the cold storage room on the hill.

Maybe it was the Indian Summer we had last month. Maybe they're playing music in the henhouse these days, as some progressive farmers have been known to do to increase their egg yield. Maybe the

hens have just taken pity on us. Whatever the case, however, we appreciate that egg in the morning, and if Steward Griffin and others, and the boys who work in the kitchen, don't get tired of cooking them for us, we can promise we won't get tired of eating them. And to the hens -- or whoever is responsible -- many thanks!

PRISON GARAGE BUSY ON STATE VEHICLES

The KSP auto shop, operated under the supervision of Mr. Gary Armstrong, is keeping busy repairing prison-owned cars and trucks these days, according to Joe Weatherford, inmate mechanic at the garage.

The garage, located under Four Shop, and connected to the engineering department, normally employs three men: Weatherford as mechanic, Norman Gregory as body-and-fender man, and Morgan Brown as janitor and helper, and it's said there's a truck or car to be worked on almost every day, giving the boys plenty of valuable experience. Weatherford is at the moment engrossed in learning body work from Gregory, who in turn learns the mechanical end of the business from his pupil.

The latest project undertaken by the garage consists of a fairly extensive job of body work and customizing on a Ford sedan, a task that should provide both men with specialized experience required by the larger body shops. Although they are somewhat handicapped by a shortage of certain hand tools, the job is coming along well.

INVENTOR OF CROSSWORDS A CONVICT

According to columnist Hal Boyle, Victor Orvill, credited with inventing the crossword puzzle, did so to help pass time while in the penitentiary.

Carved on Orvill's tombstone is a crossword puzzle blank. The definitions have been left for future geniuses to fill in.

A LESSON FOR ASPIRING WRITERS

(Purloined from the READER'S DIGEST)

When you come right down to it, there is no law that says you have to use big words when you write or talk.

There are lots of small words, and good ones, that can be made to say all the things you want to say, quite as well as the big ones. It may take a bit more time to find them at first. But it can be well worth it, for all of us know what they mean. Some small words, more than you might think, are rich with just the right feel, the right taste, as if made to help you say a thing the way it should be said.

Small words can be crisp, brief, terse -- go to the point, like a knife. They have a charm all their own. They dance, twist, turn, sing. Like sparks in the night they light the way for the eyes of those who read. They are the grace notes of prose. You know what they say the way you know a day is bright and fair -- at first sight. And you find, as you read, that you like the way they say it. Small words are gay. And they can catch large thoughts and hold them up for all to see, like rare stones in rings of gold, or joy in the eyes of a child. Some make you feel, as well as see: The cold deep dark of night, the hot salt sting of tears.

Small words move with ease where big words stand still -- or, worse, bog down and get in the way of what you want to say. There is not much, in all truth, that small words will not say -- and say quite well.

-- Joseph A. Ecclesine

(This item was originally entitled Words of One Syllable. Reason? The author included not one word of more than one syllable. -- ED)

With today's prices, clothes break the man!

DOES CRIME PAY?

A bunch of the inmates were standing around
On the prison compound one day,
Talking of crime (the convict's shop talk),
And whether it really does pay.
They told of their scores in days long gone
by,

And bragged of their ten-dollar ties.
They told how they lived in the finest
hotels,
Ate meals that a gourmet would prize --
How their women wore mink and were covered
with jewels,
That they each drove a Cadillac car,
How they sneered with contempt at the jury
and judge,
When brought before justice's bar.
Sure, they were in a mire, they were forced
to admit,

But their lawyers were working each day;
And with writs, probation, commutation,
parole,

They'd soon have their going-out day!
An elderly con who had said not a word
While he listened to boasts loud and
crude,

Stood up with a withering glint in his eye
And remarked in a manner subdued:

"Have you thought of the price of a wife's
broken heart,

Or a mother who died of your shame?
Was it worth all this time, and your
family's grief

When they realized that you were to blame?
Can your memories pay you while you are
shut in,

For those years of gazing through bars --
For the loss of your freedom to be with
your kids,

Or to walk out at night under stars?
Can you honestly say you would stay past
your time

For a million a year to remain?
Of course you would not, any one who agreed,
Would be suspected of being insane.

I've stolen my last, it did me no good,
I'll go straight if I get out some day.
The thousands of men in jails such as ours
Are sure proof that crime doesn't pay!"

-- Anonymous

THE EDITORIAL SIDE

IS PROPOSED CRIME REPORTING BILL OCCASION FOR CHEERS?

A New York judge has proposed a bill that would sharply restrict the right of newspapers in the reporting of crimes. In part, the proposed law would prevent newspapers from publishing such material as statements or confessions of the accused and interviews with witnesses until the defendant had his day in court. It would also prohibit the press from mentioning the accused's criminal record, if any, before the trial.

The temptation is to greet such a proposal with hosannas. In almost every court in the land, the right of the prosecution to refer to a defendant's prior criminal record is for obvious reasons restricted. Yet in cases that have received any newspaper publicity at all, many a defendant has been convicted on shaky evidence, or no evidence at all, merely because the jury members had read in their local papers what the prosecution was bound not to mention -- that the defendant had a police record, and therefore "must" be guilty. It has also happened that innocent men have gone to prison -- and to death -- because newspaper accounts of the crime had all but convicted them before the trial.

Moreover, crime news is by its very nature more apt to be unintentionally distorted by the press. What is worse, even to us, is the fact that sensational newspaper stories of crimes often set off a wave of similar crimes. The airplane bombings and hijackings of recent years, and the rash of kidnappings following the Lindbergh case are just two examples.

Obviously, reforms are needed, and the proposed law would bring them about, at least in part. But there is another side to the question. All of us, even convicts -- probably especially convicts -- have a stake in the freedom of the press. A press that is free to criticize, within the limits of the libel laws, any person or policy it sees fit, and to inform its readers honestly and objectively of all the news, is vital to the preservation of the other rights and liberties we enjoy today -- including the right to a fair trial. The press has that freedom now, but it hasn't been easily won, and it could be easily lost in a jungle of protective legislation. From a law prohibiting newspapers from printing the police record of a person accused of crime to a bill prohibiting the publication of the voting and performance record of a seeker of public office is only a short step; and from there to the restriction of the press to criticize any public policy or public injustice is also a short step.

In the interests of fair play and the protection of all citizens, it is obvious that the press should refrain from publishing material that even the prosecuting authorities have no right to mention -- at least until the defendant has had his chance at a fair and unbiased trial. But the big question is, should it be brought about by the publishers, editors, and broadcasters themselves -- or should it come through legislation?



THE FABULOUS FISH OF FINNY LAKE

By John H. Brandt

Finny Lake wasn't what you'd call a favorite spot of the local sportsmen. It wasn't one of those "smart" lakes. Crowded with reeds and snags and floating logs, it offered no room for water-skiing, and certainly it wasn't the most favorable place to show off your new plastic boat and that new 60-horsepower outboard motor. It had no dramatic scenery, no marinas, and not even a good access road. In spite of that, or more likely because of that, Finny Lake was alive with whopping largemouth bass and some of the finest and heaviest channel cat you've ever seen. And it was famous for its plump-legged bullfrogs, whose throaty croaking could be heard for miles on a still night.

That's why, when Fred and Maggie Edwards dropped a hint that they'd like to try some of our local frog-gigging, I offered to take them to Finny. Now, Fred and Maggie were regular guys, even if they were loaded with mazuma, but I had what the story writers call ulterior motives for taking them gigging, too. The Edwards were representatives for a large out-of-town construction firm that was planning to build a shopping center and housing tract in our town, and I had

been trying for weeks to get their signatures on a long spot-announcement contract. So, for that matter, had every other radio station in town as well as the TV people. With such stiff competition, I'd have waded the River Styx to get them frog-legs, if that's what they'd wanted.

That night, I stopped by their apartment to collect them and their two kids, John, a boy of 10 and Martha, a girl of 11, and we headed for the lake. Fred had brought a flask of Scotch, and I bought a case of beer and some soft drinks and ice cubes at a sporting goods store on the way out, so we were prepared for any contingency.

But I want to emphasize right here and now that we did not, at any time that night, lose our sobriety so completely as to be seeing things. If we had, the chances against three adults in the same boat on the same night having exactly the same hallucination must be astronomical. And even if we had taken a nip too much, the two kids hadn't touched a drop of anything stronger than Coca Cola, and they saw the same thing we did. I stress this only because

fishermen have acquired such an undeserved reputation for stretching the truth.

Anyway, we got out to Finny Lake about 8:30. By the time we had loaded the little wooden tub I used for fishing the lake with the beer and the tackle and all, another half hour had passed, and the frogs were in full voice. With five people in it, the boat was fairly low in the water, and I had to open the throttle on the 3-horsepower kicker pretty wide to make any headway at all. But, as any frog gigger will tell you, the noise of an outboard doesn't scare frogs in the least. Before long we had a fair bag.

It happened while we were cruising along a particularly thick stand of reeds out in the middle of the lake. I was running the motor, the two kids were in the bow playing the light on the reeds looking for eyes, and Fred and Maggie were sitting on the beer cooler, enjoying themselves immensely in spite of the leaks and the fish smell in the boat. Suddenly, off to the right, something heavy and fast boiled out of the lake and streaked across the bow. Everyone jumped, because the moon was behind the clouds and we couldn't see what had gone over the boat. The kids began playing the lights over the water, looking for whatever it had been, and while they were at it, another something came streaking across the back of the boat.

Well, Finny Lake is a pretty weird and spooky place, even in the daytime, and our imaginations began to run wild. We didn't say anything to each other, of course, because we were all more afraid of seeming silly than we were of being eaten by some monster of the lake. But nobody objected when I threw the throttle wide open and got out of that part of the lake as fast as the little boat could take us.

We cruised around a little more, mostly

because no one would brave suggesting that we call it a night. After a little bit, when the moon came out from behind the clouds, we got over our scare a little. We even got around to speculating whether the noises had been made by a muskrat or by one of the nocturnal waterbirds that frequented the lake. We had almost decided to go on with our frog gigger when it happened again.

This time, it came from the back of the boat. There was that quick boiling of the water again, and the sensation of something big and compact and fast whizzing diagonally the length of the boat. Whatever it was, it struck Martha a glancing blow on the shoulder. She screamed, on the point of falling into the water, but John grabbed her just in time.

She had been scared, but she made a fast recovery, because the next minute she cried out in joy, "Look! Look!" and began plucking at Maggie's sleeve and pointing off to the right. We all looked, and if I live to be a thousand, I'll never forget the sight we saw.

All over that lake, as far as we could see in the now-brilliant moonlight, there was a weird, pescatorial ballet going on. Fish of a variety I had never seen before, silvery and streamlined in the tricky light, were skipping across the lake by the hundreds. They were flying in and out of the water so fast it was hard to estimate their size exactly, but the smallest of them weren't less than two feet long, and some of them would run four feet or more. As we watched, they seemed to be playing in perfect synchronization, each one completely solemn of face, if fish can have any expression, and making long flat jumps in formation at a speed you'd have to see to believe. Then, a few of them here and there across the lake came streaking straight up out of the water, going up higher than a man can reach, and then diving straight down again. To

the right, to the left, straight ahead and behind, there were fish of lunker size jumping and leaping, filling the air with their acrobatics. Two of them, misjudging their leaps, actually came into the boat with us, but before we could grab them, they flipped their big bodies effortlessly and streaked back into the water.

And then, just as suddenly as they had begun, they stopped. The surface of the lake calmed down quickly, and it was as if they had never been there. The frogs began to croak again, the muskrats and the birds resumed their play, and we were left to rub our eyes and wonder if it had really happened at all.

What kind of fish were they? We never found out, although we went back to that lake time and time again. We took nets and tackle, we explored the lake day and night, but never again did we see those strange-looking, incredibly fast fish do their ballet routine. We caught some fish -- bass, catfish, and a carp or two -- but nothing remotely resembling the species we had seen. Even the state Fish and Game Commission was no help to us. Frankly, they didn't believe us.

Oh! Did I get the contract? Well, considering all the time we spent together on Finny Lake after that frog-hunting trip ... what do you think?

LOOKING?

Looking for an unusual Christmas gift? Why not send a year's subscription to the CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND? Just mail us the names and addresses, with a money order (It's only a dollar a year) and we'll do the rest. Subscriptions in our hands by December First will receive the Xmas issue.

ADDRESS: CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND, Box 128, Eddyville, Kentucky. Do it now!

JOKES AND STUFF

Busdriver: "Did you get home safely last night?"

Passenger: "Why, of course! What a strange question!"

Busdriver: "Not so strange. Remember giving that lady your seat?"

Passenger: "Yes."

Busdriver: "Well, you two were the only passengers on the bus!"

Deft Definitions Section:

EXPERT -- Any guy more than 50 miles from home.

ACTIVATE -- Make more carbons and add more names to a memo.

EXPEDITE -- Compound confusion with confusion.

MEETING -- Mass mulling of masterminds.

INFORMED SOURCE -- Guy who told the guy you just met.

One of the biggest troubles with success these days is that its recipe is about the same as that for a nervous breakdown.

Did you hear the one about the boy sardine who wanted to marry a girl sardine because her family was in oil?

And they say only a light bulb can stay out all night and still be bright the next day.

"Clerk, why didn't you call me at 5?"

"Because you didn't retire until 6!"

LETTER TO A READER

Eddyville Prison
November 15, 1962

Dear Mr. Sherer,

You say you are puzzled that the offender will buck seemingly impossible odds to do things that are illegal and immoral and that land him in prison, not once, but two, three, four, or more times. You are not alone, Mr. Sherer. Every man who has ever turned an inquiring mind toward the problem of crime and punishment is equally puzzled. All but the most dogmatic of law-enforcement and prison people are puzzled. Most puzzled of all is the offender himself.

To the world's relatively normal people, such a claim -- that the offender is puzzled by his own actions -- must seem like utter nonsense. But who knows himself completely? Who can claim to know all there is to know -- or even the smallest part of all there is to know -- about the abstract something called the mind? Who, if challenged to account for all his actions, could give more than surface reasons for his own behavior?

There are many men in prison, Mr. Sherer, whose actions seem to have been caused by alcohol. In fact, probably more prisoners are here as a result of drinking problems than are not. Yet what causes one man to have trouble with liquor, while the next man uses liquor in moderation, or abstains altogether? Some others seem to be here because their training and their surroundings conditioned them for nothing better than a life of crime. Yet as you asked in your letter, why is it that one man from a bad environment may be a dismal failure, while the boy next door grows up to become a tremendous success?

A good many thoughtful men have wondered, aloud and in print, why humans behave like humans, but thousands of years of inquiry have produced little more than labels for behavior, as opposed to reasons for behavior. The same questions that puzzle you and me today puzzled the Greek thinkers of 2500 years ago, the European philosophers of a thousand years ago, and the psychiatric pioneers of a century ago. Labels like free will and predestination, heredity and environment, repressions and guilt feelings and the like, are bandied about pretty freely, but in the final analysis the least general and most accurate thing that can be said of human motives and actions is that each of us is at any given moment the sum total of his responses to all that he has tasted, smelled, seen, heard, felt, and thought during the years of his life. And each of us is as individual as his fingerprints, although, like fingerprints, we may all look alike when viewed from a distance.

So I can't answer your question fully, Mr. Sherer, and neither can anyone else. I can't say why the thief steals any more than I can say why the writer writes or the poet rhymes or the teacher teaches or the businessman buys and sells. But I can and I will point out, or try to point out, some of the surface manifestations of this thing called the criminal mind. But first, let's limit our subject. Let's confine our letter to the most troublesome and most troubled type of criminal, the repeat or pattern offender, the fellow who, like me, can't seem to stay out of trouble. That leaves out the type of criminal who gets into organized crime, it leaves out the fellow who shoots his wife's lover in the heat of anger or who gets drunk and runs over someone in his car, or who deviates from the normal pattern of his life under stress or the influence of others long enough to steal once or twice and get in trouble for it. These types seldom repeat their crimes, and they make up only a

very small part of the prison population anyway.

The fellow I want to talk about, and the fellow I think you're puzzled about, starts young. He gets into trouble with the law at or before the age of puberty, usually, and he stays in trouble for a good part of his subsequent life. He may be from any economic level, although if he's from particularly desperate circumstances the chances are he'll be harder and tougher -- though not necessarily wilder -- than his cellmate from the "better" homes. He may be placed on probation once or twice, in which case he's cast back into the same circumstances, whatever they were, that produced him, or he may be put immediately into a reform school, where he'll get meaner and harder, because that's all he can get if he's to survive in a reform school. Sooner or later he'll go to prison.

If he is a typical repeater, it won't be his last prison experience. There are two times when a prisoner swears he's going to go straight when he gets out. One time is the first time he goes to prison, and the chances are he'll mean it. When a first offender tells the parole board -- and many first offenders do -- that they've seen the last of him, he is only telling the truth as he sees it. The other time comes when he's finally reached rock bottom -- when he's served three or four or more prison sentences, when whatever dreams he may have had as a first offender have long since been forgotten, when most of the ambition and drive and hopes he began life with have crumbled, and when he's ready to go out and wash dishes or sweep streets or do anything that will let the world forget him and let him forget he ever saw the inside of a jail. When that time comes, he not only means it, he usually does it.

You see, Mr. Sherer, the thing that so many people lose sight of, the thing that so many "beginning" inmates, especially, lose sight of, is that the type of criminal who goes to prison -- and goes again and again and again -- is not a successful criminal. There are only failures in prison. To realize that, you'd have to go through the records of imprisoned men, to take a close look at the type of crimes we commit. There are forgeries -- checks for \$15, checks for \$20, written and passed while drunk. There are auto thefts -- cars stolen for joyrides, or simply for transportation, not for sale. There are break-ins of small stores, thefts of almost valueless merchandise, vandalisms, sluggings, and bungled attempts at robbery. The "elite" or the prison social scheme is the supermarket robber, who may have realized two or three thousand dollars for his part in a crime for which he may draw a sentence of 20 years, 30 years, or life. Add up the profits such a thief earns and divide it by the number of days and years spent in prison. The few cents a day that prisons pay to their working inmates add up to more than that. No, Mr. Sherer, crime doesn't pay, not for us.

Why then, between the first and the last offences, do we hear prisoners saying -- and they say this often -- that the next time they "fall" they will fall on a federal rap, so they can go to a federal prison, where conditions are supposed to be better? Or in some state whose prisons are alleged to be more modern, or where the food is said to be better? Why do men, consciously denying but subconsciously knowing that they will be caught and imprisoned if they steal again, keep on stealing?

It's not a question of intelligence, at least not the kind of intelligence you can measure on an I. Q. test, because most prisoners are pretty close to normal in I. Q. It's not even a question of ability, because there are very competent people in prison. It's not anything you can find on a Minnesota Multiphasic Personality In-

ventory or anything you can find on a Thematic Apperception test or on any of the other devices of the psychologist.

Is the prisoner a guilt-ridden person who wants to let the state take over the job of punishing him, as has been suggested? Is he a multiple offender because he finds in the prison existence a way of life completely free from responsibility and the need to make decisions for himself, as has also been suggested? I don't know, Mr. Sherer. I'm puzzled too.

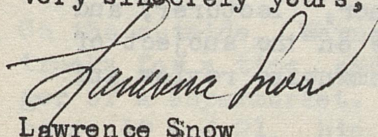
And what do you do with people like me? Do you lock us away from the community for years, hoping against hope -- and against reason, too -- that we'll come out better men? That's the standard solution, and it hasn't worked, of course. Because eventually we come out and we repeat our crimes and in a short time we're back in your prisons again. Do you slap our wrists and let us go? It won't work. Do you lock us away for the rest of our lives, a perpetual burden on the taxpayer's dollar and a dead weight on society? There aren't prisons enough. Do you establish huge, costly psychiatric treatment centers to probe our minds and correct our warped way of thinking? There isn't money enough.

In the end, Mr. Sherer, it's a matter for personal and individual solution. Your educational programs, your vocational training schools, your social workers and your "experts" on the human mind, are all desirable and commendable parts of prison treatment, and should be continued. But the chronic criminal is very much like the chronic drunkard in that he'll stubbornly drive himself towards ruin and when he gets there, he'll fight his way out and then drive himself back again; and he'll keep up the process right up to the moment that he opens his own eyes to what he's doing, and then he'll reach out for help. That's the time when help should be available, because that's the time he'll accept it. And that's the time he'll do most of it for himself.

Does that mean that you have to put up with us until we reach the stage of the four-time loser I was talking about, the fellow who has had all the spirit and the drive crushed out of him, and who won't be able to make any real contribution to your society any longer, even though he's stopped taking from it and tearing it down? I think not, Mr. Sherer. Remember the first-time loser who honestly believes he'll go straight when he gets out? He's ready for help, he's reaching for it, and it isn't there. And how about before that, when he's a scared kid in a police station for the first time in his life, wishing with all his might, no matter how cocky he may be outwardly, that he hadn't done it? He's ready for help, too, and he's ready to help himself, which is even more important. Ultimately, even the thief doesn't value anything he hasn't earned.

Maybe this hasn't answered your question, Mr. Sherer, and probably you're just as puzzled as before about why we behave as we do. But in a sense, it's fine that you are puzzled. It means you're concerned with the problem. And when enough people are concerned with the problem, then a great step will have been taken towards finding answers. So thanks for writing, and I'll be looking forward to hearing from you again.

Very sincerely yours,



Lawrence Snow

EXCHANGE PAGE

by Leonard Rule

INMATES, OFFICERS, DISCUSS PROBLEMS AT INDIANA -- Via the REFLECTOR

A group of Indiana Reformatory inmates sat down with their keepers for the second time in the institution's history last month to discuss common problems. Speaking without fear of reprisals, the inmates told guards and officials present at the meeting -- held in part for the training of new guards -- what they thought of the job being done by the employees of the prison, and aired their gripes. Later in the session, the guards discussed some of their problems. Officials of the prison described the sessions as a highly profitable and effective method of improving communication and understanding between officials and inmates. Said Superintendent John W. Buck: "This offers an excellent opportunity for employees and inmates to discuss rationally and sensibly mutual problems ... (and) common interests." H. B. Thomas, director of education, added: "I think this is one of the best things that has happened at this institution. We're on our way to better understanding."

PRISON RECORDING PROGRAM CONTINUES -- Via the OP NEWS

In a period of two years, the inmates of the Ohio Penitentiary have recorded 6,897 completed records for distribution by the Division for the Blind in Columbus. During this same period, 107 "Talking Books" were completed. Some 25 different men have contributed most of their spare time to this project.

UNION SEEKS JOBS FOR EX-PRISONERS -- Via the COLONY

Massachusetts prison employees have embarked on a unique program to find jobs for prisoners being released on parole or leaving prison after serving their full terms. The "hire released offenders" plan is sponsored by Local 457, Prison Employees' Union, of the Massachusetts State Council of State, County, and Municipal Employees, AFL-CIO.

The group plans to inform 5000 Massachusetts employers of the qualifications of released offenders, their training, background, and ability. A circular is being sent to all employers pointing out that the Massachusetts Correctional Institutions provide training in the fields of sheet metal, foundry, sign manufacture, sign painting, printing, machine shop, electrical and other work.

SEMANTICIST AIDS INDIANA INMATE STUDY GROUP -- Via the REFLECTOR

In response to a letter from Harold Stroup, inmate instructor of the evening class on general semantics, Dr. S. L. Hayakawa, author, lecturer, and semanticist, sent the group some much-needed literature on the subject of semantics. The material included recent copies of a semantics review and a copy of Dr. Hayakawa's latest book on semantics.



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.

WAYNE STEPHENSON -- A 38-year-old lifer from Boyd County, Kentucky, Wayne Stephenson is a rugged-looking individual who carries himself like the pugilist he has been. He is also a man with remarkable energy and skill as an organizer and originator.

Arriving here in 1957, Stephenson, with the help of prison officials, organized the institution's first Alcoholics Anonymous chapter, and encouraged inmates with drinking problems to join the organization. He served as chairman and secretary of the chapter continuously until his transfer to the State Reformatory at LaGrange in December of 1961.

In LaGrange, in addition to boxing and wrestling (he once fought from the same stable as champion Sonny Liston), Wayne was active in SPADE, an inmate self-help group that has enjoyed remarkable success at keeping the "ex-" on ex-inmates, and with the A. A. chapter there. He also wrote for the group activities magazine, enrolled in the Shakespeare and Plato study groups at the prison, and became a Dale Carnegie student.

Wayne returned to this institution in August of this year and went to work in the prison hospital. He also served for a time as chairman of the A. A. chapter he helped found, and he is interested in other social activities planned here. Busy as he is, he still manages to find time to contribute occasional articles to the **CASTLE**.

On the outside, Wayne sold and drove trucks for a time, and worked as a manager of a supermarket. The father of two boys, 19 and 21, his plans for the fu-

JERRY BLACK -- Cartoonists looking for a model for safecracker or thug cartoons would look no further if they saw our own Jerry Black. At 42, Jerry packs 250 pounds of beef and muscle on a 6-foot, 2 inch frame, and has the features and rumbling voice of the stereotyped convict or tough.

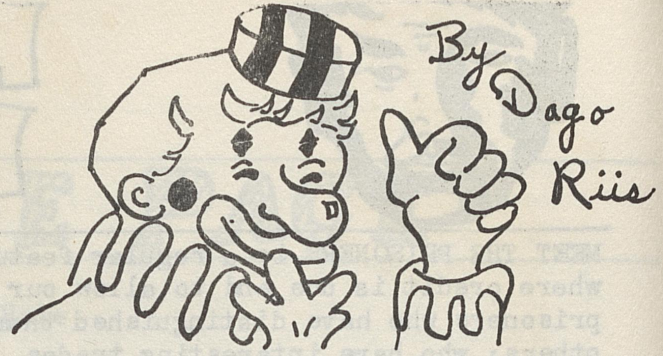
Jerry, who hails from Louisville and who began a 5-year sentence last October, has been a structural iron worker most of his life. Operating out of Local 70 in Louisville, he and his sidekick, Clarence Underwood, have wrestled construction iron over most of Kentucky and Indiana, and they've lived the rough life typical of these highly-skilled, highly-paid construction stiff.

None of this would be particularly noteworthy if it weren't for the fact that Jerry also happens to be a gentleman in the best sense of the word. In a world where courtesy is almost unheard of, Jerry Black is unfailingly polite and thoughtful. And, although he has no more than an average education, he has the rare qualities of understanding and tolerance that make him stand out in the prison, where jealousy, spite, and envy are the order of the day.

This winter, Jerry will probably be using his talents on the new school building, where his knowledge or iron-work should prove invaluable and his sense of humor and personality will also be of use.

ture are simple and characteristic: to get himself in some situation where he can do meaningful work for others. We believe he will, too.

TALES TALES



I wish someone could satisfy my burning curiosity about Don Griffin's sudden interest in weightlifting and body building. Seems Don never had a desire to lift anything heavier than a spoon before, but now he easily presses 250 pounds, and in repetition form, too! Could be that J. B., being a physical culturist, is instructing Don.

Fellows, in case you haven't heard, our ace leather craftsman, Eddie Arnold, has found a new vocation. Yes, sir, Eddie has devoted all his spare time to passing out cigars to the Liston fans -- which is a gigantic task, considering Eddie is such a Patterson fan!

Alfred "Alabam" Sloan, as you must concede I'm the fellow who did you that favor, so you should be grateful. Instead I have to run every time you come around. Go ahead, pick on me, but remember when we get to old Alabama I'll not be so helpful again. It's hard to talk to Clarence Underwood any more. This guy buys all the honey-buns in the store and he's always munching away. No wonder you're getting that protruding paunch, Clarence. And big Kenneth "Bluto" Morton has quite a serious problem. Seems they failed to make his cell door as large as the others. At least I think that's the reason he grunts and groans as Bobbie Jones pushes and shoves his ponderous bulk through the door.

Elmer Fitzpatrick has acquired a taste for antiques. At least the last I heard he was collecting old-timey key-wind pocket watches and restoring them to their original condition. So far this watch has only cost him \$14.00. Maybe some one should tell Fitz you can order them for \$5.00.

Charles Hankins is a very despondent

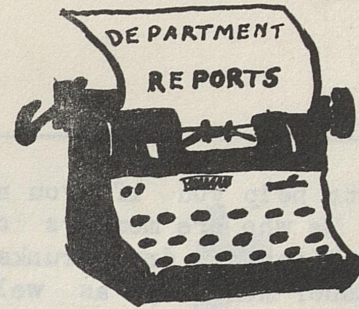
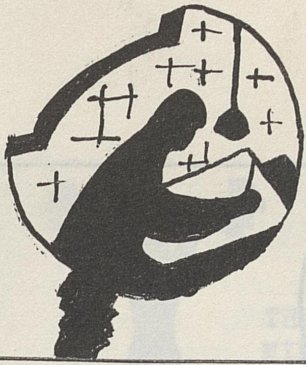
young man the last few weeks. Poor old boy has a yen to travel Missouri way. Although what attraction the Ozarks have for a dyed-in-the-wool Princeton boy is beyond me. What is it, Hank? Lemuel Ray Hammers, who has unjustly been accused by his own brother of having only two hairs and both of them on his neck, vehemently denies this vile accusation and states that in this modernistic world of new things and new ways of doing things the less hair one has the less work and the more time to devote to the art of horology.

What's the matter with poor old Fuzz? Says he has a severe cold. I don't know if he has or not; all I know is he sure does a lot of sniffing. And Sam Youngblood told me a monstrous story about Mickey Manns. I don't have the nerve to repeat it, but honestly, Mickey, I don't believe you're such a bad radio technician as that!

Our little Chattanooga shoe shine boy, Charles Dalton, has an unusual problem. His fellow worker, Good-Time Charley, and Dalton always seem to haggle over who drinks the most from their cup of coffee. Why don't they just buy two cups?

And, attention down there in the Flat Country! I took inventory the other day, and I'm exactly \$11 short. Now, my books just won't balance unless I can find that \$11. Chuck Garrett, would you know anything about my \$11?

Hillbilly, jazz, and spiritual music come your way from the inmate music makers of Eddyville Prison on CLOSED WORLD -- WCBL's public-service presentation heard every second Sunday at 2 PM on the 1290 spot!



ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS -- Anonymous

A group of men met here in the institution in the year of 1957, and from that meeting the Alcoholics Anonymous chapter was started in the Kentucky State Penitentiary. Except for a few months that I spent in the LaGrange Reformatory, I have attended every meeting. I have seen A. A. struggle for survival these past six years, not because we have not had the cooperation of the heads of the institution, but because of lack of understanding on the part of the inmate body.

I have been told by one who should know that there are over 300 cases of alcoholism in this institution alone. I do not believe these men want to return to prison after they are released -- but it is a proven fact that 92 per cent of them will return to some institution as a result of drinking.

Thieves, robbers, and other criminals have two strikes against them when they are released. The alcoholic has three strikes against him when he walks through the front gate if he hasn't done something about his drinking problem. What difference is there between an alcoholic and a cancer patient? A person with a cancer will seek out a physician and if his problem is some other sort of dreadful disease, he will go to an expert who is capable of treating it. The alcoholic is just as sick and needs help just as much, but he will have to want sobriety more than whiskey and nights of dissipation before he will be in a position to overcome his drinking problem.

I have had many tell me, "I would come to the A. A. meetings, but the men would

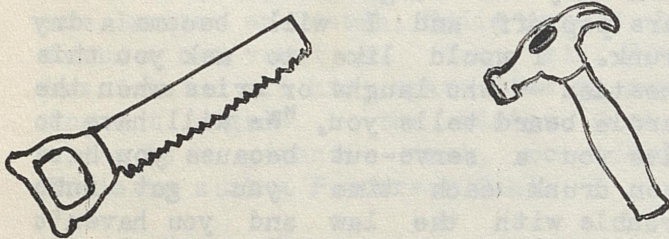
laugh me off the hill."⁴ I have this to say in answer to such an excuse: If I have to make a choice between staying a drunk in and out of prison for the rest of my life and becoming a dry drunk with the opportunity of living a sane and useful life in and out of prison for the rest of my life, I will choose to become and remain a dry drunk -- and if I am laughed at for having made this choice, then they can laugh at me until their ears pop off and I will become a dry drunk. I would like to ask you this question -- who laughs or cries when the parole board tells you, "We will have to give you a serve-out because you have been drunk each time you got into trouble with the law and you haven't done anything about it." Who laughs when you wake up after a lost weekend and some member of the law tells you of a crime you have committed while you were drunk? Can the men who laugh at you for the sake of laughing help you serve your sentence? Inmates who have a drinking problem should consider now while they have the opportunity what they want to get out of life. Ask yourself, "Where am I headed? How am I going to get there?"

As you know, you only have the one life and it's up to you to do with it as you see fit. Each of us is a personality of his own making. It is up to each of us to figure out for himself what is worth fighting for and if in the future you should decide that A. A. is worthwhile, then it offers you a solution to your drinking problem.

There are no dues or fees at A. A. You are accepted regardless of your color or creed. It is not important who you are or what your background has been. But it is important that A. A. stands ever

ready to help you if you need and want help. We who are members of A. A. are just a bunch of dry drunks, trying to stay sober mentally as well as physically, and learning to live with ourselves so we may be able to live with others when we are released from prison.

A. A. holds its meetings each Monday in the prison chapel at 12:30 P. M. Each and every one is cordially invited to attend these meetings. Help us to help you by helping yourself!



CABINET SHOP -- Bud Lyons

The work we have been receiving from various places is proof of the quality of work turned out by the shop under the know-how hand of our officer in charge, Mr. Hillyard. We have done church pews for Lyon County and New Eddyville. We have reached into Frankfort, and are doing work for the Civil Defense Department. I mention this in order to broaden your understanding of how versatile the shop has become. We are also doing many things in construction, and here again we have the pleasure of having someone to lend a hand, may it be to advise or otherwise.

In the past month we have had some changes in our personnel. The Indian has gone to the farm, and he will leave for the free world shortly. Therefore he has been replaced and the new man seems to fit right in. As for all the rest, they are rolling along. So until next month ... watch your fingers!



SCHOOL DAZE -- Kenny Clinton & Ed Johnson

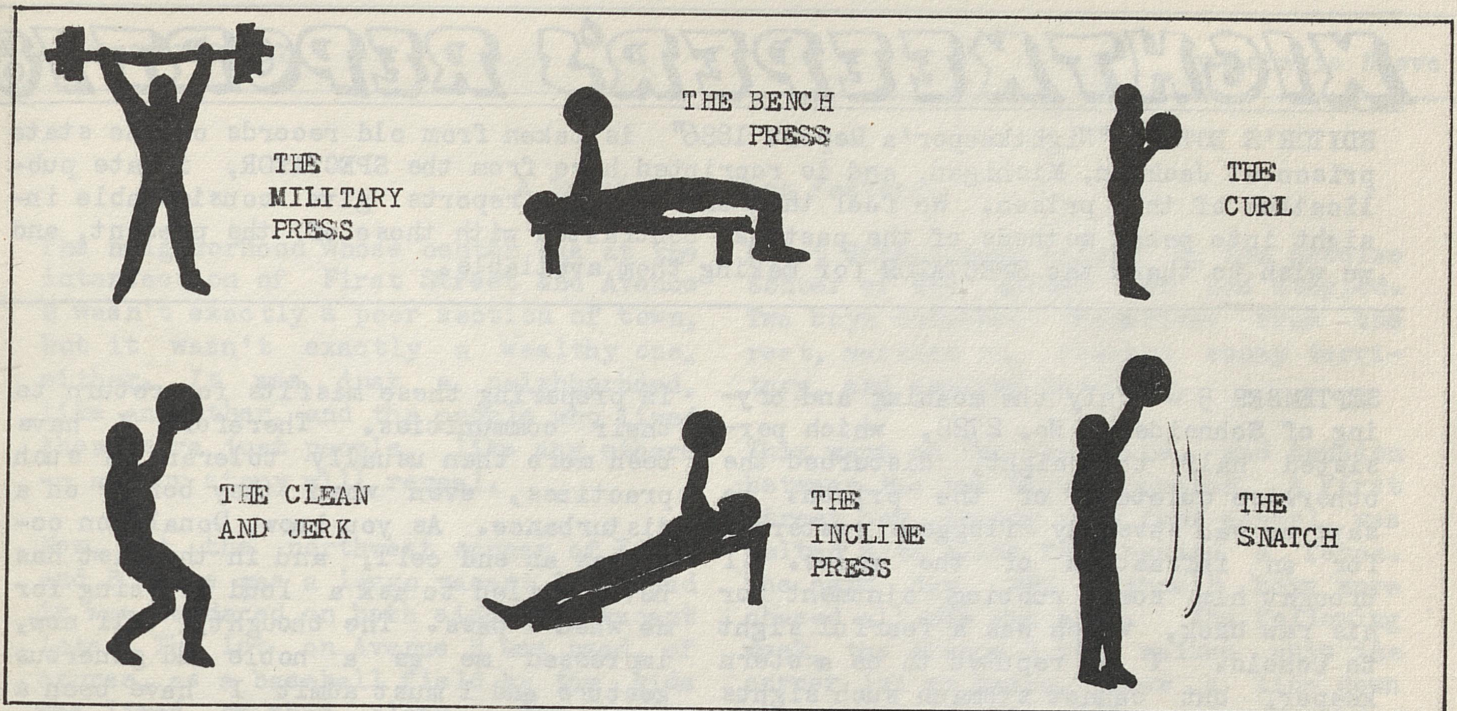
By the time this edition goes to print the Academic School may be graduating its first high school class. There will be 14 students taking the GED tests, and we hope all will be able to graduate.

Virgil "Terrible Turk" Timmons is back in the third grade. Turk was on the bricks briefly, but got back in time to get his old cell back. Jackie Wiley, who was out 21 days, is also back among us in his old seat in the 6th grade. Jimmie Waters is a new student this month, also in the 3rd.

Since the beginning of our typing class some 17 men have taken typing and some of them have been assigned as clerks outside the department. Anyone interested in studying typing in next semester's class should see Mr. Cowan at the school. A Dale Carnegie course also may be offered, so if you want to get in on it, here's your chance.

In closing, let us say: Don't serve time, make time serve you. Sign up for school, or for one of the extra courses being offered, and get something out of your sentence.

... It's a shame I've been so busy!
Don't seem to see enough.
I might have gone back someday
To show 'em I had the stuff.
(From a poem in the ENCHANTED NEWS, N.M.)



WEIGHTLIFTING REPORT

The institution can be proud of its weightlifting team, and especially of two young men who started lifting iron for exercise and as a means of biding the time. With the help and instruction of another inmate, Benny Strunk, who has had many years of experience in the field, these two young men have surpassed their own expectations.

Joe Anderson, the first of them, is a soft-spoken young man with a friendly hello to everyone, always willing to lend a helping hand. As for the second, Clyde Cole, he always finds time to work with the iron every day. A friendly young man and a very good man in the leather department he is, too. Both men work with the weights 4 or 5 hours daily, completing 31 exercises. The weights used range from 120 pounds to 458 pounds for a grand total of 3200 repetitions daily.

At 6 feet, Anderson weighs 190 pounds and has a neck and bicep the same size: $17\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Cole, 5 feet $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches tall, is a 158 pounder with a 17-inch neck and a $16\frac{1}{2}$ inch bicep. Anderson's

5-lift total is 1900 pounds, Cole's 1430 pounds.

Some of the other men on the team are Herschel Noble, who presses 255 pounds, snatches 245, and cleans and jerks an amazing 365 pounds; Ralph Rowe, who does 245 military, 250 clean and jerk, and 220 on the snatch, with a bench-press record of 300 pounds; and Gene Kirby, pressing 230, snatching the same, and cleaning 260 pounds, with 400 pounds on the incline bench and 345 pounds on the straight bench press. One of the lighter men, Vernon Calloway, gets 335 pounds on the incline, 210 on military, 180 on snatches, 240 on the bench press.

And Benny Strunk, who is 65 years old and looks 45, does 458 pounds on the incline bench with a straight bench press of 270. Even though Benny does mostly instructing now, he still gets a good 235 pounds military, 240 pounds snatch, and 275 on the clean and jerk.

All of these boys would welcome some outside competition, if the chance ever comes.

NIGHTKEEPER'S REPORT 1886

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

SEPTEMBER 5 -- Only the moaning and crying of Schneider, No. 2728, which persisted half the night, disturbed the otherwise quietude of the prison. He says he was severely flogged yesterday for an infraction of the rules. I brought him some rubbing ointment for his raw back, which was a fearful sight to behold. I am reputed to be a stern keeper, but cannot stomach such sights as this. I have always been against punishing the prisoners by flogging. Solitary confinement on bread and water will accomplish the same effect and in my mind is more humane and a better type of punishment.

SEPTEMBER 6 -- No. 1253 (lifetermer) got to blowing a bottle for his own amusement and to the annoyance of his neighbors during a portion of the early evening. He didn't expect to get caught, of course, for Mr. Mosher stumps along the gallery heralding his coming. I sneaked to the upper gallery, quickly let myself down a post and confronted the convict, whom I caught in the act of making this noise. "I thought I was a cunning fellow, Mr. Purvis, but you're too slick for me," said he. He promised that he would not make this noise again and so pleased was I with catching him that I let him go again.

SEPTEMBER 7 -- Warden Sir: I've just nipped in the bud as dastardly a hoax as any I've seen or experienced in all my years as keeper at night. Donaldson, No. 2108, has been in the habit of saying his nightly prayers in a loud voice. I have been reluctant, in the past, to report him as I think religion and a strong sense of piety a necessary factor

in preparing these misfits for return to their communities. Therefore I have been more than usually tolerant of such practices, even when they border on a disturbance. As you know, Donaldson occupies an end cell, and in the past has never failed to ask a loud blessing for me when I pass. The thought, till now, impressed me as a noble and generous gesture and I must admit I have been a bit moved by such touching reverence. In fact, on several occasions I have been accompanied by various night guards, and Donaldson has always managed to include them also in his petition to his maker. Somehow I have had a feeling there was something a little off color in all this, but could not put my finger on exactly what it was. This night I made my rounds much earlier than usual and caught Donaldson off guard, it seems. Imagine my surprise when he immediately dropped to his knees, loudly beseeching the Good Lord to look after me. You will understand my surprise at such an early offering of prayer.

I am now convinced this is a carefully worked out system and the prayer is nothing more than a warning device so that all convicts along the tier can be aware of my presence. To test this theory I made it a point to return to this section no less than five times. Sure as the sun sets at night, I received a special blessing on each occasion. It is that this sacrilegious convict be taught a severe lesson be my recommendation. Though I am normally opposed to the use of the "bat," I believe a sound lashing is merited in this instance!

A Special Fiction Feature

The neighborhood whose center was at the intersection of First Street and Avenue B wasn't exactly a poor section of town, but it wasn't exactly a wealthy one, either. It was just a neighborhood, like any other, and the people who lived there were just people, like any others -- as our story will reveal.

Now, at the northwest corner of First and B there was a large vacant lot, and it was bordered on both sides by vacant lots. The lot on Avenue B was used, of course, as a baseball field by the kids who lived on that block. The lot on First Street was also used for ball games by the First Street kids. No one used the corner lot for anything. It was No Man's Land.

One day, while the Avenue B kids were playing ball, a foul tip landed in the corner lot and rolled dangerously close to the lot on First Avenue, which happened to be the site of a ball game that day, too. The Avenue B first baseman trotted over into No Man's Land to retrieve the ball. Actually, he darted over, because he wasn't quite sure what the First Street bunch would do if they caught him that close to their territory.

As it turned out, they didn't do much of anything. They were too wrapped up in their game to do much, but they did jeer a little.

The next weekend, the wind caught a high pop fly hit by one of the First Street gang and plopped it down into the corner lot. It rolled and rolled, and finally it stopped -- exactly 12 inches inside the Avenue B lot. The Avenue B boys stalled at their play and stared quietly at the ball. On First Street, a council of war was held. At length, the entire

First Street team walked to the precise center of the corner lot and stopped. Two boys detached themselves from the rest, marched on, reached enemy territory, and secured the ball.

This went on for some time, and tension between the two blocks mounted. A First Street boy, coming home from school, was pelted with clods from behind a fence. The next day, two Avenue B boys were chased all the way home. The following week, the Avenue B boys walked onto the corner lot en masse, drew a line down the center of the lot, and erected a fence of stakes and string. The territory had been divided.

A week later, a ball sailed over the fence and a minor skirmish resulted. There were black eyes and abrasions on both sides of the corner lot that night.

How the neighborhood adults got into it is not clear. It is said, however, that an Avenue B father phoned a First Street father the next day. It was to be a protest, very polite and mature, of course, and of course it ended with both men losing their tempers. Before long, all of the adults on both blocks were angry with one another.

The cold war spread from the adults on the two blocks until finally the entire neighborhood was divided into armed camps. Mothers glared at each other across back fences and children were called in at sunset. There were a few more after-school skirmishes. Once, two of the more belligerent of the fathers came very close to blows.

At last a few of the more reasonable adults decided they were being just a little childish. They decided to do something about it. They made telephone

calls -- very carefully at first, because tempers were short those days -- and a few of them even met and drank coffee together and talked about the tensions that had split the neighborhood.

A sort of united neighbors council evolved.

They discussed ways and means of ending the squabble, and most of the adults came around to their point of view. The kids were a little tougher. They had been enjoying the cold war. But after a while -- after some trips to the woodshed and to bed without dinner, and after it had been pointed out how much baseball the kids had been missing lately -- even these little warriors capitulated. They held meetings of their own, and when someone suggested they organize a league and use the three lots in common, that's just what they did.

The neighborhood council didn't break up even then. The question of street lights had come up often during the meetings, and the finally did something about it. Adequate street lights were installed by the city after a delegation from the council called on them, and one day they even persuaded the city to put patches on the chuckholes in the pavement. The chuckholes had been there a long time.

After that, they kept on getting things done.

Years later, they pooled their time and money, and the city was persuaded to come across, too, and a fine neighborhood youth center was erected -- for all the kids.

All the squabbles that usually split a neighborhood weren't ended, of course, but they seemed to get settled a lot faster now. The people who enjoyed meetings for the sake of meetings had meetings to go to, and the people who

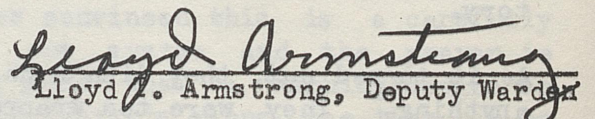
DEPUTY WARDEN'S PAGE (Con't)

only doing their duties as citizens of whatever, county and state that is involved.

I think it is the nature of all human beings just as long as any case does not involve any particular one, naturally he is not as interested in it as he would be were he or one of his close relatives on trial.

I doubt if you could get any judge to say that his court has never erred because that is another natural shortcoming of a human being. However, we have writs of different kinds, the Court of Appeals, the United States Court of Appeals and the Supreme Court that reviews all possibilities of court errors in almost every case before any condemned man is electrocuted.

So this is why I do not think that I am justified in making a statement whether or not I am for or against the death penalty, due to the fact that there is so much involved. However, I would think that in almost every case where someone is tried for his life that certainly something had happened to cause the court to bring him or her to trial. And I think that if everyone would stay out of predicaments of that nature, the death penalty would not be necessary.


Lloyd L. Armstrong, Deputy Warden

just liked to get things done had a place to go to do it.

It worked out very well for everyone.

But most of all, all the members of the neighborhood were proud because it, the neighborhood, and all the members of it had, at long last, begun to grow up.

THE END

DISCUSSION GROUP HAS FIRST MEETING

Some 21 inmates of the Kentucky State Penitentiary met in the chapel last month for the first of a series of discussion forums. The group was called together by the Reverend Paul Jagers, the prison's chaplain.

In his introduction, Chaplain Jagers said that the group's only purpose was to try to find out, through open discussions, something about why people behave as they do. The emphasis is to be on psychology, he said, but in time virtually every field of knowledge touching on human relationships will be explored.

"Some of the men who have taken this course before," remarked the Chaplain, "have discovered that they could live without returning to prison --not necessarily because of anything they learned here, but because the discussions had given them a little insight into themselves, into their actions and motives."

Discussion in the first meeting was confined to finding definitions for some basic terms, including the distinction between psychology, psychiatry, psychoanalysis, anthropology, and the other studies of man. Another question that was discussed was whether or not there is any basic difference between man and the other animals. Religion was largely kept out of the discussion.

The group will continue to meet weekly in the chapel, although no specific day will be set aside for the activity. The second meeting was scheduled for 1 P. M. Thursday, November 8th. Anyone interested in attending the forum is welcome to drop in, said Chaplain Jagers.

IT'S THE PRINCIPLE OF THE THING

Police in Nogales, Arizona are making it plain they won't allow any gambling. They arrested four boys playing poker. The highest pot in the game was \$1.02

SPEEDY JUSTICE

BIRMINGHAM, ENG. (UPI) -- David Helbing pleaded guilty to the murder of a 21-year-old girl and was sentenced to life imprisonment in a trial which lasted 38 seconds.

"There can be only one sentence," said the judge after hearing the defendant's plea. "That is life imprisonment."

That concluded the trial.

DALE CARNEGIE COURSE NOW IN PROGRESS

The proposed Dale Carnegie course, mentioned in this month's news section, is a reality, and the first class will have met by the time this magazine is out.

Forty students are slated to study in the first program, which will last 14 weeks. All meetings of the class will be held in the chapel from 12 to 4:30 P. M. on Sundays, announced Supervisor of Education Henry E. Cowan last month.

There will be no cost to the state or to the inmates for the course, it was announced. Teachers will be furnished by the various Dale Carnegie Institute branches in the Western Kentucky area.

Another group will assemble after the first 14-week cycle if the course is successful. Interested inmates may see Mr. Cowan at the school for further information.

DRUG ADDICTS ARE NOT CRIMINALS

(PP) -- The U. S. Supreme Court recently handed down a ruling against California state drug laws. Under California law drug addiction was a crime as was unprescribed use of drugs. But in view of the recent Supreme Court ruling neither addiction nor unprescribed use constitutes a crime. The court ruled such laws unconstitutional.

Justice Stewart delivered the decision.

Statistics & Movies

KENTUCKY STATE PENITENTIARY STATISTICS

Escapes	0
Death Row	7
Admitted by Commitment	50
Transfers from KSR	20
Transfers to KSR	28
Released by Expiration	32
Released by Parole	26
Released by Death	0
Total Population	1133
High Number	24091
Low Number	5240

MOVIES FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS

November 16:	AT GUNPOINT Fred MacMurray and Dot Malone; Western
November 23:	MARINES, LET'S GO Ken Scott & Linda Hutchins; war drama
November 30:	MYSTERIOUS ISLAND Gary Mevill & Micheal Callan; adventure
December 7:	GERONIMO Chuck Connors and Kamala Devi; Western
December 14:	BLUE HAWAII E. Presley & Joan Blackman; rock & roll

CLOSED WORLD Broadcasts:

Sunday, November 18; Sunday, December 2;
Sunday, December 16. All broadcasts at
2 P.M. on WCBL, Benton. (Dial 1290)

THE LAST WORD

A number of people inside the institution, and quite a few outside, are still a little hazy on the rules and procedures concerning job applications from within the prison. In outline form, they go something like this:

I. Any person who has been granted a parole must have an approved job before he will be allowed to leave the institution.

A. Exceptions are persons who have been paroled to a hospital or to wanting authorities, or those who have been granted permission to go to a sponsor.

II. The employer must fill out employment forms which will be mailed to him by the institutional parole officer.

III. Parolees must now have a letter from the prospective employer indicating his willingness to sign the employment forms before the forms can be sent.

We would like to emphasize again, for the benefit of our outside readers, that any person or firm hiring a parolee is in no way responsible for his conduct, nor obligated to him or to the state in any manner except the ordinary obligations of any employer to his employees.

Now, does it make sense to hire an ex-convict? If he can do the job, why not? Many an ex-prisoner has gone out to become an exceptionally good, valued, and trusted employee. Others have gone out and fouled up on the job. But many people who should know feel there is no more risk in hiring an ex-prisoner than in hiring a man off the street. What does make sense is that if the ex-prisoner can't find work, he's not going to be an ex-prisoner very long.