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Castle ON THE
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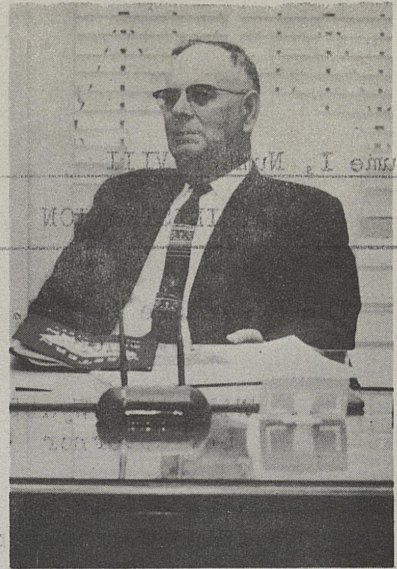
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The CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND is published monthly by the inmates of the Kentucky State Penitentiary at Eddyville. Subscriptions, one dollar a year, payable by money order at: CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND, Subscriptions Dept., Kentucky State Penitentiary, Eddyville, Kentucky, and by inmates at the Chief Clerk's Office. Articles are solicited, but the CASTLE reserves the right to reject, edit, or revise any material submitted. Opinions expressed in this magazine do not necessarily reflect those of the administration. Permission is hereby granted to reproduce any part of this magazine, provided proper credit is given. Where possible, a marked copy of the quoting publication is requested.

THE WARDEN'S PAGE

Luther Thomas
Warden



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Because of the recent illness of Warden Luther Thomas, there will be no Warden's Page this month. Although Mr. Thomas has returned to his desk by this writing, a great deal of work has accumulated during his absence.

The CASTLE would like to express sympathy to Mr. Thomas on his illness, and welcome him back to the prison with all best wishes for future health.

Harold Arnold
Associate Editor

Joe White
Art Editor

Charles Garrett
Secretary

Billy Howell
Sports Editor

Hugh Hamrick
Lithographer

Walter Ferguson
Chairman

Samon White
Member

The CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND is published monthly by the inmates of the Kentucky State Penitentiary at Nashville. Subscriptions, one dollar a year, payable by money order or CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND, Subscriptions Dept., Kentucky State Penitentiary, Nashville, Kentucky, and by inmates at the Chief Clerk's Office. Articles are solicited, but the CASTLE reserves the right to reject, edit, or revise any material submitted. Opinions expressed in this magazine do not necessarily reflect those of the administration. Permission is hereby granted to reproduce any part of this magazine, provided proper credit is given. Where possible, a marked copy of the printing publication is requested.

INSTITUTION NEWS

TRIGG COUNTY ATTORNEY SPEAKS AT COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

More than a hundred students gathered last month at the prison school to hear Trigg County Attorney Burton Aldridge deliver a commencement address to the graduating class.

The ceremony honored 22 students who had completed the 8th grade, the highest academic level presently offered in the school.

Education Director Henry Cowan opened the exercises with a brief history of the graduating class. During his remarks he commented on the need of the inmate body in general for more education, remarking that of the approximately 1200 men in the prison, 728 had not gone beyond the 8th grade and of the 431 who claimed training past the elementary level, only 21 claimed any college experience at all.

Mr. Cowan called the attention of the student body to the achievements of three of the graduates, Frank Watkins, Terrell Whittle, and Joe Weatherford, all of whom had begun the first grade in the prison school and completed their training during the course of their sentences.

Captain W. T. Baxter, substituting for Warden Luther Thomas, whose illness prohibited his presence, spoke next, briefly congratulating the class for their efforts and introducing the principal speaker, Mr. Aldridge.

During his address Mr. Aldridge spoke on the relation of education to our civilization, and stressed the need for more education in our complex modern times. He told the class of three men who, like the inmates of the graduating class, got their education in spite of obstacles. One man, he said, was born in an isolated section of the state, and had to walk a daily 30 miles over a mountain to get to school. Finally he

graduated, went on to work his way through the University of Kentucky, eventually earning a doctor's degree and becoming an official of TVA. Another was so poor that he had to sleep under the college stadium for want of money, yet he became an executive at Remington Rand. Still another, said Mr. Aldridge, rose from a poor country boy to become a respected professor at the university in New Orleans.

Mr. Aldridge encouraged the inmates to follow in the shoes of such people, to put their time to constructive use, and to be "hungry for knowledge."

The 22 graduates then filed onto the stage to receive their diplomas from Captain Baxter, and Reverend Paul Jaggars, Chaplain of the institution, closed the exercise with prayer. A photographic record of the ceremony was made by Melvin Rigdon and Gordon Mercer, both of the identification section. The graduating inmates were: Glen Thomas, Frank Watkins, Joe Weatherford, Bobby Weatherspoon, Terrell Whittle, Arnold Isabell, Robert Kizer, Donald Mason, Charles Redfern, Melvin Silvery, Raymond Hayes, Earl Cummins, Donald Cummins, Leonard Bolton, James Mourning, Jesse Austin, Clarence Scott, Charles Jacobs, Thomas Griffin, Lawrence Stewart, and Arlen Fields. Teachers this semester included Harold Barricklow, James Burks, Ronald Cook, Chuck Garrett, Henry Griffin, Edgar Layman, Walter O'Nan, Carl Schroeder, David Smith, and Kenny Clinton.

KENTUCKY "LAND OF TOMORROW"

According to Jack Cavender, the Wyandotte Indians called Kentucky "Kantentakteh," or "Land of Tomorrow."

Imagination was given to man to compensate him for what he is not; a sense of humor, to console him for what he is!

Contributed by Sherrid Wolfe --

"NO MORE!" SAYS CANTEEN MANAGER

Inmates who use canteen merchandise to pay their debts are going to have to check their purchases before leaving the window and while paying their creditors, says Canteen Manager Joseph Ruppel.

Inmates who simply toss a bag of goods to their creditors are running the risk of having the creditor slip part of the merchandise under the counter and then accuse the debtor of shorting them, the Canteen Manager states. All of which would be none of his business, of course -- except for the fact that the debtor, in turn, usually says, "Well, Ruppel must have shorted me, and that's why you're short, so let's go give him a piece of our mind."

And right at the moment, Ruppel claims, he is overstocked on pieces of mind.

WHAT IS AN AMERICAN?

(Reprinted from the Owensboro-Daviess County Chamber of Commerce Bulletin. Author unknown.)

What is an American, anyway? He yells for the government to balance the budget and then takes the last dime he has to make the down payment on a new car.

He whips the enemy and then gives 'em the shirt off his back.

He yells for speed laws that will stop fast driving and then won't buy a car if it can't make a hundred miles an hour.

An American gets scared to death if we vote a billion dollars for education, but he's unconcerned when he finds out we are spending three billion dollars a year for cigarettes.

He knows the line-up of every baseball team in the American and National leagues, and doesn't know half the words to "The Star Spangled Banner." (Page 5)

RUNNERS KEEP BUSY IN ALL WEATHER

They may not be the unsung heroes of the prison, but the six inmates who serve as the Administration Building runners are certainly indispensable as far as communication within the institution is concerned.

The runners, Clyde Crum, Edward Newton, Harry Brown, Howard Garrison, James Hampton, and Jacob Odewahn, are called in whenever there are packages to distribute, whenever relatives from outside the walls come to visit relatives inside the walls, whenever the institution court convenes -- in short, whenever any inmate is wanted by any of the several offices in the Administration Building, an event which occurs, or seems to occur, a hundred times a day.

The runners, like the Canadian Mounties, always get their man, too. It may take time; sometimes a runner goes from the shops to the showers, from the gym to the barber shop, from the school to the library, only to find that his man has been there and gone. But after all, none of us are going very far, and eventually the runner scores.

As a group the runners are gregarious, friendly types who enjoy the give and take of human relations. They have to be: no introvert could abide the heckling they receive when they invade the shops or movies to bellow out a long list of names. They have to be healthy, too, because like the postman, they make their appointed rounds regardless of the weather.

Since the runners have been taken out of khakis and put in the regular blue uniform of the prison, they're hard to pick out of a crowd -- but they make up for it with their vocal power.

And no matter how much we heckle them, cuss them, and kid them, we're always glad to see them -- especially when they bring news of visits or packages!

HOODLUM PRIEST SEEKS AID FOR EX-CONS

(From the Cincinnati Post)

The U.S. spends \$24 billion a year on crime control and law enforcement, but does nothing to rehabilitate the ex-convicts who form 98 per cent of our prison population. The Rev. Charles Dismas Clark, "hoodlum priest," said (To a Cincinnati Rotary Club).

"It is horrifying to realize that 98 per cent of the men who get out of prison will be back in prison in a year," he said. "The repeaters are a source of family disruption, civic expense, and constant turmoil. Why don't we do something about this awful situation?"

Father Clark...has established a "half-way house" for ex-convicts at St. Louis, where they can stay and be helped until able to mingle with society. "In 26 months, we aided 1700 men," he said, "Less than 10 of the 1700 have gone back to ways of crime."

"We spend only \$8 billion a year on education, and \$24 billion on crime control. This fact alone proves that crime is too expensive for us to bear," said Father Clark, after commenting on the fact that men are turned out of prison with nothing but a \$5 bill. "We must and can find ways to rehabilitate criminals and keep them from being the hard core of the prison population."

REMINDER TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Remember that all material submitted for publication in the CASTLE must be in by the 15th of the month preceeding the month of publication. Articles and stories of 750-1500 words are needed, as are poems and "department reports" of from 250-450 words. We are also in the market for good feature and column ideas for the paper.

BURGLAR AIDING PURSUING OFFICER WINS FREEDOM (From an AP dispatch in the Courier Journal)

LONDON -- The Court of Criminal Appeal freed a convicted burglar who went to the aid of a policeman badly injured while chasing him.

The burglar, Henry R. Crouch, 26, was fleeing the scene of the crime across rooftops, when the pursuing policeman crashed through a skylight.

Seeing that the policeman had been stabbed in the throat by a spear of broken glass, Crouch went back and stopped the flow of blood until help arrived.

On September 29, Crouch was sentenced to 20 months on the burglary charge. The appeal court ruled that "in recognition of the extremely gallant nature" of his action, he should be released from prison immediately.

ARE PRISONS CRIMINAL FACTORIES?

(From the PRISON MIRROR)

by Erle Stanley Gardner

It is my hope the prison of the future will have some opportunity for a development of individuality and of character; I mean a real incentive for doing something constructive.

As we take away man's liberty in the form of punishment, let's give him a real opportunity to develop his character while he is being deprived of that liberty.

This isn't by way of being fair to the inmate, it's being fair to society.

Let's give every inmate the opportunity to let his own actions in developing his character get him out of prison, just as his own actions in the way of weakening his character got him in prison.

(Page 5)

WHAT IS AN AMERICAN (CONT)

He'll spend half a day looking for vitamin pills to make him live longer, then drive 90 miles an hour on slick pavement to make up for lost time.

He ties up his dog but lets his sixteen year old son run wild.

An American will work hard on a farm so he can move into the town where he can make more money so he can move back to the farm.

When an American is in his office he talks about baseball, football, or fishing, but when he is out at the games or on the lake he talks business.

He is the only fellow in the world who will pay 50 cents to park his car while he eats a 25-cent sandwich.

He is never ready for war, but he has never lost one.

We're the country that has more food to eat than any other country in the world and more diets to keep us from eating it.

We're the most ambitious people on earth, and we run from morning to night trying to keep our earning power up with our yearning power.

We're supposed to be the most civilized Christian nation on earth, but still we can't deliver payrolls without an armored car.

In America we have more experts on marriage than any other country in the world -- and more divorces.

But we're still pretty nice folks; calling a person "A real American" is the best compliment we can pay him. Most of the world is itching for what we have, but they'll never have it until they start scratching for it the way we did.

ARE PRISONS CRIMINAL FACTORIES? (CONT)

A very large majority of inmates want to make good on their release. It is a desperate want, a real yearning. They fail so many times because society, in its desire to punish, has weakened the man's character rather than strengthened it.

Unless society is willing to face the facts and do something constructive about the situation, prisons are going to be the place where the criminals come from as well as the places where criminals go!

As I see it, it's society's move.

We can't develop character without giving the will power a chance to exercise any more than we can develop a football player without practice.

It's high time someone spoke up and kept right on talking. This isn't "coddling criminals," it's giving society a break.

If society doesn't want to assume the responsibility, the society will go right on losing its "battle with crime."

ON THE LIGHT SIDE

Two beatniks were watching a jet plane streak across the sky when suddenly, the plane burst into flames. Out popped the pilot in his ejection seat, whereupon the first beatnik remarked to the others, "Man, dig that crazy toaster!"

The only difference between the owner of a new car and the owner of an old car is about 24 payments.

-- Via the PENDLETON REFLECTOR --

Don't miss CLOSED WORLD ... WCBL's public service presentation recorded inside the walls of the Castle on the Cumberland ... every second Sunday, 1:30, 1290 kc.

THE EDITORIAL SIDE

The Salesman, the Craftsman, and Me

A Study of the Compulsive Criminal Offender

An intelligent, personable man in his middle thirties lists salesmanship as his vocation. Over a period of years, he has proved his ability to earn a comfortable, and sometimes even gracious, living at his trade. Yet he has never been able to hold any job for long. Each time some real success seems to be in sight, he begins a drinking spree, involves himself with the law -- usually for forgery -- and ends up behind bars. To date, he has served no less than seven reformatory and prison sentences.

Another man, a few years younger, works in one of the skilled manual trades. Through application, initiative, and plain hard work, he reached the point where he was ready to take over the leadership of a crew of specialized workers -- at a salary many executives would envy. Before the promotion came through, however, he was arrested for burglary and sent to the state penitentiary. It was his third conviction.

Still another man -- the writer of this article -- was released from prison to go to work for a prosperous radio station. Within a year, he had virtually doubled his responsibilities and salary. Before the next year was out, he was back in prison for armed robbery.

Now, the chances are that very few people outside of penal work would consider the three of us -- the salesman, the craftsman, and me -- as being especially typical of prison inmates in general, if only because of the fact that, aside from our proclivity for getting ourselves into trouble, we aren't greatly different from people outside of

prison. Obviously, we aren't professional criminals, at least not in the sense of associating ourselves with some esoteric underworld society in which crime is an occupation to be followed like any other occupation -- which is what many people think of when they think of convicts. Neither are we misunderstood adults or victims of circumstances or environment who need only to be patted on the head, told crime doesn't pay, and sent home; which a smaller, if more benevolent group of citizens believes is the solution to the problem of crime and punishment.

The truth is, of course, that no three people could hope to be completely "typical" of a group so diverse as prison inmates. There are professional criminals in prison, of course, just as there are psychotic, neurotic, and feebleminded individuals here. There are also persons who do seem to be in difficulty largely because of circumstantial factors, rather than as the result of a lifelong pattern of criminal or anti-social behavior. (Persons convicted of many homicides, non-support, statutory "rape" and similar crimes may be examples.) But the truth is also that by and large, most prison inmates seem to be people more similar to than different from the salesman, the craftsman, and me.

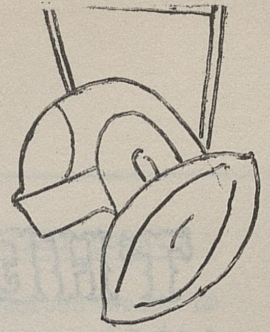
Consider the facts: first, a very large proportion of the nearly 200,000 men and women crowding into state and federal prisons today are "pattern" offenders -- usually persons whose anti-social

(Please turn to page 11)



SPORTS REPORT

BILLY HOWELL - SPORTS ED



There being little or nothing in the way of sports to write about last month, I asked several of my friends what they thought I should write about. Some of the answers I got were interesting, but not all were printable. The consensus of opinion seemed to be, however, that I should write something about the limited facilities available for sports in these walls. In fact, Buck Penn and Bill Coley offered to help me run for public office in '63 if we get some place to work out during the winter, but since I want to go straight when I get out, I declined their offer.

Getting down to cases, the problem of where to release energy and pent-up feeling is a real problem. While we now have a part-time gym, it is meagerly equipped and has only a limited space available for sports. During the week, it is used as a school, and is available for only an hour or two in the afternoons as a gymnasium.

Why have a gymnasium in a prison, anyway? Why have a sports program in the first place? To us, and to the prison officials, the answer is obvious: because men under the emotional strain of confinement and idleness need some way to work off their energy. A sports program is a recognized part of any rehabilitation program, and it fills a human need as well.

It's a real problem, and one that won't be easily solved.

WCBL presents CLOSED WORLD every second Sunday at 1:30 PM. Don't miss this public-service presentation ... tune to 1290 kc for a full half hour of entertainment and interviews from the prison!

FORT CAMPBELL BOXERS MAKE CLEAN SWEEP IN PRISON MATCHES -- ONE DRAW, SEVEN WINS, SIX KO'S AND TKO'S

by Lawrence Snow

Fort Campbell's crack boxing team punched its way to an almost perfect victory over the prison pugilists last January 20, losing no matches and taking a draw in only one.

The matches were held in the little prison gymnasium, a building that doubles as a school during most of the day, and which has no seating facilities for spectators. In spite of this, however, hundreds of inmates turned out to sit on the floor and watch the matches, jamming the building to capacity. Ring Announcer Clyde Crum began the event by thanking the Army team for taking the time to come in, and the first match got under way.

From the beginning it looked bad for the inside fighters. The Army team was in the peak of condition, well-trained, well-managed, and well-nourished. In the ring, their superior conditioning paid off as they boxed and punched their way to victory after victory over tiring inside fighters. Yet in almost every case, the prison boxers put up a gutty and crowd-pleasing defense, while in a few cases the inmate fighters actually seemed to be outboxing and out-punching their opponents until fatigue set in.

Officials for the bout were: Buck Penn and Lt. Champe, judges; Judge James Wyatt, referee; Joe Manz, timekeeper; Clyde Crum, announcer. Melvin Rigdon and Gordon Mercer served as photographers, and Lt. Champe was also the O.I.C. for the event. (Cont next page)

Sports Report

FORT CAMPBELL BOXERS (CONT)

O. DAVIS (Army, 131 lbs) over PAT PATERSON (KSP, 129 lbs); KO in Round Two

Davis peppered Paterson during the final minute of an otherwise slow first round, and in the second, sent Paterson to the floor for a ten-count.

ALEX WEBSTER (Army, 135 lbs) over PETE SHEPARD (KSP, 155 lbs); 3rd.R. TKO (1:25)

Webster was sent to the floor once during a furious, hard-punching skirmish in the first round, but came back to engage in a toe-to-toe slugfest that exhausted both fighters. In the second round, Shepard began the assault, but Webster quickly turned the tables. The action continued to be hot and heavy, with both men serving alternately as punching bags for the other. Toward the end of the round, Shepard showed distinct signs of fatigue, and in the third round, Webster punched his way to a TKO over a tired but game inside fighter.

CHARLES TAYLOR (Army, 137 lbs) over HENRY "CHICO" HUDSON (KSP, 143 lbs); K. O. in Round Two (0:59)

In the first round, Chico showed style, determination, and moxie, but Taylor punched him almost to the floor in the closing minute of the round, landing a bomb a minute to the head and body. An early knockout by Taylor in the second round ended a thrilling match.

GERALD PATE (Army, 181 lbs) over JOHN "SLUEFOOT" CARROLL (KSP, 160 lbs); KO in Round One (1:23).

Outweighed by over 21 pounds and giving his opponent several years in age, old Sluefoot put up a brief exhibition of skill, but went down under a piledriver punch to the solar plexus before the fight was well under way.

Sluefoot is 37 years old.

FRED TYER (Army, 112 lbs) over ERNEST "JUNE BUG" DAVIS (KSP, 145 lbs); KO in Round Three (1:45)

Both men put up a hard, fast fight all the way, displaying savvy and spirit as the crowd roared with approval. Both men landed telling blows in heavy punching flurries, but in the third round a tired, game, Davis was sent crashing to the canvas by a stiff left that stopped the contest.

RAY OWENS (Army, 159 lbs) over HENRY WILSON (KSP, 158 lbs); KO in R. 3 (1:40)

Both fighters came out cautiously in the first round, but a storm of punching by Wilson -- and counterpunching by Owens -- contributed to the action in the last minute of the round. In the second, Owens carried the attack to Wilson, pelting right and left hands to the head of his tiring opponent. A rousing exchange of heavy slugging by both contestants in the third round ended with Wilson taking a 9-count, getting gamely up, and going to the canvas for the second and final time.

JAMES MAYS (KSP, 169 lbs) vs JOHN SHERROD (Army, 169 lbs); A draw

At the first-round gong, Sherrod and Mays came out like angry tigers, slugging and boxing in a fierce and skillful fashion. The thrilling bout continued to be furious and ended in an even draw.

JOHNNY JOINER (Army, 137 lbs) over BEN "RABBI" CAMPBELL, (KSP, 140 lbs); Dec.

In the first round, Rabbi put on an exhibition of pure boxing skill, dancing around his opponent and landing his explosive right hands seemingly at will. Coming out undismayed in the second, however, Joiner began an assault of his own, pinning Rabbi against the ropes and landing flurries of hard punches, with Rabbi fighting fiercely back. In the third, Joiner managed to clinch a hard-won fight.

SAY ONE FOR ME -----

by David Holmes

Eddie Clark had just finished tying a neat knot in the blue tie when Billy, his younger brother, came into the room. Their eyes caught in the mirror for a moment, and that was long enough for Eddie to see the dissatisfaction on the other's face. Eddie turned and, reaching for the white sport coat, started to leave the room. His brother's voice stopped him.

"Can I talk to you for a minute?"

"Sorry, kid," Eddie said, "but I'm late as it is."

Billy wasn't discouraged. "This won't take too long. Please listen."

Eddie gave up. He laid the coat across the bed so as not to wrinkle it, and sat down beside it. He smiled up at his brother. "Okay. What's on your mind?"

Billy smiled his thanks and pulled a chair near the bed. "It's about this club I belong to at the church."

Eddie lit a cigarette and blew smoke from the corner of his mouth. "What club's that, Kid?"

Billy leaned closer. "The one that the young people formed. We call it 'The Fellowship Group' and it's a great thing."

"Yeah, that's good," Eddie said disinterestedly. "I'm glad to see you get into something like that. But what's all this got to do with me?"

"I'd like for you to join."

Eddie jumped to his feet. "You'd WHAT?"

Billy stood up too. "I was afraid you'd take it like this." He touched the other's arm. "Let me explain."

Eddie sat back down. "Go ahead and explain. But I don't think it will help."

Billy smiled again. "It's like this. Every Monday all of the young people meet at the church and discuss different things. Then, right after the meeting is over, we each stand up and say a prayer for someone."

Eddie broke in. "That's crazy. Who ever heard of standing up like that and saying a prayer out loud?"

"That's the best part about it, Eddie," Billy said. "Besides, if you would go to church once in a while you'd see people doing it all the time."

Eddie glanced at his watch and got to his feet. "Well, it's like I said, kid, it's a good thing and I'm glad to see you in it. But it's not for me."

Billy started to protest, but before he could find the words Eddie had slipped into the coat and left the room.

Outside on the dark street, Eddie struck a match and looked at his watch again. It was almost 10. Still three hours before his date with Darlene Sweet, the new singer at the Pit Club.

Eddie had first seen her three nights ago when she first appeared at the club, and he had fallen hard for her. She had agreed to date him on his first attempt, and, although he was somewhat surprised, he ended by attributing it to his charm and good looks.

Eddie was to meet her in front of the club at 1 in his new car. He had promised to show her a good time, but there was one hitch. He didn't have a car, and he didn't have the money to

Articles Section

show her a good time. But this wouldn't worry him for long.

Looking around to make sure no one was watching, he went to the side of the building and, removing a garbage can, picked up the gun he had placed there earlier. He would soon have the money he needed.

Three blocks from where he lived he saw the car he liked. It was a new Buick, the kind that would impress a girl. The car door was unlocked and he jumped under the wheel. It wasn't long before he had it started, and he stuck a dummy key in the ignition and drove off.

He drove to a lonely part of town until he located the right place to stick up. At last he found a place with just an old man inside. It was a liquor store and the old man was getting ready to lock up.

The old man looked up. "I was just closing," he said.

Eddie grinned. "This won't take long." Then he pulled out the gun and pointed it at the man.

"What is this?" the old man asked in a creaking voice.

"It's a hold-up, Pop," Eddie snarled. "Let's have the money."

"No! You can't take it," the man said, and moved toward Eddie. "You can't have it!"

Eddie was getting worried. He had expected to get the money without any trouble. But here this old man was risking his life for a few measly dollars. "Get back, old man," Eddie shouted, "or I'll shoot!"

The old man paid no attention. He lunged for Eddie and at the point of contact the gun exploded. The old man

fell to the floor.

Eddie's body froze as he stared down at the man on the floor. The gun fell from his hand. It can't be true, he thought. It all must be a dream!

A crowd had gathered outside, but Eddie paid no attention. He was still staring down at the old man when the police came in and put the handcuffs on him.

The next morning his mother and brother visited him at the jail. There was a strange man with them.

Through tears his mother said, "Son, this is Mr. Trench, a lawyer." Eddie nodded at the man.

"Well, Eddie," Mr. Trench said, "I've looked at this from every angle and the only conclusion I come to is that you're in a mess."

This brought more tears to his mother's eyes. "Why did you do it, Eddie? Why?"

Eddie only bowed his head in shame.

"It's going to be a tough case," the lawyer said. "But I'll do all I can for you. Just hope for the best."

A few minutes more and visiting time was over. As Eddie got up to leave he looked at his younger brother. "Billy," he half whispered, "tonight when you go to that Fellowship meeting, do me a favor, will you?"

"Sure, Eddie," Billy said with tears running down his face. "Anything you want."

"When it comes your time to stand up and say a prayer out loud," he said, his voice lower. "Say one for me."

THE END

THE SALESMAN, THE CRAFTSMAN (CONT)

behavior became a problem as early as the teen years or before. As an example of just how large the proportion is, it has been stated that 67 per cent of all inmates of federal prisons are recidivists (repeat offenders), and as many as 88 per cent of the inmates of the California penal system have prior criminal records. It would seem to follow that most of the crime in this country is committed by just such pattern offenders.

Yet very few could be considered "professionals." I'm sure that the records would show that almost all of the recidivists in the state and federal prisons -- and on probations or paroles -- draw their livelihood almost entirely from honest labor. It would also seem that most of us would like to break permanently away from crime. Anyone who doubts this should read some of the articles on reform in the penal press, or observe the large number of prison inmates who go on "self-improvement kicks," either in the prison schools or through independent study and discussion, and who usually take an active and sincere interest in their legitimate jobs when they are paroled or released. Not all of these efforts can be attributed to a desire to "con" the parole board or the parole officer.

Probably one of the chief reasons for the reform attitude among prisoners is the fact that most of us realize, if only abstractly, that crime, for us, doesn't pay. The average prisoner is serving a more or less lengthy sentence for a crime that probably netted him less than a hundred dollars -- and which of us, in the normal course of affairs, would trade even one month in prison for a hundred dollars, let alone one year, one decade, or one lifetime?

If it doesn't seem logical or reasonable to sacrifice a lifetime, or at least a large part of a lifetime, for such small returns, remember that very few human

beings are always guided by either logic or reason. It's not very reasonable to gamble away more money than you can afford, and to do it consistently; yet there are compulsive gamblers who do exactly that. It's not logical for a person to let liquor ruin his health, his career, and his personal and social life; yet no one will challenge the statement that an alarming number of persons do it. It takes more than an abstract awareness that their habits are ruining them to reform the drunkard and the gambler, and it takes more than an abstract awareness that crime doesn't pay to reform the thief. In all three cases, the behavior is more compulsive than deliberate.

What makes us this way? I don't know, and I doubt if anyone could pinpoint any single factor and say, "This causes crime," or "This causes alcoholism..." What is certain is that whenever anyone grows to physical maturity without becoming mentally or emotionally mature and stable, without gaining a mature confidence in his own worth and ability -- which is what seems to have happened to most of us -- he is ripe for unhappiness and failure whether he becomes a thief, a drunkard, or a gambler, or whether he avoids all three types of behavior. The most obvious "cure" for criminality and drunkenness is to bring up our children in such a way as to cause them to be mature, well-balanced individuals -- a thing that is easy to say and very, very hard to do.

There have been cultures in which crime and drunkenness were virtually unknown. In the days when many Orientals lived in isolated family groups, for example, the group cared for its own so well that crime against one of the group was an extreme rarity -- partly because they were sheltered from the outside world with its temptations and stresses, and partly because of rearing that was perfectly suited to the environment. In Africa and South America, the Bushman clans and the smaller Indian tribes live

in such harmony that theft, adultery, and even quarreling are virtually non-existent. In the more "civilized" sections of the world, however, we seem to have created such an artificially complex and constantly changing way of life that it can be doubted whether we have learned or will quickly learn how to live within it.

Is there any "solution," then, to the problem of crime? If there is, I doubt if it will come in our lifetime. But I do believe that more effective methods of treatment which would restore a significant number of offenders to useful citizenship can be developed, and probably at less expense to the taxpayer than is incurred by present "treatment" methods.

The Reverend James C. Heneisen, a young preacher in Utica, Kentucky who is interested in the problem, recently drew an analogy that cuts to the heart of the matter. "Once upon a time," Reverend Heneisen stated in his paper, "there was a little town in the mountains that was almost secluded from the rest of society. A stranger came to town and began to buy up land. When the people learned that there was to be a highway built on the high ridge above town, the people...gladly sold their land, and the highway was built. Above the town, on the ridge, a hairpin curve was built. After a while there was a terrible wreck on the curve, killing two people. In a few weeks, there was another wreck, and another, and another. Finally, the people of the town decided to build a hospital below the cliff so they could care for the dying and wounded as the cars plunged down the cliff.

"This is a picture of crime and society. The town is society, the cars are the criminals, and the hospital...well, that's the prisons."

As far as they went, Reverend Heneisen concludes, the people of the town (society) did the right thing by building

the hospital (prison). But how much more effective -- and more economical, too -- it would have been to build a steel guard rail around the curve, and to put up a sign warning motorists that a dangerous curve lay ahead! In other words, it would have been far more sensible to correct the situation rather than the results of the situation.

Don't prisons do just that -- don't they correct offenders and at the same time protect society? Prisons try to do these things, in most cases. But in spite of the efforts of prison officials and penologists, the answer must still be a qualified No.

Prisons do provide an incentive to reform, because no one really wants to live in prison. And prisoners are no longer compelled to live in total silence, cut off from all communication with the outside world. In most prisons of this country, brutality and inhuman living conditions have been largely done away with. Most prisons also try to do what they can about the educational and vocational needs of the inmate. But in spite of all such measures, we still have reformatories that do not reform and penitentiaries that do not "make penitent."

It is this writer's opinion that many offenders turn to crime, or revert to crime, as a means of avoiding the necessity of facing up to the problems of everyday life in what seems to be an uncaring society, just as drunkards use the bottle for the same purpose. (Policemen often comment on the fact that many criminals seem to be almost relieved at being arrested, as if they were in effect saying, "Well, thank Heaven it's over and someone else can make my decisions for me). Whether or not there is any truth to this, the fact is that the offender needs more than anything else -- more than learning to add or spell or read, although these things are important, too -- to develop the traits of maturity, stability, self-confidence,

and self-reliance...in short, character. Yet prisons are probably the worst possible places in which to develop character! The standards and the attitudes that prisoners enforce as a protective measure are often the opposite of the standards and attitudes needed for success in a more normal society. Equally destructive is the fact that prisons are, of necessity, "welfare states" in which the needs of the prisoners are furnished without the necessity on their part to show any initiative or responsibility. In an atmosphere that is filled with bitterness, idleness, vice, and twisted moral values, crime and homosexuality, as well as irresponsibility and immaturity, thrive.

A very basic question would seem to be, Are prisons really necessary at all? Under a Utopian system, they probably wouldn't be, of course, but we don't live in Utopia. Prisons are necessary as a means of protecting society and, incidentally, as places in which to make offenders more fit to return to society. But it seems to me that prisons could be -- and no doubt should be -- something more than places where an offender pays his "debt to society" by remaining a burden on it for a number of years and by being made totally unfit to live a more normal sort of life.

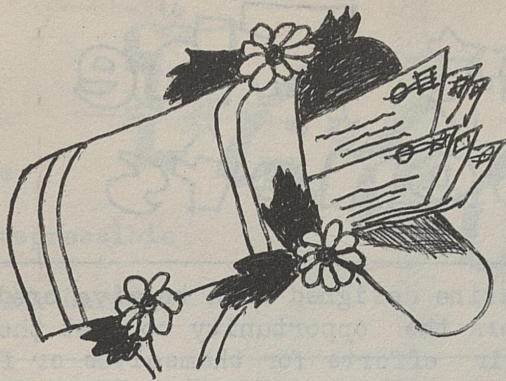
I think that there are two basic reasons why prisons fail: The lack of funds to work with, and the lack of public sympathy for the work that many of the more enlightened criminologists are doing. One of the reasons for the lack of funds, or at least for the great expense of prisons, is the overcrowding of prisons. The warden of the Indiana State Prison recently estimated that as many as 80 per cent of the inmates of that institution, for example, could have been treated more successfully on probation -- if guidance and treatment were available for probationers. Unfortunately, probation systems generally require the probationer to do nothing more than be home at a certain hour and

to fill out a monthly report; which is hardly treatment. It would seem that this factor, in addition to being wasteful from both an economic and human standpoint, puts judges squarely in the middle as far as sentencing is concerned. The only alternative to probation is prison or reform school, which in most cases is the worst thing that could happen to the offender -- but which at least disposes of the problem for a time.

In the prisons themselves, while some work has been begun in group and individual therapy and guidance, the chief deterrent to rehabilitation is without a doubt the long, inflexible, punitive sentences that public attitudes demand. Such sentences came into being because it was thought that the way to prevent crime was to make crime unprofitable, but their effect has been to contribute to the overcrowding of prisons and to prevent anything effective from being done for the mind of the offender. A prisoner may begin a long sentence by trying to improve his ability to earn an honest living, but he usually ends it by improving his criminal technique in order to "make up" for the productive years he has lost. Many states, recognizing the problem for what it is, have instituted the so-called "indeterminant sentence" -- a sentence that provides a long maximum term to satisfy the public demand for "laws with teeth in them," and a short minimum term so that the parole authorities may release the prisoner when he is most able to profit from release -- instead of when he has served an arbitrary period of time determined by arbitrary considerations.

A factor that is largely overlooked is the change that occurs in the personality of the inmate the moment he walks out the gate to freedom. No matter how sincere the inmate may have been in his desire to turn over a new leaf, once he walks out the gate he is likely to forget that he still has a problem that needs attention. After all, there's no

(Please turn to page 19)



EXCHANGE PAGE

by Harold Arnold

THE RAIFORD RECORD, Raiford, Florida

We enjoyed your October-December issue very much. It has eye-appeal and was an all-around, top-notch professional job. We would especially like to compliment you on your "Our Closed World" series. It is original and should go a long way to help the general public to understand what makes a number of us tick.

James Lewis is to be complimented on his story, "Twin Capers." Very professionally handled. Just wish your publication were a monthly.

THE AGENDA, Walla Walla, Washington

Liked your Winter Issue. Thought the article, "You Asked for It," offered an original approach to the problem of what the parolee thinks, feels, and faces when he once again takes up the duty of a citizen. Appreciated your over-all policy of carrying our views to the outside world.

THE COURIER, Baltimore, Md.

Follow your comic characterization, "Mel Borp," faithfully. Very typical. We've got 'em, too.

THE HARBINGER, Hutchinson, Kansas

It's been quite some time since we've had the pleasure of reading such a top-notch, well-balanced edition from the P.P. All the short stories were great, and we would like to extend our congratulations to the authors. By the way, was "The Meeting" by Wes Davis a reprint?

SHADOWS, Oregon State Pen, Salem

Very good reading. Especially liked the story by Fred J. Winkler, "A Friend's a Friend." Keep 'em coming.

THE SPECTATOR, Jackson, Mich

The SPECTATOR is always a much-awaited issue on our end. We hardly have time to read our copy before the demands for it start bugging us. In this issue we, too, become one of your "borrowers" in reprinting for our readers one of your "Nightkeeper's Reports." Many thanks.

THE ENCHANTED NEWS, Santa Fe, New Mexico

Tops, as always; but where did you find Snow's "Mark Twain Fights a Duel?"



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.

JOHN CARROLL -- in order to complete a monumental job of repair on the prison dining room, John "Bluefoot" Carroll spread 3 truckloads of sand, 4400 pounds of plaster, 100 pounds of gaging, and 1500 pounds of lime on the ceiling in 6 weeks of working time spread over a 2-months' period, aided only by inmates who mixed and transported the raw plaster. Then, for good measure, he went on to plaster the ceilings of the Athletic Department and Guards' Commissary.

The ceiling repair job became necessary because leaks from the cellhouse plumbing above the messhall had rotted almost half the original plaster away. The leaks were stopped, but until Bluefoot went to work it was a common occurrence to suddenly find your tray sprinkled with bits of falling plaster.

Born in Cincinnati but reared in San Antonio, Texas, Bluefoot learned plastering from his father. The hard work involved in his trade kept him in good shape for his second vocation, that of boxing. As a fighter, Bluefoot has lost only 3 fights out of a hundred, the last loss occurring here last month. He has held the Army Divisional Championship for the 988th Engineers, and a Navy championship for the 122nd UDT, in the Marshall Islands. Moreover, he has fought out of professional clubs in the Midwest. Now 37, he is the father of no less than 7 children, 5 of them boys.

Our hat is off to John "Bluefoot" Carroll for a tremendous repair job that has benefited us all.

JERRY BOGDEN -- As far as can be determined, Jerry Bogden and Damon Runyon never met. But Runyon must have had someone much like Bogden in mind when he wrote his colorful stories, for Bogden is a Runyonish character if ever one lived. The pint-sized Bogden, better known as "Siftu," looks something like Yul Brynner with gypsy overtones -- shaved head and all. His conversation is Runyonish, too, sprinkled with expressions from the jargon of musicians, race-track habitués, and others of similar ilk.

His mode of conversation, however, covers a keen mind. In addition to his well-known studies of the human ear, Siftu is probably the institution's most accomplished ("And don't forget that I'm prolific, too, good Snowball", Siftu would add) songwriters.

His blues melodies and lyrics, and his folk songs, are polished pieces of work, some of which he intends to submit to the Lindner Foundation Competition now under way.

Surprisingly, most of Siftu's professional experience in music has been with hillbilly bands plying the service club and honky-tonk circuit. Every time he gets the chance, however, he finds a rhythm group to engage in jam sessions with (he plays most of the wind instruments as well as the guitar), and in this institution, he plays with the Rhythm Kings on the prison's radio program. Siftu was born in 1928 in Louisville or Roumanian parents.

By
The
Irrepressible
Chuck Garrett

LA GRANGE TALES

And A
Few
Facts

The LaGrange Classification Board has made its quarterly visit to the Castle. Some of the lucky ones who got the green light to the Flat Country are ALLEN B. HUDSON, HAROLD WHITMAN, EUGENE THORPE, IVAN FAUGHT, ALBERT BISHOP, WHITEY LYONS, BILL MORRIS and JACK MEREDITH. Boys, save a bed for me; I'll be there soon, I hope.

CASEY NEWSOM is up for parole consideration on this board. Casey is one of the fellows who has made good use of his time. After 7 years, he has mastered the art of leather-craft. If he's paroled, he plans to open a leatherstand somewhere in Western Kentucky. Good luck, KC.

This is the month that DADDY-O WHALEY, RAYMOND GARR and AL STEVENS have been waiting for. All three of these illustrious ex-citizens are leaving us via expiration of sentence. Hurry back, fellas.

Some of the old timers who are on this parole board are H. BRUBAKER, RAY CUM MINGS, EUGENE HERRING, and DELMAR WARE. Lots of luck.

GEORGE BAKER, SHELBY WILLIS, JOHNNY ALLEN and RUSSELL LYNN are now leather tycoons.

LESLIE NORTHERN, DENNIS BURGESS and JAMES BOUTON are new arrivals who have been assigned to the Academic School as students. CHUCK SOULES is back with us, with a new number and other troubles.

GENE LYNCH and ROACH are now operating a coffee-stand, so give 'em a play, fellas. They're good boys, the coffee is good, the cream and sugar are crazy.

And just think, KENNY: If you hadn't

got a new trial, you would have been short now. That's the breaks!

Say, HERB...do you have BUD HURT on your payroll or something? Every time I see him he's holding up your coffee stand.

One of our local watch-repairmen has sent a LeCoultre watch to four different firms, asking them to put it in top working order. The watch always comes back in A-1 shape, whereupon the aforementioned repairman gets his little screwdrivers in it and ruins it again. Why don't you give up, Dark One? Or at least do your practicing on a Waterbury or a Westolox?

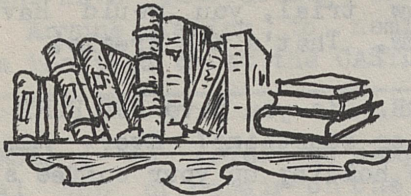
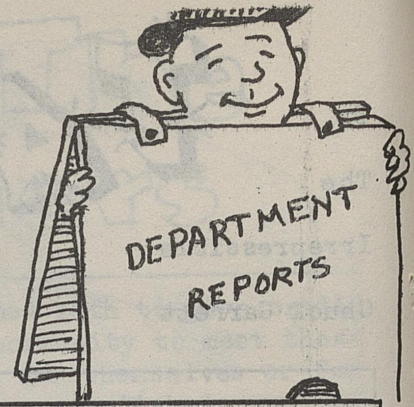
And they say our esteemed editor now answers to the name of "Tubby." How about that, Tubs? (ED. NOTE: How about what, TEDDY BEAR?)

And Dear Ann --- I have been confined to the state penitentiary for the past four and a half years, serving life and a few other assorted sentences. I have been indicted for income-tax fraud, have numerous other troubles, and recently I have been informed that I will be tried for armed robbery -- the charge being 5 years old. When I read the letter informing me that, after all these years, I would be tried on this charge, one statement perplexed me no end. It read -- and get this --- "Since this old charge has been brought against you, you have troubles." Now, Ann, what I want to know is ... do you really think they can cause me any trouble?

Wo is me! See you next month.

"Ah, little girl, and what will you do when you get as big as your mother?"

"Diet!" --- Via the FENDLETON REFLECTOR



SCHOOL DAZE -- David "Shotgun" Smith

Well, folks, we have started a new semester here at the Academic School and everyone seems to be doing his best to get his lessons.

We promised in our last issue to give you a report on our graduation and semester tests. The following students were graduated from the eighth grade.

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| Jesse Austin | Delvin Silvery |
| Leonard Bolton | Donald Cummings |
| Earl Cummins | Arlen Fields |
| Thomas Griffin | Raymond Hayes |
| Arnold Isabell | Charles Jacobs |
| Robert Kizer | Donald Mason |
| Frank Watkins | James Mourning |
| Glenn Thomas | Joe Weatherford |
| Clarence Scott | Lawrence Stewart |
| Terrell Whittle | Bobby Weatherspoon |
| | Charles Redfern |

Frank Watkins started in the first grade, and has really put his time to good use since he has been here.

One of our students, James Kirkland, had a daily average of 99 and was exempt from the final exams. James is now in the 8th grade.

Hoyle Pennington, who volunteered to attend school, even though he was over-age, is going home in February and we hope that he stays home.

Our thought for this month comes from the MESSENGER: "The place to stop crime is in the hi-chair -- not electric chair."

HOSPITAL NEWS --- Haskell Gumm

Well, here we go again starting a new month at the hospital. Nothing much new has happened here since New Years, with the exception of hiring James "Social-ite" Sears to our hospital staff. There's one thing you can say for Jim, he's sure to liven things up wherever he goes. But nevertheless he's a good cat to have around, and we welcome him here.

But laying all jokes aside, if I am granted my 3 month's good time back, and have left the institution by this writing, I want to thank my boss, Mr. Hyde, and our good doctor, Dr. B. B. Jay, for the kindness and consideration they have shown me since working on the hospital assignment. It has been more than pleasant working for them, and my thanks go to both of them.

And to all the fellows I have had the opportunity of working with on this assignment, I want to say it's been swell. I do hope that in the very near future each of you will get a chance at the green light as I have. Anyway, lots of luck to all.

I also want to take this time to wish all our permanent hospital patients a speedy recovery and that they may each be up and around, and perhaps going home soon.

So for now I want to say goodby and good luck to all my friends, and if the good Lord's willin' and the crick don't rise, I hope to see you all under better circumstances in the free world. Up north Detroit way, that is!

Hear CLOSED WORLD every second Sunday at 1:30 on WCBL -- 1290 on radio!

Department Reports



CABINET
SHOP
NEWS
by
Bud
Lyons

One of the most interesting things that happen around the cabinet shop is the refinishing of used furniture for the State Park Department. Mr. Bridges has 10 men who work at the job of cleaning the pieces. First, the varnish is removed with paint remover, and then "WINDY" BRANTLEY scrapes the original stain off with the touch of an artist. Sanding is a tedious process, but these men do it well. After the furniture is cleaned and sanded, JOHN HAMMER takes over and applies the new stain with a professional hand. The final word on the furniture, however, belongs to little STANLEY PORTER, who has the light touch with a spray gun that brings out the best in any wood. And finally, the furniture leaves on a truck as good as new again. We are all proud to see it leave this way, and anyone watching "POSSUM," "CURLY," and "DOUBLE BUDDY" work will recognize the pleasure they take in doing a good job.

If anyone sees MARCUS WRIGHT on the hill, remember that he's not loafing, that man is kept busy answering calls for a first-rate carpenter, and he never disappoints his clients.

JOE GOFF has taken over the instructor's job, and anyone who wants to learn the trade cannot find a better teacher. He does a good job keeping the orders filled out. Our cabinet-making department is busy all the time. JACK INGRAM'S crew can make or repair just about anything in the wood line. Those new guards' lunchboxes are just a sample of their good work. The cabinets, tables, etc., are made with a professional touch. And, oh yes! They still repair those school chairs. Believe me, those

chairs get hard use.

JOHN SUTTER is now our upholsterer and is doing a fine job. No complaints in that department.

Those signs you see all over the hill come from the brush of TED LEWIS, and he's the best. In the portrait department, our artist, JOE WHITE, has excelled everyone. His art is something to be admired by everyone.

The work done on the office is showing results. Everything is in handy reach, and the place is brighter, factors which have caused our shop to run better. Our janitors, under the supervision of "Old BOY" CARTER, keep the sawdust off the floor, and the shop always has a clean look to it. Thanks, boys.

FARM NEWS -- Grady M. Barnett

Well, now that all of us out here on the farm have celebrated Christmas, 1961 with a fine chicken dinner and a day off, and experienced the beginning of the infant year 1962, we can settle down to the job of preparing for this year's crops. We will commence planting in March, so until then there will be a feverish race against time, preparing hot beds for the young plants to get their start and getting the soil in shape to transplant these seedlings where they will mature and produce a maximum harvest.

This year promises to be a big one and the garden alone will require an area of approximately 225 acres to produce enough vegetables to supply the institution. The important job of selecting these 225 acres from a possible 1500 acres or more, choosing the correct variety and amounts of fertilizer and seeds to use, the proper date to plant in order to insure a profitable harvest, falls to our Farm Manager, Mr. Carl Dicken, and our gardener, Mr. Teddy Holt.

FARM NEWS (CONT)

This is a job I do not envy them, for even with the weatherman cooperating, an error in judgement could result in the loss of a crop or a poor harvest, therefore shorting us of vegetables at the dining table. Being very capable men it is very unlikely anything like this will happen, but as you can see a great deal depends on them.

This is calving season in the beef herd and our cowboy, Robert Payne, has his hands full. The bad weather we are having makes it doubly hard, for when a cow calves in some back pasture he must bring the calf and cow to the barn, sometimes a mile or more distant.

(Con't next month)

ONE SHOP -- Mose Parker

WHO'S THE CRAZY BABE WITH THE CANDLE?

Several men individually approached yours truly in the shop to inquire as to who is the bronze lady holding the torch out on Bedloe's Island. After venturing a couple of unsatisfactory answers I caught the drift. The information they sought was whether or not she ever existed as a real person, and if so, who was she? I didn't know, did some fast research, and still don't know, so if any of you know, please let me know and I'll let them know.

FLIM FLAM SAUCE AND OYSTER STEW -- One Shop formally tips its hat to Mr. Griffin, steward of the local cuisine, and his entire staff for the way they prepared and served the holiday dinners. Sheer artistry!

WHO DID IT? FITZHUE BARREL AND GEORGE LONG -- It's common knowledge that on Christmas day there were packages delivered to death row, the hospital, a selected few in the shop, and to every man who attended Christmas day services, but what is not so common is that two inmates picked up the tab. To F. Barrel and G. Long, God bless you!

THE SALESMAN, THE CRAFTSMAN (CONT)

incentive for him to remember it in a society that doesn't share his problem. The success of the halfway houses, organized by religious groups to provide food, shelter, and guidance for released inmates, is probably traceable in part to the fact that in such places the inmate is encouraged, by the caseworkers and by the other ex-inmates, to remember that he does have a problem -- a technique that may also partially explain the success of A. A.

In fact, it's possible that the same techniques, or basically the same techniques, that are doing such wonders with alcoholics, would also do wonders for people like the salesman, the craftsman, and me.

Ultimately, however, the question of whether penal treatment will be expensive or economical, effective or ineffective, depends, not on the prison officials, who do what they can; not on the inmates, who are ripe for help, but on the person who foots the bill in the first place -- the average citizen.

TO THE POINT

The after-dinner speakers had all overrun their allotted time, and the toastmaster, in his introduction of the last speaker, said: "And now we will hear from Dr. Milton Ribboncroft, who will speak briefly on the subject of sex."

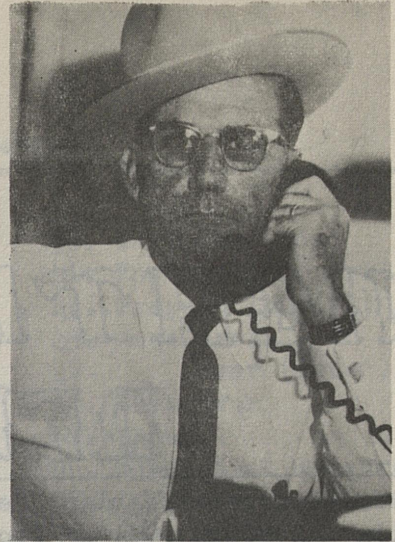
Whereupon the good doctor rose and addressed the guests as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure. Thank you."

Education: that which enables us to get into trouble more intelligently.

From the MI-LINE,
Milan, Michigan

THE DEPUTY WARDEN'S PAGE

Lloyd T.
Armstrong
Deputy
Warden



I hear so many people referring to a life sentence as being only 8 years. This is not true by any means. The parole law which provides that a person serving a life term will be eligible for consideration in 8 years has been misconstrued to the point that some people believe that a lifer is more or less automatically released after that period.

The truth is that a person serving a life sentence will become eligible for consideration by the parole board after having served 8 years; however, most lifers do not receive a parole at that time. Again, persons serving 21 years become eligible for parole consideration after 6 years -- but this does not necessarily mean he will be paroled at that time.

Another subject about which many people are misled is that a person is sentenced to prison primarily to be punished, which, of course, isn't the case at all. A person is sentenced to a penal institution for a crime he has committed. After he is received into a penal institution he will not be further punished unless he violates some institutional rule.

It is the duty of the officials of a penal institution to rehabilitate an inmate if it is possible, rather than to punish him, in the hope that he will be better prepared to adjust to a free society upon his release.

Because the parole board is a different department from that of the institution and its employees, it is therefore understandable that the officials of the institution have very little influence as to whether or not an inmate is recommended or denied a parole. The concern of the officials of a penal institution is to keep a record of each inmate, noting his activities, progress, change of attitude, if any, and so forth. This record, of course, is presented to the parole board and is used in helping them to decide whether he should be paroled. Other factors which are important in determining if an inmate should be paroled are: Can he get suitable employment? Has he served enough time for the crime he committed? And, most important, Can he adjust satisfactorily to free society and the environment in which he will be living?

The only two sentences that a man cannot live long enough to complete are life and life without privilege of parole.

If any of the readers of this magazine have any further questions about parole, they may contact the Department of Parole and Probation at Frankfort, Kentucky. If the questions concern the institution itself, contact the Warden of the institution.

Lloyd T. Armstrong
Lloyd T. Armstrong, Deputy Warden

NIGHTKEEPER'S REPORT - 1885

Reprinted from a regular feature appearing in the SPECTATOR, inmate publication of the Michigan State Penitentiary at Jackson. "NIGHTKEEPER'S REPORT 1885" is taken verbatim from old Michigan Prison records and tells a revealing tale of prison days and nights of the past -- The Editor

NOVEMBER 8 -- The Warden left me an official order last evening. He instructed me to talk with "Hannibal the Bear." The plan is: if Hannibal can stay out of trouble for one thirty-day period, he is to be released to a logging camp in the Upper Peninsula. Hannibal is a hard worker and he readily agreed to try to stay on good behavior for a month. I took him out of solitary and had him bathed and shaved. He would have been discharged many months ago if he hadn't compiled such a terrible conduct record.

NOVEMBER 9 -- Warden: I report the engineer for negligence. He arrived at work last night under the influence of alcohol and went immediately to sleep, leaving the fireroom to be managed by two inexperienced inmates. A warning should be sufficient because he is usually a conscientious worker. The cold weather continues and cries last night from the East Wing for more heat caused a great disturbance in the prison. I quieted them down with a promise of more heat tonight. The engineer must make my guarantee good.

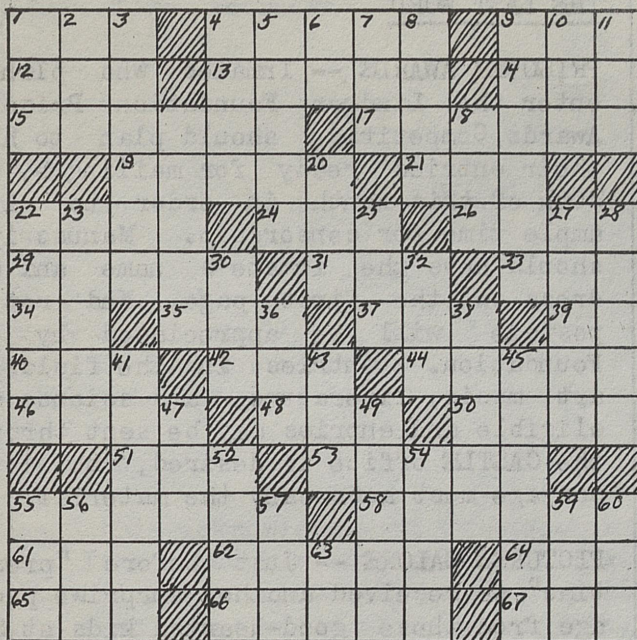
NOVEMBER 10 -- Punishment was administered last evening to Martin and Kutner, the two inmates who started the fight in the kitchen over the apples. With the physician in attendance the pair was given 15 lashes each with the bat. They were placed in solitary for 20 days. Later last night I was called to the

West Wing by Guard Forrester. He led me to the cell of Murkowski, No. 918. Murkowski informed me that a plan to escape is being formulated by three inmates working in the carpenter shop. He doesn't know their names, but says he will point them out to me. We shall place him in protection afterward.

NOVEMBER 11 -- In the dining room last night Murkowski pointed out the three inmates he says are planning an escape. They are Balestrine, No. 887; Polordy, No. 1010 and Andreski, No. 889. I immediately sent the suspects to solitary and have given orders for a general shakedown of their cells and the carpenter shop. In the cell of Andreski we found a map of the prison. It looks as though the three had planned to tunnel out from the powerhouse to the area near the back gate. I shall have more to report tomorrow.

NOVEMBER 12 -- Last evening I was called to the West Wing by Ellery, No. 2018, the old tinker who gives the doctor so much trouble running the sick lines. For the past several years Ellery has lived in constant fear of death and every time he gets a mild cold he thinks he's dying. When I reached his bed, he raised up and stared blankly then asked for a pint of whiskey as a dying request. I told Dunning to give him a double dose of soda, which he did, and the old reprobate went quietly to sleep. There is nothing wrong with him except time.

Crossword Puzzle -- Tracy Barker & Goat Groves



ACROSS

- 1. Cooking utensil
- 4. Slaps
- 9. Girl's name
- 12. Hearing organ
- 13. Consumed
- 14. Part of "to be"
- 15. Swapped
- 17. Sign
- 19. Medium of exchange
- 21. Emerge victorious
- 22. Demons
- 24. Body of Water
- 26. Celestial body
- 29. Set again
- 31. Nothing
- 33. Watering resort
- 34. Initials of Ida Lupino
- 35. Girl's name
- 37. Decay
- 39. Mathematics term
- 40. To place
- 42. Triple prefix
- 44. Case
- 46. Possessive pronoun
- 48. Exotic animal
- 50. Sight organs
- 57. Atmosphere
- 58. Type of fish (pl)
- 61. Electrical particle
- 62. Farm animal

- 64. Consume
- 65. Man's nickname
- 66. Examinations
- 67. Make an effort

DOWN

- 1. Caress
- 2. Paddle
- 3. Bums
- 4. P.P. of "see"
- 5. Walk in water
- 6. Preposition
- 7. A number
- 8. The editor's name
- 9. Rouge & lipstick
- 10. Part of a circle
- 11. Golf term
- 16. Measured amounts
- 18. Poetic for it is
- 20. Japanese currency
- 22. Shanty _____
- 23. A mix-up
- 25. Atmosphere
- 27. Forbidden fruit
- 28. Locomotive tracks
- 30. Expression of amazement.
- 32. Biblical exclamations
- 36. Unit of energy

- 38. In that place
- 41. Teaches
- 43. Preposition (pl)
- 45. Small hole
- 47. _____ Cesar (Actor)
- 49. Turn over
- 52. Relax
- 54. Electrical measure (pl)
- 55. Offer to buy
- 56. Fish eggs
- 57. Pronoun _____
- 59. _____ and feathers
- 60. Boil on eyelid
- 63. Abbrev. of extra sensory.

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KENTUCKY STATE PENITENTIARY STATISTICS

Escapes	0
Death Row	7
Admitted by Commitment	46
Transfers from KSR	22
Released by Expiration	19
Released by Parole	45
Released by Death	0
Total Population	1204
High Number	23739
Low Number	11549

MOVIES FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS

February 16	LI'L ABNER Peter Palmer & Julie Newman; Musical Comedy
February 23	THE CRIMSON PIRATE Burt Lancaster & Eva Partok: Adventure
March 2	WACKIEST SHIP IN THE ARMY -- Jack Lemmon & Ricky Nelson: Comedy
March 9	HANNIBAL Victor Mature & Rita Gamm: Drama

Every second Sunday at 1:30 pm, hear CLOSED WORLD, direct from Eddyville Prison on WCBL, Benton, 1290 on your dial. A WCBL public-service program

THE LAST WORD

PRISONER AWARDS -- Inmates who plan to enter the Lindner Foundation Prisoner Awards Competition should plan to have their entries ready for mailing by the 20th of this month in order to allow ample time for censorship. Manuscripts should have the inmate's name and address on the first page, and return postage will be appreciated by the Foundation. Entries in the fields of art, music, literature, and science are eligible and entries may be sent through the CASTLE office if desired, but loose postage must accompany the material.

PICTURES GALORE -- Just before "presstime" we received another surprise package from those good-hearted kids at St. Edward School, Jeffersontown; this time pictures of every member of the 7th Grade class done up in folding cards and with the kids peeking out from space ship, television sets, and the like. And let me tell you, they're good looking kids, all of 'em! Thanks, 7th Grade, from all of us!

VOTE OF THANKS -- the Fort Campbell boxing team deserves a lot of gratitude for consenting to meet our pugilists in the prison gym. It was a good show, even if the army fighters did beat the bejabbers out of our boys, and we enjoyed it tremendously.

FOR MATHEMATICIANS ONLY -- Try, if you have an idle ten minutes or so, to prove or disprove this statement: "If there are more trees in the world than there are leaves on any one tree, then there must be at least two trees with the same number of leaves."

RETRACTION -- Last month we mistakenly reported that Ben Campbell had been granted a time cut. We regret that the error was made, and we would like to apologize to Campbell for the grief we must have caused him. We can only hope that someday we can write the same story again, and this time, be correct.

FATHER FLANAGAN'S BOYS' TOWN
Boys Town, Nebraska

Father Nicholas H. Wegner, Director

January 19, 1962

Mr. J. P. Ruppel
Kentucky State Commissary, Inc.
Kentucky State Penitentiary
Eddyville, Kentucky

Dear Mr. Ruppel:

Although this acknowledgement is somewhat belated due to the tremendous amount of work I have had here during and following the holidays, I want to assure you that it was a source of the deepest satisfaction and of no little inspiration to read your letter of December 30th, enclosing a check for \$54.50. I wish to take this means of thanking you and all the inmates of Kentucky State Prison who were willing to make some sacrifice in order to make this possible.

I am sure Almighty God will reward them far beyond what I could in a letter, but I do hope that you will distribute among them the Honorary Citizen Certificates I am enclosing.

The benefits from your contribution and those of others who support this Home go directly to the boys themselves. We who administer Boys Town, the Board of Directors, the staff and I, merely insure that these funds will be used fully and wisely for their care and training. I have always found it to be true that the boys accept this aid in the proper spirit without either a feeling of personal abasement or the insolence of considering it something due them. Rather, the relationship between donor and boy resembles in some respects that between parents and children, even if the personal contact is perforce lacking. Most come to realize that their benefactors have a right to expect them to become good and useful citizens, and that is one of their incentives to do their best.

Again thanking you and all of those who joined you in making this fine contribution, and asking God's blessings for you and each of them, I am

Sincerely

(s) Father Wegner

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