

Castle ^{ON THE} Cumberland

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VOLUME I

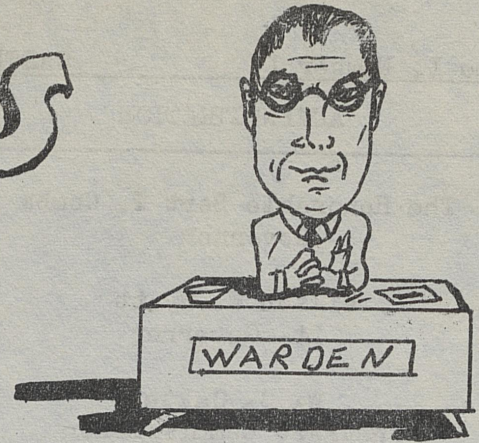
NUMBER IV

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Ernest Thompson Member	Billy Howell Sports Editor	Joe White Art Editor
	Stanley Brawner Lithographer	Charles P. Garrett, Secretary

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WARDENS PAGE



IN MEMORIAM

William L. Jones, the big friendly man who served as Warden of the Kentucky State Penitentiary since 1959, passed away last month, the victim of a heart attack.

Mr. Jones died shortly after returning to his home from the hospital in Paducah, where he had just undergone the second of two recent operations.

Not many men on the Mountain knew Warden Jones personally, for he felt that it was in the best interests of the prison that he stay off the yard as much as possible. As he told a friend not long before his death, "I just can't say no to those boys."

Yet the prisoners sensed his kindness, and many of them felt something quite like personal loss when he died.

Mr. Jones was a native of Caldwell County, and for many years he operated a farm there. From 1928 to 1939, he was a manager of the University of Kentucky's experimental farm at Princeton. In 1942, he began the first of four terms in the State Legislature as the Representative from Trigg and Caldwell Counties. On December 31, 1959, he came to this institution as Warden, a post he retained until his death on the 19th of last month.

Mr. Jones is survived by his wife, Mildred, a daughter, Lucretia, and two sons, Billy and Jimmy Jones, as well as three brothers, Frank, Bernard, and Eugene, and a sister, Eloise Jones.

FROM WARDEN LUTHER JONES

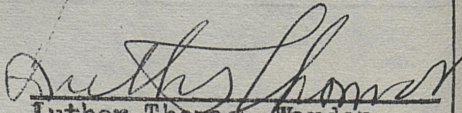
I assume my duties as Warden of Ky. State Penitentiary with great humility, sincerity of purpose, and with complete knowledge of the magnitude and complexities of my position. You may be assured that I shall exert every effort to fulfill the duties of my office conscientiously and capably tempered with justice and fairness for all.

I solicit the cooperation and loyalty of all the personnel and the inmate body alike. With unity of purpose, we can obtain the highest peak of efficiency which should be our goal.

I would be remiss if I did not acknowledge the splendid cooperation and warm reception I have received from the prison staff. I am deeply grateful for your cordiality and friendliness and your expressions of confidence.

This I will ask of each of you: Be loyal to your institution and the work you are doing. It is important work and well worth doing. Our responsibilities are multiple, but we **CAN AND WILL FULFILL** them.

I feel secure in the knowledge that you will give to me the same cooperation given to my predecessor and good friend, William L. Jones. We all feel a sense of great loss since his demise. We can best honor him by continuing to go **FORWARD**.


Luther Thomas, Warden

LARGE CROWD TURNS OUT TO PAY LAST RESPECTS TO WARDEN JONES

An estimated 700 to 1000 persons paid their last respects to Warden William L. Jones, who passed away September 19th.

The Funeral was held at the First Baptist Church in Princeton at 3 pm on the 22nd of last month. At the request of the family three ministers, Reverend Perry Ginn, Pastor of the church, Reverend Roy Honeycutt, former Pastor, and Reverend Paul Jagers, Chaplain of the prison, officiated at the funeral.

Among the hundreds of persons attending were Governor Bert Combs, Welfare Commissioner Carlos Oakley, Director of Corrections Dr. Harold Black, Warden Davis of the LaGrange reformatory, and Commissioner of Agriculture Emerson "Doc" Beachum, in addition to a large number of guards, prison officials and employees. A man who had served a prison sentence under Warden Jones came to pay his respects too.

The church was filled by an unusually large number of floral wreaths, brought by the crowd of mourners that turned out for the funeral.

Serving as regular pallbearers were Luther Thomas--who has since been appointed warden to succeed Mr. Jones--Deputy Warden Lloyd T. Armstrong, Recreational Director Everett Cherry, and Receiver Marshall Seely, as well as Edwin Lamb, Brad Lacy, George Petitt, and George Conway. Serving as honorary pallbearers were William Tanner, James G. White, Hayden Hall, John Davis, Sgt. Grissett, and Charles Holloman.

Mr. Jones was laid to rest at Cedar Hill Cemetery, Princeton.

The present circulation of this magazine is 500 copies, of which some 200 copies are sent to outside subscribers.

LUTHER THOMAS IS NEW WARDEN

Luther Thomas, a native of Cadiz and presently sheriff of Trigg County, has been selected to fill the vacancy left by the sudden death last month of Warden William L. Jones

Mr. Thomas was appointed to the post on September 22 by Welfare Commissioner Carlos Oakley. He took the oath of office at this institution the following day.

Mr. Thomas, 59, has served in various public offices since 1934, when he began a 16-year term as Trigg County Tax Commissioner. In 1957, he became Sheriff of Trigg County. He has been a president of the Cadiz Lions Club and director of the Kentucky Sheriffs' Association.

For several years Mr. Thomas owned an auto dealership in Cadiz, and he is currently a partner in a farm-implement outlet there.

Married and the father of two sons, Mr. Thomas is distantly related to former KSP warden M. W. Thomas. His wife will complete his term of office as sheriff.

In a statement to the Paducah SUN DEMOCRAT, Warden Thomas said he planned "no immediate changes" at the institution.

"I just plan to do the best job I can possibly do," the Warden went on to say. "I like people, I like to work with them. I hope I can be of some service to the people in this new task.

* * *

The CASTLE would like to take this opportunity to welcome Warden Luther Thomas to the institution and wish him every success in his new job.

WHY NOT GIVE YOUR STOMACH A BREAK?
SLOW DOWN IN THE MESSHALL!

Ever wonder what the hurry is all about in the messhall? You know what we mean--everyone sits down at the table and immediately begins shoveling food into his mouth like a starving wolf, fighting against time to finish his meal before the row he's sitting in is dismissed.

If you happen to be at the head of the line, you're lucky. You'll have just enough time to eat comfortably and decently before the exodus begins. But if you're unfortunate enough to land more than 5 or 6 rows back, you'll have to hustle to finish in time. And that's not very good for tempers, stomachs, or anything else.

Until recently we were under the impression that this sort of thing was the fault of the officers who dismiss the rows. We've found that this just isn't so.

In talking to Deputy Warden Armstrong and some of the officers around the hill we find that there is no time limit on eating--that everyone wants the men to have a reasonable time to eat their food in comfort. The trouble is, none of the inmates seem to know this.

Sometime in the past, we suspect, there was a time-limit set in the messhall, and everyone had to finish within the limit or go hungry. Perhaps that's how all the hurry began. We wonder sometimes how the officers assigned to the messhall can stand the sight of 1200 men shoveling food into their mouths as if they were trying to win an eating contest.

So why not slow down and enjoy your food, and give everyone behind you a chance to do the same thing? Naturally there's no excuse for dawdling, and we're sure that it wouldn't be permitted for very long. But there simply isn't any reason for all the present rush.

CARD OF THANKS

I wish to express publicly my thanks for the many kindnesses shown me and my family by the inmates and administration of this institution during the recent funeral of my father.

Particularly I wish to thank Mr. Lloyd T. Armstrong for his sympathy and cooperation, and Mr. Mosely, for the kindness he showed me and the members of my family.

My special thanks go, too, to Buck Penn, the inmate who offered me all the money he had to help offset the expenses of my trip to the funeral.

--Harold "Dutch" Feldman--

CUMBERLAND COLLEGE EXCHANGES WITH CASTLE

The editors of the CUMBERLAND ECHO, an excellent paper published by the students of the Cumberland College of Williamsburg, Kentucky, have sent us copies of their paper and indicated a desire to exchange with us.

We're glad to have the opportunity, since reading their papers reminds us that there are still some young people who aren't hell-bent on destroying themselves. And perhaps the students there, many of whom, we understand, will be going into the ministry, will gain insight into the problems and needs of men in prison.

Also on our exchange list is the news bulletin of the Owensboro-Daviess County Chamber of Commerce, whose Executive VP was kind enough to write us a note of encouragement, as well as the LYON COUNTY HERALD, another fine little paper.

All of these papers, in addition to the prison exchanges from all over the country, are placed in the library for general circulation after we have finished them here.

JAILBIRD MAKES HIT WITH FELLOW INMATES

There's an honest-to-goodness jailbird in Three-Shop these days. ately.

No one has thought to assign him a number, but his name is Bird--Tweety Bird--and as far as the fellows in the shop are concerned, he's Number One.

Tweety Bird is an English sparrow who makes his home during the daylight hours in Tommy Wilson's shirt pocket. At night, we understand, Tweety takes over the bunk in Tommy's cell, while Tommy makes out on the floor.

The friendship between Wilson and the little sparrow began when another inmate, Bobby Jones, found him, apparently deserted by his mother, in a nest. He was a scrawny, sickly little fellow in those days, and for a while it looked as if he'd have to be consigned to Boot Hill.

Now, several weeks later, good food and plenty of attention from Jones and Wilson have transformed Tweety into one of the plumpest, prettiest little sparrows in the vicinity. One of the sauciest, too.

While Wilson is busy at the pinochle table, Tweety Bird slips out of his pocket and hops about, noisily kibitzing the game and begging, from time to time, for flies, which the Three-Shop crowd is glad to provide for him.

When his little belly is full and the card game seems to be going to his satisfaction, Tweety will primp his feathers and hop off to make new conquests among the cons.

He likes to find new fingers to climb on, but he likes even better to hop his way up to the shoulder, or even the head. But it's dangerous to let him. He is inclined to "Have accidents" up there. We suspect he does it deliber-

And while Tweety is apt to be arrogant and bossy in his strange new surroundings, he's generally a pretty good-natured little guy. The only thing that really makes him mad is to have his tail feathers mussed. When that happens, he twists around and tries to peck the offender. If he misses, though, he's content to scold a bit and let it go.

Tweety shows no signs of wanting to fly off into the wilderness which all the books say is his natural habitat. He's perfectly content to stay in prison, where he has hundreds of earth-bound prisoners to do his bidding.

Tweety Bird, like many of his human counterparts, has become institutionalized!

JACKSON, MICHIGAN PRISONERS HELPING TO SUPPORT JUVENILE HOME

(Condensed from the SPECTATOR)

According to a recent release from Hobbycraft Supervisor Hank Newcomb, 30 men at SMP have donated articles to the Sertomas Club (collecting funds to help support a near-bankrupt juvenile home) for their sale at the Jackson County Fair in late August.

Articles to date have totaled a little over \$600 in value, and the SPECTATOR is urging all men to contribute to help the kids get a break to prevent the from being in our circumstances someday.

And Dave Barry is quoted in the SPECTATOR as saying this about the population explosion:

"A woman is delivering a child every 30 minutes. We've got to get hold of that woman and stop her!"

EDDYVILLE PRISON NOW 78 YEARS OLD

Eddyville may not be this country's oldest prison, but she's no Johnny-come-lately, either.

The Civil War had been over less than 20 years when she was born, and she was all of 5 years old when Teddy Roosevelt and his "Rough Riders" charged San Juan Hill during the Spanish American War. By the time World War I broke out, she was in her teens, and when the Bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, Eddyville Prison was a world-weary old woman of 62.

And, although Eddyville has been in physical existence for 78 years now, you can put her age at 81 if you add the 3-year gestation period between the time she was conceived by an act of the General Assembly in 1880 (under Governor Luke P. Blackburn) and the time construction was begun during the first year of the administration of Governor J. Proctor Knott (1883-87).

According to an interesting document passed on to us by Business Manager Kathlyn Ordway and entitled "Institutional Schedule: Part I, General Information" crowded conditions at the old Frankfort prison caused a bill providing for construction of a branch penitentiary to be introduced to the March, 1880 legislature. The bill became an act by passing both houses of the Assembly on April 7th of that year.

The act provided for a 3-man commission to select a site of from 200 to 600 acres. Eight acres were to be surrounded by a wall not more than 25 feet high, and a maximum of 500 cells were to be constructed. Prison labor, the act stated, was to be used whenever possible. An appropriation of \$150,000 was voted for the purpose of preliminary survey and beginning construction.

The commission, appointed on May 4, 1880 by Governor Blackburn, made visits to several other state prisons and de-

ecided that the new Kentucky institution would be patterned after the prison at Joliet, Illinois. With the general plan of the institution in mind, they then began to shop around for land.

"Climate and other advantages" decided the commission in favor of an 87-acre site (far short of the 200 to 600 acres recommended by the act) in Eddyville. The land was purchased at a cost of \$4,000, \$1,400 of which was contributed by the citizens of Eddyville, presumably in the hope that the prison payroll would bring new prosperity to the town.

The commission also recommended the end of "brute force and horror" and "...the absolute condemnation of corporal punishment as an instrument of discipline and order." Their report went on to urge that the prisoners be given educational and religious advantages, as well as more humane treatment in general. Governor Blackburn agreed, and drew up a set of rules along these lines.

One hundred and fourteen convicts were pressed into service to build Eddyville Prison, in addition to 30 stonemasons imported from Italy to do the more intricate work, including the great unsupported arch that forms the ceiling of Cellhouse One. Instead of the proposed 8 acres, 10½ acres were enclosed by a wall 18 feet high. Native Gray limestone was used to erect the walls, as well as the original administration building and 3 cellhouses, all of which are in use to this day. The prison was completed in 1886 at an original cost of only \$275,000, a figure that seems ridiculously low in this era of 8-and-10 million dollar penal plants.

The final result of all the labor and planning was a bleak jumble of hewn stone sitting atop a rocky hill overlooking the Cumberland River, a place

(Con't on Page 6)

EDDYVILLE PRISON NOW 78 (Con't)

that came to be known as the "Castle on the Cumberland" because of its resemblance to a medieval palace.

Additions were made to the institution as years passed. In 1904, a 2-foot coping raised the height of the walls to 20 feet, and Cellhouse 4 was erected that year. Later on, two more cellhouses, a messhall, and a school building were added. But for many years, Eddyville Prison was, according to old-timers here, a dreary, rocky hole with next to no growing things to relieve the starkness of the yard. Recently, all that has been changed.

Lawns--fine, thick, green stretches of grass--have been planted inside and outside the prison, and flowers grow in profusion on the hill. Each spring and summer, the whitewash crews go over the curbing, the steps, the hospital, the chapel, and other buildings, and everywhere there is evidence to indicate that a lot of thought, work, and planning have gone into the face-lifting of old Eddyville Prison.

None of this makes Eddyville a pleasant place to live. No prison ever is, especially a maximum-security prison that was planned to fit the penal needs of the 19th Century, and that is now overcrowded and in need of expanded and increased facilities for education, industry, and recreation. But what has been done here is a good example of what can be accomplished by "making do" with whatever is at hand.

Found in the RIVERSIDE, Red Wing, Minnes

"One reason I don't drink is that I like to know when I'm having a good time!"

"No man is too big to be courteous, but some are too little."

"DOUGHBELLY" FOUND DEAD ON HILL

"Doughbelly", one of the most popular of the stray cats that roam the mountain, was found dead one morning last month. From the condition of the body, it was suspected that the cat had died of poisoning.

"Tom", another of the pussies, was found suffering from severe pains and a bloated stomach just a day before Doughbelly was discovered dead, but he recovered when one of the cons fed him warm milk and grease to counteract the poison.

It is believed that the cats had drunk water contaminated by the chemical used to purify the water in the swimming pool.

"BUNNY BREAD" SERVED IN MESSHALL

It may seem like a small thing, but the serving of "free world" bread in the messhall is really a big improvement.

The bread, referred to here as "Bunny Bread", will replace the coarse, crumbly prison bread heretofore served.

CHIEF STEWARD LEARNS TRADE IN PRISON

Henry Griffin, Chief Steward at the prison, learned his trade right here in Eddyville Prison.

Mr. Griffin, we should hasten to explain, has never served time as a prisoner. On the contrary, he came to work here 'way back in 1951 as a cellhouse guard. After that, he worked for some 3 years as an assistant steward before himself becoming Chief, a position he has held for 4 years now.

"I just kinda picked up the trade," he related to this writer last month. Got assigned here as an assistant and decided I'd like to keep on doing this kind of work."

(Con't on Page 7)

CHIEF STEWARD LEARNS (Con't from Page 6)

"It does me good," he went on, "to watch the expressions on the faces of the boys when we've got a good meal on. It really does."

We can believe it. Mr. Griffin, better known to the inmates and to his co-workers as "Eagle Eye", is an affable, gregarious man who looks to be in his early fifties. On the short side, and with his graying hair cut in a burr, Griffin has a perpetual twinkle in his eye.

"Have a donut," he said, just as we reached out to filch one of the goodies that were being readied for the Sunday dinner. "They're pretty good, but I could have used some confectioner's sugar for them."

The donuts were delicious.

"Do you have any equipment shortages in the kitchen?" we asked him.

"Well sir, yes we do. Those darned stoves are antiques, and we can't always have the supplies we'd like to get, but I try to do my best with what we can get." As he was talking, an inmate cook hurried up to tell him that a piece of equipment had broken down.

"That's the way it is in here," said Eagle Eye; "Always something breaking down or blowing up. But this is a pretty good place to work, and the boys here--he waved his hand at the inmates who were working over the stoves--are real good boys, most of them."

"The only kind I hate," he continued, "is the thief. What I mean by that is the fellow who sells food from the mess-hall. He's robbing all the other fellows when he does it."

We asked Mr. Griffin whether the new breakfast menu--the experimental menu that puts an egg or meat on the break-

fast trays each morning--would be continued.

"I imagine so. It seems to be working out pretty well. We use quite a bit of meat, you know. About 500 pounds on a Sunday. But I'm pretty sure we'll be able to keep it up."

About that time he had to leave to get some lard for the pork chops and Steward Tony Peek approached us with a story of his own.

It seems that Peek started the rumor on Eagle Eye that he and his wife had become the parents of an eight-pound baby boy the week before, and that Eagle Eye was already making the boy mow the lawn and perform other chores around the house.

Someone--we're not telling who--slipped some cigars into Eagle Eye's pocket just about the time that Deputy Warden Armstrong walked in to congratulate the steward. Mr. Griffin denied the rumor, but when Mr. Armstrong asked for a cigar, he said:

"Gee, I sure don't have any, Mr. Armstrong; but here's a dollar--go buy one for yourself on me."

We're told that the Deputy Warden settled for one of the pocket cigars.

PRISONERS GET FREE X-RAY

A mobile X-Ray unit visited the prison last month, and free X-Rays were given to all the inmates as well as the entire guard force.

The truck, Mobile Unit Number Four, was donated by the Kentucky Elks Association.

The gratitude of the inmates is hereby expressed to the Elks for this service.

Editorial Side

One of the greatest problems at Eddyville Prison is idleness. That this is so is due in large part to three factors. First, of course, is the fact that Eddyville is a small institution with a relatively large population. There is next to no room for additional shops or industries, and only a comparatively small number of men are needed in the actual operation of the prison. Secondly, a state institution cannot properly compete with free enterprise. And finally, there is the fact that Eddyville is a maximum-security institution, a factor that eliminates a number of otherwise permissible prison industries.

And idleness breeds discontent, but it breeds also self-pity, cynicism, gossip, quarrels, fights, and the eternal race to find new ways to beat the other fellow out of his money.

A number of convicts have found a simple and effective method of combating this problem.

Every now and then--every month, it seems--we read in the exchanges from other prisons of new ways that prisoners elsewhere have found to help themselves by helping others. Some of these men volunteer to serve as guinea pigs for medical experiments. Others donate handicraft items to be sold to support charitable institutions and other worthwhile projects. Still others stage benefit shows, or refinish toys for underprivileged children.

Now, it is our belief that the same men who are the worst offenders in the respects mentioned a paragraph or so ago would be the first to volunteer to do worthwhile, meaningful work for others--especially if those "others" happened to be little children, for whom most cons reserve a soft spot in their hearts.

While this sort of thing would not entirely solve the problem of idleness, it would go a long way toward improving the morale, and even the attitude, of the men here. A man engaged in useful work is a happier man, and a better man to boot.

The problem is, what can we do? There is a vast reservoir of energy waiting here to be tapped, if someone can come up with the right spigot.

We're in the market for suggestions.

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At this time, the Editor would like to extend his sincere personal sympathy to the family of Warden William L. Jones, who passed away on the 19th of last month.



SPORTS REPORT

Billy Howell, SPTS., ED.



Sadly, we watched as load after load of dirt was removed from the pitcher's mound. With remorse, we realize that baseball is over for this season. We will no longer see our friends from the Twin-State League come in to defeat us on Sundays.

Was defeat routine? We think the 4-18 record speaks for itself. 'Nuff said? Just one more thing: you could have bet 7-to-1 each game the Chiefs played, and you would have come out even.

Next on the program is football. Each day now, we watch the teams go through their workouts, and from this we anticipate seeing some outstanding games this fall.

If we were asked to pick the entertainment facility most enjoyed by the inmate body, the swimming pool would win hands down. The pool is always full of swimmers and non-swimmers. But even the beginners have confidence in our lifeguards. The team of lifeguards this year is the best we have seen since our visit to this Castle. They are always on the job.

The only difficulty they have encountered this year is in getting the pool drained. The pool is not equipped with a filter; therefore it is necessary that the water be changed often. While this should be a simple procedure, more often you could compare it with running a 3-minute mile!

Television is always the favorite inside the shops. But since the pool tables have been purchased for the inmates, the balls are never idle. The only "charge" is waiting your turn, and sometimes this can be quite a while, as everyone wants to get into the act. But

the waiting is fair, as you must put your name on the board to shoot, and the table-tenders see that no one bucks the line. With all this shooting, naturally it takes a great deal of supplies--powder, chalks, and tips. Unfortunately, the supplies are not always on hand. But when they are, as we said before, the balls are never still.

One of the greatest contests, perhaps, for any inmate, is a debate with the parole board. While in the past, we have thought of ourself as quite a debater, we must confess the board is over us!

(Whassamatter, Billy, wouldn't the board concede your points? -Ed.)

INTRAMURAL LINEUP

The following men participated in the intramural baseball activity this season:

THE ATHLETES

B. Howell, Mgr.
LaMar
Robinson
Nix
McClutchen
Davis
Estes
White
Lynn
Manz
Moore
Hickman
Hughes
Groves

Givens
Meredith
Downey
Harbin
Stiles
Harris
Willis
Hall
Crockett

THE BEARS

Tipton, Mgr.
Benson
Gilly
Johnson
Littleton
Weatherspoon
Goulette
Fetty
Marshall
Shepard

THE TIGERS

Thomas, Mgr.
Bishop
Burton
Colwell
Bailey

(Con't on Page 10)

Sports Reports

BEARS (Con't)

Beal Richard Maze Hollowell
Evans Baldwin

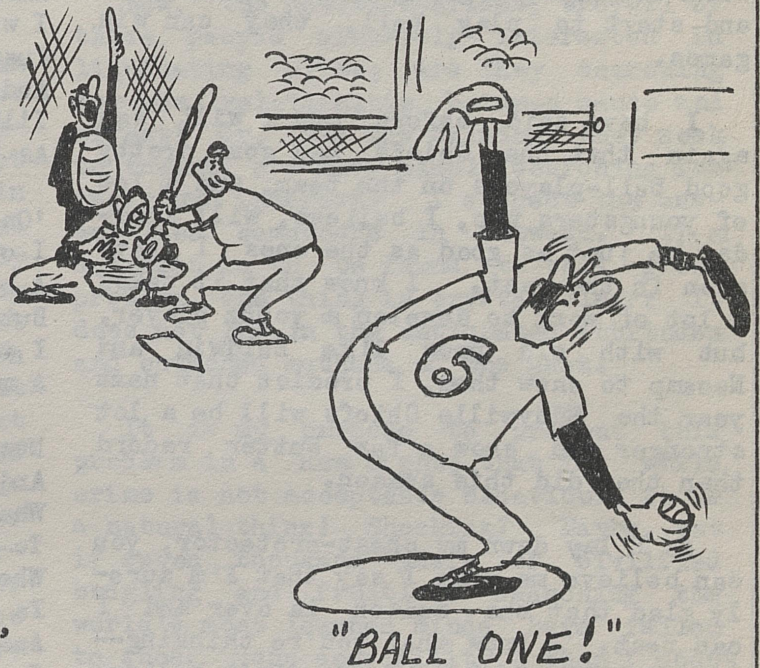
THE BLACKHAWKS

Pyle McClure Crockett
Cole Dixon Adams Sloan

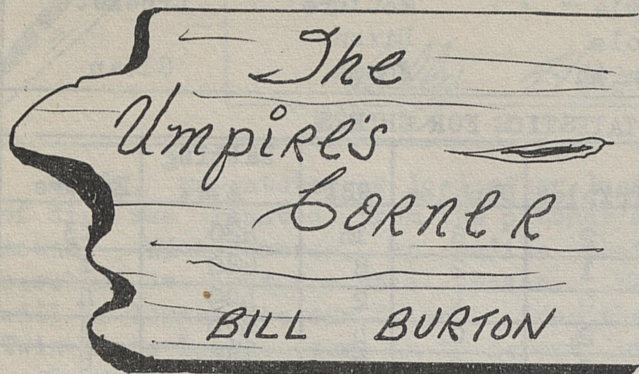
COMPLETE SEASON'S STATISTICS FOR CHIEFS

PLAYER	Games Played	At Bat	Runs	Hits	Home Runs	Triples	Doubles	RBI	Batting Avg.	Errors
Baldwin	18	66	14	28	5	2	8	16	.420	13
Page	7	21	9	9	3	1	2	8	.420	1
Lynn	9	22	1	9	0	0	1	2	.409	4
Davis	15	32	3	12	0	2	0	4	.370	3
Hollowell	10	23	4	8	0	0	0	2	.340	8
Hall	10	18	2	6	0	0	1	0	.330	1
Evans	15	42	8	13	2	0	0	7	.310	4
Necamp	5	18	2	4	0	0	0	1	.220	2
Meridith	6	10	3	2	0	1	0	1	.200	1
Housman	4	11	2	2	0	1	1	2	.180	2
Robinson	13	46	7	8	0	0	1	2	.170	2
Givens	11	35	7	5	0	1	0	1	.140	14
Cole	8	22	1	3	0	0	1	2	.130	2
Bailey	10	24	2	3	0	0	2	0	.120	3
LaMar	10	27	3	3	0	0	0	4	.110	6

And here's something we just couldn't resist putting in this final baseball issue of the CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND. We swiped it from the AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE, as drawn by Gallagher. Just like our favorite umpire, isn't it, fans?



--With apologies to Gallagher--
The AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE



Hi, baseball fans...or should I say "ex-fans?" On September 10, the Eddyville Chiefs brought the season to a close with a 14-11 win over Princeton and I must say it was a well-deserved victory. As I said they could in the last issue, the Chiefs really came alive and fought all the way, proving to me and a lot of fans watching them that when they stop arguing among themselves and start to play ball, they can win games.

I have said before and I will say again that the Chiefs had some pretty good ball-players on the team, and a lot of youngsters who, I believe, will someday be just as good as the ones I have seen in the past. I know that it takes a lot of work to develop a young player, but with old pros like Baldwin and Necamp to show them, I predict that next year the Eddyville Chiefs will be a lot stronger and show a far better record than they did this season.

As I lay down my chest-protector, you can believe me when I say that I'm surely glad that the season is over and I can rest. I know what you're thinking--rest for what? But if you don't believe that umpiring is a hard job, just try it yourself sometime.

Being an umpire is not just knowing the rules, but loving the game and being fair to everyone regardless of how you feel toward him. And as long as you

call the game the way you see it, then you know in your heart that you have given the most to the game.

There is no such thing as a play so close that you could have called it either way. A player is out or he is safe, and that's all there is to it. The umpire alone must make the decision, and he must be sure that he is in a place where he can call it fairly.

ODE TO A FRIEND

--Buck Penn

To give an arm for a friend,
Who's one till the end...
I call a very small task.
To have such a friend
Who is one to the end...
What more could a humble man ask?

When I met you,
I was lonely and blue--
Just one step away from my Hell.
And the sound of your laughter
I'll cherish ever after
As lilting and clear as a bell.

'Cause from the depths of despair
I climbed the hard stair...
A battle each step of the way.
But with you at my side
I took it in stride ...
A man was reborn that day.

Now that we're older...
And our blood runs much colder...
What you told me I'll never forget.
To have just one friend,
Who's really one to the end...
Is a treasure money can't buy
And wherever you go
In your heart you'll know
There's someone who wants you to win.

Editor's Note: Since accepting Buck's poem, we've learned that he really means what he says about friendship. For proof see page 3 in this issue.

EARL "PICKHANDLE" WHITT --On Crime--

Editor's Note: This article was submitted by one of our more interesting friends around the institution, a man whose reputation as an orator, iconoclast, and ham has earned him a place in the hearts of those who love characters. "Pickhandle", in case you don't place him, is the emaciated, hollow-cheeked, wild-haired apparition who recently was classified as, of all things, the chapel clerk. And, while we may not agree with what he has to say, we'll duel with creampuffs at 30 paces for his right to say it. Here, slightly cleaned up, is his article:

- If you are old enough to be in prison today, you have, during your lifetime, seen magazines, newspapers, radio, the motion picture, and, more recently, television challenge the text-book for educating the masses. You have seen the rise of many political and social forces that make a continual bid for men's minds and their allegiance. If any of these media of information have penetrated into your thinking mechanism, you have become acutely aware of the great problem of social behavior that places restrictions on the lives of certain unfortunate individuals who either are not able or simply refuse to cope with the complex challenge of civilization.

Any of the aforementioned media can cite for you the exact cause of crime. The politician will explain in painstaking detail how the criminal was not properly indoctrinated as a child in civics, patriotism, and a high political ideal, how he was not made adequately aware of his responsibility to society. Of course, the sociologist would admit that this probably had some bearing on the subject, but he would then point out the true nature of the case, i.e., that the child was born in the slums or was the product of a broken home. "Our statistics show that a higher percentage of criminals come from this type of environment..." etc. However, under closer examination it would seem that these learned men are only scratching the surface of the problem. Had they only inquired, they could have learned from any priest, lama, rabbi, or minister that the problem lies in the lack of proper religious training.

There seem to be many answers, depending on the authority you consult. Yet, after several thousand years on the

road to civilization, the problem, instead of being solved, continues to broaden. A greater percentage of people are in prison today than ever before. The scope of the problem is so vast that it's now an almost necessary evil, supporting countless thousands of people in the field of law, social work, and criminology, with thousands more entering the field daily. Advertisements scream at you from newspapers and magazines: "Learn Scientific Crime Detection"... "You're Under Arrest!"... "There's a Thrill in Bringing a Criminal to Justice!"

Now, the question arises, are all of these people sincerely interested in liquidating crime; are they searching for the relationship between cause and effect? Or, like the criminal they seek to thwart, are they simply searching for their own interest? I suspect the answer lies somewhere in between. If a solution is to be found to this great problem, one thing is crystal clear: It does not lie in the antiquated attitudes and outmoded methods of the past.

It is my purpose to present this problem in a new light; that is, while crime is not acceptable behaviour, it is a natural thing! Shocking? Maybe, but if seven thousand years of civilized bungling and fruitless searching the world's most learned minds have failed to shock your sensibility, then I doubt that my unlearned opinion will radically upset you.

Probably the worst social offenders in prisons today are murderers, people guilty of a crime you would never dare commit. Yet! Have you ever felt like it? Think of the times when you have
(Con't on Page 13)

PICKHANDLE ON CRIME (Con't)

experienced the hatred and frustration of a killer, yet somehow you exercised restraint. Don't be alarmed; the law cannot enter the privacy of your mind. But what about your thinking? Was it any less infamous than that of a brain that conceived and executed murder?

We may ponder what kind of wretched and twisted mind would commit arson just to watch the fire burn. Of course, he's a psycho case, and for safety's sake must be isolated from a society that doesn't share his ecstasy. We must either hate or pity these people, depending on our individual temperament. Yet have you ever stopped to consider the popularity of a cheerful fireplace when its efficiency has long since been surpassed by much more modern heating devices?

I could go on and on, but the point should be obviously clear: convicted felons are not a bunch of beasts, unfit to live with society. They are the same people who were your neighbors before they committed some social blunder. They are, as a whole, normal, healthy people with ideas, emotions, and thinking much like yours, who need no more rehabilitation than does the rest of society.

Countless volumes have been written about the "criminal mind." I say that no such thing exists. Criminals are normal people who have failed for some reason to exercise proper restraint. Or, they were subjected to pressure that you were never compelled to endure.

I will now commit my final act of social heresy by saying that the popular and progressive idea of rehabilitation is as false as the Victorian morality that fostered it. This is not to say that all offenders are free of mental blemish. Many institutionalized persons are in need of medical attention, as well as separation from society, not be-

cause of a "criminal mind", but because of some physical defect in the brain or nervous system. I only have reference to the popular idea of rehabilitation that implies a period of time spent in confinement learning to make ceramics or to do wood-sculpture, etc., can reconstruct a man from a social misfit into a useful person.

I must admit that I like the word "rehabilitation", and I have no intention of letting such a fine expression go to waste. I see a time and place for rehabilitation when a man leaves prison, without funds or friends, under the pressure of necessity...here is the real danger period.

Probably the greatest single factor that returns an exconvict to a life of crime is a sharp awareness that a large part of his life has been wasted, and he must somehow make up for it. There is a compelling drive to catch up, and too often easy money is the trick.

I do not speak against the necessary evil of prisons, for the certainty of punishment has always been a deterrent to crime. But I sicken at the wasted manpower of men who could be living productive lives, even in prison, if adequate, paid work were made available to them.

I propose legislation that will enable the prisoner to support himself and his family while in prison, to save toward his release, and to pay his debts, by allowing him to work at paying jobs. This one factor would help maintain the inmate's self-respect and help him to stay on the straight path once he is free.

I do not believe that this proposal would be 100-percent effective in curbing crime, but I do believe that it is a radical departure from the timeworn failures of the past.

The End.



EXCHANGE

PAGE

The BAY BANNER:

First time we've seen your paper, but we like the different format you have. Enjoyed the "Snitcher's" letter to his gal in the August issue. "It has been ten dollars since I last heard from you..." Yeh!

WEEKLY PROGRESS:

Your little weekly is a good example of what can be accomplished with whatever materials are at hand. We like it.

THE EAGLE, Federal Reformatory for Women, Alderson, West Virginia:

We were interested in your magazine, if only to see what kind of gals inhabit those strange places known as women's prisons. Now we know: all kinds, same as in male prisons. It's a good little magazine, gals. Keep it coming.

THE CORRECTOR, Chicago, Illinois:

Maybe we're behind the times, but this is the first time we've seen your paper. From the volume number it's been in circulation quite a while. Anyway, we like it.

The HORIZON, Philadelphia Prisons:

Enjoyed John Henry's "Wandering Cowhand." We also liked "Dear Doctor." Fact is, we like the magazine. Period.

REFORMATORY PILLAR:

Mac "Confidences of a Con" 22951 is the greatest! We just finished his column, and we loved his commentary on baseball fan(atic)s.

And where, oh where is our ENCHANTED NEWS from New Mexico?

VOLUNTEERS RECEIVE GOOD TIME:

"Missouri inmates who volunteered as human guinea pigs for the recent biological experiments have received 90 days merit time for their participation in the program.

"Forty-six men finished the tests from a group of sixty who started a little better than a year ago. The project was concluded in June, this year.

"None of the inmates who took part in the project have suffered any serious effects, and early reports indicate the tests (on a new type of streptomycin) will prove satisfactory.

Via the JEFFTOWN JOURNAL

WHEN PRISON GATE MONEY GONE CRIME WILL BECKON (AP)

AP. "Many former convicts quickly return to a life of crime when the money given them at the prison gate--usually \$25 or less--runs out.

"The John Howard Association, a non-profit prisoner rehabilitation organization, said in a survey released recently that one sampling of convicts returned to prison for new violations indicated financial trouble was the cause of 63 per cent of them slipping back to out-lawry.

"The Association urged that state employment laws be amended to allow released prisoners or parolees to immediately draw unemployment compensation. Under the present system, they must have established a residence and previous work record to do so.

"The highest gate pay was Texas,
(Con't on Page 15)

WHEN PRISON GATE MONEY...(Con't)

which authorizes up to \$50 a prisoner. Delaware, Georgia, Maryland, North Dakota, South Carolina, and Virginia give a prisoner only a suit of clothes and transportation money. Most states, in addition to the customary travel and clothing expenses, give a prisoner \$25 on departing, the survey disclosed. (Ed. Note: Kentucky parolees receive \$5.00)

"The survey's authors, Daniel Glaser, Associate Professor of Sociology at the University of Illinois, and Eugene S. Zemans, Executive Director of the John Howard Association, concluded that more adequate financial and job-placement help would cost less than the cost of apprehending and imprisoning repeaters who might otherwise have become useful citizens." --The JEFFTOWN JOURNAL

FEDERAL PRISONERS USE RELEASE SAVINGS PLAN

"Inmates of Federal prisons now enjoy a new pay scale that allows each to spend a part of his income at the prison canteen and save part toward his release. The breakdown follows:

<u>GRADE</u>	<u>PAY</u>	<u>CANTEEN</u>	<u>SAVE</u>
Grade 1	25¢ day	15¢	10¢
Grade 2	35¢ day	25¢	10¢
Grade 3	45¢ day	30¢	15¢
Grade 4	55¢ day	35¢	20¢

Via the PEN-O-RAMA

TREATMENT CENTER OPENS

The LOUISVILLE TIMES last month carried a picture of a modern, two-story brick-veneer building that looked much like a large private residence. There was a railed sun-deck atop a one-story wing of the structure, and a smooth, well-kept lawn on the front and sides.

The caption under the picture read: "Southfields detention center..." and we did a double-take, for we could see no bars, no fences, and no walls.

Southfields, according to the article that accompanied the picture, is something new to the South--a treatment center for boys who have failed to live up to the terms of probations issued by the Jefferson County Juvenile Court.

Some 20 boys will be housed at Southfields. They will work during the day at Central State Hospital in Lakeland. During the evening hours, they will take part in "group interactions"...guided discussion-groups patterned after those at similar treatment centers pioneered in New Jersey. John M. Wall, director of Southfields, and formerly an acting director at one of the New Jersey centers, will conduct the sessions. Half of the estimated \$40,000 annual expenses of Southfields will be, for 3 years, borne by the Ford Foundation.

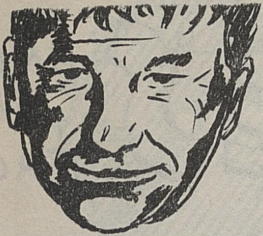
As already mentioned, there are no bars and no walls at Southfields. Neither will there be any guards or any boys who have served reform school sentences. In other words, there will be no prison atmosphere, and nothing to get in the way of the work at hand. The boys will stay in Southfields for four months, unless they fail to fit into the program, in which case they will be returned to the court for further action.

It would be interesting to follow the careers of Southfields' "graduates", Anti-social behavior, we believe, has its roots in the formative years of life; those same formative years are the time to arrest it.

Our hat is off to Director John M. Wall of Southfields, and we extend to him and his staff our best wishes for success in this very significant project.

Send home a CASTLE gift-subscription. The cost is only a dollar, and your folks will appreciate getting the magazine.

Any inmate who wishes to purchase a subscription may do so by filling out a CPO at the Chief Clerk's Office.



Meet The Prisoners

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

JOE ANDERSON: Born 25 years ago in Louisville, Joe Anderson is a man who has gone mighty near to the top in amateur weightlifting circles, in spite of the fact that he has been locked away from society for a number of years.

Joe began lifting some 7 years ago, and in a short time he was up among the champions. He was the middle-heavy champ in Atlanta, Georgia, some years ago, and he has been the title-holder in every weight division in Terra Haute and Leavenworth. At the state reformatory at LaGrange, Joe established several new state records with a 3-lift total of 765 pounds, a feat that included a military press of 255 pounds. His heaviest overhead lift, performed in Leavenworth, was a spectacular 345-pound clean-and-jerk.

And while his weightlifting records are impressive, the most impressive thing about Joe Anderson is the fact that he has taken his laurels like a true champion. One of the most unassuming fellows we know, Joe has never been heard to boast about his accomplishments, nor is he "in love with his body", as many less well-developed lifters often seem to be.

And it is for these qualities as much as for his records that we salute Joe Anderson on this page.

Of course, nobody is 100 percent useless. You can always serve as a horrible example!

From the **PENDLETON REFLECTOR**

JOE WHITE: Joe White, the staff artist for the **CASTLE**, is one of the most talented young portraitists we've seen. His office in the cabinet shop is filled with work that many a long-time professional would be proud to display.

Working chiefly with opaques, Joe has finished portraits for such prominent Kentuckians as Carlos Oakley, the state Welfare Commissioner, and Mrs. Kathlyn Ordway, business manager of this institution.

While studying art at the Santa Monica, California School of Fine Arts and Photography from 1954 to 1955, Joe paid a good part of his tuition by doing portraits for California residents.

And one of his better pieces of work is a portrait that hung for some time in Four Shop. A picture of Jackie Kennedy, it was copied from a magazine illustration because, in Joe's words, "The First Lady is also a very attractive woman."

Joe White, now 28 years old, is a native of Louisville, Kentucky.

"CURLEY" DORROH NOT SO CURLY

The other night, late-guard James T. "Curley" Dorroh stopped by our cell for a chat.

"Say, Snow," said the ever-pleasant Mr. Dorroh, "do you know why they call me Curley?"

"Sure don't, Curley," I said, and Mr. Dorroh then doffed his cap. Slick as a whistle!



TAGS

AND FEET TAGS

--The Irrepressible Chuck Garrett

Well, folks, here are some of the happenings of the past few days. BENNY "The Bug" SHAFFNER and LAWRENCE BOWLING got the green light from the parole board, and they have left us. BILLY HOWELL got a 12-month deferment. A. D. "Hot Potato" SAYLOR got a big 2-year deferment. "HAPPY JACK" WALKER got a serve-out. The bus from the "Flat Country" finally showed up, loaded down with some of our former citizens. A few of them are: JACOB "Nude Head" ODEWHAN, with a new number (and that'll hold him for a few years); JAMES CALVERT is back boys, so you can quit riding the broom. HOMER ZIMMERMAN was also among the group of new arrivals; ditto for AL "Duck" RIDLY.

Ironic Justice Departments: BILL COLEY, one of our well-known Castlites, made a large withdrawal from a bank and some virtuous lady clipped him for the loot before he could enjoy spending it. Now, most of us know that Bill used a gun in lieu of a check when he visited the bank--but what did the gal pull on Bill that persuaded him to let go of the loot? Bill says that she didn't rob him, but if she didn't, she got the largest tip on record. Did she use a pair of 38's, Bill?

DENZIL SMITH has quit giving away free coffee and cigarets! Wonder what DON CALLOWAY was going that made him late for the count? REGINALD "Rooster" MEREDITH is now assigned to the laundry. STANLEY CAIN is the fellow in Four Shop who is always working crossword puzzles. HOWARD GARRISON is the new runner over at ONE CELLHOUSE. WALTER O'NAN is now assigned to the Academic School as a teacher. BOB BRYANT has left the school for a job in the Receiver's Office.

And it's a fact that CHARLES "Foots" ELLIOT has graduated from the 8th grade. I for one was overwhelmed with joy to

hear this news. Foots can tell you how many quarts of water a pipe $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in radius and a mile in length will hold, but when it comes to hard things like the number of inches in a foot, or the proper way to express $\frac{4}{4}$, Foots just doesn't have it. Foots, try to get assigned to the Athletic Department!

And whose test papers are these? Question: What is the diameter of the sun? Answer #1: I don't know. Answer #2: I don't either. No copying there, was there?

ED NEWTON has finally gone to work over at One Cellhouse. Ed should make a good runner, and you will have no trouble hearing him bellow out your name when you're wanted at one of the departments. DAVID BILGER is toiling on the prison farm. I didn't know Bilger was a farmer!

JOE WHITE is back amongst us. Joe has been in the hospital having his appendix removed. PRESTON LLOYD, one of the best clerks on the Mountain, has departed for the flat country.

CHARLES F. "To Know Him is to Love Him" WOODS is counting the days. his expiration date is near. Charlie intends to make a fast stop for Mary and the kids in Evansville, and then head for L. A. Charlie is one of the competent instructors at the Academic School. Mary is his beautiful and understanding wife who stuck by him because she believed in him. Don't come back, boy!

VIRGIL "Dennis the Menace" TIMMONS is getting short. Virg, if you must break the law again, do it elsewhere, please! The joint will never be the same again.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Editor disclaims all responsibility for any comments made in this column. Please put all lumps on the head of the author!



A. A. NEWS--Haskel Gumm

I would like at this time to cordially invite any man who feels he has a drinking problem and who sincerely wants to do something toward solving it, to attend our A. A. meetings.

Many of us have found ourselves in the position we're in today for the simple reason that we haven't stopped long enough to think and reason why we're here.

As I have come to realize in the last few years, my life has been nothing but hardship--wasted and thrown away because of the drinking problem I have had over the years. Until I joined this program a few years ago, I felt I had nothing to live for or to look forward to. But the short time I've been in A. A. has given me a different outlook altogether. We in A. A. ask only that you hear us out and give us a chance. There are no dues or fees in the program and the only qualification to join is an honest and sincere desire to stop drinking.

I am striving hard through the help of A. A. to pick up some of the broken pieces of my life, pieces I have so freely thrown away for the last twelve years, all of them spent in penal institutions. Of course, it will be a long, hard road back to the better way of life but any kind of change at all is a step in the right direction.

So, in closing, I would like once again to invite and encourage any man who feels he has a drinking problem to attend our meetings, held in the chapel every Monday at 1 pm.

Anyone wishing to ask any questions regarding A. A. can contact me at the hospital or on the yard. Any help or information I can give will be gladly given.

See you in A. A.

SCHOOL P'S AND Q'S--Ed Johnson

FIFTEEN STUDENTS TO GRADUATE:

According to information received from Mr. Cowan's office, about 15 students are expected to graduate from the KSP Academic School this term.

Among the students listed to graduate with highest honors are: JAMES HOWARD, JACKIE LANHAM, and JERRY PENCE. James Howard tops the honor roll with an average of 96. Congratulations, James.

The teachers have done an excellent job this term, and we'd like to list all of them here. They are:

CHUCK GARRETT	CARL SCHROADER
HENRY GRIFFIN	WALTER O'NAN, JR.
KENNY CLINTON	RONALD COOK
DAVID "SHOTGUN" SMITH	JAMES BURK
CHARLES F. WOODS	

Chuck Garrett seems to be the science and physics genius. What Chuck doesn't know about these subjects just isn't worth knowing. If you don't believe it, ask him!

Lawrence Bowling has left for the free world. Lots of luck, Lawrence.

And finally, the graduation rites will be held shortly after this magazine goes to press. We'll have a report on that next month.

Department Reports

CLOTHING PLANT--Robert Grubbs, Super.

By the time this reaches the editor I will be in Louisville attending the 1961 State Fair, where an exhibit of the many items manufactured by the various industries will be displayed. As I gaze upon these products, I stop and wonder just how many people fully realize the large amount of thought and planning that have gone into making the finished product. It looks so simple, and yet I know better, for I have spent a number of hours thinking and planning how to produce a top-notch garment with a minimum of material and labor. It is not easy, and now more than ever I fully appreciate the excellent job done by Mr. Peavler for Prison Industries.

Mr. Peavler, Mr. Adams, Mr. Hall, and I have tried to make this division of prison industry worthwhile. Since I have been supervising the clothing plant here in Eddyville for Mr. Peavler while he is at the plant in Lagrange, I have come to understand just what a big job he had on his hands.

I believe that I can make this statement without fear of contradiction, that the cooperation received from Mr. Adams and Mr. Hall and the inmate personnel was the boost needed in order for me to continue the job started by Mr. Peavler.

I appreciate and thank each and every one of you who, when I needed you most, responded without question and gave me your fullhearted support. No one can ask more from his fellow man. We have made some mistakes, but we try not to repeat them. I feel assured that as long as I have men working with me, men like CALVIN GRIMES, DAVID HIGBEE, HAROLD ORNDOFF, and LEROY GUERIN to do a good job of taking off and trimming from the machines operated by ROY BRUNNER, ELZA FOX, ROBERT HALL, ED WILLIS, R. ROBERTS, EVAN RICE, BOOKER SEATS, KEYSTONE TANN, BOBBY PIERCE, and so many others that space won't permit me to name them at this time, then I have no need to fear

the future. All of the operators have done an excellent job, and I will call your attention to them by name in the very near future. Our cutters, CHESTER BLEVINS, DAVID LASWELL, NEWTON NALLY and RALPH ROWE, have turned in an outstanding performance, as have our finish trimmers, ARTHUR BROCK, ELWOOD DEWEESE, FRANK BRASWELL and GENE WALTERS. However, all of this good work would be wasted if we did not have a good receiving and shipping department headed by ROBERT BAILEY, BUB HAGAN, and JAMES GEE. Although I have not placed your name in print this time, I am fully aware of the good job you have done for me, and I most certainly appreciate knowing and working with each and every one of you. The cooperation of W. L. Jones, Warden, LLOYD ARMSTRONG, Deputy Warden, CAPTAIN BAXTER, and MR. SEELY, as well as the institution personnel, was appreciated and I thank you for it. I hope that the job I do warrants the confidence placed in my by Mr. Peavler and Mr. Gorman.

ONE SHOP--Commoneal Brooks

Now that winter is right around the corner, and Hurricane Carla has had her swing, I do believe that the bird-watching season is almost over for our faithful nature lovers. These winter months will bring on many an interesting television program of football games, and, later on, basketball games. This should hold the interest of all the nature lovers in One Shop.

We have a new news-commentator this month, Dr. Mustaches, a very well-informed man in the fields of present-day problems, institutional politics, check-erology, and other things. Incidentally, Dr. Mustaches is replacing Dr. Head Mallory, whose services were required on the outside. I'm sure Dr. Mustaches will be just as successful in his present position as was Dr. Mallory.

In order for One Shop to get herself into shape for those future howling winter winds, she will have to warm up
(Con't on Page 20)

ONE SHOP (Con't)

her steamheaters, get her broken windows repaired, and prepare to control the cold, icy air with her heat kept in to prevent anyone from freezing.

There has been a new game introduced to Number One. This is really no game for squares; it takes brains and concentration to play a game of chess. The chess games are for the wittier gentlemen. We now find our minds wandering down at One Shop to the subject of who will become the new chess champion.

Dr. Hobo has finally got a promotion to another job which keeps him out of a lot of the daily bull-sessions. No more politician' for him! But of one thing you can be sure--there'll always be plenty of men to replace him when it comes to arguing politics! Our good friend Highpockets--another of the great politicians in demand outside--has left. Good luck to you, Highpockets.

And that's it for this month.

HOSPITAL NEWS--Haskel Gumm

Here I am again with our sick bed special. We've lost two of our almost permanent patients this month--PRESTON LLOYD and GEORGE NEWSOM, SR.--who were transferred to the Flat Country (La-Grange). We also lost our Three Cell-house nurse, TONY SNYDER, to the reformatory. Best of luck, Tony. Both Preston and George had man friends on the mountain, and we all wish them the best of luck and a speedy recovery.

Of course, we still have two old standbys with us as permanent patients--Old Man CHARLIE "Coffee" BISHOP and LARRY LAUGHRAM--who have been residing with us for quite some time. We hardly ever hear from them, and they're really good patients. Charlie is to see the parole board this month, and here's hoping they give you the green light, Charlie. Just hang around, Larry, they'll get to you someday.

We've also acquired one of our ex-nurses back after a short trip to the free world. CLAUDE DALTON is once again working in First Aid, along with ROY "Boy" TAYLOR, and we can all rest assured he'll put his best foot forward to take care of the sick and the lame.

We also received another hospital worker, GLENN ROBERTS, who hails from California by way of Bell County. Glenn is quite a congenial fellow, and a nice guy to work with. Hope you'll stick around, Glenn.

I'd like to say a few words of gratitude to "Old Doc"--DR. B. B. JAY, who visits the institution 3 times weekly. He tries hard to keep all the boys well and satisfied. Of course, at times he has quite a time managing both, but he tries. Ain't that right, Whiskers? I understand the new car he bought the other day threw him, and I guess it must be so, as I see he's wearing a cast on his left arm. You'd better watch out for those new-fangled things, Doc.

Lastly, I'd like to mention our two T. B. patients. They're JAMES MURRAY and JASPER CARTER, who have been with us for quite some time. Both boys are quiet and good patients, and rarely heard from. That is, with the exception of those occasions when the L. A. Dodgers lose a ball game--then you'll hear James all over the hospital. That right, Sam? But all in all, both boys are good patients, and we wish them a speedy recovery in the near future.

For now, I'll be saying hasta la vista; be seeing you around the hill.

* ** *

By the way, Haskel, "Mighty Mouse", a friend of yours, apparently, has asked us to request that you either buy a dictionary or a typewriter that can spell. Why dat is, Mouse?

OUT-OF-STATE PENOLOGISTS VISIT KSP

This should have been in the news section, but it came in just a bit late. Anyway, Deputy Warden Lloyd T. Armstrong tells us that the institution was visited last month by the Deputy Warden of the Iowa State Reformatory at Anamosa, and by the Warden and Welfare Commissioner from West Virginia.

EVOLUTION FROM THE MONKEY'S VIEWPOINT

--Submitted by Officer William Tanner;
Author Unknown.

Three monkeys sat in a cocoanut tree
Discussing things as they're said to be.
Said one to the others, "Now listen, you
two,
There's a certain rumor that can't be
true,
That man descended from our noble race--
The very idea! It's a dire disgrace!
No monkey ever deserted his wife,
Starved her baby and ruined her life.
And you've never known a mother monk
To leave her baby with others to bunk,
Or pass them on to another
'Til they hardly know who is their
mother.
And another thing! You will never see
A monk build a fence 'round a cocoanut
tree
And let the cocoanuts go to waste,
Forbidding all other monks a taste.
Why if I put a fence around this tree,
Starvation would force you to steal from
me.
Here's another thing a monk won't do,
Go out at night and get on a stew.
Or use a gun or club or knife,
To take some other Monkey's life.
Yes, Man descended, the onery cuss,
But, brother, he didn't descend from us!"
* * * * *
Keep your words soft and sweet--you
never know when you'll have to eat
them!

From the RIVERSIDE, Red Wing, Minn.

THE PEAK

--John F. Parks --

Modern might...technology
Ism's fight...slashingly
Life slumbers...restlessly
Death reigns...majestically

Mass and Energy; Time and Space
Eternal Strife; Earth laid to waste
Barren soil; heat-baked clay
Atomic bombs; jet airplanes.

Man an extension; a flexible tenticle
Birthed a Machine; From the womb...
Materialism

Hunger and Sickness; Economic Peril
Loud-crying People; Anguished toilers
of Earth

Green fields of shadow; Sunspeckled
ground
Colored with crimson; Red blood of man

Cities of Splendor; Lighted with life
Slumbers in Darkness; Ignorance and
Strife

We reap the harvest; Sad granules of Woe
Disspirited Nothingness; A blighted Zero.

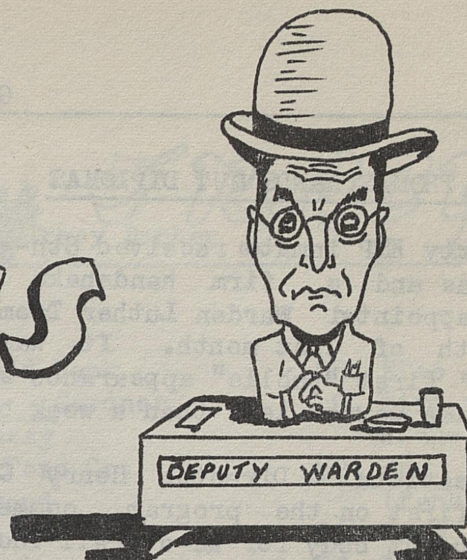
CONVICT

--Author Unknown--

I dreamed I knocked at the Heavenly Gate,
My face was scarred and old. I stood
Before the Man of Fate, for admission to
the Fold.
"What have you done?" St. Peter asked,
"to gain admission here?"
"I've been a convict, Sir,
For many and many a year."
The pearly gates swung open wide,
St. Peter touched the bell
"Come in and choose a harp," said he,
"You've had your share of Hell!"

* * *

DEPUTY WARDENS PAGE



I want to express my deepest sympathy to Warden Jones' family and all concerned. Warden Jones' death came as a surprise to all, especially to his family and the employees of Kentucky State Penitentiary. Warden Jones was a very fine man. He and I were very close for the past 18 months, and I enjoyed very much working for him. I learned to respect him very much as being honest, loyal, and a man of integrity. Warden Jones had many friends here at the institution and throughout the state of Kentucky. At this time I want to join with Warden Jones' family and all of his friends in thanking everyone for the cooperation during his short illness and also for the many nice cards and flowers. Warden Jones will be remembered for many, many years throughout the state and here at the institution, especially by his close friends and his family.

However, now that Warden Jones is gone and there can be no more help that anyone can extend, a new warden has been appointed, Mr. Luther Thomas from Cadiz, Kentucky. It is the duty of each and every employee of this institution to give Warden Thomas his full cooperation in every respect. As everyone who is an employee of this institution should know each employee has his part to do in making the institution function properly. It is a sad thing when one of our people passes on, as did Warden Jones. However since there are only enough employees to operate the institution and make it function, a new employee must replace the

one who has passed on. In this case, our Warden has been replaced.

At this time we want to welcome the new warden as part of our staff here at the institution, and we also want to welcome him and his family to the institution and the community.

I want to say in closing that to me, Warden Jones' death was more like losing a brother than losing a boss, and he certainly will be remembered by me for the rest of my life.

Lloyd T. Armstrong
Lloyd T. Armstrong
Deputy Warden

WARDEN THOMAS HANDS OUT DIPLOMAS

Thirty KSP inmates received 8th-grade diplomas and a firm handshake from newly-appointed Warden Luther Thomas on the 27th of last month. It was Mr. Thomas' first "public" appearance since he became warden less than a week before.

Educational Director Henry Cowan spoke first on the program, commending the student body for an overall increase in diligence, and introducing Mr. Jesse Buchanan, Farm Superintendent and former KSP Warden.

Mr. Buchanan, who could be called the "Grand Old Man" of Eddyville Prison, complimented Mr. Cowan and Mr. William Egbert on their operation of the school, and noted that he had been here when the school building was erected.

"That was before some of you were born," the old gentleman went on to say. "I've seen a lot of men come and go over the years, and I've kept track of many of them after they left. I have a list of over 300 of them who have made good in business and become good citizens." He said that the students could do the same thing if they wanted to.

Mr. Thomas then stepped to the microphone to address the graduating class. In a brief speech, he stated that he was glad to see so many men trying to better themselves in the academic program. He said that he would go out of his way to help anyone who is willing to receive help.

"I have asked the Lord to help me to help people along whenever I can," Mr. Thomas said.

He told the men something of his background, first as a farm boy and later as a businessman and public servant. He said that he got into law-enforcement almost by accident, "never dreaming that I would be called upon to accept the position of warden."

Warden Thomas then handed out the diplomas to 30 graduates (15 of them hold-overs from the term before this one), Chaplain Paul Jagers dismissed the class with prayer.

* * * *

TWONGUE TWISTER

The following poem was found in the MENTOR, the official magazine of the Massachusetts Correctional Institution at South Walpole, Massachusetts. The author is unknown. Try reading it fast!

A tree-toad loved a she-toad
That lived in a tree;
But she was a three-toed tree toad
And a two-toed tree-toad was he.

The two-toed tree toad tried to win
The she toad's friendly nod;
For the two-toed tree toad loved
the ground
That the three-toed tree-toad trod.

But vainly the two-toed tree toad tried--
He couldn't please her whim;
In her tree toad tower, with her
V-toe power,
The she-toad vetoed him!

* * *

And here's something to dwell on.

The entire population of the world--
now almost 3 billion persons--could be
stuffed into a box only a little more
than a half-mile square.

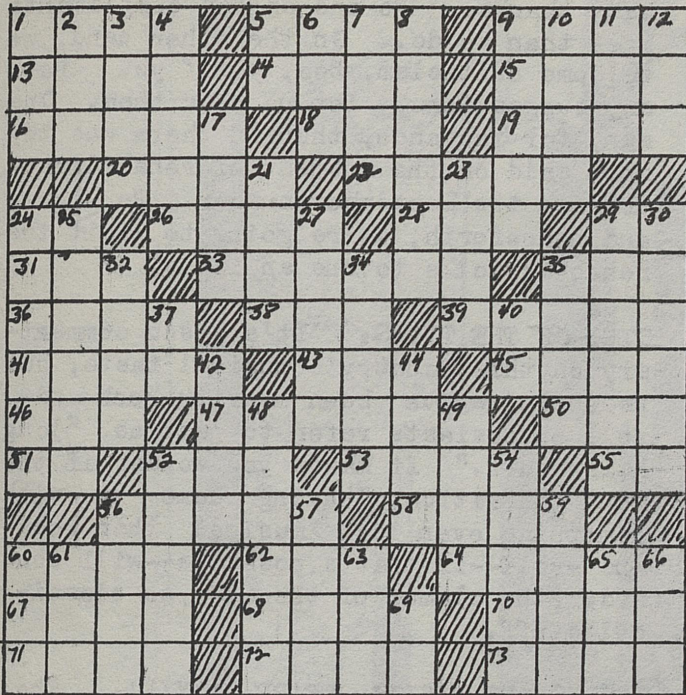
The box could then be balanced on the
rim of the Grand Canyon while the last of
the earth's population climbed in.

A little dog could then nudge the box
over the edge, thus bringing the world
to an end as far as man is concerned.

And if that sounds horrid, remember
that it's still better than death by A-
Bomb or deadly fallout.

CROSSWORD *by* TRACY

Tracy Barker



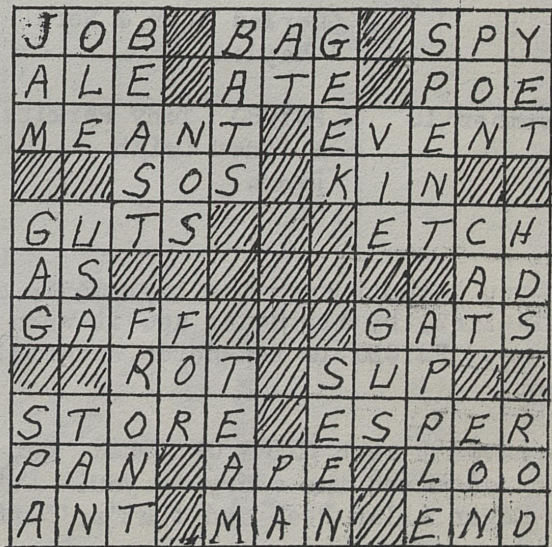
DOWN

- 1. Hold back
- 2. _____ Gardner
- 3. Fuzzy
- 4. A Ford Co. brand
- 5. Male
- 6. Fish eggs
- 7. Dispatch
- 8. Type of food
- 9. Jeweler's weight
- 10. Biting
- 11. Anger
- 12. Man's name
- 17. Enlisted Doughboys of Nashville (Init.)
- 21. Possessive pronoun
- 23. Compass point
- 24. Magic word
- 25. Weasel-like animal
- 27. Swap
- 29. Small fish
- 30. Patron
- 32. Harsh
- 34. Hedge
- 35. Canvas
- 37. Writers (init.)
- 40. Ream (Init.)
- 42. Royal title
- 44. Spot
- 48. Nice
- 49. Fire residue
- 52. En _____! (fencing)
- 56. Farm
- 57. London slum district
- 59. Garden vegetable
- 60. Air Force group
- 61. Place in time.
- 63. Wage
- 65. Body water
- 66. Egg producer

ACROSS

- 1. Valley
- 5. Flexible tube
- 9. Original badman
- 13. Extremely interested
- 14. Level
- 15. Land Measure
- 16. Minister's abode
- 18. Consume
- 19. Walter _____ Memorial
- 20. Kind of bear
- 22. Tire part
- 24. Afternoon
- 26. Spoils
- 28. Consume
- 29. Actors Int.
- 31. Male sheep
- 33. Cares for
- 35. Girl
- 36. Mis cues
- 38. Rodent
- 39. Coach
- 41. Begin
- 43. Blot
- 45. Money maker
- 46. X (Roman (Numberal))
- 47. Spasms
- 50. Lion
- 51. Atop
- 52. Fish
- 53. Weave
- 55. Railroad (Init.)
- 56. Does
- 58. Appropriated
- 60. Prophet
- 62. Apex
- 64. Rubbish
- 67. Dry
- 68. Relative pronoun
- 70. Behind
- 71. Spa
- 72. Toy
- 73. Slender

ANSWERS TO
LAST MONTH'S
PUZZLE



KENTUCKY STATE PENITENTIARY STATISTICS

Escapes	1
Death Row	7
Admitted by Commitment	15
Transfers from KSR	21
Released by Expiration	20
Released by Parole	19
Released by Death	0
Total Population	1204
High Number	23546
Low Number	11549

MOVIE SCHEDULE FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS.

October 20	MIDNIGHT LACE Doris Day & Rex Harrison-- Drama
October 27	HOUSE OF USHER Vincent Price & Myrna Fahey: Horror
November 3	ANGRY RED PLANET Gerlad Mohr & Nora Hayden: SF
November 10	PSYCHO Tony Perkins & Janet Leigh Drama

If you haven't seen the last movie on this list, by all means see it when it comes. PSYCHO is top-notch entertainment.

We haven't seen HOUSE OF USHER, but we can recommend the story to you. It's by Edgar Allan Poe, and that's 'Nuff said.

THE LAST WORD

COMMENTS: To all the nice people who have said nice things about the CASTLE, many thanks. No one enjoys compliments more than we do. On the other hand, we welcome criticism, too, so if you have any suggestions, let us hear them. One man, for instance, thought there was too much said on the subject of rehabilitation in the September number. We agree and henceforth, we're going to limit the rehab articles to one an issue.

SIGN OF THE TIMES: It's a sad commentary on this country's musical taste, but recently we've been hearing rock-and-roll enthusiasts refer to jazz as "long hair stuff." It makes you wonder if the next generation, having come up with something even less musical than rock-and-roll--if that's possible--will consider the clamor of the 60's as classical stuff.

RUMORS ARE FLYIN'--WE'RE DENYIN': The prison grapevine is usually fairly accurate, but sometimes it gets pretty wild. For instance, lately to get back to us that we had been, in civilian life, an associate professor of English at New Mexico U. Flattering, but 'way off beam. Only time we were ever inside a college was when we went to one to pick up our date. Neither were we an Air Force captain or, Billy Howell's offbeat sense of humor to the contrary, a chiroprapist.

But thanks anyway.

FOR WOMEN ONLY? Know who the most popular newspaper columnist is among the cons? Ann Landers, of course. Her stuff is fun to read, and besides...she's purty!

And that's "30" for this issue.

--The Editor--