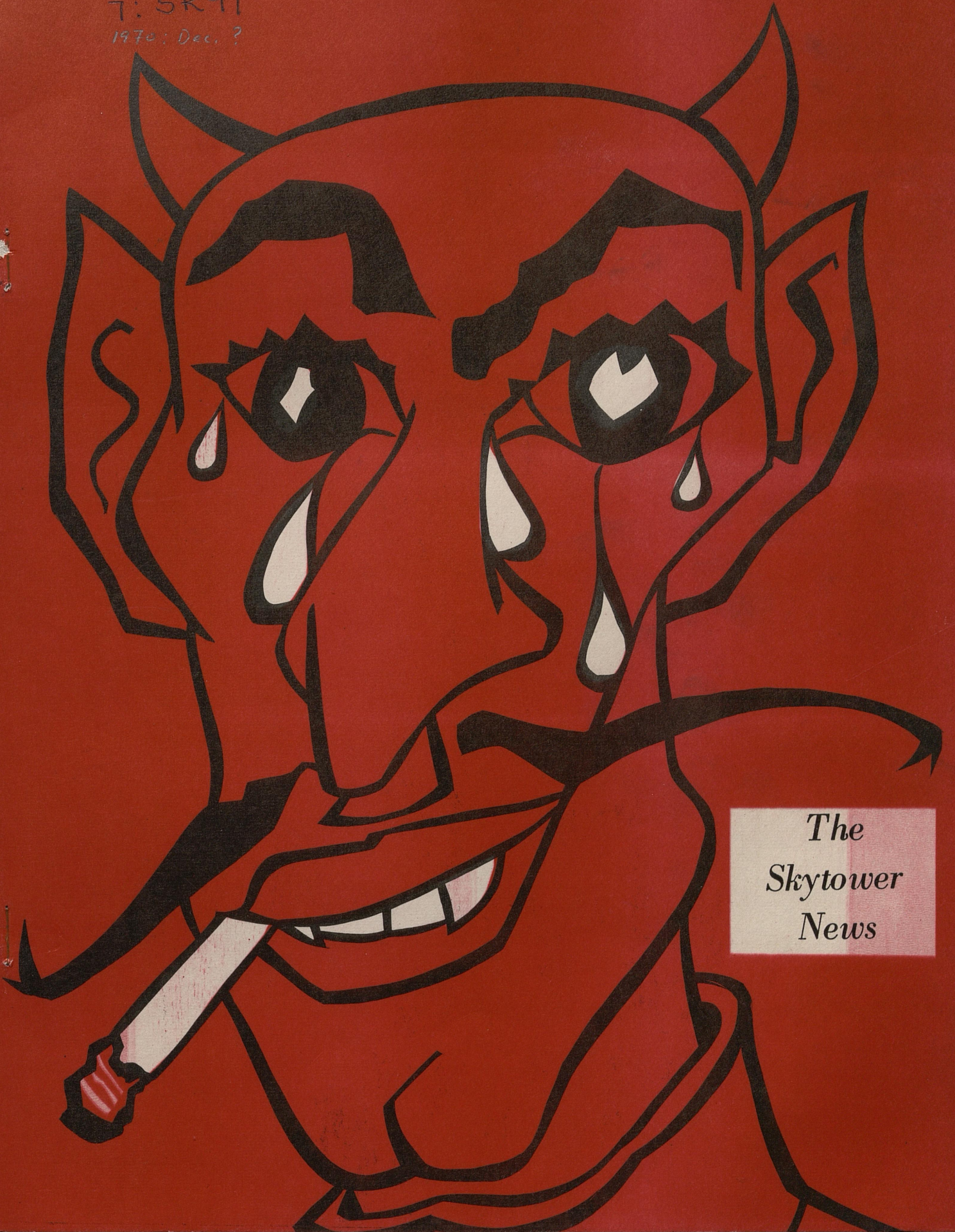


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*The
Skytower
News*



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The SKYTOWER NEWS is published by the inmates of the Kentucky State Reformatory at LaGrange, Kentucky. Offset printing services are provided by The Jefferson County Area Vocational School, under the supervision of James P. Silveus.

The SKYTOWER'S purpose is to provide a medium for creative expression, to recognize achievement wherever it may be, and to promote better understanding between the free and the imprisoned. All material is subject to discretion imposed as it relates to

truth and good taste. The views expressed herein do not necessarily reflect those of the administration.

Permission for reprinting any SKYTOWER material is most cheerfully given, providing due credit be awarded. Address all correspondence to the Editor.

From The Editor

Gary Barrow is gone. But he left us something. Look on the back cover. Thank you, Gary, good luck out there.

Jim Valentine is gone, too. Well, Jim, we're running one of your articles also.

Our layout artist, Don Scott, is still with us, drawing his cartoons. Don, we're waiting for that self portrait.

Jim Stewart did our front cover and donated some poetry.

Something you might not know, the guys who write this mag don't make it look the way it does. That's Bill Tilford's department and he really does an excellent job. I, for one, appreciate it.

Look for some changes in the SKYTOWER NEWS. Editors seldom agree completely on all points; guess that's why all magazines aren't the same. Hope you enjoy the new fiction section.

The 17 year old girl had just been told by her physician that she was pregnant. "If only I'd gone to the movies that night with my parents," she lamented.

"Well, why didn't you?" the doctor asked.

"I couldn't" the girl sobbed. "The film was rated X."

Chairman, State Parole Board

Anywhere U. S. A.

Dear Sir:

I am writing about my parole date which comes up soon. I would like to tell you a little about my case as I know you are a man who would not want the truth to remain hidden.

When I left here the last time I went to a good job. But after a couple of days my wife didn't want me to live with her because of my neighbor. One day my wife stumbled in the front yard and started to fall down. I reached out to grab her but she fell too fast and my hands missed where I was trying to put them. My neighbor saw this and said that I was beating my wife. But my wife will tell you that she got her black eye when she bumped her head on the washing machine door. And anyway, this is the same neighbor that has the young daughter that told all those lies about me the last time I came to jail. You remember, she was only thirteen but looked a lot older. So, if she could fool you, you see what kind of a chance I had.

What I am trying to say, sir, is that the real reason I was picked up in that bar is because I was waiting on the corner for a friend and it got so late I decided to wait inside because I didn't want to get arrested for hanging around on the streets. There was a guy in the bar who asked me to have a drink but I said no. He had been up here before but he wasn't one of the guys I hung around with. When he got mad I was afraid he would start some trouble so I finally said I would drink one beer with him. I'm not sure what he got into a fight about but I do remember trying to break it up and somebody hitting me. Well, I didn't run away because I didn't think I had done anything wrong. But when the police showed up I was the only one there. And naturally, the bartender blamed everything on me so he could collect damages. However, when the police smelled that one beer on me that I had foolishly drank, and looked at my torn clothes; well, I didn't get much of a chance to explain. The next day my parole officer went to talk to my neighbor and I think she must have still believed those lies her own daughter had said about me a long time ago.

Well, I could see things were looking bad and I couldn't understand it because I was trying so hard to stay out on parole. Can you imagine how surprised I was to find out that bar was in another county? I honestly couldn't believe it. As a matter of fact, although you probably don't know this, I called my parole officer a liar and said some pretty nasty things to him. Boy! was my face red when I found out it was true.

I realize I should have known better and I don't usually do things without thinking. I believe that I am now a wiser person. If I were on the streets now I would know better than to get into a situation like that again. I know that you can recognize my sincerity and will know what to do when you finish reading this letter. I have no doubt that you will view my case in a different light now that you know the truth.

Respectfully yours,

Franklin Flakely Flurb

Editorial

What's In A Line

Wherever I go I always find a line when I get there. Shaving, bathing, eating, it doesn't matter what it is; someone is always in front of me waiting to do the same thing. The other day I saw the canteen line twelve feet long and the canteen was closed. And last week four guys were lined up near the bleachers, each waiting his turn to feed some birds.

Now, I'm not saying that lines aren't useful because I know they are. They do have their place and I certainly think the guy who invented them deserves honorable mention in the annals of history. But I don't believe he meant for things to reach the extreme that they have. Some lines are not all they're cracked up to be and they don't always have a happy ending. I got in the chow line once when it was longer than a football field and ate fried chicken for dinner. After that, I got in one just about as long down at the laundry and didn't get anything at the end of it, not even my own laundry. Not too long ago there was a record breaking line when the mess hall menu advertised pork chops and vanilla ice cream. I spent an hour and a half in that line and wound up with a bologna sandwich and a cold piece of raisin pie. Lines, it seems, can be hazardous to your health.

But the above isn't the important thing. What is important is the fact that, if we are not careful, we can become addicted and conditioned to other people thinking for us. I know guys who jump in a line everytime they see one. They do this automatically because they have been taught and conditioned to get in line for almost everything they have ever been given. There's a guy standing behind me now, waiting to use this typewriter. He won't go and look for his own because it's easier to wait until I'm through.

Sometimes we, as human beings traveling down first one road and then another, do manage to get in the wrong line. If we discover our mistake early enough, we can step out before we're swept up with the pace of everyone around us. Otherwise, we follow it through to the end.

Everywhere we go there are lines and the times comes to all of us when we have to get in one for some reason or another. But we should be careful. Somewhere out there, there are lines that will get you a bowl of soup, an old shirt, or an Army blanket to help make winter a little easier for you. Somewhere out there, there are lines that will get you a high school diploma, a night of relaxation at the movies, or a weekly unemployment check. And somewhere, there is a line we can follow that will bring us back here.

By Jim Manley

Prisoners Host Christmas Party

Wayward Angels

By Larry Werner
Courier - Journal Staff Writer

LA GRANGE, Ky. - With cake and ice cream, toys and balloons and Santa himself, 35 underprivileged children were having a first-rate Christmas party, and so were their hosts-convicted armed robbers, dope peddlers, even a murderer.

"It just goes to show you," said George, one of the older inmates at the Kentucky State Reformatory near LaGrange, "We're fathers, brothers and granddaddies, too."

The occasion yesterday was a party behind prison walls sponsored by inmates for the children, probably the first time it has been done at the reformatory, according to Warden Harold Black.

The 35 children, from the counties of Jefferson, Oldham, Shelby, Spencer and Bullitt, were brought by the state Department of Child Welfare to the reformatory dining room. There they were greeted by 58 inmates - selected by inmate organizations - who seemed to enjoy the affair as much as the kids.

A similar party was sponsored by a smaller group of inmates Wednesday night, but it was held in a wing of the administration building.

Yesterday's party was in the large, main dining room, within the prison yard. Black said he had no worries about allowing the children into the reformatory.

"I know how these men feel about kids," Black said. "After

the enthusiasm they showed when the idea was introduced, I had no hesitation."

As Black talked to a reporter, he stood at one end of the huge cafeteria and smiled broadly as he watched the youngsters dance to the music of a two-man rock band, accept presents from an inmate Santa Claus and eat ice-cream with their friends in prison garb.

The inmates, Black said, raised \$170 to pay for refreshments and gifts. When the employees heard about the effort, they collected an additional \$127.

The investment was worthwhile, said Bill, who is in prison for murder.

"We did it for the children," Bill said. "But we're getting more out of it."

"I have a boy of my own, and I can't be with him," he said. "We couldn't go to the children, so we brought the children to us."

Gary has just won a parole after serving time for armed robbery. He said the party was "one of the best things that ever happened" at the reformatory.

"When you're locked up in an institution, you tend to forget," he said. "This serves as a reminder that there is another side of life, and that it's worthwhile."

Ron, who is serving three years for writing bad checks, said the party "teaches you a little about giving of yourself." His friend Joe added that the occasion provided inmates with an opportunity to be

themselves.

"With other inmates, he has to create the tough-guy image," said Joe, who is serving two years for auto theft. "In contact with children, feelings can be released, and he can be himself."

A young man named Howard, who is serving time for selling LSD, gave an appropriate response when asked about the party.

"These little kids are a trip in themselves," he said. "They make me appreciate life. The whole atmosphere has been lifted up."

William, serving 10 years for armed robbery, said, "I feel different today, free almost," and Floyd said the children make the inmates think.

"You got dope pushers. You got junkies. You got hit men," Floyd said. "They think, What did I do with my life. I wish I was a kid again."

The party was ending, and the farewells began - big hugs for the children from their big-brothers-for-the-day.

Little Tony didn't want to go, however. He pulled away from the child welfare worker and tried to return to the dining room.

"When they start crying when it's time to leave, that about sums it up," George said.

Newsday
We see the handwriting on the wall and all we do is criticize the formation of the letters.

Bonding Ex - Convicts

Norman Riddiough
Director of Information
Services
Department of the Solicitor
General
Ottawa, Ontario

The refusal of insurance companies to bond ex-convicts, thus depriving many of them of jobs, increases the probability that these men will return to lives of crime.

In connection with this problem, the federal government of Canada has instituted a bonding program, which is a cooperative effort among the Department of the Solicitor General, the provincial probation and parole services, private after care agencies and insurance bonding companies.

These agencies, in effect, sponsor ex-inmates. They provide the insuring companies with information about an ex-offenders background and an assesment of his present adjustment to society. We've found that by sharing information about ex-offenders, there has been a high rate of acceptance by the companies.

According to Canada's Solicitor General, George J. McIlraith, "The bonding program is another step forward in our application of modern rehabilitation efforts to return offenders to the community as responsible, productive citizens."

Lyndon B. Johnson
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
October 27, 1964

I just knew in my heart that it wasn't right for Dick Nixon to ever be President of this country.

It's The Law

from the Criminal Law
Reporter

To prisoners, confined with in the United States, mail censorship is part of everyday life; with one recent exception. The prisoners at institutions in Rhode Island do not have their outgoing mail censored, unless the administration can successfully obtain a search warrant to do so. This remarkable and unique situation exists because of a federal district court injunction, issued by that court as part of proceedings in Palmigiano vs. Travisono, U S D C, RI, 8/24/70.

The injunction which caused the radical outlawing of censorship is, of course, temporary, as all injunction are; but final rulings are shortly to be handed down as part of a three Judge Court's investigation into all of the allegations in the above case. The odds, at this point, favor a drastic transition, with prospects of the court finally confirming the basic factors of the present injunction.

Here's what the RI injunction prescribes, according to the Criminal Law Reporter, 1.) All incoming letters, excepting those discussed under, "Public Officials and attorneys, "supra, may be opened and inspected for LSD stains, and the like, drugs, weapons, escape instruments and similar items which threaten the safety and/or security of the prison. 2.) Since highly inflammatory writings and hard core pornography as herein before mentioned can only be detected and screened through a reading of the same - all incoming letters and the con-

tents thereof may be read and inspected for said purposes. However, excepted from this control are all letters addressed to inmates from his approved addressee list, which I (the Judge who handed down the injunction) rule may be inspected as recited in No.1 above, but may not be read. a.) In taking steps to prevent the introduction of such items into prison, even though the purpose or end in view is legitimate, prison officials must use means which are legitimate and which provide the least restrictive of the available alternative methods of accomplishing the desired end. In screening out pornographic materials, prison officials must strictly abide by the guidelines set forth by the Supreme Court in Roth vs. United States.

That was the language used in the injunction as it pertained to incoming mail. The best is yet to come. Here is what the injunction demanded with regard to outgoing mail, and again we quote from the decision as carried by the Criminal Law Reporter. "The fact that officials have not found it necessary to listen to such conversations (with visitors) in order to thwart escapes and otherwise maintain security raises serious questions concerning their alleged need to read prison correspondence 1.) The reading of any outgoing mail from the inmates is unnecessary and in violation of the First Amendment rights of the parties involved unless pursuant to a duly obtained search warrant, and in the absence of the same no outgoing prisoner mail be opened, read or inspected."

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It's The Law

That's what the court injunction demanded. You may want to read that again, so here's an instant replay, "No outgoing prisoner mail may be opened, read or inspected." without a duly obtained search warrant.

The injunction also specifies that no mail to courts, attorney or public officials may be opened, outgoing or incoming, for any reason.

In issuing the injunction the court raised a few other questions that will be determined shortly by the three Judge court. "The court will conclude for the purposes of this motion that an approved addressee list of seven persons to whom an inmate may write is a reasonable method of maintaining prison security without undue restriction on the First Amendment rights of the prisoners and such correspondents, so long as the criteria used in the preparation of such lists are rationally related to the purposes of confinement and the security of the institution. The court invites counsel to further argue and brief this point for the hearing on the merits. Why should there be any limitation on the number or correspondents except as it may be based on the amount of time available to the inmate for writing letters and the amount of physical space and facilities available?"

Pretty astounding verbage, huh? The Judge summed up his issuance of the injunction this way, again according to the Criminal Law Reporter, "I feel compelled to comment

on the Fourth Amendment waiver signed by prisoners at the time of commitment. In exchange for mail, "privileges," A C I (Adult Correctional Institutions, that's what prisons are called in Rhode Island) officials require from each inmate his signature to a written statement authorizing them to censor his mail. It is this court's view that such, "authorization," under the inherently coercive circumstances under which it is given is without effect and cannot operate as a waiver or consent under the Fourth Amendment to the opening and reading of all of his mail."

And finally, in capping this unique, but certainly timely decision to enjoin, the Judge said, "Prison officials are hereby enjoined from following any rules, regulations or practices which are inconsistent with the guidelines set forth in this opinion."

The Judge, the Honorable J. Pettine, has broken some precedent. Normally an injunction is to, "maintain a status Quo." That is, to freeze things as they exist at the time of the injunction's issuance and until a court decision on the conflict can be rendered. But Judge Pettine felt that the violations of the First Amendment, in this instance, were so important as to require an injunction that would immediately establish a, "status Quo," that was in keeping with the guaranteed rights under the First Amendment.

If the three man court, in its final determination of the Palmigiano vs. Travisono case, upholds the premise of the current injunction, it is safe to say that all prisons in

this country will be forced to adopt similar First Amendment safeguards in the area of mail and censorship.

K.S.R.'s First Christmas Party For Children

By Jim Manley

When I got there the kids were sitting two at a table, sharing the other two seats with their hosts, inmates of the Kentucky State Reformatory. They mumbled and buzzed, laughed and smiled, and listened to J. Watkins playing carols on the organ. Here and there a nun or a child could be seen talking to a gnarled old bank robber, a young drug addict, or laughing at a table with a convicted murderer.

Thirty-three inmates of the Kentucky State Reformatory were hosting a Christmas party for 26 orphan children in the dining room of a prison cell block. Ice cream, cake, cookies, potato chips, and cheeseburgers the main course were in abundance. Everyone was wearing his happy face, drinking soda pop, minding manners, and, forgetting for a while, the normally cold and lonely surrounding in which he lived. The twenty-six orphans, along with their escorts six nuns, a social worker and a bus driver, came from the St. Thomas, St. Vincent Home in Anchorage, Kentucky.

I sat at a table with a pretty little girl named Pam; Sister Alice Eileen, the home's director; and Reformatory Warden Harold E. Black. While I was sitting there I wondered what I was going to write about this event and how I was going to portray just how
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Christmas Party

much the guys, as well as the kids, were enjoying themselves.

Suddenly a little tot ran up to Sister Alice Eileen, flashed a polaroid snapshot under her nose and exclaimed, "See me!" Then she skipped swiftly away before the good Sister could reply. Sister Alice smile at the rest of us and said, "There are fifteen kids in that picture and the only one she sees is herself."

"There is only one person in the picture," the warden replied.

I thought about that for a while and then I thought about it some more. After that, I pondered on it for a time. Finally, I said to myself, "Well, that's it. There was only one person in that picture." And I saw the party then as something that revolved around her in the same way it centered itself around me and everyone else there. The Administration officials, the inmates, the Sisters, the kids: all were somewhat stripped of name, rank and serial number for this occasion. We were all the end result of a product that couldn't possibly be the same if one of us were missing.

My musings were suddenly broken by a flash of red. I glanced up in time to see Santa Claus striding through the door with an enormous sack of presents slung over his shoulder. A little boy, the first child to spot him, flashed a grin wide enough to reach both ends of your heart. His eyes lit up ecstatically and he squealed in pure delight, sounding the alarm for the rest of the kids and, in a flash,

Santa was mobbed with hugs, handshakes, and eager, happy, faces. I watched him pass out presents to all the residents of the home, including the Sisters, and I got a little choked up inside. Then he made the rounds a second time, giving each child another present. I watched their happy faces beaming like beacon lights and I got a little envious.

You see, Santa was Bill L., a convicted murderer who has been serving time since 1957 and has a wife and family of his own. He conceived the idea of the orphan's party and took it to Father Ivo Cecil, who promptly made outside arrangements while Bill went to work on the inmates. In hardly no time at all, he had over two hundred dollars and, as the deadline for the party drew near, permission finally came from the officials. But in the meantime a lot of work and organizing had to be done to make the party the smooth operation that it was. Bill did that work. I went with him once when he set out to collect some funds. I saw him in action. I saw him talking to cons from all walks of life, cons he had known for years and cons he had never seen before. And I saw those cons digging in their pockets, signing their names and giving their pledges.

And when it came time for the party, everybody who had given couldn't go. There wasn't room. Some had to be slighted; it couldn't be helped. Then there were two who refused to go. They had been here for a long time and said they just couldn't take it. The idea of being with the kids for a while was too much for

them.

So the party came and went. Not only was it the first of its kind to ever be held inside the confines of the reformatory, it was also a tremendous success. The roughest part, the bump in the road, came when the children had to leave. As each of us watched them go through the gates, carrying bags of fruit and nuts, games and toys, dragging their coats and trying to wave good-bye without dropping anything, I think we all knew we were going to be in for a few rough moments.

Maybe I'm a little sentimental. Maybe old Santa wasn't up to his ears in happiness as he passed out presents and talked and shook hands with the kids. Maybe the kids weren't having a grand time when they bombarded the organ and sang Christmas carols that bounced off the ceiling. And maybe when some of the inmates looked around and shook hands with guys they hardly knew and said, "Merry Christmas;" well, maybe they were faking it. I don't know. I really couldn't say. But that's the way I saw it, December 16, 1970, Christmas day at La-Grange Reformatory.

Lyndon B. Johnson

Washington, D. C.

July 14, 1965

I have the ablest staff that ever served any President in my memory. There's not a playboy among them. They aren't sitting around drinking whiskey at eleven o'clock at night. They aren't walking around with their zippers unbuttoned.



The Circle Draws Tighter

By Benny Hamrick

It took them a long time to rebuild

From out of the depths of the torn and ravaged land, they banded together in a joint effort to save civilization. Sworn enemies laid down their weapons and labored side by side, digging graves and burying the dead. The ruins of great cities were cleared away and small villages began to sprout where once the giant architectural monoliths had stood, seemingly dominant and seemingly indestructable.

The Great War had come and gone. The bombs had exploded and people had died by the millions. All across the land the giant skyscrapers folded and crumbled to the ground. Then came the gases, and for a long time it seemed that no one would be spared, that no one was safe.

But in the end some did survive. And while they built their huts and erected their villages, they thought about the Great War and what it had done for them. They realized how, in the face of near annihilation, it had accomplished the one thing their leaders could never achieve; it had brought them together, living and working as one.

And while the memory of the Great War was fresh in their minds, the people drew up their doctrines and elected their leaders. Each man found his niche and did his part accordingly. Hunters supplied their communities with game. The farmers plowed the fields and the scholarly tutored the

young. Generations came and went as time trudged steadily onward, watching as the wings of democracy slowly opened and enveloped the little planet.

Eventually the significance of the Great War shriveled into nothingness. It regressed in stages from an evil thing of the past, something that could never happen again; to ancient history, an incident of prehistoric times; and finally, it settled into the realm of mythology and became a simple parable, a teaching by which a lesson could be learned.

But Pelk, a sheepherder living on the outskirts of a large village, was not interested in learning lessons. He wanted to teach them. Several head of his livestock were missing and he was convinced that his neighbor, Macus, was responsible for the theft. He was so upset by the loss he sat in his lonely mud hut and steamed and fumed until he worked himself into a frenzy. And by nightfall, a cold and murderous scheme was in his heart.

Under cover of darkness he went to Macus' house and killed him, stabbing the man viciously several times, then ripping open his throat. He found the man's wife, petrified with fear, cowering in a dark corner of the room. Her huge, staring eyes never blinked or fluttered as he savagely raped and mauled her body. The heavy thumping of his own heart was the loudest sound he heard, and, it was a deafening roar in his ears when he buried his stone ax deep inside her skull.

A few days later a crowd of angry citizens paid a visit to Pelk and left him hanging

from a tree. His son, Pok, fled to the hills and gathered together a band of renegades from the various misfits scattered over the countryside. Pok, a vengeful person, then led attacks on isolated homes and families, killing, looting, raping and burning.

In the months that followed, adventurers, as well as outlaws and outcasts, were attracted to the band. The capture of women enhanced the flavor of excitement and, before long, the little band had mushroomed into a small army, reaping destruction and havoc everywhere they went.

Finally, all out war prevailed. No quarter was given. Villages and communities were burned to the ground and every living creature was skewered, clubbed, trampled, or otherwise put to death. Animals and humans lay in broken heaps and pieces, dying and dead, some burned and charred beyond recognition. Corrupt politicians exploited and manipulated. No one could be trusted. Women and children were slaughtered; they died painfully and needlessly, their hopes and dreams bursting like bubbles in the air. And all the while, the living fought on; snarling and clenching their teeth, clubbing and smashing their opponents, trying desperately to conquer, to destroy, to be among the standing when the battle was over.

Then, in the midst of the blood and dust and death, as the fierceness of the battle climbed toward its peak, something happened. The fighting began to decrease; men backed away from one another. Axes and clubs clinked and clanked
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The Circle Draws Tighter

as they fell from unclenched hands. Slowly, ever so slowly, each man looked around and saw himself standing on the brink of extinction.

And for a small flickering moment, in that fleeting instant of time, each man stood alone with the gravity of his thoughts. Horror and fear crept into his heart as he came face to face with reality. And when it dawned upon him what he must do to save his world and people, man raised his head and looked across eons of time and space, thinking that he had been blessed with deep wisdom and insight. And as he turned and clasped his brother's shoulder, and made peace with all his enemies, it never occurred to him that he was doing something that had been done before.

It took them a long time to rebuild. . . .

Some Thoughts On An Evening

Jim Valentine

Anyone who has attended a club banquet is familiar with the routine. Outside guests troop across the short span of concrete walk from the administration building, enter the dining hall through the back entrance, trapse the width of the kitchen and then pass into the main dining area through the doorway to the left of the main serving line.

The evening of October 21st, just under one hundred outside guests mothers, fathers, wives and friends walked the route to attend

graduation exercises inside our Reformatory.

The setting, at first, was not unlike a court room. The guests walked into the garage-like hall, confronted by strange faces. As they walked to tables and chairs they searched for that ONE face. The face of a son, a husband or a brother. A courtroom veteran would understand. You get the same feeling when you enter a hall of justice. A room filled with strangers, save one person, or perhaps two.

It is unsettling to see mothers inside a prison proper. Maybe it's women in general. No one seemed to come alone, particularly the women. You got the feeling this was an occasion that required support. . . . that a guest had to have someone to be with them.

There was a lapse before the exercise got underway. Soft, appropriate music flowed out of an organ. An introspective mood. It was the mothers and fathers that looked the most introspective. One couple typified most of the older guests. Solid looking people. The man, with a face that was lined with, "down home," character, must have been a farmer. His hands were large working hands. He looked uncomfortable in the sports jacket and clip on tie. The stuff America's built upon. The woman - a mother - after locating her son, looked at the other prisoners and there was sadness in her eyes. A mother seems to know what it's like the tragedy of prison. This woman looked like she could smell the loneliness, the need, the frustration. . . mothers are like that. If they had their way, not unlike the Jewish stereotype, they would press

the world to their bosom, administer a dosage of chicken soup, and all would be well. This woman must have been thinking such thoughts.

This sadness and introspection abated as the proceedings got underway. Commencement is a moment for pride and that feeling is not diminished by prison surroundings. If anything, one watching from the sidelines, could imagine that here was a greater pride. For some of the guys it was the first time their names had been called publicly and they didn't have to come forth in defense of past deeds. Here he was being honored and awarded. That's something to be very proud of. Maybe it's the contrast.

The Commissioner of Corrections, a pretty awesomely titled guy, shook hands with each man as he accepted his certificate of graduation.

A number of years ago a very human, human being, suggested that parents and wives be allowed to enter the prison to witness the graduation of their men. It's really a sight to see. After the formal ceremonies, another pretty human guy arranged for an extended social period. The graduates sat at tables with their guests and talked over coffee, cake and ice cream. Correctional officers had to sought with the eye, so inconspicuous did they make themselves. The eye found, with greater ease, a pregnant wife being sheltered by a blue denimed arm, a man introducing a fellow prisoner to his Mom, Captain Adams making his rounds, meeting fathers and patting graduates on the back. It was a good scene.

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Some Thoughts

Every scene has to have a finale. A playwright likes to end an act with an inspiration of some sort. Something that can be pondered; that will hold the audience still a moment after the curtain falls, prior to the expected applause.

This evening the finale was a black man and his wife dancing to the uptempo jazz beat. She in a red dress, a coat on her arm; he in denim pants and white shirt. Alone in a crowd. Two people. Inside a prison.

There is a tie and a connection that has to be maintained and it's tough to keep the strings together in a visiting room such as the one KSR operates. It's easier at a table, over coffee and cigarettes. Alone, for the most part, with people you need and love. It's a better way. SKYTOWER went to a graduation and came home filled with soft thoughts about people.

Jail House Lawyers

Fact and Opinion

The last week of October Judge Scott Reed, authoring an opinion on a case filed by an Eddyville inmate, took the opportunity to strike out verbally at prisoners he labeled as, "Shadowy Amanuensis," better known generally as Jail House lawyers. Speaking for the Kentucky Court of Appeals he said, according to the Courier Journal, that the processing of unfounded and irresponsible claims of properly convicted criminals is taking up considerable time of trial

judges and appeal judges. He went on to suggest that prisoners who so file should, perhaps, be penalized by parole authorities, "particularly in those instances where untrue statements of fact are made with knowledge of their falsity."

The attack was directed toward the prisoner who filed false statements of fact, but the judge went further to state, "perhaps the amanuensis should share equal responsibility with the applicant in somewhat the same fashion that an attorney at law is answerable for knowingly asserting false statements in a pleading."

Judge Reed spoke on the occasion of the Court of Appeals denial of an appeal applied for by Leslie Renfrow. Renfrow was sentenced to a term of 21 years in 1962 for the crime of involuntary manslaughter. He appealed, stating as grounds, of substantial cause, that he had been ineffectively represented at his trial and that his guilty plea was coerced and involuntary because he was drowsy at time from, "nerve medicine." Renfrow reached the Commonwealth appeals court on a 11.42 action, a motion to vacate judgement.

What are the facts? Can prisoners, as Judge Reed suggests, be punished for filing, "False facts?" What are false facts? Can the Jail House Lawyer be forced to bear a similar fate? Can the Parole Board punish? These are questions posed by Judge Reed's remarks. Answers are available.

Firstly the question of false facts. The term, "false," simply means, "not true." But in

law, according to Black's Law Dictionary (4th Edition, West Publishing Co.) the term means, "Something more than untrue; it means something designedly untrue, and deceitful and implies an intention to perpetuate some treachery or fraud. Also untrue by mistake or accident or honestly after the exercise of reasonable care." The word, "fact," again according to Black is, "A thing done, an action performed or an incident transpiring; an actual occurrence." Thus a, "false fact," in layman's terms is a lie, a falsehood. At the heart of the matter is a disregard for or a lack of the presence of truth, in an action, or circumstance.

Next question. Who determines truth? In law, the courts determine truth, based on rules of procedure and evidence. In the specific instance, Judge Reed and other members of the Kentucky Court of Appeals decided that there was no truth to Renfrow's allegations. They, by their decision, determined his allegations to be, "false facts." It is not impossible that a higher court, a federal district court for example, might reverse the appeals court decision, thus rendering Renfrow's allegations to be, "true facts." The point is, truth is never concretely decided until all means of recourse are exhausted, until all judgements and facts in question are determined to be false or true.

Can a prisoner be punished for filing, "false facts?" Since the determination of whether a fact is false or not is a court decision, the question actually is, "Can a prisoner be punished for filing?" The answer is no.

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(Cont'd from page 9)

It's The Law

In a recent decision, the U. S. District Court for Southern New York (Sostre vs. Rockefeller, 5/14/70) said, "Criminal conviction and sentence do not deprive a prisoner of all his civil rights. In fact,"



BAQUSA

the court goes on, "a sentence to confinement deprives the prisoner of only those rights which the law takes away expressly or by necessary implication. Among the rights he retains are the right to unfettered communications with courts, government officials, counsel and other capable of responding to lawful calls for assistance." The prisoner is guaranteed the right to Habeas Corpus by the U. S. Constitution. The Kentucky prisoner is guaranteed the right to col-

lateral sentence attack under specifications of 11.42, and finally the prisoner has the right to file in instances where he alleges that his civil rights have been violated. A prisoner cannot be punished for filing. Can the, "shadowy amanuensis," be punished for filing, or assisting with the filing of, "false facts?" Again, the question is, "Can he (the Jail House Lawyer) be punished for offering legal assistance in a filing of a prisoner's allegation? No. Johnson vs. Avery 393 U. S. 483, 4. Cnl, 3115 (1969) a landmark case, protects the, "Jail House Lawyer," particularly in case of illiteracy and where a need exists for, "mutual assistance." This far reaching verdict of a federal court gives the prisoner providing the, "mutual assistance," wide liberties in exercising this administration of aid. It also established guidelines and boundaries within which the, "shadowy amanuensis," must operate and be allowed to operate. It is not a popular decision in the eyes of correctional officials. Mr. Fred T. Wilkinson, Director of the Missouri State Department of Corrections says of the decision, "It has greatly increased the opportunity for Jail House Lawyers to build up power and develop black mail techniques." But the Johnson/Avery decision, "expressly allows reasonable regulation of writ writing for valid prison administration ends, and especially allows continued prohibition of remuneration for such activities," according to (In re: Harrel, Calif. Sup. Ct. 6/18/70) a California Supreme Court's interpretation. The Harrel opinion further interprets the opinion in Johnson/Avery as

follows: "A rule which impedes or discourages mutual prisoner assistance is one which tends to prevent illiterate or uneducated prisoners from receiving legal assistance not necessarily one which restricts the ability of a particular prison lawyer to function." The Jail House Lawyer, or better still, the assistant, cannot be punished for exercising a right and a federally guaranteed prerogative. The interest is not invested in the lawyer, but in the inmate being assisted. The court is determined that the illiterate and uneducated, and in Kentucky there is little question that a great number of inmates fall into the category of "Illiterate or uneducated," be ensured equal access to justice, equal opportunity for redress and equal status as a human being. If, in order to make these guarantees valid, the Jail House Lawyer must be given certain liberties, then so be it, says the federal court in the Johnson/Avery decision. But these liberties are carefully outlined and curtailed. Again (In Re: Harrel, Calif. Sup. Ct. 6/18/70) these guidelines are expressed, "Johnson itself contemplates that punishment may be imposed for the giving or taking or remuneration in connection with writ writing activities, and there is no doubt that the withholding of legal papers for purposes of extortion may also be severely punished. Similarly, an inmate who destroys or damages the legal papers of another inmate may be dealt with directly." But finally, in the end, and in response to the obvious question posed by Judge Reed, "Can the shadowy amanuensis be penal-

(Continued Next Page)

(Cont'd from page 10)

It's The Law

ized for filing false facts?" The answer is no. The Jail House Lawyer can assist in the filing of a prisoner's actions and it remains the court's decision to determine true facts from false facts and that determination is not final until all prescribed and guaranteed recourse is exhausted, up to and including a decision that may be handed down by the United States Supreme Court.

Judge Reed offered, as a suggestion, the possibility of asking the Parole Board to penalize prisoners who allege, "false facts." This raises the question of whether or not the Kentucky State Parole Board has jurisdiction or authority to penalize. According to the U.S. Court of Appeals, for the 2nd District, the answer is no. In *Menechino vs. Oswald*, 8/5/70, the decision outlines, "A Parole Board's function," as follows. "It must make the broad determination of whether rehabilitation of the prisoner and the interests of society generally would best be served by permitting him to serve his sentence beyond the confines of prison walls rather than by being continued in physical confinement. It must consider many factors of non-legal nature, such as psychiatric reports with respect to the prisoner, his mental and moral attitudes, his vocational education and training, the manner in which he has used his recreation time, his physical and emotional health, his intra-personal relations with prison staffs and other inmate, his habits and the nature and extent of community resources that will be available

to him upon release, including the environment to which he plans to return." This court said that the Parole Board is not an occasion for being legally represented by counsel, since it is not an adversary hearing, no charges are being brought against the prisoner and parole candidate. The only question at hand, said the court, is, shall this prisoner be released before the expiration of his full sentence? Is this man ready to return? Is he rehabilitated? Does he stand a chance of living an honorable and productive life? Or is there evidence that more time, more rehabilitation, more confined programming is necessary? No, a Parole Board cannot punish. Not according to law.

Judge Reed posed a number of questions. Unfortunately they were the wrong questions. A problem exists. Increased civil liberties and broad sweeping recent court decisions have incited a flood of prisoner petitions for post conviction relief. The courts, already overburdened and ill-managed, have to cope with stacks of writs, appeals and motions filed by inmates and Jail House Lawyers. The proper questions that should have been raised by Judge Reed are, "What can be done to cope with these demands for rehearing. How can the courts solve the problem of paperwork. How can justice be served?" Other states, other Judges are asking these questions and quite naturally are looking for answers to the questions after they are asked.

In *Ellison vs. North Carolina*, U S D C MNC, 6/25/70, according to the Criminal

Law, "Seeking to halt a litigious state prisoner's efforts to harrass the court, the U.S.



District Court for Middle District of North Carolina warns that one court, "Is considering (Cont'd Page 19)

CLUB ACTIVITIES

A. A. Participation in Reception Unit

by Edgar R.

For the past two and a half years an A. A. representative has gone to the Reception Unit to discuss the benefits of joining Alcoholics Anonymous while serving time in the Kentucky State Reformatory. We explain the functions and benefits to the new man in hopes that this inmate to inmate communication will produce new members.

If a man entering the institution feels he has an alcoholic problem he is told that he can contact a representative in any dorm to which he will eventually be assigned. He joins only on a voluntary basis and receives from the club a direct ratio of what he puts into it.

Our representative always points out that being a member does not insure a parole or early release, but the knowledge acquired from active membership can be a major factor in his adjustment to the institution and eventual return to society.

The A. A. group here at KSR has grown from 60 members in 1968 to a total of 200 at present. The Administration has given verbal praise to the A. A. program, emphasizing the type of talks given and the interest created by them.

Several outside members work closely with inside members, assisting newly released inmates by helping them with

jobs and other adjustment problems. Some of our men have given outside talks recently and we wish to thank the administration for making that possible.

Also, our thanks goes out to Mr. D. H. Marcy, A. A. advisor, and everyone else who has made it possible for A. A. to exist at the Reformatory. In the words of one of our outside chairman, Russ C., "We, in here, are fortunate if we use this time to examine our lives and make amends for the future."

A.L.T.E.R. A.C. Happenings

by Bull Durham

On the evening of November 11, 1970, Mr. Howard Stacy, Assistant Varsity Basketball Coach from the University of Louisville, appeared before the Membership Body of the A.L.T.E.R. Athletic Club.

Mr. Stacy spoke mostly of the many up-coming strong teams in the nation and also the many players to watch. He also made a Top Ten prediction with the U. of L. in 7th place and U. of K. in 8th place. He predicted, to no one's surprise, that U.C.L.A. would repeat as National Champions, with strong contention from Jacksonville and S. Carolina.

Later in the evening, Mr. Stacy held a "Question and answer period."

Sunday Night Club Activity
The A.L.T.E.R. Athletic Club was selected to be the

host for the first night of the Sunday Night Club Activity Program. Morris Millhouse, along with assistants, did a very outstanding job, conducting the first night set aside for any member of any institutional club.

With a weight lifting program available, ably conducted by R. Robinson, E. Williams and O. Alvey, along with checkers, chess, boxing, films shown by Granvil Howard, and, last but not least, a basketball program promoted so that anyone interested could participate; it was an evening of enjoyment for all. Approximately 160 club members were present.

The Spade Club

by Ricky Reed

The spade Club held yearly elections in November. New officers assume their positions the first of the year. Gerald Johnson, our presiding President, once again reigns supreme. Gerald has been an excellent President this year and is still full of ideas and plans to make SPADE an even better club.

Frank Williamson is our new Vice President. Frank is one of the oldest and most respected SPADE members. He has just completed a term as treasurer. I'm sure Frank will do a superb job.

Pat Glenn is the new Master of Arms. Pat has been very active in SPADE since
(Continued Next Page)

(Spade Club Continued)

sently the head of our Merit Board and has done a very good job in that department. Everyone has confidence in Pat and I'm sure he'll make our best Master of Arms to date.

Ray Harris was elected Assistant Master of Arms. He won in a very close race with Kirk Beckett. One of the main reasons for Ray's winning was his campaign promise, "I'll put a stop to all this excess noise." Everyone knows that Ray can definitely do it... all he has to do is turn off his hearing aid.

Chambers Ashcraft is the new Treasurer. Chambers has long been an active SPADE member and it's generally known that he is as tight with a buck as his nose is long.

Gary Saunders was elected Secretary. Besides regular club room activities, Gary was the center on our football team. That should have ruined him, but, somehow he survived. Seriously though, Gary will make SPADE a very good Secretary.

We've had a good year in the SPADE Club. To all our outgoing officers-- you've done a swell job. Thanks guys! And congratulations and good luck to all our newly elected officers. Lets all look forward to making an even better year out of 1971.

The New Yorker
Sign in a post office window:
"Unzipped mail is indecent."
Swallow your pride occasionally,
it's non fattening.

Help stamp out crime; it's too damn crowded in here.

Matrix Moves Into Separate Facilities

Matrix House is the first self-help, therapeutic community for addicts directly operated by inmates within the LaGrange State Reformatory at LaGrange, Ky. Matrix is a residential community of people who have come together and devised a structure to help one another learn to live more effectively. Self-help programs such as Synanon, Daytop, etc., run by and for ex-addicts, have demonstrated their success over the past ten years.

We at Matrix see addiction to the use of drugs as symptomatic of an underlying character disorder. We have been "addicted" to stupid behavior for the greater part of our lives. Addicts are considered emotional children who need to be constantly confronted with aspects of their behavior that hamper emotional growth.

We rely heavily on the "game", or confrontation session, as a tool to force each member of the group to realistically face himself as others see him and admit his weakness and feel the need for change.

Other techniques include sensitivity, educational seminars, assigned readings, informal "pull-ups" on the floor, (one individual's pointing out inappropriate behavior in another during everyday activity), the "haircut" (a strong verbal reprimand by staff members), the general meeting (a haircut by the entire community), and 24 and 72 hour marathon or dissipation sessions.

The "street code" and underground value system are

rejected, helping to create an atmosphere in which negative behavior, or "acting out", can be dealt with effectively by the group. Adverse behavior brings tremendous group pressure upon the individual. We try to prevent anyone from "killing himself" (regressing in behavior or attitude). The primary "rules" in Matrix House are (1) no chemicals (drugs or alcohol) and (2) no violence or threats of violence.

The goals of Matrix are concrete personality change, with maturation and increasing self-reliance of the individual ex-addict. The methods are meaningful confrontation in an atmosphere of underlying love and brotherhood, personal resolution concerning behavior change, and step-by-step assumption of responsibility for self and others. The basis upon which these changes take place is an attitude of intense reciprocal concern among the members of the House.

We have just recently moved into a separate wing where we are carrying out all the aspects of the 24 hour program with thirty-one members. The director, Howard Lips, and the deputy director, Earl Blair have made parole and their positions have been filled by Tommy Logsdon, director and Richard Hicks, deputy director. Michale Clarkston, a former expiditor, has been parole to Matrix Louisville, Ky. The program continues to grow and will have a maximum of forty members in the one wing.

Alcoholic Actor: Ham on rye
What some artists need most is a brush with reality.

K.S.R. Jaycees To Pick Physical Fitness Leader

Reprint from the Oldham Era,
December 3, 1970.

The K.S.R. Jaycees are once again participating in a national project sponsored by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company and co-sponsored by the United States Jaycees. This project is referred to as, "The U. S. Jaycee Physical Fitness Awards."

The K. S. R. Jaycees are proud to announce that they have four nominees for this outstanding award: Joe Forgy, institutional officer; Stanley Dawson, institutional officer; and two residents of our community, Alton Moore, formerly of New Castle, and Wendell Thomas Durham of Covington.

These men have all contributed to the general welfare of the community and have made significant contributions through physical fitness and sports. One of these individuals will be selected as the local winner and his name will be submitted to Kentucky Jaycees headquarters for state competition no later than December 1st, 1970.

Arch H. Stanton, C. L. U. district manager, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, will make the official presentation of award January 20, 1971, at the K.S.R. Jaycees Annual D.S.A. Banquet.

From A Dream To Reality

For inmate Gary P. Barrow the dream began in March of last year. Gary, while serving as president of a local club on the yard, became dissatisfied

with the confusion, cliques, etc., which he found prevalent in most of the organizations. With this in mind he resigned as president and struck out on his own to build an organization from the ground up.

In August of last year the Audio - Visual CENTRE became a reality and now, after only five months, the CENTRE is looked upon by many as the pace-setter within the institution. It is probably the only organization on the yard which currently carries a waiting list of new applicants numbering over 80. The current membership stands at 40 and it's only due to the lack of space that the CENTRE is held to that number.

The whole program is geared around educational films, lectures, chess and, just recently bridge. In fact it is only at the CENTRE that you'll find playing cards which are legal. During the past five months the members have had the pleasure of hearing such guest speakers as: Dr. George Perkins, State Commissioner of Child Welfare; S. Rush Nicholson, Criminal Court Judge; Mr. John S. Lynn, General Manager of Lilly Endowment, Indianapolis; Mr. Ralph M. Reahard, Eli Lilly & Company, Indianapolis; Mr. John C. McAndrews, former coordinator of PACE (Prisoners Aid through Citizens Effort); Dr. Harvel Sloan, M. D., Director of Clean Air, Inc.; Mr. Steve Bright and Terrance Fox, both from the University of Kentucky; and many, many others too numerous to mention. In all, the CENTRE has entertained some 22 guest speakers dur-

ing it's young history. All have indicated a desire to come back and some have.

The most amazing thing about the CENTRE is the way in which the organization function. There are no elections, reading of the minutes, or any of the other time-consuming activities found in other clubs. All members serving on the Board of Directors are appointed to their positions for the duration of their sentence much in the same way as the United States Supreme Court does. The ironic thing is that most members agree that the non-democratic approach actually works better for them. It eliminates the lengthy arguments which most organizations find themselves bogged down with.

In attending one of their meetings you will be amazed at the way they are organized. Before you can find a seat one member will be asking you how you like your coffee. If you arrive there around 5:30 you will find them sitting at tables (there are seven of them) playing chess, bridge monopoly, scrabble, or just sitting there talking. But when the guest speaker arrives, without anyone saying a word, the games are immediately put away and everyone gives his full attention to the speaker. After each speaker has finished, a lively question-and-answer session follows with the questions coming from practically everyone. One recent speaker was so impressed by his visit that, upon a return engagement, he invited a local television station out to cover the meeting. Of course he didn't know the rules regarding this and needless-to-
(Cont'd On Page 17)

Library Page

Library Improvements

By Mike Patterson

In the past month, we, the library staff, have taken a step forward in improving the services of the library. For the inmate population we have constructed a book catalogue. Now, men wishing to find a certain type of book or material by a certain author may do so relatively easy. This catalogue will be kept up to date with the hopes that it will help keep the inmate population better informed on incoming additions.

Pocket books are on their way. They are now on order and by the time you read this some should be on the shelves. If we have good luck with the pocket books and they don't disappear faster than we can stock them, then eventually it will be impossible for an inmate to come into the library and not find something he likes. In other words, the coming of pocket books is an experiment, and guess who loses if the experiment fails?

Approximately forty - five magazines have just been subscribed to and will be on the shelves shortly. Take care of them, please.

We fully realize that our organization, services, and facilities are inadequate and in dire need of improvement. We will never have ideal conditions but, with your help and cooperation, we can make the most of what we have. So please bear with us.

Approximately twenty legal books arrived last week and more are scheduled to come

in the near future. Our legal library is not the greatest in the world but you can expect some improvement in that area fast. Over a hundred legal editions are on order now.

New Books

Crime and Science: *The New Frontier in Criminology*, by Jurgen Thorwald. This is a new best seller by the author of *The Century of the Detective*. The first part of the book highlights the use of increasingly refined tests of blood and other body secretions in detection work. The second part centers on the detection of clues contained in the so-called microtraces, such as dust, fiber fragments, plant particles, sand, earth, crumbs, hair. This is a facinating book,

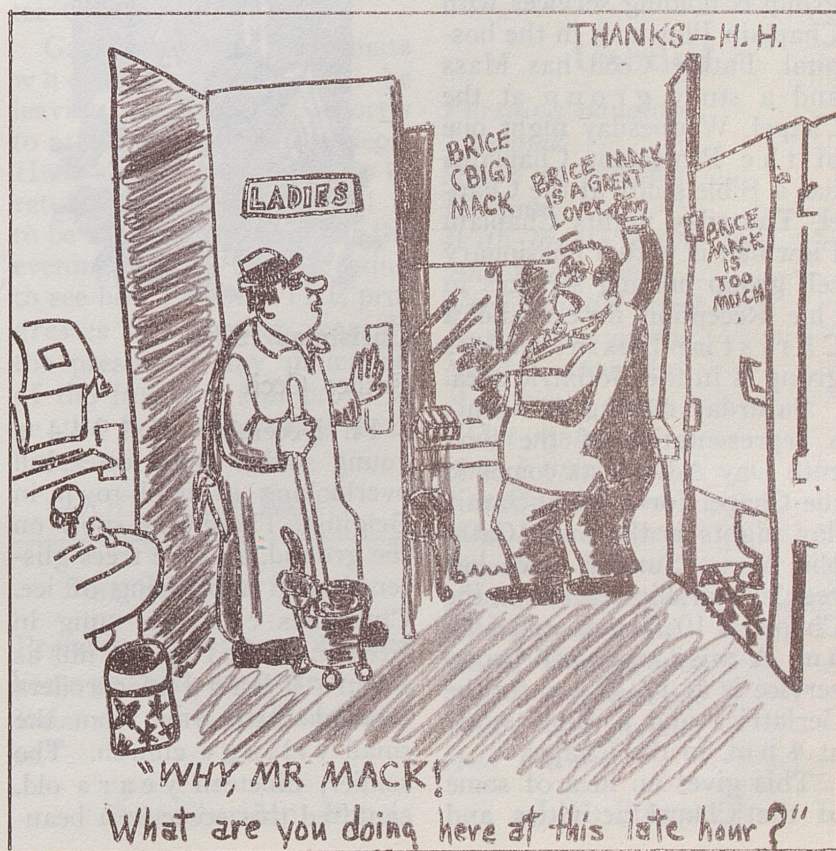
jammed with case histories and told in absorbing detail.

Daybreak by Joan Baez.

An autobiography, also a best seller, about the popular folk singer and her husband Dave Harris, who is serving three years for refusing the draft. This is a book of compassion, stark honesty and deep sincerity. Don't read it if you don't believe in standing up for your own convictions.

The Crystal Cave by Mary Stewart.

A heartwarming fantasy that is still on the best seller list (no 4 at press time) about Merlin the Magician in the days prior to his meeting with King Arthur.



Chapel News

Chaplain Services

From: Chaplain Plowman's Desk

Many are not aware of the extent of the Chapel ministry to both Protestant and Catholic men. Working with Chaplain Plowman, Chaplain Davis and Father Cecil are also outside volunteers who come in each week to provide special spiritual services. For example, Sunday two Christian Science ministers hold services at the Chapel at 2 p.m. and two protestant ministers are conducting Bible study in Segregation 1 and 2 at the same time.

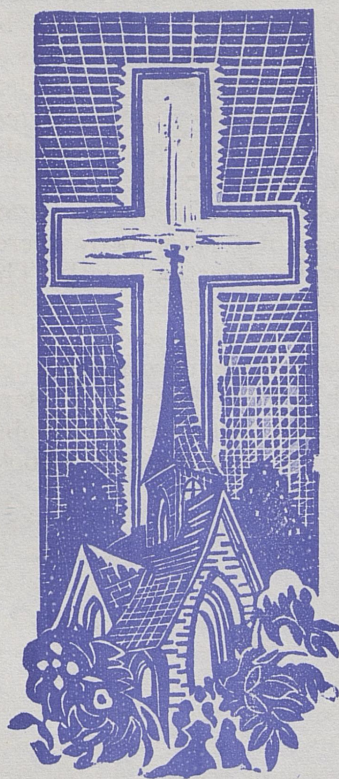
Tuesday nights the Gideons meet with the Reception Unit while the missionary cell group is holding services with Chaplain Plowman in the hospital. Father Cecil has Mass and a study group at the Chapel. Wednesday night one of the Protestant Chaplains has a Bible study at the Chapel, Thursday nights Chaplain Plowman is with a missionary cell group holding services in the Reception area and a Christian Businessmens group is in the Geriatric area.

Saturday morning at 9 a.m., a representative of the Seventh Day Adventists comes to the Chapel for a class. Saturday nights is the main Catholic Mass. Sunday also, has regular worship services in the Chapel at 10:30 a.m. and 6:30 p.m. A missionary cell group service is at 12:30 p.m. in the Geriatrics and a Bible study at 4 p.m. in the Chapel.

This gives an idea of some of the Chapel activities and

spiritual coverage by the Chaplains and volunteers and inmate cell groups.

Occasionally, other church choirs and groups come in and at times our Chapel singers are invited to give programs outside the institution.



Christmas 1970

Father Cecil

In December of 1944 a young soldier stood on a hill overlooking a small town in Belgium. There was snow on the ground, and the trees glistened with a covering of ice. Christmas carols, sung in French, drifted up the hill as a small band of carollers wended their way from the small village church. The soldier, nineteen years old, captured this scene in a beau-

tiful letter to his mother. A few days later he was dead, killed in the last German offensive of the war, called the, "Battle of the Bulge."

Today a white cross in a military cemetery in Belgium marks his resting place. This young man had been a brilliant student, having received a scholarship to Yale, from the small Prep school where he received his secondary education.

During the Christmas seasons since that time, I have often thought of this young soldier, with whom I attended school, played football, and swam in the streams around our hometown. My thoughts of his short life have often been melancholic. But beyond that feeling of melancholy, I realize that this is really what Christmas is all about. Christmas is not simply a season of tinsel, decorations, Christmas cards and gifts exchanged. It is the Feast of Joy and Hope. The birthday of the Saviour who came to show us this life is not all, that a life of incomparable beauty and happiness await those who believe. Life is not ended with death, it is merely changed. Christmas Joy is only a faint shadow of the joy to come.

On this, my fifth Christmas with you, I wish you all the true joy of this season. Prison may not be the best place to spend this time. It, however, depends on you. The Saviour who was born in a stable does not consider place. He merely considers the love of hearts.

From The Desk Of Chadlain Davis

The names of the Lord are profoundly significant: They are descriptive of his character, his work and his mission. This is beautifully seen in a few of those most familiar. The name, "Jesus," means Saviour; "Christ," means the anointed one; "Lamb of God," means the sacrifice offered once for all; "Redeemer," means the ransom paid by the atoning blood; "Emmanuel," means God with us; "Bread of Life," means the beautiful provision that has been made in Christ for the spiritual needs of men.

The name, "Prince of Peace," has a special and beautiful significance. At all times it is a matter of Thanksgiving that the destined ruler of the world is the, "Prince of Peace." For, "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given," upon whose shoulders the government shall be and whose name shall be called, "The Prince of Peace." (Isaiah 9:6)

Christmas without Christ is a hollow mockery. Christmas with Christ in the center will bring true peace and gladness. Have you seen the Christ in CHRISTmas?

A PERSONAL NOTE

For the many men in institutions throughout the world, Christmas is a painful time. For at this particular season, separation from family and loved ones, causes particular sorrow and loneliness. Yet, we at the Chapel want to provide as much opportunity for worship and celebration as you feel up to during this Christmastide. Watch the bulletin boards for announcements of

Chapel events and services. My prayers are for each of you to find inner joy and peace through Him who heals our lives and who knows our

(Cont'd From A Dream)

say the reporter wasn't admitted. But it does tend to show the type of impressions which are being made with their guests. Another guest speaker, upon coming back for his second appearance, commented, "Hell, I didn't even know you men existed before last Thursday."

The present Board of Directors consists of: Chuck Garrett, Director; John Dwinell, Program Director; James Manley, Public Relations Director; Leon Blackstone, Social Director; Granvil Howard Film Director; and Donald Bartley, Refreshment Committee Chairman.

Gary Barrow, the inmate who had a dream, will be leaving the CENTRE shortly to attend Georgetown College. He is already making plans to return on Thursday, April 1, to be the guest speaker for the evening. It will be interesting to see how the CENTRE progresses this coming year. If the present is any indication of the future it will prove to be the best thing that ever happened here.

GOOD LUCK Gary!

Fort Sheridan Target

Private: "I can't see what keeps you girls from freezing."
Babe: "You're not supposed to."

Fort Sheridan, Illinois

The Kept

Richard W. - Sentenced in 1958 to a term of life without parole. Spent seven years at Eddyville. There he obtained his GED Certificate, a certificate of bookkeeping, credit for attending a Dale Carnegie Course and a college level course in sociology from the University of Western Kentucky. In 1968, the Kentucky Court of Appeals reduced his sentence to life imprisonment, making parole possible. He was set back two years by the parole board and transferred to the Reformatory at LaGrange. In March of 1969 he enrolled in the Vocational Education Department's Welding course. He was granted parole in September of 1970 and in October he was chosen to be Valedictorian of his graduating Voc. Ed. Class.

GENESIS

Untitled

*Pursuing naught,
I became.
Asked to breathe,
I began.
With breath came need
And I was given.
Need brought want
And I was given.
Need compound
And I was given.
Want multiplied
And I was given.
Knowing glowed
And I was given.
Knowing flamed
And I was given.
Knowing erupted
And I was given...
And I was given...
And I was given...
And I want!*

J. R. Stewart Jr.



INTRA-INFO

SPORTS & RECREATION

PLAY WITH A PURPOSE

K.S.R. Tigers

The K.S.R. Tigers are off to a rousing start this year. They have a 3-0 record at the time of this printing. The Tigers played their opening game Sunday, December 17, and beat the Louisville Saints by a score of 105 to 97.

In their second game, the Tigers played Whitey's Boys. Results, Tigers, 105; Whitey's Boys, 75.

The Tigers played their third game with the L & N Local 761. Final score: Tigers 90, L & N 60.

Many people thought the varsity wouldn't be much without Big Bryant, but to me they look just as good as the team we had last year, maybe better. M. Millhouse, a rookie last year, has really come a long way and made substantial improvement. He'll be a big asset to the varsity team, along with a little sharp-eyed guy named J. Martin.

Come and watch the games. Help cheer your team to victory.

TIGERS ROSTER

E. Strong
 J. Martin
 H. Clay
 M. Millhouse
 C. Bradshaw
 A. Moore
 A. Broyles
 E. Tingle

Basketball Leagues

Basketball was one of the main sports ingredients over the holidays. Several tournaments were held, including a Foul Shot Tournament in which the winner was determined by the man who sank the most baskets in twenty-five tries.

The Mini Tournament was organized for teams with players under five feet, six inches. Out of four teams, the Little Men went to the play-offs and walked away with a carton of cigarettes. Their coach was H. Ray and the players representing the team were; W. Martin, M. Northern, C. Dickerson, W. Barnett, C. Tyus, and F. Glur.

The Subterranean League was captured by the Jaycees after they beat the Comets 64 to 42 in the finals. The Jaycees were coached by D. Endsley and the players were: M. Fields, E. Wright, M. Prothro, P. King, D. Ewing, and W. Lomax.

The bombers conquered the Valley League by outscoring the Packers 72-65. Team players were; W. Bryant, coach, C. Woods, O. Buchanan, M. Sewell, C. Dickerson, and W. Cosby.

The largest league was the Plateu League and the Bully Boys took the honors in that one. They beat the Help Club in the finals 70-55. They

were coached by M. Bell and the players were; C. Ingram, C. Wallace, T. Outlaw, B. Patterson, M. Watkins, W. Stevenson, P. Carr.

The Bullets won the Summit League title in a squeaker, beating the Bruins 65-62. The Bullet coach was W. Bryant. Players were; H. Clay, W. Lancaster, P. Sanders, D. Jackman, W. Chandler, and J. Bartlett, Jr.

The Foul Shot Tournament was somewhat of a disappointment due to the lack of players who took an interest. Out of a possible 192 participants, a very small number of men entered the contest. The winners were as follow.

Summit League;
 C. Bradshaw sank 23 out of 25
 Plateu League:
 L. Dale sank 19 out of 25.
 Valley League:
 D. Forney sank 22.
 Subterranean League:
 C. Davidson sank 18.

Holiday Entertainment

On December 31, an open power lift was held in the K. S. R. Gym. R. Greenwell was the referee, R. Williams the judge, and E. Campbell the scorekeeper. Formula rules and regulations were closely followed and the following three men came up with top honors: *(Continued Next Page)*

(Cont'd Entertainment)

1st place; R. Mitchell. Weight 123 pounds.

2nd place; J. Compton. Weight 153 pounds.

3rd place; R. Thomas. Weight 171 pounds.

Congratulations, men!

The K. S. R. band played and sang their hearts out over the holidays. Leon Blackstone's Insiders turned everyone on with their special style of blues, jazz, rock, and pop. Leon and his boys played for the Governor New Year's Eve. Don Becker's Stringmasters is a band that never fails to entertain. Their bag is the ever popular country and western music and they never fail to play well.

The LaGrange Five, perhaps the newest of the three bands, is nevertheless a band to be reckoned with. They play the country and western circuit also.

Corinthian Baptist Church performed in the K. S. R. Gym on December 20. They sang Christmas Carols, hymns, and songs for approximately an hour and a half. They gave a well rounded program and the 900 men listening responded as best they could with their applause and good thoughts. Chaplain Davis and his associates are the ones to thank for the program.

The Christmas & New Year Variety Show held in the KSR Gym on Sunday evening, December 27, 1970, provided the audience with a good wholesome night of talent. Along with the LaGrange Five and Blackstone's Insiders, several songs, instrumental and vocals, and comedy acts were

brought together through the help of Mr. David Vislisel, Chaplain Davis, and Coach John U. Pike.

Some of the highlights included Red Tyler singing two moody blues and the Soul Competitors (G. Abernathy & C. Hicks) singing hard rock songs. Then came the Decisions (Chico Richardson, D. Taylor, and D. Carter) warbling their best. There was a duel comedy routine consisting of B. Grey. Ironjaw which had the audience rolling in the aisles. A comedian named Gummy (D. Moore) did pretty good in his own right. Master of ceremonies was E. Sidney, a guy who got in quite a few laughs, himself.

There was one other feature which added dimensions to the show; the multi-colored flickers and strobe light put together by Stan Brooks.

It's nice to see the inmate show coming back to the yard. Where have you guys been?

(Cont'd Its The Law)

enjoining (him) his agent, servant, employees and attorneys from filing further petitions in this or any other U.S. District Court and from relitigating in any manner any of the points or grounds which have been previously presented by him and determined in the U. S. District Court for the Middle District of North Carolina, or any other District Court." That was one court's way of handling so called, "false facts."

Judge Reed asks questions. So does the federal government. They are asking a \$98, 120 dollar batch of questions through the Law Enforcement

Assistance Administration. That sum was recently granted to, "the trustees of Boston University at Boston to conduct legal research into the processing and evaluation of prisoners complaints. This project will be based on legal services given to prisoners in four New England detention centers. This effort is intended to provide better processing of justified complaints and help eliminate frivolous and unwarranted complaints which are a burden on the court system," according to a current issue of the Criminal Law Reporter.

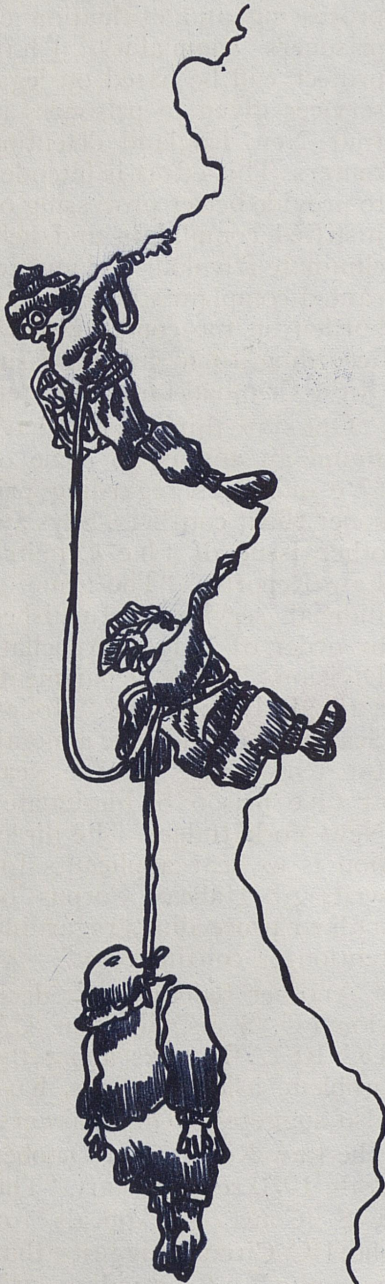
One state thinks it may have found an answer to some of the questions regarding prisoner court conflicts. Says another issue of the Criminal Law Reporter, "The acme of judicial service is furnished by order of judges, Appellate Division, Third Department, a regularly schedule, "Motion Session," is held once a month for ten months of the year at the prison by designated New York Judges. The direction is to hear applicants for writs of Habeas Corpus or other proceedings regarding tention or confinement."

Another federal court decision (U. S. vs. Simpson, CA DC 10/1/70) talks about the problem, asks questions, but also suggests some answers. The Law Reporter of October 28th, 1970 reads in part, "The U.S. Court of Appeals for the DC Circuit suggests that a method of providing prisoners with legal assistance before they file for post-conviction relief would greatly reduce the burden of frivolous petitions and facilitate the handling of meritorious claims. The prisoner writ writer in-

(Continued Next Page)

(Cont' Its The Law)

terim solution of Johnson vs. Avery, undeniably leads to form petitions and the unwar-



"I thought he seemed depressed!"

ranted use of formula that have proved themselves pro-

ductive of an evidentially hearing. The problem of frivolous and incoherent petitions will probably plague the courts until there is a systematic provision of legal counsel to prisoners on reasonably board basis. The courts will benefit if inmates will have such a system before they file papers, including explanation of the limits of potentially meritorious points and advice to orient their efforts to more realistic directions such as clemency or parole. Use law students to counsel and advise with prisoners, commended by the A. B. A. report, may well provide the key toward serving a need without excessive drain on community resources. There are indications that law student programs present a means at modest cost of furthering objectives of criminal justice. This includes indications that such programs do cut down the number of frivolous applications. They may also lead to the uncovering of more meritorious petitions."

Editor's Comment

This article is written by a prisoner, with no legal qualifications. An attorney might have a more valid opinion. He might connect facts in a different manner. Still, even from a lay point of view, several conclusions seem honest. 1) Prisoner's have a guaranteed right to post conviction relief and Habeas Corpus as well as redress when civil rights are violated. 2) The Shadowy Amanuensis is actually another prisoner rendering what the federal court's recognize as, "mutual assistance." The right to render such aid is protected. The guidelines for administrator are established,

but an Amanuensis cannot be punished for working within those established boundaries, at least not according to legal precedence. 3) The Parole Board has no power to punish or penalize. It's authority is a review and evaluation power. It's work is constructive and not destructive. It does not function as a bludgeon to be held over a prisoner's head if he seeks legal redress of alleged grievances. 4) And finally, it would seem honest to acknowledge that behind Judge Reed's remarks lies a real problem, that must be approached in a real manner. The LEAA grant to Boston University is real. The New York State, "in prison motion sessions," is real. The possibility of student lawyers offering prisoners assistance is real. Others in the nation must be attacking the problem in a similarly real manner.

This is no indictment of Judge Reed. He offered opinion. This writer doesn't think it was real in terms of searching for solution to a real problem. It may be a step beyond bounds to suggest that there is disappointment that such a man of statewide judicial prominence would offer such an opinion, but that's not constructive. Looking for a real solution is constructive.

MOVIE SCHEDULE

February 12
Rage with Geln Ford
February 19
Torture Garden
Shock story with
Jack Palance
February 26
Who's minding the Mint?
Comedy with
Walter Brennan

POETRY PAGE

HOT CUP

*Who has drank,
And please be frank,
A for real cup of coffee?
I don't mean the dishwasher's dip
Or the stuff you can grip,
Nor anything resembling tea.
I remember a day,
Wet, cold and gray,
The fishing pole left outside.
My numb fingers clutching a cup,
With a bean fragrance steaming up,
While I stood by the fireplace to get dried.
I had concocted that brew
With a love that was true,
And savored it's succulent flavor.
With grounds I wasn't cheap,
Though they didn't over heap,
And the reward was well worth the labor.
Fresh water in an old pot
That had been cleaned an awful lot,
Anxiously gave a familiar ping.
I had took a quick jerk,
Of that life giving perk
And felt like a flannel-wearing king.
Right now I am wishing
That I was back again fishing,
With that hot cup waiting inside;
Back in the cabin,
Happily havin'
My sore eyes opened wide!*

J. R. Stewart Jr.

Fair Weather

*He lies,
But never to me.
He's my friend!
He steals,
But never from me.
He's my friend!
He's selfish,
But not with me.
He's my friend!
He's mean,
But not to me.
He's my friend!
He's conceited,
But I'm more important.
He's my friend!
He's lazy,
But not with me.
He's my friend!
He's inconsiderate,
But not to me.
He's my friend!
He's apathetic,
But has concern for me.
He's my friend!
He's in trouble!
Who is he anyway?*

Peabody

(Poetry Continued)

PERSPECTIVE

*I saw a white cloud in the sky overhead,
And thought it resembled a glove,
Then turned to a friend who was near me and said:
"Tell me, what do you see up above?"
My friend cast his eyes to the cloud in the sky;
Then he said in a hesitant drawl,
"It looks like a hand floating quitely by
With a thumb, four fingers and all."*

*In silence I pondered the meaning of that
And decided my standard was wrong--
Like the fellow who saw the inside of a hat,
As a hole where a head should belong.
The glove which I saw was as empty and dead,
As the hat with the meaningless hole.
But full and alive are the hand and the head--
My friend saw the cloud from his soul.*

Robin R. Smith
via The Pendleton Reflector
A long time ago....

DISCOVERY

*Yesterday I stood alone
And watched a restless sea.
And felt a wrench within my heart
Because you weren't there to see.*

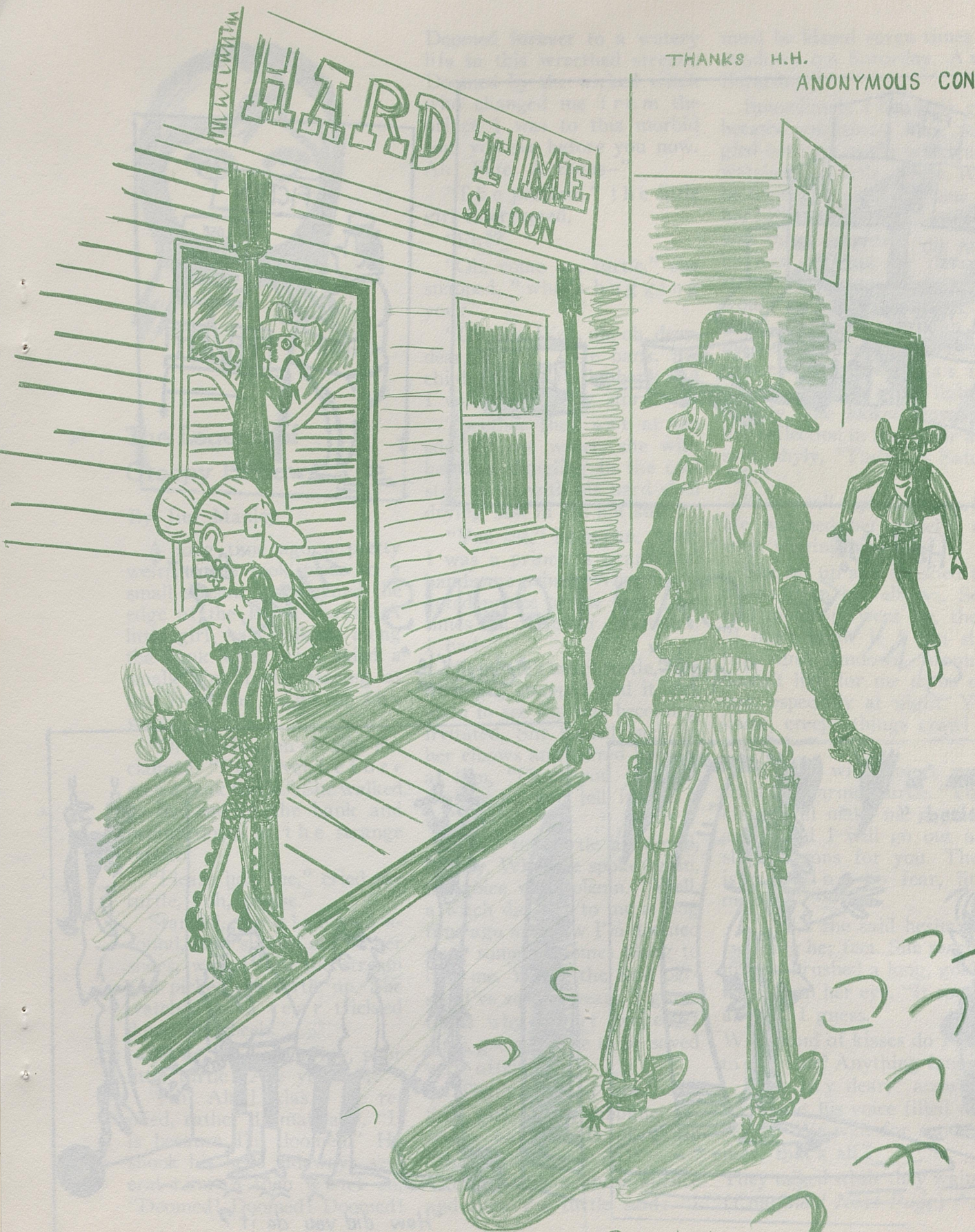
*And as I left, I passed a tree;
So huge, so tall, and old,
Its mighty branches outward flung--
Another tree to enfold.*

*In my path I saw two squirrels,
Each with no worries or cares.
And the leaves that fell from the trees
Drifted down in pairs.*

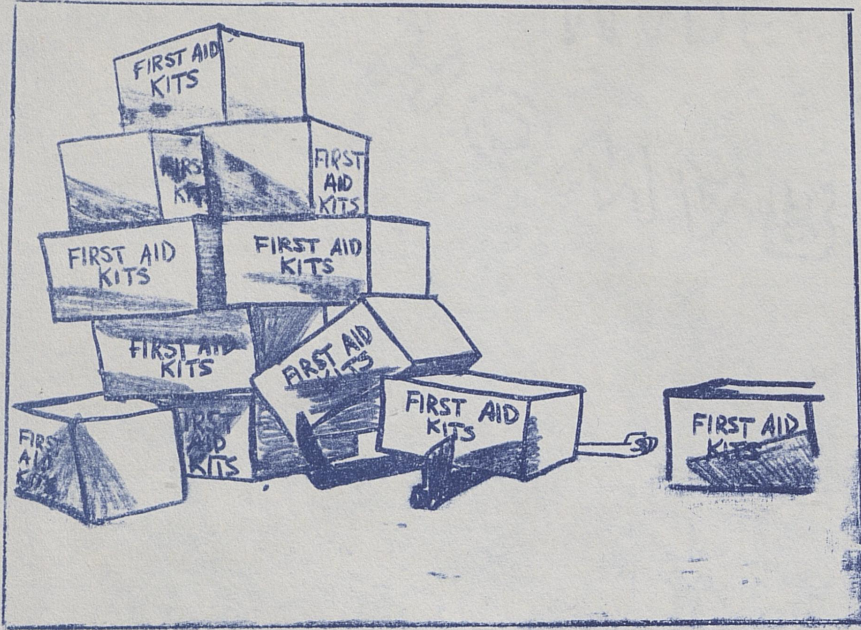
*And I discovered then and there,
Wherever I go, whatever I do;
All will have meant nothing--
If done without you.*

Benny Hamrick

THANKS H.H.
ANONYMOUS CONTRIBUTOR



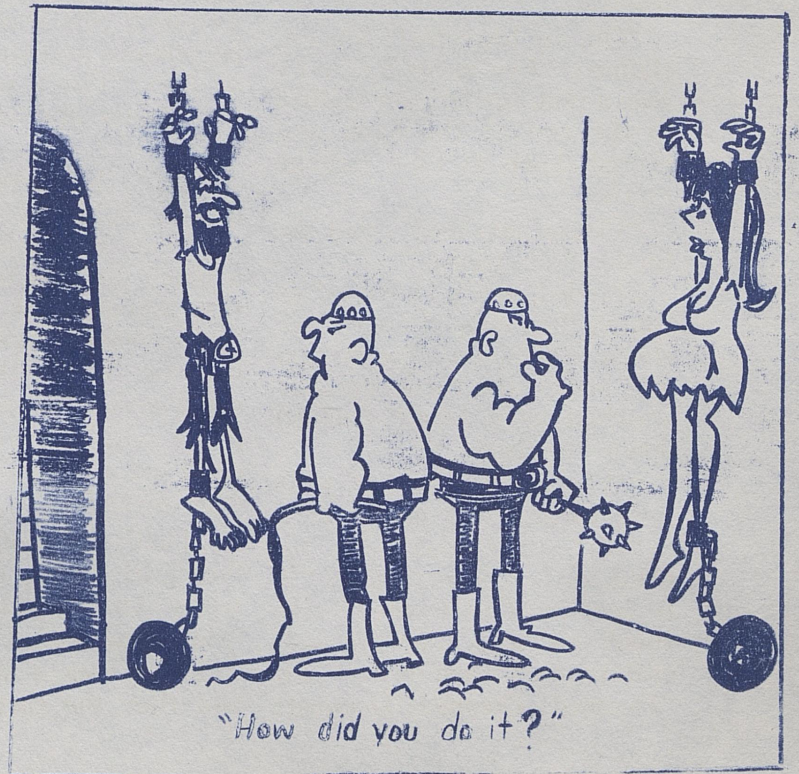
"Yes, Ma'am, I am fighting over you. But don't misunderstand, I just love to fight!"

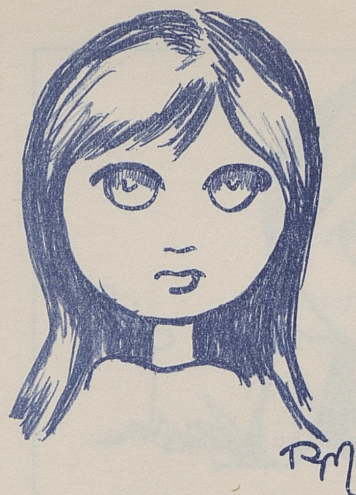


Ha! Ha!
SMILE

CARTOONS
= "giggle"
= "chuckle"

"Snort"
"AWHILE?"





The Legend of Creepy Hollow

By Jim Manley

A long time ago a pretty weird scene took place in a small stream just beyond the edge of the Black Forest. A little girl was walking along the bank when she spied a small, pink turtle staring at her from the edge of the water.

"Oh, my heaven's!" She exclaimed. "I've never before seen a pink turtle." She walked to the end of the bank and peered down at the strange reptile.

"Please help me," cried the turtle, "oh, please."

Startled, she glanced around, then slipped out of her shoes, waded into the stream and picked the turtle up. She watched as a tear trickled down his cheek.

"Why are you crying, poor little turtle? Are you sad?"

"Ah! Alas! Alas!" He replied, rather dramatically. "It is because I'm doomed." He shook his head sideways several times then went on, "Doomed! Doomed! Doomed!

Doomed forever to a watery life in this wretched stream. Doomed by the wicked witch who changed me from the prince I was to this morbid soul you see before you now. Ah! Fate. A thous--"

"The problem," the little girl interrupted.

"Eh?"

"Oh, come on, turtle," she snapped, "what's bugging you?"

"Uh, yes. Well, uh, oh, dear, dear, dear. The bank, my child, take me to the bank and I will tell you my story."

Together they sat at the edge of the water, she with her feet dangling in the cool stream, he with his hard shell drying fast in the hot sun.

"You see," he began, "once I was a prince, a grand and handsome prince. Why, I was voted prince of the year four times and runner-up twice. I had--"

"For Pete's sake! turtle," the little girl snapped and it was plain to see she was becoming irritated. She leaned back on her elbows and stared harshly at him. "Can't you just cut the drama and tell it like it is?"

"Oh," the turtle answered, quietly. When he spoke again, his voice was solemn. "Well, a witch did this to me a long time ago and now I'm doomed until someone comes along to help me. You're the first person I've seen in years. I guess that's why I got excited. I don't get a chance to be saved very often."

"That's a good line," the little girl said, nibbling absently on a blade of grass. "But what can I do?"

There was a short silence and then the turtle said: "I

must be kissed seven times at sundown on Saturday. Any Saturday."

Immediately the little girl became suspicious. She wiggled her toes in the water and watched the turtle closely. Was he trying to pull a fast one on her? She noticed that his color was much brighter now that he was dry and the thought struck her that a pink turtle would really be something to show the other kids. But on the other hand, a handsome prince of her own was not something to be taken lightly. Finally, she looked down at her reflection in the water and said, shyly, "Today is Saturday."

"I know," replied the turtle. He watched her closely, silently, waiting hopefully.

She sat up and brushed the debris from her elbows. Several moments went by, then; "I don't know if I can stay here until sundown. Mommy doesn't like for me to be out late, especially at night. You know, creepy things crawl around."

"But I will protect you," cried the alarmed turtle. "Your kisses will make me a prince again and I will go out and slay dragons for you. There is nothing to fear, little maiden."

"Well," she said hesitantly, swishing her feet. She reached up and brushed a long, golden tress from her eye. "It sounds alright, I guess.

What kind of kisses do I have to give you? Anything fancy?"

"No, my dear," answered the turtle, his voice filled with relief. "We wait for sundown now, that's all."

They talked while they waited, (Continued Next Page)

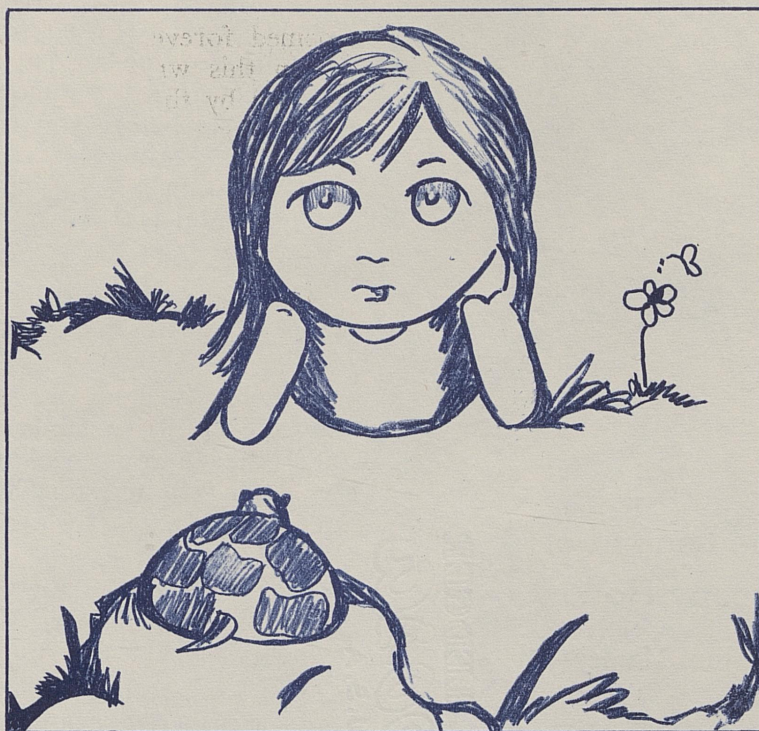
and while they waited, the sun rays filtering through the trees slowly began to fade. Night was on its way. One by one the birds began to hush as they searched out places to spend the night. The roar of the running stream grew louder as the day grew weaker. Crickets began to chirp. Creepy things began to slither and crawl. And in his heart, the turtle rejoiced; his time was near.

"Now," he said, and his voice trembled. "Now is the time. You must kiss me seven times, pretty little girl."

She picked him up and held him close to her face. There was something weird and unreal about the scene but she didn't know what it was. Overhead an owl screeched loudly and flapped its wings noisily as it lost its balance in the top of a tree. Not far away, a dragon snorted angrily. She heard a rustling sound off to her left and thought she saw something slithering through the grass. Then, a bullfrog croaked right behind her, scaring her so badly she almost dropped the turtle.

"Hurry!" The turtle warned. He twisted and squirmed as she held him, his legs kicking in mid air. "Hurry, or it will be too late."

She drew him near and looked in to his beady eyes. Darkness was fast hiding the fact that he was pink. In fact, he was beginning to look very much like an ordinary turtle. She glanced around at the fading light and the strange shapes the fast growing shadows were making and she wished she were home. She was getting hungry, too.



"Well," said the turtle, impatiently. "Well?"

The bullfrog croaked again. The owl screeched. Something big crashed thunderously through the nearby brush as something bigger chased after it. The wind whistled sharply through the trees.

The little girl was thinking furiously. She hoped the turtle was not lying to her, that he would turn into a prince. If he was lying, her mother would be very angry when she got home.

Hesitantly, very hesitantly, she drew the turtle to her lips, and, almost reluctantly, kissed it seven times. At the end of the seventh kiss, the earth beneath her trembled, blinding lights flashed across her mind, and her body began to shake. She felt as if she were caught up in a whirlpool, her whole being twisting and turn-

ing as she was slowly pushed from one end of a gigantic funnel to the other, and then, finally emerging quietly on the other side, face to face with the enchantment of the forest.

She opened her eyes and glanced upward. Towering above her was a tall, handsome prince of a man, young, elegant, dashing, and radiantly happy. He knelt quickly and held her at arms length. In the near darkness their eyes met briefly and she could see the reflection of happiness that came from the mirror of his soul. She saw in his eyes a look of understanding and gratitude. But there was also a look of sadness, a sincere sadness. And when he kissed her softly and gently placed her in the water, she knew why he was crying.

Reminiscence

*Remember when hippie meant big in the hips,
And tripping involved planes, cars, and ships?
Groovy meant furrowed with channels and hollows.
And birds were winged creatures like robins and swallows?*

*Remember when fuzz was fluffy like lint,
And bread came from bakeries instead of the mint?
A roll was a bun and a rock was a stone;
And hang - up was something you did with the phone?*

*Remember when chicken meant poultry and bag was a sack,
Junk was just garbage and old bric - a - brac?
When cat was a feline, a kitten grown up,
And tea was something you drank from a cup?*

*Remember when ice was frozen and wet,
And a scene was something you'd rather forget?
You say you remember all those days gone by?
Well, it's right you should; you're much older than I.*

Condensed and Revised
From the Eye Opener

Prison

By - Gary P. Barrow

The real prison is not the one outsiders know. The real prison is different - a loneliness which sinks its teeth into the very soul of men - an emptiness which leaves a sick feeling inside.

The real prison is anxiety that pushes and swells; an uncertainty which smothers and stifles. It is frustration, futility, and indifference.

The real prison suppresses, deadens, and crushes meaning. It is intrigue and violence without notoriety; without traditional trimmings or plot.

It is a place overlooked and discarded by the news media, seldom read about (truthfully) in books, and rarely (if ever) portrayed truthfully on TV and in motion pictures.

It is a place where men strive to find the answer to themselves, and a routine that makes mere living a weary task.

It is a place of both hope and hopelessness; a place where men pay a debt for years, but know that the debt will never really be paid in full.

The real prison is too many days without beauty; too many tears without honest laughter; too much emotional darkness without light.

The real prison is more formidable than wire fences, stone walls, steel bars, or guards. It is a bitterness in the hearts of those who become a part of it, because they are without friends.

The real prison is men whose very existence has been forgotten by an indifferent world; a world that shouts its contempt for the fumbling society of misfits which it holds in its grip; a world that listens, unhearing, unheeding, to the cries of the blighted.

The real prison is a worried mother's face in the visiting room, studying the face of a son who was once her pride and joy. It is the loneliness and devotion in a wife's or sweetheart's eyes when she speaks to her convict man, telling him of her love and of the children he left behind.

It is a vacant, sick feeling that grows in the minds of those who wait for a letter that never comes; for a visit that never happens.

The real prison is the strains of a familiar song that once belonged to a man and his woman, stabbing and torturing the memory.

The real prison is a nothingness of days; a loneliness of nights. It is a place where the full story is never told, and only those who have existed here can ever know its full meaning.

Loneliness is like a cancer - only worse. It doesn't really kill you; it grows in the mind until concentration and constructive thinking are sometimes permanently crippled.

These things are the real prison.

HV
8337
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Dec. 9, 1970