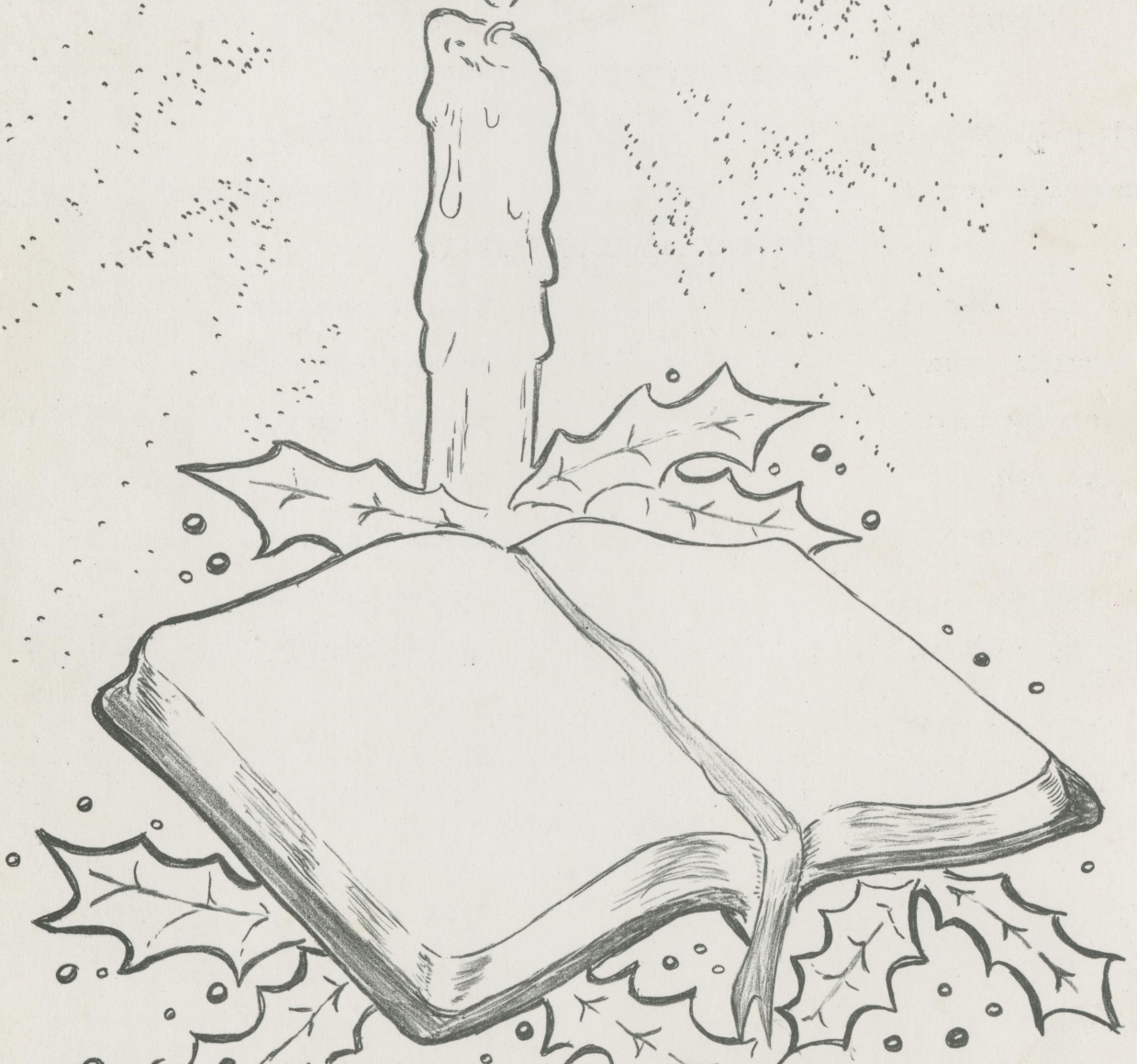


CASTLE



Yuletide Greetings



Honorable Wendell H. Ford
Governor

Honorable Julian Carroll
Lieutenant Governor

THE DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS

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Commissioner

Luther Luckett

Deputy Commissioner

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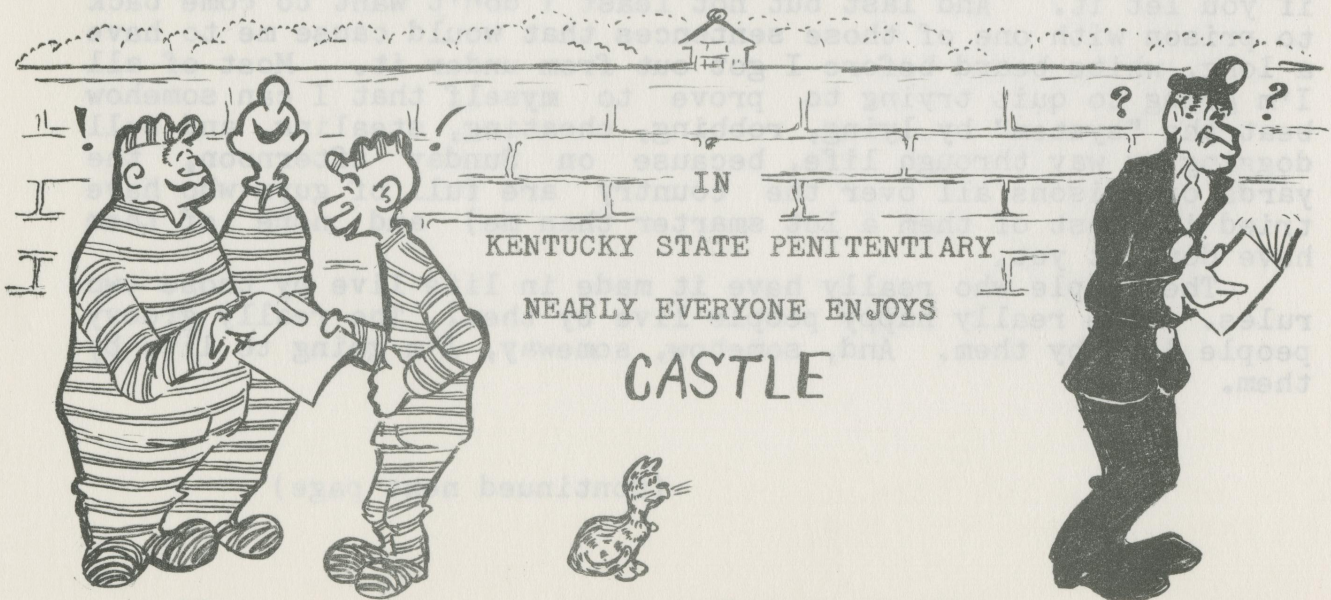
Press Operator

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CASTLE is published by the inmates of the Kentucky State Penitentiary near Eddyville. The primary purpose of this publication is to promote a better understanding between the prisoners and interested persons outside. The views and comments contained herein do not necessarily reflect those of the administration. Permission to reprint all material is granted provided the source is acknowledged. If there is any good here, use it with our blessings.

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FROM THE EDITOR

This will hopefully be my last issue as Editor of CASTLE. No! I haven't been busted. I made Parole. I'll be leaving soon and going home to sunny, Southern California.

When I look back over the years I've been here it doesn't seem a long time at all, and again, too, it seems like forever since my feet were on the bricks.

I'm going out of here with a positive attitude. I feel that I have made the "So-Called" wasted time count for something because I have changed since being here. I discovered some time ago that a man can change if he really wants to and the rules are fairly simple. As a matter of fact there are really only two. The first con-

sists in developing some sort of a love for life, no matter where you are or how tough the going seems to be, and the second one is treating the other guy like you would like to be treated regardless of who he is or what the color of his skin or his religion, or the fact that he represents authority, or whatever.

There they are: Two simple rules, but not quite as easy as they sound. Try them on for size if you don't believe me. See how long you can go for just one day living and acting by those rules. And I mean living and acting the part ONE-HUNDRED per cent. It can be done!

I've tried it and I feel it has worked for me. I tried it because I wanted to change. I wanted to change because I want the full benefits that life has to offer. I don't want to go around up tight and mad at the world anymore because good or bad, it's the only world we have, and if you stop and think about it, it's a pretty groovy world. I don't want to hate anymore because I've finally realized that hate is not "out-going" but "in-going" If you don't believe that, try hating the sink in your cell some night with all the hate and venom you can muster up and see if that sink cares one bit. But that same hate will eat you alive if you let it. And last but not least I don't want to come back to prison with one of those sentences that would cause me to have a long, white beard before I got out from under it. Most of all I'm going to quit trying to prove to myself that I can somehow beat the "system" by lying, robbing, cheating, stealing, and bull dogging my way through life, because on Sunday afternoon, the yards of prisons all over the country are full of guys who have tried it (most of them a lot smarter than me) and none of them have done it yet.

The people who really have it made in life live by those two rules. The really happy people live by them. The really groovy people live by them. And, somehow, someday, I'm going to live by them.

(Continued next page)

Last year we received one Christmas Card that stands out in our memory above all others.

Elegantly printed and reflecting the general good taste of the sender, the greeting consisted of only four words: "NEVERTHELESS----A HAPPY CHRISTMAS"

We have thought of the message of that card more than once during the intervening months. In a very real sense Christmas was, is, and always will be God's great "nevertheless" spoken to a fallen race.

It was a cruel and sordid world into which the first Christmas came. Civilization after civilization had rotted and died. At the moment Rome was supreme, and her mighty cities were filled with sin and shame and vice.

At that moment, the Scriptures tell us, "the fullness of the time had come." The clocks of heaven had struck. The cup of man's iniquity was filled to overflowing. But, behold! Instead of thunderbolts of judgment rolling through the skies, as men had every reason to expect, angel voices filled the midnight air with messages of peace on earth and God's good will toward men.

What a "nevertheless!" The world had given God nothing but sin, and in return He offers men nothing but grace.

The world had turned its back on God, but NEVERTHELESS--"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life."

Thank God, Christmas is still the great festival of "nevertheless" for you and me---also in the year of our Lord, 1972.

Our gift to the Lord at the end of another year may be another diary of scarlet sin, a record of pettiness, prejudice, lovelessness, sinful pride, and cruel selfishness.

NEVERTHELESS!! Nevertheless, God reaches down to you and me at Christmas-time with His message of peace, of pardon, of paradise reopened.

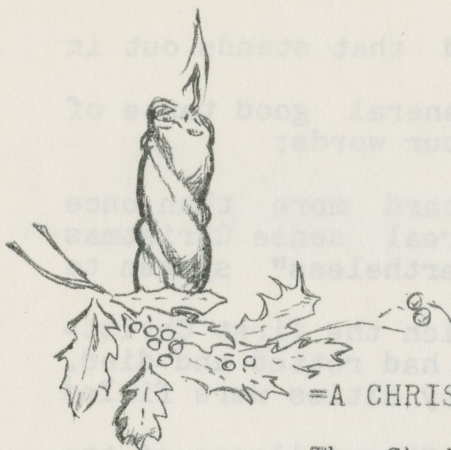
Christmas 1972 may find us weighted down with a peculiar cross that the Lord in heaven has fashioned just for our shoulder; loneliness, illness, pain, the limitations of old age, cruel slight by friends and loved ones, the loss of a beloved.

NEVERTHELESS!! Nevertheless, a Happy Christmas can be yours. For Christ has been born. And He is the mighty God, the Prince of Peace, your Savior, and your Lord.

It is He that assures you this Christmas, as He has so many times before, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world!"

There is, indeed, rich meaning, deep comfort, and great cheer in the greeting: "NEVERTHELESS----A HAPPY CHRISTMAS."



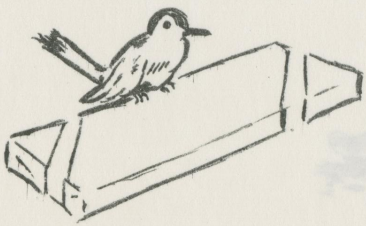


=A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE FROM COMMISSIONER HOLMES=

The Christmas season symbolizes the spirit of giving, and I hope that this spirit will pervade your thinking and govern your actions today and in the future. Inmates have talents, skills, and experiences that could help many people. Imparting to someone your strengths or saving them from your mistakes is worth more than fame or fortune, and these are truly the lasting gifts for they lift the human spirit.

During this Christmas season I hope we all can take time to reflect on our lives; What has been good and what has been bad, and how we can improve in the future. This, then -- the spirit of giving and reflection -- I hope for all this Christmas.

Commissioner Charles Holmes





A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE FROM
DEPUTY COMMISSIONER LUTHER LUCKETT

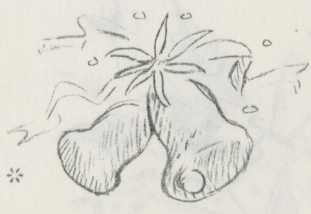
What do you look forward to at Christmas time?
Presents? Or the chance to please someone else?
What does Christmas really bring?

Hopefully, your removal from the commercial atmosphere and struggles will allow you to appreciate the deeper values of the season in a greater way. Few things are so bad that some small bit of good cannot come from them.

A young man from a foreign country came to the U.S. to attend college. A new friend invited him to attend a meeting, but on the appointed night it was pouring rain. The friend arrived with two umbrellas and they went to a church fellowship meeting. The young foreigner eventually became the Bishop of more than 100,000 of his countrymen, and a great leader of influence for peace and good.

The world is not appreciably changed by those who care for themselves alone. But it is transformed by those who do their best to enrich the lives of others. Check the biographies of great men and notice how their lives were changed and enlarged when they came to act out of concern for someone else. There is such a thing as a man changing his life all by himself, but it is very rare. Usually there is a man with two umbrellas.

Deputy Commissioner Luther Lockett





CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

Once again we approach the season which we traditionally call Christmas. A season which has, for two thousand years, been heralded by mankind as a time of peace and good-will. A season when a special feeling permeates our thinking, our activities and the atmosphere around us. A season that has, from its incipency, borne the earmark of GIVING and among men of good-will, it shall ever be.

Let us, then, pause in retrospect as we enter the holiday season with the festivities that mark its observance. May Hope and Peace prevail in every heart is our Christmas Wish for you.

Henry E. Cowan

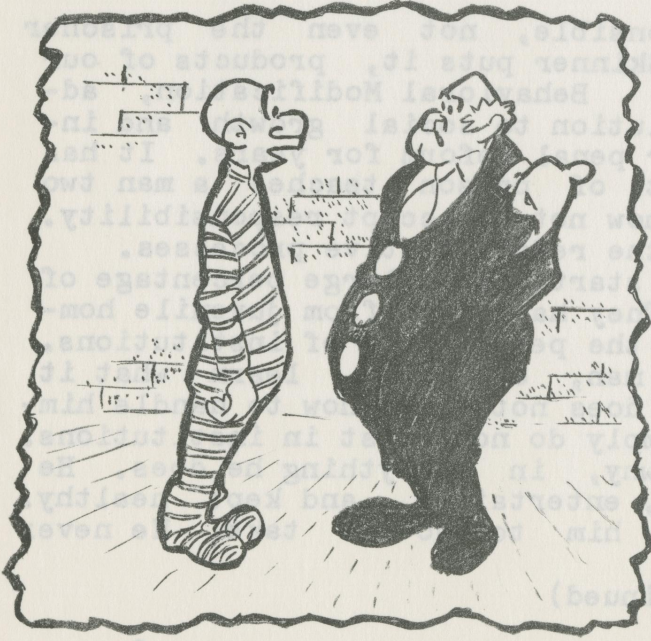


OL' HARD TIME gets
Yuletide Amnesty:

~~DISCIPLINARY~~
~~BOARD~~
ADJUSTMENT
COMMITTEE



D. RAZIN



JEANNIE

AN EDITORIAL OPINION:

=PRISON=

THE TIME CAPSULE

A young man enters prison. The gates close behind him and time stops. TIME STOPS!!

An old man leaves prison. The gates open to freedom for him, Time resumes its march. The old man was once the young man. There is no time between the day the gates close and open upon him. Time in prison stands still.

Men in prison stagnate while the world outside their walled environment passes by. The day the man enters prison the girls are wearing calf-length skirts with dozens of petticoats. Ten years later he leaves and they are wearing skirts high above the knee, and have burned their bras. They are no longer the girls of 1962, but the militant women of 1972.

In all of the time he spent inside, none of those changes taking place affected him. They were only vague rumors of a world barely remembered. Memories once bright are tarnished with years of handling. They were all he had to sustain him. Now he finds the whole world an alien place, one of strange sounds, sights, music, and social habits. He has suddenly been transported into the future from the past he dwelt in for so long.

A man in prison gains only the experience necessary for him to cope with that environment. He learns negativism. No matter how many opportunities are offered, how many progressive programs are available, he cannot truly relate these to the free world he will reenter one day. For whatever amount of time he serves, he learns nothing of the social obligations demanded of him by society. He does not experience problems that exist daily outside the walls. Problems that the average citizen copes with automatically,

Conflicts easily resolved by the 18-year-old will throw a 28-year-old ex-con into panic. Bills, rent, sickness, social obligations, he's never had any of them to handle. Experience-wise, he's still an 18-year-old after ten years of prison.

Few men in prison ever learn how to handle responsibility. The very irresponsibility that put them behind bars for breaking society's laws seems to be reinforced by the penal environment. Whose fault is it?

Surely no one person is responsible, not even the prisoner himself. We are all, as B. F. Skinner puts it, products of our genetic and environmental heritage. Behavioral Modification, advocated by Skinner as the only solution to social growth and integration, has been the basis for penal reform for years. It has been a failure. The environment of prison teaches a man two things: (1) Negativism, and (2) how not to accept responsibility. Decision making is not a part of the rehabilitative processes.

The rehabilitative processes start, for a large percentage of men in prison, at an early age. They have gone from juvenile homes to penitentiaries, right on up the penal scale of institutions. In not one of these places does a man, or child, learn what it means to be self-sufficient. He does not learn how to handle himself in social situations that simply do not exist in institutions. He is told when, where, how, and why, in everything he does. He is fed, clothed, housed, educated, entertained, and kept healthy. He takes, there is nothing for him to do but take. He never learns how to give or earn.

(Continued)

He does learn how to hustle, wheel and deal, and connive. He learns ways to commit new crimes in bull sessions with his fellow prisoners. He does by rote, what he will do tomorrow, next week, next year, 10 years from now. Every day is the same, even the minor variations in routine can be predicted. He never learns to be responsible for himself in order to have a stable, orderly life in the free world. He learns one thing. How to survive in prison.

Release him and he returns to prison. Often with a new crime. A crime committed in order to survive in the only way he knows how. He is rejecting a society that has rejected him. He has become a savage in civilization. His jungle is the prison, his native habitat. There he is able to compete and survive on the very terms instilled in him by the authorities that released him.

Turn out this institutionalized young man and from one hour to the next he has gone from complete dependency to total independency; from no responsibility to full responsibility...and he panics. The trauma is terrific! The savage thrust into the concrete jungles of civilization of the future. Whose fault is it? His? The prison? The state's? Society's? Yours?

Yes! It is all our faults. All of us are to blame. The young men cannot accept responsibility because we have not accepted our responsibility to him.... or to ourselves.

I've said: "I, we, us, and ourselves," because like many men in prison I have learned a great deal about prisons in relation to society and the way it works. Because many of us are fighting a battle to regain our lost place in society. Because in doing so, we have aligned ourselves with the law-abiding segments of the free world. Because it is the entire social establishment, as well as the men-in-gray who must bring about needed reforms in order to stop wasting the lives of thousands of prisoners.

A lot of cons don't like to admit that there are people in the world who are behind prison reforms. But there are. Unfortunately, they are voices in an apathetic wilderness. Prison officials would make changes if they could, but society will not let them. Society will demand reforms, but the law will not uphold them. There is no cohesion and no unity. Still there are those who try.

If we who try, fail, then it is because of the forces of disapproval, of hatred, of ignorance, and of fear arrayed against us. No prisoner, no agency, no socially aware group can succeed against the masses who refute change.

Too long have we been swept aside, thrust into the dirty linen closet, hidden away from the eyes of the world like horribly deformed children. You cannot blind your eyes, deafen your ears, and hold your tongues in hopes that we will disappear, like bad dreams. We are real. And we exist by the thousands. There are a lot of answers. But too few ask the questions. Those who recognize the futility of the present prison system are too few to bring about positive changes.

How can we condemn Buchenwald and Bergen-Belson when we allow such tragic waste of lives in our own country? Since the dawn of mankind the watchword has been "progress". But as long as the public refuses to face the facts, they must bear the guilt for the prisons they silently condone.

(Continued next page)

Some of the answers to the questions that must be asked are: Smaller prisons without the miasma of defeat and failure of these stone-walled monstrosities. The majority of men going to prison are hurt more than they are helped by places like this. Small facilities within the community or near the community where a man is sentenced. Most prisoners and their families are poor. So with today's prisons he's apt to be separated by hundreds of miles from his loved ones. Work release programs for long-term prisoners. Conjugal visits. More communication and inter-relationships with the community. Jaycee clubs and others have proven highly successful in the past in other states. Educate the community as to the value of men in prison and destroy the stereotyped image that is so erroneous.

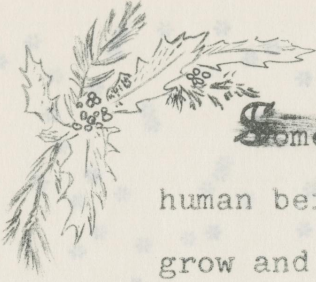
Give us more, much more, responsibility in nearly every phase of life inside. Let us help in making the decisions of programming, life-structuring, and living conditions. These are merely a few of the many things that can be done. And they are not new suggestions forwarded by me. Penologists, criminologists, psychologists, and psychiatrists have all said this much and more in their studies of needed prison reform.

But these things cannot be done without the active support of you, the public, the administrations, the politicians, and the convicts. Lip service is not enough. For without your aid, prisons will always be a mark of society's failure to understand and cope with its "Misfitted" youth.

Do these things and more, and you will open the Time Capsule. For the man-in-gray, time will never again cease to move forward.

Bob Redmon





A PASSING THOUGHT

Somewhere in the world I wish there were more human beings who could realize that characters grow and are capable of growing. I know of nothing more discouraging to an individual than to have his rehabilitation and growth completely discounted by red ink marks on the debt side of the ledger, maybe years ago.

The idea that the man of today should be evaluated in terms of a crime committed twenty years ago makes a mockery of rehabilitation and of penology. Frankly, I don't know how society expects to encourage rehabilitation if it doesn't give credit to individuals who by dint of long, hard work and careful thinking have rehabilitated themselves.

I think we should encourage it by giving a pat on the back to the guy who takes off his coat and goes to work rehabilitating himself. If human beings can't grow, if they can't change, if they can't develop, and if hard, constructive work can't blot out the mistakes of the past, then life is a mockery.

Erle Stanley Gardner



CHRISTMAS EVE WITH SNOW

Christmas Eve in the garden lay dark
On the lily pool, icicle rimmed,
And the ghosts of the flowers of June,
Were frail flowers of frost in the wind.

At the window a little girl watched,
"If it's true," she said, turning about,
"That each snowflake is different, I'm glad
That I'm not the one cutting them out!"

For so clearly the mind of the child
Can separate power and plan,
Of a universe, ordered and sure,
From the wandering purpose of man.

Can a world undemolished by storm,
That no glacier, no earthquake can break,
Be imperiled by human neglect,
Or be shattered by human mistake?

Surely patience lasts longer than protest,
And beauty lasts longer than pain,
And we don't have to cut out the snowflakes,
We don't have to turn on the rain!

Bob Redmon



SOME FACTS ABOUT XMAS

Once again the month of December arrives with the annual celebrated birth of Jesus Christ on the 25th. It is impossible to determine the exact date of the birth of Christ, either from the evidence of the Gospels, or from any sound tradition.

During the first three centuries of the Christian Era there was considerable opposition in the church to the pagan custom of celebrating birthdays, although there is some indication that a purely religious commemoration of the birth of Christ was included in the feast of the Epiphany. After the triumph on Constantine, the Church of Rome assigned December 25th as the date for the celebration of the feast, possibly about 320 or 353 A.D. By the end of the fourth century the whole Christian world was celebrating Christmas on that day, with the exception of the Eastern Church, where it was celebrated on January 6.

In England, the Puritans condemned the celebration and from 1642 to 1652, issued a series of ordinances forbidding all church services and festivities. This feeling was carried over to America by the pilgrims and it was not until the nineteenth century wave of Irish and German immigration that enthusiasm for the feast began to spread throughout the country. Objections were swept aside and the old traditions revived among the Protestants as well as the Catholics.

Christmas Carols date back before the thirteenth century, but until that time, century hymns in honor of the Nativity of Christ were generally solemn and strictly religious.

Christmas decorations were brought in the medieval German plays, when a tree, the Paradeisbaum (tree of paradise) was used to symbolize the Garden of Eden. After the suppression of these plays, the tree was used in the home, and gradually there evolved the custom of decorating it with cookies, fruit, and eventually candles. The use of mistletoe, evergreen wreaths, lights, etc... was brought about later.

The origin of the Christmas Card is disputed. According to some, William Egley, an English artist, designed a card in 1842, while others give credit to John C. Horsely who was commissioned by Sir Henry Cole to design a Christmas card for him in 1875. At the present time over two billion cards are sent annually in the United States.

Santa Claus is another American symbol of Christmas. Early Dutch settlers of New Amsterdam introduced the idea of Santa Claus. They called him St. Nicholas and in Europe had celebrated his Feast Day, December 6, with festive sports and gifts for children. The name Santa Claus thus came into American English through the Dutch.

In 1822, Clement C. Moore, a New York professor of Theology wrote a poem titled, "Twas The Night Before Christmas". His old St. Nick had clothes of fur, twinkling eyes, merry dimples, cheeks like roses, and nose like a cherry, beard white as snow, and round belly "that shook when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly." This protrait became indelibly stamped in the imaginations of American children.

Bob Redmon

LEGAL NOTES

Since the last article, the United States Supreme Court has affirmed its opinion of last June, holding the Death Penalty as unconstitutional to the thirty-eight states who maintained the Death Penalty as deterrent to capital punishment.

The Chicago Tribune, Monday, October 9, 1972, featured an article on the states who had abolished the Death Penalty and the years of abolishment prior to the Supreme Court's ruling. Further stating the areas' change. Such as Tucker Penitentiary in Arkansas, using the chair for cutting inmates' hair. Pennsylvania's execution room has been partitioned into offices for jailhouse counselors. New Hampshire is storing potatoes and other vegetables in the drop portion of the gallows. Idaho uses theirs to store medical supplies and equipment. Connecticut claims that the closing of their Death Row has been a saving of \$50,000 a year in not having to man the area around the clock.

Among the other states named is Kentucky. This being only part true. Kentucky as many other states' condemned men are having to suffer further restraints because of the slow court process in the original trial courts in resentence procedure.

Presently pending the Federal Court action is a class action on Kentucky Death Row prisoners for an injunction ordering them removed to original trial courts for resentencing. Many of these men have accrued parole time for review.

The Kentucky Prisoner who was to be executed September 1, 1972, was only timely saved from State Law Execution by inmate representation, the Clerk of the U.S. Supreme Court, and the public awareness through news media by the Superintendent, even though the penalty was declared void.

Three Kentucky prisoners are now awaiting the Federal Court to order their sentences of life without privilege of parole, on the convictions of murder and robbery. These convictions are unconstitutional because the only statute prescribing such punishment is Rape.

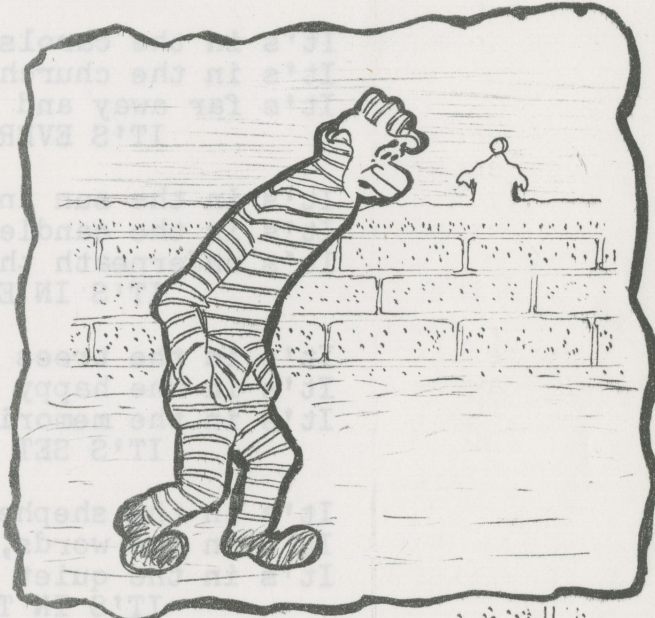
MISSOURI'S LOSS, KENTUCKY'S GAIN

Thirteen states have an Interstate Compact agreement for the exchange of prisoners. Kentucky recently exchanged four prisoners with the state of Missouri. In the exchange we lost a good writ man and gained two. These men are tough! The old saying goes: I'm from Missouri, you'll have to show me, surely holds true. They are showing me! They have brought new areas of law to our post-conviction remedy as applied in Federal Courts under Federal Standards as we all shall see the betterment for it.

Up to date we have eleven men under life sentences awaiting either freedom or relief in the courts. Four of these men are under the Fifth Amendment (Double Jeopardy), where punishment was imposed on each principle charge and the addition of life was imposed as Habitual Criminal Act. Another is presently awaiting the Supreme Court reaffirmance of the Sixth Circuit Court of Appeals decision on this point.

Chas Ringo

OL' HARD TIME and a slight
Christmas conspiracy:



Poetry



THE MAGIC OF CHRISTMAS

It's in the carols sweet and clear,
It's in the church bells that you hear,
It's far away and it is near.....
IT'S EVERYWHERE!!

It's in the sun and in the snow,
It's in the candles all aglow,
It's underneath the mistletoe.....
IT'S IN EACH PRAYER!!

It's in the trees and in the toys,
It's in the happy girls and boys,
It's in the memories and the joys.....
IT'S SET APART!!

It's in the shepherds on the Hill,
It's in the words, 'Peace and Good Will,'
It's in the quiet and the still.....
IT'S IN THE HEART!!!

Bob Redmon



DuKarr



A red rose I'll wear in a special way
For all the world to see,
And to let you know in my own simple way
All the wonderful things that you are to me.

So Mom, please don't cry, or wonder why,
When you read what I'm writing to you,
It's because I love you,
And will until I die.

And thank God for your love so true,
You're my light from heaven---my "guiding star",
All the warmth from God above.
I could never on earth explain what you are,
But simply, that you are love.

On the velvet red petals there is mist and dew
Mingling with my fallen tear,
Because Mom, I can't be with you
On this special day of the year.

The rose that I wear may someday turn white,
And be drenched with my sad falling tears,
But thank God for your sweet shining light,
I'll remember for all my years.


I won't sleep tonight, Mom, I'll think and pray,
And hope that my prayers will come true,
That next year you will find me where I can say,
"Merry Christmas, Mom," to you!!!

johnnie garcia



A TOUCH OF GOD

THE COMING OF THE MESSIAH



IN THOSE DAYS A DECREE WAS ISSUED BY THE EMPEROR AUGUSTUS FOR A GENERAL REGISTRATION THROUGHOUT THE ROMAN WORLD. THIS WAS THE FIRST REGISTRATION OF ITS KIND. IT TOOK PLACE WHEN QUIRINIUS WAS GOVERNOR OF SYRIA. FOR THIS PURPOSE EVERYONE MADE HIS WAY TO HIS OWN TOWN, AND SO JOSEPH WENT UP TO NAZARETH IN GALILEE, TO BE REGISTERED AT THE CITY OF DAVID, CALLED BETHLEHEM, BECAUSE HE WAS OF THE HOUSE OF DAVID BY DESCENT. AND WITH HIM WENT MARY WHO WAS BETROTHED TO HIM. SHE WAS PREGNANT, AND WHILE THEY WERE THERE THE TIME CAME FOR HER CHILD TO BE BORN, AND SHE GAVE BIRTH TO A SON, HER FIRST BORN. SHE WRAPPED HIM ROUND AND LAID HIM IN A MANGER, BECAUSE THERE WAS NO ROOM FOR THEM TO LODGE IN THE HOUSE.

NOW IN THIS SAME DISTRICT THERE WERE SHEPHERDS OUT IN THE FIELDS, KEEPING WATCH THROUGH THE NIGHT OVER THEIR FLOCKS, WHEN SUDDENLY THERE STOOD BEFORE THEM AN ANGEL OF THE LORD, AND THE SPLENDOUR OF THE LORD SHONE ROUND THEM. THEY WERE TERROR-STRUCK BUT THE ANGEL SAID, "DO NOT BE AFRAID, I HAVE GOOD NEWS FOR YOU, THERE IS GREAT JOY COMING TO THE WHOLE PEOPLE. TODAY IN THE CITY OF DAVID A DELIVERER HAS BEEN BORN TO YOU--THE MESSIAH THE LORD. AND THIS IS YOUR SIGN: YOU WILL FIND THE BABY LYING ALL WRAPPED UP, IN A MANGER." ALL AT ONCE THERE WAS WITH THE ANGEL, A GREAT COMPANY OF THE HEAVENLY HOST, SINGING THE PRAISES OF GOD:

"GLORY TO GOD IN HIGHEST HEAVEN, AND ON EARTH HIS PEACE FOR MEN ON WHOM HIS FAVOUR RESTS."

AFTER THE ANGELS HAD LEFT THEM AND GONE INTO HEAVEN THE SHEPHERDS SAID TO ONE ANOTHER "COME, WE MUST GO STRAIGHT TO BETHLEHEM AND SEE THIS THING THAT HAS HAPPENED, WHICH THE LORD HAS MADE KNOWN TO US." SO THEY WENT WITH ALL SPEED AND FOUND THEIR WAY TO MARY AND JOSEPH, AND THE BABY WAS LYING IN THE MANGER. WHEN THEY SAW HIM, THEY RECOUNTED WHAT THEY HAD BEEN TOLD ABOUT THIS CHILD, AND ALL WHO HEARD WERE ASTONISHED AT WHAT THE SHEPHERDS SAID. BUT MARY TREASURED UP ALL THESE THINGS AND PONDERED OVER THEM. MEANWHILE, THE SHEPHERDS RETURNED GLORIFYING AND PRAISING GOD FOR WHAT THEY HAD HEARD AND SEEN. IT ALL HAPPENED AS THEY HAD BEEN TOLD!



SANTA COMES TO THE CASTLE

'Twas the night before Christmas, the CASTLE was still;
The inmates were sleeping, as most of them will.
The laundry bags were hung on the bars with care,
In hopes that St. Nick would soon be there.
The men were all peacefully dreaming in bed,
As visions of freedom danced in their heads.
Then out in the compound arose such a roar,
I ran to the window to find out the score,
I pushed up the sash and started to shout,
"Just what the ---- is all the racket about?"
A moon made for boondocking shone on the snow,
It was pretty darn cold out, about ten below.
What I saw looked like one of those carnival floats,
'Twas a rowboat drawn by four Billy Goats!
In the boat was a man, very quiet and moody,
I knew in an instant that St. Nick was on duty.
As quick as a Monday his Billy Goats came,
He whistled and shouted and called them by name;
"Now Henry, now William, Now Davey and Jones,
What's the matter John Paul, got lead in your bones?
A little to the right, now haul it up short,
No sluffing off now, or you'll go on report!"
He was in his dress "reds", they fit like a charm,
He had hash marks that covered the length of his arm.
The gifts to be issued were all in his pack.
Beats me how he made it with all that on his back!
His eyes were watering, his nose caked with ice,
He wiped it with kleenex, then sneezed once or twice.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old tar,
He stroked his beard and stared at the bars.
Then he said, "Ho, Ho, Ho," as he climbed back into place,
And looking around with a broad smile on his face.
"MERRY CHRISTMAS," he said as he drove away,
"Now I'll finish up my rounds and sack in for the day."

Bob Redmon



THAT'S A LOT OF KORN

The history books have never told the true story about why the South lost the Civil War. It was because of bourbon.

Booze gets the blame for about everything, so why not this? To explain: Kentucky bourbon was a large source of income for this state about that time—and right now, too, for that matter.

The Commonwealth was shipping a lot of grog up into Yankeeland, helping to get Abe Lincoln's bluecoats in the right frame of mind to do battle when the South seceded. Kentucky was asked to choose sides, but chose to remain neutral, probably figuring that two customers were better than one.

President Lincoln respected Kentucky's position and kept his troops from crossing into the state and all was going well down at the still until some Johnny Rebs got nervous and strayed into the Commonwealth.

Gen. Polk marched into the state and this infuriated a lot of Kentuckians enough to join up with the Yankees.

This gave the North control in the battle of the rivers, which proved a decisive factor in the Civil War. The North was drinking to victory and the South trying to drown their sorrows and Kentucky was cashing in on it all.

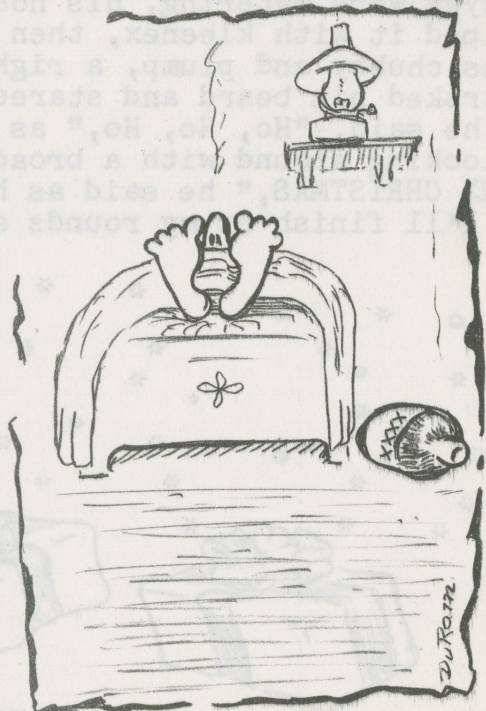
The Lincoln's always understood the value of good bourbon. Tom Lincoln used to make it near Knob Hill, Ky., and young Abe toted his lunch to him each day, and sometimes helped dump buckets of mash into the malting tubs and stir it with a wooden rake.

When Tom Lincoln sold his farm in 1816 and moved to Indiana he was paid twenty dollars in cash and 400 gallons of bourbon. It wasn't that Tom was going on a toot in Indiana; bourbon was the same as cash on the barrelhead and legal tender about anywhere.

In ferrying his family toward his new home, the raft overturned and guess what old Tom saved first—the bourbon, naturally. He was sharp enough to know that wives and kids and furniture he could find anywhere, but good Kentucky stump water was mighty hard to come by.

Mark Twain was a great Kentucky bourbon fancier and seldom traveled anywhere without a jug of the spirits. At one customs office he was asked what he had in his suitcase. "Only clothes," Twain told them. Then the customs man opened it and pulled out the booze and demanded an explanation. Twain without batting an eye, told them: "That's my nightcap!"

Bob Redmon



CHRISTMAS



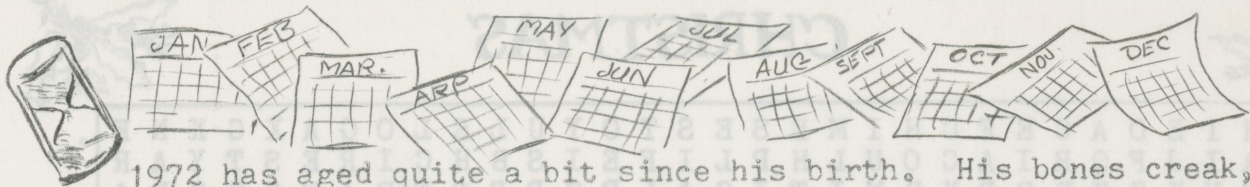
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MERRY CHRISTMAS
NOEL
JOY
PEACE
COMMERCIALISM
TOYS
TREE
CAROLS
WREATH
GIFTS
YULE LOG
CHRIST
DASHER
CELEBRATION
CHRISTMAS EVE
EPIPHANY

JESUS
BIBLE
MISTLETOE
BETHLEHEM
DANCER
SANTA CLAUS
EVERGREEN
CHURCH
GREETING
ORNAMENTS
STOCKINGS
FIRE PLACE
CHIMNEY
ELVES
COMET
LIGHTS

CHIMES
WISE MEN
SHOPPING
LOVE
SNOW
RUDOLPH
SLEIGH
MANGER
JOLLY
HOLY
HOLLY
MARY
CANDY
REINDEER
GOOD WILL
YAMS

PRANCER
VIXEN
MESSIAH
MESSENGER
HAPPINESS
CANDY CANE
POINSETTIA
ANGEL HAIR
CUPIT
SAVIOR
SPIRIT
RESPECT
UNITY
DONDER
BLITZEN
HO HO HO



1972 has aged quite a bit since his birth. His bones creak, his face is wrinkled, and his mind wildly races with confusion.

He has been battered and torn with our tense rat race lives, Living on the edge of self-destruction or insanity.

War, pollution, drug abuse, racial conflicts, ideological confrontations, which are all misunderstandings resolved by violence and ended in misery, discontent, self-disgust and confusion. Most of these conditions still exist, while we, knowing their existence and cause continue on in our foolish ways.

Steps are being taken to reason out the causes of such horrid displays of misunderstanding. Psychology, Sociology, environmental influences, religion, and individual cults, all of which are so complex and profound that, to the outsider, they border on insanity.

To accept one for what one is, and to try to respect his ideas or way of life is a positive step in the direction of salvation. To respect the man next to you, his life and his people, is far easier and more rewarding.

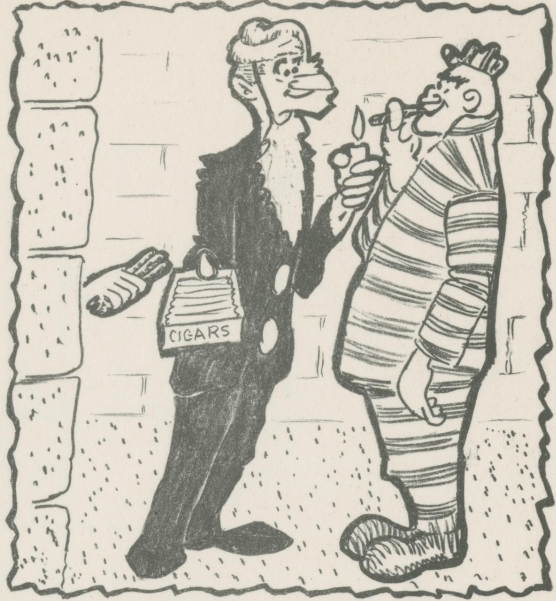
This may not be the complete, or the right, answer but it is a start on the road to happiness. While waiting for Nirvana we can at least live without misery, discontent, and self-disgust.

So, as 1972 sheds his last tear, let us look to 1973 as innocent children, not knowing the sorrows of the past. Let us be in hopes that from this New Year coming up we can learn to live together and to love one another.

Bob Redmon

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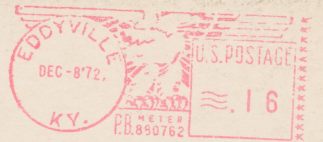
MISTER SCREW and the Yuletide spirit:



DuRant



CASTLE
BOX 128
STATE PRISON
EDDYVILLE, KY.
42038



♪♪♪♪♪
HARK! THE HAIRY ANGELS SING

