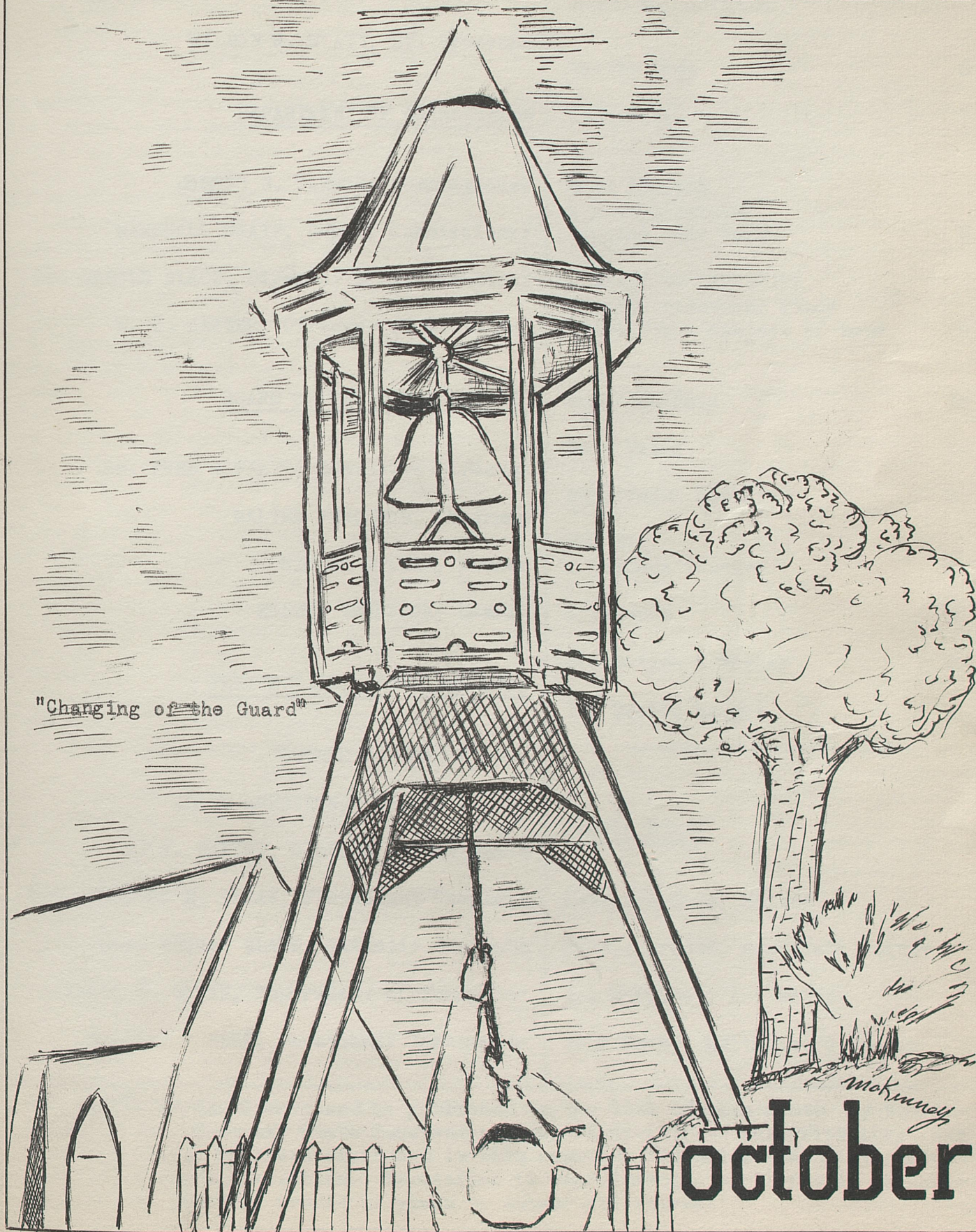


Castle on the Cumberland



"Changing of the Guard"

October

Mokunoff

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The Honorable BERT T. COMBS, Governor

WILSON W. WYATT, Lt. Governor

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MARSHALL SWAIN, Deputy Commissioner

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Rev. THOMAS CLARK, Catholic Chaplain

HENRY E. COWAN, Supervisor of Education

WILLIAM EGBERT, Vocational Instructor

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Sen Dir Dist 14 Nov 63

KENTUCKY GOES TO OHIO TO FIND QUALIFIED MAN TO FILL LONG-VACANT COMMISSIONER'S POST

JOSEPH G. CANNON OF OHIO PENAL SYSTEM NAMED KY. COMMISSIONER OF CORRECTIONS

What was termed by Governor Bert Combs as a "long, long search" to find a qualified man for the vacant post of Commissioner of Corrections culminated last month in the appointment of Joseph G. Cannon of Ohio to Kentucky's top penal slot.

The LOUISVILLE TIMES said the appointment of Cannon is considered the first "nonpolitical" selection for the job. Cannon will be the "first professionally trained career man ever to hold the job," the newspaper stated.

The new Commissioner of Corrections, who will have charge of all State prisons in addition to the parole and probation division, was Assistant Commissioner of the Ohio Department of Corrections when Governor Combs appointed him No. 1 man in Kentucky. He holds a master's degree (Ohio State University) in social work with a specialization in correctional administration, and he has had 14 years of penal experience in Ohio's prison system.

Cannon will assume his new duties here this month. Marshall Swain, who has been filling in as Acting Commissioner following the resignation seven months ago of Carlos Oakley, former Commissioner, will resume his original position of Deputy Commissioner.

Now 38 years old, Cannon is married and the father of seven children. Following his graduation from Holy Rosary High School in his home town, Columbus, Ohio, he served three years in the wartime navy. In 1946, he matriculated at Ohio State, where an earlier interest in police administration was channeled into specialization in correctional studies. In 1949, he took a job as a caseworker in the Ohio Penitentiary and worked toward his master of arts degree in his spare time.

LOUISVILLE TIMES writer Dick Berger, who interviewed the new Commissioner at Columbus, describes him as a large man (210 pounds) with thinning, crewcut red hair who played varsity basketball and football at Ohio State. He is married to the former Mary Elizabeth Scallan of Columbus. Mrs. Cannon was a registered nurse.

The paper quoted Commissioner Cannon as saying he will make no immediate drastic changes, and that changes will be made "in an orderly fashion."

It said Cannon's philosophy of penology consists of "giving a man an insight into his own problems and giving him some skills to cope with life on the outside" as a long-range adjunct to the more immediate responsibility of holding the offender in a humane manner for the duration of his sentence.

M. R. Mills, Chairman of the Governor's Task Force on Corrections and a member of the new Corrections Commission, was instrumental in selecting Cannon for the \$15,000-a-year position. Cannon was listed as qualified by several national organizations, including the National Council on Crime and Delinquency. It was this body whose report on Kentucky's outmoded penal system shocked the state earlier this year.

Governor Combs had earlier promised to find a professionally trained man to fill the top spot in the Department of Corrections as part of his program of prison reform.

KSP DEPUTY WARDEN NAMED ASSOC. CHAIRMAN

Lloyd Armstrong, Deputy Warden of this institution, was recently appointed Chairman of the Central States Deputy Wardens Association. The appointment is for the 1963-64 fiscal year.

Eighteen states are represented by the Association.

PRISON'S INTERIOR FILMED FOR AREA TV:
BOB SWISHER SPEAKS TO INMATES AT CHAPEL

Two area TV personalities who have developed an interest in penal affairs visited the prison last month. The two were Bob Swisher, Production Manager for WPSD-TV, and Gene Compton, News Director of the Paducah broadcasting station. Compton came armed with a movie camera.

While Swisher held the attention of a large group of inmates gathered in the KSP chapel to hear him, Compton mounted the stairs of the projection booth to film the scene for airing on a regular WPSD newscast. During the talk, Compton was presented with a certificate of achievement for his work in publicizing the problems of the 80-year-old institution. An inmate group made the presentation.

The two broadcasters also showed a brief film feature showing the operation of the Paducah TV station. Following the talk, Deputy Warden Lloyd Armstrong escorted the pair through the prison, where more footage was shot.

The films were shown on the mid-morning newscast the following day.

HAVE FAITH IN LIFE, SENATOR GARRETT
URGES PRE-RELEASE STUDENTS IN ASSEMBLY

Faith in life and faith in our fellow souls -- these, said Senator Tom Garrett in his address last month to the pre-release class, are impossible to live without.

The Paducah Democrat, in the State Senate since 1961, remarked to the group of inmates that all individuals, regardless of their circumstances, have obstacles to hurdle. But, he added, none is insurmountable.

He urged the men to consider their present position as "a fleeting thing," and to work toward a "faith fit to live by, a self fit to live with."

The Senator's address was attended by interested inmates as well as by the men

assigned to the new pre-release class as a prerequisite to leaving the institution.

A native son of Paducah, Senator Garrett is a graduate of the University of Kentucky's School of Law.

MICHIGAN STRIVES TO ELIMINATE "HOLE"

Prisoners sentenced to solitary confinement in Michigan institutions once were fed only bread and water, and sentences to "the hole" were unlimited, says WEEKLY PROGRESS, the newspaper of the branch prison at Marquette.

Then, about five years ago, a maximum limit of 15 days was placed on this type of punishment, and one meal a day was fed to convicts in punishment cells.

But today, under a directive issued by Michigan's Director of Corrections Gus Harrison, no prisoner may be confined longer than five days without his express consent, and the absolute top limit is ten days. Moreover, two meals a day are now fed in solitary, where prisoners sleep on boards and are given a blanket for warmth.

A further requirement is that men in solitary be examined daily by a member of the medical staff.

Harrison said that since the new policy was adopted, not a single sentence in excess of five days has been imposed in Michigan prisons. Most sentences consist of two or three days, he stated. Yet the number of disciplinary problems has not increased under the more lenient policy. On the contrary, said Harrison, there have been fewer violations of prison rules than at any time in his memory.

"Except for very serious or repeated offenses, the temporary loss of privileges often can serve as sufficient punishment." He condemned solitary confinement as "cruel and barbaric" and stated that "some day we hope to replace solitary confinement completely."

MASSACHUSETTS ATTORNEYS AND NEWSMEN ARE WELL ON WAY TOWARD ADOPTING NEWS CODE

EDITOR'S NOTE: In any free society, there are instances in which the freedoms of individuals and the freedoms of groups conflict in such a way that only an all-but-indiscernible line separates right and wrong.

In theory at least, persons accused of crime in English-speaking countries enjoy considerable protection of their right to a fair and impartial trial. In practice, as we all know, these rights are sometimes abridged or infringed upon. And, in some cases, the fault seems to lie with the press -- or at least with the more sensational segments of the press. Occasionally the infringement takes the form of news coverage that is heavily biased against the defendant or that makes public facts that the court itself is bound not to reveal. Such practices very clearly make a mockery of the rights guaranteed to accused persons by the U. S. Constitution.

On the other hand, everyone -- lawbreaker and lawabider alike -- benefits when the press is free to live up to its responsibility to inform the public of all the news, without bias or restraint. Protective legislation carries with it the danger of setting precedents that could eventually do away with this very important freedom.

In Massachusetts, a group of attorneys and journalists -- the Massachusetts Bar-Press Committee -- has published a guide for lawyers and newsmen in an attempt to insure the accused the constitutional right to unbiased trial while leaving the freedom of the press intact. According to the MENTOR (Mass. Prison publication), this code has already been approved by a majority of the Massachusetts Bar Associations and the Massachusetts press. Provisions of the code, as reported by the MENTOR, follow:

MASSACHUSETTS BAR-PRESS CODE:

A key to the Committee's guide is the permissive printing of evidence or

statements only after they have been made a part of the court records of the trial.

NEWSPAPERS are urged to refrain from:

1. Publication of the criminal record ... of the accused or discreditable acts of the accused after an indictment is returned or during the trial unless made part of the evidence in the court record.
2. Publication of interviews with subpoenaed witnesses after an indictment is returned.
3. Publication of testimony stricken by the court unless reported as having been stricken.
4. Publication of names of juveniles involved in juvenile proceedings unless the names are released by the judge.
5. Publication of "leaks," statements or conclusions as to the innocence or guilt of the defendant, implied or expressed, by the police, prosecuting authorities or defense counsel.

THE BAR is urged to refrain from:

1. Statements or conclusions as to the innocence or guilt of the defendant, implied or expressed, by the authorities or defense counsel.
2. Out-of-court statements by prosecutors or defense attorneys to news media, in advance of or during a trial, stating what they expect to prove, whom they propose to call as witnesses, or public criticism of either judge or jury.
3. Issuance by the prosecuting authorities, counsel for the defense, or any persons having official connection with the case, of any statements relative to the conduct of the accused, statements, "confessions," or admissions made by the accused, or other matters bearing on the issue to be tried.

4. Any other statement or press release to the news media in which the source of the statement remains undisclosed.

Members of the Bar-Press Committee included a former president of the Boston Bar Association, newspaper representatives, and representatives from the electronic press and the judiciary.

CASTLE WILL BE PASSED OUT IN CELLS

Because of the limitations of the Multi-lith plates used by the CASTLE, only a relatively small number of copies can be printed each month. Our mailing list is expanding constantly, if slowly, and we usually have only 200-250 copies to pass out in the institution.

In the past, we have been distributing the inmate copies of the CASTLE to the shops and those departments that we could reach without leaving the compound. As a result, men working on the farms and other inaccessible places have not been getting a chance to read the magazine.

For these reasons, we are going to try placing as many copies as possible in each cellhouse, beginning with this issue. We will no longer distribute copies in the shops. This means that the first cells on each walk will receive copies. If all the men will be good enough to pass copies on to the next cells when they have finished with them, everyone who wants a chance to read the magazine will get it.

We will also place a few extra copies in the library. But, except for the necessary working and file copies, we will not have any extra copies in the CASTLE office.

We appreciate your cooperation.

Subscribe now to the CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND. A year's subscription is only a dollar, and anyone may subscribe. Address: CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND, Box 128, Eddyville, Kentucky.

HAPPINESS POSSIBLE IN KSP, HUBBARD SAYS

A youthful attorney from Madisonville told KSP inmates last month that "the happiest people in the world" could possibly be "right here in this chapel today."

Carroll Hubbard, Jr., a prominent lawyer and churchman who is also active in politics, told members of the pre-release class and other inmates gathered in the chapel to hear him that the peace of mind and dedication of a Christian life are possible anywhere, and that these things can bring more real happiness than money, fame or popularity.

AN ANTIDOTE FOR COMMUNIST POISON

The personable young attorney spoke of Lenin's "master plan" to win the world, noting that Communism has managed to capture much of the world without world war because it is engaged in a struggle for the minds of men. While the United States Government is fighting night and day to combat the Communist menace, however, the people of the U. S. are divided against themselves, he said.

"The issue has finally become one of Christian principles against Communist ideology," he went on, and a "resurgence of national will and loyalty" is needed to overcome Communism. The resurgence, he commented, must "start with you and me."

Hubbard, whose offices are in Mayfield's Park Building, was born in Murray, Kentucky. Following studies at Georgetown College, he attended the University of Louisville School of Law, where he took his legal degree. After a stint in the Air Force, he went into private practice and became active in political and church work, eventually becoming the youngest delegate Kentucky has ever sent to a national convention -- the 1960 Democratic Convention in Los Angeles.

ST. PAUL'S PASTOR IS CATHOLIC CHAPLAIN

Reverend Thomas Clark, a native of Leitchfield, Kentucky, and a former Owensboro resident, is KSP's new Catholic Chaplain. He will also serve as Pastor of St. Paul's Church in Princeton, Kentucky.

Before moving to Princeton, Father Clark was Assistant Pastor of St. Stephen's Cathedral in Owensboro, and Chaplain of Lady of Mercy Hospital in the same city. He also had a Negro parish in Owensboro.

Father Clark will officiate weekly here in the institution at a 4:00 PM Mass each Sunday. His congregation includes some 30 to 40 inmates.

Although he has no definite plans at this time, the Chaplain says he hopes to be able to conduct other activities for Catholic inmates in the future.

H. HILLYARD ASSIGNED TO NEW BUILDING JOB

KSP Officer Harley Hillyard, an experienced construction man, has been transferred to the construction detail that is now busy erecting a new education building in the northeast corner of the compound.

Mr. Hillyard, who was supervisor of the cabinet shop before becoming security officer on the new project, has been in construction work most of his life, both in and out of the country, and worked as supervisor of dam and tunnel projects before going to work as a guard here. He also owns a construction company in this area.

Mr. Bridges, formerly supervisor of the leathershop, replaced Mr. Hillyard in the cabinet shop.

VOLUNTEERS WORK ALL NIGHT TO POUR FLOOR

The second-level floor was poured last month on the new educational building under construction here, but for eight convict volunteers it was an all-night job. The eight -- Clarence Underwood, Kim Williams, Frank Martin, Maxwell

Oliver, Robert Jordan, David Bolton and Joe Paulhus, stayed on after the regular crew quit at 8 PM to finish the poured concrete.

KENTUCKY BAR ASSOCIATION VOTES TO RETAIN CAPITAL PUNISHMENT AND JURY SENTENCING

The Kentucky Court of Appeals announced late last month that jury sentencing would be retained in the state, at least for the time being. The decision to leave sentencing power in the hands of juries, rather than transferring it to judges as is done in 42 other states came after the Kentucky Bar Association voted 650-455 against making the change.

The Association lawyers also voted 656 to 436 in favor of retaining capital punishment, said the LOUISVILLE TIMES.

ANOTHER INMATE PLEDGES EYES TO BANK

Walter Lee Harvey pledged his eyes to the Lions Eye Bank recently, joining the near-60 KSP inmates who have already pledged.

Pledges may be made at the CASTLE office. The eyes, which are not taken until after the death of the donor, are used to restore sight of blind persons and for research into eye diseases.

COACH CLAYTON PREDICTS WINNING SEASON

Coach Fred Clayton of Caldwell County High School in nearby Princeton said this year's football team should be a winning club because of the intense desire the boys have to win.

Clayton made the prediction during an address here early this month. Many KSP inmates follow the local high school football games, and his talk attracted a large crowd to the chapel.

Clayton discussed the organization of the football program in Caldwell County, a program that includes little league as well as high school teams. He said that rules and discipline are rigidly stressed at his school. His team has a 5-0 win record.

EDITORIAL

KENTUCKY NEEDS A HALFWAY HOUSE

With the single exception of the parole-reform bill, the most progressive and sensible step toward reform of Kentucky's antiquated penal system has been the new policy of permitting selected parolees to leave the prison to a sponsor in lieu of acceptable employment. A sponsor, of course, is a reputable person who agrees to provide the parolee with a place to live until he can find work on his own.

Prior to this ruling, all prisoners who had been granted a parole were faced with the necessity of finding suitable work before leaving the institution. An employer willing to agree in writing not only to hire the ex-prisoner but to hold the job open until the release machinery finished grinding had to be found. Moreover, the locale, the type of work, the hours, and the pay (too much is frowned upon) had to be acceptable. The entire business had to be conducted by mail, on letterheads with "Kentucky State Penitentiary" printed conspicuously across the top, or through the good offices of a friend or relative. Needless to say, a good many prisoners either failed completely to find work or were delayed in the prison for months or years. The sponsor ruling eased the situation considerably.

But the problem is far from solved. There are at this moment a comparatively large number of men still in the prison who are technically free. That is, they have been granted a parole but, because for one reason or another they have no outside contacts, they have not been able to find acceptable employment or someone willing to sponsor them. Many are long overdue, some may have to finish their time out entirely. For these men -- and for the hundreds who annually leave the institution at the expiration of their terms, virtually penniless and friendless -- a halfway house would seem to be the only answer.

A halfway house, of course, is a place where paroled or released prisoners who have no friends, family or resources may go temporarily. The house provides them with room, board, clothing and every possible assistance toward finding work. Once they have found work, it continues to provide the same necessities at reasonable rates until they are financially stable enough for independence.

Usually a private, non-profit institution, the halfway house is a proven success. Father Clark, the late "Hoodlum Priest" who pioneered the idea in St. Louis, was successful in 99 per cent of his "cases" -- a remarkable record in view of the fact that probably fewer than 35 per cent of all convicts released without some such form of help succeed in remaining free. The easing of the very serious financial problem the released prisoner faces, the fact that the prisoner is able to find decent and fitting employment through personal contact without being forced to grasp the first opportunity that comes his way, and above all the knowledge that someone -- not an abstraction called society, not a governmental agency, but individuals with no ax to grind -- is interested in him, cares what happens to him -- these are probably the reasons.

Regardless of reasons, however, the halfway house idea works and works better than anything else yet tried. It would be wonderful if Kentucky had one.

WORK RELEASE: A REHABILITATION PROGRAM THAT WORKS

By Phil Corner, AP Staff Writer

EDITOR'S NOTE: Five years ago, a program that allowed convicts to work at paying jobs outside the walls was instituted in North Carolina. To date, only 6.5 per cent of all the prisoners participating in the program have returned to prison -- one-tenth of the estimated national recidivism rate. The following report is reprinted from an AP feature in the PADUCAH SUN DEMOCRAT

On the job, Jesse Ennis looks like any other \$50-a-week service station attendant. He pumps gas, checks oil, cleans windshields.

His blue denim company uniform and western-style black boots hide the fact he is a convict, serving three to five years for breaking and entering. Ennis, 22, is one of more than 560 prisoners enrolled in North Carolina's rehabilitation program called Work Release. He holds an outside job during working hours and spends his off-duty time in confinement. His earnings pay his way through prison, support his wife and three young children and provide him a nest egg for use when he is freed.

Work Release is the showcase item in a state prison reform program which, in less than 10 years, has shifted the emphasis from punishment to rehabilitation. Begun on a statewide basis in 1957, it has attracted national and international attention and is being tried in Maryland and Guatemala. North Carolina got the idea from a localized system in Wisconsin.

"As a dollar-and-cents proposition, it's a good thing for the taxpayer," the state prison director, George Randall, says. "But there's also the humanitarian aspect. When a man supports his family, it gives him a degree of self-respect and is helpful in rehabilitation. You can't put a dollar value on giving a man hope and restoring him to the community with a chance."

Prison reform in North Carolina began in

earnest in the middle 1950s under then-Gov. Luther H. Hodges, now U. S. Secretary of Commerce. Gov. Terry Skanford has given it continued impetus.

State policy is predicated on the calculation that it costs 12 times as much to keep a man behind bars as it does to supervise him on parole or probation. Work Release smooths the parole process. It also attempts to eliminate broken homes, joblessness and lack of money which so often result in prison repeaters.

North Carolina's prison population dropped from a high of 12,046 in December, 1961, to 10,668 as of June, 1963. This has enabled the State Prisons Department to cut its budget for the 1963-65 biennium by \$1 $\frac{1}{4}$ million. Eleven of 84 prison units have been closed.

Louis Poole, assistant supervisor of inmate employment, says: "We just don't have enough skilled prisoners to fill all the job requests."

Prisoners have worked in the trades, as store clerks, auto salesmen, laborers, and in many other occupations. Salaries range as high as \$140 a week. The average is between \$50 and \$60. Successful alumni include a court reporter for the state industrial commission and a mechanic who used his savings to open a business in eastern North Carolina. He is now hiring Work Release prisoners.

"The prisoner is more like the average man on the street than most of us are willing to admit," Randall said.

A NIGHT IN CAPTIVITY



By
Lawrence
Snow

The bell on the AP teletype tinkled three times, as it did when a bulletin was about to come over, catching Ed Charles in the act of leaving the KKOK control room for a cup of coffee. He glanced through the glass door of the converted closet that housed the machine. It had not yet started to print, and he went on to the outer office and poured his coffee. He got back to the control room with the cup just as his record was ending.

He read a commercial while he was cueing up the next record, ad-libbing around the more exaggerated language the copywriter had written into the spot. When he finished, he talked briefly about the record, reciting an anecdote about the singer in the quiet, no-nonsense tones that had made the evening Ed Charles Show a favorite among Santa Isabel adults. Then he lifted his thumb from the edge of the album and let the already spinning turntable whirl it into sound. Finally, he walked out and stripped the bulletin from the teletype.

He read it between records. "A bulletin," he said simply. "State law enforcement officers are closing in on a strip of woods near Escondido in what may be the climax of a two-day manhunt for the slayers of a San Diego policeman. A farmer reported seeing two armed

men entering the woods earlier this evening. The men matched the descriptions of ex-convicts Paul Lee Everett and Samuel Hubbard, believed to be the gunmen who shot down the off-duty officer when he surprised them in the robbery of a San Diego supermarket Wednesday."

By the time he closed his microphone switch and turned to his coffee, it was cold.

In woods miles removed from those near Escondido, Paul Lee Everett heard the bulletin on his transistor radio. He felt little relief at discovering the police were on the wrong trail. In the two days of his flight with Sam Hubbard, he had felt no emotion at all save for the tide of remorse and fear that washed over him when he thought of what had happened back there in San Diego.

The robbery had gone smoothly until the policeman had walked in. Only the manager and the checkers at the line of registers had known the store was being held up. But the policeman, dressed in civilian clothes, his pistol under his coat, had read the tension in the employees and sized up the situation at once.

At that point he had done an incredible thing. He had whipped out his pistol and fired.

Remembering, Paul felt the knot of tension grow in the pit of his stomach again. The hand that held the little radio trembled noticeably. For a moment he thought he was actually going to be ill.

The explosion in that glass and chromium enclosure had been deafening. Paul had whirled around, realizing in illogical horror as he did that he had fired an answering shot. He had seen the policeman jerk, then raise his gun to fire again, and he had thrust his own pistol out, willing the bullet to get there before flames spurted from the barrel pointed at him.

More explosions had reverberated through the store, blending into a sustained roar that added to the horror of the nightmare. With a part of his mind that was somehow still detached and objective, Paul had known that Sam was firing beside him, that the shocked customers were staring in open-mouthed astonishment at this thing that was happening before their eyes. He had seen the policeman crumple to the floor, to twitch and kick his life away on the smooth tiles. He had seen Sam racing for the door, and he had followed unthinkingly, his legs working on instinct. He had almost fallen when his heel slipped on a spot of the officer's blood.

Beside him in the woods, Sam said, "I wonder who Farmer John saw -- if he saw anybody."

The voice startled Paul. He had not known his partner was awake. They had been lying in the underbrush since daybreak, afraid to move during the day. He turned to study his companion in the growing dusk, envying him his habitual composure. A year older than Paul at 24, compactly and powerfully built in contrast to Paul's tall ranginess, Sam was never outwardly disturbed, never enthused. A lifetime spent in the slums

of the city and the brutalizing environment of reform schools and an adult reformatory had molded his features into the half-amused, half-disdainful expression that had become the trademark of his type and generation.

"I don't know," Paul responded diffidently. "Probably a couple of hunters."

"Well, it's a break for us," Sam said. "Keeps the fuzz busy elsewhere. But, man, I'd sure like to see their faces when all those blue uniforms pop out of the brush!" He chuckled quietly.

Paul said nothing. The callousness of his partner disgusted him, and he felt vaguely disloyal because it did. He had never felt really close to Sam. He doubted if anyone did, or could. Yet both were loyal to the bond of mutual trust that had held the partnership together for more than a year. Until now, that had seemed to be enough. He wondered if Sam had given even a passing thought to the family the radio had said earlier the policeman had. He wondered if somewhere inside that tough shell of Sam's there was anything left that could be touched by the enormity of what they had done.

He rose and brushed off his clothes. "It's dark enough now. What say we get moving?"

Sam shrugged and got to his feet.

They had walked an hour. A few miles distant, lights twinkled on the horizon, the lights of Santa Isabel. Below them, cars whizzed past on the highway that led north to Los Angeles, their headlights cutting into the darkness. The regular, dark bulk of a house showed below the hill on which they stood.

"If anyone lives down there," Sam said, indicating the house, "there'll be food."

"Think anyone's home?"

"Who knows? No lights on, and it's too

early for everyone to be in bed. Let's go on down and see."

They moved down the hill, alert for the sudden barking of a dog or a challenge from the darkened yard. When they got closer, they saw there was no car in the open garage.

"No lights, no dog, no car," Sam said. "But food there must be. The place looks like someone's been taking care of it."

"Why don't you stay here and cover me, Sam?" Paul said. "I'll go down and break in a window or something and bring some canned stuff back." Somehow, he didn't want Sam to be there if anyone happened to be in the house after all.

Sam grinned. "Just like in the movies? Okay, go to it, man."

Paul moved away, walking carefully to avoid stumbling over something in the dark. He was on the lawn when he heard the warning call. Through the trees, he caught a glimpse of headlights approaching on the wooded drive that led off the highway. The car rounded a curve and the headlights caught him before he could duck back into the shadows.

At precisely 6:49:50 by the control room clock, Ed Charles gave the station identification and flicked the switch that fed the network newscast into the KKOK transmitter. Closing his mike, he threw a kiss at the girl waiting in the outer office and began to gather the albums he had used during the evening. He made a final entry in the log, signed it, and carried the stack of records into the library. As he was returning them to their slots, Beryl Ross joined him.

"Tired, darling?" she asked.

He gave her a real kiss this time, holding her trim waist with one arm and filing albums with the other.

"If I was," he replied grinning, "that

recharged my batteries. Did the car survive the day?"

It was their standard Friday night joke. Once each week, he stopped at the bank where Beryl worked before coming on shift at noon. They had lunch together, then she drove him to work and took the car for a shopping excursion in the late-closing stores. He had taught her to drive two years before, but she had proved an apt pupil and developed into a skillful chauffeur. She made a quick pout and smiled.

"The car survived somehow," she said, "but my budget didn't. I'm being terribly lavish now so I won't mind economizing when I'm your lawful wedded."

He ignored the last part. Although they had been engaged almost since the day he arrived in Santa Isabel three years ago, it was he who always delayed setting a date.

"Where are we eating tonight?" he asked. "Romano's?"

She shook her head, her honey blond hair tossing. "Your place," she said. "I'm going to show that bachelor kitchen of yours what a female type can do. Afterwards, we will peek at my packages and bill and coo for a while, and then you'll drive me home, darn it!"

The young night-shift announcer came in. Ed gave him last-minute instructions on taping a network program for rebroadcast the next morning, then turned the keys of the station over to him.

Outside the station, Ed shifted Beryl's packages to the back seat of his little Volkswagon sedan and held the door open for her. He got in himself, started the car, and turned it toward the highway that led north to Los Angeles.

The house that Ed Charles had built five miles from Santa Isabel was virtually the only permanent thing in his life. His mother, widowed after a brief marriage, had seen him halfway through high school before she died. World War II

was going on then. After the funeral, he had enlisted, lying considerably about his age. He came out a sergeant and went to college briefly, having made up the necessary high school credits in the service. A sojourn into summer stock led him into network radio. Within two years, he decided that the pressure of New York broadcasting was not for him, and he took an overseas job for a time. A period of drifting back in the States followed, and he had been well on his way to becoming another tramp disk jockey when he landed in Santa Isabel working for KKOK.

Exactly what pleased him about Santa Isabel, Ed could not say. With slightly more than a hundred thousand souls within its widespread city limits, it was not a large city, probably would never be, and that was in its favor. The climate was pleasant, and Ed knew that the informal, friendly air of the city appealed to him. More than that he could not put into words.

About KKOK he could be more definite. When rock-and-roll screamed and beat its way into importance, Bill Morrison had ignored it, preferring to concentrate on responsible presentation of news and community affairs, and music that adults could listen to without cringing. As a result, the station's ratings were not as impressive as those of the three "top-forty" stations in the area. The ad agencies, however, were quick to realize that it was the quality rather than the quantity of the audience that was important, a realization that soon made KKOK one of the most financially stable stations in that end of the state.

More importantly, Ed liked Bill Morrison, manager and principal stockholder of KKOK, Inc. Bill was a creative, imaginative executive who came close to being the ideal employer. His employees were selected for competence and given as much individual freedom in their work as possible. Bill had made Ed chief announcer to justify the salary and responsibilities he gave him, and Ed in turn had stayed in Santa Isabel long-

er than in any other place since his childhood.

Beryl chatted about the purchases she had made until they were outside the city. Then she slid closer in the seat and dropped her arm around his shoulders. "You know something I don't know," she said, interpreting his silence. "Tell?"

"It's nothing really," he said slowly. "Bill wants me to take over as program director. You and I both knew that was coming, of course."

She was silent for a long moment. Then, cautiously, she said, "Do you want the job, Ed?"

"Frankly, I'm not sure. As things stand now, I'm my own boss, within reasonable limits. As far as Bill is concerned, I would be as program director. The difference, Beryl, is that a program director has another boss besides the one who hands him his paycheck every month -- John Q. Businessman. I'm not at all sure that I can deal with that kind of boss, or speak his language." He dimmed the car's lights for an approaching vehicle and went on. "And that's another thing. Bill has never insisted on any of us becoming joiners, of course. As chief announcer I don't feel obligated to be one. As program director, I would. Can you see me singing the Rotary song and gladhanding around in the country club, Beryl?"

"No," she said. "Nor am I sure you would have to. Whether you know it or not, Ed Charles, you're highly thought of in this little city for yourself." She lit a cigarette and put it to his lips, then took another for herself.

"What you're failing to realize," she continued, "is that John Q. Businessman is a human being. He's dealing with a public that has come to expect its business leaders to be community pillars. And maybe he wants to give a little something back to the community in his own right, too. But beneath it all, he wants to be himself. And he respects a

man who is himself, without any pretense. Believe me, darling, John Q. Businessman likes you as you are. You don't have to 'gladhand' for him. Am I being wifely before my time?"

"You are," he grinned. "And I love it. And maybe you're right, Beryl. Maybe it's just that I'm still not quite sure I want to settle down and be respectable. Is that immature in a man of 35?"

"Maybe a little," she agreed. "But that's the way I found you and I won't nag."

He turned the little car off the highway, heading it toward the ten-acre property that he hoped someday to turn into an avocado "ranch" -- purely as an investment, he often told himself. As the headlights picked out the fieldstone and redwood house he had only recently completed, he saw a man standing in an attitude of surprise beside his garage.

When the headlights caught him, Paul Everett considered making a dash for the woods. He rejected the idea. An alarm at this point would rouse the countryside into an all-out manhunt, probably killing their chances of getting away. Besides, he could make out the figure of his partner approaching the car from the opposite side and, again without stopping to consider why, he did not want Sam to get to the car first. He walked to the driver's side, trying to appear casual.

The man at the wheel hesitated, then started to get out.

"Just hold it right there," Paul said. He let the man see the pistol. At the same time, Sam opened the door on the other side and covered the girl. Neither person in the car said anything.

"You live here, mister?" Paul asked.

"That's right. What do you want?"

"Not to hurt you and the lady," Paul said. "I hope you'll make that possi-

ble. Step out here and keep your hands up."

Ed stepped out of the car and submitted to a brief search. Responding to an order from Sam, Beryl had also gotten out of the car. Keeping his pistol trained on Ed, Paul reached in and took the keys from the car. He handed them to the announcer.

"Which one is the house key?" he asked.

"This one," Ed said, picking out a key. "Look, whatever this is all about, the girl has nothing to do with it. Why don't you let her to back to town and hold me, if that's what you're going to do, as insurance that she won't say anything about this?"

Sam had brought the girl around to stand beside Ed. He laughed mirthlessly.

"Man, that's the most naive proposal I've had in years," he said. "Come on, let's get that door open. We can talk inside."

The door opened into a paneled living area that included a small kitchen and dining alcove, separated only by a stone fireplace and a bar arrangement. The ceilings were beamed, and one wall consisted of deep bookshelves that held not only Ed's books, but record albums, a phonograph and radio, and piles of bound manuscripts and magazines. The furniture was simple and functional. No great effort to "decorate" the area was apparent. Yet the room had taken on a definite, masculine individuality that struck Paul the moment Ed switched on the lights. Even Sam, he noted, took time to glance around appreciatively, and something resembling envy came into his eyes momentarily.

Paul held the couple in the room while Sam made a careful check of the other rooms. It didn't take long. Beside the living area, there were only a bedroom, a study, and a bath. In a few minutes he returned, his coat pocket bulging.

"I left the rifle in the study," he

said. "But don't get any ideas, dad, because I've got all your ammunition right here." He patted the bulge in his pocket. "Paul, come here a minute."

As Ed and Beryl watched tensely, the two retired to a far corner of the room and held a whispered consultation. They seemed to be arguing about something, and Ed wondered if he would have a chance to take the pair by surprise. He doubted it. They were barely more than kids, but they looked competent. The short, dark one also looked as if he would not hesitate to kill, perhaps even enjoy it. He wondered if that's what they were discussing. If it was, he hoped the tall one would win the argument.

The two broke out of their huddle and approached the couch where Beryl and Ed were seated. Ed considered it a good sign that the tall one did the talking.

"I suppose you know who we are," he said.

"I have a good idea, of course," Ed admitted.

"Good. Then you know what our situation is, and you know we aren't going to take any unnecessary chances with you or anyone else. On the other hand, we've got nothing against you. If you hadn't shown up when you had, we would have raided your pantry and left. I say this so you'll know that we don't want to harm you or the lady there," he said, indicating Beryl with his free left hand. "If you cooperate, we'll still raid your pantry. When we've eaten, we'll go. We'll have to take your car, of course, and we'll have to tie you up. It'll be uncomfortable, but you won't get hurt. I promise you that. Now, are you willing to go along, or ..."

"We won't make any trouble," Ed said. He looked at Beryl, concern in his eyes. Having recovered from the initial shock of being taken prisoner, she was now bearing up remarkably well. She glanced at him now and reached for his hand, smiling only a little wanly. He gave

her hand what he hoped was a reassuring squeeze.

"I hope," Sam broke in, "that your wife won't mind cooking for a pair of hoodlums." His voice was tinged with irony.

"I'm not his ..." Beryl began. She broke off as Ed squeezed her hand again in warning.

"Not his wife?" Sam said, amusement in his voice now. "If that's what you were going to say, lady, it's no concern of ours."

The words gave Ed little comfort. Despite the short hoodlum's reassurances, Ed noticed that a gleam of interest had crept into his narrowed eyes. He saw that the short one's companion had noticed it too. To his surprise, he read concern in the tall gunman's face. He hoped he could rely on whatever decency was left in the young killer. If not ...

"What do you want me to cook?" Beryl said then, breaking the tension that had begun to grow in the room. She rose and started for the kitchen.

She cooked bacon and eggs and put on coffee. Throughout the preparations, Sam, seated across the table in the dining area from Ed, followed her movements with that ominous glint of interest in his eyes, letting his gaze rove over her trim figure, taking in the firm curves beneath the crisp skirt and blouse Beryl wore. When she emerged from the kitchen to set the table, he reached out and grasped her wrist.

"No need to be in such a hurry, baby," he said. "We aren't that ..."

He broke off, his other hand raising the pistol to cover Ed. The announcer had risen from his seat, his face red with anger.

"Going someplace?" he sneered.

"I'm going to break your neck, gun or no gun," Ed snapped. "If you want our

cooperation, fella, you'll leave the girl alone."

"The name is Hubbard," Sam replied steadily. "And if you want to stay healthy, you'll sit down and quit playing hero."

Paul had sat motionless during the episode, concern and something like surprise in his face. Still sitting, he said quietly. "Let her go, Sam. We didn't come here for that, remember?"

Sam looked at him in amusement. "It's a hell of a time to start playing Galahad, Paul," he said. But he let the girl go.

When they had eaten, Sam rummaged through the kitchen and found cigarettes and liquor. He took them into the living room and poured a drink for himself, and passed the bottle to Paul. Ed and Beryl returned wordlessly to the couch.

"Why don't you have a drink with us, dad?" Sam asked, retrieving the bottle and thrusting it at Ed. "Too good to drink with us?" He laughed as Ed said nothing.

"How about you, baby?" he said, winking at Beryl. "You look like you could use a drink."

Beryl remained wordless, and the young gunman poured another drink for himself. He tossed it off and set the glass down. Catching Paul's eye, he nodded significantly at their captives. Then he left the room.

He was gone a long time. When he returned he was carrying a folded sheet over one arm. The other hand still carried the pistol.

Sitting down, he put the gun away and took a small, gold penknife from his pocket. Opening it, he cut the hem of the sheet at regular intervals. Finished, he put away the knife and ripped several strips of cloth from the sheet.

"This hoosier didn't have any rope around the place," he said to Paul, "but

this will do fine." He crossed the room to stand in front of Beryl and Ed, holding the strips of cloth loosely in one hand. He reached out to pat Beryl's shoulder with the other. "Don't worry, sugar," he said as she moved away from the offending hand. "We ain't going to do any permanent damage to you or your man either."

He turned to Ed. "All right. Let's see you get into that chair over there and put your hands behind it like a good boy."

Slowly, Ed got to his feet. He stood there for a moment, his mind racing. Reason told him he could not hope to overpower the younger man and get to the pistol before the other, standing alertly across the room, could press the trigger of his weapon. To attempt it would be foolhardy, and Beryl would probably be killed as well. Yet there was little doubt about the short one's real intentions. He could not submit meekly to being trussed up like a pig, leaving Beryl defenseless.

He tried a middle course. "Don't be a damned fool," he said. "You know and I know what happens if you tie me up. All right, you've got the guns. What you may not realize is that there are houses close enough to this one that a pistol shot would be heard and investigated. You can shoot me. You'll have to do it before I let you have your way. But you throw away your chances of escaping when you do."

He paused, trying to gauge the effects of his words on the hoodlum's poker face.

"Your best bet," he went on, "is to jump in that car and leave. Rip out the telephone if you want to. But leave. Do it now, and you have my promise no more will be said about this." He finished, realizing as he did how weakly he had stated his case.

Sam shook his head in amusement. "Man, you must take us for fools. In the first place, there ain't a house within

miles. In the second place, if you want to play hero and get yourself killed, it's immaterial to me. Now get in that chair!" He shifted the strips of cloth to his left hand and pulled out his pistol as he spoke.

Beryl touched Ed's hand. "Please, Ed," she said quietly. "Please -- do as he says."

"You'd better do it, Ed," Paul said, speaking for the first time since the meal. "Nothing will happen to the girl."

Ed glanced at him angrily. "How do I know that?"

"Because," Paul said evenly, "I may be a thief and I suppose I'm a murderer. But there are other things I'm not. Nothing will happen to the girl."

Sam turned his gaze on Paul, something stronger than amusement in his eyes. "You sound as if you mean that, fella," he said slowly.

"I'm afraid I do."

"You are getting weak. Man, don't you know we've got a copkilling rap hanging on us? Copkilling, Paul! No matter what else we do, we sniff the gas. Wise up, Paul. Let's shoot this hoosier and get it over with."

Paul took a deep breath and stepped backwards a pace. What Sam was saying was in part true. They were marked for death, regardless of what further evil they did. Maybe the sensible thing was to let Sam have his way now, then leave and split from him at the first opportunity -- for he knew now that the partnership was ended.

"I'm sorry, Sam," he said then. "I can't let you do it."

Again, Sam shook his head sadly. Without another word, he swung his pistol to cover Paul and fired.

The bullet caught Paul in the stomach,

slamming him back against the fireplace. He saw Ed leap at Sam, and he fired his own gun hurriedly, a snap shot that took his partner in the forehead, felling him instantly. Then he sat down heavily, the strength ebbing from his body with his blood.

It was dawn before the police finished their work. The ambulance had taken Paul Lee Everett away immediately, but it was doubtful that he would live. Some time later, the lifeless body of Samuel Hubbard was also removed. The reporters had been there, and there had been endless questions from both press and police. Finally, the policeman in charge told them that, while there would be formal statements to be signed later, the girl could be taken home.

Suddenly hungry, the couple stopped at a drive-in for breakfast. They ate ravenously in the little car, and when they had finished, they sat quietly smoking and drinking a second cup of coffee.

Ed broke the silence first. "Do you know what I was thinking, darling, when they were carrying the one called Everet out to the ambulance?" he asked. "I was thinking, 'there, but for the grace of God, go I.'"

Beryl put her coffee cup on the tray and laid her head on his shoulders sleepily. "I know, Ed," she said. "It wasn't the safest night for either of us. But you were wonderful."

He shook his head. "No, I didn't mean it that way," he said. "I guess what I meant was that Paul Everett and I aren't really so different, basically." He finished his own coffee. "I didn't think much about it at the time, but there's been a lot of background material on Everett on the newswire the last two days. The difference between our circumstances aren't really great."

He was silent for a long time before he continued.

"Everett was a drifter too, you know," he said at last. "He ran from place to place, running from responsibility -- from life, really, I guess. The stealing was to him what odd jobs in radio and show business were to me: just a means to keep alive without the danger of being tied down, of facing up to life. The only real difference is, he knows that whether he lives or dies now, his life is over. It must be a pretty hard thing to know your life is over at 23."

"Your life isn't over, Ed," Beryl said. "What are you going to do with it?"

He grinned at her, his eyes very close to hers. "I've been thinking about that, too," he answered. "That's why I think I'll drive to Las Vegas sometime next week."

"Las Vegas?" she said, bewildered. "Oh, Ed, you're not thinking of changing jobs?"

"No, silly," he laughed. "Only in a way. I'm taking Bill up on that promotion, you know. Actually, I was planning on your going to Vegas with me. It's pretty simple to get married there, remember?"

She sat bolt upright in the little car.

"Ed Charles!" she cried. "If we have to be kidnapped to get you in a marrying mood ..."

"Yes?" he grinned.

"Then let's get kidnapped more often, darling!" And she came into his arms so quickly that the tray bounced off the door onto the pavement with a crash.

They ignored it completely.

RUSH BUSINESS

In 1961, 15,992 persons were sentenced to federal prisons for crimes ranging from counterfeiting (180) to transportation of stolen cars (3,607).

I LIKE MY ROOM

(Via SEAGO ZETTE)

I like my room
It's nice and soft
And there's nothing that I
can hurt myself on.
And the light is way up high
so I can't reach it.
And the screen is over it anyway.
I had another room once
It had buttons on the walls
I ate them.
This room doesn't have any buttons
Somebody must have eaten them.
Every once in a while they open up the
slot
And push in food
And I push out the bowl
And I used to say -- Mister, oh Mister!
But they never answered.
So one day I pushed out my bowl
But not my spoon
And they got very excited
And must have thought I ate it or
something.
They don't give me a spoon anymore
So I eat mostly with my fingers
And they're kind of soft.
There's nobody else anywhere but me
I'm the only one
But it doesn't matter anyway
I like my room.
It's nice and soft.



EXCHANGE PAGE

By Harold Arnold

BILL TO SAFEGUARD CONS IN DISASTER BEFORE CALIFORNIA HOUSE -- Via THE MENTOR

In the event of enemy attack, fire, flood or other disaster, prisoners in California's giant penal complex would be removed to safety or released outright if a bill now before the California Legislature is passed into law.

The bill provides for outright release of prisoners during a disaster if a safe and convenient place to keep them is not immediately available.

MEDICAL RESEARCH BUILDINGS UNDER CONSTRUCTION IN MICHIGAN PRISON -- Via SPECTATOR

Upjohn and Parke, Davis and Company, both well-known pharmaceutical laboratories, will soon occupy space in two brand new buildings under construction now in Southern Michigan Prison (Jackson). The buildings will be used for clinical testing and laboratory research using inmate volunteers as guinea pigs.

Although prisoners are often used for medical research because their regimented life and ample spare time are ideal conditions for such work, this is probably the first time that special buildings have been built within a prison for the purpose.

NEW MEXICO ESTABLISHES FIRST FORESTRY CAMP -- Via the ENCHANTED NEWS

Warden Harold Cox of the prison at Santa Fe, New Mexico, told of his recent visit to the Tierra Amarilla Forestry Camp last month, apparently the first in what may be a chain of such camps. The Warden's column appeared in the prison's magazine, the ENCHANTED NEWS, which recently underwent a revision in format and an increase in its staff. The magazine now employs 30 inmates.

MINNESOTA PROVIDES FOR INDIGENT DEFENDANTS -- Via the PRISON MIRROR

The Board of Governors of the Minnesota State Bar Association voted recently to call on attorneys to handle at least one case of an indigent defendant a year until the next legislature can consider establishment of a public-defender system in Minnesota. The action came in response to a Supreme Court ruling that all accused persons are entitled to counsel in felony cases regardless of ability to pay.

CHILDREN OF ATLANTA INMATES GET \$10 EACH FOR CHRISTMAS -- Via the ATLANTIAN

The Inmate Welfare Club at the U. S. Penitentiary at Atlanta will sponsor seven major fund-raising events in the prison this year. The beneficiaries, or some of them, will be the dependent children of Atlanta inmates. Last year's drive resulted in enough money to give each of 350 such children a gift of \$10 on Christmas.

A variety show and a football game will be two of the seven events on the program.

By
Floyd
"Dago"
Riis

Each month I definitely state that I won't be here to write next month's article, but here I am back again, so this time I won't brag about my parole.

I was very much surprised to see ancient Hobart Adams back on the mountain, ulcers and all. Old man, that free world must be too hard for you to survive.

Did you know Willie Adams deliberately requested permission to cell with me so I could show him how to play casino? Poor boy just can't learn. Anyone who has a spare towel, please lend it to John Brown, for he needs a bundle of them to cry into. Bobbie Daley, that smiling blond waiter at Roach's coffee-stand, casually mentioned that he considers himself the best-looking man in here.

Sylvester Travis has retired from the coffee business. Seems he was afraid that if he continued, he'd feel obligated to serve coffee to the psychiatrist -- and, brother, if that doctor drank Syl's coffee there's no way he'd refuse to recommend him for parole. Fuzzie Couch is singing the blues because they assigned Curt Colwell to the farm and he lost him for a cell buddy. But the real reason for Fuzzie's tears is that Curt took his TV with him.

Jerry Saylor has found his true vocation in life, proudly boasting of his ability to fill a silo, whatever that is. I think it's something out on the farm. Black Eye Patterson sure looks wonderful since he had his teeth pulled. Such a beautiful smile makes me nostalgic for my old Grandpappy. Elsie Meredith has returned to the fold after a four years'

vacation at LaGrange. Elsie, who by his own admission once played pro ball (Kid-die League), says the reason he returned is those kids at LaG. are no competition for an old pro.

Herman Ferguson really looks sad and forlorn in blue denim. Actually Herm doesn't enjoy truckdriving as much as packing those goodies.

They say one must visit Pompeii before he dies, and Hazard is my Pompeii. But, man, I never saw a little old town so hard to reach! Oh, well, Utopia may not be within my grasp, but eventually I'll be Hazard bound.

Normand Sanders says he never fully understood why little ducks go to the pond two by two, but since Kenny Woods educated him, that's the way he wants his ducks. I wonder why Jack Henry looks so mournful lately. Will you explain it, Jack?

Chuck Garrett, Jagers says he wishes you would stop running your jaw about the vegetable detail, because he has never been on it -- yet! Also, he wants you to know that he's coming to get his old job back. And Gordon Mercer (he doesn't really wear a size 14 -- actually it's 13½) says he's holding a big woolly towel especially for his Teddy Bear to bathe with.

I don't know much about newspapers, yet I have to say any paper would have a hard time finding a guy as good as that Bill Powell (PADUCAH SUN DEMOCRAT). To him, stranger or convict is worth extending a helping hand to. Thank you, Bill.

DEPARTMENT REPORTS

CABINET SHOP NEWS

Shop Officer Harley Hillyard was recently transferred to the inside construction detail, which brought about the assignment of Mr. Percy Bridges, formerly of the leather shop, as Cabinet Shop Supervisor. All the crew will miss Mr. Hillyard a great deal, but work is progressing as usual under the capable leadership of Mr. Bridges, who is a carpenter by trade and has had years of experience in carpentry and related fields.

The refinishing department, headed by Kenny Etherton, has been snowed under lately. Of course, Kenny missed his top hand, Arthur "Double Buddy" Steele, while he was on vacation, but the work went on as usual. Steele still insists he didn't enjoy the food served to him while on vacation, but at least it was two weeks with pay.

David Collins is turning out to be a top carpenter, if not a top cabinet-maker yet. He is trying hard and learning fast under the direction of Jack Ingram. But he did not like his recent assignment of building potato bins in the icehouse. Seems the dirt got under his fingernails and that was too much. Nothing, however, a good manicure wouldn't eliminate.

Jack Ingram and Joe Goff really have something to sink their teeth into again. Seems that Sgt. Stoney Parker liked his new bedroom suite so well that he talked around the hill about it, so our new Chaplain, Reverend H. E. Inman, is having a walnut suite made. Of course, Leonard Gann and David Collins are pitching in to help, and maybe this time David won't get his fingernails dirty.

Guess nearly everyone by now has noticed the new signs in the messhall concerning cups and spoons, which sign-painter Ted

Lewis contributed to the cause. Not many people notice Ted or know what his duties are in the shop, but very few ever miss seeing his work. Naturally, with the Christmas holidays just around the corner, Ted has, as usual, started his long-range plans for the annual decorating of the messhall. He will have a few new items for you this year, so be on the lookout for something unusual.

LAUNDRY BITS -- by Buck Penn

As all of you know, we have a new boss. Mr. R. P. Parker is back with us again, and the first day he worked here he became ill. He had to stay home a few days, but he is okay now. As somebody said, "No wonder he's sick. Look what a crew he has to work with!"

And speaking of this laundry crew, starting next month we are going to pick one man a month to write about until we have covered them all -- with the exception of those who do not wish their names to be mentioned.

I've been hearing some things in here that I thought I would pass on to you. It's all true or we wouldn't print it.

Fred "Sleepy" Cardwell stayed awake one whole day in the laundry. Honest! Gilbert Gooch has been grumbling about white shirts. Jive-Talk Bentley is never going to spend any more money. Bud Hurt is beating on the presses because they won't go down.

And get this! Jerry Black went two whole days and didn't lose anything. Nothing at all!

Now, for those of you who read Dago's column: Don't believe what you read about those fights and those cigars. He has picked three winners out of 30 fights! Most of my friends have cigars

put away that Dago bought us. He is like a slot machine. Mention fights and he spews forth cigars. He's beginning to hide on Sunday mornings.

By the way, you guys will have to admit that your blue uniforms are looking better now that we're pressing them, and your sheets are completely dry. Right? Been a little change in policy here, dig?

I've won so much coffee from a certain person I can hardly drink it. I should have free coffee for a couple of months. Thanks, guy!

CONSTRUCTION CORNER -- By Dan Perkins

During the past month many advances have been made toward the completion of the new education building here at KSP. Among these have been the construction of the upper level forms at the south end of the building for the purpose of pouring the concrete beams and floor for the second story. Other advances have been in the nature of plumbing installations, conduit for electrical wiring and ground work for drainage.

We are happy to report that during the month we acquired new help in the form of two additional engineers from the outside. They are Mr. Chris Hammond, who is directing the electrical work, and Mr. Paul Gaines, who will direct the plumbing installations.

Many changes have been made since the original planning of this project, most of which appear to be in our best interest. When the upper level is complete, it will be very much the same as the gym at LaGrange. We will have numerous athletic facilities and a projection type television with wide-screen viewing.

This project is moving right along and we trust that in the near future the progress will be clearly visible for all to see.

SCHOOL DAZE -- D. Trodglan & W. Wise

Again we give the old three cheers for the 10 men of the 8th grade class who graduated from school this past month.

They are Thomas Barnes, James Branum, Jack Brown, S. S. Collins, Billy Crawford, Norman Gay, William Jewell, James Lyle, George Moore and Jerry Williams.

May your endeavors have their reward.

All departments of the education division have had a quiet month except for the graduation. The vocational auto mechanics class hopes to have a few graduates soon. Some of the men are in the process of being tested now on their ability with the auto.

The barber school and related barber-science class are still productive by the way of teaching barbering.

The masonry class is still in full standing and showing continued progress.

The vocational cabinet shop has had a busy month making and repairing furniture.

A new semester has started for the men assigned to the academic school classes. Good luck to all the men who are trying to help themselves in this manner.

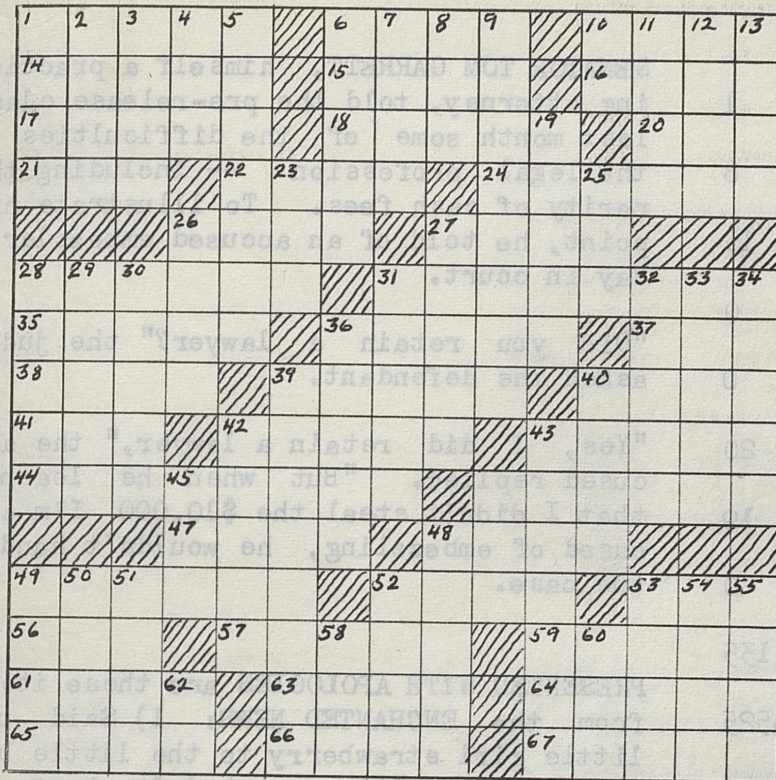
WRITER OF CONSTITUTION:

James Madison is known as the "Father of the Constitution," reports World Book Encyclopedia. Madison's ideas were embodied in the Virginia plan, which became the basis for the Constitution, and his speeches and attempts at compromise often kept the constitutional convention from breaking up. But the U. S. Constitution was actually written by Gouverneur Morris, a Pennsylvania delegate to the constitutional convention, who was given the job of putting all the convention's resolutions into polished form.

THE EXs -- by Jim McKinney



"Last month's TIMES! You been out a month and haven't changed sheets?"



- 6. Satan
- 7. Thru the mouth
- 8. Hindu cymbal
- 9. Sluggish dance -- two words
- 10. Old Testament (Ab.)
- 11. Man's nickname
- 12. Roman road
- 13. Clothes (Slang)
- 19. Elevate
- 23. Point
- 25. Texas Military Inst. (Ab.)
- 26. Cholera (Ab.)
- 27. Lukewarm
- 28. Set again, as jelly
- 29. Brazilian macaw
- 30. Incorrect
- 31. Boat landing
- 32. Distributes
- 33. Bird of prey
- 34. Take dishonestly
- 36. Slight color
- 39. Legal agreement
- 40. Demolish
- 42. Harms
- 43. Marsh plant
- 45. Hit gently
- 46. Poetic contraction
- 48. Ship of the desert
- 49. Dead as a _____
- 50. Lopsided
- 51. Masculine
- 52. Biblical name
- 53. Metal
- 54. Fruit peel
- 55. Florida islands
- 58. Card game
- 60. Historical age

ACROSS

- 1. Lave vigorously
- 6. Specks
- 10. Leave out
- 14. Get up
- 15. Pert. to an historial period
- 16. Head man in Yugoslavia
- 17. Trots
- 18. Bravery
- 20. Small barrel
- 21. Female sheep
- 22. Post
- 24. Pours liquid on
- 26. Top of room -- Fr.
- 27. Neat
- 28. Uncooked pork -- two words
- 31. Sheltered parts -- two words
- 35. Slip
- 36. Indian abode
- 37. Consume
- 38. English jail
- 39. Pert. to government.
- 40. Storm
- 41. Sea eagle
- 42. Removed the bone
- 43. Type of lilly
- 44. Site of Kentucky State Reformatory
- 46. Hanging bunch of threads
- 47. Poker bet
- 48. Quote
- 49. Flue part
- 52. Endure
- 53. Bother
- 56. Palm leaf
- 57. Oregon capital
- 59. Eagle's nest
- 61. Charity
- 63. Creek mouth
- 64. Sarcasm
- 65. Start
- 66. Labor
- 67. Goes ashore

DOWN

- 1. Auction
- 2. Brag (Slang)
- 3. Mature
- 4. Utilize
- 5. Daub

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE:

W	O	M	B	P	E	R	P	K	A	L	E	S	
A	L	A	E	E	R	N	E	I	N	E	P	T	
F	I	R	S	T	R	A	T	E	L	A	D	E	N
T	O	T	E	S	L	A	R	G	O	A	E	S	
E	T	E	I	S	T	L	E						
C	L	A	M	V	O	L	I	S	S	U	E		
L	I	S	E	E	L	S	A	T	T	U	N	E	
A	A	T	D	N	A	A	B	E	P	D	L		
S	H	O	O	D	S	R	H	U	R	R	E	E	
P	A	R	R	Y	E	A	S	P	A	R	R		
E	V	I	L	S	E	E	L						
A	R	R	I	R	A	T	E	R	A	I	S	E	
Q	U	I	L	L	C	O	N	S	I	G	N	E	D
U	N	T	I	L	T	R	O	T	U	S	E	D	
A	G	A	P	E	O	E	S	E	E	T	N	A	

KENTUCKY STATE PENITENTIARY STATISTICS
(September)

THE CASTLE LAUGHS

Escapes	1	SENATOR TOM GARRETT, himself a practicing attorney, told the pre-release class last month some of the difficulties of the legal profession -- including the rarity of cash fees. To illustrate his point, he told of an accused embezzler's day in court.
Death Row	8	
Admitted by Commitment	16	
Transferred from KSR	0	"Did you retain a lawyer?" the judge asked the defendant.
Transferred to KSR	0	
Released by Expiration	20	"Yes, I did retain a lawyer," the accused replied. "But when he learned that I didn't steal the \$10,000 I'm accused of embezzling, he wouldn't handle the case.
Released by Parole	19	
Released by Death	0	
Total Population	1135	
High Number	24525	PRESENTED WITH APOLOGIES are these items from the ENCHANTED NEWS: 1) Said the little girl strawberry to the little boy strawberry: "If you hadn't been so fresh, we wouldn't be in this jam." 2) A shoe was crying because its mother is a sneaker and its father is a loafer!
Low Number	5240	

MOVIES FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS

October 11	HUD Paul Newman & Patricia Neal: West.	PARADE MAGAZINE says the saddest example of crossbreeding they've heard of is the chap who crossed a locomotive with an automobile and wound up with a funeral.
October 18	DONOVAN'S REEF John Wayne & Lee Marvin: Drama	"I CAME HERE, DOCTOR," said the pretty young thing, "to find out just what's wrong with me."
October 25	DR. NO Sean Connery and Ursula Andress: Drama	The doctor nodded sagely. "Three things," he said. "You don't eat enough, you use too much makeup, and there's something wrong with your eyes. My sign outside says 'Veterinarian.'"
November 1	SAVAGE SAM Brian Keith & Tommy Kirk: Comedy	
November 8	THE MAN FROM THE DINER'S CLUB Danny Kaye & Cara William: Drama	FOOTBALL PLAYER'S LAMENT: I shot a pass into the air/ It came to earth I know not where/ And that is why I sit and dream/ On the bench with the second team.
November 15	KING KONG VS GODZILLA Michael Keith & Harry Holcomb: Science Fiction.	MARRIAGE makes it possible for a man to find out what kind of husband his wife would have preferred.

CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND
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Eddyville, Kentucky

TO: ~~Dr. Lawrence Thompson~~
~~Margaret I. King Library~~
University of Kentucky
Lexington, Kentucky

