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# Castle ON THE Cumberland

A Penal Press Publication

SEPTEMBER 15, 1962

"This, Too, Shall Pass"

Volume II

Number III



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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Mr. Snow,

You as the author of "Dear Mr. Sherer," have invited readers to comment on the series. This is the first edition I have read (August 15) since I entered my subscription and my only comment is that it is very well written and written with a rare understanding of the "mis-understanding" of people on the outside. I have seriously wondered, since reading your article, what that person who was so surprised to find that "you looked like everyone else" really thought you would look like. You know -- not all people who are different are on the inside. We should know, as nurses. We work with all kinds, even some who would make your hair stand on end.

I passed my copy of your paper around and the rest of nurses liked it so you will be receiving requests for more subscriptions from this area.

We would very much like to contribute to your library or your hospital or in any other way that we might help. Don't get the wrong idea. We are not a bunch of "wealthy old women do-gooders". Far from it -- we are a bunch of not wealthy hard working women, who, because of our profession see more of the bad side of life than the good. I was born and raised in Kentucky (Paducah) but like most hospitals, the employees here came from all over the Country. If it is possible that we could contribute to your library or any other dept. Please advise us.

(s) Billye Maddox  
Skaggs Hospital  
Branson, Mo.

(s) Ruth Poare, Director of Nurses, Hollister, Mo.

(s) Ellen Jones, Hospital Seamstress, Branson, Mo.

(s) Pat Denney, Nurses Aide, Branson, Mo.

(s) Stella Freeman, 7 to 3 Shift, Branson, Mo.

(And 47 other nurses and aides)

(The Letters Section is continued on the inside back cover)

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# DEPUTY WARDEN'S PAGE



Lloyd Armstrong  
Deputy Warden

I was asked recently to give a few statistics concerning the institution. How many prisoners do we have incarcerated here? What age groups do they represent? What are their sentences? At this date (August 27) we have incarcerated 1162, of whom 868 are white and 294 colored. We have 318 men serving life sentences, 29 serving life without privilege of parole, 88 serving 21-year sentences, and 727 serving less than 21 years.

The youngest inmate here is 17 and the oldest is 85. Both of these are rare cases. Our largest age group is from 23 to 27 inclusively.

Of 1162 inmates incarcerated, approximately 67 per cent are employed. We have approximately 85 men under the age of 26 and who have not finished the eighth grade, in our school. Of the 775 inmates employed, 151 are permitted to work outside the institution on our farms and on construction and various other outside details.

We have approximately 20 employed in our inside cabinet shop. Another 100 are employed in our garment factory and knitting mill. Some 90 inmates work in our culinary department and the remainder of the employed inmates work in the engineering department, in upkeep of the grounds, in clerical and hospital work, and as housekeeping orderlies. Of the unemployed inmates, approximately 60 are assigned to our leather hobby shop. There are also a few who are unable to do labor because of physical defects or bad health. Peak population of the institution fell on October 27, 1939, when we had 1569 inmates. Our high serial number as of this date is 24004.

Of 1162 inmates there are men from all walks of life -- from school teachers to farmers. You can mention almost any trade and we will have men who have at one time or other been associated with it. All of our farm work, engineering maintenance, and a big majority of the clerical work is done by inmates with employees supervising. Occasionally there is a particular job to be done in the institution or on the farms for which we do not have a qualified inmate. However, we have always managed to get the job done with the men we have.

*Lloyd Armstrong*  
Lloyd Armstrong, Deputy Warden

# CASTLE NEWS

## RESIDENT PSYCHIATRIST AT BOYS SCHOOL SUBSTITUTES SOUP FOR TRANQUILIZING PILLS

According to the **YELLOW JACKET**, inmate publication of the Florida School for Boys at Marianna, natural proteins and biochemicals produced by the body are just as effective as tranquilizing pills without the harmful side effects.

Dr. Luis Souza, FSB resident psychiatrist, began by feeding his youthful charges a soup made from the marrow of bones. After drinking the "Souza Soup," as the preparation is informally called, inmates were given brain-wave tests. In each case, radical and sudden changes in brain-wave impulses were noted.

This was no surprise to Dr. Souza, for he has demonstrated the same technique at the Prager Mental Hospital Research Center in Vienna as well as in private practice. Other doctors who have tried the "Souza Soup" report the same results.

The feeding of "light protein," the essential element in the bone-marrow soup, produces beneficial changes in cases of mental retardation, neurosis, hypertension, and some types of mental disorders. In two cases involving a mentally-retarded 10-year-old and a 14-year-old who showed symptoms of paranoid schizophrenia, brain-wave impulses measured 60 seconds after the boys drank 4 ounces of the soup approached normal levels for  $3\frac{1}{2}$  minutes. A second serving of soup prolonged the reaction somewhat longer.

According to Dr. Souza, when treatment is carried out over a period of time, it is lasting. New "doses" are not required.

## SWITCHABOUT

Arab women are known for wearing veils in public as a sign of modesty. Among the Tuaregs of northern Africa, however, it's the men who veil their faces.

## PRELIMINARY DRILLING FOR NEW BUILDING FINISHED

An outside drilling firm entered the prison last month to begin preliminary work for the new two-story gymnasium and school building. Purpose of the drilling was to make a study of soil conditions on the construction site.

By the time this issue is out, excavations for the foundation should have begun. A section of terrace will have to be dug back and excavations for the footings made before the pouring of the foundation can get under way.

The new building will include a gymnasium-auditorium on the second floor and a complete academic school on the first. School classes are presently being held in the little one-room gymnasium under the leather shop.

The new building is urgently needed as an auditorium, too. At present there is no building in the prison that will seat all of the inmate body at once, with the possible exception of the messhall. This means that mass assemblies are out of the question. Movies, too, must be shown four separate times in order to give all inmates a chance to view them. Movies are now shown in the chapel.

## "RHYTHM KINGS" DEVELOPING INTO FINE BAND

Beginning as a loosely-knit, disorganized group of highly individualistic musicians some time in the past, the swing band that has come to be known as the "Rhythm Kings" has lately developed into a well-organized, smooth-playing band.

The Rhythm Kings, an all-inmate band, includes a sprinkling of professional musicians. Bandleader Chuck Soules, Gerry Bogden, Jack Belcher, and some others have all played in jazz or hill-billy groups outside. Some of the others played, but not professionally,

before coming to prison. A few learned to play their instruments after coming here.

Constant practice has done wonders for the band. Working out in the basement room next door to the CASTLE office, the band members devote several hours each day to rehearsals. When all the members aren't present, the individual players sometimes split up into impromptu combos. One such combo plays on the steps just outside our window: Gerry Bogden on clarinet, Jack Belcher on tenor banjo, and Dick Pratt on guitar. (this means, of course, that the magazine office is surrounded with music; but we've learned to like it)

The "Closed World" radio program, which originates in the prison, provided a powerful stimulus for the musicians. The program was begun here some months ago by Representative Shelby McCallum, owner of WCBL, in cooperation with prison officials, and is heard every second Sunday at 1:30. The swing band is featured on the program. The band also plays during the noon chow line and, on afternoons, for the front office personnel.

Regular members of the band include Sylvester Thomas on trumpet, Chuck Soules and Joe Manz on trombone, Gerry "Siftu" Bogden and Clarence "Cupid" White on alto sax, Clark Jones and Otis Montgomery on tenor sax, Jack Belcher on guitar, Leroy Hollowell on drums, and Red Ruggles on bass. Dick Pratt and Joe DeJarnette are the relief guitar and drum respectively. Tracy Barker also fills in as guitarist, vocalist, and whistler.

The Rhythm Kings got another boost recently in the form of uniforms donated by Murray State College. The military-style uniforms are worn during variety shows, broadcasts, and other special occasions.

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Light travels 186,000 miles a second.

#### SGT. HERNDON TRANSFERRED TO DAY SHIFT

Sargeant William Herndon, who has been assigned to the night shift for more than a year, returned to the daylight trick last month.

Mr. Herndon, 47, has worked at the prison since March, 1960. For approximately a year before he went to the night shift, he was the supervising officer in 4-Shop. A quiet, soft-spoken man, he has the rare ability to win both the friendship and the respect of prisoners, and he has earned considerable popularity among the inmate body.

Married and the father of 7 children (4 of them still at home), Mr. Herndon is also active in community affairs. For 8 years he has served as Sunday School Superintendent for his church, the Pleasant Grove Baptist near Cobb, Kentucky. Just last month he was made a deacon. Recently he and his wife sponsored two children from the Glendale Children's Home as summer guests in their own home.

The Sargeant is a veteran of World War II (The Phillipines), and he has one big regret: The fact that he didn't finish his education. The depression reached its peak before he could go to college, and later, with a family to rear, he had no time to return to school. He has no regrets about working here, however.

"It's a challenge, in a way," he said to us. "Although not everyone sees it this way, you have a chance to help someone who wants help. And that's always rewarding."

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Drinking champagne from a lady's slipper may be romantic, but eating the whole shoe is another matter. World Book Encyclopedia relates that the Chinese were forced to use boiled leather shoes as food during a famine in the 1500's. A large part of the Chinese population perished of hunger during the famine.

## CANADA BEGINS RADICAL NEW PROGRAM

In a drastic step designed to open a brand new field in rehabilitation of its prisoners, the Canadian government has announced that a small and select group of prisoners are attending night classes at a university and studying advanced methods of printing techniques. Allen J. McLeod, Commissioner of Penitentiaries, declined to name the university but said the convicts are permitted to mingle freely with the other students and wear civilian clothing.

Mr. McLeod told the John Howard Society (rehabilitation of convicts in Canada) that the penitentiaries are gradually expanding inmate activities in the outside community. He said this is designed to keep up the dignity of the convicts and to prepare them for eventual release. Penitentiaries now permit some inmates, due for release, to walk around the nearby communities to acclimatize themselves to the outside world. They return to prison at night.

In a period of several months during the daring experiment, there have been no incidents reported to cloud the future expansion plans. Many of the townspeople were skeptical, some outright against the proposal, but have changed their attitude in view of the excellent conduct of the inmates and their evident desire to make a success of the program. One local police officer, when asked his views on the idea stated: "People all over the world are alike in one respect: show them that an idea can benefit someone who has been unfortunate, and they will go out of their way to help. It has been that way with people of the community. They have been given every indication of the sincerity of the inmates and have responded with amazing results."

As for the men attending college, they are treated with the same degree of consideration shown a paying student. (PP)

## BIBLE COVERS, BOWLING BAGS, PISTOL HOLSTERS AMONG NEW PRODUCTS IN LEATHERSHOP

Want an individualized, hand-carved Bible cover of top-grain leather? Want a beautifully-tooled bowling bag that should last a lifetime? Or how about a matched set of holsters to wear to your gun or riding club? They're all available (to Kentucky residents only) from the leather craftsmen of Eddyville.

For years, the prison's leatherworkers have been known throughout the state for their finely-worked billfolds, wallets, purses, and belts. But none of these industrious and creative workmen are content to rest on their laurels. New products and variations on old products are constantly being designed in the little concrete leathershop above the prison school. Eddie Arnold, who says concerning leather goods, "If you can describe it, I can make it," turns out the Bible covers. No two designs are alike, and clients can have their names engraved on the covers if they like. Herb Brubaker, who introduced the gold stamping machine to the leathershop (names, addresses, service-club and fraternal emblems, and other printed matter in pure gold), turns out the bowling bags, beautifully-carved bags of heavy saddle leather, with reinforced grips and bottoms and hard-rubber ball mounts. And Johnny Norman specializes in the belt-and-holster sets for lawmen and hobbyists. Leroy Hamm, "Fat Boy" Willard, Al Henderson, Russell Lynn, George Baker, and Gordon Head, some of the other craftsmen in the shop, also turn out the popular new "duck bill" purses, as well as Mexican bags and wallets of all types.

Another innovation in leather was created by Billy Howell and Herb Brubaker. Most of the billfolds they produce now have pockets and closed folders in the "Prince Gardner" style in pin morroccan or cornelean goat.

(Please turn to Page 5)

The art of personalizing leather products has reached a high stage of development in the prison, too. Ray Irvin, working with a vibrating tool, does most of the engraving of names and emblems on leather. He can even engrave the entire Lord's Prayer on billfold backs for clients who want it. The gold-stamping machine, already mentioned, greatly improves the appearance of the goods. And Billy Howell has become expert in hand-painting and dying intricate scenes on billfolds and purses.

Leather products are sold by direct mail within the state, and through the institutional leatherstand across from the prison.

#### WHAT ONE PERSON CAN DO -- by Ray Clymore

Do enough people in our society ever stop to think of all the genuine talent going to waste in the penal institutions of our country? Have you as an individual ever wondered what one person might do to help this situation? In the following paragraphs I will show you a factual example of the simple and effective means used by one free person to help one imprisoned person.

Recently I came to know a young man of exceptional talent in the state penitentiary at Eddyville. After talking with him, I discovered that a great deal of his talent was due to his own efforts and struggles to master the difficult field of portrait painting. Although he had received some formal training in the art, he was not able to finish the course. But recently some of his work has been submitted to Miss Helen Peterson, Art Director of the Louisville Art Institute and Gallery. Miss Peterson has shown extreme interest in his work and his future. She says that his talent is superior to that of many students who have been studying as long as four years.

The interest and understanding of Miss Peterson may prove to be very helpful in

bringing about a change in this young man's life. It may provide an opportunity that was never open to him before. It is my belief that this individual will grasp his opportunity and his place in our society. Through the interest of Miss Peterson, and through letters and recommendations from her, this young man, I believe, will soon be in Louisville and attending one of her advanced art classes.

There are many such cases as this to be found throughout our country -- cases where the young men, if shown some interest and offered some opportunity, would reach far out to grasp any help offered to them. As in the above case, there are many who only need someone to take the slightest interest.

I am sure that if you were to ask many ministers, they would tell you that their most important task, and their most rewarding, is the time when a member of their congregation comes forward to express his faith. They have heard and believed, and this is a joyful time for the minister. In the same way, people like Miss Peterson have their reward when someone like this young artist responds to their help and succeeds in developing the talent he has.

#### THIS WAS REFORMATION?

British prisons of the 19th century in one way were worse than medieval prisons, for under the principal of administering hard labor, they forced convicts to endure a unique form of self-torture. Invented in 1846 as a "Labor Machine," it consisted of an iron box on legs waist high, with a double-handed crank coming from one end. The crank turned nothing but a revolution counter, and it did not turn easily. Daily work allotments were set, and anyone who did not turn his "task" got no food.

Ironically, the system, before it was abolished in the 1890's, taught thousands of prisoners to hate work. -- TRUE



# THE EDITORIAL SIDE

With agonizing slowness, the era of the Big House is passing.

Almost gone in the United States are such Big House trademarks as the lock-step march, the silent system, the Old Gray Mare, and the sweat box. The massive stone walls that surrounded the Big House are being replaced by the twin fences of the "reform" penitentiary. The grim and bleak Big House facade is slowly vanishing to make room for the cleaner lines and more practical interiors of modern prison architecture. The old vice-and-violence breeding dormitories and multiple cells are giving way to compact and comfortable individual "rooms," with solid doors and steel panes in the windows instead of bars. Rather pointlessly, the ugly and sordid electric chair is giving way to the ugly and sordid gas chamber.

Even Alcatraz, the "biggest" of the Big Houses and a dreary fortress that was at once a symbol of failure and success to thousands of the country's professionals in crime, is doomed. It will not be replaced, not as such.

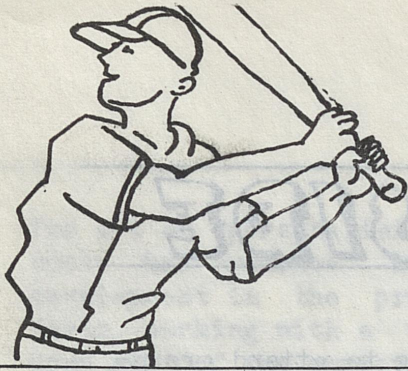
With the passing of the Big House, the language and mores of prisoners are changing, too. The Big House is not the Big House any more, but an "institution" or sometimes a "joint." "Stir" is as passe as the bicycle built for two, except in such half-facetious expressions as "stir-crazy." The shiv is still a shiv, but it is called a knife more often than not, and guards are only sometimes "bulls" or "hacks" or "screws," but usually simply "The Man" or "guards," or even, again half-facetiously, "Correctional Officers." Even Carney, or Kizzarney, the secret pig-latin of the carnival adapted years ago to convict use, is dying out.

Prisoners are beginning to attend group-therapy sessions, to form "reform" groups of their own, and to take an active part in the government of the prison through inmate councils and even inmate governments. The "yards" of the more progressive modern prisons are closer to the campuses of colleges than they are to the yards of the Big House.

It is an era of transition and will remain so for years to come, because innovations are slow to take hold in this tradition-bound atmosphere of prisons. And the old-line convict, the "old-timer," stands apart from the new breed. Tight-lipped, wary, with a stern code of honor and ethics carried over from tougher times, he views in confusion the new generation of convicts and wonders to himself what prisons are coming to.

But it isn't so much the prisoners who are changing the prisons, but the prisons that are changing the prisoners. The old-timer wasn't born that way -- conditions made him that way. It was hard and tough, it was because he lived in was hard and tough. He was cunning and shrewd, it was because he had to be to survive in a world that was devoid of kindness and mercy. If he hated officialdom, it was because officialdom showed him nothing but hate.

He was honorable in his dealings with his fellow convicts, and merciless in punishing the informer and the turncoat. He extended a helping hand to the "right people," and let the "wrong people" see nothing. He minded his own affairs, and expected the next man to do the same. But when he left the Big House, he had no reason or incentive to do anything but return to the pistol or the safe-cracker's sledge.



# SPORTS REPORT



Billy Howell, Sports Editor

Baseball season is once again coming to an end. The summer of the "Take Me Out to the Ball Game" sport is over, and the national sport fades with the coming of autumn.

This has been a good year for baseball here at the institution. We have watched a number of close games that produced thrill after thrill by close plays and good team spirit. I will venture to say, however, that something of a record was set in our league this year in the number of games played under protest. For a while that was the magic word. There is a game on record that was protested on an umpire's decision! You would have a hard time finding another league anywhere in which ball is played with the team spirit and obsession to win that we find here.

There's talk of football in the wind. Leroy "Hawkeye" Terry, who came back to stay with us for a season or two, informed us that he is resigning as a southpaw pitcher to do a little quarterbacking. Seems he will give Sam "Gator-Mouth" McCutchen a little competition for the glory spot this year.

As of this writing the swimming pool is still open, but we know its day are numbered for this season. We still have ping-pong, pool, and TV to occupy our time during the coming indoor season.

We have been neglecting our duty with the sports report the past couple of months, but our good friend Larry Snow has been lending a helping hand. Thanks, Larry. The thing is, we're having the parole fever again this year. Our ulcer has been acting up terribly, and we just ain't well! See you next month ... if I'm still here -- Billy Howell

## THE UMPIRE'S CORNER -- by Bill Burton

On August 8 the second half of the six-team intramural league came to a close and the final standings of the teams follow:

### FIRST HALF STANDINGS

<u>TEAM</u>	<u>WON</u>	<u>LOST</u>
Bradford	10	4
Lynn	7	6
Evans	7	6
Davis	4	3
Hayden	3	8

### SECOND HALF STANDINGS

<u>TEAM</u>	<u>WON</u>	<u>LOST</u>
Maitland	6	1
Davis	4	2
Lynn	3	3
Lamar	2	3
Bradford	1	3
Hayden	1	3

On August 12 the playoff began between Bradford, the first-half winner, and Maitland, the second-half victor, with the understanding that the winner of three out of five games would be the champion. On August 14 it was all over and Maitland's team had downed Bradford's in three straight games to become the 1962

## Sports Report

Intramural League champions. However, we still have a lot of baseball coming up -- three sets of all-star games -- and I will give the results to you in the next issue, along with the outstanding plays and players of the year. Right now, here are the rosters and batting averages of all the teams.

LYNN'S TEAM			MAITLAND'S TEAM				
AB	H	AVG	AB	H	AVG		
Burton	20	9	450	Lips Lewis	20	10	500
Troutman	29	12	414	Maitland	10	5	500
McCutchen	25	10	400	Johnson	19	9	474
Steele	10	4	400	Broyles	18	8	444
Burks	5	2	400	Foster	7	3	429
P. White	11	4	364	Meeks	10	4	400
Maddox	24	5	209	Evans	14	5	357
Moss	3	0	000	Sheppard	14	5	357
Manning	6	0	000	Byaum	16	4	250
				Crafton	11	2	182

LAMAR'S TEAM			BRADFORD'S TEAM				
AB	H	AVG	AB	H	AVG		
Baldwin	14	8	571	Manz	3	2	667
Crockett	17	8	471	Hampton	12	6	500
Hollowell	22	9	409	Buchanan	26	12	462
Mooney	5	2	400	Tipton	20	9	450
Hickman	18	6	333	Morris	9	4	444
Lamar	9	3	333	Scruggs	19	7	368
Newton	19	5	263	C. Robinson	12	4	333
Mitchell	16	4	250	Hall	27	7	259
Price	8	2	250	Ford	14	2	143
Sared	15	3	200	Huffman	11	1	091
Hicks	16	3	188	Green	2	1	500
Beal	6	1	167	Brent	21	3	160
				Willis	14	7	500

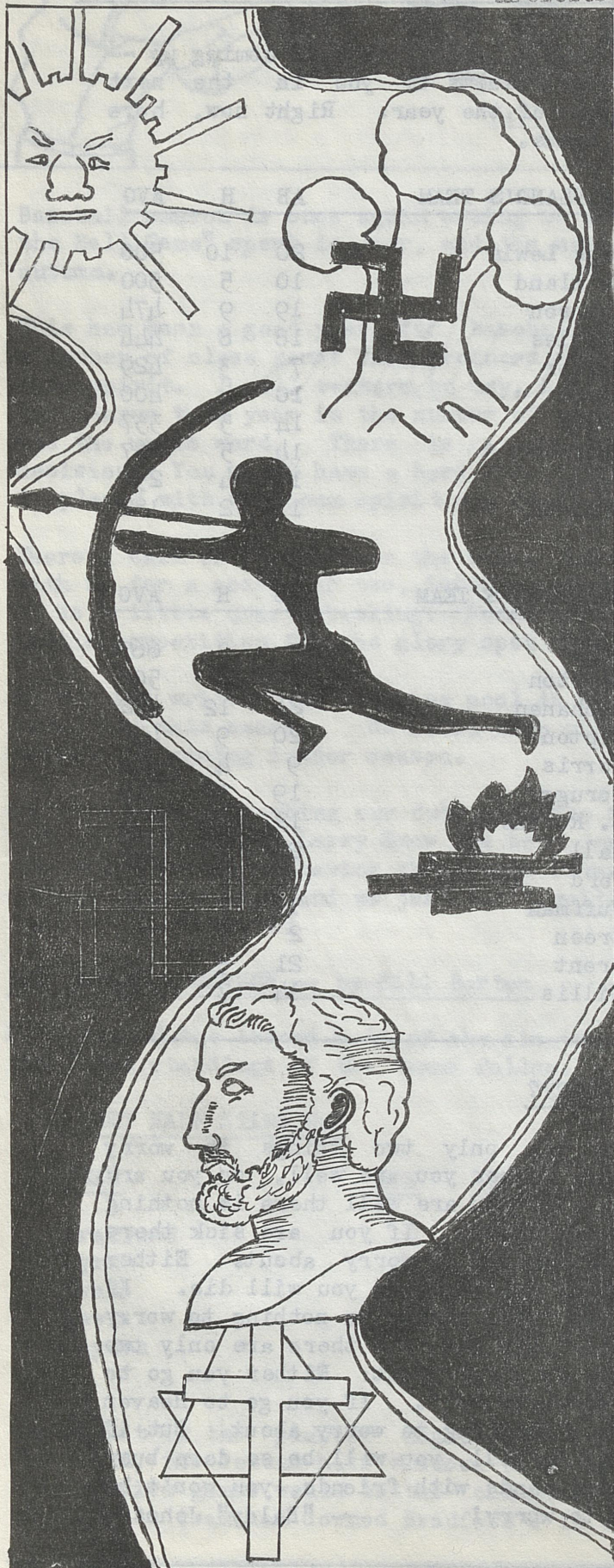
### END OF THE TRAIL!

A dying old Indian chief had two sons, Flying Eagle and Falling Rock. He was unable to decide which should be the chief when he died so he told each to go out and bring back all the treasure he could gather in one moon. At the end of the period Flying Eagle returned with his treasures, but Falling Rock never showed up. That's why, to this day, as you drive along the highways, you'll see signs: "Watch out for Falling Rock!"

Contributed by Mrs. Marie Snow

### WHY WORRY?

There are only two things to worry about: Either you are well, or you are sick. If you are well there is nothing to worry about. If you are sick there are two things to worry about. Either you will get well, or you will die. If you get well there is nothing to worry about. If you die there are only two things to worry about: Either you go to Heaven or to Hell. If you go to Heaven there is nothing to worry about. But if you go to Hell, you will be so darn busy shaking hands with friends, you won't be able to worry! -- "Baldy" Johnson



REINCARNATION: THE BELIEF THAT REFUSES TO DIE -- Lawrence Snow

"Man that is born of woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: He fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not ... But man dieth and wasteth away: yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he? ... If a man die, shall he live again? -- JOB

The 16-year-old boy put down the material he had been reading and sat for a while in the complete oblivion of concentration that only geniuses and 16-year-old boys can enjoy. Finally he took up pencil and paper, scribbled a hasty note. Moving to the closet, he fumbled among the clothes, found the .22 caliber rifle leaning in the corner. Hesitating only a moment, he placed the muzzle of the loaded rifle against his own head and pulled the trigger. In the words of his suicide note, he had "gone to find out if Bridey Murphey was right."

No doubt everyone remembers the Bridey Murphey sensation of a few years ago. Placed under hypnosis by a friend, a Colorado housewife was "taken back in time" to recall long-forgotten scenes from her childhood. Suddenly, according to the hypnotist's account, she began to talk with a thick Gaelic accent. She recalled a tiny village in Ireland, mentioned unimportant but convincing details and incidents that only a native of the village would be likely to know, and referred to herself as Bridey Murphy, a girl who had lived in the village years before she, the housewife, was born. In other words, she seemed to be describing scenes of a past incarnation, a "life before."

Subsequent investigation, of course, raised interesting questions concerning the interpretation of the Bridey Murphy incident; but for the young suicide, the questions came too late. And in the meantime, a great deal of interest had

been generated in the age-old belief in reincarnation.

Just what does the word "reincarnation" mean, and exactly how old is the belief? Is it a belief that is "born in" men? If not, where did it come from? How has it managed to take such a strong hold on the minds of men, surviving centuries of philosophical and scientific inquiry to remain a nagging question in the back of 20th-century minds?

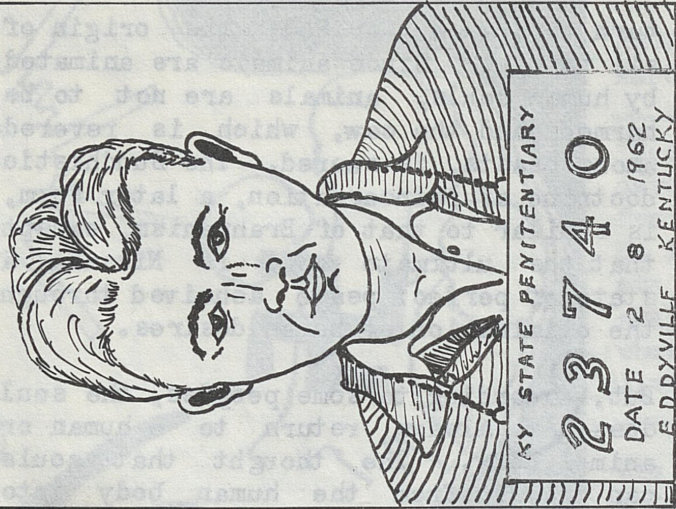
Fundamentally, reincarnation is simply another form of the belief in the immortality of the human (and in some cases animal) soul. The difference is that reincarnation -- sometimes referred to as metempsychosis or the transmigration of souls -- implies the traveling of the soul at death from one physical body to another -- incarnation meaning roughly "in the flesh." No one can tell with any degree of exactness just how old such a belief is, but it probably dates back to the very origin of thinking human creatures. Archaeologists digging in the graves of prehistoric races commonly find, not only remains of human bodies, but also the dead man's implements and weapons as well as stores of food and drink -- certainly evidence of a belief in a form of physical life after death. The early Egyptians and Greeks gave evidence in their writings and ruins of a concern with reincarnation, although the very early Egyptians seem to have believed in immortality for only the kings and noblemen.

The oldest example of transmigration as a religious and ethical concept, however, is Brahmanism, today one of the great religions of India. The Brahman conceives of death as a brief period of rest between incarnations. Eventually, he reasons, the soul returns to earth as an animal (if the former life was on a brute level), or as another human being (if the former life was reasonably good). This process of successive incarnations continues until that which is spiritual in man is pure enough to re-

turn to Brahma, or God, the origin of all things. Since animals are animated by human souls, animals are not to be harmed, and the cow, which is revered among beasts, is sacred. The Buddhistic doctrine of reincarnation, a later form, is similar to that of Brahmanism, except that the ultimate goal is Nirvana, a state of perfect peace achieved through the elimination of human desires.

But, according to some peoples, the soul does not always return to a human or animal body. The thought that souls can travel from the human body into stones, trees, or plants has gripped the imagination of more than one race of men. Frazer's Golden Bough, a classic work of anthropology, gives several interesting examples of this form of the belief in reincarnation. A South Australian people believes that certain trees contain the souls of their ancestors. Consequently, they speak respectfully in the presence of these trees. They refuse to cut, burn, or injure the trees in any way. Similarly, in Korea it was believed that the spirit of those who died of the plague went into trees. Among some of the Pacific island peoples it is believed that trees have souls of their own, and natives have been heard to ask the tree's permission to cut it down. An even more curious custom is that of asking a coconut for permission to eat it! Not directly connected with reincarnation but interesting nevertheless is the occurrence in many fairy tales and in mythology of talking trees or humans who turn into trees.

But none of this explains how the idea of reincarnation began. Psychologists tell us that ideas are not innate. That is, no one is "born with" an idea; he must think ideas out for himself, and the ideas must be based on what he knows from experience. Does it follow, then, that no one could have dreamed up reincarnation without experiencing it? A more plausible explanation is that primitive man, noting the "death" of  
(Please turn to Page 21)



## CONFESSIONS OF A FIRST OFFENDER

by

Leonard Rule

On February 8, 1962, I entered the gray limestone prison that people call the Castle on the Cumberland to begin a 21-year sentence for assault with intent to rob. I was 17 years old. It was my first offense, my first experience with prisons, and I wasn't prepared for what was ahead of me. It may be interesting to some of you if I set down just what did happen to me, and what I felt about the experience.

It was clear and a little cold the day the sheriff parked his car in front of the prison. From where I sat in the back seat, my wrists shackled to a heavy leather belt that was locked around my waist, I couldn't see much of my new "home." But when the sheriff opened the door to let me out, I could see more of it than I wanted to see. In spite of the flowers and grass that grow in front of the penitentiary, it looked grim and bleak and forbidding, and my heart sank down to somewhere near my stomach at the thought of spending the next 21 years of my life in such a place.

We walked up the steps to a big iron gate. There was a guard dressed in a green uniform at the gate, and the sheriff gave him his pistol. We walked up more steps and came to another grill, where we were met by another guard. He opened the grill and we went into a big

hall in what I discovered later was the administration building. The sheriff handed over the commitment papers, removed my chains, and I was alone with the guard.

In a room off the big hall, the guard told me to strip. He searched my clothes and took my shoes off to be X-rayed. When he came back, he told me to put my clothes back on and he led me onto the yard in front of the administration building.

There were some convicts walking on the hill in front of the building, and they stared at me in a curious sort of way. Maybe it was because of all the stories and movies I had seen about convicts, but they looked hard and tough in their uniforms, and I began to feel very much alone ... a little afraid, maybe even scared to death, and very, very lonely.

We didn't have far to walk. The administration building is parallel with One Cellhouse, another old, limestone-block building with high, narrow windows, all of them barred. Another guard opened the big steel door. We were in a great, stone hall, with ceilings four stories high and cells rising back-to-back in tiers in the middle of the hall. The cells had thick stone walls and little doors that were covered with flat,

heavy strips of metal criss-crossed to form a checkerboard pattern with openings maybe 2 inches square for light and ventilation.

In the basement of the cellhouse there was another row of cells and a room that was enclosed in wire rather than with solid walls. At one end of the room there was a stool and some floodlights, and I sat down there to have my picture taken. They swung a little frame in front of my chest, and my number -- 23740 -- and the date, and the words "Kentucky State Penitentiary" were on it in white letters on a black felt background. After that, I was fingerprinted and an inmate clerk typed down the information I gave him about my family and my crime and my education on a printed form. A little later I was given convict clothes to wear -- blue jeans and a blue work shirt, stamped with my number. I had a shower, and my head was shaved.

Another trip to the yard. A few yards away, we came to still another cellhouse, the one they call the Quarantine Cellblock, or "Fish Row." Another guard opened another heavy door, and in a few moments I was locked into a narrow cell that was, I was told, to be my home for a 30-day period of observation.

It was a relief not to be put in one of the cells in One Cellhouse, the building in which I had been "mugged" and fingerprinted. In Fish Row, the cells were much newer, comparatively more spacious, and lighter, with plenty of ventilation through the barred fronts. There was a steel bed with a clean mattress on it, sheets and blankets, and a little steel "table" attached to the wall. There was a wash-basin and commode, and a little light fixture at the head of the bed. Someone had left a paperback novel in the cell, and later on other prisoners would pass books "down the line" for us and the others to read.

Even so, it wasn't an easy time. Everything I had ever heard about prisons

came back to me, and I dreaded the time when I would have to leave the quarantine cell and go out on the main yard, alone and friendless. Homesick, frightened, and repentent, I felt that if they would only let me go home now, I would run away from any kind of wrongdoing, get a job, or finish school, and stay out of jails and prisons for the rest of my life.

They didn't let me go, of course. For 30 days, I spent almost all of my time in that little cell, reading and sleeping and eating ... and waiting. Some of the other fellows talked from cell to cell during the daylight hours, when it was permitted, but I didn't do much talking. Three times a day they brought food to us, and once a week we got a shower. My hair started to grow back, and I was relieved to hear that after I "hit the yard" I could have regular haircuts again.

I had been on Fish Row a little more than a week when several of us "fish" were taken out of the cells and marched to the school. Once again as we crossed the hilly yard, convicts turned to stare at us, and some of them spoke to some of the other "fish" whom they knew, I suppose, from previous sentences. At the school a big civilian who looked like a football player (I learned later that his name was Mr. Henry Cowan and that he had been a football player) asked me questions about my education and my work experience. All of us were given tests to find out how much we remembered about what we had learned in school, and we were told that anyone who scored less than 8th grade on the tests would have to go to school. I scored higher than 8th grade, and since there wasn't a high school in the prison I didn't have to go. The tests took most of the morning, and then we were marched back to our cells.

We went out again a few days later to the hospital. We were given a quick  
(Please turn to Page 14)

# DEAR MR. SHERER

EDITOR'S NOTE: These "Letters to Mr. Sherer" have grown out of an actual correspondence with Mr. Harvey Sherer, a university official who has demonstrated an active interest in encouraging prison writing. Although Mr. Sherer has preferred to remain in the background, the editor feels that some of the questions discussed in this correspondence are questions in which many of our other readers may be interested, and we have persuaded him to permit us to adapt some of the letters for publication here. Readers are invited to comment on the series.

Eddyville Prison  
September 15, 1962

Dear Mr. Sherer

Your last letter raised an interesting question. You will remember that we were discussing some problems of morals and ethics and you wondered where prisoners would stand on a scale of morality, if such a scale can exist. Although you yourself left the question open, you suggested that many people would consider the convicted felon to be immoral by definition.

I'm biased, of course, but I can't believe that's true. Certainly all of us here are in prison for having committed one or more illegal acts, and most of the acts were immoral as well as illegal. Certainly they weren't acts that evinced high moral character. But -- and I don't think I'm rationalizing now -- is it possible to judge any person's moral potential on the basis of one or even a series of isolated acts? You remember that when "he that is without sin among you" was invited to cast the first stone, never a stone was cast. Would that indicate that all those who were disqualified from casting stones were themselves immoral, or would it indicate merely that they had performed immoral acts?

I mentioned moral potential: you probably recall that Bertrand Russell, the Noble-Prize-winning philosopher, spent a term in prison for writing pacifist propaganda during World War I. He remarked later that he had found his fellow prisoners to be neither more nor less moral than other people. I like to think that he was speaking of moral potential rather than morality. By this I mean that most people are neither moral nor immoral, but behave as they do without giving much thought to the why of it -- to the morality of it, in other words. In this sense most people, prisoners included, are amoral persons, but with very definite moral potential. That is, most people are capable of becoming interested in moral and ethical questions if they are brought to think about them. And, because morality is not a subject for ivory-tower speculation, but a vital and practical subject that concerns us all, it is almost impossible to think about morality without ultimately applying whatever conclusions we reach to our own actions.

I don't mean to imply that just thinking about morality ever made anyone a moral person. But I do mean to say that when a man becomes concerned with ethics, it becomes increasingly difficult to act in an unethical manner. He no longer does things or refrains from doing things because his parents or his neighbors or his associates do or don't do them, but because he is personally convinced that certain courses of action are "right" or "wrong." When this happens, his potenti-

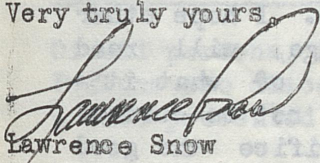


al for true morality has begun to be realized.

How do you go about reaching this "moral potential" in a given person? Religion can do it, and sometimes does. But unfortunately, the religious man who has caught the ethical spirit of religion is almost the exception rather than the rule. Books -- especially books that deal with the conflicts in men rather than conflicts between men -- can do it. But it can be done without either. Just the other day I witnessed a bull session -- and this is an extremely rare event in prison -- between a guard and a group of inmates. The subject -- and this is even rarer -- was morality. None of the inmates involved were either religious or highly educated men, and most of them were so-called "hard-cases." But there was as much interest and argument about the subject as there would have been in a college bull session or a seminary class. The moral potential was there and it had been reached, if only briefly.

Isn't there a lesson of some sort here? Sometimes prisons employ psychiatrists to test and analyze, and this is good. Sometimes teachers are brought in, or recruited from the inmate body, to train and educate, and this too is good. But where is anything done to tap the prisoner's moral reservoir, to help him reach the kind of personal convictions that lead to what is sometimes called the good life?

Very truly yours,



Lawrence Snow

#### CONFESSIONS OF A FIRST OFFENDER (Con't)

physical examination and a blood test. We took shots -- I don't remember what kind -- and we were weighed. A few days later, we had an interview with the Chaplain.

We took a seat in the Chapel -- it isn't a very large building, made of brick with a high beamed ceiling and a rough altar -- and the Chaplain called us into the library one by one to be interviewed. Sitting there waiting for my turn, I studied the Chaplain -- his name is Paul Jagers, but of course I didn't know that then. He was a slender man of about sixty, and he looked like he might be a very strict man. But I also noticed that he laughed a lot when he talked to the men, and when I went in to talk to him I was surprised to find that he was a kindly, good-humored man with a great deal of education and practical

wisdom. Even so, I remember being shy and backward in talking to him. I was very conscious of my prison clothes and my shaved head, and I have always been a little self-conscious anyway. But he seemed to understand that, too.

The 30 days passed too quickly, and it was time for me to be transferred to a regular cellblock and to be turned loose on the yard. I was told to gather up my belongings and to report back to One Cellhouse, which is where I had been assigned. (Later I found that the cells weren't as bad as they looked, and in fact One Cellhouse was one of the most popular of the living quarters, partly because radios and television sets play better there than in the newer concrete-and-steel cellblocks) I dumped the few belongings I had in my new cell, and was told to report to something called the

"yard office."

At the yard office, which turned out to be the office the yard lieutenant and the other guards used as a headquarters, the lieutenant told me that I had been assigned to 3-Shop. When he said "shop," I thought he meant a work-shop. Instead, I found that 3-Shop was just a large dayroom in an old two-story brick building on the hill, a place where convicts who aren't assigned to jobs can pass their time out of the weather. There were rough card-tables and benches in the shop, and inmates standing or sitting around talking or playing cards or shooting pool on some pool tables in the center of the room. At the front of the shop, there was a high stand, something like a judge's seat in a courtroom, where sat the guard who supervised the shop. In the corners of the shop were rough booths where inmates sold coffee. There was also a television set at one end of the room. The shop was crowded, because it was a cold day, and no one paid any attention to me, so after I signed in with the guard I walked around the shop looking for something to do or someone to talk to.

Then I saw a friend! He wasn't a friend, really, because I had only met him once, the day I had gone to take my tests at the school. He was a teacher there, and we had spoken briefly when he helped the civilian principal give me the test. He had seemed polite and friendly, and now seeing him again was almost like seeing someone from home.

Henry (that was his name) was an older man, and I guess I was a little suspicious of him from the stories I had heard about convicts, but I was wrong. In the weeks that followed, he was like an older brother to me, helping me get acquainted with other inmates and just generally to get settled down in the new situation. I found other friends, too. Not all of the convicts were friendly, and there were some of them that I felt I didn't want to get to know. But they

weren't all tough and vicious, either, the way I'd read.

And that's the way it was. A little later, I was able to start a correspondence course that my father had bought for me (I hadn't finished high school when I got in trouble), and I went to work in the magazine office, where I'm writing this. Henry went home on parole (he had been serving a life sentence for shooting a man in a poker game), and I'm grateful to him for helping me get over a rough time. But there are still a lot of years ahead. I have been told that I can see the parole board in six years (I'll be 23 years old then), and that if I make parole I may be able to finish my education. I hope so, but that's a long time in the future, to me. I hope other people, other people my age, will read this, and have some idea of what it's like to go to jail, and not be curious enough about it to sacrifice the good years of their youth, as I am doing, for something that's not worth it in the first place. I hope so ... but I know there are young men, just like me, who won't listen to what I'm saying, just as I didn't listen, and who will have to find out for themselves, just as I did. And they'll be sorry for it, then ... just as I am.

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#### MATERIAL VALUES

Silk was once known as "the cloth of kings," reports World Book Encyclopedia, and some rulers even passed laws to prohibit the common people from wearing it.

The buttons on men's suit-coat sleeves are strictly for show nowadays, but once they kept a man's long, flowing cuffs out of the way while he worked or fought.

In the France of Louis XIV, small children were afraid to go out alone for fear thieves would snip off their hair to use in wigs, popular then and now.

# EXCHANGE PAGE by LEONARD RULE

## UNIQUE SYSTEM PAYS OFF IN NORTH CAROLINA PRISON (From the OP NEWS)

A system which permits prisoners in the state penal institutions of North Carolina to be assigned to regular jobs with private employers is beginning to attract attention of legislators and prison officials of other states.

At present only 215 out of 11,000 prisoners are on the work-release program. The prisoners who work out of the state prison in Raleigh pay \$3.25 a day for room, board, and transportation. All wages are paid to the prison, which deducts board money, sends most of the rest to the prisoner's family, and gives the man \$5 a week for spending money. If there is anything left it goes into a trust fund to be given the prisoner when he completes his term. One man had \$2,500 in the trust fund when he was released. So far the program has been a complete success.

## FEDERAL PRISON DIRECTOR DISCOVERS FILE IN CAKE (Via TERMINAL ISLAND)

Of all persons, it had to be the director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons who discovered a file in a cake! James V. Bennet found it in a cake presented to him for his 25th anniversary as a prison director.

## WINE, SONG ... AND FOAM RUBBER MATTRESSES (Via The BEACON)

Today French prisoners' cells are large and airy, with six-foot-square windows, fluorescent lighting, modern plumbing, foam rubber mattresses and simple but comfortable furnishings. Meals are tasty and served with excellent coffee and a free ration of light dinner wine. Extra food, cigarettes, and wine may be purchased by the inmates from their regular earnings of from \$12 to \$15 a week.

## STEELBAND MUSIC CUTS DELINQUENCY IN NEW YORK (Via WEEKLY PROGRESS)

Steelband music, which originated in Trinidad, is the new craze among youngsters on New York's lower East Side. Educational Alliance, a settlement house, has organized 13 teen steelbands in the neighborhood. Youth Director Murray Nurell said delinquency has diminished "appreciably" since. Steelband music, also called pan playing, uses the tops of steel oil drums with hammers, files, and a variety of implements. One group now plays professionally.

## JUDICIAL DIPLOMACY (Via the CASTLE COURIER)

The judge pounded his gavel for court to come to order, then turned to the woman in the witness box. "The witness will please state her age," he ordered, "after which she will be sworn in."



# Meet The Prisoners

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

**NORMAN SANDERS** And **EUGENE TREVISO** -- Norman Sanders and Eugene Treviso have several things in common, but the most important is that they are not what I call "pattern" offenders.

The pattern convict is first, a recidivist -- a repeat offender. Typically, he began to foul up early in life, usually by or before the teens. By the time he reaches maturity, he has served sentences in both reform schools and penitentiaries. He seems destined to continue going to prisons until he either ends up with a life sentence as an habitual criminal or retires from major crime at a ripe age. The "non-pattern" offender -- I believe penologists refer to them as "accidental" criminals -- usually come to prison only once, and that after reaching maturity.

Norman Sanders waited until he was 32 years old to arrive at Eddyville. Born in Tennessee, he has lived in Paducah for most of his life. Since 1947, he has worked as an ironworker and steel fabricator. In college, where he spent  $3\frac{1}{2}$  years, he majored in structural engineering. Following college, Norman entered the Air Force, where he stayed for two years. After his discharge, he went back to iron work and finally began a shop of his own. For four years, he fabricated ornamental steel for homes and commercial buildings. Business was good and Norman seemed to be about to establish himself firmly in the business when his shop burned to the ground. There was some insurance, but not enough to rebuild. For a time, misfortune piled on misfortune, and finally Norman ended up with a five year sentence for

forgery and "cold checks."

Eugene Treviso, 25, is a native of Detroit, Michigan. A high school graduate, he, too, spent some time in the service and rose to the rank of sergeant. Following his discharge in 1957, he went into sales work. At the time of his arrest, he was sales manager for an educational equipment firm in Cincinnati. This was his first prison offense.

Both Sanders and Treviso are the fathers of two children. Sanders, now divorced, has two boys, 3 and 7 years old. Treviso, who is still married, has a 3-year-old girl and a boy of 7 months.

Neither Sanders nor Treviso is wasting his talents in prison. Sanders, who of course studied a great deal of mathematics in college, teaches the math classes in the prison school. He is also the mathematics instructor for the GED preparatory classes being held in the athletic office. Treviso teaches physics, science, and health in the school. Both men are rated as top instructors by their supervisors.

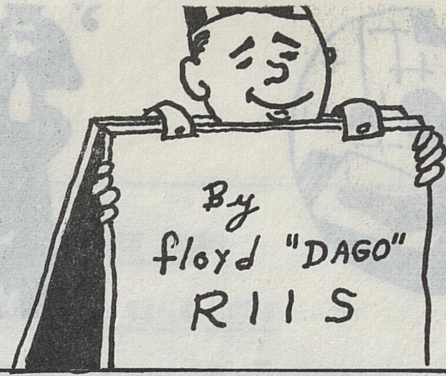
Both men are quiet, friendly types who walk together quite a bit and give freely of their time to anyone who wants to be tutored in math and science. During their relatively limited free time, they play ping-pong or baseball or pinochle in the gymnasium and in the shops.

What about the future? Sanders hopes to return to steel work or to engineering upon his release, and Treviso plans to return to sales work. Neither of them wants or expects to return to prison.

# TALC

And a  
few facts

# TALCS



Much to everyone's surprise, "Little Ed" Napier is losing weight. Yes, sir, this hot weather we've had has taken its toll. The little guy is below 250 pounds! Do you really weigh that much, Ed?

Charles "Curly" Duke is a very fastidious young man who has a mania about keeping neat and well-groomed. Naturally I was astonished to see him sitting on the barber shop steps with mournful and downhearted look. Duke candidly confessed that he was instructed to get a regulation haircut. I don't know for sure if he lived through this dreadful ordeal, but I do know he's cried tears of sorrow ever since. Don't worry, Duke, I'll lend you some of my hair!

I can't swear this to be a fact, but a good buddy of Robert "Hairless" Bates tells me Robert has ordered a case of hair tonic guaranteed to restore hair!

I wonder why D. Hatcher seems so lonely and forlorn. Someone said it was due to the parole board's error. (?)

And I wonder why a big fellow who seems so much like he could be a wrestler or life guard should turn bird fancier? Maybe the guy craves pigeon pie!

Old man "Slick" Balsey packed up his cards -- and even took his broom -- and moved to Three Shop. Said those kids over there needed instructions in pin-ochle.

Hey, you guys, stop putting those old junk timepieces off on my friend Lonnie Crenshaw. It takes every flicker the guy gets to keep them running.

For the past four and a half years I've halfheartedly listened to Willard "El

Gato" Damron vehemently proclaims he was getting that life sentence cut. Never has the Big Cat lost hope or patience. But yesterday I found out he meant he was getting it cut ... day by day!

There's a young man in One Cellhouse who's quite a comedian. From dawn to dark he diligently strives for perfection as a mimic. Sometimes he's a wee bird burping; but honestly, fellows, most of the time he mimics what he resembles so much -- a jackass with indigestion!

If you've got a dollar, it doesn't seem so terribly much. But after you've lost it, you fully realize the strength it held. With it you're a welcome guest anywhere, but without it, you're just an eyeballer, irritatingly peeking over someone else's shoulder. I don't know personally that this is true, but L. D. Harper does.

In case you missed last month's column, my predecessor, Chuck "Teddy Bear" Garrett left for LaGrange. The rumor's out that Teddy Bear had to ask for a transfer. Seems he insulted too many guys in the column. Come on back, Teddy -- I'll keep the wolves off. Personally, I don't think the rumors are true. Teddy will be back soon -- this is his home and you couldn't drive him away with a stick!

In Java, a burglar scatters dirt from a grave around a house he intends to rob, believing this will make the inhabitants sleep soundly!

Have you heard of the termite with false teeth? He walked into a tavern and asked respectfully, "Is the bar tender here?"



### SCHOOL DAZE -- Joe Paulhus

With tongue in cheek and pen in hand/ I muse about the task at hand. Editor Snow says, "get to work, man, I need some copy." So to start off we want to say hello to some new students. Alfonzo Brown, Robert Hombarger, William O'Bannion, George Stansberry, and H. Smith. We also have a new teacher, Edward Isaacs, who seems to have taken competent control of the second grade.

Sherrid Wolfe has finally received his parole plans and is on the bricks. Mr. Garth Petrie, our summer supervisor, will have left by the time this edition hits the streets. Before he left I asked him if he would like to make a statement to the "press." Here is his statement: "When asked to comment on leaving after two months of working among you, I can only say it has been a great experience for me ... an opportunity to see and learn first hand that which I had previously only heard stories about, and exaggerated stories, too. I hope to meet you all as citizens and shake hands with you as a friend."

Mr. Petrie will be going to Indiana University to earn his Ph.D. in education and educational administration. After graduation he hopes to work as a college teacher or administrator.

We would like to thank Mr. W. Z. Carter, Supervisor of Education for the Department of Welfare, for obtaining 10 much-needed dictionaries for the school.

Before I close, may I say that if any of you are unable to read or write, you can volunteer, and welcome, to come to school, regardless of your age.

### CABINET SHOP REPORT -- Bud Lyons

As October draws near, much of the planned work for the summer months has been completed. We think the scale house, now finished, speaks for the shop and the skills contained here. Why September seems to haunt the roofer, I don't know; nevertheless roofing has been the center of work for a few days. A new roof has been placed on the ice house. Mr. Hillyard and crew can vouch for how hot it can get on top of a roof that's being tarred! As for work inside the shop, it has rolled along, and we have been able to keep it up even with the outside work. As you can see, we have done much work that doesn't ordinarily come under cabinet making. Yet there was a cut in manhours expended by this department that amounted to 40%. This cut was in manhours only, not in work produced. The cut is due to more highly skilled supervision. Our boss, Mr. Hillyard, is an old construction foreman of vast experience.

**DEPARTMENTAL PROGRESS:** The upholstering department has been kept busy this month. John Fields handles this job alone and he upholstered 20 pieces of furniture this month. Junior Pence is the man in the spray department. Because we don't have a separate room for spraying, he can only work when the rest of the shop is closed down for the day. This allows him about 2 hours daily in which to complete his job. He keeps the spray gun going continuously during this time. There is never a slack minute in the refinishing department. We have 2 cabinetmakers and 4 carpenters who never want for work.

**AROUND THE SHOP:** This part of the

monthly report I really enjoy writing. It gives me a chance to let a few cats out of the bag. Since Junior Pence heard from his wife's lawyer last month, that familiar smile has been wiped from his face. I hear Kenny White is now in the same predicament. What's with Porter and those shutters? He seems to always have them with him when he is crossing the yard. Could he be with the shutters as Charlie Brown is with his blanket? Alvin Lucas has taken this hand-carving thing seriously. But Luke, the idea is to use your hands to carve wood, not to carve your hands! And finally, with all the off-limits signs Ted Lewis has painted in the past month, I wonder where we can go besides to bed?

#### ONE SHOP -- Mose Parker

Dear reader, I have discovered that if one looks up and then around, the beauties of life will begin to manifest themselves. Also it is reasonably safe to say that if you read on, chances are favorable that you will be informed of the happenings in and around One Shop.

It shoulda been me, but it wasn't. It was E. Dennis, Joe Lewis, William Moore, M. Lapp, Bill Taylor and Wesley who packed their suitcases and moved on down the line. Those of you who watched their departure with mixed emotions, despair not, I entreat you. It has been confirmed that Father Time is working diligently day and night to secure your release.

Richard Workman, who not so long ago stepped down from the graduation platform grasping his elementary school diploma, has secured a seat in the typing class. Go, man, go!

I would like to step outside the shop a moment to salute and give a round of applause to Flat and Fleming, who, aside from heirn life guards, are a pair of real nice joes. They are pillars in the middle of the pool, especially if you run out of gas without your waterwings.

#### LATE NEWS

##### TWO MEN AWARDED TIME CUTS

Stanley Brawner and Roy Teague, both lifers, were awarded commutations of their sentences last month.

Brawner and Teague, serving time on the same charge (robbery), had their sentences reduced to 10 years each by order of the Governor. The commutations were granted upon the recommendations of the judge, prosecuting attorney, and jurors, and of the parole board.

Both men will become eligible for parole consideration on their new sentences in five months.

Teague is presently working in the prison hospital as a nurse. Stanley is employed as a secretary in the administration building.

##### J. T. HANCOCK ASSIGNED AS LIEUTENANT

Mr. J. T. Hancock was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant just as the CASTLE was being laid out. He will serve as yard lieutenant on the day shift.

Mr. Hancock formerly worked in Number Three Cellhouse as a security officer. His duties as yard lieutenant will be to supervise the yard personnel, maintain order, and oversee the work details on the grounds.

Lt. Hancock, 33, is a native of Trigg County, but he makes his home now at Eddyville. He is married and has two small children, a boy and a girl.

WCBL presents "Closed World," the program that features convict talent in a convict setting, every second Sunday at 1:30. Dial 1290 for this unusual public service presentation, originating in Eddyville Prison.

WCBL RADIO ..... BENTON, KY .... 1290 kc

plants in the winter and their "rebirth" in the spring, simply carried the idea over into human life. If plants can die and be born again, he reasoned, surely humans and animals can do likewise.

But if the life cycle of plants suggested a similar life cycle in men, a very potent human element -- ego -- made men eager to accept the new idea. Put on a personal basis, what this means is that while I can imagine the world to have gone on without me for millions of years in the past, I find it extremely difficult, now that I'm here, to imagine the world going on without me in the future. Death as an endless sleep is difficult to imagine. The more modern idea of a life after death as pure spirit -- that is, with no physical body at all -- is equally difficult to imagine and doesn't seem to have occurred to early man. Hence the stone age chieftains were buried with the food and weapons they would need for a physical afterlife, and the Norseman thought of the life hereafter as a great hall of heroes, Valhalla, where brave men lived on in (presumably) their physical bodies, served by a race of heroic women also in physical bodies.

Such beliefs about reincarnation fostered some interesting ideas about the soul. It, too, believed early man, was a material thing, a something found in the blood, in the intestines, or in the back of the head. It could escape, or leave the body, through the mouth or nose, and it left not only at death, but also while its owner was asleep. Among the Seminole Indians of Florida, it was the custom not long ago when a woman was dying in childbirth to place the newborn infant's face over hers. The idea was that the infant would thus receive the mother's soul through her last breath. Among the Carrier Indians of Northwestern America, the priest "caught" the soul of a dead chief in his hands and blew it toward the new chief, who was

then thought to be the incarnation of the old leader. Among some of the earlier inhabitants of Europe, a king was not allowed to die a natural death for reasons of reincarnation. Instead, at the end of a fixed term or when his health seemed to be failing, he was put to death so that his soul could be reincarnated in the new king!

Strange ideas? Certainly -- to us. But an almost unconscious belief in reincarnation persists even in "modern" minds. How often have you heard someone say, "In my next life I'm going to do so-and-so," or "When I come back, I'm going to be a bird (or a racehorse, or a pampered pet, etc.)" Many persons who would like to "will" their eyes or bodies to the blind or to medical schools are held back by the thought that if they do, they'll "come back" blind or without a body. And as seeming evidence of reincarnation, who has not visited a strange section of the city -- one in which he has never before in this life set foot -- and suddenly experienced the inexplicable conviction that he had "seen" the area before?

So the belief in reincarnation, originated in some unknown time by some rude and primitive forebear, exists to this day. And in a sense, the realization that it does is comforting. It proves that modern man, for all his advanced scientific and religious thought, is still every bit as human as the first human creature to walk the earth!

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#### HOW DRAMATIC CAN YOU GET?

New York (UPI) -- A prominent Baptist in Harlem has proposed a way to "dramatize the extremely serious nature of the narcotics problem in New York." Said the Reverend Oberia D. Dempsey: "Send the convicted narcotics wholesalers before a firing squad!"



# NIGHTKEEPER'S REPORT 1885

EDITOR'S NOTE: "Nightkeeper's Report 1885" is taken from old records of the state prison at Jackson, Michigan, and is reprinted here from the SPECTATOR, inmate publication of that prison. We feel that these unique reports give considerable insight into penal methods of the past as contrasted with those of the present, and we wish to thank the SPECTATOR for making them available.

JULY 6 -- Everyone in the prison has been quiet and orderly, except that crank, Caswell. He has been very noisy, swearing that he has ghosts in his cell, but I think it was his conscience that bothered him. He demanded that I move him elsewhere. Instead I gave him a stiff dose of Bromide, which quieted his nerves somewhat. He didn't go to sleep however.

JULY 7 -- The night just past was spent quietly enough except for a few minor disturbances in the West Wing cellhouse. A side door in the West Wing was found unlocked but jammed by Guard Sloan. He immediately reported this to me and I went personally to check on it. I found the door to be jammed as he described it, and upon further investigation discovered the reason. Soap had been forced into the latch to prevent it from sliding into the slot. This is an old trick of convicts.

I suspect this is an escape plot with much planning behind it; however, I am at a loss to explain how anyone could hope to use this door in the nighttime as the convicts are all locked in their cells. The door is always left unlocked during the day, which explains how anyone wishing to tamper with the lock could do so. I will have Guard Sloan inspect cells in the West Wing tomorrow for escape tools.

JULY 8 -- The night just past was spent in quiet with nothing to report. Guard Sloan inspected every cell in the West Wing and found nothing of importance which would indicate an escape was in the making. However, I still think

someone is up to no good and will maintain watchfulness.

JULY 9 -- I am reporting Juste, No. 1567, for fighting in the work line. It seems that he and another convict have been arguing with one another for the past several weeks over the outcome of the Civil War.

Juste is a rebel from Georgia, and will fight over the drop of a hat. His competitor in the fracas is Brown, No. 1978, who hasn't been in trouble since his confinement here four years ago. He and Juste were walking in line on their return to East Wing when Juste suddenly swung his fist down on the back of Brown's neck, knocking him to the ground. Brown scrambled quickly back to his feet and made for his cell. Guard Skeels, who was directing the line, brought Juste to me and explained what happened. I tried to question Juste further about the trouble, but he would make no comment. I then went to Brown's cell and questioned him. He told me the whole story and left no doubt in my mind that Juste was to blame for the fight. I am not going to direct disciplinary action toward Brown for his part in the fight.

JULY 10 -- Good order prevailed throughout the night. It rained during the early evening and cooled off considerably before morning. It was, however, a bad night for me as my tooth kept hurting during the early morning hours.

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Be sure of getting your copy of the CASTLE each month -- send a money order for one dollar to Box 128, Eddyville.

KENTUCKY STATE PENITENTIARY STATISTICS

(August 1 to August 31)

ESCAPES	2
DEATH ROW	7
ADMITTED BY COMMITMENT	26
TRANSFERS FROM KSR	24
RELEASED BY EXPIRATION	16
RELEASED BY PAROLE	29
RELEASED BY DEATH	0
TOTAL POPULATION	1162
HIGH NUMBER	24007
LOW NUMBER (Admitted 1927)	5240

MOVIES FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS

September 21:	I MARRIED A MONSTER FROM OUTER SPACE Tom Tryon & Gloria Talbett: S. F.
September 28:	THE LONG ROPE Hugh Marlow & Alan Hale: Western
October 5:	7 WOMEN FROM HELL Pat Owen, Caesar Romero: Drama
October 12:	SECOND TIME AROUND Debby Reynolds & Andy Griffith: Comedy

CLOSED WORLD BROADCASTS

Sunday, September 23; Sunday, October  
7; Sunday, October 21.

All broadcasts at 1:30 p. m. on WCBL,  
Benton, Kentucky. Tune 1290 for this  
unusual prison broadcast!

THE LAST WORD

POLICE ASK KSP YEGGS TO BREAK SAFE!

Shades of Jimmy Valentine! For the  
severalth time in history, the bad guy  
became the good guy by doing a legal  
safe-cracking job.

Seems someone over in Russellville, Ken-  
tucky, lost the combination to an old  
safe. The safe, an antique of the type  
yeggs call "crackerboxes," hadn't been  
opened in years. No one knew what was  
in the safe, but speculation ran rife  
and it was finally determined there was  
a king's ransom in the old box. But how  
to get it open?

The Russellville Chief of Police came up  
with the answer. Take it to the Castle  
on the Cumberland, quoth he. Surely in  
all that motley gang of felons there  
should be someone willing to do the job  
for old time's sake. And sure enough,  
there was.

When the safe came in, an ex-dial man  
tried the combination first to see if  
the box could be opened without damage.  
Rare indeed, however, is the safe that  
will yield to this type of friendly per-  
suasion. So force was tried. The safe  
was carted down to the engineer depart-  
ment, where another ex-yegg tried the  
reliable old punch method. When that  
failed to work on the stubborn cracker-  
box, a drilling and burning operation  
was carried out. Happily for the repu-  
tation of Kentucky safecrackers, it  
worked.

Was there a fortune in the safe? Well,  
no. Unless a bunch of canceled checks  
are worth anything. But everyone had a  
fine time and the good people of  
Russellville had their curiosity satis-  
fied.

Right now, the yeggs are hard at work  
trying to put the safe back together  
again -- something new in burglary!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR (con't from inside front cover)

Dear Tubby:

How are you making out without the Bear? Bill Coley and I and numerous other ex-Eddyvillians would like to read the happenings in that scandal sheet of yours. So how about sending us a copy each month. Don't be looking for your buck; we're insolvent. However, you can send a courtesy copy to the academic school, care of D. R. Estes, Supervisor of Education. Bill and I can filch it from him each month.

There is a definite possibility that we will start a publication here, one that is entirely different from the book known as "GAB." So if you're nice, we may mention your name in the first edition.

Give our regards to all the outlaws, and place our name on your mailing list for the paper.

Cordially yours,

Chuck "Teddy Bear" Garrett and Bill Coley  
State Reformatory, LaGrange, Kentucky

P. S. Don't slowwalk us on the paper!

We're way ahead of you, Teddy Bear. Your copy of the magazine was in the mail before your disrespectful letter arrived. Regards from all us outlaws to all you outlaws. --Editor

Dear Sir:

I would like to take issue with the proclamation of James Bell Yager in the August issue of this magazine.

Mr. Yager drops the illusion that he has served million-dollar clients. I wish to state here and now that I will treat both the editor and the associate editor to a chicken dinner if Mr. Yager can produce a law-degree and a statement that he ever served a one-dollar client! If Mr. Yager is tired of writing writs, all he has to do is stop. In the past I haven't noticed any rush of the imprisoned masses to his door. And most certainly no one in here expects a favor without giving some thing in return.

Needless to say, no one comes to prison expecting to open a law practice. But in a sense we are as obligated to help our neighbors here as we would be on the outside. A man will use his talents, providing he has talents to begin with, to render service to a friend in need who is less fortunate than himself. To me such a notice -- "I will not help you any more" -- is given only because no worthwhile help could be given in the first place.

I wish to say that I do not have a law degree, nor do I pretend to be a lawyer. But each and every one of my friends can get whatever help I can give at any time. Wake up, Mr. Yager! Your attempt to attract publicity is in poor taste.

(Signed) Billy Howell

Castle on the Cumberland  
Box 128  
Eddyville, Kentucky



*Aug.*

*Library*

To: University of Kentucky  
Lexington, Kentucky