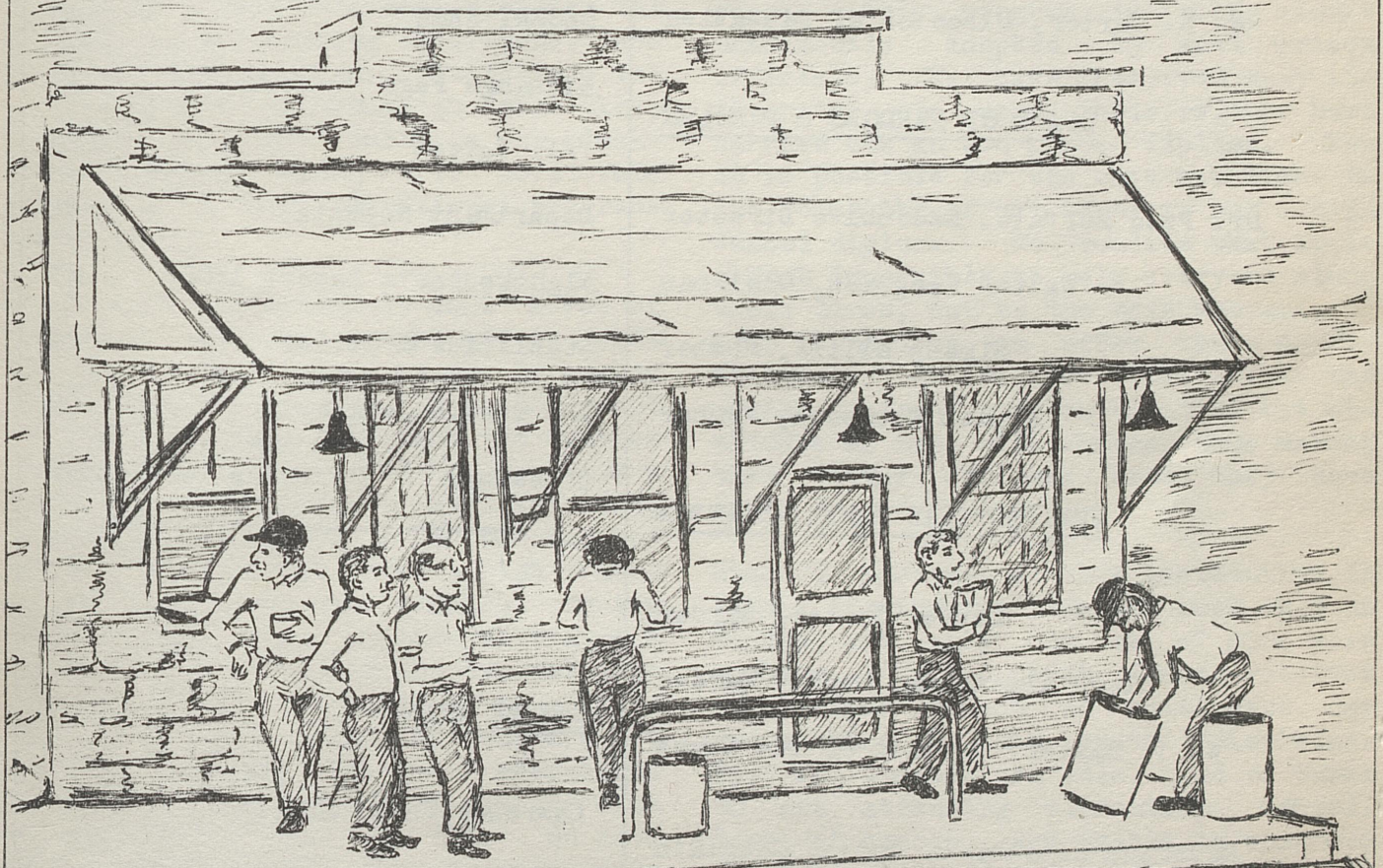


U.3
m.3

Castle on the Cumberland

"Prison Canteen"



September

CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND

ADMINISTRATION

The Honorable Bert T. Combs, Governor

Wilson W. Wyatt, Lt. Governor

Marshall Swain, Corrections Commissioner

Dr. Harold Black, Director of Institutions

W. Z. Carter, Director of Education

BOARD OF PARDONS & PAROLES

Dr. Fred Moffatt, Executive Director

Walter Ferguson, Chairman

Simeon Willis, Member

Ernest Thompson, Member

PENITENTIARY ADMINISTRATION

Luther Thomas, Warden

Lloyd Armstrong, Deputy Warden

W. T. Baxter, Captain of the Guard

Reverend Houston E. Inman, Chaplain

Henry E. Cowan, Supervisor of Education

William Egbert, Vocational Instructor

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Deputy Warden's Page	1
Castle News	2
Editorial	7
THE 9-GRAND CON	10
DESERT BRED	15
Exchange Page	19
Tall Tales	20
Department Reports	21
Nightkeeper's Report 1886	23
Statistics & Movies	24
The Castle Laughs	24
Crossword	Inside Back Cover

CASTLE STAFF

Lawrence Snow, Editor

Harold Arnold, Associate Editor

James F. McKinney, Art Editor

John Busby, Multilith Operator

The Castle on the Cumberland is published on the 15th of each month by the inmates of the Kentucky State Penitentiary at Eddyville. Subscriptions, one dollar a year. Opinions expressed in this magazine do not necessarily reflect those of the administration. Permission to reproduce any part of this magazine is granted, provided credit is given to author and source.

DEPUTY WARDEN'S PAGE

-- By Deputy Warden Lloyd Armstrong

Recently I was asked how the penitentiary of today compares with the penitentiary as I knew it when I first came to work here in May, 1946. To me there is very little comparison. There has been, in this period of time, a complete change-over, not only in this prison but in many others which I have visited and been associated with. We believe that most of these changes have been for the betterment of the inmate and institution -- such as a more balanced diet for the inmates, better housing conditions, and an educational program. Still more improvements are underway at this time, the most important being a new educational building which will accelerate our athletic and educational programs tremendously.

We now have approximately 2400 acres of farm land, compared with 480 in 1946. Our beef cattle have risen in number from a mere 100 head in 1946 to about 500 head. We have six times the number of hogs that we had in '46. We have a dairy herd, which didn't exist in 1946, to furnish plenty of milk for the inmates. We can now offer a high school education to those who qualify, typing classes, and some on-the-job training courses. Our 8th-grade educational program is not only available, but compulsory to all those under 26 who are not this far advanced in their education. We have a modern laundry to compare with an old wooden tub in '46. We have factories in which the inmates make their own clothes, as well as clothes for various other state-owned institutions. These were non-existent in 1946. The inmates' clothing has improved enormously during this period. Medical care for the inmates has improved almost 100%. In my opinion, the Kentucky penal institutions have moved ahead with great strides in the past 16 to 18 years; however, there is an ever-increasing need for further advancement, which we hope

to obtain by constant improvements along these lines.

By 1948, it became evident that the penal authorities were sitting up and taking a greater interest in the welfare of the inmate, and trying to do something about his rehabilitation while he is serving his sentence, rather than letting him sit for years looking at a stone wall until his discharge date, then going back to society an embittered man, none the better for all his wasted years. This program is being almost unanimously adopted by most prison officials. We have received many illiterates who upon their release have carried out an 8th grade diploma. Now it is possible for the ones who wish to put forth the effort to carry out a high school diploma. We realize that it is almost impossible to help everyone along these lines, but to the ones who wish to help themselves we offer these opportunities. We believe that with the proper training and consultation the attitudes of many will change, thus making them better citizens once they have again joined society.

When I arrived at this institution in 1946, the inmates received meat only on Sunday, and only one out of nine were working. Today, each inmate receives the proper amount of meat each day recommended by the state dietician. Only 261 inmates are idle, and of these 80 are attending elementary school. Some, of course, are unable to work due to physical handicaps, others are segregated from the rest of the inmates, which means that most of the able-bodied inmates are working in and around the institution.

In 1946, the starting wage for a correctional officer was \$125 a month. Today the starting wage is \$266 a month, more than double. At that time the correctional officer got a day off every 9th day. Today he gets off one day each

(Continued on Page 18)

THE PAROLE-REFORM BILL: WHAT DOES IT SAY, WHOM WILL IT AFFECT?

Will the new reform bill help or harm the average inmate? What will be the criteria determining when men will meet the parole board? Who will be eligible for parole? What will count most in the consideration of the case of the individual prisoner? These are only a few of the questions KSP inmates have been speculating about since Senate Bill No. 1 was passed in special session last June. With these questions in mind, the CASTLE has made a careful study of the bill and presents here a summary of its provisions.

Briefly, Senate Bill 1 does 3 things:

1. It provides for the creation of a "Commission on Correction and Community Service" to make a continuing study of Kentucky's adult penal institutions and programs and make appropriate recommendations to the Governor.
2. It provides for a 5-man parole board to consist originally of the three incumbent members, who shall serve at least until the expiration of their present terms, and of two new members, appointed for 4-year terms by the Governor. The Governor is to select the new members (and fill vacancies on the board thereafter) from a list of qualified applicants prepared by the new Commission.
3. It removes arbitrary restrictions on parole eligibility, repeals appropriate statutes, clarifies the status of certain prisoners serving more than one term, and provides for the adoption of parole regulations consistent with "prevailing ideas of corrections and reform."

THE COMMISSION ON CORRECTIONS, as already stated in the CASTLE, will consist of 11 unpaid members. Four of these will be ex-officio members: the Commissioner of Corrections (Marshall Swain is presently Acting Commissioner), the Director of Institutions (Dr. Black), the Director of Probation and Parole (W. P. Hurley) and the Chairman of the

Board of Pardons and Paroles (Walter Ferguson).

The other 7 members of the Commission must include two circuit judges, a psychiatrist, a professional educator, an attorney, and a representative each from business and labor. All but the ex-officio members will be appointed by the Governor.

THE DUTIES OF THE COMMISSION include study of Kentucky's adult penal institutions and programs, the preparation of a list of qualified applicants to fill vacancies on the parole board, and advising the Governor on the need for new institutions, facilities, programs, research, and liason between the Department and community agencies to promote the rehabilitation of prisoners and parolees. The bill provides authority for the Commission or any of its members to visit and inspect institutions and institutional records.

THE PAROLE BOARD is charged with the adoption of rules and regulations concerning the parole eligibility of individual prisoners, with considering all pertinent information concerning the prisoner, and having him appear before one or more members of the board for a personal hearing. The bill states that the board shall release prisoners under parole supervision when it believes they are "able and willing to fulfill the obligations of a law-abiding citizen."

To help the board determine when the prisoner has reached such a state, the DIVISION OF INSTITUTIONS and the DIVISION OF PROBATION AND PAROLE are charged with gathering and reporting on all pertinent information regarding the prisoner's criminal record, the results of physical and mental examinations, his conduct, employment and attitude in prison, and the circumstances of his offense and previous social history. This information is to be gathered as soon as practicable after the commitment of the prisoner.

TO CLARIFY THE STATUS of prisoners serving more than one term, the bill provides that a second sentence imposed for a crime committed before the prisoner was committed shall run concurrently with the first if:

(1) The sentence is designated to be served concurrently.

(2) The commitment is silent.

WHO WILL BE ELIGIBLE FOR PAROLE? The language of the bill seems to indicate that all prisoners except those condemned to death and those serving a sentence of life without privilege of parole will be eligible for parole consideration at any time, subject to willingness and ability to "fulfill the obligations of a law-abiding citizen."

PARKER HURLEY IS NEW PAROLE CHIEF

Governor Bert T. Combs announced last month that he had appointed the supervisor of Louisville's probation and parole office to replace James M. Wells as Director of the Commonwealth's Probation and Parole Division. Wells resigned suddenly last month.

W. Parker Hurley, 50, spent 20 years in the pharmaceutical manufacturing industry before going to work with the Probation and Parole Division 10 years ago. For two years he worked as a Louisville probation officer, becoming head of the combined Louisville-Jefferson County division when the city and county groups merged in 1955.

Hurley, who was featured some time ago in a LOUISVILLE TIMES "People You Should Know" story, resides with his wife and children in Louisville.

ONE ADDICT WHO JUMPED INTO A FALL

Mansoura, Egypt (UPI) -- In order to escape police searching for narcotics, Mohamed Zaki Abdullah leapt from a 3rd-story window. He landed on a police van and broke his leg.

SENATOR NICHOLS AMONG RECENT SPEAKERS

"Mr. Clerk, take the roll." These words, spoken by the Speaker of Kentucky's House of Representatives, used to herald a tedious, time-consuming procedure of calling the roll of 100 representatives to determine each man's vote on a given bill. Since bills are up for vote many times each day the Legislature is in session, a good part of the limited time available each year for the lawmaking process was consumed in merely registering votes.

But, said the Honorable Fred Nichols, speaking to an inmate assembly here last month, an IBM machine that tallies the total vote for and against each bill, as well as the way each representative voted, has solved that problem.

The machine, said the youthful State Senator from Madisonville, shows results on a "scoreboard" on which each member's name is listed. A green light beside each name signifies a yes-vote, a red light indicates a no-vote, and no light at all means that the legislator either was not present or abstained from voting. The total vote is also given at the top of the scoreboards, and individual members register their vote by moving or not moving a toggle switch on their desks.

During his brief talk, the 36-year-old Senator explained other facets of the lawmaking process as it operates in Kentucky. He invited the inmates to drop into the galleries at Frankfort when they are free to see for themselves how government is operated.

Senator Nichols, a graduate of the University of Kentucky, served as Representative prior to his present term in the Upper House.

The United States has more than twice the land area (3,615,000 square miles) of all the nations of Europe.

B. W. PORTER IS DAYTIME YARD LIEUTENANT

With the assignment of former Yard Lieutenant William O. Long to the position of Utility Lieutenant, Burnette W. Porter, 63, became day-shift yard lieutenant last month.

Lt. Porter, married and the father of five grown children, makes his home in Hopkinsville, Kentucky. A former farmer and heavy-equipment operator, he also served two terms as Trigg County Representative under the administration of Governor Keen Johnson. He is a member of the Hopkinsville Methodist Church, and has served as a Sunday school superintendent for some 30 years. During the 4 years he has been employed at the prison, he served on the midnight shift.

Sargeant William Herndon, who transferred from the night shift more than a year ago, will remain in his position as second-in-command on the yard under Lt. Porter.

LIONS EYE BANK STILL NEEDS PLEDGES

Raymond McNabb last month pledged his eyes to the Lions Eye Bank, increasing the total number of KSP inmates who have willed their eyes to the service club to near 60. But the bank still needs eyes, and pledges are always appreciated.

The eyes, which are not removed until after the donor dies, are given without charge by the Lions Club to restore the sight of blind men, women and children. The removal of the eyes makes no difference in the appearance of the body, and there is absolutely no charge to the donor or his family. Anyone, regardless of age, race, or the condition of his eyes, may pledge.

Here in the prison, those wishing to pledge their eyes after death may sign a pledge card at the CASTLE office, and a pocket card acknowledging the donation will be received within a short time. Persons not in the prison may apply to the Lions Eye Bank, 101 West Chestnut Street, Louisville 2, Kentucky, or to any member of the Lions Club.

FATHER GLAHN TO REPLACE FATHER MCATEE

Reverend Jerome Glahn, a long-time resident of Owensboro, Kentucky, will become KSP's part-time Catholic Chaplain, replacing Reverend William M. McAtee of Calvert City. Reverend Glahn will live in nearby Princeton.

Father McAtee has been suffering from an enlarged heart. This condition, and a reorganization in the Owensboro diocese, of which the penitentiary is a part, made the change necessary.

Father McAtee instituted weekly masses here at the institution some time ago. Catholic services formerly were held monthly. Currently, the mass is celebrated each Sunday afternoon at 3:30, and is the only Catholic activity available to inmates. Catholic religious instruction may, however, be available in the future.

ART BLOOMS IN PRISON LUMBERPILE

His "studio" is a pile of lumber waiting to be used in the new school-gymnasium under construction here, and his "models" are usually black-and-white wallet-sized photos, often well-worn and faded from constant carrying. But Jim McKinney, who does the CASTLE's art work in his spare time, turns out some truly beautiful pastel portraits in spite of his working conditions.

The 35-year-old Lexington man keeps busy most of the week painting pictures of the wives, sweethearts, mothers and children of his convict "clients," most of whom are delighted with his work. It takes him about a day of steady work to produce a true likeness with his pastel chalks, and the fee he charges is nominal -- barely enough to pay for his materials and keep him in tobacco and other necessities. But, as he says, it keeps his hand in and passes off the time in a constructive way.

McKinney's talent is natural. He has had almost no formal art training, learning the secrets of working with most media through trial and error.

FAILURE TO CALL LAWYER IS MISDEMEANOR

In Iowa, an arresting officer who fails to call an attorney when requested to do so by an intoxicated driver is guilty of a misdemeanor, says THE PRESIDIO.

So ruled Iowa Attorney General Evan Hultman, in response to a request for a ruling by State Representative John Duffy.

Under this ruling an intoxicated motorist who has been arrested and is unable to place a call to an attorney himself may request that this be done for him.

CALIFORNIA OKAYS TEMPORARY RELEASES FOR PAROLED CONS FOR JOB-SEEKING PURPOSES

Inmates of San Quentin, Folsom, Soledad and Chino, as well as other prisons and facilities in California's gigantic penal complex no longer have to buck the sometimes impossible task of finding a job while still in prison, says the FOLSOM OBSERVER.

Senate Bill 361, recently signed by California Governor Edmond G. "Pat" Brown, authorizes the California Director of Corrections to allow prisoners who have been granted parole to take a temporary leave from prison to work out a parole placement program for themselves. This means that prisoners will be able to contact prospective employers and find lodging in person, rather than by mail.

MARYLAND CONS COP TWO LITERATURE PRIZES

George E. Hooper and Edward Metcalfe, both of the Maryland State Penitentiary, took first and second prize respectively in the literature division of the Robert Lindner Prisoner Awards Competition this year. Both entered book-length works.

In other divisions, Miss Ellen Afterman and Anthony Pugh, both of New York prisons, won the top prizes in art; in music, Aaron Burton of California and Ellis E. Ford of Massachusetts were the winners. The two top prizes consisted of cash awards of \$50 and \$25.

CHAPLAIN JAGGERS NOW ON RETIRED STATUS

Reverend Paul Jagers, Chaplain of this maximum-security institution for more than eleven years, officially retires this month. He has been absent from the prison since he was stricken with bone cancer some months ago.

Chaplain Jagers, 64, was reared in Louisville, where he attended public schools, as well as the Bryant and Stratton Business College, the University of Louisville, and the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, also of Louisville. Following his graduation from the seminary, he entered the ministry, serving as a pastor for more than 40 years.

Within the prison, the Chaplain often organized and moderated informal classes in psychology, classes which often developed into group-therapy sessions without actually being called such. He was fond of debate, and his dry wit and liberal views made him popular with many of the inmates. During the early 50s, when riots tore through many of the nation's prisons, he was credited with helping to bring to a bloodless end an uprising in this prison.

For some weeks before leaving the institution, the Chaplain was handicapped by what was then thought to be a bursitis in the muscles of the hip. It was at the Kentucky Baptist Hospital in Louisville that he first discovered the ailment that was causing his painful limp was cancer. He underwent surgery shortly afterwards, but the operation was ended when it was discovered that the malignant growth was too widespread to be safely removed with the knife.

Reverend Jagers is now living with his wife in Louisville. He continues to go to the outpatient clinic of the hospital for treatment.

Reverend Calvin Wilkins, Pastor of the Kuttawa Baptist Church, has been serving voluntarily as Acting Chaplain. He and Reverend R. G. Shelton of Eddyville also alternated in the pulpit on Sundays.

REVEREND HOUSTON E. INMAN, NEW CHAPLAIN,
WILL DEVOTE FULL TIME TO PRISONERS

A 31-year-old Mississippi man with nine years of ministerial experience behind him assumed his duties as KSP's new Protestant Chaplain this month.

Reverend Houston E. Inman took the KSP pulpit for the first time Sunday, September 1. He will replace former Chaplain Paul Jagers, who retired earlier this year when he was stricken with bone cancer.

Born in Clarksdale, Mississippi, Reverend Inman took his B.A. at Mississippi College and his B.D. at the New Orleans Baptist Seminary. He studied psychology of religion for a year as a special student at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary in Louisville, and underwent a brief period of clinical training as Chaplain of Louisville General Hospital.

His pastoral experience includes seven years as a minister in Mississippi churches and one year as pastor of a Baptist church in Southern Indiana.

It was while he was at Mississippi College that he met his wife, Sherlene, who earned a B.S. degree at the institution. Mrs. Inman has taught for five of the six years they have been married -- four in Mississippi and one in the Louisville school system -- and hopes to work as a substitute teacher in this area.

Although it has been the custom in the past for chaplains to take an outside church in addition to their work with the prison congregation, Reverend Inman said in a brief interview with the CASTLE that he will devote all of his time to the inmates.

"My only anxiety," he said with apparent sincerity, "is adjusting myself to prison life. I want to fit in, to make a real contribution to the prison."

Possibly with that aim in mind, Reverend and Mrs. Inman will make their home in nearby New Eddyville.

CORRECTIONS COMMISSION MEMBERS NAMED

Governor Bert Combs named late last month the seven appointive members of the 11-member Corrections Commission, created by the State Legislature last June. Included in the appointments were four members of Combs' "Task Force on Corrections," a body that has made an intensive study of the State penal system.

PAUL OBERST, Professor at the University of Kentucky School of Law; GEORGE STOLL, Louisville businessman; M. R. MILES, President of the Kentucky Commonwealth Attorneys Association; And Criminal Court Judge L. R. CURTIS of Louisville are the four, according to the LOUISVILLE TIMES.

The three other appointive members are EARL BELLOW of Olive Hill, Executive Secretary of the State AFL-CIO; Circuit Judge J. W. HODGES of Elizabethtown; and DR. HOLLIS JOHNSON, Louisville psychiatrist.

The other four members of the Commission are ex-officio members; MARSHALL SWAIN, Commissioner of Corrections; W. PARKER HURLEY, Director of Probation and Parole; DR. HAROLD BLACK, Director of Institutions; WALTER FERGUSON, Chairman of the Parole Board.

The Commission will officially begin its duties October 1.

CANNERY CANNING AT TOP SPEED

The KSP cannery, supervised by Fred McChesney, employs 50 men during harvest months and has already canned 30,000 gallons of produce from the prison farms, said cannery clerk J. D. George.

Green beans, a major item in the prison diet, take up most of the time with 11,000 gallons already canned. Tomatoes, corn, sauerkraut, and fruit are other items canned. The cannery will close sometime in the early part of October, said George.

EDITORIAL

SCRATCH A CROOK, FIND A KID?

In a copyrighted article in the PADUCAH SUN DEMOCRAT, columnist Jenkin L. Jones tells of an interview with a prison psychiatrist that appeared in NEW ERA, inmate publication of the Federal Penitentiary at Leavenworth. The interviewers asked Leavenworth's Dr. J. L. Baker what makes a crook. Baker's answer: childish reactions and attitudes inside mature bodies.

With few exceptions, said Dr. Baker, criminals are sane and know right from wrong. But somewhere within the makeup of each habitual crook there is a strong streak of immaturity, a part of the personality that hasn't grown up with the rest. The symptoms, Jones quotes the article as saying, are low anxiety-frustration tolerance, poor goal formation, and impulsivity.

"Low anxiety-frustration tolerance" is interpreted as meaning that the individual over-reacts to frustrations in social and business life, as a child would, that he expects too much of life, that he wants his rewards quickly and in abundance without waiting or working for them in proportion. He may be an excellent worker, a skilled producer, a socially adept individual with good or even great promise -- but let frustrations and anxiety pile up and he's ready to quit.

"Poor goal formation" is the inability to plan and work toward the future, to
(Please turn to Page 8)

DEATH TAKES THE HOODLUM PRIEST

The man who, Christlike, went out among the sinners to live, is dead.

Father Charles Dismas Clark died at the age of 62 following a long illness. He passed away in St. Mary's Hospital, St. Louis, on the 15th of last month.

A Jesuit priest for 30 years, Father Clark earned his nickname, "The Hoodlum Priest," from his work with criminals and ex-convicts. In St. Louis in 1959, he founded, with criminal lawyer Morris Shenker, the nation's first "halfway house" -- an institution he named Dismas House in honor of the good thief who died on a cross next to Christ.

Dismas House began as a place of refuge for released prisoners who had no funds and no place to go upon their release. Unlike many others involved in penal work, however, Father Clark took only the most desperate cases under his wing -- armed robbers, murderers, and safe-crackers. He also preferred to work with multiple offenders, men who had served three or four or more long stretches in prison, rather than young first offenders, who, he often said, usually feel they can still make that one big "score."

His record of success was phenomenal. Ordinarily, men and women leaving the prisons that Father Clark called "crime schools" return at the rate of 65 or 70 per cent. But, of the more than 1000
(Please turn to Page 9)

sacrifice present pleasures for future rewards, to work and study and strive over long periods of time to get where we want to go. "Impulsivity" is the tendency to gamble away great portions of the life-span for a long-shot chance at some temporary pleasure or gain.

And it all adds up to immaturity -- childish reactions and attitudes in a mature body.

Dr. Baker's thesis, as reported by the NEW ERA, as quoted by Jones, hits home. How easy it is to look back and see how many times resentment engendered by frustration at home or at work or in the community has caused us to kick over the traces, to react impulsively and angrily -- and lose whatever we had gained up to that point, often at the cost of hard work and determination. How often we have set goals only to lose interest in them because results didn't come at once. And how often we have gambled away our lives in a criminal venture that at best would have gained us very little.

We can see the symptoms Dr. Baker describes all around us. In some individuals here, the immaturity is obvious. It shows in the preoccupation with horse-play and waste-time activities, in the swaggering, "tough guy" pose that insecure individuals often take to "prove" themselves to themselves, more than to others. It shows in the childish thoughtless attitudes that many inmates take toward the rights and privileges of fellow prisoners.

In others it takes the form of undertaking hopelessly ambitious projects and dropping them after a few days or weeks. In still others, outwardly stable and mature, it takes the form of "blind spots" -- the failure to apply rational analysis to certain situations in life, the turning over of the reins to emotion in times of stress and anxiety.

So Dr. Baker's point is well taken.

But what is the cure? How do you help a man grow up? Can it be done by admon-

ishing him to act his age? Can it be accomplished by stern discipline and years of confinement? Dr. Baker doesn't say. He does say, however, that what a prisoner is subjected to during confinement is probably the opposite of what he needs. He needs to be influenced by mature individuals, not segregated with other immature personalities (and, perhaps, eventually arrive at the conclusion that his behavior is normal?). He needs to learn to accept responsibility, not turn it over to the state. He needs to learn to live with frustration, rather than to be removed from it.

The only "cure" Dr. Baker suggests is prevention -- to bring up the child with love and correction and discipline and with two mature parents to set the standards he is to live up to.

Pick up almost any penal publication today and chances are you'll find at least one article that undertakes to define the word rehabilitation (a worthwhile aim, since if rehabilitation can be defined it can be applied). Perhaps the NEW ERA has clarified the term by interviewing Dr. Baker. Perhaps rehabilitation means maturation. For certainly the mature individual does not habitually and senselessly and wantonly commit crime.

And what is maturity? Isn't it a triumph of ego over id? Isn't it learning to let reason serve as a check for emotion, learning to live with fear and frustration and the necessity to work to move ahead to keep from falling back?

There is, as yet, nothing in any institution I know of that will do much to help a man mature, grow up. Learning the multiplication tables and the date of the Spanish-American War in a prison school won't do it. Neither will learning to repair an internal combustion engine or weld two pieces of metal together. Most of these subjects are taught by prisoners, and knowing them didn't prevent the instructor from going to prison. Training can help the confinee remove some of the reasons for his frustrations, but it can't do much

to help him increase his ability to withstand frustration (but note that nothing said here should be construed as critical of prison educational programs, for they contribute much that is important). Alcoholics Anonymous can help those with drinking problems overcome them, and both AA and the few self-help groups in prison do aid in that they teach that a man helps himself best when he helps another. But such groups are rare.

Ultimately, although trained case-workers could speed the work, maturation is a do-it-yourself project. It is a project that is probably never completed, certainly one that is far from easy.

Perhaps the advice Chaplain Jagers -- now retired -- used to give concerning philosophies applies here. We do not select or adopt philosophies or codes of ethics or principles, he often said. Instead, we live our way into them, little by painful little. That, evidently, is the way maturity must be gained.

DEATH TAKES THE HOODLUM PRIEST (Con't)

ex-prisoners who have been helped by the tough-minded priest, only 10 have returned to crime -- less than 1 per cent.

What made the difference? Probably Father Clark's genuine and intense interest in his "gang." Probably his ability to draw the poison from personalities that had rotted and decayed behind bars.

"A man is ruined in prison -- mentally, physically, morally," he said. "First, their minds and wills. Next, their bodies ... When a man has been in for one, two, at most three years, he's reached the point of satiation. He's had it. So far as prison can punish and reform him, it's been done. So -- he's kept seven, eight, ten years. By the time he comes out he's ruined. And he's usually full of hatred."

It was these men that Father Clark cared most for -- long-termers, full of hatred, unwanted, without connections or money or hope. He took away the hatred, he made them wanted, he gave them hope ... and he restored them to society useful human beings again.

Turned loose after a long confinement with a few dollars and the clothes on his back, such a man could go to Dismas House, once a St. Louis elementary school, for help -- either on his own or with the blessing of parole officials. There he would find clean, comfortable accommodations, good food, good clothing to wear. He would find the company of others who were in the same boat, and he would find Father Clark -- "half con" himself, in the words of one of the ex-cons who lived there. There he would also find help to get an honest job and, if he asked for it, down-to-earth advice and counsel in a language he could understand.

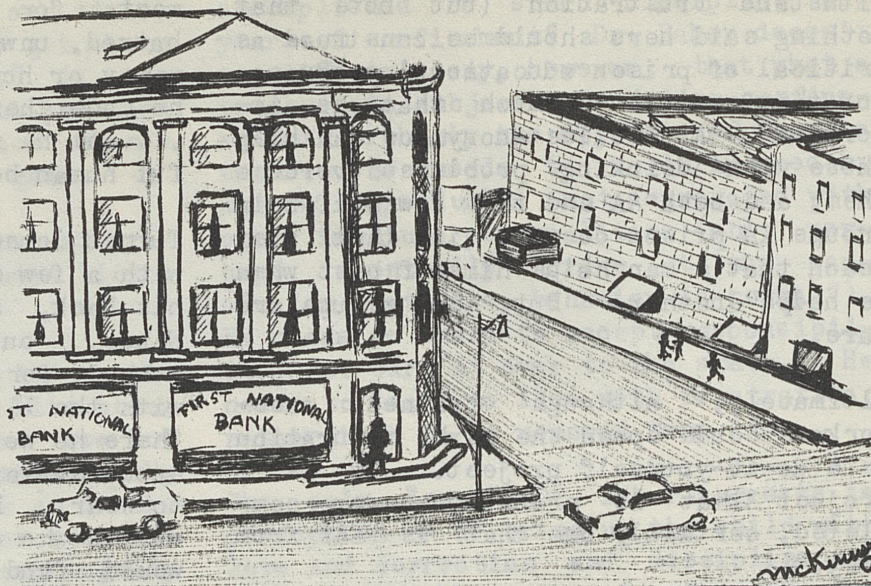
Some of the things he would not find there were important too. He would not find pious platitudes. He would not find any trace of the "do-right" attitude that sickened him in prison. He would not find anyone trying to push religion on him, nor would he find anyone trying to tell him the world was all right and he was all wrong. Father Clark, who had seen almost as much of the inside of prisons, jails and courts as his charges, knew the hypocrisies and evils on both sides of the fence.

Always a maverick, always outspoken, the Hoodlum Priest was not always popular in professional circles, even, at times, in his own church. He has been shrugged off as a radical and as a troublemaker. But no one could shrug off his results, and his "batting average" of .900 has not even been approached by others. The ideas he pioneered and the real reforms he pleaded for are slowly being put into practice generally. Perhaps one day they will be taken for granted. He would have asked for no more fitting monument.

--End

THE 9-GRAND CON

a short story by
JONATHAN PARKS



Harry Miller had been in Mayston an hour when he saw Joe Blair. He had in that time purchased his return ticket to Lexington, enjoyed a bacon-and-egg breakfast at the bus station, drunk three beers in a nearby bar, written a 500-dollar check and cased, more out of curiosity than necessity, the Mayston First National as a prelude to cashing the check. He was about to do this -- had, in fact, started up the steps leading to the bank's entrance -- when he spotted an old prison acquaintance coming down the street. Stopping in surprise, his face suddenly broke into a broad grin and he hurried back down the steps.

"Joie! Joie Blair! What are you doing here?"

Blair was a tall, pinch-faced man who appeared to be in his late thirties. He was dressed in soiled, grease-spotted khaki pants and shirt and heavy work shoes. He had been walking slowly along, his hands rammed down in his pockets, his shoulders slouched forward in dejection. At the sound of Harry's voice, he stopped abruptly and raised his head.

"I'll be a son ...! If it ain't Harry Miller!" he said.

"Joie the Mop," Harry grinned as he used the old nickname. "When did you get out? I thought you were hooked up to a twenty."

"Don't you read the papers no more, Harry? Sure, I had a twenty, but I gotta cut, man, I gotta cut."

"How long have you been out?"

"Over a year now."

"On parole?"

"Three more years yet," Joie replied. "Can you imagine that?" He laughed briefly and went on. "What are you doing in this hick town, Harry?"

"Just scouting around," Harry said. He studied Joie through slitted eyes. Was this the same Joie he'd known at Lewisburg, he wondered. He noted the work clothing and wondered if Blair was really on the straight or just playing the square's role for the locals. "How about you, Joie?" he asked. "Have you gone legit, or is that getup just a front for the parole officer?"

Blair looked down at his greasy clothing and laughed. It was an embarrassed laugh, as if he were ashamed to have an

old friend see him in such a condition. He glanced at Harry's expensive suit.

"I got a job, Harry -- a dinner-bucket, parole job. These clothes ain't just a front. I gotta wear 'em, just like I gotta work at a crumby filling station as long as I'm on parole." He pulled himself up, trying to stand straighter and pull his shoulders back. "But I ain't changed. I'm like I always was, Harry. I got too much in the game to throw in the cards now. Any way I can make a buck and keep myself out of the sling is okay by me."

"Good. That's what I wanted to hear." Harry had made the decision quickly, as was his way. He could use Joie, he thought. It wouldn't cost him anything, and the other looked as if he could use some bread. "Wanna make a couple of grand?"

Blair looked at him with new interest. "Sure. If you think we can pull it off without a rumble."

They walked two blocks to a place Blair knew, a joint called the Greek's Bar. Harry ordered two beers on their way in and then went to the back of the room to put a quarter in the juke box. He pressed the buttons indiscriminately, and then joined Joie at a wall booth. They sipped at their beers until the machine made its preliminary clicking noises and the first record began to play. Then Harry began to talk earnestly. Toward the end of the conversation he extracted the check he'd been about to cash at the bank and tore it up. Then he began to write another.

"You using your right name here?" he asked, and when Blair assured him he was, he made the check payable to his friend.

"All right," he said. "Here's a check for 500 dollars, made out to you. Oh, don't worry," he said, noting the objection in Blair's face. "The check's good. In fact, I was going to use it to check out a swindle I had rigged up for your local bank. Now that you're in,

though, we can work a better con, one that I spotted when I first hit town. Go on ... take the check!"

Blair took the check and examined it. He grinned hesitantly up at Miller. "What do you want me to do with it?"

"Cash it," Miller said. "But not until I tell you to. You got a car?"

"Sure."

"Good. Let me have it today, if you don't need it. Where's a good motel near here?"

Blair told him the name of a motel outside of town and gave him directions to it.

"That's where I'll be for the next few days," Miller said. "Now, there's a building for rent across the alley from the back of the First National here. Do you know anything about it?"

"The old second-hand store? I've been in there, is all."

"Does it have a basement?" Miller asked.

"Yeah, that I know. Old Man Casey used to use it for storage. Why, you want that building?"

"That's the idea," Miller said, and he told Blair part of his plan.

A week later, Blair got a call from Miller at the service station. They arranged to meet on Blair's lunch hour at the motel.

When Blair got there, Miller was sitting in the living section of his unit examining a small, battery-powered tape recorder. He showed it to Blair.

"There's the last piece of equipment we need," he said. "What do you think of it?"

"All right, I guess. I don't know much about it. What's it for?"

"You'll find out. Still got that check?"

"Yeah."

"Well, Joie," Miller said. "At noon tomorrow -- just as close to 12:00 as you can make it -- you go to the Mayston First National and cash that check. They'll ask you to wait while they check it out -- it's on a bank in Clinton, 50 miles from here. Don't worry about it, though; the check's good. You got it, Joie?"

"I guess so," Joie Blair said. "Then what do I do?"

"Bring the money right back here," Miller grinned. "It's part of the capital I'm putting up, and not part of the caper, understand? Bring it back tomorrow night as soon as you get off work. I'll tell you the rest of it then."

Blair had to work late the next night, and he found Miller fuming at the motel.

"What in the hell kept you, Joie?" he asked, holding out his hand for the money from the check.

"Had to work on a car that came in late," Blair said. "Say, that check cashed just as easy as smooth."

"Think I don't know it?" Miller grinned. "Listen to this!"

He switched on the tape recorder that he had brought with him and set up for Joie's benefit. The recorder made a strange humming noise for a moment. Then some other noises that Joie recognized as the dialing of a telephone sounded.

"LONG DISTANCE," the recorder said in an impersonal, telephone-operator voice.

"OPERATOR, I WANT JUNCTION 6-559 IN CLINTON, PLEASE." It was a masculine voice this time.

"THANK YOU." There were clicking and buzzing sounds, and then another feminine voice cut in.

"GOOD MORNING," it said. "CLINTON STATE BANK."

"MR. JAMISON, PLEASE," said the masculine voice, and in a moment the voice of Mr. Jamison came on the wire.

"HELLO, ED," said the first voice, when Jamison answered. "THIS IS JOHNSON, OVER AT MAYSTON FIRST NATIONAL. SAY, WE'VE GOT A RATHER SEEDY LOOKING INDIVIDUAL HERE WHO HAS A CHECK ON YOUR BANK FOR 500 DOLLARS. IT'S DRAWN ON A JOHN ALLEN SMITH. ANY GOOD?"

The voice belonging to Jamison asked the first voice to wait. There was the subdued hum of the telephone lines in the background, then Jamison came back on the line.

"HELLO, BILL? GO AHEAD AND CASH THE CHECK IF YOUR PAYEE LOOKS ALL RIGHT. SMITH'S GOT THE MONEY HERE."

"WELL, THE MAN'S GOT GOOD IDENTIFICATION," said Bill. "THANKS A MILLION, ED. WE'LL HAVE A CUP NEXT TIME I'M IN CLINTON."

"RIGHT," said the man called Ed, and the line went dead.

Miller clicked off the tape recorder and smiled expectantly at Blair.

"Why, I'll be ... " Blair exclaimed, scratching his head. "What'd you do, tap the lines?" Then his face lit up. "Sure! That's why you wanted to rent that old store building, isn't it?"

"That's right," Miller grinned. "It's lucky I could tap the lines from the basement there without having to go to a lot of bother and draw heat. Are you beginning to get the setup now?"

"Not entirely," Blair responded, and he waited expectantly for Miller's explanation.

"It's simple, really," Miller said. "Look. What would happen if a man walked into the bank in this burg of yours with a check on the Clinton bank for, say, nine grand?"

"Well, yeah ... the bank here would call Clinton to check it out, wouldn't they? But what happens then?"

"Simple. We take the call, down there in the basement of the old second-hand store. We tell him the check is good as gold, get the money, rip out our equipment, and go. How's that strike you?"

"Hey, that's smart, Harry." Blair's eyes were shining with excitement. "I go cash the check and you take the call." Then his face fell. "Wait a minute, Harry," he said. "I can't go in that bank. They know me now, and I'm on parole and everything ..."

"Right. You can't do it, but I can. I go in and cash the check, Joie. You take the call. Then we split up the bread. You take two grand, stay here and do your parole, and then, maybe, when you're clear, we'll get together again."

Blair considered the plan for a minute. He was getting the short end of the cut, all right. But then, Harry had put up the money and the know-how, and all he'd have to do would be to fake a telephone call. And two thousand would sure help out right about now.

"What about that call, Harry?" He asked at length. "There's supposed to be a girl answering at first. How do we get around that?"

"Look, I've been in that Clinton bank several times setting up this deal," Miller said confidently. "There's only the one girl and three men. When the girl goes out, one of the men take the calls. There won't be any hitch there. And, too, you'll be better for the part than I would, parole or no parole. You've got the local accent. Just listen to that tape recording several times and try to get somewhere near the

right voice. It might even be a good idea if you could fake a cold or something, in case these two know each other real well. But what can go wrong?"

Blair cupped his hand in his chin and then, looking up, began to laugh. What, indeed, could go wrong?

When Miller walked into the Mayston First National the next noon, the sight of a police uniform gave him momentary pause. Then he recognized the Mayston Chief of Police and relaxed. As far as the Chief could know, he was in town to set up a legitimate business.

Chief Allerson was talking to Bill Johnson, the bank's head teller, when Miller approached them, and from the little he heard of the conversation, it had to do with some civic function. The Chief smiled at Miller.

"You're Mr. Smith, aren't you?" he asked. "The fellow who rented the old Casey store to start a radio-repair shop?"

"That's right," Miller said, glad that he had set up a blind. "How's business this fine day, Chief?"

"Slow as usual," the Chief said. "Nothing much ever happens in a town like this."

It was not the literal truth, the Chief thought. He was more than a little concerned over something the district FBI agent had discussed with him earlier that day. He studied Miller carefully, thoughtful for a minute, then said to Johnson.

"Bill, I'm going to have a cup of coffee over at Ralph's. Join me when you get time and we'll iron out this fund drive thing."

"Right," Johnson said. Then, turning to Miller, "Can I help you, sir?"

Miller didn't hesitate to trade on the

Chief's recognition of him. "Yes, you can. I'm John A. Smith, and I'm thinking of locating here. Right now, I need some ready cash to take to a government-surplus auction of electronics equipment. Can you cash a rather large check for me? In hundreds, please." He handed Johnson the check.

The teller studied the amount. Nine thousand dollars. He had heard the Chief use Miller's name, so he didn't ask for identification. Instead, he said, "Your account is in Clinton, Mr. Smith?"

"For the moment," Miller said. "As soon as I'm settled in here, I'll be switching it, of course."

"I see," said the teller. "Would you mind waiting just one minute, sir?"

"Of course not," Miller said. He relaxed against the counter and lit a cigarette. If Blair was on the ball, he thought, he'd be seven grand richer in just a few minutes.

The teller came back in a few minutes, looking rather thoughtful. Miller's stomach tightened up when he saw Johnson's expression. He relaxed when the teller started counting out the hundred-dollar bills. Half an hour later he was back at the motel with Joie Blair.

They sat on the bed, lovingly counting the hundred dollar bills. The tape recorder and other equipment lay in a cardboard box on the floor. Joie was grinning happily.

"Joie," Miller said. "We're in. That sure went off smooth! Listen, did you wipe off fingerprints when you tore out that equipment?"

"Yeah, of course," Blair said. "All over the store, too. Man, look at that green!" And he went back to the chore of counting his share.

"My description won't mean much. And you're in the clear for sure." Miller

laughed happily. "Listen, Joie! How about a drink, and then let's clean up this mess and I'll be on my way."

"Right," said Joie. "We'll drink to us, Harry -- to us!"

Miller rose to get the bottle. At that moment the door crashed in and suddenly the room was filled with uniformed men.

The Chief dropped around to the jail the next morning to talk to Miller. He studied him quietly for a while, then said, "Well, Miller, what's the story? Did you take us for a bunch of hicks out here, or what?"

Miller said nothing.

"I suppose," the Chief went on, "that you're curious about how we got on to you. I'll admit you were slick. If it hadn't been for the fact that a utility-company man dropped into your basement to turn on your power for you yesterday, we'd never have known a thing about your wire-tap. And if we hadn't followed you to the motel and waited until your friend came in to split up the loot -- and we knew, of course, what your game was when Johnson at the bank smelled a rat on that telephone call -- you might have got out of the state for good. Too bad, in a way. It was really a clever scheme, Miller."

And still Miller said nothing.

JOHNNY (in woodshed): "Daddy, did your Pa spank you when you were a boy?"

FATHER: "Yes, Johnny, he did."

JOHNNY: "And did his pa spank him when he was a boy?"

FATHER: "Yes."

JOHNNY: "Well, don't you think it's about time you tried to get over this inherited rowdyism?"

DESERT BRED

by Lawrence Snow



Tumbleweeds had piled up against the rotting posts of the old barbed-wire fence, and the snake lay coiled in the scant shade of the desiccated bushes. It was a huge diamondback rattler, difficult to distinguish from the gray wood of the post and the equally gray desert soil, but Tommy saw the snake almost before the snake saw him.

The rattlesnake and the 12-year-old boy watched each other carefully, neither moving. The reptile's forked tongue flicked in and out of his head, his lidless eyes steady and hypnotic, somehow warning rather than malevolent. The snake, of course, could not retreat. Between his relatively protected resting place and the next shade lay only sand and silt made frying-pan hot by the sun. The path was narrow, not wide enough to allow the boy to pass without coming into striking range of the rattler. It was the boy's place to yield.

Reluctantly, Tommy stepped into the brush at his right, alert for the inconspicuous little sidewinders that often took shelter around the roots of the camouflaging desert growth. Only when he was well past the diamondback did he step into the path again.

A mile from where the snake had blocked

his path, Tommy reached the end of the living desert and stood looking out over the dunes, the great, wind-sculpted piles of sand where nothing lived for long. Bareheaded and shirtless, he did not go immediately into the furnace heat of the dunes; instead, he walked along the rather clearly defined border between dunes and desert, looking for some sign of Wolf.

Wolf had been missing for three days now, and Tommy really had little hope of finding the big German shepard. Although his daily forays often took him miles into the desert, the dog had never before failed to be home before twilight. Indeed, he was usually on hand several times during the day to guard the smaller children, especially when he knew there were strange men or animals around -- for he was devoted to the family. Once, when the baby's crib had been set in the shade of the pepper tree to get him out of the heat of the house, Wolf had smelled a nearby rattler and come running, just in time to keep it from crawling into the crib with the sleeping infant. On other occasions he had held roving wetback laborers at bay until Tommy's father, who worked for the farmer who owned their house, could return from the fields. So Tommy knew that Wolf was either dead or trapped somewhere to have been gone this long.

The living desert encircled the dunes here, curving around the weird, contorted mountains of yellow sand until both ended, far off in the distance, at the foot of a range of low, scrub-covered mountains, purple on the horizon. A highway curved through a gap in the mountains. Off there, across the dunes from the alfalfa fields on which Tommy's family worked, were other farms -- "ranches," they were called here -- that grew dates and citrus and hay. Along the highway, little desert exhibits, thatched-roof snake stands, artists exhibiting from house trailers, and stands that sold desert gems and rocks, catered to the tourists who filled the highways in winter. Occasionally the puzzled tourists might see bearded old men in ragged shorts pushing a junk cart slowly down the highway, picking up the hubcaps and license plates and bottles and other flotsam and jetsam of the highways -- flotsam themselves, semi-hermits who found tranquility and an equitable physical environment in the arid regions.

But here there was only wilderness. Only the distant mountains, the over-towering yellow dunes, the mesquite and the greasewood and the tumbleweed growing exactly as they had grown for thousands of years. And here the living presence of the desert dwelt, manifesting itself in a sense of solitude in which loneliness had no place, in a silence that the occasional shifting sounds of the desert could not disturb. Here all living beings felt a oneness with the earth and sky, and pantheism was the only permissible religion.

Tommy saw the familiar mesquite tree in the distance and turned unthinkingly toward it. The thorny, overhanging branches of the mesquite parted at one side, leaving a slanting passage into the tunnel encircling the trunk of most mesquites. He sank to the ground in the clear place, knowing that while he could see from here he could not be seen.

The little altar of charred stones was where he had left it. Idly, he gathered a handful of dried leaves and pods and

placed it on the altar. He added some twigs and put a match to the leaves. Even in the shade of the overhanging branches, the flames were all but invisible, and there was no smoke. He sat some distance back from the fire, idly staring into the thin flames while a deep sense of peace flowed over him.

It never occurred to Tommy to pray to the presence he felt when he came into the desert. Praying was for the churches in town, churches that he attended fervently but with no sense of conflict between the book-religion preached there and the felt-religion here. There he might have prayed that he find Wolf and bring him home unharmed.

But the desert was different. The snake back on the path, for instance. Tommy feared snakes, but he felt no malice toward them, nor did he think the snake felt any toward him. Each respected the other's right to live in his own way and wished the other well. Yet Tommy felt little emotion when a shovel or a gun or a fire in a field that was being burned over killed snakes. For the struggle for existence in a desert is only an intensified, simplified version of the universal struggle to live and multiply, and the struggle is amoral as well as impersonal, guided only by the iron laws of nature. So Tommy did not pray.

Still, when he left the mesquite, he felt strengthened and encouraged. He walked faster and with purpose. And before long he found Wolf's trail.

Perhaps as a shortcut, perhaps because he was maddened with pain, Wolf had left the desert for the dunes. The prints of his paw were blurred and enlarged by the loose sand and partly obscured by something he was dragging behind him. Fearing the worst, Tommy plunged into the sand to follow the trail.

It is hot, exhausting labor to walk in sand even in winter, and this was the middle of summer. Each grain of sand reflects the sun's rays as the bricks in a kiln reflect the heat of the fire, and the heat is so intense that it dries

sweat almost before it can form. The light is so bright it plays tricks on the eyes, turning the yellow of the sand and the blue of the sky into a blurred gray tone. Before Tommy had crossed the first dune he was conscious of the heat burning through the soles of his shoes, and the sand that inevitably poured into his low-cut footwear was hotter still. He had to pause to rest before climbing the next hill. He wished he had brought water with him.

As he went further into the dunes, the trail became more difficult to follow. His eyes refused to focus properly. His breath felt fiery and dry, and he began to wonder how much further he could go before he must turn back. And he wondered whether Wolf could be still alive in this heat. He started up one final dune, using his hands to help him scramble up the steep bank of sand.

Wolf was sitting on his haunches at the foot of the hill.

The big dog's eyes were glazed and he was panting heavily. One leg was firmly clamped in the jaws of a steel coyote trap, and a heavy mesquite log that had served as a drag for the trap was half buried in the sand. There was dried blood on the trap and the leg, and Tommy knew that Wolf had been caught in the trap for at least two days. How long he had sat here in the heat of the sun he could only guess.

As soon as the boy came within range of the dog's damaged sight, Wolf snarled and lunged weakly at him. Tommy hesitated, afraid of the pain-maddened eyes and the drooling teeth of the dog. Then he stumbled slowly forward, talking as he went.

"Easy, Wolf," he said. "It's me, Wolf ... it's me."

Finally some of the madness left the dog and he relaxed, whining softly. He let Tommy inspect the trap on his leg and stroke him gently along the head and back.

Tommy tugged at the jaws of the trap without much success. The heat and the long, difficult scramble through the sand had sapped his little-boy strength, and the steel teeth cut into his hands. Stooping, he took off his shoes. When he had the first shoe off, he sat down very quickly, unable to put his stocking feet into the sand. When the sand began burning through his trousers, he stood up quickly to pull the mesquite log toward him.

Using the log as a seat, he put the soles of each shoe against the teeth of the trap. He worked his fingers down between the tops of the shoes, got a firm hold, and tugged. The trap opened a little and Wolf jerked his leg free. When Tommy was sure the dog was free, he let the trap shut against a spur of the log and extricated his shoes.

Miraculously, the leg had not been broken. Wolf lay still, panting heavily yet, while Tommy stroked him again and examined the wound, but he would not let the boy touch the broken flesh. They both rested then for a while.

At length Tommy rose and walked off a distance. The dog followed his movements with his eyes, then painfully rose and came after him, limping badly. Satisfied that the dog could follow, the boy started back on his trail.

The sun was well past the zenith when they reached the edge of the dunes, and dog and boy breathed more easily when they left the bare sand behind. Tommy felt the need of water badly, knowing that Wolf, with his wounded leg and the longer period of exposure he had experienced, must be almost dead from thirst. But he did not turn toward the wash. The last puddles of water in the gully that drained the melting snow from the mountains would have dried up a month before. He tried to work up saliva in his mouth and plodded tiredly on, Wolf limping behind him.

His mother was hanging out the washing when Tommy and the dog got home. She watched her son turn on the faucet over

the tubs and hold his hand cupped so Wolf could drink before him.

"Where did you find him?" she asked.

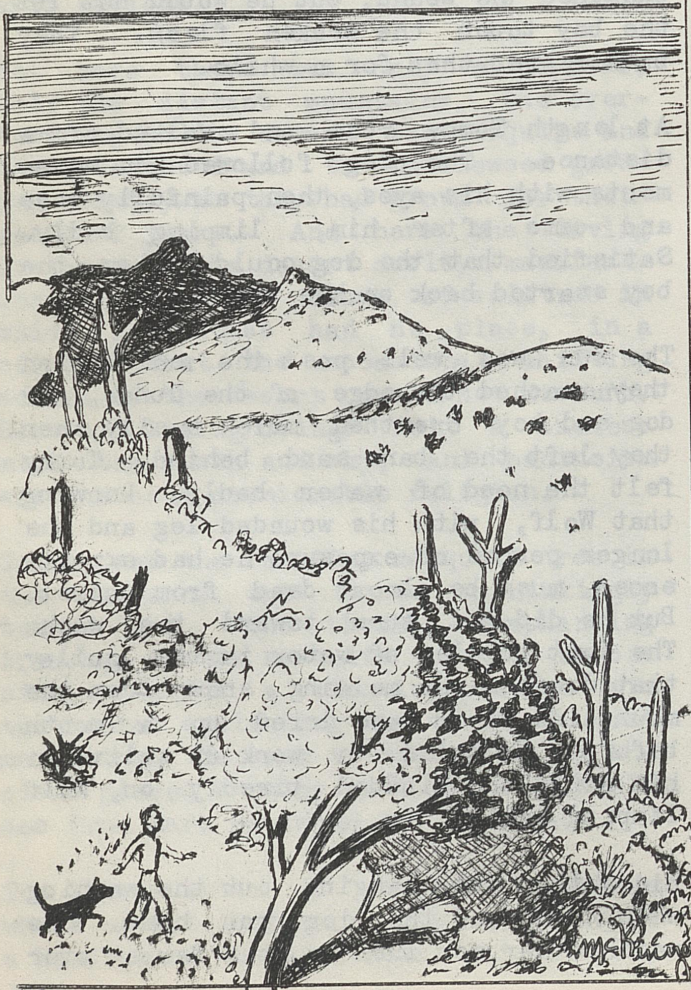
Tommy drank some more water. It did not satisfy him at all; he had gone too long dry. Then he said, "He was back in the dunes. Coyote trap got him."

His mother finished hanging up the clothes and stood inspecting the dog. "Was he very far back in?" she asked.

"Yes, pretty far."

"Come Sunday," she said, wetting a cloth and sponging off Wolf's leg, "maybe you'd want to go into town with the Mexicans. Go to church."

"Yes, I will," he said, and he would. But he knew that before Sunday he would go back to the mesquite tree too. He hoped Wolf would be well enough to go along.



DEPUTY WARDEN'S PAGE (Con't)

week. Our officers currently get credit for 12 holidays a year. In 1946, there were no holidays for the officers.

In 1946, only one cellhouse was equipped with washbowls and commodes. Today all cellhouses are equipped with these facilities. In 1946, the state owned only one dwelling house, which was located on the 480-acre farm. As of this date, the state owns 8 dwellings for its employees.

Our sanitation has advanced by at least 75% since '46. At that time the inmate got his water from old wooden kegs, with almost anything he could find to drink from. Today we have electric fountains in almost every area where inmates work. All of the old wooden buildings have been disposed of and new fireproof buildings added. Our maintenance has improved almost 100%.

Our officers are now under the merit system, and have a retirement plan. They are also under the Social Security Act and Workman's Compensation, Blue Cross, Blue Shield, and other insurances are available. In 1946, none of the above was in existence. We have had quite a number of officers to retire from this institution who are drawing Social Security and compensation from the state retirement plan. These benefits were not available a few years ago.

I believe it is quite obvious that there is not much comparison in today's penal institution and the institutions I knew when I first started to work here in 1946. In my opinion progress will continue with renewed vigor in the field of penology. There are numerous plans being carried out at this time which will improve our institutions enormously in the very near future.

IT MUST BE REMEMBERED that the architect who designed this prison created quite a stir!

-- The OP NEWS

EXCHANGE PAGE

By Harold Arnold

U. S. APPEALS COURT ORDERS CHANGES IN PAROLE REVOCATIONS -- Via THE PRESIDIO

A wire-service reprint in THE PRESIDIO, Fort Madison, Iowa, prison magazine, said a recent U. S. Court of Appeals decision will, as the court itself admits, bring about the most drastic modification of parole-revocation procedures in recent years.

The decision was occasioned by a review of several parole cases. After studying the cases, the court concluded that existing rules did not fully observe "basic concepts of fairness." The court ordered arrest warrants in cases of parole violation to show "probable cause" and contain a full description of the alleged violation. It also directed that the parole board interview persons with knowledge of the violation or violations and keep a digest of such statements, and that parole violators receive a preliminary interview or hearing near where the alleged violation took place.

Whether the ruling applies only to ex-federal prisoners was not specified in the report.

MAN WHO STUDIED WITH TOSCANINI MARKS 92ND YEAR -- Via JEFFTOWN JOURNAL

In 1871 somewhere near Rome, Italy, a musical prodigy was born. Frederick de George had such an unusual talent that his fame spread throughout Italy while he was still a young man. He attended a famed Italian musical academy with Arturo Toscanini, toured the U.S. with his own band, and was band master at the 1904 World Fair.

Last month, however, de George observed his 92nd birthday by attending a party given him by fellow inmates of the Missouri State Prison. He has been there on a sixty-year sentence since 1922.

N. MEX. WARDEN FEARS PUBLIC "PACIFIED" BY PENAL IMPROVEMENTS --- Via ENCHANTED NEWS

In an address to graduating inmates of the New Mexico State Prison, Warden Harold Cox expressed his desire to improve the institution's educational system, but said he feared the public is pacified by the improvements already made in New Mexico's penal system. In recent years New Mexico scrapped its original prison, a relic of territorial days, and moved prisoners to an 8-million-dollar plant that includes an educational wing complete with biology and art laboratories and a complex of underground vocational shops.

BLINDNESS NO HANDICAP TO GIRLS SCHOOL PSYCHOLOGIST -- Via THE YELLOWJACKET

Psychologist Joe Brasington has been on the staff of the School for Girls at Oscala, Florida, since September, 1962, and officials there are happy they hired him.

Although Brasington is sightless, he was hired on a trial basis with the understanding that his wife would work with him. Officials say he has been a great inspiration to the girls, who help themselves by helping him.

T
A
L

BY
FLOYD
"DAGO"
RIIS

T
A
L

Now that I've made parole I'll admit I've accepted bribes for not mentioning these little items:

Lawrence Snow walking around wearing a size-28 belt and trying to tell us he once weighed 250 pounds ...

Popeye Spaulding, "The Antique," being helped out of bed each morning ...

Gordon Mercer vainly endeavoring to squeeze and wriggle into a pair of size 14 pants (Gordon, the new overseer of the shower, by the way) ...

Buck Penn sheepishly sneaking to the commissary to buy cigars, then boasting of winning them on TV fights ...

Dickie Ray Brandenburg's wasted efforts at trying to act intelligent with not a brain to rattle ...

The one and only Roach spending an hour freshening up, shaving with Colgate toothpaste and using 19 different beauty creams ...

Bobbie Jones swelling up and sticking out his chest ...

... And every item gospel truth!

Chuck, Coley and Kenny, you needn't big-time me about the Flatlands any more -- just send the magazine to me (not that it's any good, but I like to see what you're up to) care of Somewhere, USA. When I get a set of papers approved, I'll give you more specific directions.

Joe Perry, I wish you would quit telling people I'm crazy, for I've passed many a

nut doctor; just tell your mom I'm not quite normal! And James Calvert, remember when you left some time ago and gave me your extra pair of socks because you couldn't wear two pairs home? Well, I saved them, James, to wear out when you leave again. I won't need them, since I won't be back here and I go barefoot anyway.

Robert Carter, that hairless wonder, suddenly decided he didn't like it here and has left us. I wonder what allure LaGrange has to these old, baldheaded guys. And I wonder if there's any way I could still get my cigars from Louis Addison and George Baker every week. Outside, people just don't pick so many losers!

Having trouble with your watch? I don't believe it, for there are still some screwdrivers and tweezers in here; I didn't send all of them out, but left D. Brewer and Eaglebeak all the necessary tools and parts. So stop in and see them. But you'd better hurry. David, you know, goes back to the board in 90 days.

One of the most difficult things about leaving here is leaving my customers behind. Oh, I'll get others, but none that I could value as much as the ones I have now.

Well, I've looked in all the old garbage cans and wastebaskets, but I don't see a release with my name on it anywhere. So, Editor Snow, I'll write to you and let you know what Utopia looks like after 13 years. I hope to goodness there aren't any more sailors out there. Anyway, I won't say goodbye -- just, take it easy!

DEPARTMENT REPORTS

SCHOOL DAZE -- D. Trodglen & Red Wise

All of the school's academic and vocational departments had a quiet and productive month. No new classes have been introduced during the past month, but the ones already in operation showed many accomplishments.

The members of the masonry class are improving in proficiency at a rapid rate with Burlson as inmate instructor under the direction of Mr. Egbert, civilian vocational instructor. The members of the class have completed and proved their efficiency in several types of brick and block construction. Much credit goes to the officials who made this class possible and to the inmate students who have worked so diligently to learn the trade.

The auto mechanics class, also a department of the school, has a class of 9 and is taught by inmate-instructor Paul Holland. This class, although recently started, has shown many accomplishments already. Much interest has been shown in this class.

Much credit can be given also to Mr. Cowan and the inmate teachers in the academic department for the work done there. Another semester will soon be at an end, making possible, we hope, the graduation of several men from the 8th grade. The present enrollment in the academic school, which includes grades 1 through 8, is 85. Such courses as math, history, geography, health, English and spelling, science and reading and writing are held each day for inmates enrolled in the school.

We must not forget the GED high school refresher course either. This class has been quite a credit to the institution. Although only recently initiated here, the class has already seen 23 men receive their equivalency certificates. Men who are interested in a high school

diploma may enroll in this class by seeing Mr. Cowan, Supervisor of Education, at the school.

Also still in full swing in the school is the typewriter repair class, consisting of 18 pupils. Sam Youngblood, instructor of the class, is doing a good job of teaching them.

The typing class of 21 men, consisting of three classes of 7 men each, is turning out some promising new clerk typists. G. W. Joines is the instructor, and credit goes to him for his efforts.

The barber science class, taught by James Jackson, has been underway for several weeks now. Jackson and his students meet often to learn dermatology and other related barbering subjects. Jackson has at present 8 students enrolled.

The cabinet shop and related trades are also to be given praise for their hard work. Under the direction of Mr. Cowan, Supervisor of Education, Mr. Egbert, Vocational Instructor, and Mr. Hillyard, Shop Foreman, the men assigned to the cabinet shop are turning out some fine work. Fifteen men are assigned there.

LAUNDRY BITS -- Buck Penn

I almost missed getting this to our slender editor this month. Time seems to move awfully fast for me.

Our boss, Mr. McKenny, is back with us after having to stay home a couple of days with water on the knee. He is okay now after having it tapped.

Kenny England, our boy wonder, is still keeping the guards' line straight. Doing a good job, too.

Sid, our janitor, has a helper now -- Old Jive-talk Bentley. He should be all

right if he ever finds out what you wash a mop with.

Hollis is still talking big money and E. Ritchie can't seem to find his own clothes to work in.

My cigar-buying friend got the go-sign from the parole board and I don't know where I'll find another chump. You could send them to me, Dago!

B. Coley, I saw the pictures of your kids. They really looked swell. Would like to have Mom Coley in it, though. See what you can do.

When this goes to press we may have a steam press in the laundry, if I can fix it -- and I think I can.

Chuck, some of our gang will be up there soon. PUNCHY CARTER is coming and said you, Coley and Big Funk would live hard!

CABINET SHOP NEWS - Shop Off. H. Hillyard

Surely everyone has noticed that the ice house has been undergoing a lot of changes lately. The cabinet shop had the job of building the new insulated doors, as well as numerous other racks and braces which were installed inside. Not quite a job to be considered cabinet making, but nonetheless an example of the many jobs and services which the shop performs.

We are also in the process of remodeling all the doors which are to be used in the new school building. It promises to be quite an ordeal, for the doors are the old paneled type which we are converting to modern flush types. We also have the job of building the door frames, which will keep us busy for quite a while.

Joe Goff has been heard mumbling in his mustache lately about the building of a set of solid walnut chairs. However, they turned out beautifully and were a project he could be proud of.

Arthur "Double Buddy" Steele is back with us after a short vacation. Seems

that he was getting short and decided there was one department of the institution he had never visited, so he made the proper arrangements. Seems that he didn't enjoy the diet too well, however.

Freddie Ballard has finally made the grade and passed on to the free world. We are happy that his time was up, but he will be missed around the shop. His leaving has really given Jack Ingram itchy feet. Don't worry, Jack, it won't be as long as it has been, and from all indications, you are fairly content here with us. Now aren't you?

CONSTRUCTION CORNER -- Dan Perkins

The primary function of this article is to enlighten the general population about the progress of the new educational building.

First, we would like to introduce the gentlemen who are responsible for construction. As most of you here know, Mr. M. Cummins is Construction Superintendent. Mr. Cummins is a resident of Kentucky and has been with us since the project began. He is well thought of by his men, who put out a great deal of effort for him. Mr. V. J. Malseed is our Project Engineer. Originally from California, he worked a year with a concern here in Kentucky prior to his employment by the state for this project. Mr. Malseed has taken a keen interest in his work and is doing a splendid job. Mr. J. D. Martin and Mr. H. T. Bozarth are the guards on the project, both doing a swell job. Others connected with the project, of course, are the architect, the Frankfort engineers, and the department heads of offices and shops here. So when will it be finished? At this point no one knows. However, we are happy to report that the second level floor will be poured very soon, providing a weather cover. We believe that this, along with the familiar voice of "Hi Guy" Underwood will expedite the work and keep everyone happy. We have a number of skilled inmates on the job -- carpenters, iron workers, and cement finishers, even a surveyor when we can keep him out of #3.

nightkeeper's report, 1886

EDITOR'S NOTE: "Nightkeeper's Report, 1886" is taken from old records of the Michigan State Penitentiary at Jackson, and is reprinted here from THE SPECTATOR, inmate publication of that prison.

SEPTEMBER 11 -- Warden Sir: The overcrowding of the prison is becoming a hazardous thing. There are now 150 convicts sleeping on the cots in the corridor adjacent to the cells. This arrangement, as you know, is a constant source of anxiety, and it is difficult to maintain order among the prisoners. ... I fear a situation will develop that will cause more trouble than we can handle. Our count is now 1,762.

SEPTEMBER 13 -- I talked with the new schoolmaster last night and he tells me that your education plans are quite a success, and that the ignorant and poorly educated are eager to grasp this opportunity to gain knowledge. There are a good many here who, if they had proper schooling, would never have turned to crime. Hannibal the Bear is a good example of what I mean. He is just a big dumb ape who never had a chance to go to school like normal children do. The only thing he knows is his strength, and I don't think he realizes the full extent of that. He has a sort of animal loyalty to anyone who is kind or friendly to him. Schooling can be a big help to this kind of convict.

SEPTEMBER 17 -- Hannibal the Bear was in a febrile emotional state the evening just past, disturbing the West End no little amount. The whole trouble started when Guard Mooraman found a foul smelling cloth bag dangling from Hannibal's cell bar on a string. He took it and disposed of it in a trash barrel. Hannibal claims it was his good luck health bag, and nourishes the belief that if he doesn't get it back he will come down with some terrible malady. He was in such a tiff over its loss that he threatened to heel-stomp everybody, good health notwithstanding.

I investigated the matter and talked with the doctor quite lengthily. He informed me that the bag contained a small piece of asafetida, and that the best thing to do is give Hannibal another bit of the vile stuff, although it has no medicinal value other than the fact that a great many simple-minded people believe that it does. Hannibal was tickled as a child with a piece of candy when I gave him a piece to replace that which was thrown away. I didn't have a mind to chalk him in, but talked with him quite seriously about his tantrums. He promised he would see me first in the future when something bothered him and before becoming so enraged that he didn't know what he was doing.

SEPTEMBER 18 -- Casey, No. 2316, stopped me and asked if I thought he was crazy. It seems troublemakers have told him he is crazy to work in the mines here, and that he will not be released when his time comes, but be kept on as a mental patient. Casey is a simple type and can be made to believe almost anything. I told him his record is excellent and that he is going to be released "free" on October 9.

Casey has been one of our best men in the mines and I have placed him on the night detail in order to get him away from the pranksters.

A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to the CASTLE is only a dollar, and anyone may subscribe. To get your subscription started, simply drop us a line with your money order to: CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND, BOX 128, Eddyville, Kentucky. Inmates may subscribe for friends or relatives at the Chief Clerk's office.

KENTUCKY STATE PENITENTIARY STATISTICS

(August, 1963)

Escapes	0
Death Row	8
Admitted by Commitment	30
Transferred from KSR	48
Transferred to KSR	15
Released by Expiration	14
Released by Parole	20
Released by Death	0
Total Population	1149
High Number	24510
Low Number	5240

MOVIES FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS

SEPTEMBER 13	FIVE MILES TO MIDNITE Tony Perkins & Sophia Loren: Drama
SEPTEMBER 20	MY SIX LOVERS Debbie Reynolds and Cliff Robertson: Comedy
SEPTEMBER 27	PORTRAIT IN BLACK Bobby Darin, Sandra Dee & Lana Turner: Drama
OCTOBER 4	SAD SACK Jerry Lewis: Comedy
OCTOBER 11	HUD Paul Newman and Pat Neal: Drama
OCTOBER 18	Not Confirmed at Presstime

THE CASTLE LAUGHS

INMATE #1: Joe told me that you told him what I told you not to tell him.

INMATE #2: That snitch! I told him not to tell you.

INMATE #1: Well, I told him I wouldn't tell you he told me, so don't tell him I did.

A GROUP OF COLLEGE STUDENTS piled into their car at the end of a night of roistering.

"Here, John," said one. "You drive -- you're too drunk to sing."

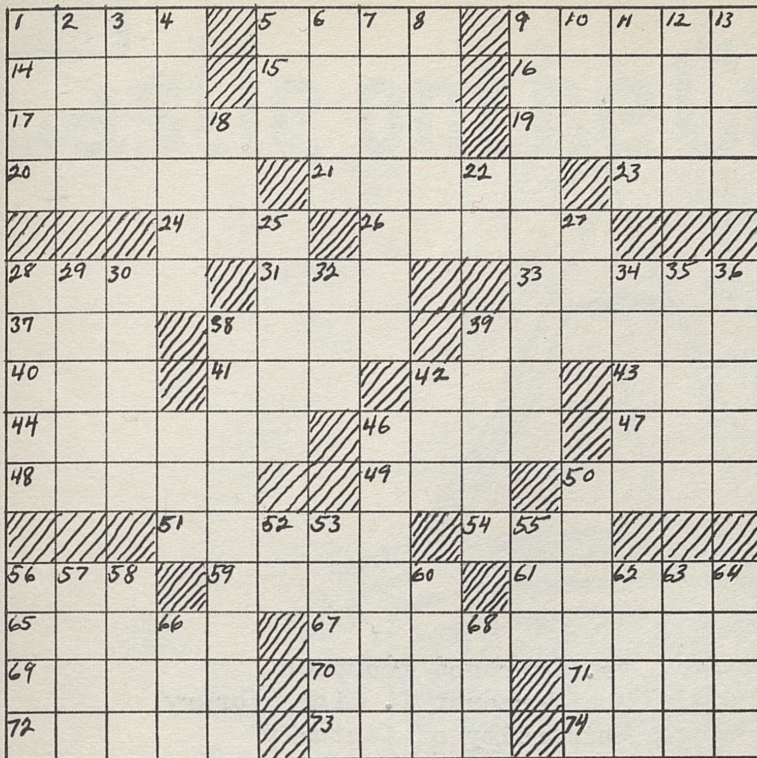
IF IT'S TRUE that pain usually strikes the body in its weakest points, it's understandable why so many of us in here complain of headaches!

THE LITTLE BOY'S FATHER showed him how to make a fist and use it the next time a playmate picked on him. Next day the boy rushed in. His eyes were shining.

"Daddy!" he shouted. "I did it! I did it! I hit her! I hit her!"

SIGN SEEN ON A FENCE surrounding a girls' school: "Trespassers will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law -- The Sisters of Mercy."

YOU KNOW what a somnambulist is, but have you ever heard of a somnafumist? We hadn't either until a harried leathershop exec told us about his going to sleep one night with a full pack of cigarettes on his table. He woke up in the middle of the night and found himself puffing away on one. Worse yet, the floor was littered with butts and the pack was half empty. Nice to have money to burn!



ACROSS

- 1. Uterus
- 5. Steal a look
- 9. Type of cabbage (Pl.)
- 14. Wings
- 15. Sea eagle
- 16. Not competent
- 17. Best (two words)
- 19. Loaded
- 20. Carries
- 21. Florida key
- 23. Roman bronze coin
- 24. Summer (Fr.)
- 26. Fine thread
- 28. Sea food
- 31. Volume (Abbr.)
- 33. Put forth
- 37. Fleur de _____
- 38. Long fish _____
- 39. Bring into harmony
- 40. Amer. Assoc. Teamsters (Abbr.)
- 41. Vital life substance (Abbr.)
- 42. Presidential nickname
- 43. Postal Drivers Legion (Abbr.)
- 44. Hair nets
- 46. Back
- 47. Female ruff

- 48. Thrust back
- 49. Worm
- 50. Jack _____, TV M.C.
- 51. Sins
- 54. Electric fish
- 56. Arrive (Abbr.)
- 59. Angry
- 61. Elevate
- 65. Large feather
- 67. Delivered
- 69. To the degree
- 70. Horse's pace
- 71. Not new
- 72. Wide Open
- 73. Chemist's wire
- 74. Volcano

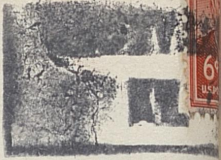
DOWN

- 1. Float gently
- 2. Mixture
- 3. Retail store
- 4. Suit
- 5. Through
- 6. Pert. to an historical period
- 7. Requires
- 8. Equal (Pl.)
- 9. One cubic meter

- 10. Literature on a subject
- 11. Woman's name
- 12. Dueling sword
- 13. Saint Nicholas (Abb.)
- 18. Ejaculation to enjoin silence
- 22. Great (Abbr.)
- 25. Makes equal
- 27. Eastern Standard Time
- 28. Neck ornament
- 29. Climbing vine
- 30. Famous family name
- 32. Palm leaf
- 34. Over (Prefix)
- 35. Below
- 36. Certain kind of fisherman
- 38. Ky. prison location
- 39. Mistreat
- 42. Exclamation of triumph
- 45. Mine product
- 46. Put in A-1 shape
- 50. Epidemic disease
- 52. Symbol for iridium
- 53. Prefix for milk
- 55. Silkworm
- 56. Water
- 57. Ladder step
- 58. Girl's name
- 60. Biblical man's name
- 62. Instant (Abbr.)
- 63. Observed
- 64. Norse legend
- 66. Part of the face
- 68. Female saint (Abbr.)

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S CROSSWORD

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



CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND
- Box 128
Eddyville, Kentucky

TO: Mr. Lawrence Thompson
The Margaret I. King Library
University of Kentucky
Lexington, Kentucky