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# Castle ON THE Cumberland

A Penal Press Publication

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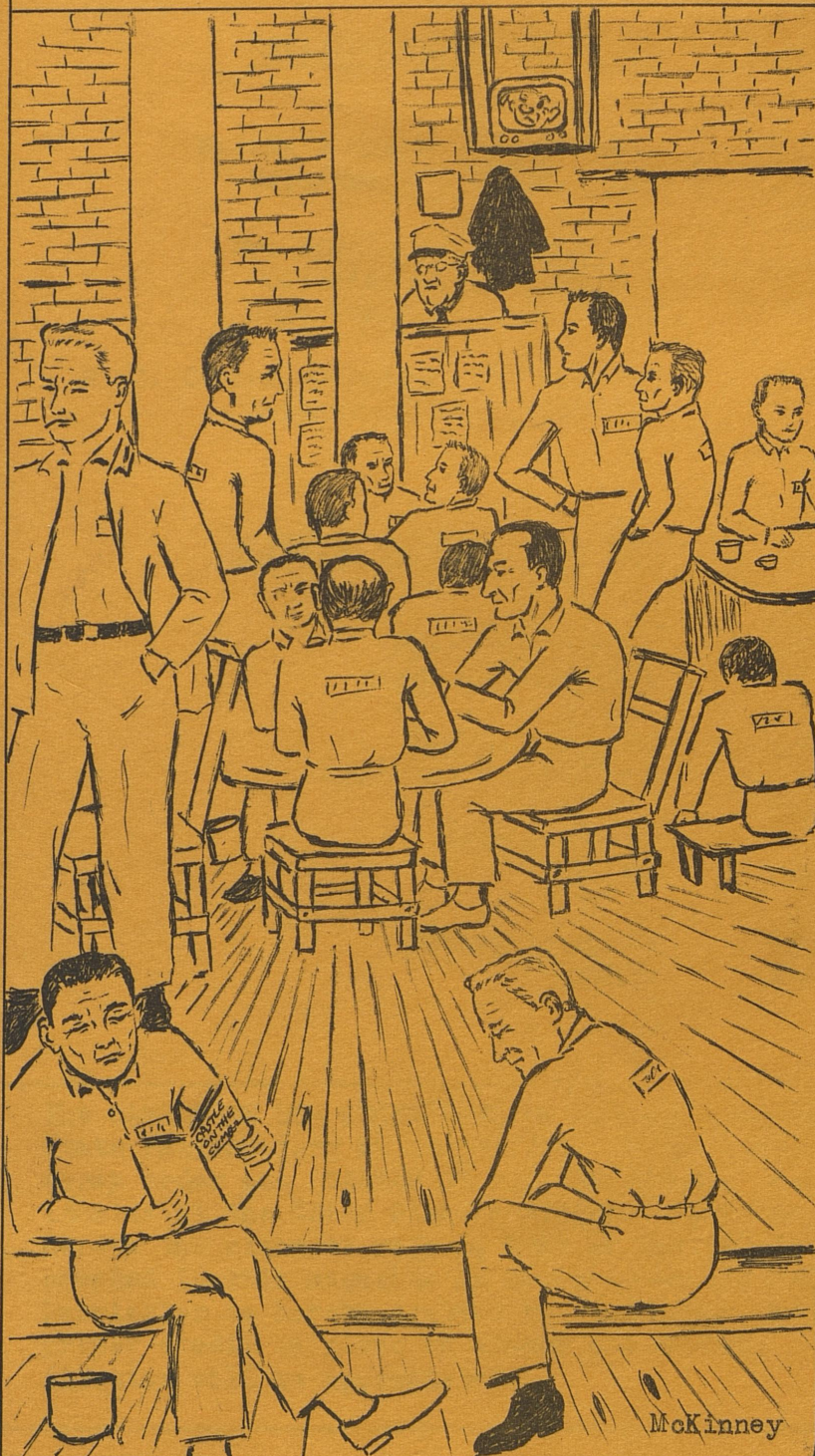
"This, too, shall pass"

Volume II

Number XI

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LOUISVILLE JOURNALIST MAKES SUPREME SACRIFICE -- GOES TO PRISON TO TAKE INSIDE LOOK

As practically everyone in the state knows, Dick Berger went to prison two months ago. Unlike some prisoners, Berger went quietly -- he had volunteered to be committed as part of the campaign for penal reform being conducted by two Louisville newspapers, the morning COURIER JOURNAL and the afternoon TIMES.

His hands shackled in the standard belt-and-chain arrangement, the reporter was taken to the receiving section of the Kentucky State Reformatory at LaGrange, searched, showered, treated for body lice, and issued the usual blue denim suit, complete with number. An interview with Warden David L. Davis (who, with Governor Combs, had given his blessing to the undercover survey) followed; then Berger was led toward the "fish tank" -- the dormitory where new prisoners ("fish") spend their first thirty days.

But Berger wasn't destined to spend his first night in the fish tank. Instead, a misunderstanding resulted in his spending an almost sleepless night in the reformatory's psychiatric ward -- an education in itself!

Eventually, the TIMES reporter was transferred to the fish tank and then, briefly, to a dormitory on the yard proper. Rumors that there was an investigator of some kind in the prison, however, cut short Berger's stay, which would have included a transfer to this penitentiary.

His sojourn behind bars was long enough for Dick Berger to get some idea of what it is like to begin a long sentence in the reformatory, nevertheless. In a six-part series that ran last month in the LOUISVILLE TIMES, he drew a detailed and objective picture of the almost unbelievably crowded conditions, the filth and uncomfortable sleeping accommodations, the poor food and the jungle atmosphere of the fish tank.

The last installment of the series consisted of an interview with Warden Davis, who agreed with Berger's report and an earlier report made of both Kentucky institutions by the National Council on Crime and Delinquency. He said the prison had "too little of everything except prisoners," and stressed the need for more money to correct not only the physical defects of the institution, but the shortage of personnel as well.

Dick Berger's assignment must have taken courage. He jumped from the comfortable, secure, well-fed world of the average citizen into the almost animal existence of prison without even the transition period provided by the usual stay in a county jail awaiting trial. The lack of privacy, the food, the crowded quarters, and the company of thieves, murderers, dope fiends and perverts in the dog-eat-dog world of the fish tank, must have been a marked contrast to the kind of life he had temporarily left behind. And, added to the normal apprehension every first timer feels when he enters prison, Berger had to contend with the constant fear of being mistaken for a "company man" or a law enforcement officer in disguise.

His series followed a resume of the NCCD report and a series of articles centered around the needs of the Kentucky penal system by Ora Spaid of the COURIER JOURNAL, as well as several features on probation and parole by Barbara Carlson of the TIMES.

The penal system has also come in for attention from top state officials. Governor Bert Combs, who earlier pledged penal reform for this last year of his term, appointed a special "Correctional Task Force" to study the needs of both institutions and make recommendations for possible action. A new building program which would relieve congestion in both institutions by providing separate "colonies" on the three prison farms



for trustees, is also in the planning stages. Finally, a special session of the legislature will probably be held this summer to act on correctional problems.

#### FAMED WARDEN SPEAKS OUT AT INDIANA REFORMATORY AGAINST CORRECTIONAL EVILS

Clinton Duffy, former warden of California's San Quentin Prison whose daring reforms of that once-troubled penal institution elevated him to national prominence, spoke to members of the Reformatory Press Club at the Indiana State Reformatory at Pendleton last month.

In his address, Duffy stressed the need for sentencing reforms that would enable prison officials to release inmates when they are ready for release rather than when an arbitrarily determined number of years have expired. "This would mean that some convicted murderers could possibly be released before felons convicted of less violent acts," he said, going on to say that changes in a man's character and his readiness to live in harmony with the outside world should be the criteria for determining his release date.

Duffy, who eliminated the dungeon and the lash when he became warden of San Quentin, also spoke vehemently against capital punishment, saying that it is against our moral code and does not deter murderers, but that it also results in "unequal justice."

He also stated that he believed that conjugal visits with wives, such as are allowed in Alaska and Mississippi, would go far toward eliminating perversion as a normal part of prison life.

#### CONVICT POET WINS MAGAZINE AWARD

David Jones, staff writer for the PENDLETON REFLECTOR (Indiana State Reformatory), took first prize in a national poetry contest sponsored by WRITER'S DIGEST, it was announced last month.

The selection of his poem, "The Writer," over those of free poets entered in the competition made headlines in Indiana newspapers and the story was carried on radio and television network newscasts.

Jones himself commented with gratitude on the Indiana prison's policy of allowing inmates to submit creative writing to magazines, publishers, and contests.

#### FBI CRIME LAB REDUCES THE ODDS

Are you still planning that elusive "big score?" If you are, be extremely careful. A 29,000 square foot area on the seventh floor of the Department of Justice building in Washington will give you 10 to 1 odds that you can't get away with it.

That's the address of the FBI crime lab, and while we won't back the bet if they lose, we will pass on a few of the figures on which they base their odds.

First comes the staff of 100 scientific experts plus their many technical aides and literally scores of clerical workers. Next, consider a collection of guns containing a model of every pistol and revolver obtainable, to be used for comparison purposes in identifying the make and model of guns used in various crimes around the country.

If you're one of those who go for hot "paper," maybe you'd better stick a horseshoe or a four leaf clover in your pocket. The lab has a file containing 83,800 signature specimens sifted from the mountains of fraudulent checks and money orders that local police agencies submit to the FBI every year, backed up by a file of the personal idiosyncrasies of every known forger in the country.

Add to these figures the elaborate facilities for identifying tool marks, tire prints, footprints, teeth, hair, bones and a few other things -- such as blood specimens -- that might assist in solving a crime, and you begin to get the picture.

-- Via the MENTOR



## HERE ALMOST SIXTEEN YEARS, PRISONER CAN'T FIND JOB TO SET HIM FREE

William Wallace Owens, 46, came to prison with a life sentence for rape almost sixteen years ago and started to build a clean record for himself. Not once in all that time was "Wally" in trouble for even a minor violation of the rules.

Then, almost a year ago, Wally's sentence was commuted from life without privilege of parole to ordinary life. Appearing before the parole board, he was told that he could leave as soon as he found suitable employment. He's been here ever since.

Wally, a Negro, was never in trouble before this sentence. He served honorably in the Army and suffered a minor disability. Following his military service, he worked as a porter and janitor. He is a devout Catholic and a friendly and courteous little fellow who goes out of his way to be helpful. But he, like many other men here, can find neither a job nor a sponsor (a person willing to provide him with a home until he can find work on his own).

"I'm willing to work for anybody at anything," Wally told us recently. "I just want to get out and stay out." He says he would prefer to pay taxes than live on them.

Wally may be contacted by a prospective employer or sponsor through the prison.

## ELECTRIC CHAIR AN EXPENSIVE SOLUTION

Think the death penalty is an inexpensive solution to the crime problem? Not so, says sociologist Hans W. Mattick in his booklet, THE UNEXAMINED DEATH, released recently in Chicago.

According to Mattick, the cost of 30 years' imprisonment -- much more than is served on an average life sentence -- is \$45,000. But executions, he says, cost the state an average of more than \$60,000 in appeals, special detention, and other legal costs.

## PENAL COLONY TO BE BUILT ON FARM HERE

A \$400,000 building complex to house trustees working on the prison farm has been made possible by the allocation of funds for the project in Frankfort, it was announced last month.

The structures will include a dormitory and processing rooms for produce and meat and dairy products from the prison's two trustee-operated farms. The buildings will end the necessity to transport trustees to and from the prison daily, as is currently being done, and will open more than a hundred cells in the now-crowded prison proper.

It is also hoped that the new processing buildings will result in better food for the prisoners.

In other construction activity around the 80-year-old prison, grade beams have been poured for the new, \$125,000 education recreation building scheduled for completion this year. The building will provide separate classrooms for the eight grades now being taught in the tiny prison gymnasium, as well as a library and school offices. A gymnasium and auditorium will be on the second floor of the building. A new sewage disposal plant, expected to cost \$208,000, is also planned.

Another "farm colony" is expected to be built for the prisoners at the LaGrange Reformatory, and the reformatory itself is scheduled for a million-dollar overhaul within the next five years.

## SONNY LISTON REVISITS MISSOURI PEN

World Heavyweight Champion Sonny Liston went back to Missouri State Penitentiary last month as a visitor.

An Associated Press wirephoto shows the boxer shaking hands with Warden E. V. Nash of the prison during his visit. Kathlyn Ordway, formerly business manager of the Kentucky State Penitentiary, is now married to Nash.



### OLD TIMER TURNS SELF IN -- IN VAIN

KILBY PRISON, ALABAMA -- During the winter of last year, Fred Cook, 72, came to Kilby Prison and surrendered to its authorities. Cook had been on escape from the prison since 1926.

His reason for returning: to clear his name so he could start receiving his World War I pension.

During the first part of this year, Cook did start receiving his pension. After 36 years of running, everything seemed to be turning out all right. But last month, Fred Cook died in the prison hospital, his pension unenjoyed.

-- The Kilby Sun

### SALVATION ARMY GROUP VISITS PRISON DURING NATIONAL PRISON SUNDAY APRIL 21

A Salvation Army vocal trio and a group from the men's Bible class of the Hopkinsville Salvation Army took over the KSP Chapel during National Prison Sunday last month.

National Prison Sunday is a Salvation Army holiday set aside for visits to prisons, reformatories and county jails in the United States. The Hopkinsville group was accompanied by Captain Case, a regular visitor to the institution and a Western Kentucky Salvationist for more than eight years.

Following several gospel songs by the trio, Captain Case led services for the approximately 100 inmates in attendance. Copies of the special Easter edition of WAR CRY, the Salvation Army magazine, were given out after the services.

### NEVADA PRISON WRITERS GET GOOD TIME

The editors of the Nevada State Prison's SAGEBRUSH have little trouble persuading inmate writers to submit articles and stories for publication in their organ.

Under Nevada policy, any inmate author who has material published in the SAGEBRUSH is awarded extra "good time" -- a reduction of sentence.

### HOW DO YOU RATE AS A PAROLE RISK?

How successful do you think you would be on parole? The fact that you are able to read this article is, believe it or not, a not very encouraging sign.

According to a statistical study of parolees released from the Kentucky State Reformatory between 1946 and 1949, the best possible parole risk is the illiterate -- the man with no schooling whatsoever. The chances of a parolee's violating his parole, according to John E. Conner, author of the study, increase in almost direct proportion to the number of years he spent in school, and the worst risk is the man with 9 to 10 years of education.

Moreover, according to the study, the inmate who was reared on a farm in the mountain regions of Kentucky and who returns to farming in the same area on his release has a much better chance of staying free than does the metropolitan-bred Kentuckian who goes to a laboring or white-collar job in Louisville, Lexington, or the surrounding counties.

It also helps if the parolee is married, with several children, came from an unbroken home with a farming father and a housewife mother, has never been in trouble before, and is from 34 to 36 years old at his release.

Moreover, says Conner's study, the murderer or the man convicted of manslaughter or assault with intent to kill seldom repeats his crimes. The worst risks, statistically, are the burglars, forgers, armed robbers, and others of that ilk.

The cases of 1082 parolees were considered in the study. All were white males, and 75.1 per cent of them managed to "live down" their paroles regardless of age, education, occupation and background, however. And, of the 65 parolees considered the worst possible risks, 42 per cent stayed out of trouble during the survey period.

Maybe they hadn't read the survey.



## KILBY PRISON HOLDS SPECIAL EGG HUNT IN VISITING YARD FOR VISITING CHILDREN

Easter Sunday saw many of the inmates of Alabama's Kilby Prison attending services in the prison chapel and enjoying a special basketball game -- all activities that might have been held in any prison in the land. But there was also a different kind of activity seldom seen inside prison walls -- an Easter egg hunt.

Visits in Kilby Prison are held in a yard set aside for that purpose. Relatives and friends of the prisoners are permitted to purchase food at a prison concession, then enter the yard to visit and picnic with inmates. Children can come, too -- hence the egg hunt.

The Easter egg hunt was made possible by the Kilby Welfare Committee, a group of five convicts who meet weekly with the warden to decide how profits from the canteen (the store that sells tobacco, toiletries and foodstuffs to inmates) shall be spent. The committee not only purchased the eggs, but assisted in the hunt, hiding the eggs and awarding special prizes.

The committee also voted to provide a special Easter breakfast for the prison population, and to provide an extra movie during Easter week.

## TWO MORE KSP MEN DONATE EYES TO LIONS

Joe R. Uwaniwich and James Franklin McKinney pledged their eyes to the Lions Eye Bank this month bringing the total number of KSP pledgees to 58.

Eyes may be pledged through the CASTLE office or by writing to the Lions Eye Bank, 101 West Chestnut Street, Louisville 2, Kentucky

The eyes are removed only after death.

## CRIME IN THE NEWS

IN ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA recently, Mrs. Elizabeth Landry returned home from a weekend visit to find that her home had been burglarized.

Among the missing items were a gas range, a washtub, a refrigerator, a bathroom set, a power mower -- and the kitchen sink!

IN TULSA, OKLAHOMA, a masked bandit walked into a grocery store, pulled a gun and demanded money. The proprietor instead pulled out a .44 of his own, whereupon the bandit turned on his heel, said, "You wouldn't shoot a man in the back," and fled from the store.

A COLORADO BANK, engaged in a drive to cut down on forgeries, is printing pictures of its customers on their personal checks. The checks cost about 15¢ a hundred more than checks printed with only the name and address.

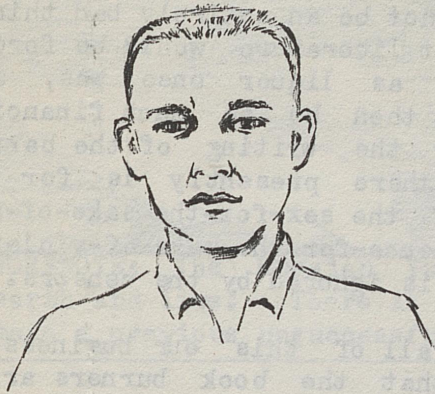
IN NEW YORK, a bank bandit walked into the Amalgamated Bank and handed the woman teller a note demanding money. The usually honest teller said, "We don't have any left." The man left without further discussion.

IN QUEBEC, a man walked into a bank and handed a robbery note to the teller, who told him in French that she could not read English. He left. Minutes later, he walked into another bank and handed another teller the same note, getting the same reaction. Finally, he proceeded to still another bank.

When he handed the teller the note, she fainted. The frustrated man dashed for the door, slipped on the floor and was nabbed by a bank employee and a policeman.

The would-be bandit was not armed.





# FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

## POUND WISE, PENNY FOOLISH

Several months ago an inmate of a Midwestern prison was granted a parole on the basis of his good record and his efforts to improve himself. With less than usual difficulty, the man managed to find a job and a home in California, sight unseen. Yet it was months before the parolee was able to leave the prison and take advantage of the job and home offers. The reason? He had no money to buy a bus ticket home!

Another man left prison to take a job within the same state. Transportation was no problem -- prisons provide bus transportation within the state. But living after he got to the job was. Armed with only his "gate money" -- the traditional five dollar bill given on release -- and a single suit of work clothes, the man found himself in a tragic dilemma. Should he spend his money at a second-hand clothing store for a change of clothes, which he would certainly need before payday? Or should he use it to pay a week's rent on the cheapest of rooms? And if he did either, what would he do for food?

These problems were unusual in that both were finally solved -- after a fashion. The Midwestern prison's magazine pub-  
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## THE BOOK BURNERS

An epidemic of book burning, or at least book banning, seems to have broken out all over the country in the past few years. In high schools and public libraries in communities east and west, north and south, some of the most honest (and therefore most offensive) works of modern and classic writers are being yanked from the shelves, destroyed or burned as smutty or subversive or both. Even Doestoevski and Mark Twain are under attack in some areas, and the *SATURDAY REVIEW* tells of the burning of an old Russian child's tale because it dared to tell of the goodness of Russian wheat!

Although the disease has so far been confined mostly to the parents of children of high school age and younger, it could conceivably spread to the parents of children in the colleges and universities. The time may even come when self-styled censors will "permit" Americans of all ages to read only the Bible, Shakespeare, and the most innocuous and insipid of textbooks -- unless, of course, the censors actually get around to reading the Bible and Shakespeare, in which case both will undoubtedly also be rejected as smutty and subversive.

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## POUND WISE, PENNY FOOLISH (Con't)

lished a story about the California man's plight, the press picked it up, and outside readers donated enough money to enable him to leave prison, several months overdue. The other fellow simply got an advance from his employer. Since his wages weren't especially high, however, the first advance led to a second, the second to a third. Eventually he had to go into debt for clothing and a car, which was necessary for transportation to and from work. After a year he was so far in debt that he committed another crime and was returned to prison.

The almost infinitesimal gate fee given in most state prisons (some prisons give nothing at all) is pound wise and penny foolish. It is false economy to spend thousands of dollars to support and try to reform an inmate for a period of years, then make it necessary for him to beg, borrow or steal to keep from coming back during the crucial period immediately following his release. Nor is the idea of giving unearned gate money particularly appealing. It smacks of charity, of a handout from the parent state.

Much more appealing -- and practical -- is the system now being used in the federal prisons. There, inmates are paid a daily wage for their work, ranging in amount from 25 to 55 cents or more. A portion of the wage is set aside in the prisoner's personal savings account. The rest he may spend. Since the federal prisons provide tobacco, razor blades, and other personal needs, the 15 cents or more each day gives the prisoner a small sum for creature comforts and self respect. The saved portion gives him a stake that is at least adequate to maintain him without borrowing -- or stealing -- until he draws a paycheck on his first job in the free world. The long term -- the man who is more likely to be without outside help on his release -- has an even larger stake, which he will need. And no one who needs the money leaves with

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## THE BOOK BURNERS (Con't)

This might not be an entirely bad thing, for the best literature would be forced underground as liquor once was, and there might then be as much financial reward for the writing of the banned works as there presently is for the writing of the sex-for-the-sake-of-sex and violence-for-the-sake-of-violence trash that is ignored by the censors.

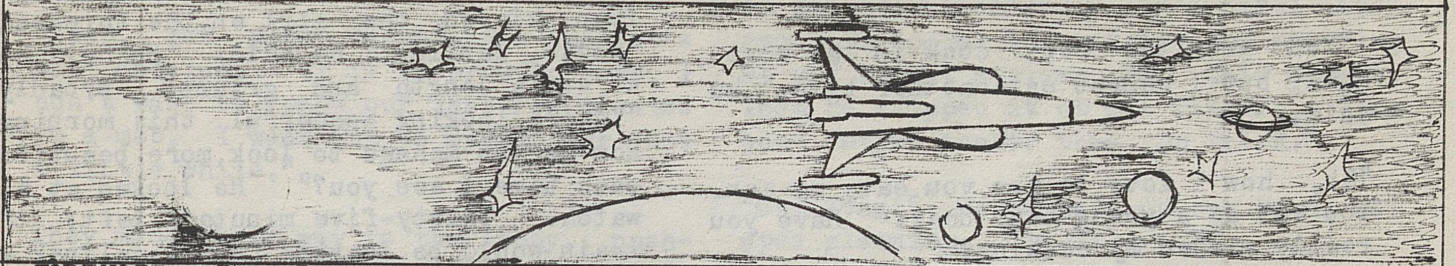
What makes all of this our business is the fact that the book burners argue that young people (and middleaged people and old people) who read the type of books the burners don't like will become twisted, warped, degenerate and fit only to be locked away in places like this. To which I can only argue that my own reading habits as a boy would have passed the approval of the most suspicious of the book burners and I am here nevertheless. On the other hand, I don't know of a single thief or degenerate who habitually read during his impressionable years the type of books that are currently being rejected by the burners.

What did I read as a boy? Well, comic books, for one thing -- but they were the most innocent of comics, since the incredible pictures and stories in the horror comics didn't appeal to me at all. After that came such books as the Rover Boy series and Little Men, and there was quite a bit of H. G. Wells, Victor Hugo, and Mark Twain, I'll admit; but all of my "honest" friends read them too. I also read Sunday School literature, which was innocent and insipid enough that it's only recently I've been able to enjoy reading the Bible again. As for television, my character was pretty well set by the time it came along, and from what I've seen of it, television violence is rather puny and lifeless stuff anyway.

Now that I am a man grown and have claimed my place as an equal to every other convict in the land without the help of the "smutty and subversive" literature, I am at last getting around

(Please turn to Page 12)





FORENOTE: The Russian Yuri Gagarin became in 1961 the first human to orbit the earth and live. There is reason to believe, however, that the Soviet Union had made a previous unsuccessful attempt to orbit a man. If so, that man died unsung.

The sound of a distant car horn awoke Red Army Captain Ivan Goremykin from a night of fretful sleep. He came awake slowly, his senses sluggish and dull, as though reluctant to return him at once to the world of reality. An unpleasant, cramp-like ache in his left side caused him to turn over on his back and snapped his mind to complete wakefulness. He lay for a long minute, letting the morning tide of awareness flood the recesses of his mind, then slowly sat up in bed.

Noise from the suburban streets of Moscow entered the room as a quiet murmur, the fuzzy, peripheral sound of the world marching by on a great parade. It was the sound of the new industrialized Russia, of cars and trucks sputtering and swishing by, of people on their way to work calling morning greetings as they passed, their minds occupied with thoughts of self and their hands clutching lunch buckets.

It is a kind of music, thought 28 year old Ivan Goremykin, reaching for his trousers and beginning to dress -- a workers' symphony of accomplishment, the music of a nation's rise from agrarian poverty to technocratic greatness.

He slipped on his black officer's boots and crossed the room to the window overlooking Gorki Street. Combing his hair with his fingers, he yawned lustily and gazed down at the street two stories below him.

It came into his mind then as he had

known it would. He studied the wide expanse of the new workers' apartments and tried not to let his mind dwell on it. But the realization that had lurked in a semidarkened corner of his mind for the past thirteen days refused now to be held in. It lurched forward in his consciousness and expressed itself with two words -- furlough's end. The day for departure, for the great new, dangerous new experiment had arrived. He took in again the early morning hustle and bustle of the street and wondered if he would ever again see Gorki Street, or any other street, for that matter.

He told himself a little angrily to put aside such thoughts. He was a Russian Army officer, a man of mental discipline, not a bourgeois sentimentalist. If the past months of machine experimentation and the grueling hours of body and mind conditioning did result in failure (and they would not!), then he would at least have had the honor of serving the party and his comrades. That was what mattered -- not what might happen to him or his.

"Ivan?"

He turned from the window as his mother's voice called him from the adjoining room.

"Vanya ... are you awake, son?"

"Yes, Mama." His heart warmed to her as it always did when she used her baby name for him. "I am up and dressed."



"Then come, dear. Breakfast is waiting."

\* \* \*

"You are the best cook in the world, Mama, but I cannot eat another bite," he said.

"Oh, how I love to see you eat, my son. You eat as a young bear does. Have you really missed my cooking?"

"If Army food were as good as yours, Mama," he replied grinning, "everybody would want to be in the army."

Fyodor Goremykin, Ivan's father, got up from the table as a knock sounded at the door. "It is probably Sonya, Father," Ivan said, folding his napkin and pushing back from the table.

Katrina Goremykin stood beside her son and ran her plump, work worn fingers through his thick black hair. "Son," she said quietly, "Sonya is a very fine girl. Your papa and I would be proud to have her as our daughter-in-law."

Ivan paced restlessly across the room. "We have been talking about it, Mama. But you know that I must wait until all my training is over."

"Oh, Ivan," his mother said, "if you could only tell your papa and me what you are doing!"

Ivan took her hands in his and looked into her eyes. "Mama, you know I cannot tell you that. I know that you and Papa must worry, but you must wait and someday -- someday soon, too -- you may have reason to be very proud of your son. And then you will be glad you waited."

"Ivan," called Fyodor Goremykin from the door. "Your Sonya is here."

"Coming, Papa." He kissed his mother lightly on the cheek and left the kitchen. There was a humorous twinkle in his father's eyes when Ivan entered the room.

"My son is very lucky to have such a beautiful young woman call on him," he

said, winking slyly at his son.

Ivan kissed the girl on the forehead. "Hello, darling," he said. He held her at arm's length and grinned broadly. "You're looking wonderful this morning. How do you manage to look more beautiful each time I see you?" He looked at his watch. Thirty-five minutes left; the train would be leaving for Kazalinsk at 9:30. Although he wanted to make his last few minutes at home as light and unemotional as possible, his eyes were somber as he looked at his father and said, "It's time to leave, Papa."

Fyodor Goremykin extended his hand and clasped Ivan's in a steely grip. He put his other arm around his waist and drew him near in an overwhelming bear hug.

His mother came into the room carrying his regulation dress cap with the red star above the visor. She handed it to him as his father helped him on with his street coat. When he was dressed, Ivan bent to kiss his mother on the cheek. "I will bring you back a gift, Mama," he told her gently.

"Oh, Vanya," she said, and her voice broke. "Bring only yourself. That will be the most wonderful gift of all."

"We will not delay you any further," his father said decisively. "Take care of yourself and be a credit to your country."

\* \* \*

Ivan helped Sonya from the cab at the entrance to the massive Moscow station. He turned up the collar of his greatcoat against the cold, then raised his hand to press the soft fur piece against her reddened cheeks.

"Don't be concerned with me," she said. "The cold does not bother me when you are so near. Besides, we are here now and it will be warm inside."

"My heart tells me that I shall always want to be concerned with you, Sonyushka, he told her, clasping his arm around her small waist and holding



her close as they entered the station.

"Ivan, get your ticket now and let's wait outside. It is so crowded here, I don't want to spend our last few minutes in a mob, I want you to myself for just a little while."

They made their way to the lobby, pushing through the swarming mass of people that seemed always to occupy Moscow Station, and finally arrived at the ticket window. He bought a one-way ticket to Kazalinsk, let the ticket girl inspect his travel orders, returned them to his pocket, then took Sonya's arm to propel her through the crowd again. He did all this hurriedly, but Sonya had seen the tickets and her eyes widened in surprise and concern.

"Ivan, those are first class tickets she gave you!"

"Your Ivan is a man of importance, Sonyushka," he grinned.

"But you're only a junior officer, a captain. Captains always ride second class, don't they?"

He laughed, trying to dispel her fears. "Only a captain," he teased. "So you think your Ivan is not much, eh?"

"Ivan Goremykin ..."

"All right, all right!" he laughed. "Orders from the top. I accept the command, General!"

They were outside again, and she pressed against him as they embraced. "Oh, Ivan," she whispered. "I wish we could be married now."

"Darling, darling!" He kissed the hollow of her throat. "I want nothing more than that. You know that, don't you?" His eyes searched her face. "But you know, too, that it cannot be until I have finished my training?"

"Will it be soon?"

"Yes, dear, soon," he replied. He felt in his pocket and took out a small lined box. He opened it, lifting out the ring he had bought earlier for this moment. Then he slipped it on her finger. "You see? Maybe sooner than you think."

"Oh, Ivan!" Sonya held up her hand, her eyes gleaming. "Is it ...?"

"Yes, darling, it is. Our belated engagement ring. Do you like it?"

"It's beautiful, darling! Have you told your Mama and Papa?"

"No, I wanted you to tell them. Mama thinks there is no one quite like you."

The station announcer's voice interrupted them tinnily. Ivan caught Sonya to him and they embraced for one long, final moment.

\* \* \*

February 13, 1961 -- the dawn air at Tyura Tam was chilly, the winds were a variable 6 to 12 miles an hour, and a few scattered clouds hid the moon. The huge multistage rocket, Karabl Sputnik V, stood inside its gantry on Launch Pad 7, pointing skyward in take-off position. The first segment of the morning sun had not yet appeared on the horizon, and the rocket was bathed in the glare from a battery of searchlights. The white mist of liquid oxygen condensing into vapor covered its lower surface and was wafted into thin streamlets by the morning air as it rose. Green uniformed, plastic helmeted technicians -- fueling personnel -- swarmed about, their movements fluid and rapid. Other men, dressed in the white coveralls denoting rocket technicians, moved among them making last minute corrections in the telemetry lines extending from the ship to the squat command blockhouse some distance away.

Two hours earlier, Captain Ivan Goremykin had walked to the rocket's service tower, carrying the portable air conditioner for his aluminized suit, his yellow helmet with its clear visor fastened to his flight suit at the neck-



line. He had shaken hands with Captain Stansky, his flight physician, and the base commander, General Vinalsky, at the tower, then stepped into the cage elevator to prepare to enter the ship. Now, atop the tapered cylinder of the 100-foot booster, he sat in the five-ton, 25-foot-long Karbl Sputnik V, waiting out his last few minutes completing the final checking of the cabin's equipment. The time stood at T minus five minutes.

"Clear the pad!" a loudspeaker blared. "Clear the pad! All personnel clear the pad!"

Inside the ship, Ivan tensed. He adjusted his position in the acceleration seat for the last time.

In the blockhouse, Colonel Petrov, the pad leader, studied the rocket through a tinted window.

"Lift Off!"

Great orange colored flames suddenly billowed from the rocket's exhaust to partly obscure the ship. Screaming waves of sound split the air as though a thousand freight trains were passing. The huge ship rose slowly, inch by inch, until it was suspended in mid air a few feet from the ground. Then, with all eyes fixed on it -- then, when it seemed that nothing could possibly go awry -- when the ship stood poised like a graceful arrow between heaven and earth -- then it happened. There was a sudden, earth-shaking, indescribably hideous screech of sound and a vast sea of flame erupted from the rocket. It shuddered convulsively in its death throes, then suddenly disintegrated before the horrified eyes of the spectators.

#### PROLOGUE

April 12, 1961 -- A different rocket, a different ship, the same scene, the same watching eyes. The countdown began again, more tensely than ever. In the ship, another young officer, a lieutenant

ant this time, adjusted his position in the acceleration chair and listened to the final orders sounding over his communications system. Again the orange flame, the roar of solid sound, the poising between heaven and earth.

In the blockhouse, the same Colonel Petrov looked out the same window. He watched the ship rise higher and higher in the dawn sky, picking up speed as it rose.

"Yuri Gagarin is off," he said quietly.

"And Ivan Goremykin is gone," one replied. There was silence for a moment.

"Ivan Goremykin?" asked Petrov at last. "I know no Goremykin. Do you?"

And no answer came.

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#### THE BOOK BURNERS (Con't)

to reading some of it. Not as much as I'd like, of course, because good books are hard to come by in prison. But enough, nevertheless, to be affected by it. And, oddly enough, if there has been any change for the better in me, it has been largely because of my new reading habits.

My point is that fiction, be it good, bad or ordinary, is one of the most subtle and powerful of teachers, regardless of whether the writer considers himself a teacher or not. If the writer is deeply concerned with the motives and directions of human beings, as most of the banned writers have been, if he is free to explore in his writing life as he sees it, without concern for the censors, then the lesson he teaches will be good and the reader is safe in his hands regardless of how sordid some of his subject matter may be. In fact, I doubt if there is any great or even good work that does not touch on the seamier side of life, because life as it is lived has a seamy side. I hold up the Bible as Exhibit A.

Who dares ban it?



## OBSERVATIONS AFTER HALF A CENTURY

By W. Z. Carter

EDITOR'S NOTE -- W. Z. Carter, Director of Education for the Department of Corrections, has the job of overseeing the educational offerings in Kentucky's penal institutions. As such, he is a frequent visitor to the Kentucky State Penitentiary, as well as to the Reformatory at LaGrange.

During the years of 1910 to 1912, I held down my very first job at the Kentucky State Penitentiary for pay. I carried lunch to my father and other guards at \$1 a month.

Early in the year 1962, I was employed as Director of Institutional Education, and among my greatest responsibilities is the school program at Eddyville, where I first started half a century ago.

It is not known who has the low number of 5240, but I feel that I have the title of Dean of all penitentiary citizens, inmates and officials alike.

Many changes in the administration and general operations of the prison are observed by me daily during the performance of my duties. The greatest of these is the philosophy and objectives of the penitentiary officials. It occurs to me there must be reasons for the increase in population from about 725 fifty years ago to 1125 in 1963. It could be that Kentucky taxpayers were practicing a false economy. The population of the state has increased only 10 per cent during that period.

The alarming increase is caused by recidivists, or multi-time losers. They were simply not ready to go back into society when released under the old practice. That may be reflected in the philosophy of the Four G's -- Guards, Guns, Grub, and Guts. The boys served out their time, went out older, less

prepared to earn a living and frequently more embittered toward society in general.

The new philosophy of officials and citizens is composed of security and rehabilitation. Security is their first responsibility, with discipline being a big part of rehabilitation.

The new method is still in the experimental stage. The outcome is up to the inmates, and can be determined by me, should I get another job at the Penitentiary at Eddyville after another half century.

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### FOUND WISE, PENNY FOOLISH (Con't)

less than a hundred dollars. Such a system pays rich benefits at only a slight additional cost, and the money the prisoner takes with him is money that he has earned.

But whether the money is earned or unearned, it makes no sense at all to send the released prisoner into a world of inflation and high living costs with only a badly devaluated five dollar bill to start him off on what should be a new life of hope and usefulness. Such an oversight makes a mockery of any attempt at rehabilitation.

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HEAR THE MUSIC MAKING INMATES of Eddyville Prison every second Sunday on the CLOSED WORLD broadcast over WCBL. See Page 24 for time and date.



# PAGES FROM THE PAST

## AMERICAN PRISONS YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Number IV In a Series by the CASTLE Editors

Although crime, like poverty, will be with us always, there may come a time when prisons as we know them today will no longer exist in the United States. This will hardly be a new situation, since it was not until 1773 that the first state prison was established on the North American Continent -- more than a century and a half after the establishment of the first American colony.

Heavy use of corporal and capital punishment was made in the early American colonies and, although each colony usually had its jail, they were originally used primarily as places for the detention of persons awaiting trial. The stocks, the lash and the rope eliminated the need for special quarters for convicted felons for some years, until a rising tide of public feeling against physical punishment made necessary the detention of convicts in jails and workhouses, often for life.

In many respects, a sentence to a jail or house of correction was worse than a whipping or hanging. Food was not issued to the prisoners, who depended upon charity for their subsistence. Many died of starvation as a result. Others deteriorated physically and mentally after years of idleness, drunkenness and wanton living -- since men and women prisoners were not segregated in these early jails.

An old mine in Connecticut was eventually purchased and converted into the first prison for use by the entire state, rather than the community, but conditions in the prison were worse than in the workhouses. Prisoners were kept shackled day and night and the living

quarters were hardly fit for animals. Some improvements were gradually made due mostly to the efforts of the Quakers. The new idea of reform began to creep into American penology, and prisons were often given the name of penitentiaries, meaning a place where felons were made penitent for their sins. Soon two distinct "schools" of thought evolved, finding their expression in the two leading systems of the early 19th century, the Pennsylvania and the Auburn systems.

Under the Pennsylvania system, prisoners were usually kept in solitary confinement with only limited opportunities to work, in the belief that the association of all types of criminals was disastrous. Except for official "visitors," which included the governor, churchmen, judges, mayors and law officers, the prisoner's state of loneliness was complete.

Under the Auburn system, established in New York State in 1797, prisoners were divided into three classes: First Class, composed of the worst and oldest offenders, who were kept in solitary confinement continually; Second Class, lesser and younger offenders, who were kept in solitary confinement three days each week; and Third Class, who were confined to their cells just one day a week. Work was permitted for Second and Third class prisoners who, however, had to maintain complete silence while they worked.

The Pennsylvania and Auburn systems prevailed with few modifications until 1876, when New York's Elmira Reformatory was opened under what was called the Irish System. Actually born in



Australia, the Irish System provided a parole setup for the first time in U. S. history. It also provided for indeterminate sentencing and a merit system for controlling behavior and grading the prisoners for purposes of parole consideration. The education of prisoners was also provided for under this radical new system.

Probably the most important change, however, was the establishment of separate facilities for juvenile offenders and eventually juvenile courts, distinct from adult courts in procedure and philosophy. This movement got its beginning in New York City in 1825 under control of a private society, but soon spread to most of the other states. It was a long time, nevertheless, before juvenile institutions were anything but prisons that happened to be inhabited by children. Long hours of work for the enrichment of the state, almost no educational facilities, filthy and inadequate sleeping and eating accommodations, as well as often brutal treatment were the rule in such "reform" schools no less than in adult institutions.

The traditions and practices that developed in correctional work since Connecticut built the first state prison in 1773 have been persistent ones, and many are to be found in "space age" prisons of this day. In many southern prisons, chain-gang workers still wear shackles night and day, removing them only on Christmas. One large state prison has resumed wholesale whippings, abolished under an earlier administration. The old silent system still prevails in the mess halls of probably a fourth of modern penal institutions. Sweat boxes, cramp boxes, and other brutal forms of punishment still exist in a few places, as does the practice of chaining recalcitrant convicts in such a position that only their toes touch the floor. Long, inflexible sentences, first imposed in the belief that they would have a deterrent value, are still used in all but a few enlightened areas of the nation. So is the death penalty.

Yet it is impossible to ignore the real reforms that have taken place within the last century. The prison in which clean cells, reasonably good food, adequate medical treatment, opportunities for education and training, and normal, rather than "made" work assignments, are offered is the rule rather than the exception. In a few state and federal prisons, opportunities for rehabilitation over and above the idea of mere academic and vocational training are being offered, sometimes with a great deal of success. Experiments in corrections are being conducted in California's Vacaville Psychiatric Center, to name but one, that may eventually revolutionize the entire concept of imprisonment and training as means of correction. The still new idea of halfway houses for newly released prisoners has proved amazingly successful. The Auburn and Pennsylvania systems may finally, in fact, be breathing their last gasps.

If so, it has been a long time coming.

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#### A GREAT LAWYER ON CORRECTIONAL METHODS

"Crime has its cause. Scientists today are studying it; criminologists are investigating it; but we lawyers go on, punishing and hanging and thinking that by general terror we can stamp out all crime. If there is any way to soften the human heart, which is hard enough at best; if there is any way to kill evil and hatred and all that goes with it, it is not through hatred and cruelty, but through charity, love and understanding.

"There is not a philosopher, not a religious leader, not a creed that has not taught this...I plead for the future for a time when we learn by reason and understanding and faith that all life is worth saving, and that mercy is the highest attribute of man."

-- Clarence Darrow

A jury trial has been called a contest to see who has the better lawyer.



# EXCHANGE - PAGE

By Harold Arnold

## OLD TIMER REFUSES TO LEAVE PRISON -- Via the BRIDGE, Connecticut

Eighty-eight year old Tony Di Tardo says he's too old and comfortable to think of leaving his home in the San Quentin, California prison hospital. The elderly inmate has for the past three years occupied a private room in the hospital and does pretty much as he pleases in his tiny quarters. He even has the key to his room. "A good pair of boots," Di Tardo smiles, "and a good heart and a home like this is all a man can want."

## COLORADO PRISONERS RUSH TO DONATE KIDNEY -- Via the RECOUNT, Colorado

When Harry Tinsley, Warden of the Colorado State Prison, announced that a truck driver was lying close to death in a Denver hospital and told the inmates that only a kidney transplant would save him, 22 convicts volunteered to donate a kidney in spite of Tinsley's warning that there would be nothing in it for the donor.

A one-armed, 28 year old forger was finally selected for the transplant.

## COEDS VISIT MAGAZINE OFFICE IN MARYLAND PEN -- Via the COURIER, Maryland

A flock of attractive coeds from a nearby college swarmed into the offices of the COURIER, inmate magazine of the Maryland Penitentiary, seriously disrupting concentration among the editorial staff. The girls circulated freely through the offices and printing rooms and chatted with the COURIER staff for a time before they finally left and let the poor fellows get back to work. The girls were, of course, escorted on their tour.

## NEARLY 200 GRADUATE FROM OHIO PRISON SCHOOLS -- Via OP NEWS, Ohio

Outside guests, newsmen and state officials were in the Ohio Penitentiary at Columbus last month to see 197 inmates graduate from academic and vocational training courses. According to the OP NEWS, the ceremonies were as impressive as the number of graduates.

## INMATES WIN DEATH PENALTY DEBATE OVER STUDENTS -- Via the COLONY, Massachusetts

Tom Vigrolio and George Hardy, inmate debaters at the Massachusetts Correctional Institution at Norfolk, won a unanimous decision over Eliot Goldman and Gordon Beeton of Clark University before a crowd of more than 400 inmates and outside guests. The two inmates were arguing for the abolition of death penalties.

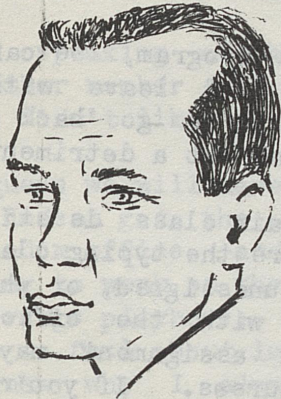
## DIFFERENT POINTS OF VIEW -- Via the RAIFORD RECORD, Florida

In an article devoted to the controversial issue of "trial by newspaper," the RAIFORD RECORD commented on headlines seen in two different newspapers concerning the paroling of some Florida inmates. Said one: "11 Men Earn Parole." Said the other: "11 Convicts Turned Loose!"



# TALE

# TALES



By  
Floyd  
"Dago"  
Riis

Once again Harvey Green, the little fighting machine, is with us. He has already got his old job back, picking up paper around the cellhouses. With you on the job, Harvey, the yard looks better already.

Gary "Velvet" Utterback states that he positively refuses to eat any old bean sandwiches. So please don't send the guy any, hear?

Say, Uncle, you sure do look good since you got those china teeth! Uncle proved to me -- painfully, I might add -- that he could bite with them, too. Just to look, it's impossible to tell that Uncle is touching forty. He's still my favorite uncle, though.

Eddie A., I wish you'd quit leaving me like that. I miss your visits, but I guess Aunt Maggie needed company.

Could anyone tell me why Leslie Lamarr has such a peculiar nickname? La La, indeed!

I went down to the band room the other day and was I astonished to hear nothing but cheerful sounds! No fussing, arguing or shouting, just music and little baldheaded Jerry Bogden grinning happily in the back of the room. How come we can't find bandleaders like this all the time? A vote of thanks to those responsible for giving Old Siftu the recognition he has earned and which all wish him to have.

Why does Edgar Hatcher insist on being called "Dee" Hatcher? I can't find out the reason, but he does seem a bit edgy about Edgar, so you call Edgar "Dee" from now on.

Did you know that old Schnoz Hutchinson, that so-called nurse, is actually forty-some years old? I can't believe this guy is such an antique, for back in '45 he looked halfway young. Why, I remember when the old man had his own teeth and could get around by himself.

Chuck, you little Teddy Bear, I got the message and sent the mike to Bluto Morton. That is, Mr. Jagers did. But I don't believe Bluto has ever been to any church, and your chaplain probably had to rope him in. Have you guys been reading the LaGrange magazine? I don't know whether we should be angry or pleased. Two guys leave here, Chuck Garrett and Billy "Two Gun" Coley, and instead of feeling homesick or lonesome, they start a magazine, brag on their new home, and try to lure us up there. LaGrange, I've read about your golf course and all, but tell me -- have you got a swimming pool up there, or TV sets, or can you curl up in bed at night in a cozy little cell all to yourself?

Well, those of you who are young and first timers like me (?) may have to ride that bus someday, but this old castle has been my home too long to leave until I get that little five-spot as a going-away present.



# DEPARTMENT REPORTS

## SCHOOL DAZE - Bill Wise & D. Trodglen

At last the end of the semester has arrived. It was a big day for the nine men of the eighth grade who said goodbye to school for the last time. The nine men who graduated from the eighth grade were David Collins, James Key, Allen Stump, Raymond Tucker, James Jackson, Ernest Ritchie, Johnnie Starks, Bill O'Bannon, and Bobby Hobbs. Congratulations to these men for achieving their goal. Graduation ceremonies for these men will be held in the near future.

James Jackson deserves extra congratulations for his achievement in graduating with top honors -- an average grade of 86. Second best was Allen Stump with an average grade of 83.

David Collins wants a job in the vocational training cabinet shop after his graduation. Good luck to him.

Also, congratulations are due the many men who, though they did not graduate, accomplished just as much in that they did pass to a grade closer to their goal of finishing school. Our hope is that each of these men will continue the good work they have shown in the past and that on a day not too far in the future they too may receive their certificates.

Some of the eighth grade graduates aim to pursue further this thing called knowledge by enrolling in the newly formed vocational classes, while others have stated their intention to continue in the GED classes. James Jackson and James Key are among the latter. Good luck to each of you.

Though our vocational courses are in an infant stage, it is hoped that enough men will show an interest in the program to make it a success. Much can be achieved if you have the interest. Many men came to this institution with no job training at all. In the past it has not been possible to leave with any. But,

because of this new program, we can improve while here and leave with the knowledge necessary to go back into society a credit and not a detriment.

The typewriter repair class is still in full swing, as are the typing classes. Any inmate who is unassigned, or who can make arrangements with the officer in charge of his work assignment may take either of these courses. If you're interested, see Mr. Cowan at the school, and he will be more than glad to enroll you if you meet the academic requirements.

The masonry class will begin in the near future. If you're interested in this kind of training, there will be classroom lessons and practical work involved. We have a competent instructor, Burluson, who comes to us with instructing experience in the field. Let's all help make this course a success.

## LAUNDRY BITS -- By Buck Penn

I've been reading the prison papers, and I see that almost every department has a column except our laundry. I've asked a few guys to write one for us, but they all tell me to write it myself if I want one written -- so here I am.

Our laundry isn't too big, but we do get a lot of work done. We take care of all the institutional work in addition to the children's home. We aren't situated to press every garment as well as we would like to, but we do get it clean.

We employ some twenty five men here, among them such notables as Kenny England, who came all the way back from the "Flatlands" just to help us; Jerry Black and C. Underwood bless us with their presence every morning; Rudy Jones, who thinks he can wrestle, along with Bud Hurt, who takes care of the first set of presses, are here too. Short-timer Junior Coats and "Pretender" Pete Pyle take care of the second set.



By the way, Bill Coley, we are keeping a job open for you. Know you want to come back home?

And speaking of home, Hank Hill is another member of our merry set of thugs who didn't like the Flatlands.

I guess we will have some openings soon. Al Hudson got the green light from the freedom office, and Lawrence Stewart is going to work on the farm. As for you LaGrange playboys, Dago will tell you how we feel about leaving here. I wish I knew why I always want to call Dago "Odie."

By the way, yours truly is the mechanic for the laundry, as well as being the best coffee maker in the joint.

#### GARMENT FACTORY NEWS - "Shotgun" Smith

This month we have news from the garment factory and knitting mill that will curl your hair. One of the fellows has been assigned to the garment factory for almost two years and still doesn't know how to put a zipper on a pair of pants. Right, Kenneth Cox?

R. C. Hayes has finally paid me that cup of coffee he owed me. He asked me not to tell it, but he didn't sleep for a week after he gave it to me.

We have almost completed our orders for this period and hope to put a large number of items in stock for the next contract period. Everyone is doing a good job and we are in full production.

There is a fellow who works in the knitting mill who goes by the name of "Hayseed." How did you ever get a name like that, Willard?

I asked James Maye what his cell number is so that I could put it on the roster and believe it or not, he couldn't tell me. How do you find your way home, James?

We have several new men this month. They are Albert Knight, Ed Willis, and George Brown, who has returned to us

from the construction job he took. I guess he likes it better here than he did down there shoveling dirt and mixing concrete.

We have also lost several men. Richard Roberts went home. Paul Pryor was released from work by order of the prison physician, as was Dottie Morrie. Dottie had worked in the knitting mill for a number of years and was running a knitting machine that knits the cloth for T-shirts, shorts and other items.

What do we make here? A partial list includes trousers of khaki, blue denim, twill and duck, shirts of hickory, chambray, white dress material, and twill, shorts, T-shirts, union suits, panties, socks, coats, jackets and many other items.

Mr. Robert J. Grubbs is production manager here, Mr. Carter Adams is the supervisor, and Mr. Hayton Hall is the security officer on duty.

#### CABINET SHOP -- H. Hillyard, Shop Officer

This has been reorganization month for the cabinet shop due to our recent merger with the education department. Under our new setup we will have several trainees in the shop learning the various phases of carpentry and cabinet making as well as refinishing, upholstering and sign painting.

The present plan is for each group of trainees to spend several months in the shop learning the uses of the tools and machinery, the types of woods and finishes, and so on. Then the group will graduate and make room for another group of trainees.

Jack Ingram is a good example of the type of training which can be had here. Several years ago, when Jack first entered the institution, he didn't know one wood from another. Now there is little he doesn't know about the trade.

We hope that by the time the next issue goes to press we will be able to give more details on our new program.



## AROUND THE MOUNTAIN

Down at the school, EUGENE TREVISIO lectures on science and physics to the more advanced primary grades, and it is heartening to hear him holding forth on the nature of heat and cold, the principle of the lever and fulcrum, and why an atom can release so much energy when it splits. He pours his soul out daily, as does NORMAND SANDERS, the math instructor.

JACK CAVENDER, who took his high school and Dale Carnegie diplomas recently and who until lately was studying to be a pediatric technician, now has a shoe shine business going in Four Shop. He does a beautiful job, and the Carnegie course has made him an effective salesman. By the time this issue is out, Jack will be getting very, very short for the streets.

GORDON MERCER seems to be losing a little weight, although where he gained it in the first place is hard to see. JACK HENRY, JR., who gives BUD HURT his cashmere socks every chance Bud gets, has lost his upswept hairstyle and gone to a simple crew cut. R. BAILEY, tycoon of the leather shop, doesn't wear his hair upswept either. He hasn't any to upsweep.

VIRGIL POINTER, who lost weight like crazy when he first hit the mountain, is putting it on again. Seems CLARENCE SCOTT is feeding him out of the cookshack these days. GORDON HEAD is also putting on weight, although he only hits the messhall once a day. Maybe that's the reason. Gordon is the only person I know who smokes cigars when he's broke. He's smoking cigars a lot since PERRY JOSEPH went to work for him.

DAGO RIIS has what is perhaps a legitimate complaint. He says JAMES MCKINNEY, the new artist for the CASTLE, didn't

put enough hair on him when he drew his sketch for the magazine.

JOHN FOX, DALTON and MEEKS are among those who constantly want to get their names in the paper, but who never make any printable news.

DALE FLATT will be leaving us in a few days. He made parole on the April board. Dale plans to go to Tennessee to work. JOHN FOX, mentioned in the last paragraph, has also made parole, so he has made some printable news after all. And FRANK BROWN, who has been working in the canteen, will be leaving on parole before this magazine is out.

JONATHAN PARKS, who keeps the library in something like good shape, is writing some pretty good stories for the CASTLE these days, as witness Page 9.

Finally, this story from a back issue of READER'S DIGEST struck our fancy. Pablo and Juan met in the streets of Taxco one day. "Why are you so happy, Amigo?" Juan asked Pablo.

"Ees in love," said Pablo. "Ees going to get married."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Juan. "Who ees thees lucky gori?"

"Ees Maria Montoya," replied Pablo.

Juan's face fell.

"Maria Montoya!" he exclaimed. "Ees no good, Pablo. Maria has loved all the men in Taxco."

"Oh, si," responded Pablo with a shrug. "But Taxco ees such a leetle town!"

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Anyone may subscribe to the CASTLE. A money order for \$1.00, care of Box 128, Eddyville, buys a year's subscription.



## LATE NEWS

### HOSPITAL PATIENT IS KSP'S OLDEST

When Larry Laughran, Eddyville's oldest inmate, was born in the state of Iowa, the South was in the throes of the Reconstruction Period immediately following the end of the Civil War. Oklahoma was still Indian Territory, the great land rush still ten years in the future, and the flag of the United States proudly bore 38 stars. The Spanish American War had yet to be fought and the automobile had yet to be invented. In his almost 85 years of life, Larry has lived through just about half of the history of the United States.

Now confined to the prison hospital as a permanent patient, Larry is full of tales of days gone by, and he delights in telling them. He has seen a lot of the country in his time, both as a carnival worker and a hospital attendant, and he has a twinkle in his eye that has served him everywhere he's gone.

Larry Laughran was admitted to the prison in January of 1959 on an eight-year sentence, and he has been assigned to the hospital for most of that time. But he's far from idle, even in a hospital ward. Most of the time that he doesn't spend in spinning yarns, he employs playing practical jokes on the other patients or reading prison magazines from all over the country -- almost the only reading he does.

We weren't able to see Larry to ask him the secret of his long life, but we'd bet that it consists of enjoying himself wherever he happens to be!

### WHAT STIRRED HIM UP?

This terse message from a New York man appeared in the letters section of the LOUISVILLE TIMES recently: "Everybody wants the world to know what a great guy he is, but God only knows what a louse everybody is!"

### DAYLIGHT ESCAPE ATTEMPT FOILED

A lifer who went over the wall here last month found a group of penitentiary officials and guards waiting for him on the other side.

The prisoner scaled the wall without the aid of ropes or ladders and without the usual assistance of darkness.

### GUARD COMMENTS ON BEHAVIOR OF INMATES

Leathershop Officer Bridges, who has been helping run the main chow line, wishes to express his appreciation to the inmate body for their good behavior in the mess hall. He says that he was impressed by the orderliness and cooperation displayed recently by the inmates.

### CAR THIEF'S FREEDOM IS SHORTLIVED

In Miami, Florida, Charles Young was discharged from jail after serving a sentence for automobile theft, says the LAKESIDE LEDGER, but he was back in jail within fifteen minutes.

His new charge was stealing a car that was parked near the jail. It belonged to Policeman Ben Newton!

### THE STATUS QUO

The Solid South is still pretty solid judging from a remark overheard in the cellblock the other night. Two inmates (not, we hope, representative of the inmate body generally) were puzzling over the terms "Democrat" and "Republican." "Well, I allus thought," said one, "that the Democrats was the ones that was in office and the Republicans was the ones that run agin' 'em."



# NIGHTKEEPER'S REPORT 1886

EDITOR'S NOTE: "Nightkeeper's Report 1886 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.

AUGUST 9 -- At 4:00 A. M., there was a slight unavoidable disturbance when the Sheriff of Hillsdale County arrived with a new life convict for us. The Sheriff drove across the country in the dead of night for fear of a lynching, the people of his county having threatened to hang the prisoner, David Stone. Stone, who will get his prison number in a couple of hours hence, seems docile enough, and I think I detected a sigh of relief upon his arriving safe and sound.

AUGUST 10 -- There have been a lot of rumors floating around ever since one of the convicts was discharged a fortnight back. Ex-convict Warren made the boast before he left the prison that he intended to steal one of the horses. As a consequence I have had a watch maintained at the barn all night ever since, for sometimes there is truth in these things, notwithstanding their origin. Besides, I don't want to lose a good horse.

AUGUST 13 -- Surprisingly enough, the prison continues to be in good order. I did, however, witness an unusual spectacle. A cigarette had been tied to the back of a cockroach that was laboriously transporting it up and down the aisle past an empty cell to an occupant one cell from its point of origin. A long length of thread kept the roach from journeying too far. I was so moved by this ingenious device that I pretended not to notice the cupidity of the convicts involved.

AUGUST 14 -- Carey, No. 3113, in tower isolation, has been wild all night, talking so loud he could be heard in the engine room. At 11, he had a noisy time

with Malloy, No. 3109. I was about to souse him with a bucket of water when he quieted down.

At about 10:00 P.M., I let down the convict in the East Wing who was chained up. I know I hope in vain, but this should teach him the practicality of keeping his feet on the ground in the future.

AUGUST 15 -- We have been having more trouble with Carey, No. 3113. Tonight he had a bitter quarrel with his wife, taking both sides himself. When impersonating his wife he would make his voice shrill and unpleasant. It was as good a comedy as I am likely to see for a long time. Just to show the perverse nature of this convict, when he saw I was enjoying the show the contrary little rascal "clammed up" and no more was heard from him the rest of the night.

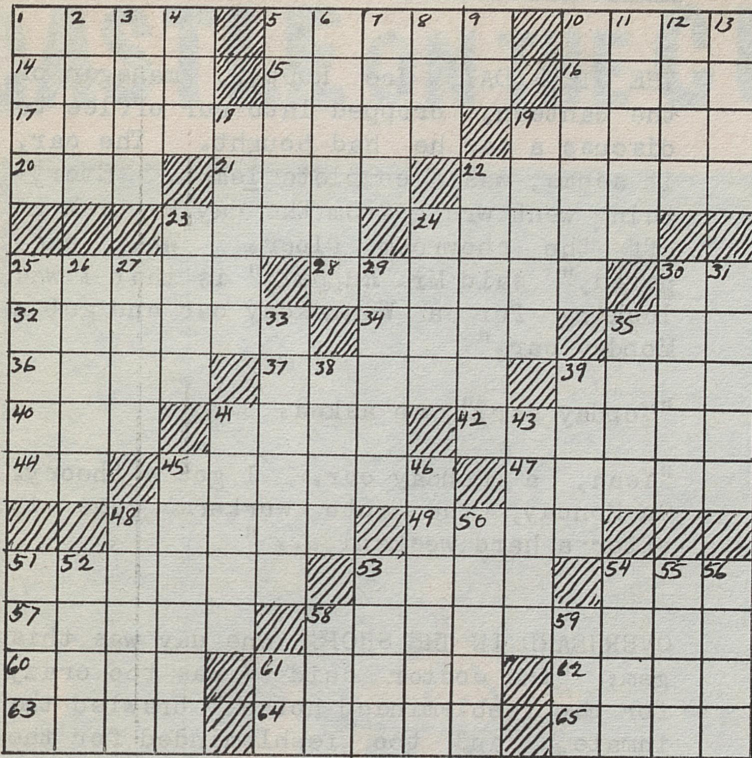
AUGUST 18 -- A new crank has entered into the ranks of the troublemakers. No. 2742, Schneider, who has always been quiet and steady, suddenly went berserk in the dining room, throwing fish stew all over neighbors and screaming at the top of his voice, "Hallelujah, the day has come!" I cannot understand what has happened to this man.

AUGUST 19 -- I am reporting Smith, No. 1465, for cursing at Guard Sims while he was checking cells. Smith accused Guard Sims of making unnecessary noise and when Sims tried to quiet the man, he was lathered with curses. I am placing the man under chalk awaiting disciplinary action.



CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Fred Cardwell



ACROSS

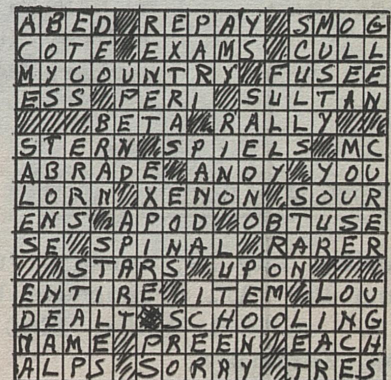
- 1. Strong wind
- 5. Fruit
- 10. Location
- 14. First man
- 15. Dullish blue
- 16. Girl's name
- 17. Solid-fuel rocket
- 19. Penned
- 20. Summer (Fr.)
- 21. Jumps
- 22. Tomb
- 23. \_\_\_\_\_ Arnez (Actor)
- 24. Written in secret writing.
- 25. Divans
- 28. Monetary unit
- 30. Old Testament (Abbr)
- 32. Humble request
- 34. Row
- 35. Digit
- 36. Egypt. goddess
- 37. Resounds (Var.)
- 39. Baking chamber
- 40. Neither
- 41. Passage money
- 42. Candles
- 44. Printer's measure
- 45. Comment

DOWN

- 47. Poetry
  - 48. Man's name
  - 49. Man's name
  - 51. One youngster (two wds)
  - 53. Chemical sugars
  - 54. School organization
  - 57. Rings
  - 58. Not right
  - 60. Great lake
  - 61. Fishing basket
  - 62. Cash transaction
  - 63. Tear
  - 64. Wagons
  - 65. So be it
- DOWN
- 1. Sport
  - 2. Mine entrance
  - 3. Path
  - 4. Ostrich
  - 5. Bread spread (plural)
  - 6. Clear
  - 7. Yellow bugle (plural)
  - 8. Wine (Fr.)
  - 9. Man's nickname
  - 10. Fastener
  - 11. \_\_\_\_\_ We Trust (two wds)
  - 12. Knotted
  - 13. Whirlpool

- 18. Not those
- 19. Conifer
- 22. Assault
- 23. Time unit (pl)
- 24. Muse
- 25. Backbone
- 26. \_\_\_\_\_ Wells (Actor)
- 27. Average
- 29. Not the same
- 30. Singular persons
- 31. Taut
- 33. Hollowed out
- 35. Anew
- 38. Shellfish
- 39. Overt
- 41. Chops down a tree
- 43. Nautical term
- 45. Berated
- 46. Fate
- 48. Shackled
- 50. Flesh of a calf (pl)
- 51. Copycat
- 52. Wax
- 53. Hebrew measure
- 54. Baby's carriage
- 55. Prefix for "over"
- 56. African port
- 58. Man's name
- 59. Fifty state (Abbr.)
- 61. Cubic centimeter (Abbr.)

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE:





KENTUCKY STATE PENITENTIARY STATISTICS  
(April, 1963)

Escapes	0
Death Row	8
Admitted by Commitment	24
Transfers from KSR	23
Transfers to KSR	12
Released by Expiration	18
Released by Parole	24
Released by Death	0
Total Population	1106
High Number	24299
Low Number	5240

MOVIES FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS

MAY 17:	THE WILD WESTERNERS Jas. Philbrook and Nancy Novak: Western
MAY 24:	THE INTERNS Michael Callen and Cliff Robertson: Drama
JUNE 7:	SIX BLACK HORSES Audie Murphy and Joan O'Brien: Western
JUNE 14:	NO MAN IS AN ISLAND Jeffrey Hunter and Barbara Perez: Drama

CLOSED WORLD BROADCASTS

Sunday, May 19; Sunday, June 2; Sunday, June 16. All broadcasts begin at 2:00 P.M. on WCBL Radio, 1290 kc in Benton, Kentucky.

THE CASTLE LAUGHS

THE OTHER DAY, Joe Ruppel, manager of the canteen, dropped into our office to discuss a car he had bought. The car, it seems, was a complete lemon. Everything went wrong from the day he took it off the showroom floor. "What happened," said Mr. Ruppel, "is that I was looking for a Wednesday car and got a Monday car."

"Monday car?" we asked.

"Yeah, a Monday car. I got a theory. On Monday, the auto workers come in after a hard weekend ..."

OVERHEARD IN THE SHOPS one day was this gem: "The doctor said I was too crazy for the feebleminded house," drawled the inmate, "and too feebleminded for the crazy house, so he sent me to Eddyville."

THIS ONE CAME from the exchanges: When the gate between Heaven and Hell broke down, St. Peter appeared at the break and called to the Devil: "Hey, it's your turn to fix the gate. Remember our agreement?"

"Sorry," answered the Devil. "My men are too busy."

"Well, then," growled St. Peter, "We'll have to sue you."

"Oh, yeah?" returned Satan. "Where will you find a lawyer?"

THE SOLID SOUTH is still pretty solid judging from a remark overheard in the cellblock the other night. Two inmates (not, we hope, representative of the inmate body generally) were puzzling over the terms Democrat and Republican. "Well, I allus thought," said one, "that the Democrats was the ones that was in office and the Republicans was the ones that run agin 'em."