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# Castle ON THE Cumberland

A Penal Press Publication

January 15, 1963

"This, too, shall pass"

Volume II

Number VII

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# CASTLE NEWS

## CHAPLAIN JAGGERS NAMED PRESIDENT OF KCA

Chaplain Paul Jagers of this institution was named president of the Kentucky Chaplains Association during the Association's meeting last month in Danville, Kentucky.

Active in penal work for almost 11 years, the Chaplain has been a minister for more than 40 years. Born in 1899 near Louisville, Kentucky, he was educated at the University of Louisville, the Bryant and Stratton Business College, and the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. He was pastor of two churches in Louisville for many years. He has also worked in the Seminary library and taught classes in English and psychology.

Currently Chaplain Jagers is instructing a discussion-type class in psychology at the prison.

## NEW BUILDING FOUNDATION NEARS COMPLETION

Some 16,500 man-hours of work on the part of inmate laborers have already gone into the foundation of the new educational-recreational building scheduled to be completed next summer, according to Millard Cummins of Princeton, Superintendent of Construction for the project. Average depth of the foundation holes so far has been about 25 feet, and 36 holes had been poured at the time of this writing. The foundation should be finished by February.

Two-by-four and four-by-four lumber for the project, which will employ much used material, is being milled from state-owned trees on the prison reservation. Inmate farmers are doing the work at considerable savings to the state.

The building is being built under the supervision of Architect Lawrence Casner of Madisonville, Kentucky. An erroneous report in an earlier issue of the CASTLE listed Mr. Casner's address as Paducah.

## INMATES PLEDGE BLOOD FOR CHILDREN

When Dale Flatt set out to collect blood pledges for the benefit of indigent children, he set his goal at 60 pledges. At this writing, some 150 inmates have already pledged their blood.

Flatt conceived the idea as a Christmas gift from the inmates of this penitentiary to the children of the area. Warden Luther Thomas, obviously touched by the plan, not only gave his consent, but called the men who signed the pledge into the chapel on Christmas day to thank them personally.

News of the unusual Christmas gift was picked up by area journalists and transmitted in the newspapers and over radio and television facilities.

## INMATE OFFERED FOOTBALL SCHOLARSHIP

If all goes well, Robert "Reno" Wilson of this institution will soon be attending classes at Murray State College on a football scholarship, announced inmate teacher Norman Sanders during the Christmas show. The scholarship, a 4-year grant-in-aid, was recently offered to Wilson by Dean J. Matt Sparkman of the college.

Reno Wilson, 26 and a native of Louisville, played varsity football for three years at Male High School, serving in both center and guard positions. The 6-foot, 225-pound athlete's playing ability was brought to the attention of Dean Sparkman after he served as guard and tackle on Bud Lyons' team here in the prison.

## A. A. GROUP HEARS FROM SCOTLAND

The KSP A. A. Group last month received a letter from an A. A. group in Perth, Scotland. The letter informed the members that they had been registered as a separate Perth prison group.

FIRST KY PENAL HIGH CLASS GRADUATES  
C-J STAFFER SPEAKS AT CEREMONIES

Fourteen inmates successfully completed a high school brush-up course and were awarded diplomas last month after taking equivalency tests given by Murray State College. It was the first time in Kentucky penal history that inmates had been given a chance to win secondary school diplomas.

The fourteen men had devoted an hour a day to concentrated courses in mathematics, grammar, social studies and science during the school semester that ended last month. Teaching the men were inmate instructors from the penitentiary school, which currently offers typing in addition to instruction in the first eight grades. The program was supervised by Education Supervisor Henry E. Cowan and his associate, Mr. William Egbert, and was originated with the assistance of Murray College officials and Mr. W. Z. Carter, Director of Education for Kentucky penal institutions. KSP Warden Luther Thomas was also instrumental in getting the program started.

During the ceremonies, at which nine eighth-grade students were also graduated, Warden Thomas spoke briefly to the students, stressing the institution's desire to help men who wanted help. He also announced plans to begin a vocational school in the future.

Before introducing the principal speaker Warden Thomas read two notes he had received from inmates of the prison. One, signed by all 40 members of the new Dale Carnegie course, expressed thanks to the Warden for permission to attend the famous public-speaking classes, taught here by volunteer instructors from the area. The second was from an inmate who told the Warden what a talk with him in the past month had done for him. He said that as a result of the talk he had begun attending church regularly, and a "big load had been

taken from his shoulders."

The featured speaker was Mr. Harry S. Bolser, representative in the Western Kentucky area for the Louisville COURIER JOURNAL.

Bolser said that he had been to the penitentiary many times, but always in his professional capacity, and always under unpleasant circumstances. He welcomed the opportunity to visit under more pleasant circumstances, he said, and expressed his belief that the stepped-up educational program here is the greatest thing in the history of Kentucky penology.

Speaking of the new educational building now under construction in the prison, Bolser hoped the Warden would take advantage of the new space by inviting outside lecturers in to speak to the inmate body. He volunteered to take his own time to speak on newspaper work when the building is completed.

"Education is like health," said Bolser at another point in his address; "once you have it, no one can take it from you.

"Education develops the mind," he continued. "It equips men to better meet the challenges of life." He then went on to speak of the need for determination, telling the students of a boy of fourteen who left home to join a racing stable. Working long hours for little pay, the boy became an exercise boy and dreamed of becoming a jockey. One night, Bolser said, the boy was sitting on his cot in the stable, discouraged and homesick and thinking of the kind of life he saw around him -- the fast money and women, the boys who were becoming narcotics addicts, and the other consequences of life among the racing set. It was then he remembered meeting a journalist from Ohio who had told him to look him up if he ever needed help.

After the winter meeting in New Orleans,

the boy hoboed to Cincinnati and managed to talk the journalist into putting him on as an office boy. Working long hours on the paper, he nevertheless managed to attend school and save enough money to go to college, working his way through on another newspaper.

"That boy," Bolser concluded, "is standing before you today."

#### "POOR BOYS, HELL!" SAYS DIRECTOR OF EDUCATION -- TIME STUDENTS HELPED SELVES

W. Z. Carter, Director of Education for the Department of Corrections and a man who has been largely responsible for the accelerated educational opportunities at KSP, also spoke during last month's graduation.

Introduced by the prison's Supervisor of Education, Henry Cowan, Mr. Carter told the assembled students that he could make them a speech every week and occasionally did.

"I won't take advantage of a captive audience," he said, "but I would like to say that this (the presentation of high school diplomas) is quite an occasion in Kentucky." He called for applause for the graduates, then called for the teachers to stand to receive their share of the applause.

Carter then told of the cooperation of Murray College officials in the program, which included putting up the registration fee for the inmate graduates. "They said they wanted to help those poor boys down there in the penitentiary. Well, I say, poor boys, Hell! It's time for all of you to start helping yourselves now ... and if you believe that, give me a hand!"

The ovation was deafening.

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For a complete list of graduates and the teachers this semester, see page 7.

#### XMAS SHOW UNCOVERS CONSIDERABLE TALENT

The Christmas variety show, an all-inmate production staged on the day before the day before Christmas, provided two solid hours of diversion for the inmate body of KSP and proved that talent is not lacking in this closed world.

The show opened with presentations by the Dale Carnegie students, including an uninhibited court-call skit, a "Dale Carnegie" song written and sung in Twist rhythm by Otis Montgomery, and an hilarious "visiting evangelist" sketch by Clarence Underwood. Impromptu talks, an amazing memory demonstration by Jack Cavender, a comical "improvement" skit by Black Eye Patterson, and other skits rounded out this portion of the show. Wayne Stephenson served as Master of Ceremonies.

The second section was emceed by Tippy Lewis, a talented and relaxed comedian, with music by the institution's Rhythm Kings under the leadership of Chuck Soules. High spots of the show included solos by Clark Jones and Otis Montgomery twist contest, comedy skits, and music by the bands.

#### CARNEGIE INSTRUCTOR HERE FOR XMAS SHOW

Jim Rudd, one of the area businessmen who are devoting their time to the prison's Dale Carnegie class, was in the prison for last month's inmate variety show.

Rudd, a friendly and personable young insurance agent from Madisonville -- he's with H. W. Rudd & Company -- gave the CASTLE an outline of the famous Dale Carnegie organization.

Dale Carnegie and Associates (the formal name of the company) was formed by Carnegie's wife following his death, according to Rudd, but Carnegie had laid the groundwork by first teaching the course himself and later training as-

sistants from the graduate ranks.

The organization now headquarters in New York, but it is international in scope. Currently some 1007 Dale Carnegie instructors are teaching in Africa, England, Australia and other world areas. Six of the instructors, including Rudd, work in the Illinois-Indiana-Western-Kentucky area under the sponsorship of the Lockyear Business College in Evansville, Indiana. It is these instructors who volunteer their time to give the inmates of this prison a course that normally costs \$150. Under the prison program, the New York office contributes supplies and teaching aids, thus making the entire course of instruction free to both the inmates and the prison.

#### MORE EYE BANK PLEDGES MADE

Keith Ayers and Jack Cavender last month pledged their eyes to the Lions Eye Bank in Louisville, becoming the 54th and 55th KSP inmates to will their eyes. There are still a number of blank forms available for anyone wishing to will his eyes at death so that some blind person may see again. Apply at the news office.

#### WITCHDOCTOR ARRESTED IN CALIFORNIA

A Mexican "witchdoctor" was arrested recently in Mecca, California and given a suspended sentence and probation for practicing medicine without a license. According to California authorities, Alvino Vega Lopez charged his patients from \$5 to \$7 for treatments consisting of such practices as rubbing the body with a black chicken to cure arthritis and the prescription of fried stink bugs pickled in olive oil for mental ailments.

Lopez also claimed to be able to revive persons who had been dead not longer than 15 minutes by inserting a glass tube into their biceps. A believer in reincarnation, he said that he had already been born three times.

#### CLOTHING ROOM DRESSES OUT 30-40 MONTHLY

An average of 30 to 40 men a month are "dressed out" -- outfitted for the trip back to the free world -- by the clothing room, according to Mr. Robert Parker, Officer in Charge.

Men leaving either on parole or expiration are given \$5 and a suit of clothing upon their release. In summer, the suit consists of a set of khakis, shoes, a hat or cap, and other necessary garments. In winter, the releasee may choose either the khakis or a gray wool uniform with coat. Both sets of clothing are made in the prison's garment factory and fitted by the clothing room.

The usual dress-out procedure involves a trip by the releasee to the clothing room a few days before his release date. The clothes are fitted at this time and later, on the day he leaves, the clothing, pressed and altered, is ready to be donned at the check-out point in One Cellhouse.

Sometimes, however, parole papers come in unexpectedly and there is only an hour or two to get everything ready. According to Mr. Parker, no one has yet missed a bus because of the clothing room, however.

The clothing room is also responsible for providing sheets, pillowcases, and other "housekeeping" items except brooms, mops, and cleaning materials, to the cellhouses, and keeping the 1100-odd inmates in clothing. Toward the latter purpose, the clothing room issues some 175 dozen blue jeans and 200 dozen striped or blue chambray shirts during a typical 6-month period. White suits and khakis are also issued to men whose jobs require special uniforms. All clothing is numbered at the time of issue, and everything but caps, gloves, shoes and overshoes are prison-made.

Mr. Parker commented on the efficiency

of his crew, which includes Gordon Mercer, the clerk, and Reese Jones, tailor.

#### NO CRIME, DELINQUENCY, AMONG THE AMISH

Except when their beliefs conflict with U. S. educational and Social Security laws, the peaceful, hardworking members of the Amish religious sect never see a court of law, for crime and delinquency are unknown among their numbers. There is, furthermore, no divorce, no poverty, and no old-age problem among the Amish.

Most Amishmen -- the Amish religion is a branch of the old Swiss Mennonite Church -- live on neat, productive farms in Pennsylvania and are militantly opposed to what most of the rest of the world calls progress. They use no electricity, no tractors, no motor-driven machines to till the soil or operate their homes. Their style of dress goes back to the 19th century, and married men wear full beards. They see no movies, drive nothing but horses and buggies when they go to town, and they purchase neither radio nor television sets. Most members of the sect go no further in school than the eighth grade, and their religion forbids the purchase of insurance -- a doctrine that has caused them considerable trouble with the Social Security Administration.

Yet the Amish live a full and productive life. Their food is famous the world over, and their families are close-knit, harmonious units. Should an Amishman become ill, or too old to work, the family or the church takes care of all his needs. No Amishman goes hungry or homeless as long as he has Amish neighbors nearby.

Ironically, the Amish, who are seemingly the most desirable of U. S. citizens, may have to move en masse to Canada unless bills now pending in Congress can provide them with relief from laws that threaten their trouble-free, crime-free existence. Laws requiring them to hire

college-trained teachers or close their schools -- and hiring outsiders to teach their young would probably result in the dissolution of their way of life -- and to participate in the Social Security program -- which the hardworking, independent Amish neither need nor want -- are among those from which they seek relief.

#### REFORMATORY STUDENTS STUDY MARKET

Boys confined in the reformatory at Red Wing, Minnesota, have been "buying" and "selling" stocks recently, according to their newsheet, *The RIVERSIDE*. The experiment was performed as part of their social studies class. Each boy based his purchases on an imaginary \$5000 capital.

#### SIXTH ANNUAL PRISONER AWARDS ANNOUNCED

The Sixth Annual Lindner Foundation Prisoner Awards Competition has been announced, and this year's rules may be seen in the library.

There have been some changes since last year, when several KSP inmates entered the competition. There are, for example, only three divisions this year: Art, Music, and Literature. The first prize in each division remains \$50, but a second prize of \$25 has been added. There will also be 5 honorable mentions in each division, worth \$5 each.

Entries in art may be in oils, water-colors, charcoal, pencil, or crayon. Works must be titled and the entrant should specify whether his work is an original or a copy. In the literature division, poetry, short stories, novels, plays, and any other fiction or non-fiction will be considered. There is no limit on the length of the piece. Each literature entry must be typewritten and double spaced on standard white typing paper. It goes without saying that your name and address must be included with your entry. For address, see the rule sheets.

## LATE EDUCATION-RECREATION NEWS

### INMATES ORGANIZE BOXING PROGRAM

Several inmates with boxing experience are now organizing a training program for young inmates who want to learn prizefighting. Wayne Stephenson, Dale Flatt, Otis Montgomery and Joe Anderson are acting as instructors and trainers for the program. An 8-bout card is scheduled to be held toward the end of this month if enough men are ready to go the required three rounds.

Training sessions are now underway in the gymnasium from 1 to 2 P. M. According to Norman Sanders, secretary for the group, the first two weeks of the program will be devoted to body conditioning. Calisthenics, shadow-boxing, rope-skipping, and workouts on the speed bags will be included in this work. Both speed bags should have been installed by the time the magazine is out.

"If we're ever going to have a good sports program," said Sanders, "now is the time to start thinking about it. But we're all going to have to go all out to support it, regardless of our personal feelings. If we can show that we're interested, that we'll take care of any equipment given to us, and that we want a program, then we'll have it."

Some 14 or 15 inmates have already signed up for the boxing program, but the instructors are welcoming any other men who want to participate. To get into the program, talk to any of the trainers on the yard, or drop into the gym during the workouts.

### A. A. TO HOLD ANNIVERSARY DINNER

The prison's Alcoholics Anonymous group will celebrate its sixth anniversary this month with a special dinner program.

Several speakers are scheduled for the dinner, including Chaplain Jagers,

several inmate speakers, and interested persons from the area. Some of the outside speakers, however, will come from as far away as New York City to address the group.

The dinner will be held in the chapel.

### NEW TYPING CLASS, NEW GED CLASS BEGUN

Students in the seventh and eighth grades at the prison school will now have the chance to learn to type, according to inmate teachers. Formerly the typing class was restricted to those men who had passed the eighth grade educational level. The new typing class, taught by Kenny Clinton, is being held immediately after regular school hours.

A new GED training program has also started in the school. The program is for the purpose of preparing applicants for the equivalency high-school diploma for the tests given here by officials from Murray College. The first class, which ended last month (see Page 2), enabled all fourteen of the students to pass the examinations and get their high-school diplomas. If the present class does as well, the GED program will, in all probability, be a permanent feature of the school.

### SWING BAND PUTS ON JUMPIN' SHOW IN GYM

The institution's swing band, the Rhythm Kings, put on a second show in the gymnasium Christmas Day. Emceeding the second Christmas program was Tippy Lewis and leading the band was Chuck Soules.

During the show, Leo Marshall, Clark Jones, Cornell Littleton, Dave Hardin, Chuck Soules, William Watson, Paul White and Jack Johnson did vocal bits, and Clark Jones and Otis Montgomery blew some fine sax solos.

Comedy skits filled out the program.

TEACHERS AND GRADUATES THIS SEMESTER

(See story, Page 2)

TEACHERS

- Norman Sanders, mathematics
- Eugene Treviso, science
- William Wise, geography
- William Grenat, 2nd grade
- Eugene Ferguson, 4th grade
- Dickie Brandenburg, 3rd grade
- William Baldwin, 2nd grade math
- Kenny Clinton, typing
- Edgar Johnson, English
- Edward Isaacs, English

HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES

- William Grenat
- Dickie Brandenburg
- William Baldwin
- James Cavender
- Robert Daley
- Jack Henry
- Alonzo Housman
- Edward Isaacs
- Virgil McCown
- Jack Meredith
- Anthony Shaw
- David Steele
- Gary Utterback
- Robert Vaughn

EIGHTH GRADE GRADUATES

- James Crews
- Raymond Forsting
- Jerry Holder
- Johnny Rouse
- Ernest Summitt
- Joseph Vanway
- Vernon Ward
- James Bolton
- Bobbie Miller

CHAPEL NEWS

INMATES ENJOY RELIGIOUS REVIVAL

By Jonathan Parks, Librarian

The writer has made the acquaintance of hundreds of men here, learned something of how they think, and has come to understand at least partially the depth of their feelings about their environment. During all this time, he has never witnessed such a tremendous inmate-body response to any event as that which occurred last week. The event, a religious revival, attracted scores of men to the Chapel and produced an uplifting, overwhelming emotional unity among us. Chaplain Paul Jagers and the Reverend Paul Kempft, an outside minister, as well as several prominent laymen from nearby communities, participated in the services.

We inmates of Eddyville Prison have long gone our own ways, concerning ourselves with petty personal problems and ignoring the interests of others. To be truthful, we have always worked against one another. It was a wonderful experience indeed to see the unity, the oneness, created among us by the sincerity of Joe Rose, the enthusiastic, down-to-earth conversational style of the sermons of the Reverend Mr. Kempft, and the dynamic deliveries of Chaplain Jagers.

I, for one -- and I'm sure that a great many men will agree -- would like very much to experience again soon the warmth and invigorating atmosphere stirred to life here by this revival. Let's all hope we can have another such revival next year.

CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND ..... Box 128 ..... Eddyville, Kentucky

GENTLEMEN: Please send a year's subscription to the CASTLE to the following persons. I enclose one dollar for each subscription.

\_\_\_\_\_  
 (Name) (Street or Box No) (City) (Zone) (State)

Please use separate sheet for additional names

# THE EDITORIAL SIDE

## AN EDITORIAL MESSAGE TO OUR OUTSIDE READERS

The following editorial article is not intended to represent the feelings or viewpoints of this prison's administration. It is simply a statement of opinion on the part of the Editor, and should not be interpreted as a critical attack on this or any other prison administration.

One day not really too long ago, I was seated in a Pullman car behind a pleasant-looking young woman and her son, a boy of about eight. As the train halted briefly at a station, we found that our car had stopped directly beneath a large state penitentiary. The boy stared through the window at the grim fortress with its stone walls and concrete guntowers and asked, "Mommy, what is that place?"

"That's a prison, Tommy. They put bad men there."

"Why do they put them there, Mommy?" he persisted.

"To protect us from them while they make good men out of them," she replied.

I'm smiling at the memory now, but it's a rather wry smile; for today I am one of the "bad men" who are being "made good," and I know that what the young mother told her son in all good faith is in fact pure mythology -- prisons don't protect and they don't reform!

Bitter words from a convict with an ax to grind? Perhaps. But judging from the exchange articles I read in my present job as editor of a prison magazine, a good many correctional officials and penologists are in wholehearted agreement. So are most other people, lay or professional, who have ever taken an intelligent peek into today's penal systems. And it may well be that you, as a citizen and a taxpayer, also have an ax to grind -- for the failure of prisons to do their job is not only costing you hard cash, but jeopardizing your

property and perhaps your life as well.

I said that prisons do not protect. With very few exceptions, no one stays in prison forever. In most states, we prisoners are eligible for parole after serving a half or a third of our time. Should no parole be granted, the law still provides for "good time" deductions that put most of us back on the streets well before our maximum terms expire. Even the so-called "life" term is not necessarily doomed to a life behind bars. He may be paroled after as little as seven years. As a result, something like 96 or 97 percent of all the felons your courts send to prison will sooner or later be back in the community. If what my fellow passenger on the train said is true -- if inmates leave the reformatories and penitentiaries in a reformed and penitent state -- then society's protection has been provided for and all is well.

Unfortunately, it doesn't work out quite that way. Most of us -- some authorities say as many as 80 percent of us -- will steal and kill and rape again.

Why? What's wrong with prison and parole officials that makes them dump so many unrepentent hoods, yeggs and thugs back into your laps? The truth is, of course, that they have little choice. In spite of a wealth of good intentions and new knowledge on the part of criminologists, penal institutions are still not equipped to cope with the individual offender. They cannot be until a large enough segment of the voting and taxpaying public decides they must be.

(Continued)

Let's have no misunderstanding about it. This is not an attempt to shift the blame for my actions or those of my fellow prisoners onto the shoulders of either the prison officials or society at large. In our more realistic moments most of us know that accepting responsibility for failure is the first and most important step in any real change for the better. But it is not incompatible with the acceptance of blame to ask for a hand on the way up. Largely because of public misinformation and misunderstanding about penal matters, that hand is too often either not available or it is actually exerting a downward push.

This year, there are more than 200,000 men and women crowded into adult correctional institutions designed to hold considerably fewer people. The number is not declining. Each year, your courts send tens of thousands more to join us in our already packed quarters. Forgetting for the moment the enormous cost of capturing and convicting us (and, in most cases, footing the bill for our own legal defense as well), it is costing you between \$1200 and \$2000 annually to feed, clothe, house and guard each of us -- an amount which is no longer really adequate. Moreover, because none of us is gainfully employed, you must also support our dependents, even bear the expense of processing our writs and appeals. Obviously, paroles, releases, and good-time deductions are necessary or your tax burden for our support alone would soon become intolerable. But that still wouldn't be the end of the story. Before long, it would be necessary to build more and yet more multi-million dollar prisons to hold us -- a continuing capital outlay that would be a serious drain on state and federal treasuries.

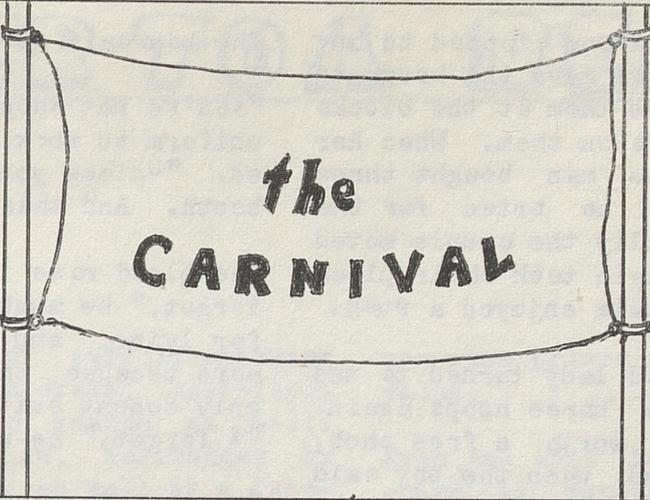
Faced with the critical problem of penal overcrowdedness, most correctional officials realize that their only course is to try to make constructive citizens out of destructive hoodlums. This is by no means an impossible task. The latest

pseudo-scientific theories notwithstanding, very few prisoners consciously or unconsciously want to live behind bars. On the contrary, many would like nothing better than to live a normal life in the normal manner: by making an honest living at productive work.

If this rings false, remember that it is not the big-shot racketeer, the organized hoodlum or the truly professional criminal, but the failure at crime who fills the country's prisons. With rare exceptions, the prison inmate is the filling-station bandit, the robber of grocery stores, the burglar of small businesses. He is the boy next door who is caught stealing a car, the slum kid who robs candy stores for pocket money, the petty forger, the kind of criminal for whom crime doesn't pay and never will. Like the alcoholic, he is a person whose behavior, to be explainable, must stem from serious character deficiencies which he finds difficult or impossible to correct on his own. In short, he is a sick man; for only a sick man would persist in behavior that earns him nothing but grief and ruin. Like other sick men, he usually wants to get well.

To help him get well, most penal institutions provide -- where public opinion and available funds permit -- at least an elementary school program and such vocational training as conditions allow. But, because wardens are forced to do a desperate juggling act with their traditionally slim appropriations, they can do little beyond this, even though they know that education alone will not remake a warped personality. Few state prisons can provide even a single psychiatrist -- let alone case workers and counselors -- for the thousand or more inmates each one may house.

But short staffs and shorter funds to pay them with are only the beginning of the prison administrator's problems. A long time ago, it was believed that the  
(Please turn to Page 12)



the  
CARNIVAL

A SHORT STORY BY

JOHN H. BRANDT

It was overwhelming, decided the boy, using the unfamiliar word almost guiltily, as if unsure of his right to use it; overwhelming and noisy and confusing and gaudy-sad. If "gaudy-sad" was the right expression. It wasn't, of course, and he puzzled over it for a while as he walked slowly down the midway, only half hearing and half seeing the gravely voices of the barkers, the garish posters, the shrieks of the girls on the Octopus, the unmusical din of the caliope, and all the other sights and sounds that had prompted him to think of "gaudy-sad."

Up ahead, a group of 12-year-olds was waiting for the Ferris wheel to stop for them, and the boy paused to pretend to watch the grownups who were gambling on a Wheel of Fortune, hoping the children wouldn't catch sight of him. One of the 12-year-olds saw him then, and called his name and waved for him to join them. He waved back, refusing, and made a great show of being absorbed in the gambling. After a moment the Ferris wheel stopped and the children climbed into a car. The boy waited a decent interval in front of the Wheel of Fortune and then continued his solitary walk down the midway.

He had almost decided to go home when he saw the Hoopala. It was off by itself, not in a very good location, really, and it was a square booth with a canvas top and a counter on all four sides. A

skirt of canvas fell from the counter to the ground, and a little raised platform in the center of the booth held groups of wooden blocks with cheap rings and trinkets and a few dollar bills and watches attached to them with rubber bands. Inside the booth, a gray-haired old lady with a tired face and a tight, almost cynical mouth was mechanically tossing wooden hoops over the wooden blocks.

The gray-haired lady was wearing a nondescript dress -- it was the first dress the boy had seen that fitted "nondescript" -- and a dirty canvas apron with pockets for the different kinds of money. He walked up to the counter to study her more closely and she extended three hoops to him.

"Three hoops for a dime," she said, "and you keep what you win."

The boy reached for the hoops and then, remembering that he didn't have a dime, drew back his hand, saying No thanks.

The old lady turned her attention to a passing couple then, and he stood by silently and after a while, because he wanted to be a part of something, he called out loudly:

"It's only a dime, folks, only the tenth part of a dollar, and you keep what you win!" He had tried to make his voice gravely, like the barkers' voices, and

another couple smiled and stopped to buy some hoops. The man gave the hoops to the girl, who threw them at the blocks with the dollar bills on them. When her hoops were gone, the man bought three more, and this time, he tried for the dollar bills. Finally the couple moved away and another couple took their place. For a while the Hoopala enjoyed a rush.

Afterwards, the old lady turned to the boy and held out the three hoops again. "That ought to be worth a free shot, kid," she said. And when the boy said No thanks for the second time, she understood and put the hoops away.

Then, trying not to let too much kindness into her voice, she said, "Wanna make half a buck, kid?"

"How?"

"Why, just doing what you did before -- only come on inside and sell the hoops yourself. Just for a little while," she urged, holding up one of the canvas skirts so he could get into the booth.

In a little while a man dropped by the Hoopala. He was another carnie, and he winked at the old lady and said, "Is the little townie with it?" She replied that he could bet his boots the townie was with it. The boy's chest swelled a little, even though he knew they were only joking. It felt good to be "with it," to be a part of something, if only a concession booth in a carnival.

"Only a dime, the tenth part of a dollar," he shouted happily. "Only a dime and you keep what you win."

He had been working in the booth almost a half hour when the 12-year-olds came by and saw him. They were bored with the carnival by this time, and a little tired, and a little envious because the boy was "with it" and they weren't. The boy who had waved to him earlier walked up to the counter and looked at the Boy Scout uniform the other boy was wearing.

"You're wearing your uniform," he said.

The boy said nothing.

"You're not supposed to be wearing your uniform to work," the other boy persisted. "Unless you're working in a Scout booth. And this ain't no Scout booth."

The blood rose in the boy's face. "I forgot," he mumbled. He hated himself for lying, and then hated himself even more because the Scout uniform was the only decent suit of clothes he owned. "I forgot," he repeated.

"You're disgracing your uniform," his accuser said. "Ain't you got no pride in your uniform?"

The old lady had walked to the front of the booth. She started to say something then thought better of it.

"Wait until Mr. Barnes hears about this!" Mr. Barnes was the Scoutmaster.

When the others had left, the boy tried to gather the courage to sell some more hoops. Before he could find his voice, the old lady stopped him.

"Time to take off, kid," she said, holding out a dollar. "Here, take it and go have some fun before the night's shot." She had tried to keep the kindness out of her voice, but the boy caught it and shook his head, refusing.

"It's too much," he said. "You said fifty cents."

"It's a bonus," she said. "You done real good. Go on, take it!" And she stuffed the money in his shirt pocket. He thanked her and walked quickly away. When he was out of sight of the booth he left the carnival.

Next year, he promised himself as he walked home. Next year he'd come back to the carnival and ride the Ferris Wheel and the Octopus, and it would all be different, next year.

And suddenly, he hated the old woman very much.

# LETTER TO A READER

Eddyville Prison  
January 15, 1963

Dear Friend,

This is a world of swiftly-changing fashions, not only in dress, hair-style and machines, but in speech as well. Even "standard" English, influenced by normal social changes as well as a fast-paced technology, has undergone considerable revision in the last decade or two. Probably the fastest changes in language, however, are in slang -- especially the argot of penal institutions.

Although most convict cant is originated by relatively small groups of old-timers and professional thieves in prisons, it spreads quickly to the rest of the inmate body. Quite often, cant expressions that originated inside the walls find their way to the outside world and become almost standard expressions in the slang of other and more ordinary groups. "Fix," once a term for a drug addict's dose of narcotics, but now meaning an ordinary cigarette among outsiders, the word "heist" for a hold-up, and "score" -- meaning to a criminal any type of crime that results in profit and to outsiders; any profitable deal are examples that come to mind.

Some con terms -- stir and the big house as synonyms for prison, for example, and gat and heater for pistol -- haven't been employed in generations, although they may still survive in popular fiction. Carney, a sort of pig-latin borrowed from the carnival and the circus, is almost entirely gone from behind the walls. One reason is that constant usage of this once-secret language, in which words like "joint" and "piece" -- current terms for prison and pistol -- became jizz-oint and pizz-ece, resulted in its being so easily understood by

con-wise prison guards that it lost its value.

Even the word "bull" in reference to a guard is vanishing, although another oldie, "screw," is still in vogue. More often, however, a guard is simply "The Man." At least one other term, "shiv," meaning usually a home-made knife, still stands. It is just as often, however, referred to as a shank, a dirk, a dagger or a blade.

A heist artist is still a holdup man, and a yegg or box-man still cracks boxes (safes). A paperhanger is still a bad check passer. A booster is still a shoplifter. A pivot man stands lookout (that is, he stands on pivot, or jiggers) for a box-man. A heist artist seldom pulls a "job" any more, but looks for a score, a bid, a bit, or a hit. Oddly enough, loot is more often used now to describe money in general, as are gold, bread, and gelt, although any of these may be used in reference to the profits of a score. A kemp, a short, a set of wheels, or transportation is used for a getaway car. The con-artist looks for a mark, not a sucker, and criminals of all kinds keep an eye out for the Fuzz, the Man, or the Feds, all of whom would arrest them if given a chance.

The drug addict has a language all his own, at least part of it borrowed from the jargon of musicians and entertainers, and it is fast-changing to a remarkable degree. A few terms -- spike for a hypodermic needle, outfit or joint for the entire hypodermic setup, H and horse for heroin, M for morphine, and se on, are more or less static. A junkie, incidentally, uses junk (narcotics), but

he more often calls it by a less respectable four-letter name. Some terms are used interchangeably by thieves and drug addicts, but with slightly different shades of meaning. Ask a fiend (another word junkies use to describe themselves) if he is "holding," and he knows that you're asking him if he has any junk. To a thief, the same expression may refer to a pistol or money, even a car -- whatever happens to be the subject of the conversation. A prison, as we've already said, is a joint, but the word also means any small item that a prisoner doesn't want to name specifically.

Once captured by the Fuzz (the term may be used to describe either state or federal officers), the outlaw is put overnight in the city lockup and then transferred to the county jail to await trial. If he can't beat the rap, he will be sentenced. If he has had several priors (prior convictions), he may be tried under the habitual criminal act and sentenced to life. Both the sentence and the act are usually shortened and corrupted to "the hi-bitch."

Once convicted, he is quickly transported to the joint. On the way, he will be securely wrapped in a daisy chain (a long chain attached to the handcuffs of several prisoners), or a belt-and-chain (handcuffs attached to a strong belt locked around his waist). Received at the prison, he becomes a fish (new man), and after he has been processed, fingerprinted and mugged, he will be placed in the fish tank (quarantine cellblock) for a period of time. Finally, his quarantine period over, he is transferred to a cellblock in population, also called the yard.

Once in population, our fish (for he is still a fish until he becomes widely acquainted in the joint) gets to know his cell-buddy (never cell-mate), and calculates his good-time, which is the time deducted automatically from his sentence as long as he stays out of

storms and rumbles. The latter terms refer, of course, to trouble of any kind but a storm may also be a roundup for work details. If he does get into a rumble, he will spend a period of days in the hole (solitary confinement cells, incidentally, also have other colorful names. One Western prison, for example, has a hole that is called "The Snakes" by the inmates). If the rumble was especially serious, he may also have to spend several months in the lockup, a segregation cellblock where he is fed regularly, but remains locked in a cell.

Time passes, and our con gets short to the Board -- the parole board, of course. If he is granted a parole, he is then short for the bricks, the streets, or the free world. However, he may be given a flop or a setback, in which case he must return to see the Board after another period, usually a year or two. He may also be given a serve-out, which is a complete denial of parole. In that event, he must shake his time the short way -- serve his entire sentence except for standard good-time deductions. In some institutions, this is called the long way. Even worse, he may lose all his good time and do his sentence flat. If he is a first-offender, this will make him do a great deal of hard time, which may be aggravated when prisoners due to leave soon short-time him, or remind him of the number of days or weeks they have left.

Sooner or later the bit or jolt is finished and the inmate hits the bricks. If he is a parolee he must watch his step closely or he may be returned as a PV -- parole violator. If he is not, he is free to go and do as he pleases, as long as he does not commit another felony, in which case he could wind up doing it all -- serving a life term. But he may square up and carry a lunchbucket, in which case he will be joining the ranks of the square johns or hoosiers -- ordinary free citizens.

-- Lawrence Snow

## AN EDITORIAL MESSAGE (Con't)

way to eliminate crime lay in making penalties so stiff that the punishment for a given crime would offset any gain the criminal might realize from it. This hedonistic philosophy of sentencing has long been discredited, and for sound reasons. Students of crime and punishment realize today that harsh sentences, up to and including the death penalty, usually do not have any appreciable deterrent effect on the potential offender, if only because the profit motive is of secondary importance in delinquent behavior. They also know that it is a waste of time, money, and badly-needed correctional facilities to keep an offender in prison past the point where confinement serves any useful purpose.

With sentences in the United States leading the civilized world in harshness and inflexibility, prison people find themselves forced to tell an inmate who has proved his ability to profit from a supervised return to the community that he must wait until the remaining years of his completely arbitrary term have passed. On the other hand, they are legally compelled to release many other men who they know are not fit to return to a normal environment, simply because their sentences have expired.

Given such conditions, wardens are usually forced to concentrate almost entirely on custody to the detriment of treatment. The measure of a good prison administrator today is often not how many "graduates" of his institution go straight, but how smoothly he can run his plant. In view of the circumstances, to ask anything more of him is ridiculous.

By and large, then, the typical inmate is left to shift for himself. Completely idle, or working at some simple and non-demanding task assigned to him, he passes the months and years of his sentence in a regimented, amoral atmosphere, learning little but the code of

the prison jungle and the jargon and techniques of crime. What happens to a man under such circumstances is well illustrated by the story of a man I'll call John Doe.

During the last few weeks, the newspapers have been full of Doe's exploits. A man with a long criminal record, he was released from prison on parole a few months ago. Within a short time, he had robbed a bank. Successfully evading capture, he robbed another and yet another. Finally placed on the FBI's "Ten Most Wanted" list, Doe was tracked down and apprehended. He is currently awaiting trial.

The state parole board came in for a good deal of criticism by the press while Doe was at large. To illustrate what a desperate character he was, one newspaper published a full account of Doe's criminal career. The biography was revealing, but not in the sense the newspaper intended.

According to the account Doe, like most of the rest of us, began to get into difficulty with the law at an early age. By the time he was fifteen, he had been sent to a "reform" school. Paroled from there, he proved to be a much more bitter and sophisticated criminal than when he entered. Soon he was in prison again, an adult institution this time. His record from that point on became progressively worse, a situation perhaps caused in part by his addiction to narcotics -- a habit he had picked up, incidentally, in prison.

Yet there was evidence that John Doe didn't want to be that way. At one point, enroute to prison for the second or third time, he expressed a wish to undergo psychiatric examination to discover the reasons behind his behavior. During his most recent sentence, he made what seemed to be a genuine effort to improve himself. He joined inmate study and discussion groups, became a teacher, and for a long time maintained a perfect

conduct record. He seemed to have reformed -- until he set off on his robbery spree.

Undeniably, if Doe wanted to stay out of prison, he could have stopped stealing. But I wonder how his story would have been affected if at two key points in his career -- when he first showed signs of becoming a delinquent, and when he himself expressed a desire for professional help -- facilities had been available to correct him?

How can prisons be equipped to deal with the John Does who fill their cells? There are no pat answers. But the opinion of experts in the field, as well as the experience of other countries that have jumped ahead of the United States in this neglected branch of sociology, point toward some general solutions.

The most obvious of these is to keep young offenders out of prison in the first place. Most youthful miscreants are given a chance to make good on probation at least once. Some of these are never seen in a court of law again. Others, for whom probation means nothing more than being returned to the same environment and circumstances that produced them, return again and again. Yet it is at this stage, during the formative years of adolescence, that genuine, lasting reformation is most possible. What happens? It's the same old story all over again -- probation departments that are too short-handed and too broke to give their probationers any better "treatment" than requiring them to hand in monthly reports.

Secondly, prisons and juvenile institutions should be places where solid values and a sense of responsibility could be learned, not unlearned. This means more money, more people, and more room in the prisons. It means the segregation of young first offenders, more flexible sentences, and a program under which inmates could earn their freedom, rather than having it handed to them at

the end of a fixed period of time.

Finally, the needs of men leaving prison after long periods behind walls should be considered. In most states, ex-inmates are shown the gate with no more than a few dollars and a cheap suit of clothes to start them in their new lives. Used to living in an environment that demanded of them no decisions and no responsibilities, most of them soon find their way back to prison. The most notable exceptions have been the prisoners lucky enough to be admitted to the so-called "halfway houses," where shelter, counsel, and help in finding jobs are provided. In the original halfway house -- Dismas House in St. Louis -- less than one per cent of the ex-yeggs, heist men, and convicted murderers taken in by the famous Father Clark have ever reverted to crime. But halfway houses are, as yet, too few and too poorly supported to provide help to more than a few of the more desperate cases. Almost equally effective, it would seem, if more controversial, would be constructive, paid jobs which would enable prisoners to save toward their own release. Such a program would also take a great deal of strain off the taxpayer by allowing inmates to contribute to the support of their families while they are serving time.

One thing is certain -- prisoners who are allowed to make time serve them, rather than simply serving time, are far more apt to end up serving the community than serving time again.

-- Lawrence Snow

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#### MAILCALL

Sticks and stones are hard on bones,  
Aimed with angry art.  
Words can sting like anything --  
But silence breaks the heart!

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# THE EXCHANGE PAGE

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by Leonard Rule

## CONVICTS VOLUNTEER FOR PAINFUL TESTS -- Via the COLONY, Massachusetts

"The man was in pain and nausea-wracked. Bathed in sweat, his body burned with a temperature of 104 degrees. His arms and legs hurt and his stomach ached. From time to time he was seized with spells of vomiting." Thus ran a description of the sufferings of one of the 80 Massachusetts Correctional Institution inmates who volunteered recently to become human guinea pigs in medical experiments. The tests, conducted by a research team from the Lemuel Shattuck Hospital, were designed to develop a test that may allow the use of drugs and radiation therapy on cancer patients to an extent that is impossible today. As is usual in the case of inmate volunteers, the men received no concrete rewards and no time deductions for their assistance.

## NEW MEXICO HIGH SCHOOL SENIOR IS WARDEN FOR DAY -- Via the ENCHANTED NEWS, N. M.

John E. Trujillo, a senior at the Santa Fe, New Mexico Saint Michael's High School, recently was appointed warden of the New Mexico State Penitentiary. His appointment lasted just one day. Trujillo was chosen by the Santa Fe Kiwanis Club for the post in a program that allows outstanding students to participate in the operation of public offices one day of each year.

"It is hard to know what a penitentiary is," Trujillo told the editor of the prison's magazine. "... It's hard to believe that it's not at all like the characterizations in the papers and on TV." One of the most impressive differences, he went on, was the attitude of the inmates. He had expected them to be resentful and snarling. He found them, instead, friendly and willing to answer the questions he put to them.

"I guess no matter where you are," he concluded, "people are people."

## DEATH SENTENCE FOR CHILDREN -- Via the ANGOLITE, Louisiana

An Associated Press survey of legal possibilities in criminal proceedings involving children shows that in 16 states it is legally possible to execute children as young as seven years old. In 3 states, death could be given children of eight. Other states employing the death penalty allow execution of children from 12 to 19 years old. At least 70 teenagers have been executed in the last half-century. The youngest was a boy of 14, George Stinney, Jr., electrocuted in 1944 for murder in South Carolina. Two more were sentenced to death at the ages of 12 and 13.

## FRIESTS GO TO PRISON -- Via the COURIER, Maryland

Young priests will have to spend one year in prison before they will be admitted to a new Italian religious order dedicated to the rehabilitation of prisoners. During the year they are required to live and work side by side with prisoners.

# TALL TALES



E. J. Fugate -- "The Body" -- has decided the only way to live forever is through physical fitness; so each day he valiantly toils with the weights. E. J., you might get that muscular build you desire if you'd throw away your mirror and stop looking at those imaginary muscles of yours and actually use weights in your workouts instead of those broomsticks!

Clyde Crum deserves all of our sympathy during his tragic ordeal. This young lad not only cooks those little snacks you buy from the commissary, but is compelled to partake of same -- which by his own admission is undue punishment!

Herbert Hayes, that blond Adonis from Louisville, is now mastering the intricate twists of the Twist. Nightly he dons his ballet suit and practices this new dance craze, much to the amusement of his cellbuddy, "Crooner" Moore!

Little Arthur Penn is smiling constantly now. Never before has he looked so cute. Buck, you're still an old man of forty, even if you do have pretty pearly teeth. Jack "Flipper" Henry has decided Levis are for the younger generation, so naturally he bought four pairs. I wish someone would tell him Levis can't make you young again, especially when you're in your mid thirties.

Donald Mason came strutting on the mountain in a suit of hospital whites, proudly boasting of his position as a nurse. Were we surprised to find that Don is only a janitor and an assistant one at that! Orville T. Minch, who in 1938 fought Johnny Cooper at the Columbia Gym for the Kentucky Middleweight Championship, has certainly fallen in life. Last bout this man participated in was with an old squaw, and the Big

Tom went down in defeat. Forgot to work out, I imagine.

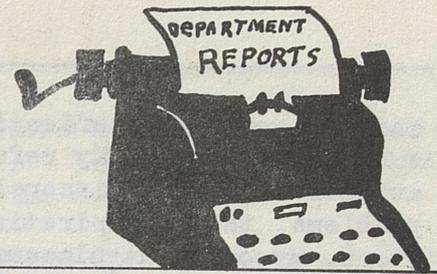
Dickie Ray Brandenburg is a somewhat discouraged youngster. In his first attempts to win a Carnegie pencil, he failed miserably. Then, to add insult to injury, his cellbuddy, Marvin Patterson, proudly condescended to lend Dickie his pencil he'd won for improvement. Still, Dickie may eventually succeed, for the will to achieve brings its own reward.

Alvino Lucas, the master woodcarver, has met his Waterloo. This young man with the educated knife had an order for two goats, two centaurs and the devil to carve. When Luke finished he had two pigs, two mermaids, and a Greek gladiator. Well, Luigi, you came close!

I would like to call your attention to two young men known respectively as Popeye and Olive Oil. Why these fellows have such nicknames I can't understand. I won't mention any names, but if you should run into Richard Oliver, tell him I said hello.

Chuck Garrett, who recently transferred to the Flat Country to take up a new career in the soap factory there, sent a Christmas card to our editor. The card was addressed to Lawrence "Tubby" Snow. Teddy Bear, you may not realize it, but "Tubby" has lost 70 pounds or more and his friends are calling him "Slim" these days. What's your secret diet, Slim?

Someone in the audience at the Christmas show was constantly laughing at the oddest places. I have been accused of being the guilty person because of the distinctive laugh that was heard. I'm not guilty, because there certainly is nothing odd in the way I laugh!



### DALE CARNEGIE REPORT -- John Parks

My name is Jonathan F. Parks, inmate number 22553. I'm thirty-three years old, went to the fifth grade in school, and I have served time -- fourteen years -- in reformatories and prisons throughout the United States. I have always been irresponsible, self-centered, and a bitter enemy of all authority. My path through life has been seemingly meaningless, my goals many but always transient and vague. I've been everything except what a man should be -- a drunk, a skid-row bum, a footloose wanderer, a weak, vain and egotistic man who possessed principles but lacked the strength and wisdom to apply them -- a man who has never contributed anything worthwhile or good to society in general or anyone in particular. I have been until now, in short, a complete failure. My outlook on life until recently has always been negative and I could never see anything ahead in the future but more of the ignoble past. But I have, thank God, changed!

This change has come about as a result of three things: First, my desire to change. Second, my exceptionally good fortune in securing employment during my present term under a very enlightened, warmhearted and humane man -- Chaplain Paul Jagers. Third, by the Dale Carnegie course which was recently established on a tentative basis here at Eddyville. I could, and would like to very much, write an article on each of these; but circumstances dictate that I restrict myself at this time to an appraisal of the Dale Carnegie course.

I have nothing but enthusiasm, praise and sincere appreciation to express for this wonderful course and for the instructors who have proven themselves so

capable, not only in teaching us but, by their conduct, demeanor and personality, by showing each of us the effectiveness of the course of which each is a graduate.

In all my years in prisons, some of them spent in penitentiaries where the most recent penological methods of rehabilitation are in effect, I have never encountered a program so worthwhile, so deserving of praise as the Dale Carnegie course. This is a dynamic program built around public speaking, but which teaches men human-relations principles which, if diligently applied, cannot but radically alter men's lives. Some of these principles are, in my opinion, of almost equal value to the Ten Commandments: Don't condemn, Criticize or Complain; Give Honest and Sincere Appreciation; Arouse in the Other Person an Eager Want; Become Genuinely Interested in Other People; Smile; Remember That a Man's Name is the Sweetest and Most Important Sound in any Language; Be a Good Listener, Encourage Others to Talk About Themselves; Talk in Terms of the Other Person's Interest; Make Other People Feel Important and Do It Sincerely.

The application of these principles -- putting them into daily practice -- has been rather difficult for me. The pattern of conduct which has been years in forming could not, unfortunately, be dissolved in a night or fortnight. One of these principles -- Become Genuinely Interested in Other People -- has, for example, given me much trouble and produced within me not a little anxiety. I had become, over the years, quite adroit at changing conversations to fit my own interests and desires. This, coupled with the other personality traits previously referred to, led inevitably to social isolation, few friendship ties,

and an overall ineffectiveness in all spheres of life. My refusal to listen attentively and sincerely to others' problems, their aspirations and ambitions, my constant placement of myself first in all things, could not but result in the characteristics of the failure: bitterness, resentment, rebelliousness, and mental depression, all compounded into anxiety.

I have learned these facts through the Dale Carnegie course: That every man, woman, or child, no matter where situated, no matter what his race, color or beliefs, wants with an aching desire to be liked, to have friends, to feel important and to feel that he is contributing something worthwhile to life by living. That, only by being constantly interested in others and their wants can one obtain from them that which we so desperately want -- their interest in oneself. That, for an individual to excel in any endeavor in life, he must lay aside the mask of arrogance, conceit, pretence and toughness which he has put on as a defense against the harshness he has encountered in life. That every man, be he saint or killer, thief or priest, burglar or businessman, has dammed within him a great river of emotion composed of love, generosity and kindness which longs to unite, to fuse in happy union with the rivers of others. That, to be effective socially -- and we, each of us, have social responsibilities -- we must realize that a cornerstone of our civilization is effective communication -- communication consisting not in the mere arrangement of words into cold, logical sentences, but in the throwing off of our fear of others, stripping ourselves of our pretensions and baring our real emotional selves to others.

Thank you, Warden Thomas, for making it possible for us to experience the wonderful benefits of the Dale Carnegie course. Thank you, Chaplain Paul Jagers, for letting us have the prison chapel as a place to practice. And

thank you, Jim Rudd, Joe Prince, C. C. Miller, Don Flenar, Don Deffendall, Jim Lindsay, Gene Cook, and all the other Dale Carnegie instructors who have given us your time and patience.

#### SCHOOL DAZE - Ed Johnson & Kenny Clinton

By the time this edition comes out we will have graduated nine men from the 8th grade and 14 from the GED high school class. The 8th graders are James Crews, Raymond Forsting, Jerry Holder, Johnny Rouse, Ernest Summitt, Joseph Vanway and Vernon Ward. The men who earned equivalency diplomas through the GED tests are William Grenat, Dickie Brandenburg, William Baldwin, James Cavender, Robert Daley, Jack Henry, Alonzo Housman, Edward Isaacs, Virgil McCown, Jack Meredith, Anthony Shaw, David Steele, Gary Utterback and Robert Vaughn.

We are especially pleased with the high school graduates since this is the first time any inmate has graduated from high school in a Kentucky institution. Fourteen men tried for the examinations and 14 men passed. William Grenat took highest honors and Dickie Brandenburg took second place. Both are inmate teachers in the academic school.

The student showing most improvement this month is Elestial King.

The academic school has taken on an extra class in the afternoon for anyone who is over 26 years of age and wants to learn to read and write. We have 5 men in the class now and encourage those who want to learn to see Mr. Cowan in the school. Mr. Cowan and Mr. Egbert are here to help you, and they can assure you an education if you will come just halfway as these men have. Both are putting in longer hours on your behalf.

As an afterthought, men, why not add those 16 credits to your educational record and enroll in the next GED high school class?

## ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

Hi, all you guys and dolls out there. Here's old Tubby Doles back with you again, bringing you all the latest news from the Engineer Department.

First of all, let me tell you that we have the hottest and best-working team to be found anywhere in the Commonwealth of Kentucky. If you don't believe me, just ask the fellows working down here. In the last month, we have processed 137 repair requests consisting of everything up to and including replacing the transformer that was recently damaged by lightning. Watch out, Cabinet Shop, we're on our way to the pennant!

By the way, Jane, since you're our queen, how about sending us one of your lovely pictures to hang in the office? You know, I have been trying to get the clerk down here to see the point that your picture would look much better hanging over my bed and I've finally got him to agree. But now Chief Cummins, Gary Armstrong and Murl Johnston are objecting to my taking it home. Well, that's all for now -- except Lana, there's a demand for one of your pictures here, too!

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

With the Christmas holidays ahead, the shop took on a new look last month. The many trees cut on the farm had to have stands; also, more than half of them passed on to our spray department to be flocked or given the snow-covered look. The many Christmas signs used throughout the prison came from our sign department. This plus routine shop work did make December a big month.

We have been repairing walks in #1 Cellhouse.

The refinishing department has had a busy month. It, along with upholster-

ing, has redone 6 chairs and 21 pews for the chapel, in addition to several chairs for the Boy's Camp.

Four new tables 3 feet wide and 8 feet long have been made for #4 Cellhouse. We could ramble on with a job here, a lock to be repaired there, and so on throughout the year. To say the shop earns its keep should sum it up. So until then -- Happy New Year.

## GARMENT FACTORY NEWS -- Shotgun Smith

We're back again this month with another bit of news from the garment factory and knitting mill. We have completed all our work for this period in the garment factory, and we're getting ready to start on next period's work. As most of you know, we make all of the clothes worn by the inmates here. We also make clothes to be sent to the State Reformatory at LaGrange and other state institutions.

We have several new men working in the garment factory since the last issue. One of them is John "Laughing Boy" Huff, a really good worker and a lot of fun to work with.

It seems that Kingpin was practicing his speech for the Dale Carnegie class in the dining room and had to spend four days with Maggie.

Ralph Harrington has made parole and we hope that by the time this issue comes out he will be gone from here never to return. Good luck, Ralph.

"Moon Man" is happy. It seems that he was given a new pair of shoes for a Christmas present.

Among the many things I cannot understand is why do we call a pair of pants a pair? You might say it is because they have two legs -- but a shirt has two sleeves and it's not called a pair of shirts! Happy New Year to all of you -- I'll be with you again next month!

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## SOMEDAY STREET

(Reprinted from The ENCOURAGER)

Someday Street is a one-way street that leads to the gates of hell;  
It's littered with broken bottles, it reeks of wine smell.  
It's the street of human derelicts, the place of forgotten men,  
Who stagger and sway along the way, and are never seen again.

Someday Street is a sunless street, where the days and nights are one,  
And each tomorrow brings pain and sorrow, till the life of man is done.  
It's a fearful street, a hidden street, that lives in each drunken brain,  
That screams and cries and tries and tries to find Someday again.

Someday Street is a lonely street, it's always dark and drear,  
Where the eyes of man are dulled and tired, and ever filled with fear.  
There's not a smile in that last cruel mile, but death in every block,  
And the Devil smiles and the Devil beguiles the soul he has in hock.

Someday Street is an age-old street, it claims, it maims and slays.  
Men toss and turn and sob and yearn for the memories of other days...  
Of the days before they hit the street, when life was good and new,  
When each day and night was clean and bright, and dreams came true.

Someday Street is a hellish street, it's full of broken dreams,  
It smells of broken bodies, it laughs at drunken screams.  
It's a timeless street, a faceless street, its men are faceless, too;  
They're there to stay till they are laid away in a box six by two.

Someday Street is a jealous street that holds its victims fast,  
Each step you make, each drink you take, leads you to death at last.  
It's a dim-lit street, a lying street, that fools each seeking heart,  
It shapes each one and when it's done, it tears each one apart.

Someday Street is a one-way street that lets few people go.  
I've lived on Someday Street myself, and that is how I know.  
The wino, the dino, the hypo, the big-shot and the bum,  
The mackaroo, the B-girl, too, I've swilled their wine and rum.

I know the lying, garish lights, I know the hellish dreams,  
I know the alleys and the jails, I know the cries and screams.  
I know the filth of Someday Street, I know the cry of shame,  
Because I came up from Someday Street, a man without a name.

I've not been back on Someday Street in weeks, months and years,  
I fear the hellish street no more, its blackouts and its fears.  
Those friends of mine showed me a path, a path I'll gladly trod,  
Out of the depths of Someday Street into the path of God.

# EARLY DAYS IN ATLANTA

EDITOR'S NOTE: In place of the usual "Nightkeeper's Report, 1886" we bring you a special report on bygone days in the old Federal Penitentiary at Atlanta, Georgia, as excerpted from the ATLANTIAN's superb anniversary issue.

Old-time convicts may not wax nostalgic over the ATLANTIAN's anniversary issue, but articles and photos taken from back numbers of the publication and reprinted in its 50th anniversary issue will certainly bring back memories.

Consider, for example, this description of living conditions in 1912:

"The guards carried billy clubs, blackjacks and firearms, and the officers carried lead-tipped canes ... The silent system was in effect throughout the institutions: in the dining hall, on the job ... and within the cellhouse.

"You slept on haversack mattresses filled with rotting bits of straw ... the walls were teeming with bed bugs (as was) the institution as a whole. Part of the meat served each month would be putrid and stinking ... no man in his right senses ate hash or meat balls.

"The 'hole' was, in 1912, in the stalls which are in today's brick mason school. It was common practice to handcuff a prisoner to the door for eight hours a day. He was fed bread and water twice a day."

In those days, according to other articles in this now-modern prison's magazine, there were such things as schools (for illiterates only, begun in Atlanta in 1902) and religious services (in 1901 attendance was compulsory, and guards with clubs maintained order during the sermons), but parole for federal prisoners was non-existent until 1910. In 1903, the princely sum of 59 cents a day was appropriated for all costs of maintaining each prisoner. In 1911, a baseball field was provided for the inmates.

Interestingly, Warden Moyer of Atlanta Prison was, in 1913, one of the first penologists to realize the need for paid work for prisoners. In a report to the Attorney General that year, he strongly recommended that prisoners be paid for their work and allowed to support their dependents.

Other reprints in the anniversary issue included a news item about the first movie shown in Atlanta (1916), another about a visit to the prison by Reverend Billy Sunday (1917), and still another describing the personal appearance of the great W. C. Handy and his famous band (1918). In 1918, following World War I, a convict editor penned a strong editorial advocating stern measures with Germany, and predicting World War II if his recommendations were not carried out. In 1920, a note from New York Governor Al Smith urged the abolition of the cellblock system. Both the cellblock system and unpaid labor are still with us, incidentally.

Prohibition had its effect on the prison too. In 1926, a report in the old Atlanta inmate publication revealed that 400 of the 3258 inmates then incarcerated were serving time for violations of the Volstead Act. In the same year, no fewer than 1017 men were there for narcotics addiction. Another editorial that year denounced the "wets" seeking abolition of the prohibition laws.

In 1933, the inmate body of Atlanta caught up with the outside population when they were allowed to buy earphones to enable them to plug into the community radio set provided by the prison. Earphones were sold in the commissary at two dollars a pair.

KENTUCKY STATE PENITENTIARY STATISTICS  
(For December, 1962)

Escapes	0
Death Row	7
Admitted by Commitment	15
Transfers from KSR	0
Transfers to KSR	1
Released by Expiration	23
Released by Parole	16
Released by Death	0
Total Population	1089
High Number	24123
Low Number	5240

MOVIES FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS

Jan. 18:	G. I. BLUES E. Presley and Juliet Prowse; Musical
Jan. 25:	SEX KITTENS GO TO COLLEGE Mamie Van Doren & Tuesday Weld; Comeday
Feb. 1:	RIDE A CROOKED TRAIL A. Murphy & Gia Scala; Western
Feb. 8:	BATTLE AT BLOODY BEACH A. Murphy & Dolores Michaels; War Drama
Feb. 18:	SPACE MASTER Bill Williams & Lynn Thomas; S. F.

CLOSED WORLD PROGRAMS:

Two P. M. January 13 and 27, February 10  
over WCBL, Benton, Ky. Tune 1290.

THE LAST WORD

Something unusual and perhaps prophetic has been happening here during the year just ended, and it's a change for which we inmates can well be grateful. Yet it's something that has happened so slowly that I wonder how many of us are really aware of it.

I mean, of course, the apparent change in the attitude of many outsiders toward the men locked away behind these walls. During the past year, this change has been demonstrated by many people in a very concrete manner.

For the first time in Kentucky history, a high school class has been graduated from inside a penal institution, for example. Our own officials, of course, have had a great deal to do with this, but it would never have been possible if it hadn't been for the wholehearted cooperation of the people at Murray State College, who not only took their own time to come in and test the applicants, but even put up the fee for each man.

For the first time in KSP history, a Dale Carnegie class has been offered, and 40 men are presently enrolled in it. How did it come about? Through the willingness of some very busy men in the area to come in and teach it.

There have been more outside entertainers visiting the prison, more response to the prison's broadcasts over WCBL, and more interest in general on the part of outsiders. Book donations, for example, have come in from the nurses of a hospital in Missouri; a university official has spent his own funds to get our magazine on the desks of national magazine and newspaper editors, and these editors have expressed a real interest in it; a football scholarship has been granted to one inmate, and so on and on and on.

It's really something to think about.