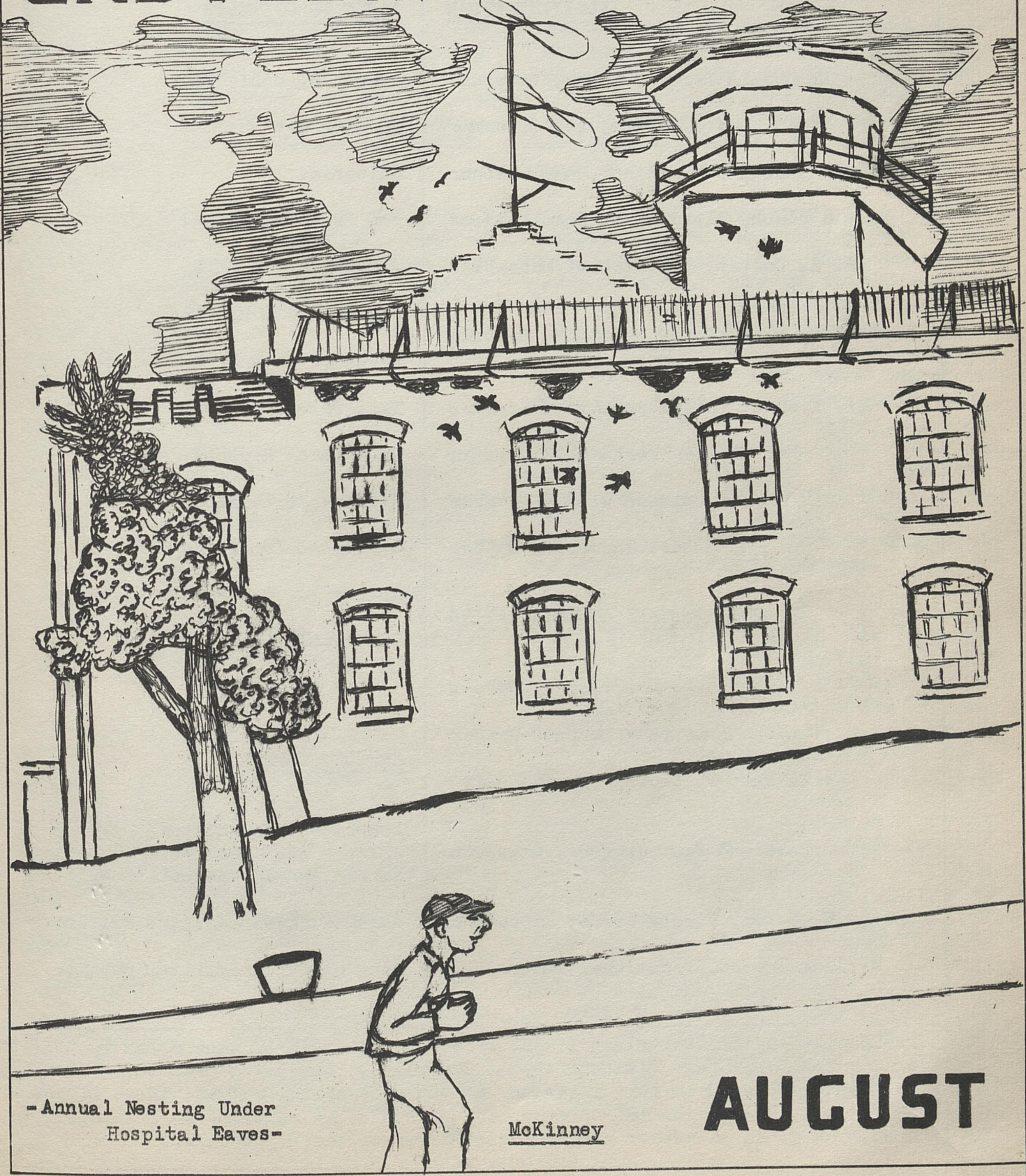


0.3  
0.2

# CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND



- Annual Nesting Under  
Hospital Eaves -

McKinney

## AUGUST

CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND

ADMINISTRATION

The Honorable Bert T. Combs, Governor  
 Wilson W. Wyatt, Lt. Governor  
 Marshall Swain, Corrections Commissioner  
 Dr. Harold Black, Director of Institutions  
 W. Z. Carter, Director of Education

BOARD OF PARDONS & PAROLES

Dr. Fred Moffat, Executive Director  
 Walter Ferguson, Chairman  
 Simeon Willis, Member  
 Ernest Thompson, Member

PENITENTIARY ADMINISTRATION

Luther Thomas, Warden  
 Lloyd Armstrong, Deputy Warden  
 W. T. Baxter, Captain of the Guard  
 Reverend Paul Jagers, Chaplain  
 Henry E. Cowan, Supervisor of Education  
 William Egbert, Vocational Instructor

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Deputy Warden's Page  
 Castle News  
 Editorial  
 THE PHILOSOPHER CAT  
 JIMMY AND THE BULL  
 FOR YOUR INFORMATION  
 Exchange Page  
 Tall Tales  
 Department Reports  
 Nightkeeper's Report, 1886  
 Crossword Puzzle  
 Statistics & Movies  
 The Castle Laughs

CASTLE STAFF

Lawrence Snow, Editor  
 Harold Arnold, Associate Editor  
 James F. McKinney, Art Editor  
 John Busby, Multilith Operator

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

# DEPUTY WARDEN'S PAGE

By Deputy Warden Lloyd Armstrong

First of all I want to apologize to the readers of this magazine for not having an article for these past few months. Actually I do not have an excuse. I have received numerous letters and phone calls asking me to resume my article each month.

Since there has been so much talk about rehabilitation and treatment, most of the letters I received asked my opinion of rehabilitation, treatment and capital punishment. I do not care to discuss capital punishment at this time, as I feel I am not qualified in this particular field.

In my opinion rehabilitation is based on two factors, discipline and education. However, there are several "trimmings" that could be added to these which would contribute considerably to the overall program. Speaking in plain old English, I believe if most people had discipline and education, they wouldn't be here. For one thing I don't believe you can rehabilitate anyone. You can only put rehabilitation before them and they must rehabilitate themselves.

You do not see many people in an institution of this type who are educated. Furthermore, I do not think you can go very far attempting to rehabilitate an educated man, because in my opinion if a man has a good education and gets into trouble, he is not interested in any rehabilitation program for the simple fact that he probably knows more about rehabilitation than the man teaching him.

Rehabilitation is grand in an institution; it gives the interested inmates an opportunity to rehabilitate. However, it seems that institutions and penal departments take off on one subject and cannot look in any other direction at the same time. I think there are many

factors one should consider before drawing a definite conclusion, because many times when one goes overboard on a particular subject he may be interfering with another which might be just as important to the inmate and the functioning of the institution.

I believe one great advantage an institution can offer is someone the inmate may consult who has the time and knowledge to dig into the inmate's problems and make an attempt to help him with them. I think most people throughout the United States and probably the world need someone that they can go to and talk with in privacy concerning their problems. In some cases, Protestant and Catholic chaplains play a leading role. However, there are some cases that need consultation other than that of a clerical nature. These cases are rare, and we find that the chaplains are helpful in most instances.

As far as the treatment of the inmates of the institution is concerned, I believe all inmates should be treated with equality. One inmate should not have an advantage over another. One condition that causes unrest is the fact that some inmates and employees do not understand how to carry out prison rules and regulations. By this I mean all should be acquainted with and governed by the same rules. Furthermore, I believe a good recreation program and a system whereby each and every inmate has a job to do is a must in the overall program.

Everyone should be aware that there is a difference between good and loose treatment. There is a great deal of conflict in institutions that is entirely uncalled for. I feel that treatment and security have a lot to do with each  
(Please turn to Page 15)

## AT PROBATION-PAROLE SEMINAR

### LONG PAROLE PERIODS, EXCESSIVE BAIL, ATTACKED; PRISON RECOMMENDATIONS MADE

Kentucky's most knowledgeable expert on crime and prisons and one of the country's leading authorities on probation and parole were both on hand for the Fourth Annual Probation-parole Institute last month, according to LOUISVILLE TIMES stories.

Charles L. Newman, Director of Correctional Training at the University of Louisville's Kent School of Social Work, directed the two-week session. Sol Rubin, Counsel for the National Council on Crime and Delinquency, was there as a speaker. Also on hand at the University of Louisville for the seminar were probation and parole officials from 13 states.

During the session Newman criticized unnecessarily long probation and parole periods, saying they are "demoralizing for both the parole officer and the man on parole." He also ripped the idea that long prison sentences deter men from crime, and said that excessive denial of parole will "make a prisoner worse, not better, when he is released."

Newman was quoted by the TIMES as saying there are four keystones necessary in the building of a sound correctional program: personnel, program, physical plant, and public relations -- in that order. He recommended the upgrading of corrections workers, expansion of prison industries and rehabilitation programs, better food and segregation of prisoners by age and seriousness of crime.

But, he noted, a sound program of rehabilitation must come before physical improvements of the prison plants. He stressed the importance of public relations in such a program.

During the same session, NCCD Council Sol Rubin noted a trend toward liberalized parole and probation procedures; but, said the TIMES story, he also said

that sentences generally are increasing in severity. He attacked excessive bails, which he said are imposed in many states today.

Both Newman and Rubin have published books, articles and surveys in the crime-and-punishment field. In one of his books, Rubin argued for the necessity of allowing prison and parole officials to release prisoners under supervision when they reach the point of psychological readiness to live in a free society, rather than at the end of an arbitrarily determined period of time. Kentucky's new parole-reform law, enacted in special session this summer, provides for such a policy by removing arbitrary time limits on parole eligibility.

### ASK PRISONERS ABOUT PRISON PROBLEMS

Psychologist Robert Hardin of the Indiana Boys School, speaking to the Indiana Reformatory Press Club, said persons looking for solutions in prison problems should take the obvious step of asking the prisoners.

According to the PENDLETON REFLECTOR, Hardin said those wishing to solve "the many complex problems of crime and delinquency often overlook a source of knowledge that could be of great value, particularly to society.

"In mental health," he went on, "much of the progress has been due to what we learned from the patients." He feels there is just as much to learn from prisoners, who are the persons most intimately concerned with the problem.

### LIFER DIES OF HEART TROUBLE

Roy Carter, 72, died suddenly of heart trouble in the prison hospital on the 17th of last month.

The elderly colored lifer had performed light duties in the cabinet shop for several years before his death.

RUMSEY TAYLOR, MAN WHO REMEMBERS SPORTS GREATS, CONTRACT SYSTEM, SPEAKS AT KSP

In an interview with the CASTLE last month a prominent Kentuckian recalled the days when the contract labor system prevailed in the prison.

Rumsey Taylor, Princeton Democrat who dropped out of the gubernatorial race before this year's primaries, mentioned the period in his response to a question concerning his interest in penal reform. Reform of the state's prisons was one of the four planks of his platform.

Inclusion of the reform plank, he said, was not an attempt to gain votes, for as he put it, "Penal reform is frankly not a popular issue in Kentucky. The people must be awakened to the need for it."

Asked how far in the past his interest in penology extended, Taylor replied that he had been around the Eddyville institution since he was 6 years old. He cited idleness as one of the major reasons why Kentucky prisons are "crime schools."

"There were quite a few instances of the convicts' being taken advantage of (during the contract labor period), but at least they weren't idle then," he said.

Under the contract labor system the state furnished convict labor, for a price, to private concerns. In Eddyville Prison, one of the major contractors was a "whip and collar" firm which put convicts to work manufacturing saddles, horse collars and other leather items. Other firms, said Taylor, used convict labor to produce brooms, mops and similar items. Organized labor put an end to the system in the early 1930s.

He said his interest in reform probably began the day he walked into the office of the late Jesse Buchanan, then warden of KSP. Three teenage boys had just been admitted to the prison, Taylor said, and he found the powerfully built Buchanan actually in tears over the fate he knew awaited the boys on "The Hill." Taylor said he made up his mind then to

wake people up to the conditions in Kentucky's prisons.

Prison reform is one of the tasks being undertaken this year by Governor Bert Combs, whose term ends in January, 1964. A bill liberalizing parole procedures has already been passed in special session, and indications are that additional reforms will be considered by the regular session of the legislature this winter.

Rumsey Taylor, who said that lack of sufficient campaign funds was the cause of his dropping out of the fiercely-run race for the governor's chair, was here to speak to the pre-release class and other members of the inmate body. An estimated 300-400 inmates crowded into the tiny chapel to hear his address.

Vocational Instructor William Egbert introduced the speaker, relating some of Taylor's varied history as athlete, sports official, businessman and family man. He cited the speaker's 45 years as an athlete and football official, a career that took him over much of the country to officiate in big-league games, including some in the Rose Bowl, the Orange Bowl and others. One of Taylor's three sons, Rumsey Jr., was himself a star Georgia Tech halfback who distinguished himself as high-yardage man in the 1945 Orange Bowl game against Tulsa. Two other sons, Bob and Fred, were outstanding footballers at Vanderbilt University.

In his talk, richly larded with anecdotes about such sports greats as Babe Ruth, Knute Rockne, Jack Dempsey and Joe Louis, Taylor urged the prisoners to "think straight and face up to reality."

He touched briefly on his campaign. "I don't deny it," he said. "I wanted to be governor. But never cry over last Saturday's game; get ready for next Saturday's game instead."

He said he was glad he had "sown the

seed" of helping to awaken people to what he said is the "imperative need for prison reform in Kentucky."

A native of Princeton, Kentucky since he was 5, Taylor and his son, Ramsey Jr., operate the Princeton Lumber Company, a general contracting and building materials firm that the senior Taylor and his father began years ago. The company has constructed buildings for the prison. His two other sons, Bob and Fred, are now a lawyer and a minister respectively. He also has a daughter, now married.

#### MINISTERS, MISSIONARIES AND BUSINESSMEN HAVE ALSO ADDRESSED INMATES RECENTLY

A prominent area businessman who is also active in State politics, a missionary who spent 16 years in the Congo, and two area ministers were also on hand during recent months to speak to inmate assemblies at the chapel.

Sam Steger, Princeton contractor and lumber dealer and an important figure in Democratic politics in Kentucky, spoke to a large portion of the inmate body in June, as did Reverend Reid Thompson, Pastor of the Kuttawa Methodist Church, and Reverend Charles Riggs of the Christian Church in Versailles.

The Reverend Joe Whitmer, formerly a missionary and now Pastor-at-Large for Western Kentucky Christian Churches, delivered a talk on the missionary and American public relations. In addition to his 16 years as a Congo missionary, he spent two years in the Caribbean and at other posts throughout the world.

Reverend Calvin Wilkins of the Kuttawa Baptist Church and Reverend R. G. Shelton, Eddyville Baptist Church, are alternating in the pulpit on Sundays during the absence of Chaplain Paul Jagers, stricken with bone cancer some months ago. Wilkins also appears in the chapel-library during the week as Acting Chaplain. Wednesday is the day set aside for guest speakers.

#### IN SPAIN, FRANCO CUTS CONS' TIME

As every reader of Hemingway's For Whom the Bell Tolls will remember, Generalissimo Francisco Franco emerged victorious from the Spanish Civil War 34 years ago. Many Spanish convicts now have reason to be glad he did.

According to a Chicago Daily News Service report last month, Franco celebrated the 34th anniversary of his victory by granting "indultos" to practically all of the criminal and political prisoners in Spain's penal institutions.

The indultos -- reductions in sentence -- were granted to all convicts who had not committed new crimes on probation, caused trouble in prison, or who had already received commutations of death sentences.

For the first time, repeat offenders were included in the blanket time cuts. The cuts ranged in amount from 50 per cent for those serving two years or less to one-sixth for men serving more than 20 years. Inmates who had served at least 20 consecutive years on their sentences were released outright by the order.

#### DETROIT HAS NOTHING BUT SIZE ON E'VILLE

Scraps of wood, toothbrush handles and odd pieces of wire may be junk to you, but to Roy "Moon" Brunner they are materials that can be converted -- with the added ingredient of elbow-grease -- into trucks and cars.

Painstakingly carving and sanding individual parts, Moon spends hours of each day, as well as part of most nights, making strikingly authentic replicas of antique cars and trucks. His production so far has included a 1910 Cadillac Touring Car and a Model T Ford truck of like vintage.

The autos are complete to the Nth detail, including gas lights and a miniature lantern for the truck.

MASONRY INSTRUCTOR, A JOURNEYMAN TRADESMAN, SAYS CLASS IS BEST HE EVER TAUGHT

Interest, enthusiasm and hard work characterize the seven neophyte brick-masons in the new prison masonry class, says inmate-instructor Edward Burlson, himself a journeyman bricklayer with years of experience behind him.

"This is really the best group I've ever taught," said Burlson, who taught his craft in the penitentiary at Michigan City, Indiana before his transfer to Kentucky on a detainer -- a warrant for an old crime. "They're here every day, they work hard, and they are trying to learn to do the work right. It's a pleasure to teach them."

It was obvious that the 33-year-old craftsman wasn't exaggerating. As we talked, the students were cheerfully sweating under a hot sun to erect the walls of what would soon be the masonry part of a small dwelling, complete with chimney.

The walls they build aren't "pretty." Their laboratory is a narrow concrete slab laid between the ends of the school and cannery buildings. A walkway to the back gate, used by outside trusty details each day, splits the narrow workspace further. So the dwelling is being built in two separate sections, one on either side of the walk. The bricks used in the class are old. When a wall has been erected, it is examined for flaws. Then it is torn down, the bricks are cleaned, the mortar is salvaged and screened for re-use, and the same bricks and mortar are used the next day to build a new, correct version of the wall. To make matters worse, the bricks are of mixed sizes and many are crumbling and uneven from continued use.

But aside from the appearance of the materials, the walls they build are plumb and true and even, and it's obvious that Burlson has inculcated his fledgling masons with a high regard for craftsmanship.

"We don't worry about speed," he said. What we worry about is learning to do the job right from the beginning. The speed will come naturally."

That the men are learning quickly and well was evidenced by the remarks of a well-known area contractor who visited the masonry class recently. Impressed by the quality of work done by the beginners, he said that here were potential ex-convicts he could be happy to hire. He complimented prison officials on making the course available.

The concern for craftsmanship and the extraordinary will to learn displayed by the inmates assigned to the class are rare in prison. Part of the high morale and interest of the students can be attributed to the fact that they are voluntarily learning what could be a valuable trade. But a large part of the credit goes to Burlson himself, a man who has evidently gained the respect of his students.

Born in Bakersville, North Carolina, Burlson also plied his trade in California between the years 1954-1961. He was classed as a journeyman member of both the Santa Barbara and San Jose AFL Brickmasons Locals and gained a wealth of experience on residential and commercial structures in the booming Golden State.

More to the immediate point, Burlson takes pleasure and pride in helping others to learn his skill and he has the easy-going personality and patience necessary to teach an inmate class.

Burlson himself, however, gives most of the credit to William Egbert, vocational instructor for the prison and assistant to Supervisor of Education Henry Cowan, the man responsible for all institutional educational efforts. Egbert, he says, has gone to bat for the class in a big way, scrounging materials and tools that would have been hard to obtain under the school's limited budget.

Whoever is responsible, the seven students -- Johnny Starks, Ronald

Tipton, James Mays, James Stephens, Silas Manning, Fletcher McGuire and Benjamin Kelly -- are learning quickly and well. The course, which will probably last approximately 18 months, includes a weekly classroom course in theory, estimation and (later) blueprint reading, as well as full-time practical experience in the use of tools, the mixing of mortar, the laying of the various bonds and the hundred and one other things that an accomplished bricklayer must know about, including the laying of block, glass block and tile.

At the end of the course, the seven men (or nine, if two more students are accepted as planned), will be equal in skill to a journeyman bricklayer and, with any kind of luck at all, should be able to be recognized as journeymen by the trade unions within a short time.

#### AUTO MECHANICS COURSE BEGINS IN PRISON

A 1956 Ford 6-cylinder truck and a set of mechanic's hand tools recently purchased for the school will serve to train seven inmates in the mysteries of internal combustion engines, announced Supervisor of Education Henry Cowan.

Paul Holland, a short-term inmate who has had 22 years of experience in auto mechanics and body and finish operations, will teach the class. Students are: William Baldwin, Buford Cox, Charles Fowler, Douglas Koonce, Charles McCarthy, Virgil Moore and James White.

The class will be held outdoors at the west end of the school building.

#### PROFITABLE BRAINSTORM

A New Yorker named Walter Hunt invented the safety pin in just a few hours one day in 1846, reports World Book Encyclopedia, when he twisted a piece of wire into the familiar shape still used today. The people of Italy, however, are believed to have used similar devices as long ago as 2,000 B. C., says the famed encyclopedia.

#### JEFFERSON COUNTY MAY TRY "WORK OUT" PLAN FOR COUNTY JAIL MISDEMEANOR PRISONERS

Based on a LOUISVILLE TIMES story

"A great idea," is the way Louisville Traffic Court Judge J. Miles Pound put it; "I wholeheartedly approve," said another juror, Judge Gordon B. Winburn of Quarterly Court.

What the two traffic judges -- and judges from other city and county courts as well -- are so pleased about is a plan to allow selected misdemeanor prisoners in the Jefferson County Jail at Louisville to leave the jail by day to report to the jobs they held before being imprisoned -- leaving nights and weekends "free" for confinement.

The proposed plan, reported in the LOUISVILLE TIMES by Dick Berger, is favored by many Jefferson County law-enforcement officials, chief among them County Judge Marlow W. Cook, for a number of reasons:

It would save money. Prisoners selected for the program would pay for their own maintenance expenses.

It would help overcome the cycle of difficulties, including increased welfare costs, that arise when 90 per cent of jail prisoners lose their jobs when they go to jail, as is now the case.

Finally, it would aid in the rehabilitation of prisoners and allow them to retain some self respect while they support their families and save for release.

The plan, which will almost certainly require statutory changes by the next General Assembly if it is to be put into effect, came in for consideration here when a LOUISVILLE TIMES reporter made a study of a similar pioneer program, the so-called Huber Plan in Minneapolis.



# EDITORIAL

## POVERTY IN THE PRISON

Idleness within the prisons has been repeatedly condemned within recent months as one of the most debilitating factors in the scheme of things penological in Kentucky -- and it probably is. But another great problem, yet one that may seem trivial to many of our outside readers, surely runs a close second and is, in a sense, directly related to the large-scale idleness that prevails in both the Reformatory at LaGrange and the Penitentiary here.

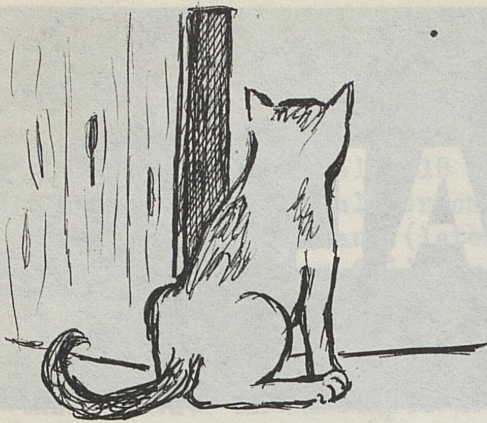
That problem lies in the fact that literally hundreds of inmates who are not assigned to paying jobs within the institutions are forced by necessity to beg, steal or "hustle" -- that is, to plot and scheme to dream up means of separating more fortunate fellow inmates from their nickles -- in order to provide themselves with many of the necessities and small luxuries that most people take for granted.

Even the working inmate is subject to the problem if the pitifully small token wage he receives is not supplemented by money from home. At present, the majority of jobs available to inmates in both institutions pay just 8¢ a day, which adds up to \$2.50 for most months, \$2.00 for the other months -- since canteen tickets, the "cash" of prisons, are not issued in denominations smaller than 50¢. Only a few jobs pay more.

With his 8¢ a day, the inmate must buy whatever toiletries he can, as well as postage stamps and tobacco, if he smokes -- for none of these items is furnished by the state. In most cases, the 8¢, however carefully used, simply will not stretch. Imagine, then, the difficulty faced by the idle inmate, who has no income at all!

The result is predictable. The prisons become jungles in which each dog is striving to eat the other, in which favors are purchased in terms of pennies, in which scheming, fighting, and cuming are the rule, in which self respect and human dignity have no place, in which the inmate with a little money in his pocket is king.

How very much the elimination of idleness and an adequate wage for working inmates -- or at least the issuance of such basic needs as razor blades, dentrifices, tobacco and other such items -- would contribute toward allowing many inmates to hold up their heads again!



# THE PHILOSOPHER CAT

Story by Lawrence Snow

Drawings by James McKinney

It's not always what you do but how you do it that counts.

The Chaplain, a veteran of the old gasoline alley days in the toughest sections of Louisville, used to tell of a sneaking admiration he had for the old-time panhandler, an individual quite distinct from the shame-faced beggar of modern times. The panhandler of days gone by, he said, was what he was not from necessity, but because he couldn't imagine himself doing anything else.

Contrary as it may seem, this type of character took real pride in his work. He was a genuine rugged individualist who took nothing off any man. Nothing except money, that is. Often, he was even particular about whom he bummed, even about which sections of town he worked. In a civilization that often seems enslaved by its own living standards, he was uniquely free.

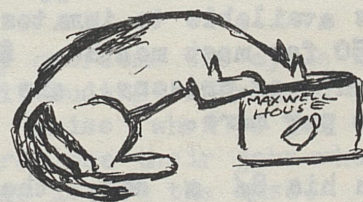
Such an individual is Old Tom.

Old Tom is only a cat, and only a prison cat at that. But the human beings who tower over him in size could take lessons in independence from him. Throughout his years behind the walls, he has remained as free as thought and as proud as pride.

If cats were philosophers, Old Tom would be a Schopenhauer. Like the great German pessimist, he shuns both human and feline companionship as absolutely as necessity and his high regard for

personal comfort allow, and probably for similar reasons. For Tom has been in prison longer than many convicts, and he distrusts the species.

In spite of advanced age, a once-broken back and near-toothless mouth, Tom fiercely defends his "territory" -- which includes those choicest of all panhandling sites, the canteen and cookshack -- and other cats have learned over the years to stay clear of it. Here, when he feels the need of food, he panhandles shamelessly, if not proudly, the most delectable of tidbits from convicts emerging from the canteen line and the freshest milk from the cookshack chefs.



But Tom is no domestic cat. He permits the convicts who feed him few intimacies. Let a prisoner stoop to pet him when he's not in a petting mood and he moves haughtily away, the very picture of outraged dignity. Should the inmate persist, Old Tom soon resorts to snarls and swipes of the forepaw, tiger fashion.

Twice during the year, Tom visits our editorial office beneath the cookshack: During the coldest part of winter, when

the promise of warmth from the office radiator is sweeter than the cold independence he could enjoy outside; and during the hottest weeks of summer, when he naps on the cool cement floor.



Old Tom and the editorial staff -- all two of us -- have a tacit understanding that works out pretty well -- for Tom. In return for allowing us to work as usual, we leave him to his cat dreams. Unless, of course, he desires something. When this happens, he lets us know by waking from his nap, stretching royally, walking directly up to us, and addressing us in his peculiarly aloof manner.



What he wants is usually water. In winter, the puddles and dripping faucets from which he drinks are frozen solid. In summer, he prefers the cold water from our ice-water keg. And, naturally, he's especially particular that his drinking vessel be spotlessly clean.

Sometimes, though, Old Tom just wants his broken back massaged a little; which is therapy, of course, and not petting. Even so, he never purrs. For purring to Tom is a symbol of detested domesticity.

At night, Tom usually leaves of his own accord to prowl for food or, rarely, for female companionship; for even a Schopenhauer must have his occasional

fling. On the coldest nights of winter, rather than be locked in like a common house cat, he prefers to curl up near an outdoor steam pipe or brave the coldness of the yard.



One afternoon, however, Tom crept into a dark corner and curled up on a cool mop to slumber. Out of sight, he was out of mind. When night came, we turned out the lights and locked the door, blissfully ignorant of the catastrophe we had let ourselves in for.

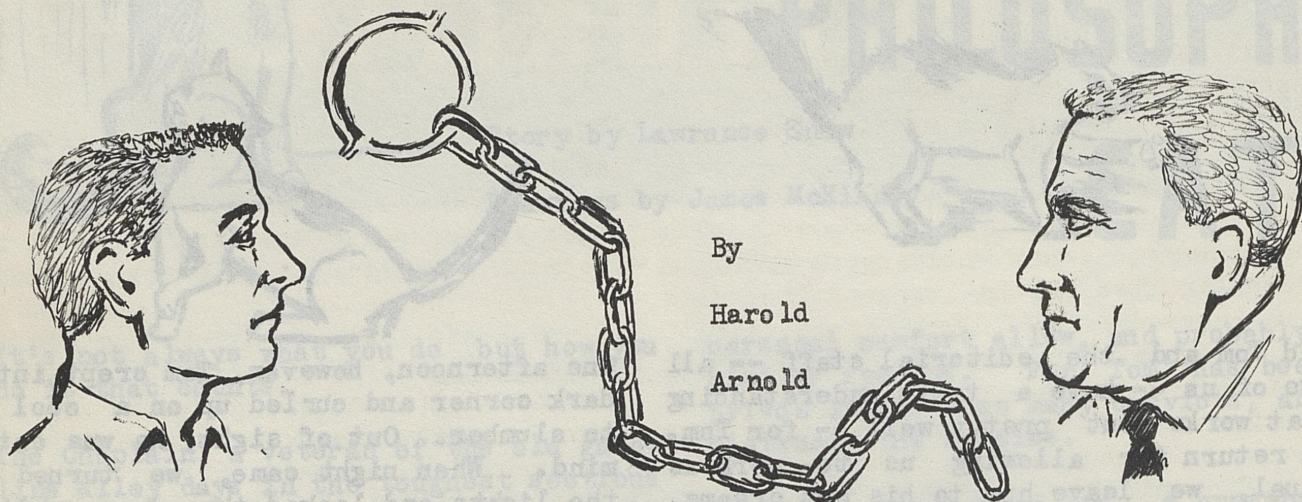
When we opened the office the next morning, Tom was sound asleep in the middle of the floor, exhausted by his labors during the night. The office, of course, was a shambles. Indignant at



being locked away like a common convict, Tom had frantically explored every avenue of escape; even, from all indications, the roof. Waste baskets lay on their sides, their contents strewn over the floor. Papers on the desk and a painting left in the office overnight bore the marks of his paws, and the typewriter -- well, it had to be sent out for cleaning. And Tom? Awakened from his sleep, he glared at us with baleful eyes, cursed us roundly in cat-language, then stalked out the door, nose and tail in the air, sublimely unconcerned about the opinion of man or beast, a being lordly and free and subject to no man's domination or rule.

END

# JIMMIE AND THE BULL



By  
Harold  
Arnold

There I was, sweating like a pig in that rolling hot-box they called a transfer bus -- me, the wise guy who swore he'd never fall in any state that still had a chain gang! And if you think that chain gangs are a thing of the past, you're wrong. There are a few states in this great democratic nation that time and progress have forgotten.

Anyway, there I was with a brand new five-spot and on my way to a chain-gang camp. We'd completed our six weeks quarantine in the walls and they'd loaded 18 of us, all cuffed together, in a van-bodied transfer wagon at 5:00 this morning. Little Jimmy and I were cuffed together. I called him Little Jimmy because he was a real runt, 5' 6" and about 110 pounds. I hadn't thought they'd send him to a road camp, him being so little and all, but here he was. Both of us being quiet types, we'd fallen in together in the first week of quarantine and found we had a few other things in common. This wasn't my first fall, and Jimmy had been in before too. I'd done my other beefs in Northern states and Jimmy had been in joints out West.

He told me he was originally from Cali-

fornia. For some reason I didn't believe him. It could have been a trace of accent he had, or something else that didn't fit, I don't know. Anyway, it wasn't any of my business and if he said he was from California, he was.

Any guy who has hustled around the country on his wits has had his up moments and his downs, and in our talks we discovered we had run parallel courses over the years. He was 30 and so was I. We had both been footloose and moral free all our adult lives and had stayed in some of the nation's better resorts and hotels in our prosperous moments and in the same missions and the same skid-rows in our down moments.

I tried to get Little Jimmy to talk about his childhood, but there for some reason he slammed the door. He would discuss himself back to when he was about 19, but never beyond that point. I figured he had his reasons and let it drop there.

Of all the 32 chain-gang camps in the state, the one we were enroute to was the toughest, if we could believe the stories we had heard about it in quarantine. Jimmy particularly hadn't wanted

to go there; in fact, he'd pulled a sick act the night before we left in a vain attempt at ducking it, and I figured his size and the thought of the hard work and barbaric conditions out there were the reasons.

I must have dozed, for I came suddenly awake when the back door of the wagon was opened and a voice said, "Okay, you guys! This is it!"

We filed off into an enclosed yard with gun towers, each holding a shotgun guard, spotted around it, and the cuffs were removed. My first impression of the place was pleasant. Green grass, white picket fences, wooden buildings painted a fresh white. I was wondering what was so bad about this place when we all found out.

After we had stepped off the bus, Jimmy had lit up a cigarette. I had noticed a beefy, middleaged man leaning on a post of the office porch as we unloaded. Now as I watched, he swung down the steps and approached us with a limp. He walked directly to Jimmy, his face completely bloodless and shaking with rage, and slapped the cigarette out of his mouth.

"Okay, scum," he said, "don't ever let me see you light up a cigarette on my camp again until you are given permission. You're not in the walls now and I don't baby any mother's son. This is my camp and I make the rules and you'll obey them or I'll make you wish you'd never been born." He stepped back a few paces and addressed us all. "Let's get a few things straight right now. To start with, my name is G. C. Glover. Most of you have more than likely heard of me. They call me the Bull. Now if any of you don't think I am a Bull, grab me by the horns and try to ride me. A piece of advice, though: don't try it. I haven't seen the convict yet I couldn't throw.

"Now, to set the book straight from the start, I want you to know a few things. First, I hate all convicts. You are all a bunch of lousy scum who think you

don't have to work for a living like decent people. Believe me, you will work while you are on my camp! Another thing, a lot of people pretend to believe in all that rehabilitation bull. Bull is just what it is! How can you rehabilitate an animal who's never been habilitated to start with?

"You scum committed a crime and were sentenced to serve a certain period of time. You cleared through classification in the walls and were sent out here to work and this is exactly what you will do. We've got a rock hole and road gangs. You will be assigned to your gang in the morning. Now when you are in the cellhouse at night or any other time you aren't working, you are allowed to smoke. That is, up until 8:00 at night when the steel rings to go to bed, after which there will be absolutely no smoking until morning. On the job, you will be allowed to light up a cigarette at 10:00 in the morning and 3:00 in the afternoon. At no other time during the day will you smoke. If you take any of these rules lightly, we have ways of implanting them on your mind for the rest of your life. At no time when you are working will you roll up your sleeves or unbutton your shirt beyond the first button. At times you will be working around decent citizens and they don't want to look at your filthy, exposed bodies. You will never speak to, motion to, or in any way try to communicate with any free people that you come near or happen to be around. These are just a few things I want to impress you with now. There's a lot more do's and don't's in my camp, and you'd better make it your business to learn them all before you come out of that cellhouse in the morning. All right, line up in two's. Where is that silly blacksmith?"

Well, that was the Bull at his best, and you already know Jimmy. To get on with the story, the blacksmith bradded some rusty shackles around our ankles with an anvil and hammer, and we were led to the cellhouse.

Actually the word "cellhouse" is misleading, for chain gangs don't have

cellhouses such as walled prisons do. This particular cellhouse was a wooden-and-screen structure that was built in such a way that it could be dismantled and moved in short order. Canvas flaps rolled down over the screen that formed the upper half of the wall in bad weather. For security, there was a heavy central chain that ran down the middle of the cellhouse, and your own leg-chains were fastened to that any time you were indoors, leaving just enough room for you to lie on your bunk or walk to the buckets that were used for sanitary purposes. A big, beefy guard on a raised platform kept constant surveillance over the cellhouse, and trusties did the heavy work of fastening the chains and emptying the slop buckets. Water barrels held the drinking water. The roof was exposed tin, the walls were unfinished, and there wasn't a bar in sight. There didn't have to be! You sat on a stool at the foot of your bunk during all your waking hours. If you had to use the buckets, you snapped your fingers and the guard waved you up if there weren't two men already on the floor. And as for the bed, the only time you were allowed on it was from the time steel rang for bed and the time it rang to get up in the morning. Where could you go?

Jimmy and I got bunks next to each other in the cellhouse. That afternoon, while we were sitting on those hard stools waiting for bed, our legs fastened to the central chain, we were issued a steel spoon and cup -- utensils we were told to keep with us at all times, for they wouldn't be replaced. We also learned that we were allowed one bath a week, and one change of clothes a week. The smell in that cellhouse was overwhelming!

The steel rang at 5:30 the next morning. Jimmy and I jumped up fast, because we had learned we only had a half hour to dress before the steel rang again at six. We caught a cup of water and brushed our teeth over the buckets (a habit we soon dropped, like everyone else, because of the unpleasantness and time consumed), and dressed. When the

steel rang again, a trusty came in and pulled the central chain loose. We filed out and placed our individual leg chains on a hook beside the door. At a rack outside, we were given a very few minutes to wash in porcelain wash-basins -- another habit the men often dropped, since your soap had to be carried in your pocket all day, like the cup and spoon, and there wasn't time or water enough to get clean anyway.

Fat-back, gravy and hoe-cake bread cut in slabs was our breakfast, served in the dining hall near the cellhouse. After breakfast, we lined up on the path in front of the office, and we new men were assigned to gangs. Jimmy and I drew the rock hole, the toughest assignment on a tough camp. I noticed a malicious, evil smile on the Bull's face when he called Jimmie's name for the detail. At the time, I put it down to his anger over the episode the day before. I was to learn different later.

The men assigned to the five road gangs loaded onto dump trucks inside enclosed racks fitted onto the beds -- racks that would be removed at the work site to convert the vehicles back into dump trucks for the day's work. Jimmy and I, though, along with the others assigned to the rock hole, loaded onto an old school bus that had bars over the windows and a fenced-off section in front for the shotgun guards, and we set off for the hole.

The rock hole was an immense thing. Worked for more than 20 years, it was 150 feet deep, with sheer rock walls around its tremendous circumference. At the top of the hole, the bus stopped long enough for the 5 shotgun guards to get out and make their way to guard shacks around the rim, then we and the bus plunged down a narrow, winding road into the hole itself. No one, we were told, had ever successfully beat those sheer walls and those five large-bore shotguns to escape.

The work was brutal. Rock was dynamited from the walls, and convict labor was used to break it up into chunks no

larger than a man's head. Every bit and piece of rock, down to "sprawls" the size of your fingernail, had to be cleaned up and loaded into 3-ton capacity pans, and it had to be done fast. There were 8 pans in the hole and three men to each pan. A trusty-driven truck equipped with a hydraulic lift drove from crew to crew, picked up the pans, transported them to a pit and dumped them into a cable car which lifted the rock up to the crusher. The truck went at top speed all day long, running from the work crews to the pit, making its round once every 16 minutes. He had to drive fast -- no delays were permitted. The pans had to be level full when the truck stopped, and that meant each man had to break and load a ton of rock every 16 minutes or suffer the consequences.

As fish, Jimmy and the rest of us were given a week to learn how to break rock with the grain so it wouldn't "sprawl" -- throw off chunks of shrapnel -- and get toughened up to the mankilling labor that was to be our lot for the next several years.

The Bull rode Jimmy from the start. On our first morning, I glanced up and saw him standing not far from our pan. Every time I cut my eyes at him, he was staring our way and scowling. Finally, he started toward us. I nudged Jimmy.

"Here comes His Excellency, El Toro himself," I said.

Jimmy gave no sign that he had heard, but just kept working. The Bull stopped in back of us, and I could feel him standing there glaring down at Jimmy as we worked. He was beginning to get on my nerves when he spoke.

"You, there!" he said to Jimmy. "I see from your record folder that you're from California. That right?"

"If that's what's on the record, that must be the way it is," Jimmy answered, in the most emotionless tone I had ever heard him use.

Right then I wished that I was anywhere else. The Bull's face lost all color, Jimmy went on working, his back turned as it had been throughout the conversation. The Bull took three quick bounds and spun him around.

"Listen, you little worthless scum!" he snarled. "When I talk to you, you face me! As soon as you got off that wagon yesterday, I had you pegged for a wise guy. Starting tonight, you'll learn a little respect. After supper, scum, you get your introduction to my mule. I think you'll be riding him a lot!"

From that moment, I stopped being able to understand Jimmy. He had stared at the Bull throughout the explosion with a look of cold contempt in his eyes. His every action seemed calculated to be wrong in a situation he had been around enough to know how to handle a lot better.

That night after supper, Jimmy was told not to go on the chain. After the rest of us were chained for the night and count had been okayed, the Bull came in with two guards.

They threw a chain over one of the rafters and snapped Jimmy's wrists into handcuffs attached to it. Then they drew the chain up so Jimmy's feet were barely touching the floor, most of his weight bearing down on the sharp edges of the cuffs.

As the Bull left the cellhouse, he turned and as an afterthought told the cellhouse guard: "Take him down at midnight. He's got 5 nights on the mule. He should have 15, but he's new, so we'll see if 5 helps any."

I was so tired that I could hardly keep my eyes open, but I managed to stay awake until they took Jimmy down. He was barely conscious.

That started it. There's no need to go into all the individual clashes between Jimmy and the Bull, but Jimmy spent more nights "riding the mule" than he did on the central chain, and it became

the accepted thing to see Jimmy dangling from the rafters in the evening. He worked all day and rode the mule half the night, but neither he nor the Bull showed any signs of giving in. I just couldn't understand it.

During all this time Jimmy drew into himself more and more, not even talking to me if he could help it. As time went on, his condition got so bad that I had to carry more and more of his work to keep the Bull off him whenever possible.

One morning, with the sun beating down at its hottest, Jimmy fell out. I put my shirt under his head and motioned to Mr. Willis, the foreman. Willis bent down to examine him.

"I've been expecting this," he said, shaking his head. "The only thing that surprises me is how he's held up this long. I've worked for the State a long time and I've seen a lot of things. But I've never seen anything like what's between this boy and the Bull. Look, it's none of my business, but you're his buddy. Can't you wise him up?"

He told our pan partner and me to carry him to the shack near the cable-car pit, and after Jimmy rested a little he put him to work in the pit itself. The pit job was a sick-lame-and-lazy deal, for all that had to be done was jump in the pit after the cable car went up and clean up the spilled rock.

A little later the Bull came around on his daily trip to the hole. When he spotted Jimmy in the pit, he stopped short and walked over to him.

I was too far away to hear what was said, but I could see the Bull gesturing. The Bull was upset over Jimmy's having the easy pit job, to say the least.

As if to heap scorn on Jimmy, the Bull jumped down into the pit when the cable car lifted with a load and began to clean it himself, working furiously in his anger and shouting invective up at Jimmy.

What came next happened almost too quickly to follow. The cable car hesitated at the rim, jerking a little before it came to a stop just short of the top. Then it hurtled downward, gaining speed with every foot. I saw Jimmy making motions toward it, and then I saw him extend his arms to the Bull. The Bull grabbed Jimmy's hands and scrambled out of the pit just as Jimmy, off balance from the tug, slipped into it himself. With sickening force, the cable car crushed the life out of the little convict.

From the moment the cable car started down, my reflexes had started me bolting toward the pit, and I got to it just as the Bull reached Jimmy. Together we extricated what was left of him and stretched him on the ground.

Incredibly, the Bull had tears running down his face. He took off his coat and laid it over the mutilated face of my little friend. Then he said the thing that will always live in my memory. Turning to me, he said, "You were his friend, weren't you? Come here and help me carry my son to the car."

All this happened years ago, but I remember it as though it were yesterday. I still wonder at times at the irony and complexity of the patterns that the Fates weave into the lives of us mortals. The Bull retired a month or so after Jimmy's death and he and his wife moved to the family farm where Jimmy was buried beside his ancestors. I got the whole story from a guard after the Bull left.

The Bull had worked for the state all through Jimmy's childhood. In those days he was only a guard. From the time Jimmy was old enough to think, he and his father didn't get along at all; their personalities were completely incompatible. When Jimmy was 18, he got into trouble over a girl and left home. He bummed around the country for a while and wound up in his first trouble out



West. When he wrote his father and mother from the penitentiary, his father tore the letter up and wrote Jimmy that he was no longer a son of his and never to write again.

The years rolled by. The Bull became more bitter against any and all who were rebel enough to violate the accepted social standards by which he lived. Sometimes, when I get to wondering about it, I think of all the lives that must have been influenced or wrecked by the bitterness in the life of one man -- a bitterness caused by the incompatibility of father and son. A pebble cast into the ocean ...

#### THE END

**AUTHOR'S NOTE:** The story you have just read is fiction. Little Jimmy and G. C. Glover, as well as all other character-names in the text, are not the names of any living or dead persons insofar as the author knows. However, the physical description of the camp, the living conditions, and even the character of Glover, the "bull" of the camp, are drawn from life, and as far as the author knows, such conditions do still exist in at least one state that still employs chain-gang camps.

#### LATE NEWS:

#### FORMER PRO BASKETBALL STAR, SON OF KSP SHOP OFFICER, SPEAKS TO INMATES HERE

Joe Fulks, 42, a former record-holding basketball star with the Philadelphia Warriors, spoke to an assembly of inmates in the KSP chapel last month.

A graduate of the high school at Kuttawa Kentucky and a one-time student at Murray State College, Fulks began playing basketball during his school years. He began playing professional ball with the Warriors following a four-year hitch in the Marines. He is the son of Officer Leonard F. Fulks, now assigned to Three Shop.

#### DEPUTY WARDEN'S PAGE (Con't. from P. 1)

other, and if each would cooperate with the other, there should be no reason for conflict. I do not think the treatment program can function properly for the benefit of the inmate if he is spending his time doing things to spite security forces and vice versa. In most cases where security and treatment do not get along, it is soon discovered by the inmates and they go to work agitating between the two and consequently discipline fails and the organization falls apart.

Most institutions are under-staffed due to many factors. Number One, every dollar that is spent is money out of the taxpayers' pockets, and Number Two, specialized or professional help is hard to get at the salary paid by the institutions. Therefore it becomes necessary for each and every officer to consider himself a part of the treatment program, and in most cases he can do a good job after he finds himself interested in his work.

In my opinion a penal institution is no place for a person to work who has no intention of cooperating with the many functions and operations of the institution.

The Information Please Almanac lists him as NBA high scorer (1389 points) for the 1946-1947 basketball season. Other records he held during his eight years in professional basketball include free throw and consecutive free throw records.

Fulks, now employed as a production supervisor at General Aniline Film Corporation in Calvert City, makes his home near Benton, Kentucky.

Anyone may subscribe to the CASTLE!

# FOR YOUR INFORMATION

## PATENT AND COPYRIGHT INFORMATION FOR THE INMATE INVENTOR

Furnished by

World Book Encyclopedia

Necessity may be the mother of invention, but its Big Daddy is the patent.

July 31 is the anniversary of the day when the first patent was issued in the United States. That was in 1790 -- little more than a year after the new government began operating. It was only a process for "making pot and pearl ashes," otherwise known as potash, reports World Book Encyclopedia, but so important was the event that President Washington himself signed the patent awarded to Samuel Hopkins, of Vermont. Endorsing the document was the then Secretary of State Jefferson, no mean gad-geteer himself, whose inventions include the swivel chair and the dumb-waiter.

Why all the fuss about the patent?

Statesmen before and after Washington have praised it as a spur to invention and hence, technological advance. And some observers have even credited it with the Western world's high standard of living.

A patent is simply a limited monopoly which secures to an inventor the fruits of his labor. For 17 years he has the exclusive right to make, sell, or use his invention. Of course, it may be a profitless 17 years ... if some part of his invention has been patented by an earlier inventor who refuses to let him use it. But at the end of that period, the invention becomes accessible to the public at large and scientific knowledge is increased.

Women began making their contributions to scientific knowledge as early as 1809, when Mary Kies was granted a patent for a method of weaving straw with silk or thread.

A few thousand patents later, a former Congressman from Illinois named Abraham Lincoln received one for a "Device for Bouying Vessels over Shoals." The device must have been a success, because Lincoln later declared appreciatively, "The Patent System added the fuel of interest to the fire of genius."

About this time, unfortunately, the fire of genius was just what the examiners were demanding proof of, before they would grant a patent. Inventors who la-

A U. S. Senator from Maine, who helped to improve the patent laws in 1836, received the first patent under the new system. The World Book Year Book reports that Senator John Ruggles was granted Patent No. 1 for his device "designed to give a multiplied tractive power to the locomotive and to prevent the evil of the sliding of the wheels."

bored long and hard over their creations but were unable to show that spark of "divine madness" were turned away, while less-than-brilliant tinkerers who might have stumbled onto an idea or a device by accident were rewarded. In 1952 Congress decided there weren't enough geniuses to go around and changed the patent laws.

The requirement, however, proved no obstacle to Mark Twain, who received three patents. In 1873 he was awarded one for "Mark Twain's Self-Pasting Scrapbook," a book of blank pages coated with gum or veneer. He sold 25,000 copies during the first royalty period, leading one writer to comment that this was "well enough for a book that did not contain a

single word that critics could praise or condemn."

Authority to grant patents and copyrights is given to Congress in Section 8 of the United States Constitution, which says that Congress shall have power to "Promote the Progress of Science and useful Arts, by securing for limited Times to Authors and Inventors the exclusive Right to their respective Writings and Discoveries."

Under present law, a patent may be issued for a term of 17 years to any person who has invented or discovered an art, machine, manufacture or composition of matter, or any improvement on any of these, provided the invention or discovery is both new and useful. Patents may also be granted for a new, original and ornamental design for an article of manufacture as well as for new varieties of plants.

A copyright, on the other hand, is granted to authors, musicians and artists to protect their original works. A copyright is good for 28 years and is renewable for an additional 28 year period, after which the material falls into the public domain.

Both the patent and the copyright gives to inventors, designers and artists the power to permit others to manufacture or reproduce their works on a royalty basis. For instance, the inventor of a new type of fishing reel, unable to bear the cost of manufacturing the item himself, could (and usually does) assign the patent to an established manufacturing concern, in return for a cash settlement or royalties on each unit produced, or both. Similarly, a writer may assign his copyright in a book to an established publishing house on a royalty basis ... although often the writer leaves the job of applying for the copyright to the publisher himself.

Although writers of stories, articles and books today feel secure in submitting material to magazines and publishing houses without taking the precaution of applying for a copyright, writers of

songs and song-poems often do not feel so safe in their rights.

Information about applying for a copyright is available from the Register of Copyrights, Library of Congress, Washington 25, D. C. Circular No. 35, which gives the required information, is free on request. The cost of copyright itself is \$4 for each individual work.

Applying for a patent is more complex, and probably a patent attorney should be engaged.

### A QUICK QUIZ FOR AND ABOUT INVENTORS

How much do you know about inventions and their history? For instance, how many inventions in Column A can you match up with their inventors in Column B? Our source: INFORMATION PLEASE

#### A: INVENTIONS

1. Adding Machine
2. Air brake
3. Kodak Camera
4. Cotton gin
5. Diesel Engine
6. Dynamite
7. Dynamo
8. Passenger elevator
9. Fountain pen
10. Vulcanizing
11. Sewing Machine
12. Thermometer
13. Pneumatic Tire
14. Typewriter
15. Military Tank

#### B: INVENTORS

- A. Alfred Nobel
- B. E. G. Otis
- C. Ch. Goodyear
- D. Wm. S. Burroughs
- E. Geo Eastman
- F. Michael Faraday
- G. Eli Whitney
- H. Elias Howe
- I. Sir Swinton
- J. C. Sholes, et al
- K. J. B. Dunlop
- L. Galileo
- M. L. E. Waterman
- N. Rudolf Diesel
- O. Geo. Westinghouse

#### ANSWERS

1-D, 2-O, 3-E, 4-G, 5-N, 6-A, 7-F, 8-B, 9-M, 10-C, 11-H, 12-L, 13-K, 14-J, 15-I

# EXCHANGE PAGE

By Harold Arnold

## OHIO PENTOWNERS SELLING MATERIAL REGULARLY TO PUBLISHERS -- Via OP NEWS

Stories, articles, puzzles, poems and songs flow from the pens of inmates at Ohio's State Penitentiary at Columbus, the walled city where famed convict-author O. Henry got his start, and dozens of the inmates sell their efforts more or less regularly, according to OP NEWS. More than a hundred stories and technical articles have been sold recently by the inmate writers, and a large share of the crossword puzzles in the commercial market originate in OP. Ohio is one of several states that allow prison inmates to submit material to publishers.

## PRINTSHOP IN WISCONSIN PRISON GETS EXPENSIVE NEW EQUIPMENT -- Via BAY BANNER

A Davidson offset press, a 14 by 18 inch camera for platemaking purposes, and other expensive modern equipment was added to the already impressive lineup of presses and other equipment available to the BAY BANNER, inmate publication of the prison at Green Bay, Wisconsin, it was announced recently.

## "GOVERNOR, CAN I GO OUT TONIGHT?" -- IOWA GOVERNOR GOES TO PEN - Via THE MENTOR

Remarking that he had wanted to make the trip for some time as he had been receiving up to 10 letters a day from inmates, Iowa Governor Harold Hughes sat down to interview personally as many inmates as possible in his limited time at the prison. Many of the men were lifers, as was one, a 15-year-old boy who was being kept in the prison hospital for obvious reasons. The boy, apparently bored with his shut-in status, asked the governor, "Hey, can I go out on the yard tonight?"

## REFORMATORY FIREFIGHTERS GET FIRE TO FIGHT -- Via PENDLETON REFLECTOR

An old fire engine used by the reformatory firefighters at the Indiana State Reformatory at Pendleton saw its first major action in years when a fire started in the prison's mattress factory.

More than \$12,000 worth of damage was done by the blaze, which burned 56,000 pounds of cotton and polyfoam.

## MASSACHUSETTS WOMEN PRISONERS GET NURSING TRAINING -- Via THE MENTOR

Each day, some 11 female prisoners at the Framingham, Massachusetts institution don special uniforms in their cells and drive off to put in a hard day's work at the state mental hospital. Believed to be unique, the training provided to these women provides them with a useful trade while it eases the shortage of personnel at the hospital. Commented one woman, "I came into the penitentiary without a future, and I've found something gratifying and I'm building a life on it."

# TALL

BY FLOYD "DAGO" RIIS

# TALES

That Mad Dog of Newport is in our midst again. After a brief trip to the Free World, a short stop at the nuthouse and a one-night stand at LaGrange, Ray C. has returned to the fold.

I forgot to ask Bobbie Jones whether or not he enjoyed his wee vacation, but he doesn't look any the worse for wear.

I hope the day I leave here Buck Penn's watch gets tangled up in the mangle. I politely offered to remove a spot of rust on the hairspring for him. I got the rust all right, but that one little spring became two. So I had to buy that toothless old man a new hairspring and balance wheel complete, all on the house ... while all the time he gives me that toothless grin!

Tippie Lewis has graciously offered to take me to old Mississippi. But in the same breath he used to invite me, he told me they'd run me out or hang me. One thing about it, Tippie old boy, we'll both be hanging on the same tree.

I used to think I was really a terrific salesman, but that was just what I thought. As of this writing, I haven't sold a single one of my marbles. They're very pretty marbles, too, and as my sign says (it was painted especially for the purpose), they're only \$1.29 each. Just goes to show you, there's at least one article no fool will buy. I did, of course, but I had to buy them, for I lost mine years ago.

Clarence Scott, may I offer you my sym-

pathy -- although I don't know how my sympathy will help you in Old Arkansas. Ugh! Why don't you just stay here, Clarence?

According to Jerry Pence, his Bulova 23 keeps perfect time. I believe Jerry is prevaricating a little, for I fixed it. Even if you do exaggerate a little, Jerry, keep sounding off; I believe you absolutely and I'll buy the ice cream.

Big Jimmy Reed was down on the diamond the other day exercising his pitching arm. Seems he wants to get in a little practice just in case Olive Oyl starts playing ball.

Eugene Robinson, that silent, dour, seldom-heard, baldheaded fellow was actually talking to B. J. the other day. I'll bet you can't get Gene to say a dozen words in one day -- right, Gene?

Billy Britches is still operating his thriving coffee stand at the same location. I asked several customers why they trade there. One and all said good coffee and the scenery were the reason.

Roy Love has decided to file a writ to have his last name changed. Does seem peculiar that a baldheaded, middleaged gorilla of a man with a protruding paunch should be called Love. I'll bet the finest doesn't agree.

Say, Kennie and Chuck, you know I met the July parole board, don't you? Well, by the time you read this, I'll be on my way to dear old Hazard. Ta-ta!

# DEPARTMENT REPORTS

## SCHOOL DAZE - Bill Wise & D. Trodglen

Since the last edition of the CASTLE we have gained two new teachers. G. W. Joines is now acting as typing instructor in our vocational typing class, and Earl Sumner has also been added to the staff. To these men we wish to offer a warm welcome as members of the faculty.

Also since the last issue of the CASTLE we have added a new vocational course to the number of classes offered by the ever-growing vocational training department of the prison's educational system. Auto mechanics training is now being offered for all who are interested. Men interested in the auto training course or any of the other training courses being offered may apply to Mr. Cowan, Supervisor of Education, or to Mr. Egbert, Vocational Instructor. Men who are qualified for these courses will be put on a list and placed in the classes as soon as a vacancy occurs. Paul Holland is the auto mechanics instructor.

James Jackson has taken his place on the faculty by becoming teacher of the barber science class. This is a part of the barber's school recently opened in the institution. With Jackson's help, A. D. Saylor, the barbering instructor, hopes to make barbers of some of the men of the institution.

Under the supervision of Mr. Cowan and Mr. Egbert, the following training programs are carried on here at KSP: Elementary school training (grades 1-8), 83 students; GED high-school training, 10 students; adult primary education, 5 enrolled; vocational training of various types, 65 enrolled. The overall training program includes 224 men.

We are also happy to see the faces of Dickie Brandenburg and Eugene Ferguson again on the academic faculty. Once a teacher, always a teacher, Dickie?

## CABINET SHOP - H. Hillyard, Shop Officer

Sorry about our failure to have a column in the last issue, but it was due to the negligence of this reporter and not the editorial staff of the magazine. We were so busy in the shop we failed to take time out to write.

We are sure all of you know about the death of Roy Carter, our janitor here in the shop for several years. Although Roy was getting on in years, he always managed to perform his duties well and was always good for a laugh, even at his own expense. He will be greatly missed by the personnel of the cabinet shop.

The cabinet-making crew has put the final touches to the solid-maple bedroom suite for Sargeant Stonev Parker. Five beautiful pieces of furniture, and something the whole shop was proud of, not to mention the pride displayed by Sargeant Parker when he saw it. It was quite an accomplishment for the crew, and a "well done!" to all concerned.

By the time this goes to press, surely Jack Ingram will know if he is going to LaGrange or not. He can talk of little else: that is, with one exception. Want to tell the readers what that other subject of conversation is, Jack?

We have a newcomer in the upholstering department, an ex-bartender who is trying to learn a new trade. He is Garland (Dick) Oliver, and so far he is doing a good job.

The upholsterers have just completed a seven-piece sectional couch, and they've put the word out that they are up to anything after that. The guard force took them at their word and now they're snowed under. The aisle to their section is stacked with work.

Leonard Gamm is our new spray man, and having a wonderful time with the steel

wool he buffs with. The steel sticks to him and he runs around scratching like a monkey with the heat. But he is good at his job and when he learns to get more varnish on the furniture than on himself, he'll be tops.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The cabinet shop won't mention it, but the magazine office owes Mr. Hillyard and the crew a vote of thanks for helping us and putting up with us while we were improvising some new equipment for our office. We're really grateful.)

#### LAUNDRY BITS -- Buck Penn

I would like to use most of this column to introduce our new laundry superintendent to the inmate body. As most of you know, Mr. T. W. Peek left us for another job, and we hear he is working every day. So to him we say good luck.

Our new laundry superintendent's name is Mr. L. C. McKenny. He is 37 years old, married, and the father of five children.

He was born in Caldwell County and spent most of his life in Kentucky. He pulled an eleven-year hitch in the U. S. Navy where -- not get this -- he was a laundryman First Class! All this machinery with the exception of the extractors we have in here, he has worked on from the little end. So he knows what's happening.

He knows the score other ways, too; he was a cop in Princeton, Kentucky for five years, and before coming here he was the chief of police in Dawson Springs, Kentucky. So don't try to con him. He knows all the angles. But he is really a nice guy, even if he was a cop!

Every time I start to tell him about some part or something not working right on the machinery, he tells me what the trouble is before I can finish, so maybe he will make a mechanic of me yet.

He really is a shot in the arm for the laundry. The guys are putting out their

work faster than before and everyone is cheerful now. It's safe to say the morale is really high in the laundry. So we say, Welcome Aboard, Mr. McKenny.

Most of the loose talk in the laundry centers around October first, the new law that's passed and the prison record meaning something now. As most of you who know me know, My prison record has been spotless for over three years now, and am I glad that I wised up, Now it's "What's out Front" that counts. Boy, I even feel short!

Kenny England moved up a notch. He now works on the guards' task. Even came up with an idea to keep the task straight. Good work, Kenny.

Listen, you guys who bring the sheets in to be washed -- if you hear a bell ring while you're counting your sheets, then duck! Lindsey "Popeye" Spaulding works here now, and the guy really is punchy. Someone hit him with a boxing glove a long, long time ago and he hasn't been right since.

There is a rumor going around on the yard that I have won a box of cigars from a certain fight fan every Saturday night. I have been smoking cigars every weekend for a long time! Has it been eight straight weeks, Dago? Surely no one could win that many bets unless he was betting someone who doesn't know too much about fights, huh? Anyway, I really enjoy the cigars. Thank you, Floyd.

Even our esteemed editor wants to know where I find these chumps who like to buy cigars. Try Four Shop, L. S. By the sign of the clock!

So long, guys. Keep that record clean.

---

WRITERS, TAKE NOTE: The CASTLE needs well-written short stories, articles, columns and poems. Material need not be typed, but must be original and fit to print. Deadline: the 15th of the month before publication.

# 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 28 -- Although the night was stifling hot, Paul, No. 1564, was wrapped and bundled up in a blanket and shivering as though in sub-zero temperatures. I discovered him thus when I made my rounds at midnight. He claims to have contracted the dread malaria fever during his service in the Civil War more than 21 years ago. The doctor has been prescribing dosages of bitters, called quinine, so I suppose there is some truth in this convict's story. Why a man like this is sent here I'll never understand. It would be much more humane to have him confined in a government hospital, where he belongs, and where he could receive prompt treatment for his ailment, especially since his crime results from chronic alcoholism which is a malady in itself that should cause grave concern and be given more than passing consideration.

AUGUST 29 -- For the past two nights Guard Crippen has reported to me that he has heard strange sounds such as would be made by digging and scraping stone or cement with a small metallic tool. The sound seems to come from the north end of the West Wing's third gallery. I respectfully suggest, sir, that you have the day guard examine carefully all cells in this area while the men are at work. Several life termers are locked in this section, and a little precaution now may save us from a worse situation later on.

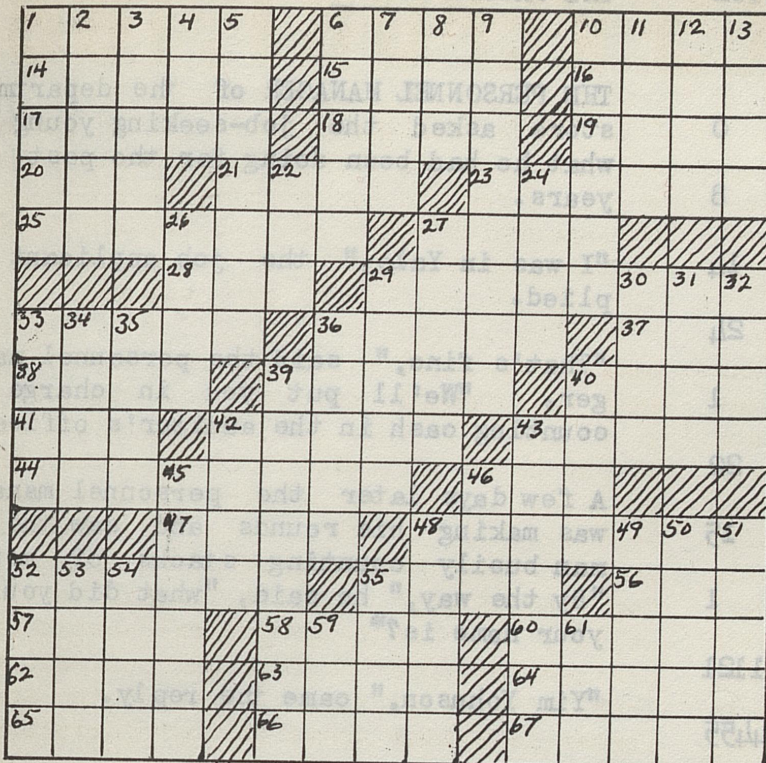
AUGUST 30 -- As this is Monday night I did not anticipate much disturbance, for the convicts were for the most part tired and worn out from starting another

week's work. It is usually on the weekends that trouble develops, for the convicts are idle then and have nothing to do but think up their peculiar brands of mischief. However, Guard Crippen has received information from a special source that Cavanaugh, No. 2270, has fashioned a key to fit all locks on his gallery and that a general break is plotted for the next night on which there is a heavy fog. I suspect the informer is making sport of Guard Crippen, or currying favor, for Cavanaugh has an excellent record thus far in every respect. Yet, neither can I afford to let such matters pass, for there is always a chance that there is some element of truth in such information. I had Cavanaugh strip to the skin and stand naked outside his cell and, although he protested this invasion of his privacy, I thoroughly searched for the key, even taking apart the bed and table and shaking out each article of clothing and blankets. I found no contraband nor anything in his cell, where amid grumbling he set to work to straighten up the mess caused by the search.

AUGUST 31 -- The convicts were noisy and restless throughout the night. An excessively hot and damp spell has brought about the usual complaints about bedbugs. I wish there was some sure way to rid the place of this pesky nuisance.

As weak an excuse as I've heard in many a moon has been given by Johnson, No. 2168, when he was reported by Guard Pelham for smoking. The reason he broke the rules, the convict averred, was to relieve a toothache. I have chalked him in to await your pleasure.





- 12. The two
- 13. Man's name
- 22. Dweller (Suffix)
- 24. Tepid
- 26. Futile
- 27. Vegetable
- 29. Praise
- 30. Demand notes (Coll.)
- 31. Story
- 32. French river
- 33. Grand
- 34. Cotton fabric
- 35. \_\_\_\_\_ O'Casey, author
- 36. Protection
- 39. Trod on
- 40. Street
- 42. Calla Lila
- 43. Maybe
- 45. Vestiges
- 46. Varnish ingred.
- 48. Social class
- 49. Each
- 50. S. American animal
- 51. Cubic meter
- 52. Political party (Abbr.)
- 53. Silkworm
- 54. Political
- 55. Man's name
- 59. Chopping tool
- 61. Rodent

ACROSS

- 1. Warms
- 6. Thin board
- 10. Ali \_\_\_\_\_
- 14. Start
- 15. Toy
- 16. Black (poetic)
- 17. \_\_\_\_\_ carnera
- 18. Scope
- 19. Severs
- 20. Vegetable container
- 21. Ritual
- 23. Bandage
- 25. Raise
- 27. Gem
- 28. Grow old
- 29. Vastness
- 33. Girl's name
- 36. Self-evident truth
- 37. Organization of American States (Abbr.)
- 38. Hammer head
- 39. Western mountain range
- 40. Reign
- 41. Girl's name
- 42. Light-bulb gas
- 43. One who acts
- 44. Jet stream
- 46. Pasture
- 47. Alcoholic drink (Pl.)

- 48. Persons who prepare wool
- 52. Leave
- 55. Every
- 56. Large tub
- 57. Man's name
- 58. Go south (slang)
- 60. Mountain ridge
- 62. Wee insect
- 63. Way out
- 64. Peeler
- 65. Utters
- 66. Take out (print.)
- 67. Mode

DOWN

- 1. Willie \_\_\_\_\_, Billiard master
- 2. Enter, as a school
- 3. Stage whisper
- 4. Temperature (Abbr.)
- 5. Place of safekeeping
- 6. Glide on ice
- 7. Italian coin
- 8. Consumed
- 9. Sugar measure
- 10. Bring to a halt
- 11. Sit next to

LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS

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

KENTUCKY STATE PENITENTIARY STATISTICS  
(July, 1963)

THE CASTLE LAUGHS

Escapes	0
Death Row	8
Admitted by Commitment	14
Transferred from KSR	24
Transferred to KSR	1
Released by Expiration	22
Released by Parole	15
Released by Death	1
Total Population	1121
High Number	24455
Low Number	5240

THE PERSONNEL MANAGER of the department store asked the job-seeking young man what he had been doing for the past few years.

"I was in Yale," the job applicant replied.

"That's fine," said the personnel manager. "We'll put you in charge of counting cash in the auditor's office."

A few days later the personnel manager was making his rounds and saw the new man busily counting stacks of money. "By the way," he said, "what did you say your name is?"

"Yim Yohnson," came the reply.

THE H-BOMB will never determine who is right -- only who is left!

MOVIES FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS

August 16	KID GALAHAD Elvis Presley and Lola Albright: Comedy
August 23	THE SPIRAL ROAD Rock Hudson & Gena Rowlands: Drama
August 30	IF A MAN ANSWERS Bobby Darin & Sandra Dee: Comedy
September 6	THE BROKEN LAND Kent Taylor & Dianna Darrin: Western
September 13	FIVE MILES TO MIDNIGHT Tony Perkins & Sophia Loren: Drama
September 20	MY SIX LOVERS Debbie Reynolds & Cliff Robertson: Comedy

AND THEY SAY some modern girls are like Easter eggs: painted on the outside, hard on the inside.

THE FISH, head freshly shaved, fingers black with fingerprint ink, was at last being issued his prison uniform at KSP's clothing room.

"How does it fit?" asked the inmate passing out the clothing.

"Well, the shirt is fine," replied the fish. "But don't you think the trousers are a little loose around the armpits?"

THEY SAY THE COMMUNIST PARTY has a fool-proof method of spotting U. S. undercover agents in their ranks. Seems the FBI agents are the only ones who can afford the dues!

THE DEVIL, they say, finds work for idle hands -- although wives usually beat him to it!

t  
n  
w

=  
f

r  
w  
r.  
y

ls

ke  
e,

rs  
st  
es

te

he  
rs  
s

l.  
r.  
he  
a

l.  
i

CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND  
Box 128  
Eddyville, Ky.



TO:

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