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Herbert Gilbert Black Reporter

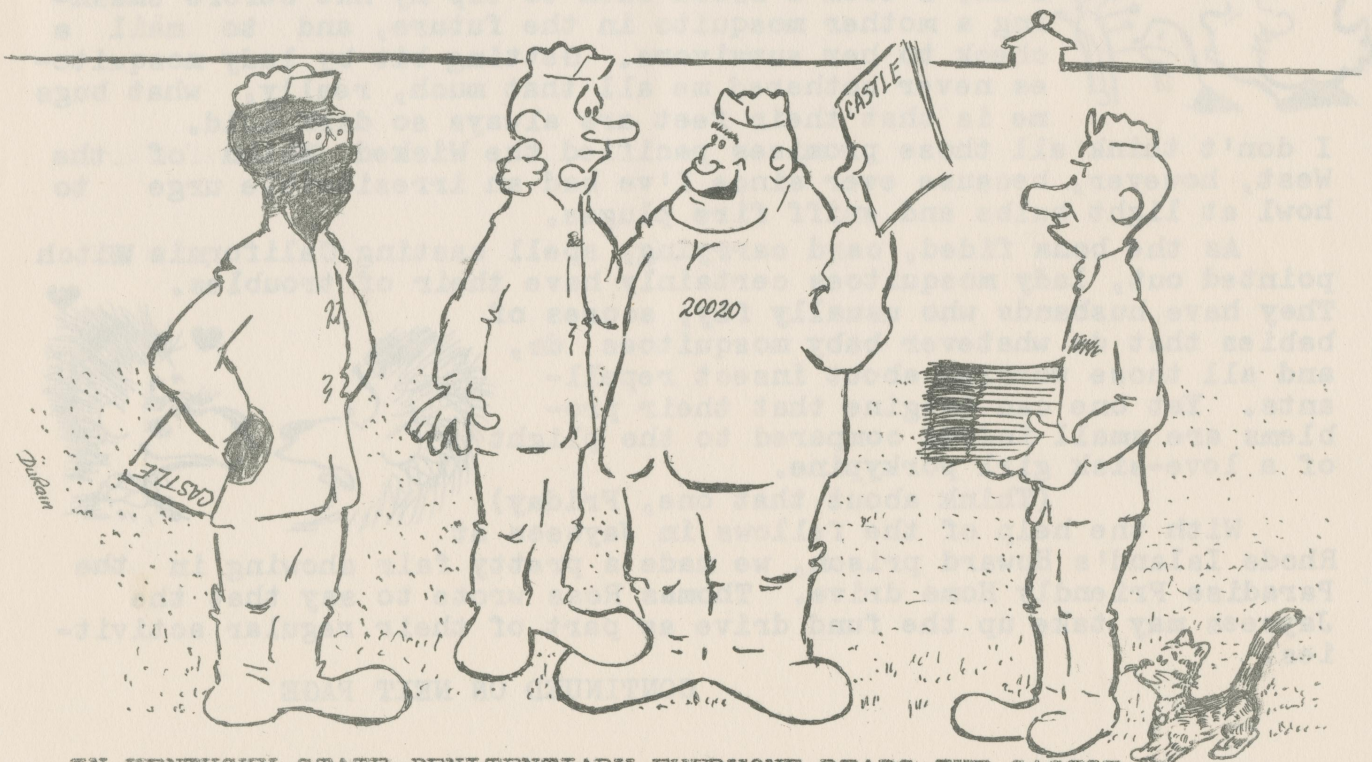
Bob Redmon Editor to be
Clifford Hall Press Oper.

Under the supervision of Mr. James R. Hubbard, CASTLE is an inmate canteen production.

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CASTLE is published by the inmates of the Kentucky State Penitentiary near Eddyville. The primary purpose of this publication is to promote a better understanding between the prisoners and interested persons outside. The views and comments contained herein do not reflect those of the Administration. Permission to reprint all material is granted provided the source is acknowledged. CASTLE is available to subscribers anywhere in the United States for \$2.00 a year. (except in areas where fraud is prohibited by law).

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IN KENTUCKY STATE PENITENTIARY EVERYONE READS THE CASTLE

From the Editor

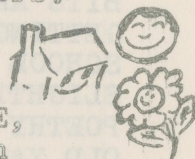
OR

What's a nice ding-a-ling like you,
doing in a mess like this?



Do you mind if I write this while laying down? It has been a rather trying period since the last issue of CASTLE was patted gently and sent on its merry way. Since then, I've received some odd mail, took a trip and wrote a good number of strange letters.

Digging through the CASTLE mail bag, I came upon one of the happiest letters I've ever read. Drawn on it was a happy little face, a happy little flower, and a happy little house - and the very definite statement; "HI CASTLE, I love you". This letter came from a collage professor in New Hampshire who also wanted to know if I ever listened to the snow fall. Welllllll, not lately.



Next came \$2.00 and a card from a nice old lady in Texas who said she would pray for us. The money was channeled into the Children's Home Fund, and, since turn-about is fair play where I came from, I dug out my beads and was about to put in a few good words for her to my patron saint.



Then along came Chief Yellow Hat, Mr. James R. Hubbard the CASTLE supervisor, with a card from a witch!!! --- A bona fided, card carrying, spell casting California Witch. She was real unhappy about my inclination toward swotting lady mosquitoes. Being the coward that I am, I took a blood oath to tip my hat before smashing a mother mosquito in the future, and to mail a check to her survivors. Getting bit by lady mosquitoes never bothered me all that much, really, what bugs me is that their feet are always so darn cold.

I don't think all those promises pacified the Wicked Witch of the West, however, because ever since I've had an irresistable urge to howl at light bulbs and sniff fire pluges.

As the bona fided, card carrying, spell casting California Witch pointed out, lady mosquitoes certainly have their of troubles. They have husbands who usually fly, scores of babies that do whatever baby mosquitoes do, and all those worries about insect repellants. Yet one can imagine that their problems are small indeed compared to the plight of a love-sick girl porkypine.



(Think about that one, Friday)

With the help of the fellows in Jaycees at Rhode Island's Howard prison, we made a pretty fair showing in the Paradise Friendly Home drive. Thomas Ross wrote to say that the Jaycees may take up the fund drive as part of their regular activities.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

The Paradise Friendly Home depends entirely for its existances on donations. It gets no state aide. The Churches of Christ and "friends" usually maintain the home well enough, but needless as it is to say, Mr. Les Murdock can use any sort of donation he can get.

It follows that Perry Joseph would get it in his head to solicit clothing, cooking utensils, and even furnishing. After his lead, we have become such firey collectors that one prison official was overheard saying, "We better keep and eye on those squirrels, or the next thing you know they'll have us sleeping on the couch."

Perry Joseph has worked on the fund raising drive for years, but started off this time by ordering those picture post cards of the prison. When they came, we didn't have a dime to pay for them. But, convicts being convicts, we soon hit upon a scheme and slipped the bill to Mr. Scillian, the prison's Chief Clerk. He took one lood at the \$168 dun, and shout-ed something like, "I'll fix the ceiling when I come down!"

Actually, we didn't understand exactly what he did say we were too busy dodging ash trays, paper weights, waste paper baskets and other assorted flying objects. I'm only kidding, of course, Mr. Scillian, as well as the whole prison staff have been just wonderful about it all. In fact Warden Wingo came to our aide with the money due.

Counselor William S. Cottringer was saddled with the job of driving Perry and I over to the Children's Home to deliver the bal-ance of the account. Mr. Cottringer had come to work that morning without his glasses, a small detail he neglected to mention until we were zipping along the narrow, winding road which leads from the prison to the highway.

Perry found a remedy for our problem. He perched on the back rest of the front seat and volunteered such information as "Do an eighteen degree right turn, now!" or "Gently three degrees left." Or better yet, "Simi-truck approaching at 2:00 O'clock - down hill speed!" All the while Mr. Cottringer kept asking, "DuRain, what the hell are you mumbling about?"

"Our father who art in heaven....."
 We stopped by Mr. Cottringer's place to pick up his glasses, when he discovered that he had also forgotten his house key. So there we were, not out of the Penitentiary 30 minutes, and braking into a house!

It was one of those warm, spring-like days. So we drove back to the prison by way of Murray State University. The girls were all out in their cute little minie skirts, and before Mr. Cottringer could drive through the town, Perry and I fell in love a total of 29 times.

When we got back to the prison, the final score was DuRain 16½, Joseph 15. Perry claims that I cheated because I fell in love with a fat waitress where we stopped for lunch. She counted one and a half. I am somewhat less discriminating than he.

Meanwhile, back at the CASTLE office, I found "MY PRISON" on the desk. The author bribed me with a dollar contribution to the Child- ren's Home. Later he had some second thoughts about ruining his tou- gh guy image, so I let him bribe me with another dollar contribution not to print his name. See page 19



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"MY PRISON" obviously derives from "Prison is a Place" which first appeared in the PRISON MIRROR on May 20, 1966. It has been plagiarized in one form or another around the penal press circuit throughout the United States because it strikes a responsive cord in the convict who reads it. I am not sure who the original author was, but for the purpose of an argument, I'll say it was Harley Sorensen, Minnesota State Prison at Stillwater. All of which I didn't learn until after it was cut into stencil and sent to the printer. Sorry about that.

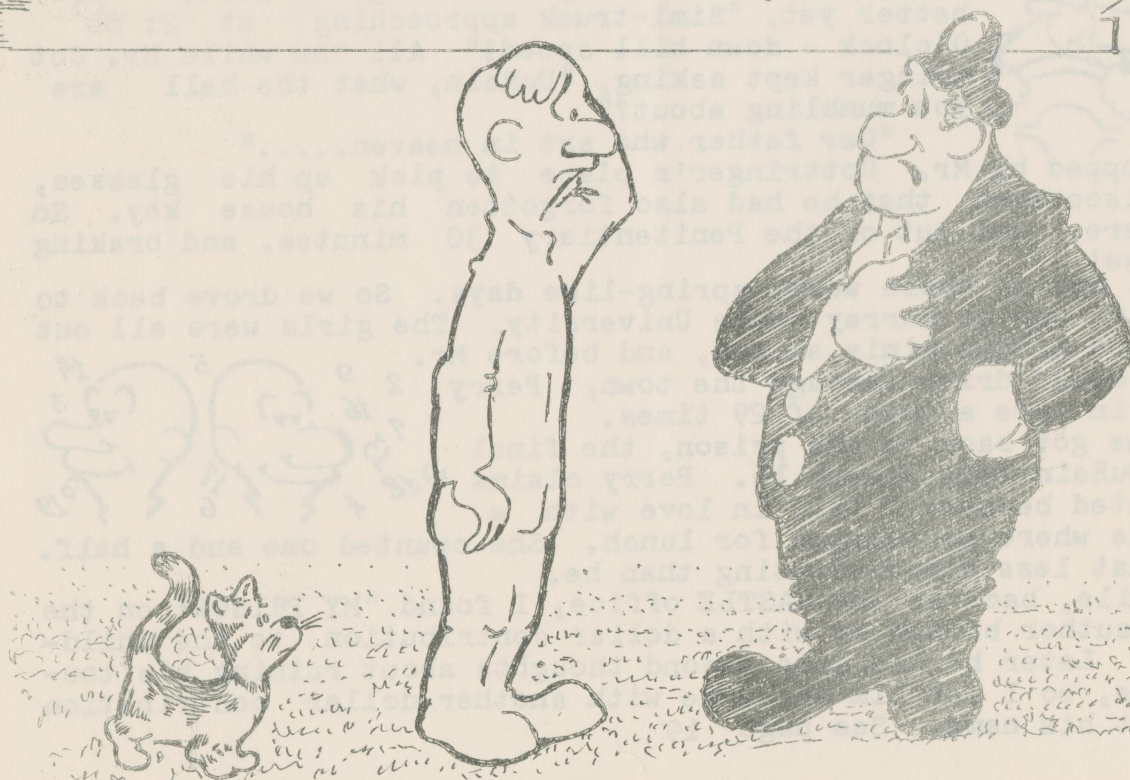
Herbert Gilbert got some favorable smoke signals from his last Black Report. The fellows in the Connecticut prison gave him a resounding "RIGHT ON". All of which had a rather strange effect on him or should I say brought out a characteristic unnoticed before. When Herb gets patted on the back - his head swells. See page 9

In dependant of the prison's Vocational Department is the new Electronics Classes. Ronald Phipps took an assignment to cover it after having his arm twisted. Ronald has written material for THE READER'S DIGEST and other publications, which makes him something of a celebrity around here. See DEPARTMENT OF SLIGHTLY USED GOSSIP.

Rex Fletcher, Editor of Oklahoma Prison's Eye-Opener, recently did a "Short History of Prisons" which was so good that I undertook to do a similar sketch for CASTLE readers. However, somewhere along the line I got so hopelessly entangled in research that there was no way to complete the thing by this issue. So I've worked up EDDYVILLE APPROACHES ITS 88th YEAR OF BUSINESS. See page. 21

Finally, to all the editors along the penal press circuit: introducing BOB REDMON. He will be the new editor of CASTLE starting with the next issue. This one was all ready in the works when BOB was assigned to bring the CASTLE staff up to two.

Chas DuRain



Good Lord!! All of these years I thought you were a headache.



Don't worry about the mule, just load the wagon

An Editorial Opinion:

Prison wardens, psychologists, socialologists, and in general, people in the know are agreed that only something around ten percent of the men in prisons are classified dangerous, and that the rest could safely be sent home today.

So why isn't something being done?

As the prisons stand today, they are little more than retaliation, designed to satisfy the people's indignation at those who offend their norms. Revenge, if you please.

The awesome price paid for this revenge is recidivism, and that is just a fancy word for the fact that more than half of the men who have been in prison are back within three years.

Before any real progress can be made, people will have to undergo some revolutionary changes in popular dogma as well as in the law. They will have to shake off the ideas that repression, legislative fulmination, and long prison sentences will solve everything.

The penal codes must be purged of long and irrationally punitive sentences. As one long-time convict has observed: "A lot of us are serving time because the world don't know what else to do with us."

The notions that corrections should entail punishment, repression, and deterrent has, if nothing else, proved to be a failure of greatest magnitude. It should be pointed toward reintegrating the offender into the social structure of his community. Parole should not be considered a privilege or a period of grace, bestowed only on a fortunate few, but rather a step forward in the total process of the reintegration of the offender.

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Supreme Court Justice Burger has repeatedly called for reform in the penal systems, and in the courts. As it stands now the court system either causes accused persons to be held in jail for long periods, or to be released on bond for equally long periods of time. Such a system either overloads prisons or frees those considered potentially dangerous, without as much as a side long glance at the problem which drove them into the hands of the law in the first place.

While the American public have become more concerned than ever about law and order in the last few years, the crime rate has soared 224 percent. This year alone, the American taxpayers will shell out one and a half billion dollars (\$1,500,000,000) to support a system which has never shown anything but failure.

It is long past time that the public demanded, and be willing to pay for, better and more intelligent programs to reintegrate those who are in prison back into their communities; and better laws and court systems to reduce the large number of men and women who don't belong in prison to begin with.

PENAL PRESS EXCHANGE

THE LUPARAR: Box 26 Windsor, Vermont, (05089): James J. Labor is the new editor on the circuit, and he puts out a well balanced mag. Try to include him on your mailing list.

SAN QUENTIN NEWS: Tamal Calif. Well hello Phil! We've missed you. Thanks for remembering us. We have some of your Alumni around here who like to keep up things around the old home-stead. Me too.

KALIEDOSCOPE: Niantic, Conn. Joan, dear, are you suffering from the heavy hand of censorship? Strong on girlie stuff: hearts, flowers, interpeace, and love. Drugs problem opinions glore. But very little about the happenings around the petite-coat prison.

H.O.C. NEWS REPORTER: Franklin, Wis. Hi again Paul. Would you believe that the cover came off again? And on the very next issue too! I didn't have the heart to ask you for another copy. The mule that brings the mail over from Eddyville township has developed a taste for your mag. That's pure flattery - he is very discriminating; wont touch a CASTLE.

REBSTIGEN, Horsens, Denmark: We quite, Kjaer. Your Danish Postmaster must have thought KENTUCKY sounded like something that belonged in Africa. He sent our copy to Edwardsville, Kenya. The Africian postmaster forwarded it on the KENTUCKY POST OFFICE, New South Wales, Australia. Possibly because he could read English, the Austie Postmaster circled our Zip Code and penciled in "Try U. S. of A." We got the thing 51 days, about 30,000 miles, and many cancelation stamps later, and still haven't found anyone who reads Danish, or Dutch, or whatever.

EXODUE, Quebec; Jacquo, mon cher - C'est plus qu'un crime, c'est une faute! I'm neither a Cajun nor a Canuck. I am a green eyed, red headed Velois-French (first generation Yankee)

SPECIAL NOTICE

I noticed a increase in the number of request for penal publications from collage students. CASTLE always sends them out, because if there is anything the corrections field needs right now, it's these bright, probing young minds. We strongly urge other editors to do the same.

Chas DuRain

SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE RIGHTS OF PRISONERS

In the last twenty years or so there have been in the Federal Courts a number of cases in which the litigants have been prisoners complaining of the treatment they receive in prison. Until 1970 almost all of these cases were lost. The Federal Courts have shown a passive reluctance to interfere in matters of basic concern to the administrative operation of a prison. The Federal Court have not seen it their duty to act as super-administrators of state and federal prisons.

However in the last few years, one who reads almost any newspaper or Federal Reporter can hardly help but notice that the courts are increasingly condemning conditions that do exist in many prisons around the United States.

The treatment a prisoner receives in prison is by far and large a very important factor because it defines one limit of the culture.

"The degree of civilization in a society can be judged by entering its prison."

Dostoevski - The House of the Dead

The total number of prisoners in the United States is relative small (about half a million), the number of people who are aware of the conditions of a prison are not small. Friends and members of the prisoners' families visit the inmate and learn of the conditions inside of the prison and they tell other friends who in turn relay information to their friends and neighbors. There are workers who contract work from Federal Government and they too learn of any inhumane treatment being handed out by prison administrators.

What does the citizen do who learns of some outrage on another human? He does nothing of course. For in reality what can he do? He is an ordinary human being with his own problems. He can do very little, so he accepts it as a part of life. In short his capacity of outrage on humanity subsides.

This passive outrage is an especially insidious disease because it feeds upon itself. If prisoners can be treated harshly, why can't other people who are considered undesirable, but who are not in prison, be treated the same way?

The problem is not a new one. Plato grappled with it in his "Republic". Unless society is prepared to accept the proposition that whoever in power chooses who the dregs are and how they are to be treated, with the entailing risk that what is done today may five years from now cause any one of us to suddenly be considered as the dregs. The alternative must be embraced - the alternative is that everyone be treated decently. Regardless.

In the past the man in the cold, dark, impersonal prison cell has been left at the mercy of the prison administration. It takes little insight into human nature to understand that no one should be left at the unfettered discretion of anyone.

Today, like some huge slumbering beast, the courts are slowly awaking and shaking off their impassiveness, and are noticing the plight of the lonely man in the cell and his impact upon his life and the rest of society. It is a healthy sign.

* * * * * Jerry K. Forbes * * * * *

Despaired by God, surely, prisons are the ugliest works of mankind.

cdr

BITS AND PIECES

In 1921 "Terrible" Tommy O'Connors escaped from the Cook County Illinois Jail just four days before he was scheduled to hang for killing a cop. Along with four other prisoners, he over-powered a guard scaled a twenty foot wall behind the jail and disappeared into the back allies of Chicago. He hasn't been seen since. Even though the state now has an electric chair for the death penalty, if Tommy were captured today he would be hanged because the court ordered it that way. "Terrible" Tommy O'Connors' 50 year old scaffold is still kept waiting in the basement of the Cook County Jail.

ABC NIGHTLY NEWS

YOU CAN'T WIN 'EM ALL

A Pennsylvania prison warden said that his inmate team may be forced to withdraw from the state chess tournament competition. The three member team dropped to two members when one inmate slipped away during the first meeting. At the second meeting, a second inmate team member disappeared. The warden's statement was considered superfluous since the prison will be without a chess team at all if they enter one more competition.

Penal Press Exchange

TOUGH LUCK DEPARTMENT

Stanley Brick was an inmate at one of Australia's minimum custody prisons and decided that he didn't like it there. So he hid under the hood of a truck and rode forty miles next to the hot engine. He emerged from his hiding place, nearly exhausted, to find himself in the center of the compound of Australia's Maximum security prison at Stillwater where the truck had gone to deliver its cargo of barkery goods. H.O.W. H.M.Prison, Queensland, Australia

ESCAPE PROOF?

After completing the construction of a jail on top a ten story building, the Miami Florida Sheriff's office announced that the new facility was escape proof. Even if a prisoner sawed out of the cell, sensory devises would snitch on him as he started down the side of the building. The first five floors below the jail were equipped with barred gates, all with different automatic locking systems operated from the ground floor. The very first three prisoners left on the very first night, and sure enough, they didn't go down the outer wall by means of a rope, nor through the gates - they took the elevator.

NBC Nightly News

CRIME BUSINESS PICKING UP

The English Police reported a rise in the number of arrest during the year just ending. They commented that it had been "A very good year for arresting the better class of criminal".

WRHA-FM Anna, Ill.



GETTING IT TOGETHER

PHASE II

First thanks to my Mother-in-law, Lola. Peace, Mom, I'm glad you got the message. Then to the Penal Press' "Weekly Scene" of Somers, Conn., on letting me know you fellows smoked over my article and I will get the unity and peace within. Thanks. And to answer the question of my wife, who makes this second part a must. Thanks for the idea. She asked was I Black Power and was I for the movement? I guess this same question is on the mind of many of our white readers. Let me answer with this: Black Power is a call for black people in this country to unite, to recognize their heritage, to define their own goals. The concept of black power rest on a fundamental premise. Before a group can have a movement and enter open society it must first close ranks. Our nation is moving toward two societies; one black, and one white - separate and unequal, segregation and poverty has created in the racial ghetto a destructive environment totally unknown to most white American's. The resistance to his demands raises in intensity and alarm, the forms it takes vary from the overt and barbaric murders and bombings to the more subtle innuendo of irritation and disparagement. Which brings on an old phenomenon, white resistance to the acceptance of the black as a human being. When blacks demand such status, he has to develop more effective techniques to obtain the status. Black Power means sharing of control and representation. It does not mean merely putting black faces into office; black visibility is not Black Power. Most black politicians around the country today are not examples of Black Power. The power must be that of a community. And it has to emanate from there.

Remember my first article, I said we as blacks fail to see the paronia of being like the Jones. So if we endorse the procedure of group solidarity and identity we don't have to strive for the same kind of end results obtained by white society. The ultimate values and goals are not domination or exploitation of other groups, but a effective share in total power of society.

Some have said that advocate's of Black Power is racists, that self identification and determination is Black Supermacy in reverse. "This is a deliberate and absurd lie, there is no analogy by any stretch of definition of imagination between the advocates of black power and white racists. The goal of the racists is to keep black people on the bottom, arbitrarily and dictatorially as they have done in this country over 400 years."

The goal of blacks is self determination and black self indentity. Black Power is full participation in decision making progress effecting the lives of black people and recognition of the virtues in themselves as black people. I would like to quote here, and I quote from "Soul on Ice:" "In America everything is owned ...until recently the blacks themselves were counted a part of somebody's private properity, along with the chickens and the goats, The black have not forgotten this, principle because they are still treated as if they are a part of someones inventory of assets - or perhaps in this day of rage against the cost of welfare, blacks are listed among the nations liabilities. On any account, blacks are in no position to help maintain the institution of private properity." What they want is to divert it to their own needs. This is what this is all about. This is the course of all brutality

I hope this article is enlightenment to my wife, Barbara, and the people. So like the late Rev. Martin L. King, we as blacks "Have a dream". I say that the day will come when white society will understand that blacks are not for non-existence in a co-existing world.

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And the harsh statements and revolts are not for a separate nation. But for equality so that a great nation can in union shout "Free at last, Free at last!!!" Great God Almighty, we are united at last!!!" Dig it black America! Dig it white America, can we live as one? Sure we can. When we say welcome to the United States, mean it. It's not Black America, and White America; if so, then change the name from United States of America to White and Black America and then we won't be lieing on our nation motto as well as the State of Kentucky. Get it together people we can do it.

Herbert "Motion" Gilbert



When the story of little Lesley Bennett's last Christmas appeared in a Louisville newspaper, the convicts of Eddyville came through with flying colors. Without so much as a second thought of ruining their tough convict image, they poured Christmas cards through the mail to Lesley. Mrs. Bennett replied with a message to Father Clemons:

"Father Clemons,

Dec. 13, 1971

This is in reply to the many, many cards Lesley has received from the men at Eddyville. Will you please print a thank-you note in the prison newspaper, if you have one, thanking the men for their wonderful cards. It is impossible for me to thank each one personally, for Lesley has received over 700 cards so far. I have been putting them up in her room. It's wall to wall cards. Larry Haag wrote a note with his card saying he would ask you to pray for Lesley. So I thought you would know how to handle a thank-you so everyone would hear or read about it. Enclosed is a picture of Lesley. If it can be used, feel free to do so. The cards mean so much to Lesley and to us. Thank you so very much for helping us say thank you.

The Bennetts
Lesley, Amanda
Lester & Jeanie"

(Lesley's picture is posted at the CASTLE office for anyone who wants to drop around and see it)

Is death the final sleep? No, it is more likely the final awakening.

cdr



SCHOOL ENROLLMENTS UP 94 PER CENT

Encluding an Adult Education Program at the Farm Dormitory, the latest school report shows a delightfully promising raise in interest in education among the inmates population. This is second only to the enthusiasm of the school staff. This enthusiasm is justified.

The results of the semester just past show that out of eighty-one inmate-students, seventy-five showed real progress - one with a 2.6 raise in grade level. An adult California test was employed - called the TABE TEST SYSTEM. In addition, there are 10 inmates waiting to take the G.E.D. test which requires a 10.5 grade level to qualify.

A new project underway is the Learning Lab. This project is made possible by a \$22,000 grant supplementing the educational programs here. Courses available will include English, Mathematics, and Reading.

There are three levels available, each related to the other, and all providing for the specific needs of the individual. Each student assigned to school will first be given a battery of test to determine his achievement level and his weaknesses. According to their abilities, each student will be properly placed and allowed to progress at his own rate from his starting level to the G.E.D. certificate, or, possibly to the Murray State College courses soon to be available.

The first level (Basic Education) will be designed in a laboratory setting, offering courses to enable the student to move through basic middle school education, or between fifth and eighth year. The Lab may be entered at any time the student becomes interested, but students assigned to this level will be required to take two hours per day, and one hour outside the Lab.

The second level (Intermediate) will serve two functions in the education system. It will first allow the student to improve in weak areas; and second expose him to new fields of study. Intermediate students will have an elective choice as well as an opportunity to strengthen his basic education.

The third level is the G.E.D. Lab and designed to prepare the student for that test. This will require the student to take one course other than his electives.

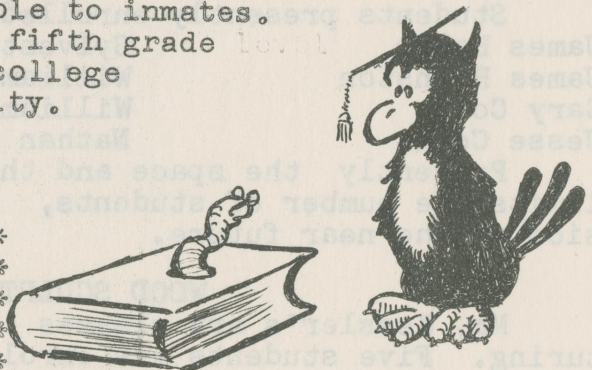
There are two other areas available to inmates. One for prisoners who score below the fifth grade level on the placement test, and the college courses from the Murray State University.

Bob Redmon

* * * * *

An educationed man is one who
can entertain a new idea,
entertain another person
and entertain himself.

cdr





THE DEPARTMENT OF



Slightly Used Gossip*

(FORMERLY K.S.P. NEWS)

For the benefit of our outside readers who are interested in the happenings around the prison yard, we shall continue what was formerly K.S.P. NEWS. However since the news is somewhat stale around the prison by the time we go to press we have decided to change the title of this column. Also, this change gives us a chance to work in a few of the unconfirmed, but persistent rumors. ed.

THE EDDYVILLE PROJECT

Recently the Madisonville area Vocational School brought to the Kentucky State Penitentiary a two year course in Radio & T.V. Repair. This new program was christened the Eddyville Project and is under close supervision by Mr. Bill Bleier, Instructor. Mr Bleier discussed at length the goals sought, the philosophy, and what this project should do for the participating inmates.

"Our intention is to provide the above average student with means to become a first class technician, while facilitating in depth study at lower levels of the trade for those slower in learning, so that no student need spend his time without bettering his future potential as a self-supporting, tax-paying, self-respecting citizen." Mr. Bleier says.

There are eight major blocks which make up the entire course. BASIC ELECTRICITY, BASIC ELECTRONICS, BASIC TRANSISTOR THEORY, BASIC RADIO REPAIR, BASIC B&W T.V. REPAIR, BASIC COLOR T.V. REPAIR, ADVANCED B&W T.V. REPAIR, and ADVANCED COLOR T.V. REPAIR. Upon completion of the course a student has 2640 hours of Theory in Radio and T.V. Repair and is awarded a diploma.

It is felt the Eddyville Project will be a success because each student voluntarily enrolls and he is permitted to advance at his own pace. In addition, the textbooks are adapted to fit the individual needs of the student.

Students presently enrolled are:

James Baker	Sylvester Thomas	Edward Parker
James Bronston	William Haskins	Arnold Taylor
Gary Cole	William Gibson	Jack Williams
Jesse Combs	Nathan Gibbons	Doyle Geary

Presently the space and the relative newness of the Project limits the number of students, however there could be an expansion in the near future.

WOOD SCULPTURE CLASSES

Mr. Kessler's art classes now has a new addition; Wood sculpturing. Five students are enrolled in this class, while seven other inmates are busy with regular art classes. Mr. Kessler brought a piece of cedar from home which the sculpture students are making ornamental things from. Plans for expanding the class into sort of a hobby crafts part of the art classes are in the works. The art class progress can be viewed at the Library.

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LEGAL ASSISTANCE DEPARTMENT

With an eye toward discouraging the flood of flivulous, repetitious, and poorly prepared writs, the prison administration has opened a legal assistance office at the Educational Department. Mr. Walker, the acting school superintendent, has an inmate staff of two typist and a researcher to handle any legitimate claim a prisoner may have. To futher convenience those with legal action pending, Mr. Walker will notarize legal papers, see to it that they are correctly mailed and recieve legal mail from the mail office.

In addition to supplementary legal pamphlets purchased by the state, the legal assistance department may soon get a supply of books donated by the University of Kentucky's Law School.

THE GREAT RAISIN MYSTERY

Certainly no one who has been near the messhall lately has failed to notice the constant flow of raisins. We get boiled raisin for breakfast, raisin pudding for lunch, and raisin pie for supper. All of this sudden interest in the fruit has raised the wonder of where they came from. And of course, there's many theories as convicts to promote them. Out of all those notions, only two seem to have any merit.

First of these is that Doctor Salb demanded that some iron rich food be added to the diet. This seems roughly correct when one considers that the medic has carried on an endless fight to overcome the anemia among the inmate population. However, Doc could not be reached to confirm or deny this part of the popular opinion.

Second, and most probable idea is that some convict clerk got a yarning for some "Raisin Jack" (a sort of prison beer) and ordered a truck load of raisins hoping to steal enough to realize his dream. There is some evidence to support this theory. Old Yard Kat reports that shortly after the load of raisins came into the prison, he saw guards carrying about 1100 pounds toward the kitchen. They were coming from the direction of the Boiler Room.

SNOOT BOOT MARKET FAILS

One enterprising inmate from the prison's garment factory got an idea for overcoming those cherry red noses so familiar around the yard during the winter. He designed and manufactured scores of warm little bags to keep noses from getting cold, with convenient elastic head bands to hold them in place. But at this writing, no severe winter weather has developed, and it appears that the anonymous would be tycoon has lost both his \$8.00 investment and his chances to corner the Snoot-Boot Market.

Everyone admires a good loser - except the law.

Ugliness is surly only a point of view: A prison must look wonderful to the reformer.

POETRY

"ALICE MARIE"

Life behind these prison walls,
Would get the best of me;
If not for my precious wife,
My beautiful "Alice Marie."

I was wrong in what I done,
But I was made to see;
That paying for my wrongs,
Would keep my "Alice Marie."

Nothing, not even Hell itself,
Could get the best of me;
As long as I have my precious wife,
My beautiful "Alice Marie."

My Alice Marie will always be,
Worth what-ever I go through;
For I know her love for me,
Is deep, sincere and true.

I know when my time here is done,
I'll walk out that gate and I'll see;
That lovely, smiling face,
Of my beautiful "Alice Marie."

Bob Redmon

HOMEWARD BOUND

After my daily work is through,
I make my way toward home;
With keen anticipation,
I seek out my portal dome.

Wasting not a moment,
I go to the one I love;
Matters not if there be snow,
Or rainfall from above.

Mine is a joyful journey,
Each mile a pleasant task.
Heaven on earth awaits me,
What more could I ask.

Tender is my loving wife,
Her kiss so warm and sweet;
And her deep understanding,
Makes it all complete.

Bob Redmon

THE QUIETNESS OF THE NIGHT

The stars were a beautiful sight,
And the moon gave a yellow light.
Not far from me stood, a log cabin very old,
To me, about Kentucky, many stories it had told.

Life can be wrong, life can be right,
But this was something special about this night.
Something that made life right,
The quietness of the night.

As I sat on the hillside all alone,
I saw this was God's kingdom and who had a right,
to claim or own.
Then in the quietness of the night,
The wild animals started to sing to me,
If to say we were born to be free.

Then a small deer ran slowly pass my feet,
If to say in life don't you be defeated.
All over me came this beautiful feeling
from head to toe,
To understand you would have to be a loser in life
to really know.

In life sometime we are blind and can't see,
If when losers, we want to be.
In the quietness of the night, many things
about myself, I began to realize,
To be a winner in life not once did I try.

One side of life is all I ever wanted to see,
I wasn't born in prison or jail, I was born free.
As I sat on the hillside in the quietness of the night,
Then the moon was gone and the day gave its light.
For once in my life I was glad to see the night go
and the day come.

With happiness and joy I began to hum,
As I walked down the road and into the city,
I had so much happiness and no self-pity.

The quietness of the night showed me right from wrong,
The road in life is hard and long.
In life a challenge has come to me,
No prisons, no jails, to prove I was born free.

James Bradley Jr.

Convicts are very much like ink blotters; They manage to absorb
a great deal, but get everything backwards.



FROM THE RAMBLINGS OF

Old Yard Kat

Cats have trouble enough collecting news around a penitentiary without having a stupid dog for an editor. The ding-a-ling tried to get cute with an elf and a witch, who promptly slapped a hex on him, so now each time a cat gets near the CASTLE office he chases them up on the rafters. I finally got my report handed to Bob Redman, the CASTLE's soon to be editor, while the so called acting editor was busy scratching his fleas.

During the Christmas season many a little jewel of wisdom dropped around where a wondering cat might pick it up, but probably the very best pun to describe the Yule Tide in prison was this: "Christmas is the season when you lay awake until 2 O'clock in the morning listening to some yap's radio playing "Silent Night".

Another little cutie was over heard while hanging around the mess hall door (hoping for a handout). "I don't think I'd mind being replaced by automation."

A good number of sparkling tidbits of wisdom filled the air around this joint. Over at the back gate, two convicts were overheard chopping up a known stool pigeon who was obviously looking for a way to turn in his report. "Don't worry about him - he could tell everything he knows in two minutes."

Old pops is 76 years old, and still has eyes for the girls. He has a collection of girlie pictures that turns most of the younger convicts green. Reflecting on all this one citizen was overhear saying, "Dogs chase cars too, but they probably can't drive."

Out on the loop (a circular road which rounds the prison) this gem was overheard: "I've never killed a man with malice; but I've read a few obituaries with pleasure."

A guy in # 1 Cellhouse bought himself "A very respectable American made, G. E. electric alarm clock." Trouble is that it keeps going off at 6 A.M. Tokyo time.

Convicts have a way of forgetting what got them into prison, and are quick to blame anyone who is handy for their troubles. It seems poetic that a sign over the counselors' door would read: "The best way to get a load off you mind is to discard your halo."

And, finally, back at the CASTLE office, I heard DuRain giving Bob Redman this little fatherly advise: "To be on the safe side, the best policy you can use is just never mention politics at all, because political jokes have a way of getting appointed to the Parole Board."

Old Yard Kat



A sense of humor reflects the sunshine of you mind, and the harmony of your soul. cdr

NP UNIT

Here at Kentucky State Penitentiary, we recently had a group of Specialists from the Department of Mental Health, take over the operation and the care of the patients of our Psychiatric Ward. (N.P.Unit) This group of Specialists consist of one psychiatrist, one psychologist, and three Physiscal Therapists.

The ward has been functioning since March 1971, when two walks of cells in No. 3 Cellhouse were partitioned off from the rest of the cellblock and remodeled to form a modern therapy center. Air-Conditioning was installed and T.V.'s were mounted at both ends of each walk. The cells were remodeled and refurnished to create an atmosphere the patients could feel more relaxed in.

Since the operation began, last March, we have had a psychiatrist come in once a week for consultation and inmate personnel with very little experience were assigned to care for the patients. So as you can see we have been badly in need of trained personnel since we began the operation to try to help the mentally ill here at K.S.P.

The new group of specialists are planning to have more remodeling done and other needed equipment installed in the near future. In a short time they will be able to provide all the necessary Physiscal Therapy and Psychiatric treatment the individual patient may require.

Both the administration and the inmates, of Kentucky State Penitentiary, welcome these specialists and feel that a giant step has been taken in improving the conditions and operation of the prison.

Bob Redmon

TELEVISION OLD HAT AT EDDYVILLE

We have recently noticed that some prisons around the country allowing, for the first time, radios, steros, televisions and other electric appliances. Other prison editors have expressed outright disbelief that such fortune could ever befall a convict. Indeed, some of the so called advanced prison systems appear to be just now emerging from the dark ages sure enough.

Kentucky Penitentiary has allowed radioes for as long as anyone can remember. Televisions were permitted in 1956, and there are presently about 400 sets in the 4 cellhouses, to say nothing of about 650 radios. Other electric appliances include fans which are a necessary in the summer, immersion heater for heating water for instant coffee, and other odds and ends - such as record players, vibraters, etc.

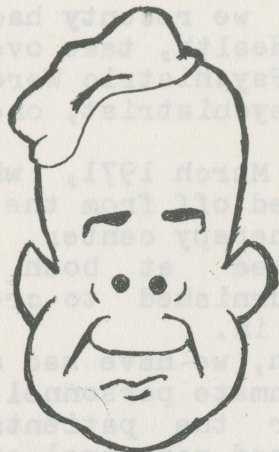
Available to radio listeners are about 28 FM stations within easy range of the prison. Two of these stations broadcast continuous stereo music. The AM band is not popular because of TV interference.

There are five TV stations in a fifty mile radius which makes for good viewing. Four of the five stations carry network programs: ABC from Harrisburg, Ill. CBS from Cape Girardeau, Mo. NBC from Paducah, Ky. and PBS from Murray-Mayfield transmitters. Paducah also has a popular independ station which broadcast more than thirty movies weekly. Other stations are available from Nashville, and St. Louis, but they are network facilities featuring the same programs as the local stations present.

THE PARADOX OF CRIME

It is consider lowly to steal a purse, daring to steal a million, and proof of greatness to steal a crown. The blame diminishes as the guilt increases. cdr

**THE
FACES
WE
WEAR
IN
PRISON:**



COMPOSURE: good for keeping guards thinking that we are not into any mischief.



DISCOURAGEMENT: Usually worn when we get another another four year flop from parole.



SURPRISE: worn exclusively when an extra ration is found on the diner tray.



SMILE: recommended for driving guards nuts (trying to figure out what we're up to).



SUSPICION: good for turning off those long-winded war stories (lies)



ANGER: mostly in vogue, and excellent for all occasions not otherwise covered.

Duram

MY PRISON

PRISON is a place where you write letters and cannot think of anything to say. Where you gradually write fewer letters and then finally stop writing altogether.

PRISON is a place where hope springs eternal: Where each Parole Board appearance means a chance to get out; even as the odds are hopelessly against you.

PRISON is a place where the flame in every man burns low, sometimes it flashes brightly, but for most it only flickers weakly, never quite going out, and never quite burning as brightly as it once did: But for some it goes out forever.

PRISON is a place where you find gray hairs in your head, or where you find your hair starting to disappear. It's a place where you get false teeth, stronger glasses, and aches and pains you never felt before. It is a place where you get old and worry about it.

PRISON is a place where you lose respect for the law because you see it raw and naked, twisted and bent, ignored and blown out of proportion to suit the people who enforce it.

PRISON is a place where you are smarter than the Parole Board because you know which guys will go straight and which won't. You are wrong just as often as the Parole Board Members; but you never admit it -- neither do they.

PRISON is a place where you wait for a visit that was promised. When it doesn't come, you worry about a car accident. Then you find out the reason your visitors didn't come; and you are glad because such a little thing could keep them from coming to see you.

PRISON is a place where you hate through clenched teeth, where you want to beat, kick and scratch and you wonder if your psychologists know what they are talking about when they say you actually hate your self.

PRISON is a place where you learn that nobody needs you, and that the world outside goes on without you.

PRISON is a place where you can go for months without hearing a kind word, or feeling the touch of a human hand. It is a place where friendships are shallow, and you know it.

PRISON is a place where you hear about a friend's divorce, and you didn't even know he was married. It is a place where you hear about your neighbors' children graduating from school, and you thought that they hadn't started yet.

PRISON is a place where you feel sorry for yourself. Then you get disgusted with yourself for feeling sorry for yourself, then you get mad for feeling disgusted and then try to mentally change the subject.

PRISON is a place where you can go to bed before you are tried, where you pull the blanket over your head when you're not cold. It is a place where you escape by reading, by playing cards, by dreaming, or by just simply going mad.

Submitted by R.G.S.

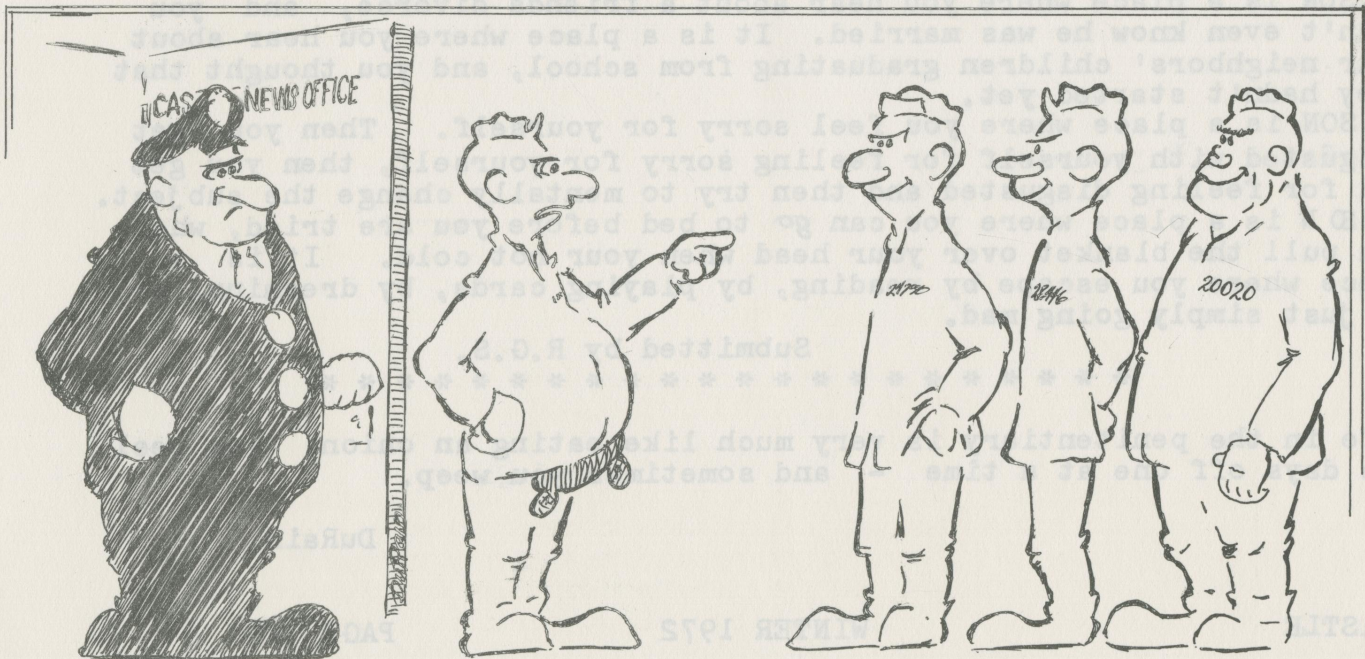
Life in the penitentiary is very much like eating an onion; you peel the days off one at a time - and sometimes you weep.

DuRain

CONVICT'S TEN COMMANDMENTS

- I Thou shalt not stick thine nose into the business of others, lest thy person be bruised by the blows from thy fellow convicts.
- II Thou shalt not snitch on thy fellow convicts, lest thee be scorned all the days thee dwell herein.
- III Thou shalt not steal from thy fellow convicts, lest thee awake some morning and find thyself stripped of all worldly goods.
- IV Thou shalt not cry "Bum Rap", lest thee be shunned by thy fellow convicts like the plague.
- V Thou shalt not fail to repay debts, lest thee wake up in a dark corner with painful knots upon thy brow.
- VI Thou shalt not tarry from thy allotted task, lest thee find thyself before the Disciplinary Board.
- VII Thou shalt not violate the rules and regulations of this joint, lest thee miss the warm sunshine upon thy head.
- VIII Thou shalt not complain of the mess, lest thee be frowned upon by the prison staff.
- IX Thou shalt not invoke the wrath of thy supervisors, lest thine face be missed around the yard.
- X Thou shalt not refuse these commendments, lest thee hear of it among the reasons for deferments from parole.

AMAN



EDDYVILLE PRISON APPROACHES ITS 88TH YEAR OF BUSINESS

Although life behind these cold gray walls is always dull, routine, and strictly regimented - often sprinkled with discontent and pain - the prison has carried its age well. This year will mark the 88th year Kentucky State Penitentiary has been in business. For most of those years it stood frowning down upon the narrow, winding Cumberland River; now replaced by placid Lake Barkley.

The prison once grimly asserted itself on a bluff slightly above the township of Eddyville. Now it is on a piece of land which is almost a peninsula that overlooks water where people come to fish and frolic. The old town of Eddyville has moved about six miles away. Where it stood is now a part of the state park system, complete with boat docks reaching over where the streets once were.

This prison is about all that is left of what was once the county seat of Lyon County - an old timer in history of this area. It sits much the same as it always has, brooding and reflecting the agony of the penned-up men it contains. To those on the inside, one day is no different from the next. Years pass unnoticed. Confinement is bitter, seemingly endless, and no one on the outside can quite reflect the true "inside".

It has been this way for 88 years. The prison's history started in 1880. The Civil War was still a vivid, stirring memory when three men met on a hill overlooking the Cumberland River. The men paced off the site of the present structure which, to nearly everyone, almost everywhere, still seems dark and dismal. The men were Judge Richard Stanton of Mason County, Judge William Beckner of Clark County, and General H. B. Lyon of Lyon County, a Civil War hero.

These three were charged with making arrangements for design and location of a maximum security prison in Western Kentucky. During the election campaign of Dr. Luke P. Blackburn prisons were a scandalous issue. So on April 7, 1880, the Kentucky General Assembly introduced and passed a bill to provide for the construction of this prison at Eddyville. This included a provision for the purchase of not less than 200 acres and not more than 600 acres.

The legislatures voted appropriations of \$150,000 for the new prison. Stipulations called for eight acres to be encircled by walls, not to exceed 25 feet in height. A minimum of 500 cells were included in the original design which was constructed by prison labor under state supervision. The site at Eddyville was selected by the three man commission because of its accessibility from Western Kentucky counties, and because of its out of the way location.

The final site picked at Eddyville covered 87 acres; the land was bought from citizens for \$4,000. The townpeople, anxious to have the prison, donated \$1,400 of the amount. The belated construction was begun in 1884. It was the first year of the administration of Gov. Proctor Knott.

As the reader might well imagine, there is a substantial gap in records up to this point. But the first official record is that of the appointment of the first warden, Louis Curry, in 1888. It seems likely that the prison operated under some unofficial appointment since prisoners were transferred from the old Frankfort prison long before that date.

Previously, someone had erroneously recorded that Eddyville prison was copied from the plans of Illinois' Joliet-Statesville prison. The only explanation for such an error is very slopy research, since that Illinois prison is built on the design of the Pennsylvania System which employs a circular cellblock. Eddyville has inside cell blocks with cells standing back to back in tiers five stories high.

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It was built almost identical to the old Eastern Kentucky Penitentiary at Frankfort, which was taken from the Auburn System.

The only possible exception in design are three high stone arches towering perhaps fifty feet above the base level. One in each of the three original cellhouses. These arches are something of a mystery in themselves since neither has a Key Stone. They just stand there defying any probable explanation for their design.

Another questionable legend is that one building already stood on the prison site. The old hospital which was torn down in 1967, was a place where countless forgotten and hopeless men died. Some believe that the old hospital building was once the residence of Gen. Lyons. However when the place was dismantled, a beam uncovered had the inscription "W. B. Brindley, March 20th, 1890." Now hanging in the CASTLE office, it implies that the old hospital was not built until six years after known construction on the prison was begun.

Henry F. Smith succeeded Louis Curry in 1896, and was himself replaced as warden in 1901 by Henry T. Hagerman. During his term the first of 166 legal electrocutions was held at Eddyville. On July 8th 1911, a young black from Marion County, James Buckner, became the first man to face the squat, grim electric chair. Buckner's walk was a short one - perhaps less than 30 feet. The old annex, now torn down, housed both death row and the chair.

Four others were to "ride the humming bird" in Kentucky's new electric chair before Warden Hagerman left office in July of the following year. Even after the introduction of the chair, public hangings were carried out in the counties around this state. The last was a negro named Montjoy, who was hung on the court house square in Covington, Kenton County, as late as 1939.

During the term of Warden John B. Chilton, 1912 to 1929, the legend of the Red Death was formulated. In July of 1923 a trio had guns smuggled into the prison and systematically began a tour around the yard searching for certain guards who had incurred their animosity. They hunted down and murdered three of the officers and fellow inmates, but fail to crash the front gate, their ultimate aim.

With hatred born of desperation they barricade themselves in the old dining room (long since tore down) and for three days withstood a continuous hail of gun fire from prison guards and a detachment of National Guard troops which had been ordered in by Governor Morrow.

Fear and apprehension had the eyes of the state focused on the Eddyville prison. On the final day, officials noted less frequency in the return fire from the old dining room. Then came a lull of strange silence for a few moments, and three final shots rang out, deliberately timed ... then a tomb-like stillness.

Late in the afternoon of that day a scouting party ventured into the dining room and found three bodies laying in a pond of their own blood. They had made it out the hard way - a double murder, and a suicide!

Warden J. B. Chilton was succeeded by L. R. Gumm who served as warden until 1932. On July 13, 1929, starting at 12:24 A.M. and continuing through the time periods noted: 12:46 A.M., 1:00 A.M., 1:13 A.M., 1:58 A.M., 2:12 A.M., and 2:22 A.M. seven men were electrocuted which stands as a record for the Grim Reaper at Eddyville.

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Between 1932 and 1935 Tom Logan was warden of the prison. The green doored death chamber fairly bustled with activity as twenty-one "went down." Warden Logan did not attend a single one of the grim sessions, neither would he certify for the court records that the judgment had been carried out!

"Big" Jess Buchanan became warden in 1935. Hewas a towering ex-sheriff with a course demeanor. While he was warden the state built No. 5 Cellhouse adding 576 badly needed new cells. Unlike the older cellhouses, "Big 5" cells stand face to face with a window in the rear.

It was Buchanan's deputy warden, a cruel and merciless person named Steve, who is credited with starting the riots of 1952. With brutality and starvation he drove the convicts to mutiny. Following Eddyville's lead, 20 other prisons all over the country erupted.

In 1955 A. B. "Happy" Chandler was elected for a second term as Governor of Kentucky, and Eddyville got M. W. "Chuck" Thomas as its new warden. He completely remodeled No. 3 Cellhouse, installed modern plumbing and updated the electrical wiring in the other two old cellblocks. Thomas allowed the inmates to buy television sets, and, in addition to landscaping the entire prison, he helped the convicts convert an old water reservoir into a swimming pool. By that means, Eddyville became the first maximum security prison in the world to have its own swimming pool, possibly the only one.

In 1960 Bert T. Combs occupied State House NO. One as Governor and "Big Bill" Jones of Princeton replaced Chuck Thomas as warden. Jones died only a year later and was succeeded by Luther Thomas of Cadiz.

Under Luther Thomas the last execution in Kentucky took place. Kelly Moss of Henderson died in the new death chamber, which sits in an area shielded from the press and other onlookers by a one-way mirror. The visitors can see in, but the condemned man, all alone, can not see the faces of the witnesses.

The prison's ultra modern school building and gym, constructed partially with bricks from the old Eddyville township schoolhouse, is named for Luther Thomas. He gave all his spare time to the school program.

1964 saw the introduction of the first professional warden; as opposed to the political appointees. John Will Wingo came to the State Penitentiary by way of 23 years in the federal prison system, and drawing on those years of experience, waded into programs never before dreamed of. Principally he shifted the emphases from punishment to corrections and treatment of the prison's inhabitants.

Warden Wingo expanded the farm and built farm dormitories for minimum security prisoners, built a new slaughterhouse and brought in trained personel to manage the complex. Inside the prison, he remodeled the chapel, the culinary department and dining room, built a modern new medical clinic, and a new clothing house, to say nothing of a vast expansion of the prison industries.

More importantly to the tax-paying citizens of Kentucky, Warden Wingo, introduced a competent treatment staff. By that means, he bridged the forbidden ground between convicts and prison staff. Today hardly a single inmate would have second thoughts about talking to his counselor, whereas in the days of yesteryear any contact with the prison staff was considered a violation of the cardinal sin.

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The treatment staff did away with all the old "Micky Mouse" rules, and closed the "hole" completely. Actually, solitary confinement had long since been considered useless by proficient prison administrators, but for the want of some other device to maintain discipline, solitary was used. Convicts have always looked at "Maggie's" with sort of a sarcastic humor.

Records of an historical nature do not afford much ground to work with. Most of the old records were cleaned out in 1955, when as irony would have it, your chronologer helped overhaul the count system. About the only record remaining is the "Death Book". Now tattered and worn, it reflects that the early causes of death were chiefly from galloping consumption, syphillis, typhoid fever, and a few questionable causes.

The population of Eddyville prison has ebbed and flowed from 300 in 1888 to an all time peak of 1508 in October of 1939. The population range for selected years are: 1901 - 500; 1919 - 492; 1921 - 428; 1923 - 521; 1924 - 647; 1925 - 565; 1927 - 636; 1929 - 979; 1936 - 1354; 1941 - 1479; 1943 - 1128; 1948 - 1057; 1952 - 962; 1963 - 1136; 1959 - 1151; today 1146.

This year Kentucky State Penitentiary will celebrate its 88th year of continuous business. It has carried its age well. Beneath No. 2 Cellblock there is a tunnel where three dungeon-like niches with heavy ring bolts imbedded in the stone flagging. There prisoners were chained and left in the inky darkness, sometimes for weeks. While these dungeons have long since been abandoned, they stand today a grim reminder of how far the prison has come toward sane and intelligent treatment of the criminal offender.

Chas DuRain

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT TO PENAL PRESS EDITORS

I have just received a fresh supply of Wammies for my Do-It-Yourself-Voodoo-Kit. I have some nice Wammies that are recommended for censors, nitpicking guards, and stool pigeons. I also have some fine double Wammies, suitable for Administrators, Counselors, and Parole Board Members. In addition, I received a few special Wammies which are excellent when used on cops, court appointed lawyers, Judges and prosecutors. If any of you find the above listed in your pet peeve department, just pass the word and I'll sock it to 'em.

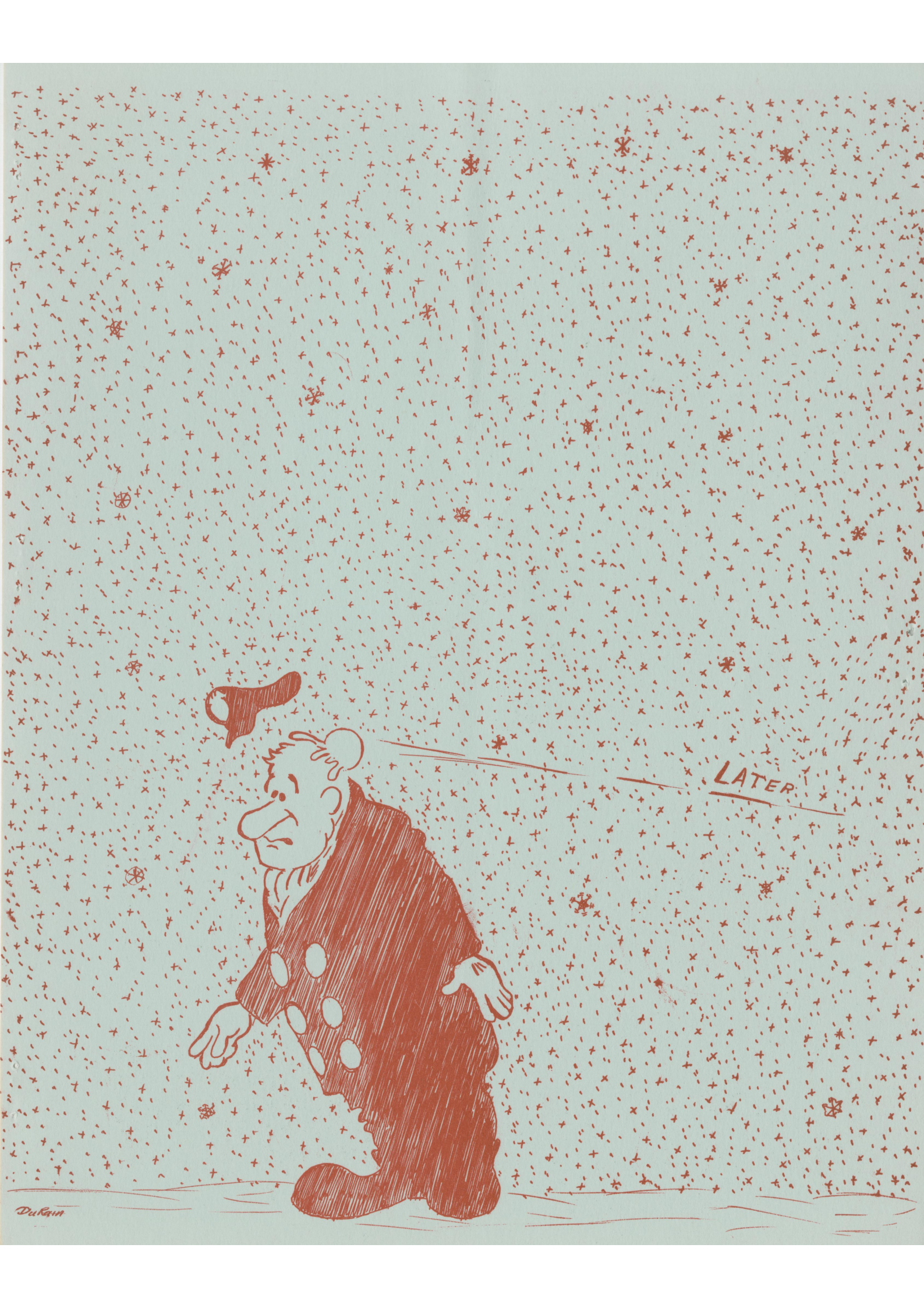
The range on these Wammies is short. Those of you in the western United States may fair better by getting in touch with a witch out that way named Friday - She has some real mean thunder.

(smile) You too Shagg.

To err is human; to forgive is difficult.

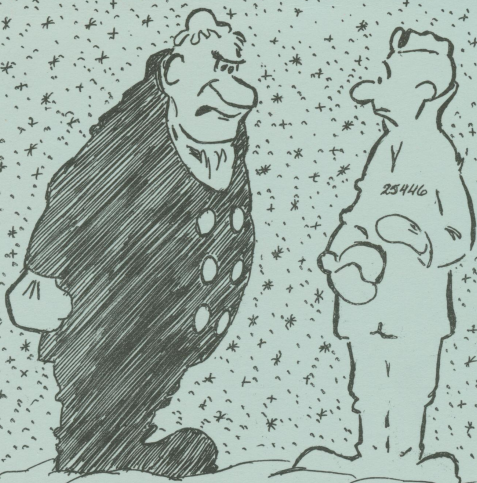
cdr

*
HV
8301
.C37
1972
Winter



LATER

CASTLE
BOX 128
STATE PENITENTIARY
EDDYVILLE, KENTUCKY
42038



TO:
[Redacted Address]

