

CAS TLE



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Governor

Honorable Julian Carroll
Lieutenant Governor

THE DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS

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Commissioner

Luther Luckett

Deputy Commissioner

KENTUCKY STATE PENITENTIARY

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Warden

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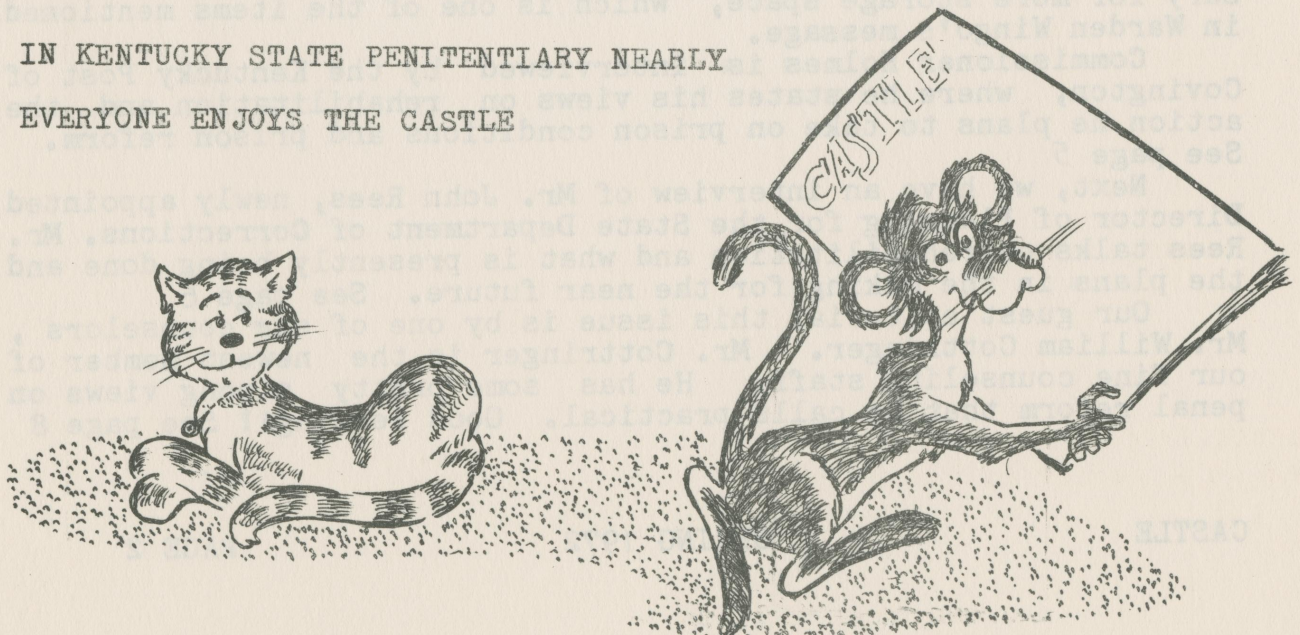
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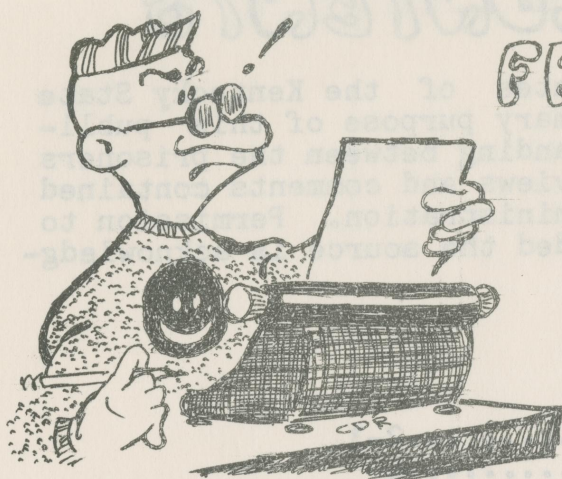
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CASTLE is published by the inmates of the Kentucky State Penitentiary near Eddyville. The primary purpose of this publication is to promote a better understanding between the prisoners and interested persons outside. The views and comments contained herein do not reflect those of the Administration. Permission to reprint all material is granted provided the source is acknowledged.

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IN KENTUCKY STATE PENITENTIARY NEARLY
EVERYONE ENJOYS THE CASTLE





FROM THE EDITOR

As I sit at my desk, it is a cold gray day-the trees are barren but show the new buds that herald the coming of Spring. Each season has its own special message for us. More than anything else it indicates change. What is more meaningful than new growth appearing out of seemingly barren trees and plants? After nature rests it renews itself with new life which is active, pulsating and expanding. In other words the dormant stage doesn't last forever.

Along with the coming of Spring, all you CASTLE readers have a new editor, beginning with this issue. I'd like to say hello to each and everyone of you. My name is BOB REDMON and I intend to do my very best to continue to publish material of interest to all of you as has been done in the past. Now, I'm not claiming to be a qualified editor. Hell, I didn't even know how to spell the word until an old Frenchman, called DuRain, dragged me off the yard and taught me to read and write.

Now, I'm not knocking old DuRain, because he has done an excellent job, but he certainly has changed since he turned the title of editor over to me. He's quit shaking and spilling his coffee all over everything as he was. All he does now is sit around drawing his cartoons, whistling and humming that tune "Put The Blame On Mame Boys" all the time. When I ask him what he's so happy about, he just smiles and goes on drawing as if he doesn't have a care in the world. If he keeps it up he's going to have me shaking and spilling my coffee before long. He's already got me wondering what the hell I've gotten myself into.

In spite of my being new and DuRain acting so weird these days, I believe we've come up with a pretty good issue.

First, we've got a message from the Warden, which clears up alot of questions that have been asked by a great number of inmates, concerning the operation of the commissary. See page 4

By the way, I noticed an addition being added to the commissary for more storage space, which is one of the items mentioned in Warden Wingo's message.

Commissioner Holmes is interviewed by the Kentucky Post of Covington, where he states his views on rehabilitation and the action he plans to take on prison conditions and prison reform. See page 5

Next, we have an interview of Mr. John Rees, newly appointed Director of Planning for the State Department of Corrections. Mr. Rees talks on rehabilitation and what is presently being done and the plans in the making for the near future. See page 6

Our guest editorial this issue is by one of our counselors, Mr. William Cottringer. Mr. Cottringer is the newest member of our fine counseling staff. He has some pretty strong views on penal reform that he calls practical. Good reading!! See page 8

Our poetry in this issue features a poem written by Mrs. Carla Johnson of Denver, Colorado. A lady who knows what its like to have her husband away for a long period of time. Mrs. Johnson started writing poetry while her husband was away in Vietnam fighting and has had alot of her work published.

We have an EASTER message for all our readers on page 18 that we realize is a little late getting to you, but just the same, we hope you each and everyone had a happy holiday.

Finally, I would like to say a few words to all our inside readers.

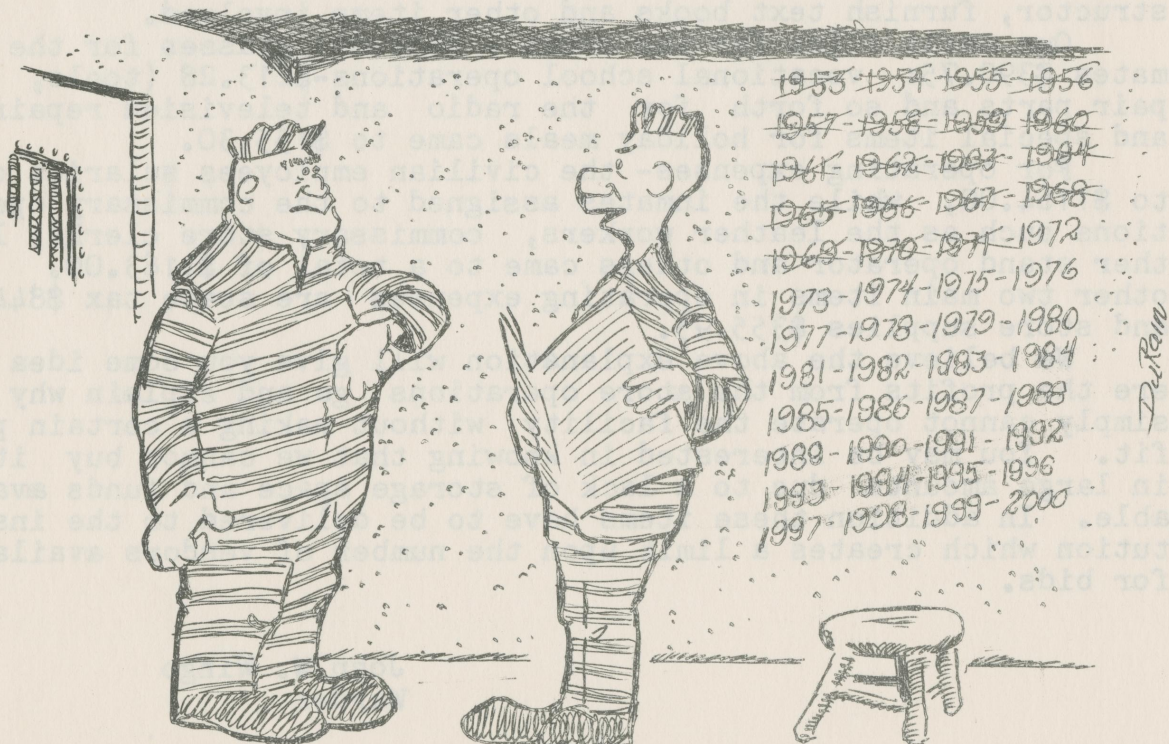
There are about 5% of the population of this penitentiary that take it upon themselves to represent the whole population for what-ever complaints they have, when the other 95% don't even know what they are talking about and don't even share the same complaints at all.

More often than not, this is damaging to the whole population in regards to privileges already established which we all want to hang on to.

There is no way of pleasing everybody. God himself, can't do that. Each individual thinks differently and wants differently, so we have to stick to the old rule of "majority rules". It stands to reason that if 1000 men are satisfied with the way that things are being run and 50 men don't, that 50 is not going to accomplish anything by bitching all the time about the way things are run, except, maybe, in having what privileges we already have either cut down or taken away completely.

I've been asked by a great number of inmates to please let those 5% of you, (and you know who you are) know that they don't wish to be represented by others for reasons not even known to them.

Regardless of the environment we are living in, we still live in a civilized world and there are civilized methods to any problems a person or group of persons may have, if the time is taken to think and talk things over before acting on them.



I don't suppose it has occurred to you that I don't particularly give a damn what time it is?

MEMORANDUM FROM THE WARDEN

For sometime now we have been criticized for the operations of the commissary with particular complaints concerning prices. we have continually checked the operation of this facility and have tried in every way we know to keep the prices as low as we can. Some of the things the inmate body may not understand are as follows;

- (1) The Kentucky State Penitentiary Commissary, Incorporated is run only for the benefit of the inmate population and is not in any way connected with state government except for administration purposes by the staff here at the institution.
- (2) The institution is obligated by statutes to furnish all of the mandatory items required by the inmate body such as food, clothing, shelter and personal needs. They are not required to furnish luxury items, cosmetics, tailor-made smokes and goodies. This is where the commissary operation comes in to try and furnish items which are considered standard on the outside to the inmate population who can afford them. In addition the state pays a few dollars per month to all inmates who are working so that they may purchase a limited number of items.
- (3) Profit from the commissary operations have to go for the payment of civilian employees such as Mr. Atwood and Mr. Gray who operate the store, plus a limited salary to the civilian clerks who keep the books and handle other account operations. All items have to be received on bids, purchased, picked up at the delivery point and delivered to the institution.

To give you some idea of the operation last month, we made a gross profit of \$3314.67. We had expenses of \$5490.89 for the month, leaving a net loss of \$2176.22. The reason we had such a loss was because of the college which was put into operation at the school. This item alone cost over \$1000.00 to pay the instructor, furnish text books and other items involved.

Our movie films for the month - \$659.02: glasses for the inmates \$390.75: vocational school operations-\$213.28 (tools, repair parts and so forth for the radio and television repairs) and special items for holiday meals came to \$155.30.

For operating expenses- the civilian employees salaries came to \$1164.00, while the inmates assigned to the commissary operations such as the leather workers, commissary store clerks, leather stand operator and others came to a total of \$1183.00. The other two main items in operating expenses are state tax \$844.66 and store supplies \$355.95.

We believe the above explanation will give you some idea where the profits from the store operations go and explain why we simply cannot operate the facility without making a certain profit. You may be interested in knowing that we cannot buy items in large amounts due to a lack of storage space and funds available. In addition these items have to be delivered to the institution which creates a limit upon the number of vendors available for bids.

John W. Wingo
Warden

COMMISSIONER SPEAKS OUT ON REHABILITATION

FRANKFORT-----PRISONS AND PRISONERS

The newly appointed Corrections Commissioner Charles J. Holmes has intoned his opinions on the various aspects of prison reform and sent along this information so that the inmates and staff at Eddyville would understand just how he stands. Mr. Holmes sees himself as a moderate in prison reform. "If I'm a Liberal, then I'm a cautious one," he said.

"Why can't we plan right now to close the big prisons in 8 to 12 or even 15 years, and use the community more? We should plan on opening a series of diversified community centers to deal with divers offenders effectively, and return them to society. In a community correctional center, we can work with the offender and his family; and we can tap into community programs like mental health. And that's where the employment is--in the community not in the prisons."

"In rehabilitation we have to work at trying to alter the behavior of the man, and that we can do with counseling. If you take a law violator and teach him to repair tv's but you don't repair his norms, all you release into society is a potential violator who can fix TV's. Anything is cheaper than returning a man to crime. We get these men - we better do something for them while we have them, or we're going to get them right back."

"We have to do more in training than teach men to make license plates. There isn't much demand in society for that - I'm sorry, it's just not there. But that doesn't mean we are going to stop, though. Repeated offenders, people we can't do anything with, programs like license plates are needed."

"I have seen people abused and mistreated - I don't like it. If a man's cold at night, and you can give him two blankets and you don't - something is wrong. No matter what a man has done - I don't have the license to mistreat him."

"Riots bring more attention to correction. People care more and look to leaders to improve the situation in our institutions. Men don't riot unless they have something to gain. When you're so far down, anything's up."

"I'm against the death penalty, personally. Two killings don't make a right. Although this person may have killed, my killing him isn't going to bring the victim back, or make me feel any better, or even make society feel any better. But what I feel personally won't interfere eith what I do; I'll follow the law. My official position will be the same as the Governor's."

"Escapes bother me. It bothers me that people in the community on the outside get involved -- the hostage thing ---- and it bothers me that men on the run get trapped and are dangerous; and it bothers me that other men are shooting at them, hoping to hit them. The prisoners are the ones who wind up getting hurt with-escape attempts, but men do escape every day -- and people don't usually think about this. They go right out the front gate on parole, or by expiration of sentence, and we haven't helped them at all. Too often, we have just hurt them. I'm concerned for everybody."

(Kentucky Post)

PRISONER REHABILITATION BEST POLICY FOR SOCIETY

FRANKFORT-----LAW AND ORDER

This is probably one of the more emotionally charged terms in contemporary political discussions. To people on one side of the fence the term evokes visions of rabid reactionaries. To others it simply means feeling free to walk down the street at night without fear.

John Rees, the recently appointed director of planning in the State Department of Corrections, takes more of a middle ground on the issue, believing the term implies protecting society, but in a humane and rational manner.

Because of this, he is a strong proponent of progressive legislation and programs designed to aid in the rehabilitation of prisoners.

"People are concerned about law and order, and so am I," he explained, "but people are beginning to realize that what we have been doing over the past 100 years in our institutions is not working."

"We (Corrections) are supposed to be protecting society, that is our job. But we know that 98 per cent of the people sent to prison are going to come out someday, so unless we do something to change these people while we have them, we are not protecting society."

Rees feels there are a number of programs now under consideration or in the process of being implemented in Kentucky which are capable of bringing about this change.

He said the proposed work-release program, presently awaiting action in the Senate, is a particularly worthwhile program, having been tested and proven successful in other states.

This program, now in operation on a local level in Kenton County, would allow a few low risk prisoners to work at outside jobs but return to their institutions in the evening. Criminologists believe this program aids in establishing self-sufficiency and helps smooth the transition from institutional life to freedom.

Rees also praised the criminal justice proposal presented by Gov. Wendell Ford in his budgetary message and approved by the General Assembly as the first penal reforms in Kentucky in recent history.

Among other things, Gov. Ford's legislation calls for the establishment of a pre-release center at Kentucky Village near Lexington which would provide "social education" for prisoners about to be released, and the establishment of a forensic psychiatry building at Central State Hospital for the purpose of treating prisoners who are mentally ill.

Rees, who holds an A. B. degree from the University of Kentucky and a Masters degree in criminology from Florida State University, has had a great deal more experience in criminology than his age would indicate.

Rees said one of the biggest problems facing criminology is that "very few people look at it as a system", with the police, courts, parole officers and other personnel all working together. He said the criminal justice system could not progress until all these agencies began working in concert.

Frank Coats
State News Bureau



JAIL FOR SALE

The little town of Durant, Iowa decided to get rid of their jail, so they ran an ad in the paper that went like this;
FOR SALE: "One two-unit jail cell, used very little, any reasonable offer."

Why would a town want to sell their jail? Well, the story goes something like this.

Its been ten years since it has even been used, according to the town Mayor, the Honorable Harold Rhoelk. He stated that the jail's last occupant was a stubborn lady citizen who refused to pay some parking tickets she received and insisted on parking in the same spot on top of it. She only done two days for it.

When the original jail house fell down from old age, they transferred the cells to the fire station. It finally got in the way there, so they moved it to the rear of the city maintenance garage with the weed mowers. Well, the garage started getting so crowded that the city clerk had to decide something else to do with it, so he ran an ad in the paper, not really expecting to get any calls, but just to be able to say he was doing something about getting the cells out of the way. To his surprise, he got about a dozen calls about them from all over the country.

A guy starting a bar in Des Moines, wanted them because he said they would fit in perfectly with the bar's decor. (I'd like to see that place). A man in Minnesota, wanted to buy the cells on installment. One woman offered \$200.00. She said something about wanting to keep her husband home at night.

They never did sell it. They decided to donate it to the Iowa State Fair Board, who said they would use it in a pioneer village.

When Mayor Rhoelk was asked what they would do if they needed to lock someone up, he replied by saying that he couldn't even remember when they had a citizen that needed to ever be locked up except for the stubborn lady with the parking tickets, of course. He said if they ever did, they would just drive them over to the county jail, twenty-five miles away.

Oh, by the way, Mayor Rhoelk said the stubborn lady doesn't park in the same place any more. She straightened up finally.

Maybe that's the real reason behind selling the jail!!!!

Bob Redmon

GUEST EDITORIAL

PRACTICAL PRISON REFORM

In the wake of later day prison reform it has become increasingly evident that a very wide chasm exists among and between the values and objectives of prison management, staff and inmates. Clearly and justly, the paramount purpose of any penal system is to provide protection for society. Ideally then, all the components- management, staff and inmates- within each system should be working together in a cooperative effort to attain that stated purpose with maximum effect. To date, there is no widespread affirmation of this effort.

The diversion from the common aim has been complicated by three factors: (1) The powerful statistics which emphatically tell us that the protective function is a farse; not because prisons are failing to keep inmates inside the walls during their sentence, but rather because they are not at all able to keep them out after legal release is made. (2) The arrival of professionals who pose somewhat of a threat to the non-professional prison status quo because they possess scientific knowledge and ability and (3) the new breed of inmates who are tired of being complacent and now want to be involved in everything that concern them.

As stated before, the central goal of the prison is protection, but society, through knowledge of its failures, has attached qualifications to this goal. First of all and most important, the protection has to be on a reliable and relatively permanent basis, since turn-over has been proven to be so frequent. Secondly, the degree of protection has to be measured with scientific exactness so that success or failure can be known and appropriate alterations made, and most recently, probably due to academic experiences, society has come to the realization that the prisoner himself should be an active participant in the goal that is actually focused on him. These qualifications have obviously not been accepted with equal zeal or understanding by all the components.

Logically and unmistakably, the organization founded on this qualified goal is dependent on a single ability - the ability to teach behavioral change from that of criminal to non-criminal with more than token effect. But, before we can deserve the right to expect such a behavioral change on the part of the inmate, the milieu setting must be conducive to the basic principles of learning that we know so well- readiness, reinforcement and transfer.

At first glance, one would readily discount the prison environment for failing to meet this requirement and give up hope entirely. Contemporary penologists argue that the concept of institutionalization is a futile one that should be largely abandoned. Valid or not, this idea will not receive over-night acceptance. For the time being we are stuck with our institutions and will have to deal with the problem as is.

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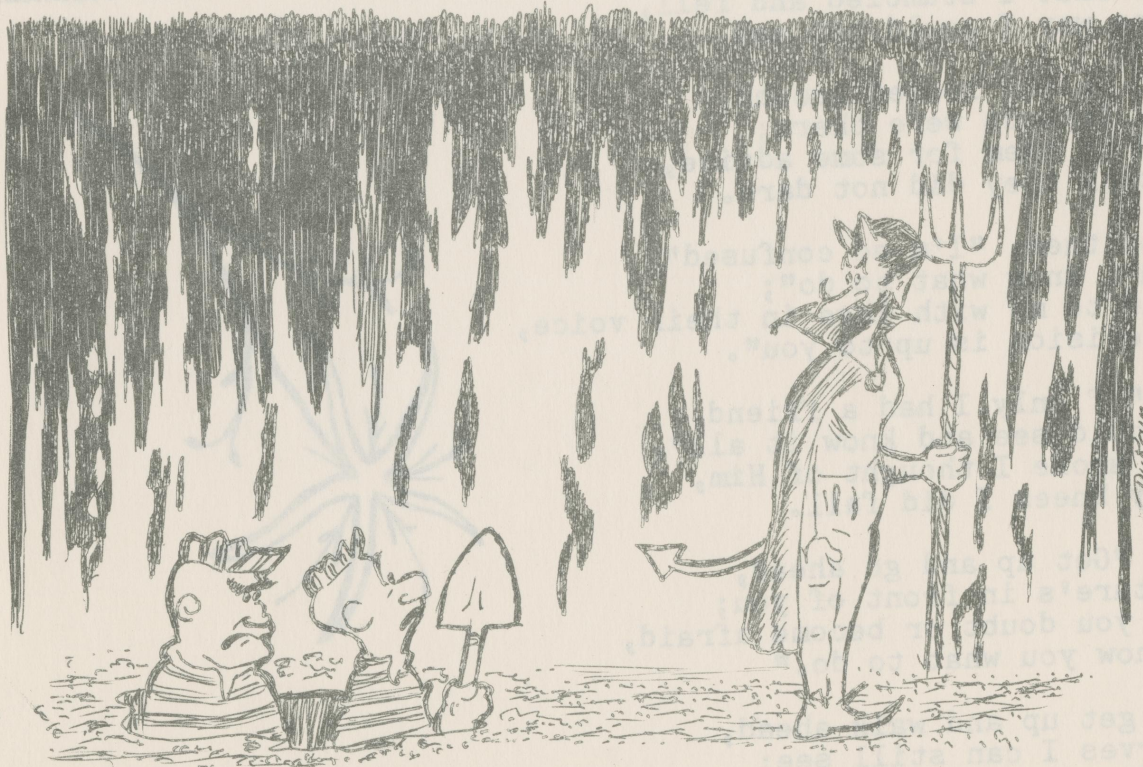
The prison setting could probably be improved in order to at least partially meet criterion. Regimented structuralism, negative autocratic suppression, obscure custodial practice, ubiquitous depersonalization, invariable perpetuity, and spurious unnaturalness are a few common prison means which can and should be modified. A resulting favorable environment would subsequently lead to a greater probability of achieving the desired behavioral change objective aforementioned.

The responsibility of unifying all the component's pursuits, in which an acceptance of the qualified goal leads to the use of similar means, naturally belongs to prison management directing the following action; (1) administrative development and implementation of solid policy statements as to the objectives of and the procedures for carrying out the qualified goal. (2) Staff training in which all professionals and non-professionals jointly assist one another in learning the best techniques and methods to use in achieving the behavioral change objective. (3) Open communication in which prisoners play an integral part in letting the other components know what is possible, probable and effective concerning their own change. Such reorganization will be a challenge and a difficult task to accomplish, but is certainly not one which should be written off as impossible.

Mr. William S. Cottringer

As every convict knows, laugh and the world laughs with; cry and some counselor will try to comfort you.

cdr



I told you the bottom of the walls didn't go down this deep.

POETRY

"MY DESTINY"

I looked down the road and wondered ahead,
What is my destiny?
For I could not see beyond the curve,
What lay ahead for me.

I begin to fear beyond the curve,
For I knew not what it brought;
But I knew that I must pass the curve,
If I found the place I sought.

But fear took hold and I slowed down,
And said, "awhile-I'll rest";
I must go on! But I can't!!
I don't know what is best.

One friend said to go ahead,
The other one said stay;
I really don't know what to do,
Or what is the right way.

I'll just stop and stay right here,
Where all things I can see;
But some how I must find out,
What lies ahead of me.

I began to run toward the curve,
I ran as fast as could be;
I ran so fast I stumbled and fell,
For the way I could not see.

As I got up and looked around,
All my friends were there;
I turned to them for some advice,
But speak they did not dare.

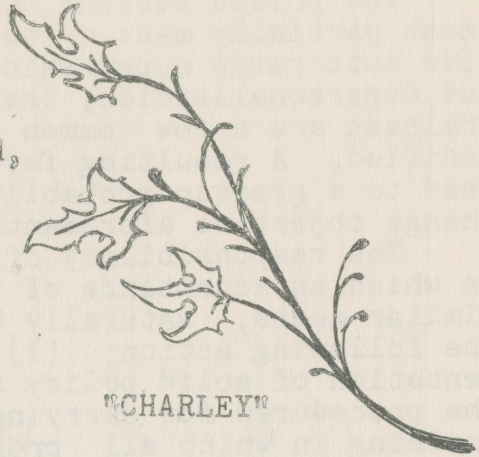
I said to them, "I'm so confused",
"I don't know what to do";
They said to me with love in their voice,
"The decision is up to you".

I said, "If only I had a friend,
That could see and know it all",
And as I spoke I thought of Him,
And on my knees I did fall.

He said, "Get up and go ahead,
The future's in front of you;
Whenever you doubt or become afraid,
I'll show you what to do."

As I now get up and walk ahead,
The curves I can still see;
But now I'm not afraid to go,
For I know He seeth me.

Submitted By Mrs. Carla Johnson
Denver, Colo.



"CHARLEY"

Hair of pure gold,
Eyes of the deepest blue;
The prettiest little face,
That this world ever knew.

Her skin is white and creamy,
As fresh as morning dew;
And your heart swells with pride,
When she says, "mommie I lov you."

Her age is only two,
And she belongs to Karla and me;
Our one and only little girl,
That we both call "CHARLEY".

CHUCK FRANKLIN



"DOES CRIME PAY?"

A group of inmates were standing around,
In the prison yard one day;
Talking about crime,
And whether it really does pay.

They told of their scores in days long gone,
And bragged of their ten dollar ties;
They told how they lived in the finest hotels,
And ate meals that a gourmet would prize.

How their women wore mink and were covered
with jewels,
That they each drove a custom car;
How they sneered with contempt at the judge,
When brought before justice's bar.

Sure, they were in stir, they were forced to admit,
But their lawyers were working each day;
And with writs, probation, commutation, or parole,
They'd soon have their going out way.

I stood and listened, not saying a word,
Listening to their boasts loud and crude;
But finally I spoke with a withering glint,
And remarked in a manner subdued.

"Have you thought of the price of a wife's
broken heart,
Or of a mother who has died from your shame?
Was it worth all this time and your family's
grief,
When you realize you are to blame?"

"Can your memories pay you while you are shut in,
For those years of gazing through bars;
For the loss of your freedom to be with your kids,
Or to walk at night under the stars?"

"Can you honestly say you would take,
A million a year to remain?
Of course you wouldn't, any one who'd agree,
Would be suspected of being insane."

"I've stolen my last, it did me no good,
I'll go straight if I get out some day;
The thousands of men prisons such as this,
Are sure proof that crime doesn't pay."

Bob Redmon

"This I know and wise it were
if each could know the same,
That every prison that men build,
Is built with bricks of shame."

EDITORIAL OPINION:

THE CHALLENGE OF REDEMPTION

The jury, after long hours of deliberation, had reached a verdict--guilty as charged! The defense, after utilizing his most competent legal talents, exhausted further remedies at his disposal. As a matter of formality in accordance with the ethics of his profession, he stood solemnly by his client while the judge passed sentence as prescribed by law. Regardless of the circumstances involving the defendant's crime, the law had to be applied in all its vigor. "Summum jus summa injuria".

A dramatic tense moment followed as powerful T. V. cameras were focused on the convicted and temporarily socially defunct man, a Korean and Vietnam war veteran, as he was rushed to the state penitentiary. Perhaps, for an indeterminate length of time long years of imprisonment or even death, if the case warrants. The approach to the penitentiary seemed bleak and forbidding. Freedom is barred as the steel gates under the fortified gun towers clang shut and isolate that man from a world that was once his. Equally, for his family, is also the beginning of humiliation and endurance. Was this man pre-destined to be an outcast of society by virtue of fate, and headed for the horizons of his self-imposed rejection, or maybe a journey of no return?

NO--Criminal tendencies for practical purposes, we are told, are not hereditary, but due to certain psychological, environment and inner conflicts. However, the cause and effect of crime can be analyzed objectively from information researched and compiled by qualified sources in the vast field of criminology.

It is important, however, to state unequivocally that there has to be REPRISAL OR FEAR OF PUNISHMENT, otherwise, society would revert back to the law of the jungle. Without restraint, it would be nonexistent. But equally, justice, under certain mitigating circumstances, SHOULD BE TEMPERED WITH MERCY.

What, for example are correctional institutions doing to help the inmates' transition from prison life to community responsibility? After parole or discharge, how qualified is he to accept the moral obligations entrusted to a law-abiding citizen? These and many other questions shall be answered. But first let us follow the usual itinerary of incarceration in retrospect, or the act of reflecting penal views from common experience.

Generally speaking, on the other extreme end of the spectrum, establishing public relations between prisons and society through a process of human reasoning, regarding the criminal's image, would help eliminate misunderstandings and mistrust generated in the past, because of the nature of crimes committed. Nevertheless, those in prisons believe in the challenge of tomorrow because it seems that the centuries old adherence to, or belief in, the antiquated "code of the convict" is losing its touch gradually, and instead, education seems to be the incentive of this generation.

Merely discussing the failures and needs of a criminal society would not be enough without touching upon some of the doubt and frustrations to be encountered upon an eye to eye confrontation with the outside world.

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

For example, a very few dedicated individuals in our society seem to cast a shadow of a doubt with reference to the allegation that criminals are being "coddled" by the courts. Such an allegation needs a proper defense of our court systems. It stands to logic and common knowledge, that under our judicial system, "due process of law" is derived from the federal constitution, or the law of the land, granted? Therefore, justice is a monumental and legal concept, a challenge, because it is a symbol of equal protection under the law to all citizens, regardless of social status. True, in a relatively few cases, relief has been granted criminals, but only after the higher courts have discovered inconsistency, and/or irrelevancy on a technical point of law in that individual's trial proceedings.

As citizens, faith should be placed in our American system of criminal justice. As a rule, the courts are upholding the highest traditions found under a democratic form of government. Its legal interpretation should not be construed as mere "coddling."

Another disadvantage commonly experienced, is the distrust of a person who has served time in prison. That fixed image should be changed and instead, understanding substituted. Especially if that person is trying to rectify his or her past behavior. There seems to be no doubt but that the concept that "if equal rights are to be sought under the law, responsibility should also be assumed under the law", is gradually being accepted by those incarcerated in the modern age prison era. However acrimonious the feeling may be, yet, towards the ex-convict stigma, society more often, is willing to help its unfortunate citizens, if that person tries to help himself or herself.

But life as is, should be faced squarely by those who have violated the social standards of a community, by courageously carrying the cross alone, and by trying to render the prison adversity into its equivalent benefit -----spiritual and material gain, and a better way of life.

On the subject of parole, it can be stated with assurance, that it is the most treasured expectation by those behind the walls of prison; but it must also be realized that it is a legal and binding contract based on trust and individual merit. It is NOT A RIGHT, BUT A PRIVILEGE, and as such, should be protected highly, not only because it means freedom, but because it gives that person paroled an opportunity to regain the lost trust and confidence of former employers and immediate families. Of importance also, for those who expect to be a success in their ambitions, is to eliminate defeatist attitudes. Granted, coming to prison is no decent accomplishment, but a positive mental attitude must be cultivated if the social barrier is to be penetrated.

Judging from personal observation and experience, I believe that it is justified to express positively, that there is hope in the hearts of thousands in prisons who are conscientiously preparing today to become ideal citizens of tomorrow. Such an attitude is necessary if our acceptance as an integral part of the social, political, and economic entity known as society, is to be considered.

All that is asked, in all sincerity, is another chance. WHY? Simply because NONE of us are perfect nor untouchable, much less immune from the swift wrath of justice, or the shadows of despair.

Upon your sound judgement as a society, rests the future of those who have erred against you, taking into consideration the truth that the same GOD who made us, also instituted an act of FORGIVENESS for all of mankind. In this radically changing world there is much need for human understanding of our fellow man. Then

and only then, will people everywhere, live in peaceful coexistence, free from the thought and acts of violence.

Sir Winston Churchill once said:

"Courage is the first of human qualities, because it is the quality which guarantees all the others."

BOB REDMON

Bathtubs Vs Crime

Have you noticed that the graph curves on the rise of crime charts and the increase in bathtub sales are identical? This is no mere coincidence. It was bound to happen.

In the old days when people took a saturday night bath in the galvanized washtub, there was very little crime and absolutely no juvenile delinquency. A kid who managed to beat the Saturday bath rap, felt he had gotten away with enough that week. There wasn't any need for him to hunt up another crime to commit. Futhermore, if he got into trouble, he would be smelled out. For that matter, if he didn't get into trouble, he could be smelled out, too.

In those gloriously grimy years of the No. 2 washtub, the psychological barriers to crime were overwhelming. You hesitated to take chances. If you got shot up or carved up in a street brawl, people would find out your long underwear was dirty. If you turned your ankle on the lam, police would release the news that you hadn't changed your socks in two weeks. People who were busy at being dirty outside didn't have the gall to be dirty inside to.

Along with the bathtub came another culprit to take away man's air of individuality. Deodorants! Man has invented sprays and perfumes so he cannot smell himself or anyone else, dirty or clean. He can now even smell wet dogs when human beings are around, which was impossible back when.

It use to be you could tell a man's occupation by sniffing him. If he was a farmer, he had that distinct barnyard flair about him, a garage mechanic reeked of grease and oil, and a bartender had that faint whiff of hops about him. All were good, strong, honest smells, and men wore them like proud badges of distinction.

It is no wonder bloodhounds are practically extinct. You can't expect one of those sensitive beasts to distinguish between man and flowerpot when both are wearing the same smell. You just can't tell a honeydipper from honey wiyhout a programme.

As long as more bathtubs than galvanized washtubs are sold you can expect the crime curves to rise. Because as long as peo- can smell like a rose without fear of being accused of not bath- ing, they will have no fear of being sniffed out in the wrong do- ings.

Bob Redmon

People who make the best of a bad situation automatically have the beginnigs of a good one.

cdr

BITS AND PIECES

DO THEY STILL HUNT WITCHES TOO?

Delaware prison inmates may still be flogged with the Cat-O-Nine-Tails. A law dating from prerevolutionary days is still on the books in that state. Public whipping were once popular, but the whipping post is now hidden from view in the basement of one of the prison's old cellblocks. It was last used in 1961. (AP)

UNCENSORED MAIL TO THE MEDIA

A memorandum circulated around all Federal Prison Officials directs that inmates may write uncensored letter to member of the news media. Letters may be sealed by the inmates sender and prison officials are directed to forward any such mail "without undue delay." (Penal Press exchange)

SPEAKING OF UNCENSORED MAIL

More and more prisons around the country are being added to the list of those practicing uncensored mail privileges pioneered by Ohio, Rhode Island and Washington. To date only two of the 1526 inmates in the Washington prison have abused the privilege. (UPI)

A FEW PRISONERS ENCOURAGE CREATIVITY

Prison inmate writer Emile Richard Johnson has won the Edgar Award for the best first mystery novel. Two of the seven fiction books written by the Minnesota convict has been made into movies. One of these, "Mingo's Back In Town", was filmed for CBS-TV at San Pedro, Calif., while the other, "Silver Street," is currently being filmed in France. (Penal Press Exchange)

AND

Virginia Prison inmates have formed their own movie company. With the aid of a professional, Miss Pat McDermott, president of Patrick Productions, Hollywood, the inmates hope to prove that one picture is worth 10,000 riots. Their first film, "Wait for Me," is already in the hands of network television executives. If the convict formed company can find a sponsor, 25 per cent of profits will go to the inmates. "It's not steady work," noted Miss McDermott, "But it sure beats 35 cents a day."

LESS WE FORGET

Don Fletcher, cartoonist of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, got his start at the Montana State Penitentiary. His editorial cartoons are appearing in 162 newspapers around the world, and viewed by an estimated 61 million readers daily. He started cartooning while serving his fifth sentence for conviction of a felony.

(PPE)

UNIONIZED CONVICTS?

At one New York prison, where they earn 35 cents a day making equipment for state institutions, inmates have tried to form their own union to bargain for better wages, hours and working conditions. (Triggering the inevitable snickers about "management lockouts".) While the prison officials have given a thumbs down signal to the notion, many prison employees are advocating that officials listen to the idea. Employees figure it's better to have the convicts holding negotiations than hostages.

(PPE)

OLD YARD KAT



Our new editor, Bob Redmon, seems to have a great deal more industry than either of the two previous ding dongs who occupied that title. Bob jumped in and rounded up this issue before Old Stup realized what was going on. Which really comes as no big surprise; Chas spent most of his time trying to dream up some form of mischief anyway.

At some point in the course of his many years of kicking rocks around this yard, DuRain got the idea that the whole joint was just one big psychiatric ward. It is now widely agreed that he engineered the now famous Great Ground Hog Shakedown, was the author of the Martian Sex Craze, and many other odd ball situations that have plagued this prison. Although only about one one hundredth of the nonsense he dreamed up even got by the censor that much gives regular CASTLE readers a fleeting idea of the chaotic atmosphere that surrounds him. Now that he has gone back to his drawing board, even the CASTLE's supervisor has spilled a noticeably less amount of coffee.

With all the counselors running around here writing reports these days, it seems like a good time to mention that one way to avoid getting some unflattering material about your conduct before the Parole Board. If you happen to be just a little cell-shocked and wish to hide it, go easy on coffee, aspirins and cigarets. And for God's sake, keep your mouth shut. But if you are convinced that you're not ungrateful to others, but they are to you; Congratulations - you're already some kind of nut.

Every now and then you run across a radiantly attractive person around here, and you're delighted to find they admire you - until you realize that they admire just about everybody and that's what's made them radiantly attractive. Yet, no matter how many times you change cellmates, jobs or even points of view, there's always some goat herding, dog eating animal you can't get along with. They are always the loud mouthed yaps who manage to get next to you in the chow line.

Friendships probably don't last long in prison, because more often than not, they are used as wailing walls. Anyway, a friend in need is a pain in the neck.

John Laurd and some other character were sitting at the diner table when John noticed a bug on his tray and said so.

"A bug," confirmed his messmate.

John looked again and added, "A Ladybug."

To which his messmate complimented, "Damn fine eyesight!"

And for over at the front comes the story that some reporter was noseing around and asked the warden, "How many of the convicts are getting short for expiration of sentences?"

"Well," replied the official, "We don't have any whose sentence are getting any longer."

Back at the CASTLE office, I heard Redmon ask DuRain, "What kind of flowers were those you drew on the poetry page?"

"I didn't know it was a flower," said Chas. "It was something I saw creeping down the wall."

Old Yard Kat

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

Back in the days of ancient Rome, during the years of the Caesars, there was a person whose only job was to hold a laurel wreath over the head of the Caesar and from time to time intone the words, "Thou art mortal."

The purpose of this was to remind the man in whom such great powers resided that he, too, was, after all, only a man, and as such, mortal.

When we're young, we tend to think of life as never-ending. Time for us stretches off limitlessly into the future. But as we get older, even in our forties -- which should be a time of vigor, interest and activity; really a time of young maturity--- we begin to get, from time to time small reminders of our mortality. It might be a sudden shortness of breath, or a perfectly normal twinge in the chest...a bit of back trouble. But we get these occasional reminders that time is not, after all, standing still for us. That we, like the Caesars of old, are indeed mortal.

To the neurotic, this sort of reminder fills him with dread and plunges him into even deeper depression. But to the fairly normal, reasonably well-adjusted person this comes as a reminder to enjoy to the fullest the time that is remaining; that days are not things to be waited through until Saturday ... or a birthday or Christmas ... but rather to be savored and enjoyed one by one, hour by hour. We come to an understanding that to kill time as we so aptly put it, is really nothing more than to kill a little part of ourselves since time is all we really have.

It reminds us too, or at least it should, to be more patient more tolerant of others, particularly those who we are forced into close contact with. If we're mature enough to try to understand those around us, it means exactly that. And it reminds us to follow hunches and obey our sudden impulses, especially those which involve a kind word, or a pat on the back, or a sign of tenderness. Those around us, as well as ourselves, are only passengers for the journey's duration, let's let them know we enjoy sharing it with them. And if we don't always enjoy it, the trip really isn't all that long.

I saw a newspaper picture not long ago of a man of seventy-five swimming. It reminded me that seventy-five is only old to people under sixty. To people seventy-five, it's a good, thoroughly enjoyable age. And maybe we'll all live to be eighty-five, or ninety-five. And maybe we won't. In any case, there is a limit and there should be or it wouldn't be there. And since there is, why not relax a little? Don't take things too seriously. And, as an old hobo I knew once said, "In life where death is inevitable ... never worry about anything."

Sure, it's easier said than done. I remember reading a story about an old man who was planting a young tree in his yard. His neighbor hailed him and said, "What are you planting the tree for? You'll never live to see it grown." And the old man calmly went on with his planting and said, "I believe you have to plan on dying tomorrow ... or living forever. I'm not planning on dying tomorrow."

Yes, the smart people of the world -- the really mature people -- are those who know the length of the journey is limited. They don't dwell on this. But they make certain they enjoy every day of the trip as much as they possibly can.

Chas DuRain

A TOUCH OF GOD

WHAT DOES EASTER MEAN TO YOU?

When you think of Easter, what comes to mind; Easter Eggs? The Easter Bunny? New Clothes? Spring? A Holiday? The Resurrection?

I wondered just what some of my friends knew about Easter traditions, so I conducted a study of my own on the subject. I found that many of them are sadly lacking in Easter lore. I was really surprised to find that some of my acquaintances, don't even know why we celebrate Easter. Others think it is to commemorate the crucifixion of Jesus rather than the Resurrection.

So for some, Easter is a time of sorrow and mourning, when Easter is really a time to celebrate with the lifting of the seemingly limited man into unlimited Christ consciousness.

Some people celebrate by buying new clothes at Easter. Some look upon Easter strictly as a time to get off work, or a time which signifies the coming of spring. However, most people look to Easter as a time for some Spiritual activity such as a sunrise service, going to church, or reading the Bible.

What are the traditions of Easter and where did they come from? Before the coming of Jesus people celebrated the coming of Spring, which was named after the Spring Goddess, EOSTRE. A joyous party was held in her honor, and it was from this Goddess that we got the name Easter.

Eggs and rabbits represent new life, so people gave one another presents of brightly colored eggs. Later a story developed to link the eggs and rabbits, and the tale was born that on the night before Easter, the Easter Bunny visits children and everywhere he hops he lays colored eggs. Thus we get the Easter egg hunt.

Easter is all these things. The Easter Bunny, hunting eggs, rejoicing in the resurrection. Whatever your Easter is, have a happy feeling, HAVE A HAPPY EASTER!!!!

HE LEADETH ME

I have been through the valley of the weeping,
The valley of sorrow and pain;
But God of all comfort was with me,
At hand to uphold and sustain.

As we travel through life's shadowed valley,
Fresh springs of His love ever rise;
And we learn that our sorrows and losses,
Are blessings just sent in disguise.

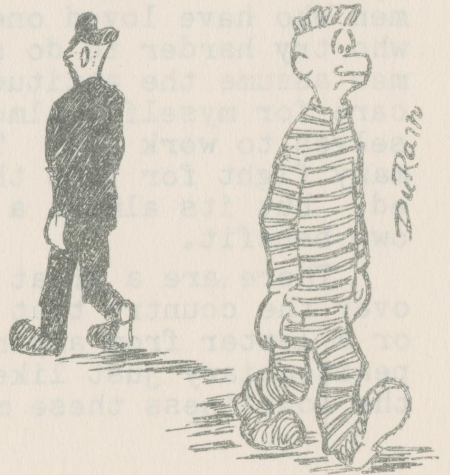
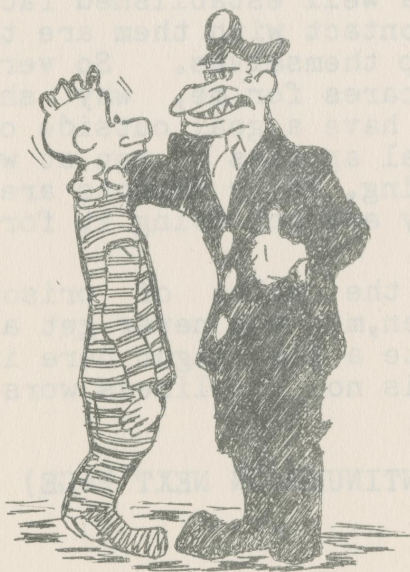
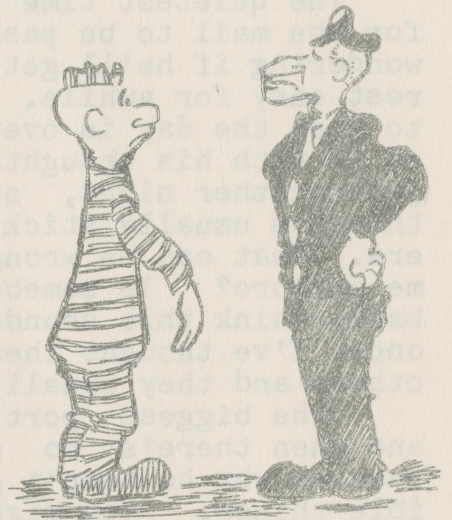
When He leads through some valley of trouble,
His omnipotent hand we trace;
For the trials and sorrows He sends us,
Are part of His lessons in grace.

He knows what affliction is needed,
He has a wise purpose in view;
And in the dark valley He whispers,
"Hereafter thou do as I say do."

BOB REDMON



"HOME-BOY"



"MAIL"--THE ONLY CONTACT FOR MANY

While in prison, the best thing, next to a visit, a man can receive is a letter. Visits are the best, of course, but a lot of things make visits next to impossible for many. Distance, transportation, expenses, to mention a few. But letters? For eight cents you can send a letter, probably the cheapest gift of happiness anyone can purchase anywhere.

The content of a letter is not the most important thing to a man in prison, but just the fact that someone on the outside cares enough to spend a few minutes of their time to let him know they still think of him. He doesn't care about the major events around the world. Those he can read in the paper. He wants to hear about the little things he misses the most, about his wife, his children, his family, even about the family dog, if there is one. Things like that are what are important to him and what makes him feel he's still apart of it and that he's really loved and not forgotten.

The quietest time of the day for a prisoner is when its time for the mail to be passed out. He waits all day for that time, wondering if he'll get any and hoping, so that he'll be able to rest easy for awhile. Its the only thing he has to look forward to when the day is over and he has to go to his cell and be locked in with his thoughts. When he doesn't receive any mail, its just another night, spent alone with only his thoughts. These thoughts usually stick to much the same pattern with all prisoners. What can be wrong? Is someone sick? Don't they care about me anymore? Is somebody fooling with my mail? A lot of you probably think this sounds insane. Believe me, its not. More than once I've thought these same thoughts and heard it expressed by others and they usually don't stop there.

The biggest portion of a prisoner's time is spent thinking and when there's no quick way of communicating to find out the reasons why he hasn't gotten any mail, he thinks the worse possible things. You might say, he makes a mountain out of a mole hill.

Letters are a prisoner's greatest assurance that he is still apart of the human race. It also is a well established fact that men who have loved ones who keep in contact with them are the one who try harder to do something to help themselves. So very many men assume the attitude of, "no one cares for me, why should I care for myself?" Almost all men must have a goal outside of themselves to work for. The same principal applies to men at war, not many fight for just the sake of fighting. Their reasons are varied, but its almost a surety that they are not doing it for their own benefit.

There are a great many men behind the walls of prison all over the country that are forgotten men, men who never get a visit or a letter from anyone. I know quite a few right here in this penitentiary just like that. There is no loneliness worse than the loneliness these men feel.

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

I recently read an article in THE MESSENGER, the paper published by the South Dakota State Prison, that tells just how lonely a man can get behind the walls. I have seen men just the way the following article describes.

A LETTER TO A CONVICT'S WIDOW

Dear Mrs.

Though we have never met, I know much about you. I know that you have hair that shines like the morning sun and flows with every movement like that of a lazy river. Eyes that hold the blueness of the sky and the deepest sea on a clear day and a smile that has the sparkle of a diamond, and the warmth to melt the coldest heart that beholds you.

You are no doubt wondering who I am and why I am saying these things. These are the thoughts and words of a man who spent many heartbreaking years behind prison walls. The father of your children, the man who worshipped the ground you walk on.

He had a picture of you; it was old and faded and torn, but you could tell at a glance he never exaggerated in his thoughts of you. He never left his cell without first checking to see if he had your picture with him.

He was a young man when he first came to prison, and he talked a great deal about you, but as the years passed he talked less and less. During his last year here, I don't believe he uttered a word. He had the appearance of a man older than he really was. He walked with his head down and his shoulders sagging, and the walk itself seemed to be a great deal of effort.

He never received a letter or a visit while he was here, but never did he stop looking and waiting. Everyday at mail call, you could see him standing close to his bars with the look of a child expecting a reward. Even after the mailman had passed his cell, his eyes would follow him, begging. As always, he would feel his shirt pocket and just stand there, staring at the emptiness. And, as always, I could somehow feel the lump in his throat and the burning of the eyes just before you cry.

I thought you might like to know they buried his body today just outside the prison walls. They buried him because nobody cared enough to claim his body. You know there was even a couple of old convicts who actually cried. No, not because they cared for him, but for what he died from--- loneliness. Every prisoner knows loneliness, but some more than others. The man they buried today had died many times. Everyday he waited, hoping and praying for a letter, a card, just a note or anything to let him know that somewhere, someone cared. That assurance never came and he died. He died from loneliness, starved for love, a love that no one ever wanted. You see, no man or child is immune to the need of love or to be loved.

No matter how terrible his crime might have been, the death he died was inhuman. But his suffering is over now, he is resting in a pauper's grave, in a prison suit, and in his pocket, an old torn and faded picture of, ---yes---you, Mrs.

Bob Redmon

A convict feels as though trapped in a gas-filled room where at any moment someone, probably himself, will strike a match.

"A PRE-BOARD INTERVIEW"

Via P.D.I.

"I can't go in there without any medication!" Jones screamed at the doctor. "I need some reds and V's, and some yellows for a kicker, so I can look them in the face and tell them how things are." The doctor shook his head. "They will see you're on some thing; That you aren't yourself, that you're using a crutch." Jones scratched his head. "I'll wear my dark glasses."

"You've been wearing dark glasses all your life, Jones." The doctor told him sternly. "It's about time you looked at things the way they are."

"Did I get a psych clearance?" Jones asked apprehensively.

"No, right now the dentist would turn you down. You have to many problems, Jones. I can't, in good conscience, recommend a parole at this time."

"But why not, what have I done Doc?"

"You've been on medication for the last three years; you've broken out twenty-five windows; and worst of all, you hid out during count and messed that up twice last week."

"But I had to Doc., I had a split personality."

"And the guard missed your double, eh?"

"I've learned a trade Doc."

"Playing dominoes is not a trade, Jones." The doctor told him frankly. "And you can't call Monopoly therapy."

"I don't have a chance then, eh?" Jones looked crestfallen.

"And I thought I was making good."

"Are you going to wear your snoopy goggles to the board this time?" The doctor asked, holding back his breath.

"Sure, why not. What's wrong with that?" Asked Jones.

"Nothing, I guess, but I wish you'd take off your baseball shoes. The season is over you know."

"Not in our squad, Jones argued. "We're going to win everything next year. We beat the cream puffs the other night by the score of 69 to 3."

"I thought they're a basketball team." Stated Doc.

"They are, but what difference does that make? We're a hockey team."

"Yes, I see, -----well, Jones, perhaps we can work something out next year. I'm going to recommend a stress program for you. There's a six year waiting list, but your day will come. In the mean time, keep your chin up, and try to live without that baby blanket draped across your shoulder. It's a sign of insecurity."

"I don't suck my thumb anymore, Doc."

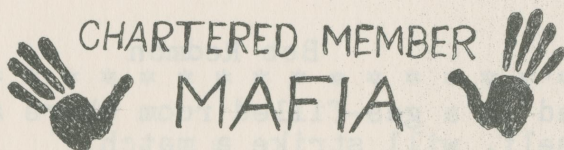
"That's wonderful, Jones, it really is. I hope for your sake that ending that outlet does not lead to anything else."

"I've only got one bad habit now, Doc., and that is looking at people suspiciously. I wonder what the parole board will say about that."

"Wear your dark glasses, Jones."

"You're not giving me anything to help me face those people then, is that right?"

"I'm afraid not, Jones, I just took the last two I had."



Bob Redmon



SCHOOL ENROLLMENTS ON THE RISE

Enrollments in the Education Department of Kentucky State Penitentiary continue to rise each month. It seems that more inmates each month are realizing the importance of education and the big part it has in becoming a good citizen upon their release.

There are three different levels in operation at the present. The regular Academic Adult Classes with an enrollment of 94 students, the Adult Basic Education Classes with an enrollment of 35 students and a college course now in progress in Sociology with an enrollment of 41 students.

Besides these classes, there are two Vocational Classes in operation that are limited to the number of students due to space and equipment. These classes are in Meat Cutting and Radio & TV Repair. The Meat Cutting Class presently has an enrollment of 10 students and the Radio & TV Class an enrollment of 11 students.

GRADUATION EXERCISES PLANNED

The Education Department is planning graduation exercises on April 28, 1972, for eleven men who completed their high school studies and earned a G.E.D. certificate. Some of these men will receive at the same time, an eighth grade certificate. Along with these men, there are 17 others who will receive an eighth grade certificate only.

The commencement speaker for the exercises will be Dr. W.E. Blackburn, Dean of the School of Arts and Sciences of Murray State University.

Close relatives of the graduates have been invited and immediately following the exercises, there will be a social hour in the school library, so the graduates and their families may have a few minutes together to celebrate the occasion.



And, when you've finished the course, we give you a gild edged diploma that is recognized at every police station in the world.

WHAT IS A JAILHOUSE LAWYER?

Via The Mountaineer

A jailhouse lawyer is part fool, part Don Quixote. A person who has read and studied just enough law to believe that "it means what it says" (which makes him an incurable optimist). He is a person of infinite patience who must listen for endless hours to others' troubles and who must wait for interminable months and years for his writs to win. By virtue of the restrictions placed upon him by his keepers, he must become a resourceful person who scratches out the word "THINK" and pencils in the word "SCHEME".

Opposing the jailhouse lawyer is an array of stumbling blocks that would deter most men with good sense. He must run the gauntlet of Court Clerks who use all the sophisticated trivia of procedures to deprive him or his "clients" of hearings no matter how substantial the cause of action. Records are never freely open and available to him and until very recently, he was in constant jeopardy of punitive action for practicing the art of "JAILHOUSE LAWYERING".

All too often the jailhouse lawyer represents the last hope some illiterate prisoner has ever of gaining some fleeting modicum of justice. Even when he is not successful in gaining that man's freedom, he has at least helped to relieve the pressure and frustration that arise from being totally at the whim and caprice of a keeper who does not even tell you how many years of "punishment" you must serve.

The jailhouse lawyer is a breed apart from all others. A fighter of causes, lost or otherwise; part fool, part masochist, part ham. If he is a good one, he often commands more respect from his fellow prisoners than does the warden.

The conditions under which he must practice are beyond the practicing attorneys wildest dreams. All too often his guards and jailers look upon him with great disfavor stimulated by everything from suspicion and fear to outright hatred. They often have cause for all three, since for too many years prison administrations have been arbitrary law unto themselves, fearing neither censure nor redress from anyone. Moreover, they vested interest in seeing the prisons full, since obviously they can only justify their paychecks and retirement benefits by having prisoners to guard.

Jailhouse lawyers, as I mentioned, are a resourceful lot. In the past, to overcome the lack of law books which were as scarce as a governor's pardon, they saved every scrape of paper, every writ or brief and anything else that might contain citations of authorities or arguments of law. These became their personal research libraries. And in the days of harassment shakedowns of the jailhouse lawyer's cells, everything was laboriously written into three copies and disguised to look like religious Bible lessons or some other acceptable form and these copies would then be kept in other men's cells who were reasonably safe from shakedowns. Memories played a big part in those days and the jailhouse lawyer had to be a walking library just about.

The jailhouse lawyer is inundated by the wrongfully convicted who are unable to help themselves. He is decried by those he simply does not have time to help. He is, as I stated, disliked by a great number of the prison authorities. He is demeaned by many members of the bar. The courts seldom accord his petitions and briefs the same attention and respect as those submitted by member of the club (Bar Association). When he wins, he gains little or

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

no recognition for his work and when he loses, his fellow prisoner client derides his efforts or even worse.

But like the ham actor who foregoes salary in favor of applause, the jailhouse lawyer foregoes fees in favor of the feeling of accomplishment he gains when his client wins.

It is an intellectual contest which has no peer. When the jailhouse lawyer wins it is an especially sweet victory, for he has taken on the entire state, with its batteries of Deputy Attorney Generals, its researchers, secretaries, law libraries, access to any and all records, unlimited funds and even control the very gun towers that guard and keep him prisoner; and he, without an office, law library of any consequence, secretaries, funds, standing or anything else, has won.

If no one else knows it, at least he does and he can walk tall with his head high, because few people in this world have ever fought harder or under more discouraging conditions for another man's life and freedom----and won.

Bob Redmon

* * * * *

SCOREBOARD FOR WINNERS AND LOSERS

Can you spot a winner or a loser? Here are some graphic clues that will give you some insight into the stuff that distinguishes one from the other. While you are reading it notice how many of the negative phrases you are guilty of using.

A winner explains; a loser explains away. A winner says, "Let's find out"; a loser says, "no body knows." A winner feels responsible for more than his job; a loser says, "I only work here." A winner says, "there ought to be a better way to do it." A loser says, "that's the way its always been done here." A winner says, "I'm not as good as I ought to be"; a loser says, "I'm not as bad as alot of other people."

When a winner makes a mistake he's quick to admit it; when a loser makes a mistake he comes up with a mouth full of excuses. A winner listens; a loser just waits until it's his turn to talk. A winner respects those who are over him, and tries to learn something from them; a loser resents those who are superior to him, and tries to find chinks in their armor. Although he would prefer both, a winner would rather be admired than liked; a loser would rather be liked than admired, and is even willing to pay the price of mild contempt for it.

A winner makes commitments; a loser makes promises. A winner goes through a problem; a loser tries to go around it. A winner feels strong enough to be gentle; a loser is never gentle. He is either weak or pettily tyrannous by turns. A winner paces himself; a loser has only two speeds; hysterical and lethargic.

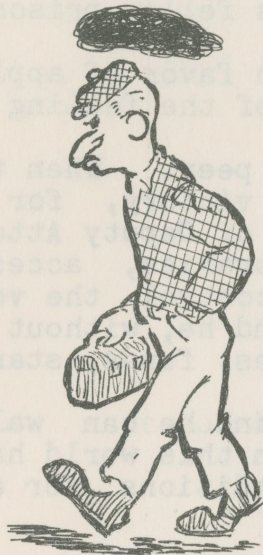
Chas DuRain

* * * * *

Don't be yourself --- be someone a little nicer.

cdr

* * * * *



A PRACTICAL IDEA

I have just figured a way to lower the crime rate. It won't cost a dime, no committees will be formed, no costly research to clutter up the Governor's filing cabinets, Nothing. It came to me the other day while reading a small article in the Minneapolis paper. The article went something like this:



"at 6:00 Thursday evening, two gunmen entered --- Liquor Store and demanded the contents of the safe. Edgar Schwantz, manager of the store, informed them he was unable to open the vault as the combination was kept by the owner, whereon he was severely beaten about the head and ears by a man described as about 6' 4" tall, ruddy complexion with a Harvard accent. The man's accomplice was described as similar in build, fair skinned; probably Yale, Class of '53 or '54.

"An undetermined amount of money was missing upon the arrival of the Police who termed the robbery a professional job executed by a pair of big-time heisters.

"Manager Schwantz was rushed to General Hospital where he underwent an emergency lobotomy and amputation of two-thirds of his ears. He also had his tonsils removed. He is listed in good condition."

Now I don't pretend to find fault with a thoroughly excellent job of newsreporting. Indeed, if I were one of the fiends who perpetrated this anti-social act, I would clip the article and add it to my scrapbook.

Now let's try this one on for size. Same article but re-written:

"At 6:00 Thursday evening, two punks entered --- Liquor Store and demanded the contents of the safe. Edgar Schwantz, manager, told them to get the hell out. The skinny one about 6' 4" with an acute case of acne, struck Schwantz with his handbag and threw a tantrum. His accomplice, described as similar in build and fair skinned, hid behind a rack of cheap wine and screamed obscenities.

"A trifling amount of money was reported missing upon the arrival of the police who termed the robbery an ametuerish job executed by a pair of pansies.

"Manager Schwantz was rushed to General Hospital where he underwent emergency treatment ot stop his giggling. He is listed in good condition."

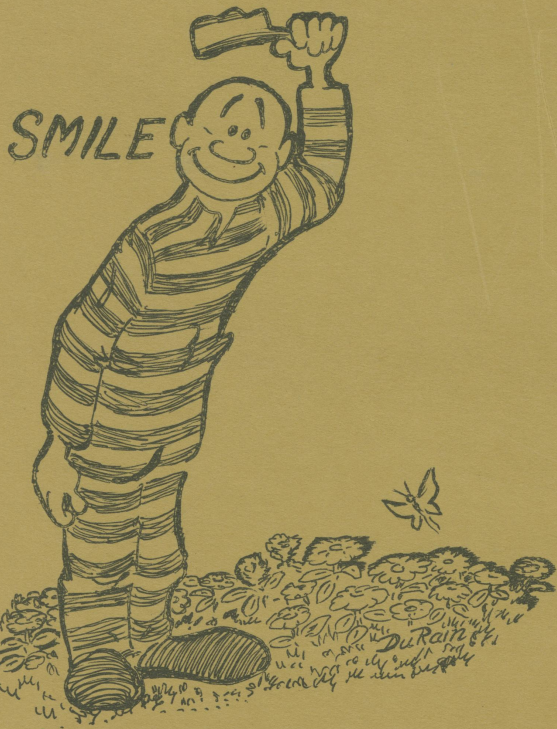
I wouldn't want that one in my scrapbook. In fact, I would throw away the gun and pack a lunch box the rest of my life for fear my friends would find out and I would be laughed out of the mob.

Dick Irwin via the Prison Mirror (Minnesota)

LATER



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