

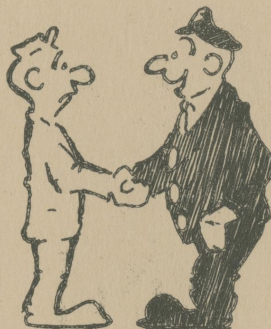
CASTLE



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AUTUMN '71

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Clifford Hall	Press Oper.	Herbert Gilbert	Reporter
Mike Lovelace	Reporter	Gene Kirby	Reporter

The CASTLE is a publication by the inmates of the Kentucky State Penitentiary, near Eddyville, under the supervision of James R. Hubbard. CASTLE is an inmate canteen production.

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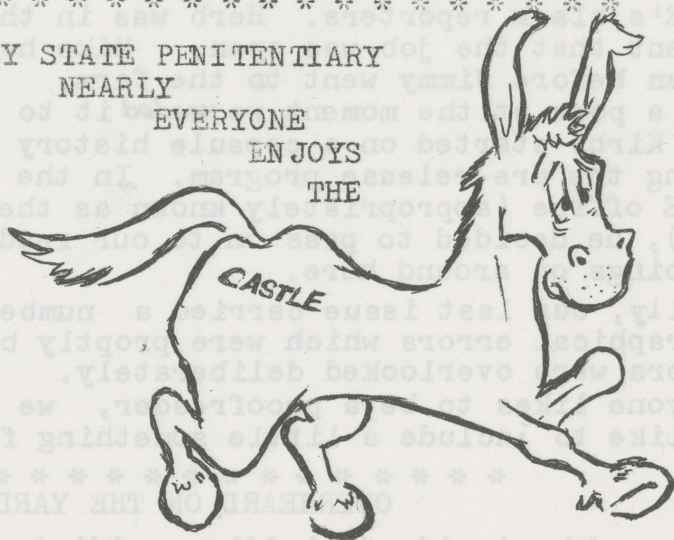
CASTLE is a periodic publication by the inmates of the Kentucky State Penitentiary near Eddyville. The primary purpose of this publication is to offer the prison population an opportunity for expression, as well as to promote a better understanding between the inmates and interested persons outside. The views and comments contained herein do not necessarily reflect those of the Administration. Permission to reprint all materials is granted provided the source is acknowledged. CASTLE is a member of the International Penal Press Association.

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If someone holds a mirror up to your character and shows you that it needs washing, not whitewashing, the thing to do is go after soap and water. Breaking the mirror will do nothing to improve your character.

Louis Brandise

IN KENTUCKY STATE PENITENTIARY
NEARLY
EVERYONE
ENJOYS
THE





FROM THE EDITOR

Doubtlessly because folks outside needed a laugh during the long, hot, and troubled summer, the last issue of the CASTLE was well received by the freeworld press. Newspapers in New England carried the prison shakedown story, and the wire services picked-up our skit about the postcards. CASTLE received mail from Kansas, Pennsylvania and happily from Rhode Island.

Thomas Ross, a vice president of the Howard, Rhode Island Jaycees, read of our drive to raise funds for the Children's Home at Paradise. He wrote to say the effort was applauded around there and offered to help. The Jaycees of Howard work toward all sorts of similar such charities which include sending magazines to prisons, and Community involvement projects. In September they sent 4,500 Xmass cards to Vietnan soldiers so that they would have cards to mail back to families in the states.

The Howard Jaycees offered to send us 4,500 Xmass cards free, so that we could sell them and booster the Children's Home Fund. Unfortunately we could only accept 1,000 cards which will be channelled thru the Inmates' Canteen at a small price. All money coming from these card sales, like the money coming from the picture post cards, and CASTLE sales, will go to the Children's Fund. The unsold cards will be given to indigent inmates along with stamps in time for them to get into the mail for Christmass. The sample cards Tom sent us were beautiful, the type you would expect to pay .50¢ or more for.

We noticed that some of our cartoons and fillers were reprinted by others around the prison press circuit. We consider this the highest form of flattery. Usually those who reprint have the good manners to give credit. One did not.

Originally we had figured on some difficulties in interesting anyone to write something. This was not the case, however. We got more material offered than we could handle.

Herbert Gilbert and Mike Lovelace replaced Jimmy Washington as the CASTLE's black reporters. Herb was in the morning following our announcement that the job was open. Mike had been working on his sketch even before Jimmy went to the farm. Bruce Morton dropped by and wrote a poem at the moment we needed it to fill a page.

Gene Kirby started on a capsule history of the prison, but ended up covering the pre-release program. In the course of his visits to the CASTLE office (appropriately known as the Department of loose squirrels), he decided to pass on to our readers a glance at some of the odd goings on around here.

Finally, our last issue carried a number of grammical, spelling and typegraphical errors which were promptly brought to our attention. These errors were overlooked deliberately. Standing on the premise that everyone likes to be a proofreader, we left in the mistakes because we like to include a little something for everyone.

* * * * *
OVERHEARD ON THE YARD

"No one could make him look like an idiot, nature got there first!"

* * * * * P.J.



MEMORANDUM

FROM THE WARDEN'S OFFICE

Steps were taken recently to extent the correspondence privileges of the population. Each inmate will be permitted to have seven (7) correspondents, composed of anyone he selects, following approval by the counselors. In the past, correspondents have been restricted mainly to relatives with only one or two friends being permitted. We believe the addition of seven correspondents, regardless of whether they are relatives, is a big step forward in permitting inmates to keep contact with outside society.

Another added incentive for keeping the desired contact will be approval for having all correspondents added to the visiting list. This means that any correspondent who is approved and added to the correspondence list will also be permitted to visit if the inmate so desires.

FOOD SERVICE

We believe the improvements made in the food service are worthy of inmates interest and would point out that noticeable improvements are already in effect. We believe the Administrative staff, officers inmates and others who have improved the food service up to this point deserve quite a bit of credit and we expect much better things in the future.

Mr. Lawsen, the new steward, is becoming oriented to the institution, learning the staff and the operation and should show definite improvements in the very near future. We have to also keep in mind that the food service depends upon budget allotments, farm production and cooperation of the various departments concerned even though every effort is made to serve the food in a sanitary and appetizing manner.

We would ask the cooperation of all of the inmates in their use of the dining room and their personal conduct. These measures will assist us in seeing that better and more appetizing food is continually served.

RECREATION

I believe all of the population would be interested in knowing that we are striving to improve our recreation program with the facilities and equipment available. We just recently walled off a section of the old cannery building and will move our weight lifting equipment into this area. As you probably know some of the weight lifting equipment has been kept on the outside and the remainder was in a very confined area in the gymnasium. This made for poor care of the equipment, safety hazards and an undesirable area with which to work out in. It is our wish that the new weight lifting unit will be so operated that it will require limited supervision.

TYPEWRITERS

You will note from a recent addition of the daily transfer sheet that typewriters have been approved for inmate purchase. Several of the men have request these and we have arranged to have them ordered through the commissary store. We will restrict the purchase of these machines to portable, non-electric because of space and maintenance required in larger machines.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

WARDEN'S MEMORANDUM CONTINUED

We would like to call to the attention of the population that machines cannot be sent in or mailed in from home. They will have to be purchased, by order, from the commissary only.

COLLEGE CLASSES

We are in the process of making arrangements to reinstate our college level classes with Murray State University. These classes have been quite popular in the past and we would hope that many of the high school graduates would be interested in furthering their education through participation in these classes. We will keep you informed as to developments.

JOHN W. WINGO, Warden

HOW'S THAT AGAIN?

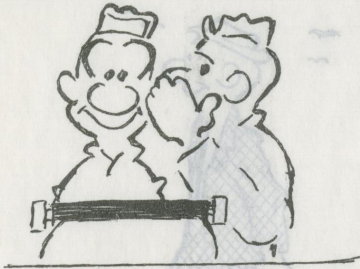
Bangkok, Thailand (PP) The Thai Cabinet approved some new regulations banning opium, heroin, marijuana, liquor, gambling facilities, weapons, explosives, and live animals from all jails in that country. The director general of prisons was also authorized to suspend the terms of prisoners who complied with the new rules, and who promised not to repeat the crime that got them put away, and who "behave properly and conduct regular religious services."

Penal Press.

If your neighbor does not keep pace with the others, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Each man should be allowed to step to the music he hears, however measured or far away it may seem.

DuRain





KIRBY'S CORNER



LOOK MAMA, I'M WRITING

Tree leaves were about ankle deep around the CASTLE office as silk screener Ted Lewis and acting editor Chas DuRain tried to work out a suitable pattern for this issue's cover. The only leaves handy were those picked up around the prison yard (and a model timetable which had disappeared from the leather shop).

The CASTLE's supervisor, Mr. James Hubbard was trying his level best to show restraint about it all, but he was getting a sort of pained expression on his face as the level of leaves grew to nearly knee deep. Then Perry Joseph from the front leather stand wondered into the office and casually asked, "How come all the Maple Leaves?"

MAPLE LEAVES?????

For a few stormy minutes of awkward silence the four stood around looking very sheepish. Finally Mr. Hubbard asked the inevitable, "How come you advertised a 'Multicolored Oak Leaf' for this cover, and came up with this bright red Maple leaf?"

"Stupidity," was the excuse DuRain offered, "Pure, unmitigated stupidity."

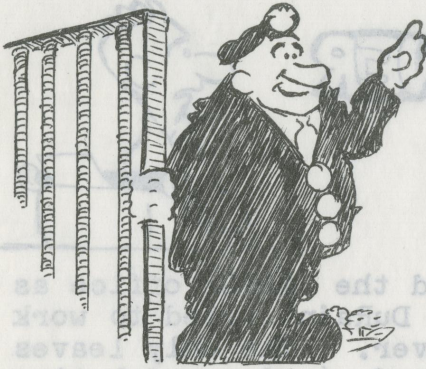
As anyone who reads the CASTLE knows, one of our staff has a rather active imagination. Well, recently he was feeling a little under the weather and decided that the time had come to write out his will. And so he did. Mr. M Bequeathing a fan to one neighbor who had none, a radio to someone else, and his television to another. Then he went out to enlighten his benefactors. He came charging back into the CASTLE office in record time and added a clause to the will stipulating that the appliances should be surrendered only in the event that he died of natural causes.

The Children's Home Fund is not fairing as well as sponsors had hoped. The account has raised to little more than half the announced goal. In effort to booster the account, they have devised some rather strange schemes. Perry Joseph came up with a plot to sell blood to local hospitals at five dollars a pint. He even got enough pledges for an additional forty-five bucks. But the whole deal went up in smoke when the first few samples were rejected because the plasma was reckoned at ninety per cent bean soup.

Meanwhile, there is a dark rumor that our acting editor has initiated a price war of a sorts with the Commissary. They still charge .25¢ per post card, whereas DuRain is letting them go for half that. But even these efforts have failed to raise the account noticeably. That problem and faced with the job of assembling 700 odd copies of CASTLE, our editor was overheard mumbling, "I think I'll just go slash my wrist." G.K.

Do you know what they do with old convicts? They take the silver out of their hair, the gold out of their teeth, and the lead out of their can, and scrap'em. P.J.

The road to hell is paved with good intentions. DuRain



STATE TAKES GRAND STEPS
TO CUT RECIDIVISM

by
Gene Kirby



With an eye toward cutting recidivism, the state has devised a pre-release program for short-time inmates. The program offers all sorts of advantages which include going outside to be interviewed by prospective employers, no interest loans, and a well planned re-orientation course. All of which is strictly voluntary.

The new program has a full-time placement officer, Mr. Bowermaster, whose office at the School Building is generally open all day, five days a week. Mr. Bowermaster's principle concern is to find jobs for out-going inmates, even at the expense of traveling around the Western Kentucky area in pursuit of prospective employers. He will try to find jobs for which the short-timer is best suited, but the job market is not at its highest peak right now.

No interest loans of up to \$100.00 are available. The range for qualifying for a loan is very broad. Some out bound inmates have already benefited. Elvis Capps who didn't have bus fare to Iowa was given \$25.00 from the Release Program Funds. This was in addition to the twenty-odd dollar gate fee. Mr. Cole, who manages the program here, mentioned that any money given through pre-release fund will be on an individual evaluation.

Pre-release meetings are held at the School each thursday to inform short-timers of conditions as they stand outside. No one is compelled to attend, but each is cordially invited. The short-time meetings are very informative indeed, each week a guest speaker is presented. In recent weeks, Mr. Dunning of the Paducah Office of the Kentucky State Employment Service spoke to a group of about twenty. He touched on such interesting subjects as specialized training and educational programs available through his office. And most interesting, how ex-convicts might avoid the prejudice so often associate with just being an ex-convict.

A Mayfield attorney, Mr. Henry J. Wilson delivered a lecture covering such process as bankruptcy, credits and balances, and the garnishee of wages. His talk was followed by a question and answer period in which each individual could get some points on a problem which was his in particular.

Each passing week will see new guest speakers invited to the question and answer sessions. We are told that one meeting will be delegated entirely to restoration of Civil Rights which is as necessary to those released by expiration as to parolees.

Surveying this and other progressive moves recently initiated by various state departments, one inmate was overheard saying, "They are at least trying."

It is by far better to remain silent and be thought a fool, than to open your mouth and remove all doubts.

OR:

Blessed is he, who having nothing to say, refrains from giving wordy evidence of it.

P.J.

BITS AND PIECES

WONDER WHY?

"Two-thirds of the people in prisons, roughly -- in all penal institutions -- are people who have been there before and who will be back again. We simply can't permit this to run that way any more. No other public business is run as badly as our prisons."

Chief Justice Warren E. Burger

CENSORSHIP ENDS; PRISON MAIL UP

Ohio Penitentiary Warden Harold J. Cardwell said that the recent lifting of censorship on inmates' mail at the prison had brought a sharp increase in mailings.

He said the number of letters mailed each day has increased from about 1,800 to 4,000 letters per day. While mail is no longer censored, it is examined for contraband. The state provides stationery and one stamped envelope a week for each inmate. Inmates may buy their own stamps for all additional letters.

Associate Press

EX-CON HEADS PENAL COALITION

Richard Rico, a former inmate of St. Cloud Reformatory, has been elected president of the Minnesota Penal Coalition, a newly organized group that seeks to bring about major changes in the state corrections department and institutions.

He is currently a staff member of the Minneapolis Civil Rights Department. He was elected to the top post after an audience of 150 heard Dr. David Fosel, newly named State Commissioner of Corrections, pledge major reforms in Minnesota penal policies.

Penal Press via Prison Mirror, Minn.

IMAGINE THAT

Former prisoners will soon start serving as parole officers for 50 odd Washington, D.C., Federal parolees. Earlier experiments in Washington and Oregon States proved that ex-prisoners have more rehabilitative capabilities than professionally trained workers.

Penal Press

AND THEN THERE WAS MORRIS THE MOUSE

The New York State Supreme Court ruled that guards did not violate the rights of 22 Suffolk County Jail inmates by disposing of Morris, a mouse they had tamed and caged in defiance of a rule forbidding pets.

Morris came to an untimely end last July when a guard flushed him down a commode. The jail inmates sued, charging the Morris' 'assassination' amounted to discriminatory and unequal treatment.

"Although petitioners complain that their rights have been violated, they appear to have themselves been guilty of imprisoning Morris without a charge, without a trial, and without bail," the New York State Chief Justice L. Barron Hill said in dismissing the suit.

He also noted that, since Morris had entered the jail without signing in, as required by regulations, the guards had the right to expel him. The judge did not condone the guards' use of "excessive force."

Penal Press

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

DEPARTMENT OF:



(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.

TWENTY FIVE RECEIVE G.E.D. CERTIFICATES

Twenty five inmates received their G.E.D. certificates at commencement exercises after completing the required courses at the Educational Department. All will be eligible to continue their education through the college level courses soon to be available from Murray State University. Mrs. Adron Doran, Director of personal at Morehead State University, delivered the commencement address. According to Coy Rushing, school clerk, Mrs. Doran's message was timely and well taken. Those who received their G.E.D. certificates were:

Gerry Brown	William Cabbil	David Alan Case
Paul Cox	Robert Cunigan	Jimmy Edwards
Raymond E. Geary	Ronnie Gibson	John Greene
Charles Hinds	David Hopkins	Clarence Jenkins
John Kruse Johnson	Raymond Johnson	Coley Lewis
Anthony McNealey	David May	Roger Pace
Robert Prather	George Quarles	Robert Redmon
Archie Townsend	Carl G. Wayne	Lonnie Wells
	Thomas Wright	

ART CLASSES NOW STUDYING

Eight inmates are enrolled in the newly formed art class at the School. Mr. Klessner said the 18 week course will start with a general history and study of slides of the classic art works. beginning students will work with pencils while those who have some acquaintance in the subject will have a free hand to develop any style they wish. Ink charcoal and pastels are already available to the students, and oils will soon be a part of the scene. Ultimately, it is hoped that this prison can compete with some of the other prisons which put on art exhibits profitably. Certainly we have as much talent.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

CELLHOUSE LIBRARIES SOON

The Director of Education, Mr. Arthur M. Reynolds, sent us word that soft cover books may soon be available in the Cellhouses for the convenience of night readers. Already on order are a variety of soft cover editions in both fiction and non-fiction which are slated for distribution to the cellhouses. Book shelves will be erected in the cellhouses where inmates may pick up books on their way to their cell and return them at their leisure. The books will be allotted according to the number of prisoners in each unit.

PRISON UNDER GOES PAINT JOB

Mr. W. F. Miller and his painters are well on their way to brightening up the whole penitentiary. #3 Cellhouse was the first to get a new coat of paint, and #1 and #2 Cellhouses followed. #5 Cellhouse may have a short wait while the old cannary gets a few final touches to become an extension of the recreation facilities.

PERHAPS MERITORIOUS RECOGNITION?

Since nearly every organization issues some sort of meritorious award for outstanding performances, it is suggested that inmates also need some sort of recognition. Noticeing that guards get a service award for long employment, and the inmates who belong to the Yoke-fellows wear a pin on their collars, CASTLE hereby recommends trophies for any inmate who has fought the chow line for five years running. Those who qualify for the MAGNIFICANT ORDER OF THE GOLDEN SPOON will get a little golden spoon to wear on their collars.

In order to qualify for the recognition, the inmate must produce two witnesses who will swear that they saw the applicant in the mess-hall three times a day for the last five years. These witnesses must have unquestionable credentials. For example, two inmates witnesses who have been twice convicted of forgery, and/or one inmate witness who has twice been convicted of perjury.

POULTRY GROWERS BEWARE

CASTLE has been asked to announce that Don Evens was recommended for parole. He has sent his work papers to the Mayfield area. The farmers in that Western Kentucky vicinity are hereby advised to sell off all their chickens and be rid of them before Evens' release is processed.

GUARDS KNOCKED OUT THE CRAP GAME

Guards finally knocked out the only permanent floating crap game in the penitentiary. Acting on a hot tip from the fink department, two guards swooped down on Hoodwinkle Harry, snatched up him and his golloping dominoes and started toward the front. If rumors reaching the CASTLE office are anywhere near correct, Harry should go down in history as the greatest con artist of all times. Stories are that he beat the arresting guards out of three bucks before they got him to the front.

Most of all a liar needs a good memory

GETTING IT TOGETHER BLACKS AND GRIME

Although millions of diverse words have been written on this subject, it still remains an enigma that no one has been really able to define. But, I will try!! I am new at the CASTLE and I am realistic in my views. I have hopes for penal reform for all, but like I said, I'm for real, and for the most part, I am speaking for my Black Brothers and disrespected Black Sisters saying "Right On." I'll borderline in hopes of not becoming a dead Brother to my fellow blacks and militant to the white readers. I welcome all comment pro and con, and I will answer all questions in my articles. My hope is for an overall MORE! MORE! so that I can keep alive the true black views that are here in our penitentiary.

We all know that all crimes (or at least for the most part) are an expression of conflict relationship. Consider most immediately the conflict between the black criminal and the victim. The victim may be passive or active at the onset of the crime, but then, you can make the victim feel that he is not being victimized, just as if there had been no previous conflict relationship. You will be occasionally unconscious of any antisocial attitudes when you commit a crime. So the criminal and victim can both be unaware of a crime taking place. I put it like this so that you may understand that the black man was brought to America with an antisocial attitude. In 1619, Blacks, twenty (20) in number, landed at Jamestown, Virginia, taken from their home lands of peace and riches far beyond that which any black man knows today. They were not aware of any trickery or deceit, and the only asset that they were able to bring with them was the art of survival and the willingness to overcome the ball of confusion that they could foresee to come. 200 years later, the Neo-Classical school was founded. It waged a war on crime, calling it the intellectual revolution. I can not help but wonder if on January 13, 1865, when two-thirds of the United States House passed laws making Slavery a crime that Jermyer Bertham felt the need for laws to help keep the black man in line; because now they were strong in number. The very next year, on June 16, 1866, Congress said in part, "all person born or naturalized in the United States are citizens"... CITIZENS! But a black brother can pick up the laws of the constitution and find that even the U.S. Supreme Court saw the 13th Amendment was no good then. Blacks still couldn't own land and couldn't come to town nor give testimony in court where a white man was party. "So far, the Neo-Classical School was only good for whitey". The point is that the black man was having a relationship with trickery. Then whitey made a mistake; They gave a black the Bible and a sympathetic white woman showed them the new world's way of reading. Today the only thing a black can not do is to get total equal freedom. So, to supplant for this they turn to crime, unconscious of any antisocial attitudes. To be like whitey, or better was and is my black brother's goal. But, they fail to see the paronia of being like the Jones. I say now, STRIVE FOR UNITY!!! Knowledge and freedom was founded from the words of the Bible; for most blacks, they were words that had no meaning at the time, later after the English language was mastered, did each word fall into its proper perspective to give meaning. Fight trickery with education,

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FROM THE PRECEDING PAGE:

and jungle instinct. When I said that the victim may never know that he is being victimized its true. Get an education; arm yourself with a skill; fill your skull with prevention for tricks; present yourself to the open market that has a demand for your trade. Stalk your prey, draw your weapon (your DIPLOMA). Use whitey's trickery, "a smiling face, a pat on the back." Do your job and write your black brother in D.C., when you feel that you are ready to back him. Help move him up, and wait your turn to move up. STRIVE FOR UNITY AND GET INVOLVED. GIVE A DAMN.

Remember, motive is the reason for crime, its the subjective aspect to the causation of crime. So hold in mind that society as a whole is a criminal, and to remind ourselves that crime is a major problem, would seem superfluous. BE BEAUTIFUL BLACK.

Until we meet again,
"Power to the People!"
Bro. Herbert "Motion" Gilbert
(???????)

How do you know you're free, if you've never been free before? The dream of the slave was to be a freeman someday. From the time, more than 350 years ago, when the first blackmen and women were landed from a Dutch-man-of-war in the harbor of Jamestown, Va. the act of oppression has been in the hands of the white man!

Since 1776 when the colonists revolted against Great Britain and founded these United States hope still belonged only to the white man!

Not until the early 19th century did the white man become fully aware of the many injustices and initiate many changes. The Northern United States began to protest slavery; Some whites on religious grounds, and others on moral grounds. They shouted their protest and believes that it was wrong for one human to own another. White abolitionists such as William R. Garrison, and John Brown with others, each in his own way helped black liberation.

After the Emancipation Proclamation the scares of the Civil War hung heavily in the air. The black man had some inkling of freedom, but with no education, money, nor land, he soon learned that he wasn't really free. No matter; he wasn't going back, so he took his position as a second class citizen.

From the reconstruction until well into the 20th century, blacks lived in a state of being second class citizens despite the tireless efforts of many whites like Frederick Douglas, William DuBois, and Walter White.

He finally realized that organization was the best instrument the blackman could use in his rise out of the age of darkness, he started getting up from his knees and began proving to himself that he can be just as successful as whites. He proved that given a chance and an opportunity he could do anything the "man" could do - and then some. And many times excelling in his chosen field. No longer ashamed of his color or his background, today you can hear his shouts of self dignity - "Say it loud, I'm black and I'm proud." The blackman is proud of his beautiful and glorious struggle. A history that is no longer used against him.

After 350 years the mental shackles have been broken, and the status of the blacks in this country is no longer lowly.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

In the last 5 years, one has seen the shift in direction and progress of the blacks. Whatever the path he chooses, he will not be shoved or pushed. He is confident in his ability and proud of his heritage.

The future will be determined by what we feel and what we know is best for us and ours.

Michael Lovelace

LaGrange Lifer to Receive Degree

AP Harold Howard, whose IQ was reckoned at 69 when he started a life term at the Kentucky State Reformatory 10 years ago, graduates from college next month.

Howard was paroled in 1967. He now works with delinquent children in the poverty area. Last summer he was a delegate to the White House Conference on Children and Youth.

Howard easily recalls the day in 1961 when he stood before a judge in Louisville's Jefferson Circuit Court and pleaded guilty to armed robbery.

Howard was 16 years old at the time he committed the robbery. He became involved in many fights in prison and spent time in solitary confinement.

Prison officials gave him a series of mental aptitude tests which revealed an IQ of only 69, and indicating he was seriously retarded.

Howard questions the usefulness of testing anyone's IQ under such circumstances. "You can be thrust into a situation like that and fail the tests no matter how smart you are," he said.

He was placed in the third grade at the Reformatory's school and leaped thru to the eighth in a matter of weeks. He went on from there to get his high school diploma.

"I made the change," he said, "because one day I realized I had no skill, no education, in fact, nothing but calculated arrogance." He also found hope in the form of Billy Howard, the LaGrange Reformatory School principal and John Pike, the athletic director.

"Coach Pike was the first white man to ever give a damn about me," said ex-convict Howard, a Negro.

After his parole in 1967, Howard was accepted by Kentucky State College in Frankfort with a scholarship from the State Bureau of Vocational Rehabilitation paying his way through college.

Howard told the reporter that too many ex-convicts never make it outside... "because the straight people won't accept them."

"So many of the cons who come out of prison are really reaching... and so often there's no place to reach," Howard concluded.

Howard graduated from Kentucky State College with a B.S. degree in sociology, and is planning to attend graduate school.

Associate Press release

Never be too quick to blame a man for having prejudices. He may not be smart enough to have opinions.

Perry Joseph



FROM THE RAMBLINGS OF OLD YARD KAT

Jughead came up with another of his fantastic ideas for raising money for the Children's Home. He said that we might as well capitalize on the growing crime rate. Jughead suggested that we raise and sell "attack turtles" to people who can't afford a watch dog. The notion is interesting enough since the turtle is a savage creature, and equipped with jaws of steel. If the buyer was attacked it would go right for the assailant's throat. The only drawback is that it takes the turtle a long time to get there ... so, the buyer would have to think of a lot of ways to stall. (also, it must be pointed out that the turtle would be just about useless on a newly waxed floor).

Another money raising scheme came from Lowpockets who insist that his "perfectly smashing" idea would bring thousands. He planned to hatch, grow, and train parrots for sale to the public. There is little chance of that project getting off the ground. Parrots which are born and raised in a prison are not likely to be very talkative without having their lawyers present.

The inmates of English prisons are complaining about the outdated, Victorian systems still in use over there. Perhaps there is some merit to their arguments. However, Kentucky convicts are willing to bet none are so far out in the woods, nor so old as the prison. It is probably the only fortress in the world which is still being attack by injuns. There really isn't any danger in the attacks, but it is an embarrassment to both the prison administration, and the Federal Government. The nearest army post is eighty miles away at Fort Campbell, and they don't have any horse cavalry stationed there.

Prior to the Labor Day excitement, our culinary repast was something less than elegant. The cook was caught bosting to some visitors that the things he cooked best were Irish Stew and Mexican Chilly. Thereupon the whole prison population choired, "Which one is this?"

The newest vocational project is underway here. Vocational Meat Cutting Classes gathered at the Butcher Shop to began their first instructions. The instructor told his class that they should learn to carve meat so that it is both lean and tender. Someone immediately cracked, "We only want to learn to cut it, We're not interested in teaching it tricks."

Vocational instructors and counselors often come upon some odd request, even for a prison where the unusual is the norm. Recently a new convict came in and asked what sort of training he could get during the term of his sentence. The counselor ran down the list of subjects open to inmates who are interested. The new man shrugged.

"Just what did you have in mind?" asked the counselor.

"Well, I hear'd tell thar's a big call fur brain surgeons," he said.

Old Yard Kat

CONVICT'S PRAYER

May God's ire rest upon the paperclips. They seem to be the only thing that holds the prison system together.

POETRY



FROM THE MONKEY'S POINT OF VIEW

Three monkeys sat beneath a cocoanut tree,
 Discussing things as they're said to be.
 Said one to the others, "Now listen you two,
 There's a certain rumor that can't be true.
 That man descended from our noble race.
 The very idea - It's a dark disgrace!
 No monkey ever deserted his wife,
 Nor starved her baby, and ruined her life.
 And you've never known a mother monk
 To leave her babies with others to bunk.
 Nor pass them on from one to another,
 'Til they scarcely know who is their mother.
 And another thing you'll never see,
 A monk build a fence around his cocoanut tree.
 And let the cocoanuts go to waste;
 Forbidding all other monks a taste.
 Why, if I put a fence around this tree,
 Starvation would cause you to steal from me.
 Here's another thing a monk won't do,
 Go out at night and get on a stew.
 Nor use a gun, or club, or knife,
 To take some other monkey's life.
 Man may have descended, the ornery cuss,
 But surely he can't be blamed on us.

TO ONE IN LIFE

P.J.

To one in life a small problem may grow tall,
 To one in life a dream can be reached only to shatter and fall.
 To one in life hope and faith can lead and make away,
 To one in life there can be some better days.
 But to one in life hope and faith can also fail,
 And earth can seem like an eternal HELL!
 Then one to earth and life by suicide has been known to say farewell.
 Then the one's love ones may wonder "Oh God were did I fail...
 to one in life."

Bruce Morton

SOME MORE



SOME MORE POETRY

On a hill somewhere in West Kentucky
Stands a place where men aren't so lucky.
Cold walls stand old and gray,
There's a chapel on the hill where we pray.

We come from far and oh so near,
To this place of loneliness and fear.
Oh, so many cries have been done,
By we who sit in the glare of the sun.

After all as people outside well know,
In prison, four walls are as far as we go.
Around and around a circle thru out each day,
An endless price that we must pay.

But where and when will it all end?
When people stops wrongs and living in sin?
When the sun grows cold and the earth stops spinning?
Before justice and reform start winning?

All men behind these walls await the day,
When you people will open these gates and say,
"You now have your chance - see that you make it pay.
We have the faith and trust you need.

So go with God and all our speed.

Ellis Meeks

LOOK BEYOND

Look beyond the rolling rain clouds,
There's a blue sky drawing night;
Soon a golden glowing sun bomb,
Will explode across the sky.

For each dreary, rainy moment,
There's a shinning hour in store;
Trimmed with fresh winds and flowers,
And delivered to your door.

Look beyond your disappointments,
Success surely waits for you;
Just forget the frightful nightmares,
Dream bold dreams and make them true.

Give them heart and soul and substance,
Give them tender love and make them free,
And soon with the grace of God
We will be reunited - You, little Shana, and me.

Bob Redman

AND THERE'S MORE!



BEFORE THE BOARD

Standing before the Parole Board,
A convict hung his head,
He was listening to these words
Which one of the members said.

Son, you've been a model prisoner
Here behind these walls,
But I see here on your record
This is your second fall.

We'd like to parole you, son,
But the nature of your crime
Is just too bad to overlook,
So you'll have to do more time.

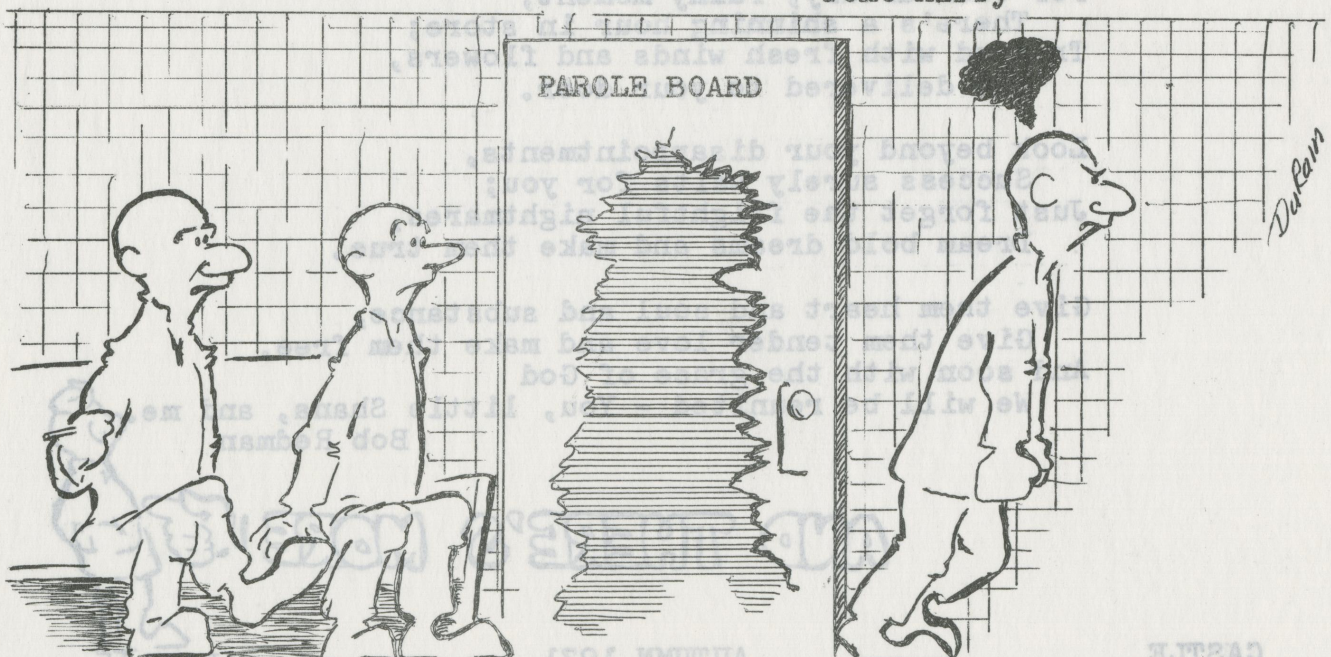
Now don't be discouraged,
And keep your record clear,
And perhaps we can help you,
In just a few short years.

The convict stood in silence,
Not believing what he'd heard.
He was so numbed from the shock,
He couldn't utter a word.

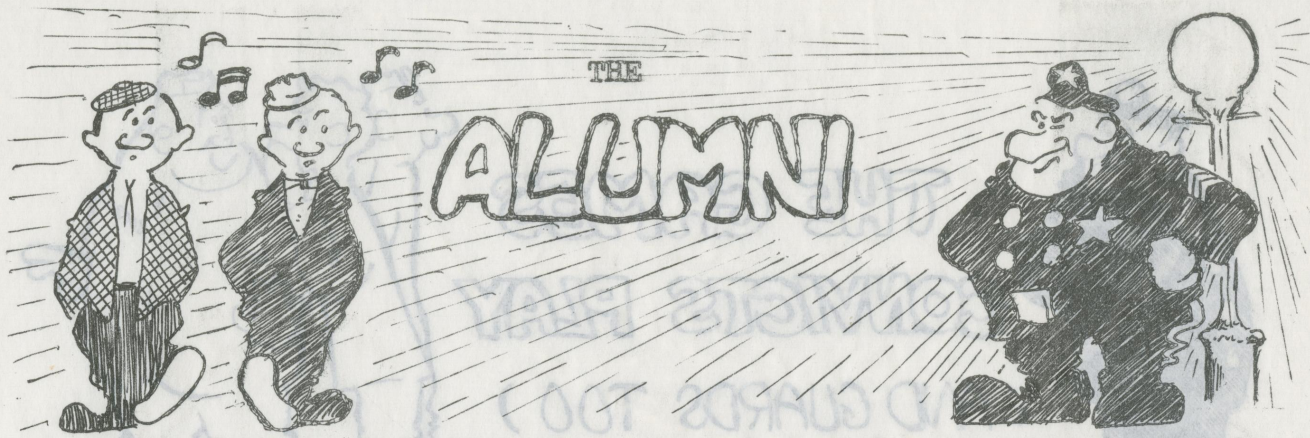
He walked to the door,
And there he raised his head.
A tear fell to the floor,
And here is what he said.

"I realize that you good gentlemen,
Have done what you think is right.
But tell me, sirs, what can I say,
In my letter to mom tonight."

Gene Kirby



Just off-handed, I'd say Charlie got another four year flop



THE
ALUMNI

Old Hard Times Harry, whose arrest we duly reported in our last issue, went before the same judge who had sentenced him the last five times he came down. The judge started with his usual lecture, "I'm real disappointed in you..." "I'm real disappointed in you too judge," interrupted Harry, "I thought you've have run for Governor by now." Ten years.

After our last issue ran a "Special Notice" to Pooey Hughy asking him to take a bath, there were a number of inquiries from our readers. We don't know if he took that bath or not, but apperantly a number of other citizens took the message personally. The shower is always filled to overflowing these days, and, in fact, there is some talk of re-opening the cellhouse showers.

Pooey Hughy went out by expiration of sentence and a check of the areas turned up no evidence that he had taken a shower. He left the prison wearing and watch which wasn't his, and owing \$2.50. At last report, however, he had met his nemesis.

When Pooey Hughy blowed into Louisville, he ran into Killer Karney. He owed Killer \$25.00 from the time Killer did a tour of K.S.P. for offing a couple of guys of no particular importance. He hadn't paid because Killer had gone out on parole before Pooey Hugh could up the loot.

Killer touched on him a few times, but Pooey Hughy only came up with a mouth full of excuses. It was begining to look as if Killer would have to crack his skull before he would get anything resembling a token payment. Killer wasn't real gassed-up about that idea because wasting the dead beat would mean another four year tour of the rehabilitation program for parole violation.

All of this was probably rattling around in his head as Killer was on his way to meet Pooey Hughy in a saloon. About three doors from the saloon, Killer came upon a hearse complete with black-suited driver. So for ten bucks he got the driver to pull down in front of the Bar. (Probably Cross Town).

Sure enough, Pooey Hughy started his hard luck story just as Killer came in the door. Killer interrupted, "Before you say another word, look out the window and see if you like the transportation home I've got for you, if you don't come up with my bread."

Pooey Hughy checked the hearse, made about a dozen phone calls, and Killer got the \$25. (Actually it was only \$15 since he had to pay the hearse driver.) * * * * *

That was
Pretty Dry —
Charlie



This is the very first day
in the rest of your life.

P.J.



that's way



THE GAMES CONVICTS PLAY (AND GUARDS TOO)



Prison humor is like nothing else in the whole world. Anything that will divert the attention from the dull routine of prison life comes as a welcome relief to men behind the cold gray walls. Usually these diversions take the form of humor, although an onlooker may not be able to tell that some form of prison fun and games is really a question of humor. Indeed, sometimes the merriment leads to rather serious consequences.

As most convicts know, and many guards have found, colorless or dull jokes have a way of developing into something a lot funnier for ever one except the joke teller. One guard we know came to work one day with this gasser:

"Do you know why bees hum?" he asked an inmate.

"No," responded the con, probably hoping to pick some information which might prove useful at some later date. After all, one never knows when the subject of why bees hum will come up around the prison yard.

Of course, the answer is because they don't know the words.

This answer was received as something less than hilarious for reasons best understood by convicts alone. Nevertheless, it was to be improved before the day passed. In one form or another, the guard was to hear the same joke over and over. Even his fellow guards got in on the joke. In the officer's mess he overheard someone loudly explaining that bees hum because they don't know the words, while other employees snickered - obviously not at the joke.

Never a group who would let a good thing rest, inmates to this very day often make a humming sound whenever the guard goes by.

There probably never was a guard who hasn't been goated into making a useless search of some area because he overheard some prisoner drop such a remark as "cheeit", or "Get'em up!" or other such warnings. Young or old, new or seasoned, all prison guards are suckered into investigations which turn up nothing while pranksters watch. The game is the most common form of amusement in every prison in the world. It's called "Spook the Screws."

As might be expected, sometimes the joke is on the whole prison population rather than the individual. One of the ugliest convicts who ever haunted this joint had the whole inmate body convinced that he was God's gift to the ladies. We called him "Pretty", because he was "pretty ugly and pretty apt to stay that way." Pretty had an impressive number of pictures of nice looking, corn fed girls. Furthermore he produced letters written in a fine feminine hand which all but begged him to answer back, or to come by and visit when he got out.

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It was not until Pretty went out that we discovered that he had had someone in the photo department to touch up the pictures which were taken from magazines. The letters were very good forgeries, very good indeed, considering that he had deceived some real expert forgers.

Finding a hypochondriac in the crowd is a delight second only to receiving general amnesty. If an inmate goes looking for sympathy for his aches and pains he is sure to find more concern than he could possibly dream of. Cellmates, neighbors and others, even guards may chance that he isn't looking well, and/or that he should go to the hospital. After a half dozen such offhanded inquiries, the chronic complainer is really sick.

Always the prison hospital staff is alerted. Sometimes even the prison doctor will get in on the quip. On one such occasion the complainer was checked into the hospital under the color of "Diagnostic Analysis."

"What's that mean?" asked the white faced and terror stricken complainer.

"It means," replied the doctor, "that I just got two new men from the classification board, and they need some experience."

At one time, for more than a month, the whole penitentiary was plagued with sex crazed Martians. When two persons met on the yard one was sure to demand that the other rub thumbs with him. After this the first would hand the second a card which read:

"I am from Mars. My sex glands are in my thumb. You have just been raped. If you enjoyed it smile."

After rubbing thumbs with some nut, who could keep from smiling? This fad leaped the walls, caught the fancy of others around western Kentucky, and at last report, had spread throughout five surrounding states.

Occasionally guards and convicts will pool their positions to promote a little merriment. Such was the case in the brutality rumors which shrouded this prison a few years ago.

A guard and a convict formed a little theater group, capitalizing on the fact that everyone outside has some dark, hairy ideas about the mysterious goings-on behind those cold gray walls. It was pretty good too. In fact if the act had gone on for another six months it may have developed into a tourist attraction. As it turned out, they nearly got the whole administration indicted.

Since both the guard and the convict are still here, for the purpose of anonymity they are referred to as Bang-Bang and Mr. Screw.

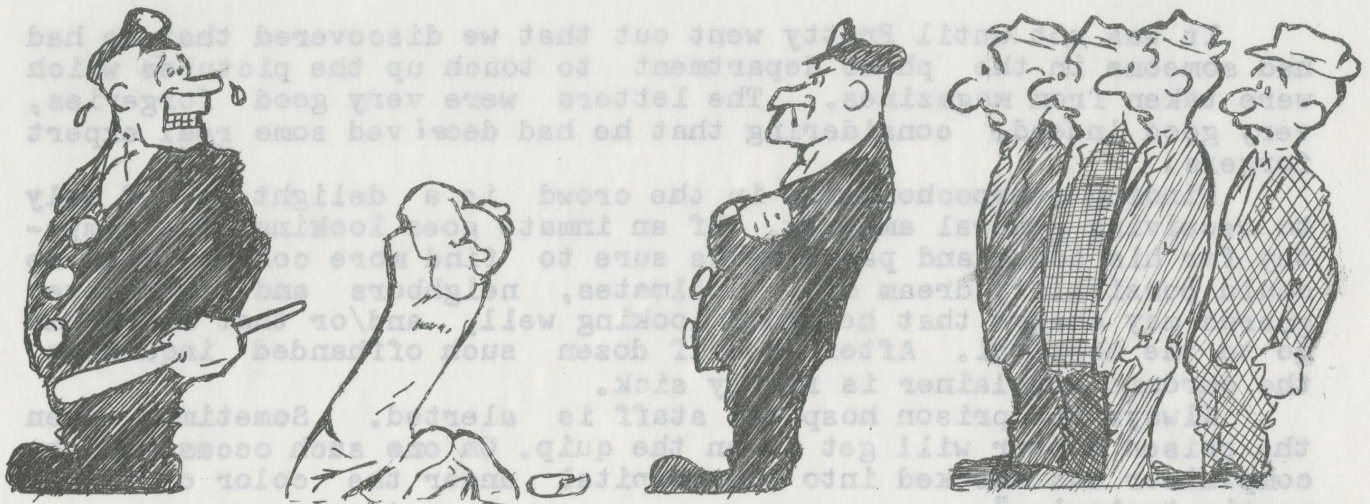
When a new inmate arrived at the friendless, forbidden surrounding of #1 Cellhouse he was usually already convinced that the stories he had heard about prisons were true. The actors would give him a few minutes to think about the cold, gray, hostile stones around him - then they would go into their act.

Mr. Screw would charge on the scene, waving a larger part of an old pool-cue stick, and decrying Bang-Bang for some mythical misdeed as he slammed the cue down to add emphasis.

"Damn it, I asked you guys politely not to stab that bastard. Now he's down in the basement spilling blood all over the place. And after spanky just got through mopping up too!!"

Bang-Bang would cover his head with his arms a beg pitifully, "Please, Mr. Good Kind Captain, don't hit me any more. I'll go down and clean it up, Please don't hit me anymore." Or some other words to that effect.

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Depending on the reaction they got from the new convict, the hams would play their roles to a bust. It didn't usually take long before the new man was just simply terrified. Then everyone would have a good laugh as the joke was exposed. It was great fun, and may have enjoyed a long run except the hams became dazzled by success.

They put on their little play one day when two new guards came to get fingerprinted. That was their undoing. The new guards fled the scene before the humor of it all was exposed. In the course of their hasty exit from the prison, they stopped long enough to explain to the Deputy Warden why they didn't want to work here. To put it mildly, the deputy was not amused.

"Oh Boy!" Bang-Bang said later. "I didn't think he was ever going to stop yelling at us."

Whoever it was that said "lightning never strikes twice" didn't know about prison comedians. The very next day they were back in front of the Deputy Warden.

Mr. Screw used that pool-cue stick to test the metal works as he made his rounds. Tapping the steel with his cue stick, he could detect an iron which was cut - it gives off a different sound than uncut metal.

When the guard walked back into the cellhouse office with the cue in his hand, Bang-Bang went into his act. With arms over his head, the convict begged pitifully and loudly for mercy. Mr. Screw was petrified. Unknown to the ham convict, the Senior Captain of the Guards was conducting the Lyon County Grand Jury on an inspection tour of the prison and they had come up behind. The inmate didn't see them. As if the situation wasn't bad enough, Bang-Bang grew louder and more pitiful with each passing second. Finally the guard regained his composure and said in a flat tone, "You want to knock it off now."

So for the second time in two days, the culprits found themselves before a very sad deputy who was not at all delighted with their performance. In fact, "He looked as if he was about to cry," said Bang-Bang.

The deputy's voice was quite and deliberate, if not somewhat strained. He said, "I was in the prison business when we had iron men for guards, and case harden men for convicts. Now look at it: penologist, sociologist, psychologist ... and reformers; cry babies con artist, mischief makers, and finks. And on top of all that, YOU TWO ★#◎★# CLOWNS!!!"

This is not to imply that prisons are all fun and games. Far from it, but even in the darkest valley of despair a little humor is present in human nature.

Chas DuRain



ONCE UPON A TIME



Solitary confinement is a thing of the past at Kentucky State Penitentiary, but in the days when it was in operation, a convict called Larry the Fairy was a regular visitor down there. He seemed to have a genius for fracturing minor rules which kept him com- in or going out of the dark hole all the time. Not that he was a bad actor; he was what socialologist might refer to as incompatible. Fact is that Larry the Fairy just didn't seven all the way around.

In those days, Mr. Gray was in charge of the solitary unit. He liked to wolf (yell) at the inmates, but he was harmless. In the twenty odd years he was a prison guard, he never once put a convict on report for disciplinary action. Consequently the convicts loved to hear him growl, and often goated him into a long-winded oration. Mr. Gray had a habit of using the same term over and over.

Larry once capitalized on Mr. Gray's habit to escape the dark hole, and left the whole prison laughing. When Larry was pick- ed up one day for some small fraction of the rules, he declared that they couldn't put him in the hole because he was Jesus Christ. All the officials knew that the Fairy was some kind of nut so they used a pacifying tone when handling him.

"All right, Jesus," said the officer, "You just run along with the nice guard, and we'll get in touch with God and find out what can be done about all this."

All the way to the solitary unit Larry the Fairy loudly pro- claimed that the warth of God would surely fall upon them.

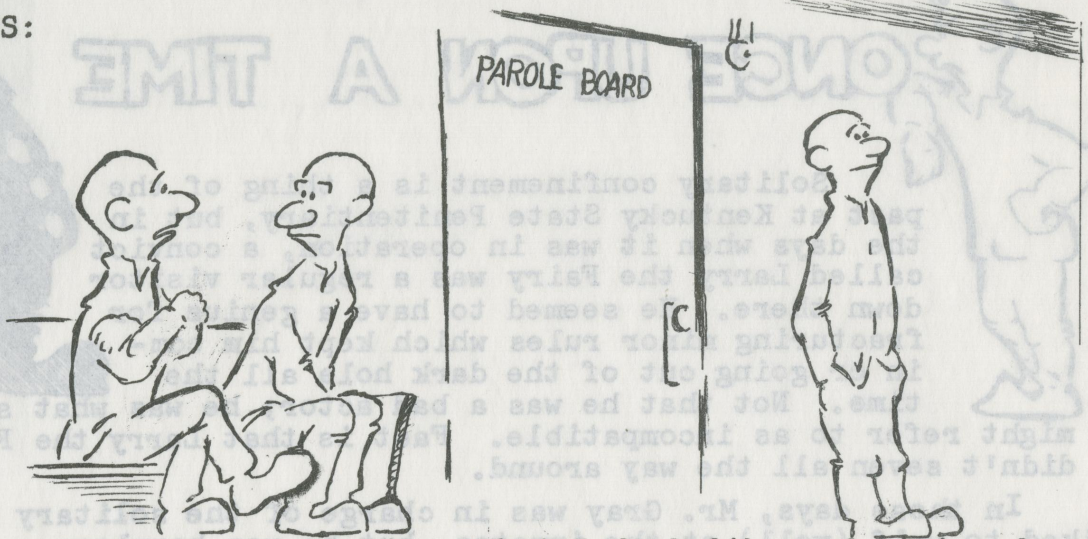
When they got to the hole, Mr. Gray looked up and shouted, "JESUS KEE-RIST!!! Are you here again?"

It was such a good joke that officials forgave Larry that time.

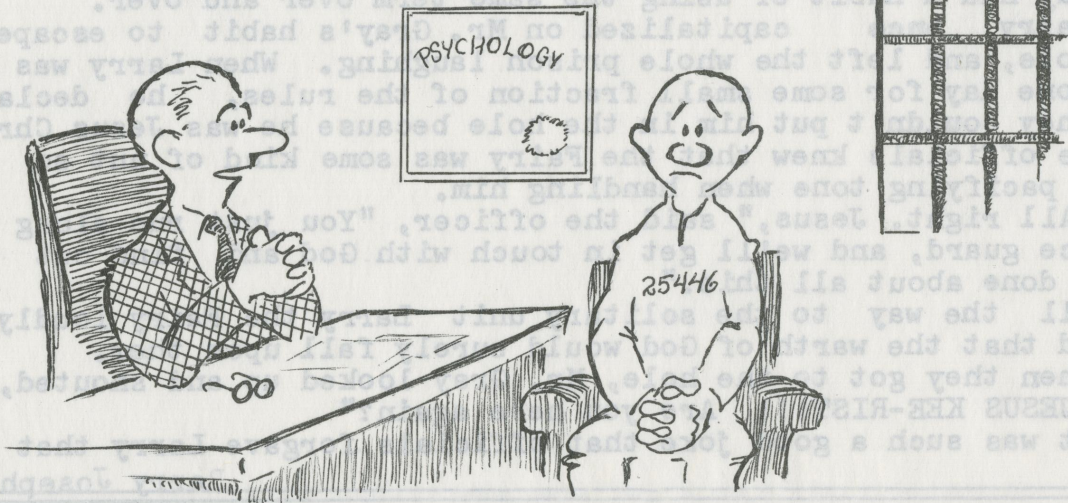
Perry Joseph



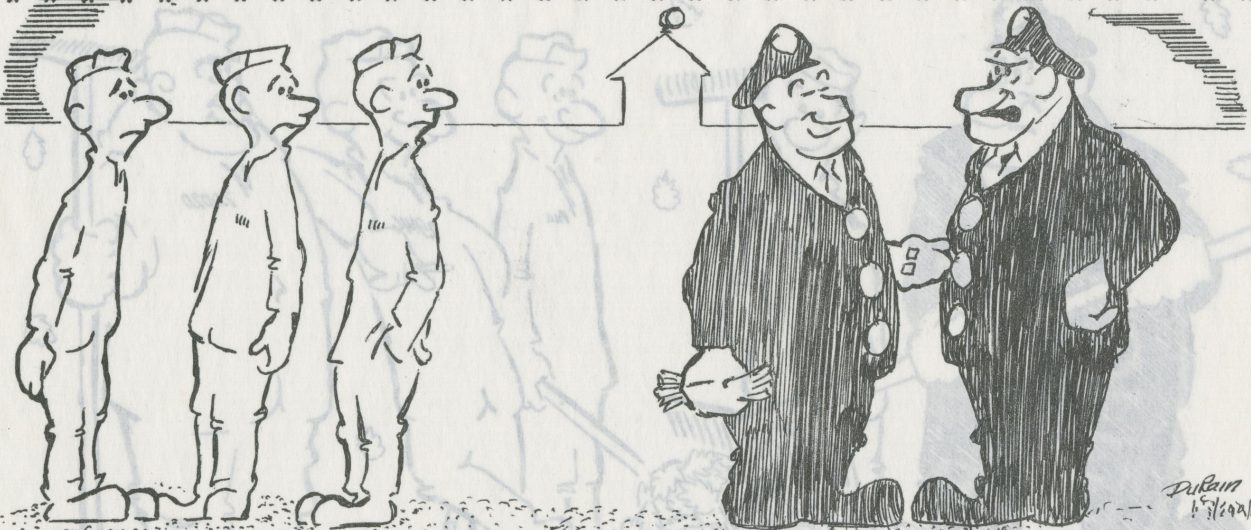
K.S.P. QUIPS:



I've been flopped so many times that I feel like a fugitive from the laws of average



In the circumstances, Charlie, I don't find your guilt feeling unusual



Winning eight dollars and the dice does not exactly comply with an order to break-up the crap game, MISTER Jones

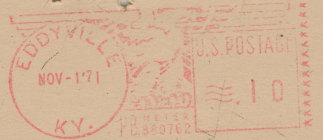
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