

365.9769

C2793

v.1

1962

no.9

119

cop.1

MARCH, 1962



"YOUR EYES CAN SEE FOREVER"

See Page 19

Castle ON THE
Cumberland

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY

Mr. A. H. Hight 14 Nov 63

ADMINISTRATION	TABLE OF CONTENTS	
<p>The Honorable Bert T. Combs Governor</p> <p>Wilson W. Wyatt Lt. Governor</p> <p>W. C. Oakley Welfare Commissioner</p> <p>Marshall Swain Deputy Commissioner</p> <p>Dr. Harold Black Director of Corrections</p> <p>Luther Thomas Warden</p> <p>Kathlyn Ordway Business Manager</p> <p>Rev. Paul Jagers Chaplain</p> <p>Henry E. Cowan Supervisor of Education</p> <p style="text-align: center;">--Parole Commission--</p> <p>Dr. Fred Moffatt Executive Director</p> <p>Walter Ferguson Chairman</p> <p>Simeon Willis Member</p> <p>Ernest Thompson Member</p>	<p>W. Jesse Buchanan 1</p> <p>Castle News 2</p> <p>The Editorial Side 6</p> <p>Sports Report 7</p> <p>Articles 8</p> <p>Exchange Page 10</p> <p>Meet the Prisoners 11</p> <p>Tall Tales 12</p> <p>Department Reports 13</p> <p>Poetry 17</p> <p>Cartoon Page 20</p> <p>Crossword 22</p> <p>Statistics & Movies 23</p>	
	STAFF	
	<p>Lawrence Snow Editor</p> <p>Hughie Hammock Lithographer</p>	<p>Billy Howell Sports Editor</p> <p>Charles Garrett Secretary</p>

The CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND is published monthly by the inmates of the Kentucky State Penitentiary at Eddyville. Subscriptions, one dollar a year, payable by money order at: CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND, Subscriptions Dept., Kentucky State Penitentiary, Eddyville, Kentucky, and by inmates at the Chief Clerk's Office. Articles are solicited, but the CASTLE reserves the right to reject, edit, or revise any material submitted. Opinions expressed in this magazine do not necessarily reflect those of the administration. Permission is hereby granted to reproduce any part of this magazine, provided proper credit is given. Where possible, a marked copy of the quoting publication is requested.

FORMER KENTUCKY STATE PENITENTIARY WARDEN DIES

W. Jesse Buchanan, twice warden of the Kentucky State Penitentiary and Penal Advisor to the Department of Welfare, passed away early on the morning of March 6th in Lourdes Hospital, Paducah. He had suffered from leukemia since January.

Mr. Buchanan first became warden here in 1936 under the Chandler administration. He remained in office until 1944, returning again in 1947. He retired in 1955 and served until shortly before his death as Penal Advisor.

Prior to serving as warden, Mr. Buchanan, 78, had been a deputy sheriff (1922) and a sheriff (1923) of Union County, Kentucky. In 1932, he was appointed aide to Governor Laffoon, and in 1934 he became Deputy U. S. Marshall at Owensboro.

While serving as warden, Mr. Buchanan worked to provide the prisoners with a balanced diet and advocated a merit system for prison employees. His administration has been cited as outstanding in Kentucky penology. He was outspoken against inmate idleness and established a garment factory and knitting mill to help alleviate the condition. And, although he presided over 50 executions in his more than 16 years as warden, he was opposed to capital punishment.

Graveside services and Masonic rites were held March 7th at the Morganfield Cemetery with Deputy Warden Lloyd T. Armstrong, Fred McChesney, Jack Greene, George Humphrey, Thus Duncan, and Hale LeFan serving as pallbearers.

Mr. Buchanan was survived by his wife, the former Margaret Keagy Clements, of Eddyville; a stepson, A. W. Clements of Louisville; a son, William Jesse Buchanan, Jr., of Bedford, Massachusetts; a daughter, Mrs. Hugh Glenn Greene of Eddyville; and seven grandchildren.

Mr. Buchanan had made his home in Eddyville since his final resignation as warden in 1955.

MICHIGAN CRIME COUNCIL URGES PENAL CODE REVISION

If the Michigan Crime and Delinquency Council has its way, offenders will no longer be sentenced according to the crime committed and each case will be judged according to individual factors, says the Associated Press.

In a proposal submitted to the State Bar Association's Committee On Criminal Jurisprudence, the Council recommended a maximum term of 5 years for offenders judged not dangerous to society, and the elimination of life sentences for all crimes except first-degree murder. Other recommendations: Eliminate the habitual criminal laws; speed processing of detainers by out-of-state authorities; eliminate the ban on probation for certain types of crimes; permit the parole board to release prisoners whenever they are actually ready for release rather than when an arbitrary period of time has elapsed.

PRISONERS ABOUT AVERAGE IN INTELLIGENCE

A sociologist employed at the Michigan State Prison at Menard has published findings indicating that the average level of intelligence among prisoners does not differ significantly from the level of intelligence among free persons, according to the WEEKLY PROGRESS, penal publication of the prison at Marquette, Michigan.

Robert J. Brooks, prison sociologist, reported in his study that the most intelligent group of prisoners (considered by crimes committed) were those convicted of fraud. Highest overall I.Q. reported was 132, lowest, 77. Four hundred inmates were studied in the tests.

Brooks says the information derived from his study was instrumental in revising the prison's approach to the education of inmates.

INMATES ENJOY SPRINGLIKE WEATHER IN MIDDLE OF FEBRUARY

Think the weather is screwy this winter? So do we, but no one's complaining.

Last month's springlike days brought the men out of the shops in droves. The pool tables got a rest, business at the coffee stands slacked off, and a few faces turned pink in the unseasonably warm sunshine.

There was even an outdoor basketball game, and the grunt-and-groaners got the chance to lift weights out of doors for a change.

Here in the newspaper office, we left our door open to take advantage of the warm, fresh air outside, and our work suffered not a little bit when the skies turned blue and cloudless and we simply had to look up and get out in it for a while.

In the cellhouses, there wasn't a single complaint about the lack of heat. In fact, the heat stayed off completely several nights, and we slept under one blanket.

Even the cats (four-legged variety) quit begging at the cookshack door long enough to take an out-of-season interest in the opposite sex, although we didn't hear any feline singing under our cell windows as we so often do in summer.

And here and there on the little mountain that rises just beyond Eddyville's wall, the trees looked suspiciously ready to bud.

So if this march issue isn't quite up to par, blame it on the weatherman. Days like this, we'd much rather be working with a spinning reel than a typewriter.

Spring in mid-winter ... 'S wonderful!

REPORT ON THE LIBRARY -- CENTER OF LITERACY WITHIN EDDYVILLE'S STONE WALLS

LIBRARY SMALL BUT POPULAR

It's only a small room, not more than 20 by 30 feet, but it's a mighty important room to the men of Eddyville Prison.

Located behind the chapel, the library gives employment to four men: Buford Cox, Librarian, Jonathan Parks, Chaplain's Secretary, and Jess Moffatt and Denver Gregory, janitors. Richard Ditsch, pianist for the chapel, also lends a hand in the library at times.

There are only about 3000 volumes in the library, and many of these are worn out and falling apart; but the books that are serviceable get a lot of use. Even more in demand are the paperback novels and periodicals that the librarians keep stacked on a long table in the center of the room.

Some of the books are stacked on the floors because there isn't enough shelf space for them. However, there are plans for enlarging the library this summer. If the plans are carried out, capacity will be almost doubled.

Books and magazines are checked out just as they are in free-world libraries, the only exception being that no one needs a library card. The number on his shirt suffices.

The library is also the setting for informal discussion sessions with the Chaplain, sessions in which all the problems of the world -- and sometimes of individuals -- are solved daily. (See story on Chaplain beginning in column at right.)

How long has there been a library in Eddyville Prison? No one seems to know. But according to an old textbook on criminology in the shelves, the State of Kentucky was one of the first to establish a prison library, 'way back in the 19th Century.

KSP CHAPLAIN IS UNUSUAL MAN

On March 4th, 1899 -- two years to the day after William McKinley took the oath of office -- the Jagers family of Hart County, Kentucky celebrated the birth of a man child. During the first years of his life, the boy found nothing to resent in the fact that the presidential inauguration coincided, every four years or so, with the date of his own birth. But, as he grew older and more independent, he came to realize the inappropriateness of it all. Finally, in 1934, he decided to do something about it.

"The President and I got together," said the Reverend Paul Jagers, "and discussed the situation, and we decided that he'd move the inaugural ceremonies ahead to January 20th, and I'd keep March 4th for my birthday." And then the lithe, active man who has served as chaplain of the Kentucky State Penitentiary for 10 of his 63 years cackled with laughter at his outrageous tale.

It was a rare occasion, for the Chaplain was at our request talking about himself, a subject that this man, who loves discussion and argument above all other forms of pleasure, usually avoids. A liberal-minded Baptist, the Chaplain makes his office in the prison library, a small room attached to the chapel and one of the busiest spots in the institution. Over the years, this tiny library has become to an unusual degree a center of literacy in a place where literacy is not always considered a virtue.

"I'd like for the library," said the Chaplain during our interview, "to be something more than a place where books are stacked. It should be a forum, a place where wits are sharpened, a place where men can come to learn."

The library is certainly that. The Chaplain keeps his desk in the back of (Please turn to Page 4)

KSP CHAPLAIN (CONT)

the room, rather than in a private office ("My 'policy,'" he once said in reply to a question, "is to be available"). Throughout the day, highly informal running debates are in progress almost continually, and anyone who drops in feels free to enter into them. Quite often, the debates concern religious subjects. But in the course of a day, virtually every field of human knowledge will have been touched on. There are no tabus and no rules in the discussions, and the only qualification is that a participant be prepared to back up his contentions and define his terms.

If the topics of the impromptu debates are varied, so is the education of the man who stages them. Paul Jagers began his education in the public schools of Louisville and has never ended it. Although he has attended, among other schools, the University of Louisville, the Bryant and Stratton Business College and the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, where he studied under such famous teachers as W. O. Carver and the great Greek scholar, A. T. Robinson, Chaplain Jagers claims he got the better part of his education when he was associated with the Seminary library, an institution that houses from 100 to 150 thousand volumes.

"Forty years ago," he said, "the schools concentrated on reading and arithmetic, the two basic subjects a man needs in life. If you teach a man to read and to know his numbers, and then turn him loose in a good library, you've opened the doors to him as wide as if he'd spent years in a university." He paused and gestured out the library window. "But knowledge is where you find it," he went on. "And men can teach us more than books. I always try to let the other man talk a little, too, because I've found that I can learn something from every man I meet."

Reverend Jagers has had ample oppor-

tunity to meet people in his busy life, and in the process he has developed a rare, unsentimental love for mankind. In addition to teaching psychology and English, he has been a pastor for some 40 years. His first church was Grace Baptist in Louisville. In 40 years, he has had but one other, the Portland Baptist of the same city.

A practical and tough-minded preacher, Chaplain Jagers' sermons -- which seem always calculated to appeal to the reason rather than to the emotions -- almost invariably deal with the relation of religion to human affairs. "Too many men," he said in one sermon, "try to stand in the present dragging the burdens of the past and tugging at the coattails of the future." And in another: "Religion is not concerned with your comfort, not even with making you happy. It can show you the way to be happy ... but you have to take it from there."

At 63, Chaplain Jagers is still physically robust and eager to enjoy life. Fishing and camping occupy much of his scanty leisure time, although he's apt to carry books as well as rod and reel to the country. For years he and a friend used their fishing excursions as opportunities to discuss and argue philosophy and literature and kindred subjects in the kind of settings that another philosopher -- a Greek named Socrates -- loved best.

Quite often, too, the Chaplain and his wife take to the road for relaxation, mostly to see "...the things that man has made and the things that man hasn't made," as he puts it. Over the years, they've managed to cover most of the United States as well as nearby countries such as Cuba and Mexico. This year he's debating whether to attend the Seattle World's Fair or to travel in the Southwest, a region of which he's especially fond.

(Please turn to Page 5)

KSP CHAPLAIN (CONT)

Listening to the Chaplain eloquently describe the beauties of the places he's visited, we were moved to ask if he ever tried his hand at poetry.

"Now and then," he replied, grinning a little. "But wisdom, you know, isn't so much knowing what you can do as it is knowing what you can't do."

Somehow the conversation turned back to the subject of inaugurations and the Chaplain told us about one he had attended in years past. A new Kentucky governor was to be sworn in, he recalled, and the governor-elect told him he wasn't going to mail out any invitations to the ceremony.

"But I'll write one for you," said the politician. He reached for a sheet of paper from his desk. Then, pen poised in mid air, he glanced up at Reverend Jagers. "Uh ... how do you spell 'inauguration?'" he asked.

And that was where we came in.

GUBERNATORIAL CANDIDATE PLEDGES PRISON REFORM

At a recent meeting organized to promote Rumsey Taylor of Princeton for governor of Kentucky, the candidate outlined a potential platform. Four of the planks were improvements in highways, education, parks, and the penal system.

KSP IMATE DIES IN HOSPITAL

Charles E. Robertson, a patient at the prison hospital, passed on last February 21st.

According to the hospital, Robertson, 54, died of a coronary attack.

Robertson was serving a life sentence.

JOHNNY'S DADDY

(From the JACKSON TIMES)

My Daddy says the paper that he reads
ain't put up right;
He finds a lot of faults, too, he does,
readin' it all night;
He says there ain't a single thing in it
worth to read,
And that it doesn't print the kind of
stuff that people need.
He tosses it aside and says it's strictly
on the bum,
But you ought to hear him holler when the
paper doesn't come!

He reads about the weddin's and he snorts
like all get out;
He reads the social doin's with a most
delightful shout,
He says they make the paper for the
women folks alone,
He'll read all about the parties and he'll
fume and fret and groan;
He says for information it doesn't have a
crumb,
But you ought to hear him holler when the
paper doesn't come!

He is always first to grab it and he reads
it plumb clean through;
He doesn't miss an item, or a want ad --
that is true.
He says they don't know what we want, the
silly newspaper guys,
I'm gonna take a day some time and go out
and put 'em wise.
Sometimes it seems as tho' they must be
deaf, blind and dumb,
But you ought to hear him holler when the
paper doesn't come!

Hear Eddyville Prison's own half-hour
broadcast every second Sunday on WCBL,
Benton ... Tune 1290 for CLOSED WORLD,
1:30 pm.

One of the errors that one can make,
Is to dwell too long on a past mistake.

THE EDITORIAL SIDE

Maybe you haven't given it much thought, but probably the most important "extra" the literate prisoner can have is books -- books, magazines, newspapers, and any other form of printed matter that will provide him with at least a temporary escape and keep him in contact with that "other world" that lies outside these walls.

What do prisoners read, given the choice? Since they were people before they were prisoners, the reading habits of convicts are pretty much similar to those of people everywhere.

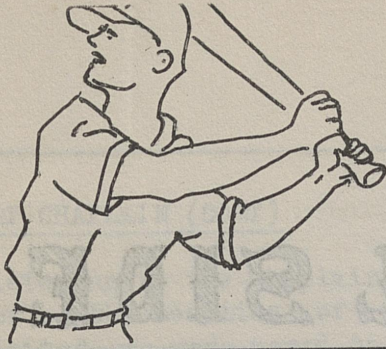
As in any community, free or convict, light fiction and the general and pulp magazines get the heaviest play. But magazines such as Harper's, the Atlantic Monthly, the New Yorker, and Saturday Review wouldn't go unread, nor would such authors as Dreiser, Lawrence, Huxley, Faulkner, Mann, and James be totally neglected. In fact, poetry, plays, and the classics are in demand among prisoners, as is good non-fiction -- biographies, histories and works dealing with the social, physical, and life sciences. Name a subject and I'll name a prisoner who would like to know more about it.

No, we're not intellectuals, and I hope we're not psuedo-intellectuals. We're just curious.

In our own library, sandwiched between the Little Lord Fauntleroy's and the Tarzan of the Apes's of which every prison library seems to have a sufficiency, there are hundreds of worthwhile books, hardbound and paperback, as well as many worthwhile periodicals, and they do get read. But hundreds more could be put to good use, for many of the books we do have are very old, some are obsolete, and the sets are almost invariably incomplete. Reference books, too, are in short supply.

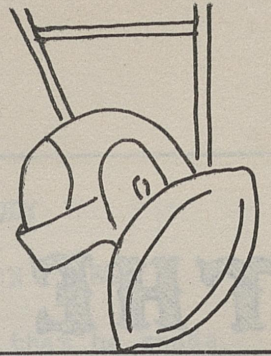
In fact, the library can use virtually any kind of books and magazines, providing, of course, they are not completely obscene, as well as old correspondence courses, textbooks, and the like. Even trade publications are welcome. And if you do have any such material you'd like to dispose of, you'd be doing us a great kindness -- and perhaps a great service -- if you'd let Chaplain Paul Jagers of this prison know about it.

And thank you ... very much.



SPORTS REPORT

Billy Howell, Sports Editor



The Eddyville basketball team was host to Princeton this past Sunday and, like all courteous hosts, it seems as if they just stepped aside to let Princeton win.

I was also a witness to the Steak vs Bean slaughter this past month. Fort Campbell, without getting a good workout in most cases, scored knockout after knockout. My fellow inmates who matched gloves with these tigers are most certainly admired and respected for their efforts. I personally know that some of our fighters are good. I also know they should have been able to handle some of their opponents. Why did they lose? The plain facts are these men were not in condition. Most of them were asked only a few days before to fight. Why they were ever asked is beyond me. It takes a lot of hard work to get into shape for a fight. It also takes a special diet. Our boys had neither of these necessities. To match them against the army in their condition was the same as putting a one-legged man in a 100-yard dash. Of course he will run and give it all he has. But in the end the whole thing is a losing cause.

A couple of years ago we had a fine boxing team who won a number of fights from the army. I would like to see this present team get into condition. I am sure they would also be good.

Congratulations on your efforts, boxers.

LAST MONTH'S WRESTLING BLOODY AFFAIR

by LJS

The KSP wrestling team put on four bloody and crowd-pleasing matches last month in the gymnasium, with only one

bout ending in a decision for either side.

Both tag-team matches and one of the two singles were called off because of unnecessary roughness or fist-fighting. It was mostly in fun, but the blood flew just the same.

Rudy Jones, one of KSP's star wrestlers, was aided and abetted in the mayhem by his manager, Buck Penn, who stood on the sidelines shouting signals and advice to his man and generally agitating the wrestlers into putting on a good show.

Another highlight of the events was a two round exhibition boxing match between Ben "Rabbi" Campbell and Dennis Burgess, a fast-fighting new arrival from Missouri.

WRESTLING SCORECARD:

Rudy Jones over Eddie Cowan in the first bout.

Rudy Jones and Donald Tipton versus David Cupps and Jimmy Carrico: both teams disqualified for unnecessary roughness in a bloody match.

Rudy Jones versus Jimmy Carrico: both wrestlers disqualified, unnecessary roughness.

Rudy Jones and Ronald Tipton versus Eddie Cowan and David Cupps: Main event, two out of three falls; both teams disqualified, unnecessary roughness and fisticuffs.

Proposed poster for a prison school:
"Time will pass. Will you?"

THE HIDDEN SURPRISE

by Jonathan Parks

"I tell you we can do it! You know I studied electronics in the joint!"

"Sure, Carl, sure. But this place ain't bugged with an ordinary clapper alarm."

"I know that! I know it's got an A.D.T. ultrasonic alarm hooked up to the police station. So what? I can handle it."

"I don't like to fool with a burglar alarm I don't dig, Carl."

"Look. Look, Joe ... let me explain it to you. Let me show you how it stacks up and you'll see I'm right. We can't go wrong on this score, hear?"

"All right. Go ahead."

"Okay. Look, this place ... this insurance company is located right next door to an apartment building. I've got two rooms, under a different name, directly across from it. What's to keep us from tunneling into it? It's not over 20 feet. You say the alarm system. Sure, it's a new type, but that don't mean anything. I know to a T how it works. All it is, is an electronic generator that sets up a pattern of high frequency sound waves in the room where the safe's located. These sounds can't be heard by a human. They're like the sound waves used by rats and mice when they communicate with one another. All right, if an ordinary burglar tried to crack the box, his movements would distort the sound pattern set up by the generator and a light would flash at the police station. But us? All we have to do is put together a detector that'll

not only tell us the alarm is there, but also show the pattern set up by the generator. And with what I know about electronics it wouldn't be any problem at all to put together a similar generator."

"But what good is that?"

"Wait a minute. Let me finish! So I put together a generator just like the one they have in the insurance company. What's to keep us from hooking onto the wires outside the building by using an induction coil and then cutting the wires behind the generator? What would happen? Nothing! The same pattern would still be going through, only it'd be coming from our own generator in the apartment."

"Well, what about the hooking up? I mean, wouldn't cutting our own outfit into the circuit before disconnecting the wires from the other generator cause an overload on the wires leading to the police station?"

"Not if we time it right, hook up the circuit at the same instant we cut the wires."

"Well, it sounds good, I guess, but I'd sure hate for anything to go wrong and us trapped in that box."

"I've even thought of that, Joe. We take along a radio tuned to the police band, just in case, so we know if anything sours."

The Following Wednesday, 11 pm:

"All set?"

"If you are."

"Got the radio turned on?"

"Right. I can hear the dispatcher talking to a cruiser now."
(Please turn to Page 9)

THE HIDDEN SURPRISE (CONT)

"Okay. When I count to three, cut the wires. One ... two ... THREE!"

"They're cut."

"Great! Now listen to that radio. We should know in a minute if anything went wrong."

11:30 pm:

"Man! That floor must have been two feet thick. Can you make it?"

"Yeah. Here, take the grease. I'd hate to get blown up this close to a hundred grand."

"You sure we're in the right place, now?"

"Wait a minute. Let me get through this damned hole. Ugh! All right. Come on. The safe's right over there, just like I said. We're in the right place."

"Man, oh, man! This Mosler must be 25 years old. I can get it in no time. Here, hold the grease."

"Hurry it up now!"

"You get the rug unfolded while I drill this door, Carl."

"Right."

"All right. Now hand me the nitro. Easy, now, that stuff's plenty touchy!"

"You ready for the rug?"

"Right. Here, drape it over the door like this. Great! Now, let's get behind something."

12:00 pm:

"Man, what a smell!"

"Never mind the smell. Look at that

door!"

"You think it'd still be shut? Man, I know safes like you know alarms, remember?"

"Wait a minute. What was that?"

"What?"

"That clicking sound ..."

"Aaah, you're hearing things. Come on, let's get this sack filled and get out. Man! A hundred grand! It looks like a million!"

Thursday Morning, 10:30 pm:

"A hundred and twenty thousand bucks! Florida and points south, here I come!"

"You bet! Wait ... what's that?"

"Somebody at the door."

"Stash those briefcases. Pitch 'em under the bed!"

"Who do you think it is?"

"Don't know. Maybe it's the landlady."

"Yes, what can I do for ..."

"Get your hands up, Miller. Pete! Cover Henderson!"

"What is this, anyway? Who're you guys?"

"F.B.I. agents, Miller. Where's the money?"

"What money?"

"That hundred thousand dollars you and Henderson took from the safe at the Central Insurance Agency last night."

"A hundred thou ... Us?"

"Come off it, Miller. We've got you (Please turn to Page 17)

EXCHANGE PAGE



WEEKLY PROGRESS, Marquette, Michigan

We noticed an item in the news section of this fine little weekly concerning the death sentence in Michigan. It seems that Michigan has struggled along for a good many decades without legal killings and that now, after so many years of banning capital punishment, the state has decided to write the ban into its constitution. Michigan has proved to itself that the death sentence does not deter capital crimes, that innocent persons are not infrequently put to death under the law, and that legal killings serve to destroy respect for law, according to the PROGRESS. Good for Michigan!

INSIDE WORLD, Parchman, Mississippi

Especially enjoyed Dr. Randall's evaluation of the Penal Press. Also noted your editorial problems. We have 'em too, brother!

The HORIZON, Philadelphia

Glad you appreciated the humor. We enjoyed "Common Sense" and "So it Goes" among other parts of the magazine. You're always welcome reading here on the mountain.

The COLONY, Norfolk, Massachusetts

The COLONY in its February 1st Issue devoted a large amount of space to a report on the "Outmates" program in effect at the Massachusetts Correctional Institution. At the instigation of the Congregational Chaplain at MCI, the inmates began to take part in the government of their own chapel. Gradually, a series of meetings, discussion type, with outside visitors began and, free from supervision of the ordinary kind, an unusual kind of therapy was originated. Sounds interesting, COLONY.

EXCHANGE EDITORS, PLEASE NOTE: We still are not hearing from these publications: The SAN QUENTIN NEWS, California; The DEER LODGE NEWS, Montana; The VIRGINIAN, Richmond; Chino Institution for Men, California; and the institution for men at Tehacapi.

The FOLSOM OBSERVER, California

As always, your last issue was well received here. Keep it coming.

The ANGOLITE, Angola, Louisiana

The best part of your paper is the news section, especially when it touches on the little human things that happen around a prison. We like it.



Meet The Prisoners

MEET THE PRISONERS is a regular feature of this magazine designed both to give credit where credit is due, and to allow our outside readers the opportunity to meet those prisoners who have distinguished themselves by their efforts for themselves or for others; who have interesting trades or hobbies; or who have accomplished unusual things. Anyone wishing to nominate a prisoner may do so simply by contacting the editor on the yard or at the CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND office.

RAY CUMMINS --- A few days before this was written, the parole board granted Ray Cummins his freedom. It couldn't have happened to a better man.

Here for 7 years on a 21-year sentence, Ray has worked in almost every department on the mountain. Now assigned to the Clothing Room, he has been a runner for the One Cellhouse offices, a craftsman in the Leathershop, and a worker in the Athletic Department, among other tasks, and his cheerfulness and friendliness have become well known throughout the prison.

Always on the lookout for the welfare of his fellow inmates, Ray has given his time and thought to several good causes in the prison, only one of which was the hillbilly band. When Representative Shelby McCallum, owner of WCBL Radio in Benton, initiated the Closed World broadcasts, Ray was the man who brought a degree of organization to the band, whipping it into shape for its first program and keeping it working smoothly for subsequent shows.

Forty-one and still married after 7 years in prison, Ray is the father of a 9 year old boy and he hopes to join his family shortly after his release. Although he is an expert automobile trimmer, he is planning to work for a concrete contractor until he can find work at his own trade. The job is in Evansville, where Ray has lived most of his life, although he was born in Lyon County, Kentucky, only 6 miles from this prison.

The CASTLE'S best wishes for success and happiness go with Ray Cummins.

FLOYD "DAGO" RIIS --- Do you think prisons are dismal places, devoid of fun and laughter? They very well could be, and sometimes they are; but not in the corner of Three Shop where a Chicago hoodlum named Riis maintains his coffee shop. For Floyd "Dago" Riis, 34 or older, has a mission in life: To keep his customers laughing.

Some of the strangest things happen at Dago's coffee stand. There was the time, for instance, when a customer found half of a set of false teeth in his coffee. Accused of putting them in the coffee deliberately, Dago put on his most innocent expression, dropped on one knee, and swore by all that's holy that he didn't know a thing about it.

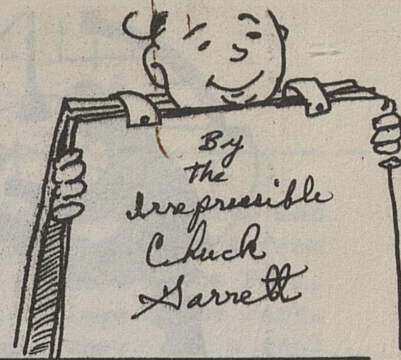
The victim may have gotten revenge, however, for a few days later a toupee, made from barber-shop sweepings and shaped to fit Dago's receding forehead, turned up at the stand under mysterious circumstances. Undismayed, the Sicilian coffee-vendor wore it for a time and then passed it on to "Siftu" Bogden in the belief that Siftu needed it more than he did.

One of the most characteristic things about Dago is his laugh, which isn't a laugh at all, but bursts of explosive syllables in groups of three. The noise has considerable volume, and it has been heard as far away as Kuttawa and even Princeton. Regardless of whether it's a true laugh or not, however, the fact is that it, along with the wit, wisdom, and practical jokes of the Mediterranean prankster keeps Three Shop in stitches and makes time pass a little better for everyone.

T A L E S

T A L E S

And a few
facts



Doug Barricklow's choo-choo train got derailed, and he went to Maggie's for a few days' rest. Maybe you should give up railroading, Doug.

Haskell "The Rascal" Gumm is counting the days. The Rascal will be going to Michigan, but he's not sure whether it'll be Detroit or Jackson. His indecision is due to the fact that he owes a few years back-up time to a large building located at 4000 Cooper Street, Jackson. Let's hope you get reinstated.

Huey Hammock is up for consideration shortly. His fervent hope is that he will be paroled to Eli Lilly, Smith, Kline & French, or another noted pharmaceutical firm. How about a large drug-store, Huey? Harry "Hurricane" Dennison is short for a chance, too.

William "Kilowatt Kid" Nevitt is toiling away in the electric shop. Gene Lynch gave up the coffee business for a clerk's job in the record office. Clyde Crum has taken over Hap Mercer's duties in the cookshack. E. J. "The Jew" Fugate and Larry Martin are operating a coffee business in 3-Shop. Cubie White has left the commissary and is back with the band. Alvin Lucas is learning the leather business at 2-Shop. And Senator Tom Brown can usually be found just inside the door of 4-Shop at his Jot-Em-Down Store. And don't worry, James McCormick, you may be too old for a lot of things, but you're still a good barber.

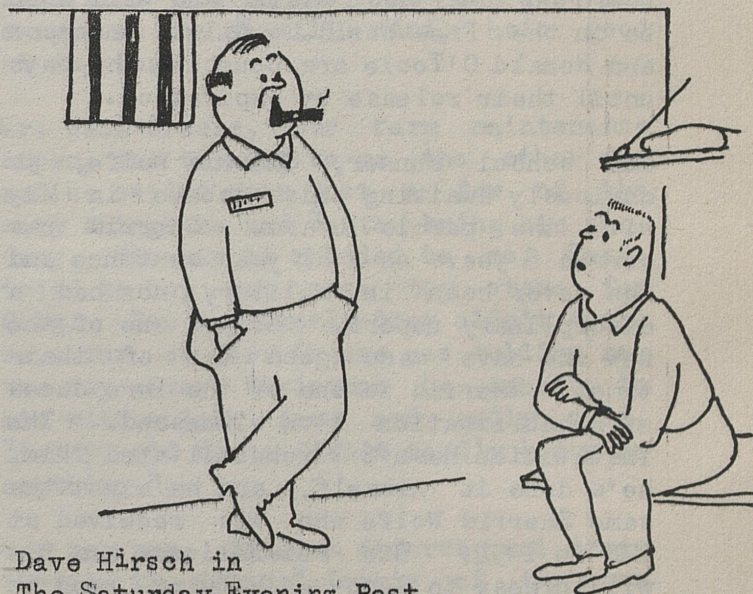
Hap Mercer and Myron Beck are short for the bricks. Hap is on his way to Florida and his forwarding address will be Raiford. Myron usually picks up his mail at 514 West Liberty Street, Louisville, Kentucky.

Jerome Wade, the clerk in the mail off-

ice, is due for a debate with Mr. Ferguson this month. Good luck, Jerome!

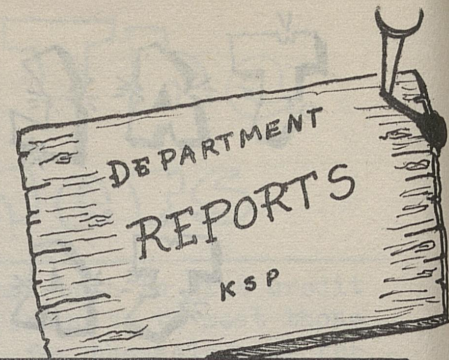
Jim "Few Hairs" Ware, William NeCamp, Ray Cummins, Daniel Frantz, Billy Joe Barber, James and Billy Wix, and Jimmy Carrico made parole this last month. Jerry Kuhn, one of the recent arrivals at the Castle, was recently seen on the basketball court taking a few shots at the basket. Gordon, Kuhn does resemble Big Jerry Lucas. They both have two arms and two legs.

And it's a fact: One of our citizens read an article by Bill Powell in the PADUCAH SUN DEMOCRAT concerning the plight of a little girl. Although the child was a stranger to him, he sent in a contribution. This convict, who earns 8 cents a day, managed to donate. How much do you earn? If you can make a small donation, send it to Bill Powell, Executive Editor, PADUCAH SUN DEMOCRAT, Paducah, Kentucky.



Dave Hirsch in
The Saturday Evening Post

"My big mistake in the campaign was when I said, 'Let's take a look at the record.'"



SCHOOL DAZE -- Chuck Garrett

David "Shotgun" Smith, one of our better schoolteachers, has left our halls of learning for #4-Shop. Shotgun was the school reporter, also, and naturally the chore of writing the school news fell on lucky me.

David Steele is the new math instructor. Lots of luck, Dave.

Curtis Harrison, Henry Orms, and Troy Reid recently came down from the Flat Country and are now in school. Welcome home, Curtis.

James Kirkland and James C. Wilson were given the green light by the parole board on their last visit and will soon be in the Free World. Wilgus Anderson and Ronald O'Toole are counting the days until their release by expiration.

Our school runner, Sherrid Wolfe, is anxiously awaiting his debate in May with the parole board. Sherrid has served 8 years on a 21 year sentence and has never been in solitary nor had a disciplinary report. He is one of the few who have made good use of their time. Sherrid is one of the rare cases of rehabilitation I've witnessed. The institution hasn't rehabilitated him, he's done it himself, and he's not the same Sherrid Wolfe who was received at KSR in 1954. His friendliness and his willingness to lend a helping hand to anyone are well known. His charities -- he puts most of the money he earns from

leather into good causes -- are not so well known. But, of course, the record shows neither of these factors.

Lots of luck, Sherrid, when you see the board.

Say, Schroader, are you still going for that story about the glass from Griff?

Elliot Ness had his "Untouchables" -- Mr. Cowan has his "Unteachables." See you.

HOSPITAL NEWS -- Haskell Gumm

Well, here I am back again after my fond farewell in the last issue. Seems as though the warden at LaGrange frowned on my request for my good time back, and I have been granted to my sad sorrow ninety days more on the mountain. But even with that time, I'm getting awfully short and feeling mighty fine. I think all the hospital staff is kind of getting on edge by my short-timing them, so I guess I'd better lighten up.

As of late we haven't had much change on our staff and our permanent patients have remained about the same. There hasn't been anything outstanding happening, so it leaves me in quite a spot for news. I would like to make a matter known at this time in regard to the blood taken from the men in this institution. There will be a 60-day period before call-back to donate by order of the Deputy Warden and Dr. Jay, the prison physician. There will be no exceptions for anyone for any reason. I know to some this will be sad news, but as we all know, rules are rules and we must abide, even when it hurts.

All you cats be cool. I hear we're in for a long, hot summer.

CABINET



SHOP NEWS

-- by Bud Lyons --

Have you ever thought of the time, machinery, and man-power it takes to build the cabinets, tables, and other finished products of our shop?

We get the lumber from the sawmill completely rough, undried and unsized. Into the dry-kiln it goes to have the moisture heated out of it for a period of four weeks, after which time Jack Ingram and his buddies go to work on it. The planer, a machine with four knives twenty inches long set in a cutting head, is the first machine to be used, shaving the lumber down to any desired thickness. The jointer, a machine with four 6-inch blades to dress and straighten one edge of the lumber, is next, and finally the almost finished board is cut to correct length and width.

To obtain a correct width it may be necessary to put two or more boards together. The shaper is the machine used to prepare the boards for gluing, and it's the most dangerous machine in the shop. Tenon joints are cut in either or both edges to obtain a better joint. The shaper may also be used to shape the tops of cabinets, and any design may be obtained by use of this machine.

For the finished product, any number of machines may be used: jigsaws, bandsaws, woodlathes, and sanders are a few. There is also a drill press, a mortising machine, and a cross-cut saw.

To Ken Etherton and Rex Sirls goes a lot of praise for their endless job of making and repairing folding chairs. It's not as easy as it looks.

We now have six tables and twelve men employed in cleaning furniture from Cherokee State Park, Audubon State Park, and the Kentucky Dam Village State Park. The men are fast, but they do a good job. A rough guess is that over 140 pieces of furniture have been cleaned during the first half of February.

Mr. Bridges and Joe Goff do an exceptionally good job of keeping the shop running smoothly and pleasing the other departments who demand our work. We have satisfied customers all over the institution. And that's it for March.

FARM NEWS -- Grady M. Barnett

Since the departure of Virgil Bivins to another job, Darrell Sheriff has been assisting Shirley Moore as farm mechanic. Doing a good job, too, although I don't think this type of work suits Darrell too well. His first love is crooning with his guitar. His favorites, and mine too, are tear-jerkers, hillbilly style.

Cecil Russell, our capable carpenter, is about the busiest man on the farm these days. In addition to the building and repairing jobs he has, he is also the sawyer at the sawmill. And, he's good at it, too.

Mr. Jack Greene, our farm maintenance super, was talking to me the other day and he called over just a few of the many things he had Santa bring his son, Greg. The way it sounded to me, Santa tried to buy out some toy store for Greg. But apparently Greg didn't think so, for as Mr. Greene was telling me, the day after Christmas he came up to him with a long face and sadly said, "Daddy, old Santa didn't hardly bring me anything."

Our hog men, William Anderson and Arvin "Dennis the Menace" Dennis of the new hog slab, have the very important but unenviable job of nursing 300 or more

Department Reports

hogs from the tender age of three months and about 50 pounds until they top out at 225-250 pounds, the butcher weight.

Herman Cavitt and Claude Rife have been assigned the difficult job of feeding about 250 head of cattle. As we all know, this can be quite a chore during the winter months when cattle depend entirely on stored feed. These boys must see that 100 to 150 bales of hay and one or two tons of silage and corn are fed daily. If you don't think this runs into work, I suggest you try it sometime.

At the dairy, a good job is being done by Mr. Gray and his crew, T. H. Powell, Joe Cox, Larry Kirby, Harvey Gearry, Neal Vickery, and Jewel Jones. Milk production? 210 gallons.

ENGINEER DEPARTMENT -- James Bell Yager

Other than the personal satisfaction they may derive from a job well done, a basic knowledge of construction work, and assurance of a sound night's sleep are about the only rewards men laboring on KSP's Engineering Department are aware of. With a natural animosity for high stone walls, steel casements, and the barred windows that are standard equipment of a maximum-security institution, it figures that prisoners would not take much pride in maintaining these facilities. However, the results of their efforts indicate that ability to do a job well overrides animosity as the hardworking department literally functions as the backbone of the institution in repairing, renovating, and constructing facilities.

While most of the projects relegated to the Engineer Department call for basic construction type work, no few programs receive the combined services of electricians, plumbers, painters, welders, mechanics, and carpenters. Such projects are conducted as closely as equipment and supervision and knowledge will permit along lines followed by free-

world companies.

With openings among specific crews occurring with consistency, it is possible for men who desire experience in one of the building trades to acquire a basic knowledge of it. But make no mistake about it, the Engineer detail is a tough, often dirty job with little pay (eight cents a day) and no thanks with the exception of thanks from the supervisors who know what a tough job it is. In addition, men often get disgusted with the reasoning behind programs that call for maintaining a facility that was originally designed to suppress. From an administrative viewpoint, however, the Engineer Department seemingly serves a dual purpose as a proving ground for the untried and as a constant challenge to those who would try the mettle of the toughest.

Our Chief Engineer, Mr. Fred H. Hopper, who served for 41 years as a railroad man before becoming our chief here, is always coming up with good suggestions which usually lighten the load.

Our Assistant Chief, Mr. Chester E. Cummins, is constantly on the go making repairs and inspections of various facilities which shows that a mission can be accomplished by merely being on the alert. Mr. W. G. Doles, our shop officer, does a nice job of keeping the shop supervised and keeping the boys laughing by telling them what a lady's man he was in his younger days. And let me give you a tip, boys; there's no comparison between girls back in Mr. Doles' day and the girls of these roaring sixties. At any rate, Mr. Doles can be credited with making our female population greater in this day and time. You should be thankful for your fun in the earlier days, Mr. Doles; there's a luxury tax on amusement these days.

And Mr. T. O. James, our Maintenance Officer, has been given the name of "Little Chief."

Department Reports

ONE SHOP -- Mose Parker

NATIONAL SCENE -- Fallout shelters with tape recorders are ideal husband traps. The bookies are giving 5 to 3 that Kilroy will be the first man on the moon... And, let's face it, Chubby Checker's got the whole country doing the Twist. Now for some local color ...

ONE SHOP HAILS NATIVE SONS: The institution's academic school under the guidance of Mr. Cowan held its graduation exercise. Standing tall in the ranks of graduates were Raymond Hayes, Bobby Weatherspoon, Robert Kizer, and Frank Watkins, four of One Shop's own. These young gentlemen have come abreast of a great milestone along the road to unlimited opportunities and successes while proving that Time can be made the servant. Watkins merits a gold star; this lad began in the first grade and forged his way to the graduation platform. Congratulations to each of these men.

WIN, PLACE, OR SHOW: Sir Joe Dejarnette, One Shop's chess champ, astride his pink charger, galloped with colors fluttering into the arena to do combat in the chess tournament with the institution's best. After a hard and gallant fight he rode away with third prize a dejected and disappointed knight. It seems that Mr. Cherry forgot to invite, entice, or kidnap a genuine movie queen for the winner to kiss, and this tore Joe up.

GO NORTH TO ALASKA: But they didn't; instead Charles "Lefty" Johnson and James "Shorty" Lyman re-entered the front gate. Probably compass difficulty. Or maybe they took that "together we stand, divided we fall" stuff too seriously. Whatever the cause, they're back. Welcome aboard, mates.

FLY AWAY, LITTLE BIRDS: C. Richardson, E. White, H. C. Hancock, and S. Peterson sprouted wings and, like homing pigeons, took off for parts unknown. If pigeons

hug and kiss their loved ones, there's some smooching going on somewhere.

FORWARD HO! A mule train pulled out recently headed for the Flat Country (KSR). Three of our men trailed out with it. They were John Apple, Billy O'Hara, and Vernon Byars. It's safe to assume the caravan reached its destination since there are still some cows in Texas.

FLASH: In an exclusive interview, Mr. Rogers, the shop's Custodial Officer, stressed the value of a good institutional record and endorsed you men of One Shop as being okay and cooperative. On the personal side I discovered he and I are sportsmen in the same field; we both do a little fish-feeding and shell-wasting ... hunting and fishing.

Until next month ... peace!

CONVERSATION PIECES

Two beatniks were walking down the street when they saw two thieves rushing out of a building carrying a safe. Said the first beatnik: "Man, dig that crazy pocketbook!"

--Contributed by Harry
"Suitcase" Brown

Two sailors on their first cruise were talking. "Yes," said the first, "I'm quite a literary man. Why, I've contributed to the Atlantic Monthly!"

"That's nothing," returned the second sailor. "I've been contributing to the Atlantic daily."

BEAT: "Man, I dug the craziest Chinese combo at the cellar club last night!"

NIK: "Was it good?"

BEAT: "Yeh, man ... real coolie!"

SUNRISE AND SUNSET

by Harold Arnold

Said a carefree youngster to
A sad old man one day,
"Why do you linger here in sadness?
Come, let's be gay!
Why do you worry
When life is so sweet,
With new beauties for the eyes,
New lands for the feet?"

"Ah, if it were but so,
Eager, youthful one --
The things that are new to you
I have already done.
That's why my head droops
With despair and sadness;
There is nothing new left
To thrill and bring me gladness!

"My shoulders are bowed,
I'm dried up and grey,
But once like you, I too
Was young and gay.
I drank deep of life
To the fullest measure;
I tasted all of life's
Innocent and sinful pleasure.
The heat of my youth
Was an all-consuming fire.
But now I am old,
And grow wrinkled and drier."

A look of compassion and under-
standing
Shown from the eyes of the youth.
"Is it possible, old man,
You've lived life without finding
the truth?
Did you set no goal
When you were as young as I?
Didn't you know that some day,
You would age and die?
Did you not realize that all
things
Of this life must grow old,
And that the fire of your youth
Would cool and finally grow cold?
Did you not realize that
The flesh is but clay ...

That it would tire and age,
And be done with some day?

"Didn't you learn that life
Is but a course we all must run;
That there is no lasting pleasure
In worldly fun?
If you had found early,
When you were as young as I
That real life is not of the flesh,
Then you would not dread to die.

"Every man must choose for himself,
As he walks down life's road,
How he will live his life,
How he will carry his load.
It's too late now, old man,
To sit there crying --
Because you have nothing to
live for,
And nothing to gain by dying.

"I'm sorry that you chose the path
That led to this sad end --
But I must be about my task of
living;
So goodbye, my lost, lonely,
old friend!"

THE HIDDEN SURPRISE (Con't from Page 9)

deadwood."

"Look, you've got the wrong fellas,
officer. We ain't pulled no ..."

"Oh, no? The camera concealed in that
safe took both your pictures, you know,
pictures that match perfectly with your
mug shots downtown."

"Pictures? Camera? Then ... that
clicking noise ... that was ..."

"It sure was, Henderson. It sure was.
All right, let's get 'em out of here."

THE END

THE GOD-LIGHT

by John F. Parks --

From out of the dawn on an early morn,
Five hundred thousand years ago,
Thunder clapped and lightning struck;
A forest fire was created.

On a mountain, in a hillside cave,
Resided man in ugly splendor.
A beast man, a beast woman, a beast
child,
Saw the halocaust flame below them.

With guttural growl and beastly awe,
They cringed in fear, there in their
shelter,
Watching the wafting tendrils of the
God-light come,
Attended by his court of kaleidoscopic
shadows.

The air was rent with screams of agony;
Animals ran in ghastly fear to flounder
Beneath smouldering trees -- charcoal
embers,
On the sacrificial demon altar.

The beast man watched, his limbs atremble
And heard with fear the frightful sounds.
He cringed within his murky cavern,
Spread-eagled on the bone-laden, dusty
ground.

The River Time flowed on its way
Into the ocean tide; eternity
Midday came, amidst dark silence,
The land was filled with a burdened
hollowness.

The beast-man snarled at his quaking
family,
A ferocious gleam in his orbs, uncanny.
He stamped the ground in helpless anger,
Then stalked to the entrance of his
hovel manor.

He turned his head in silent dread --
Stealthy caution in his manner --
But his red-rimmed eyes saw naught but
Smoke -- the God-light had departed.

POEM TO BE READ IN A COFFEE HOUSE

by Lawrence Snow

Now the mind is quiet;
Blank paper becomes a symbol
Of non-inspiration.

Inspiration? Is that all
Of art -- is art not
Ours to command?
Or must we like quiescent
Stenographers await
The whispered, jumbled,
Muted, mumbled
Dictations of the Muse?

Transcribe her mutterings, poet!
Jot down the inane words!
Put ear to shell and catch
The muted sea-roar
Of senseless syllabic
Concatenations -- the
Muted mumbo-jumbo
Of the Muse Calliope!

Artistry? No artistry ours!
Ours but to reflect
The shimmerings of her glory.
For we are mirror-poets;
Parrot-poets;
Stenographer-poets;
Transcribers of the Muse --
Who lives within us!

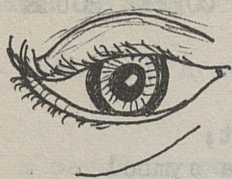
An ancient man tottering down the street
was stopped by a newspaper reporter.

"Tell me, sir," said the reporter with
respect in his voice, "to what do you
attribute your longevity?"

"Easy," replied the old fellow. "I go
out with a different girl every night,
drink at least a fifth of liquor a day,
and smoke 20 cigars between breakfast and
dinner."

"Amazing! How old are you, by the way?"

"Twenty seven."



"YOUR EYES CAN SEE FOREVER"

Last month, after the news section of this issue had already been prepared for printing, this letter came to the CASTLE office:

Dear Editor:

I'm sending you five eye pledge cards. I would appreciate it if you would distribute these cards out for me. On Feb. 25, 1962, I donated my eyes to Lions Eye Bank. It is a very worthy cause and maybe some of the other guys will feel the same as I do.

Thanking you kindly,
John Brown, Jr.
Death Row

Well, John, a large number of men felt as you do. In fact, so many men were impressed by your letter that all five cards were sent off, signed and witnessed, to the Lions Eye Bank the following day, along with a copy of your letter. Many more of the inmates here wanted to contribute, and as soon as more applications arrive, they will have the chance to do so.

For the benefit of any other men who'd like to will their eyes to the Lions Eye Bank, anyone, regardless of sex, age, race, or the condition of his eyes, may do so. The eyes must be removed within 3 hours after death, and they are given to the blind of Kentucky and South Indiana or used for research on blindness and eye diseases. The University of Louisville School of Medicine administers the program, and each donor will receive a pocket card acknowledging his contribution and giving instructions to

his next-of-kin.

It costs you nothing to pledge your eyes. The eyes are not taken until after your death, the removal of your eyes will not affect your body's appearance, and you certainly won't be needing them after you're gone.

What's in it for you? No money, probably not even a notation on your prison record ... just the knowledge that your eyes may give sight to some blind man, woman, or child when you have finished with them, just a little shining thing that you can keep in the back of your mind and take out to look at once in a while.

If anyone's interested, drop into the office. Or, write the Lions Eye Bank, University of Louisville School of Medicine, 101 West Chestnut Street, Louisville 2, Kentucky. Their brochure and application, entitled "Your Eyes Can See Forever," will explain the program better than I could.

Do it now. I think you'll be glad you did.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

By Clarence Day

The world of books is the most remarkable creation of man; nothing else that he builds ever lasts. Monuments fall, nations perish, civilizations grow old and die out. After an era of darkness new races build others; but in the world of books are volumes that live on, still as young and fresh as the day they were written, still telling men's hearts of the hearts of men centuries dead.

I'm not the man I want to be,
And not the man I ought to be.
But, by the grace of God,
I'm not the man I used to be!

DEPUTY WARDEN'S PAGE



Lloyd T. Armstrong, Deputy Warden

This is to notify the readers of this magazine that in the recent flood in Smithland, Kentucky, the institution furnished 2,364 man-hours of labor by inmates and 274 man-hours by the employees in charge of the inmates. The men worked part time and sometimes around the clock in order to help save the town from the Ohio River flood waters.

The inmates and employees did a fine job and the people of that community want to thank each and every one who participated in the effort to save this small Kentucky town. The river bank was sandbagged and leveed for approximately a mile up and down the river.

The Salvation Army and the Civil Defense were on the job day and night. The Salvation Army and the citizens of Smithland fed the inmates and furnished most of them with cigarettes to smoke while they were at Smithland. At this time I want to join with Sheriff Smith and all the citizens in and around Smithland, Kentucky, in thanking each and every one who participated in the successful effort to save the town.

Lloyd T. Armstrong
Lloyd T. Armstrong
Deputy Warden

KSP FARMERS HELP OUT IN SMITHLAND FLOOD

More than 50 trustees from the Kentucky State Penitentiary were called out to battle the rising Ohio River at Smithland, Kentucky over the weekend of March 9th through 10th.

The Cumberland River empties into the Ohio at Smithland and, although both rivers were rising, the Ohio River was giving the area the most trouble. On Friday, 49 of the trustees, normally assigned to the prison farm, were called out. On Saturday, 56 prisoners went, with 49 going out Sunday and 50 on Monday. In addition, 22 inmates were called out Sunday night.

PRISONERS TO GET UMPIRING LESSONS

(From the LOUISVILLE TIMES)

Wichita, Kan (AP) -- Prisoners in the U. S. Penitentiary at Terre Haute, Ind., are going to take a course in umpiring baseball, making them eligible for membership in the National Association of Umpires when they are released.

The National Baseball Congress has issued a charter to the penitentiary's United Umpires Association, headed by C. C. Walsh, supervisor of recreation.

* * *

Most of the knocking is done by people who don't know how to ring the bell!

Some of the songs heard on Eddyville Prison's CLOSED WORLD Broadcasts are convict-written ... all of the songs are worth hearing. Listen to CLOSED WORLD every second Sunday at 1:30 pm on WCBL, 1290 on radio!

PRAYER FOR THE MIDDLE AGED

(Reprinted from the LYON COUNTY HERALD)

"Lord, Thou knowest better than I know myself that I am growing older and will someday be old. Keep me from the fatal habit of thinking I must say something on every subject and on every occasion. Release me from craving to try to straighten out everybody's affairs. Make me thoughtful, but not moody; helpful, but not bossy. With my vast store of wisdom, it seems a pity not to use it at all -- but Thou knowest, Lord, that I want a few friends at the end.

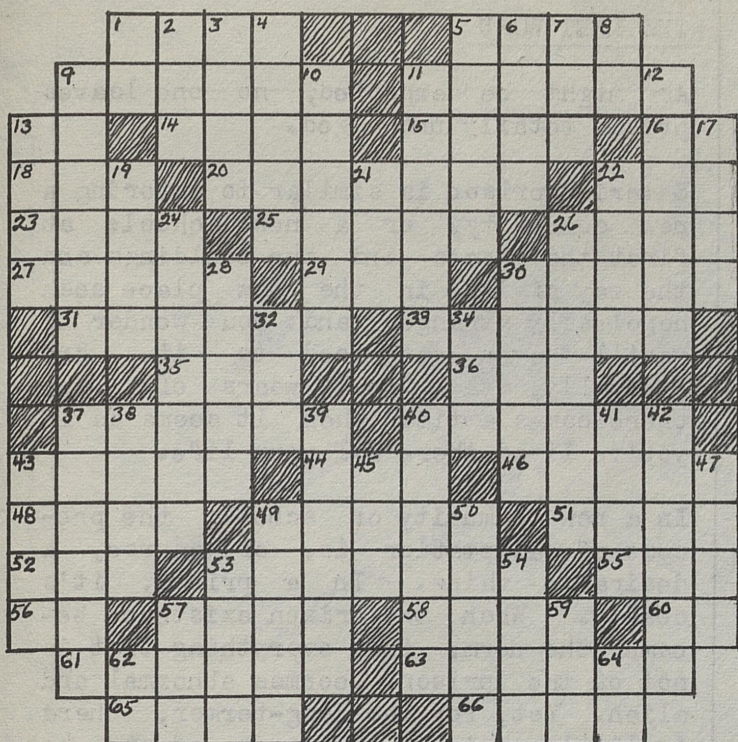
"Keep my mind free from the recital of endless details -- give me wings to get to the point. Seal my lips on my aches and pains. They are increasing, and love of rehearsing them is becoming sweeter as the years go by. I dare not ask for grace enough to enjoy the tales of others, but help me to endure them with patience.

"I dare not ask for improved memory, but for a growing humility and a lessening cocksureness when my memory seems to clash with the memories of others. Teach me the glorious lesson that occasional I may be mistaken.

"Keep me reasonably sweet; I do not want to be a saint -- some of them are so hard to live with -- but a sour negative old person is one of the crowning works of the devil. Give me the ability to see good things in unexpected places and talents in unexpected people. Give me the grace to tell them so. Amen."

-- Sandy Wood --

Anyone may subscribe to the CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND. To get your subscription started, simply send your money order or check for one dollar to: The CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND, Subscription Department, Kentucky State Penitentiary, Eddyville, Kentucky.



DOWN (Con't)

- 11. Correct
- 12. One who seals
- 13. A mountain range (Swiss)
- 16. Enthusiastic
- 17. Not closed
- 19. Thrash
- 21. Male child
- 22. Marry
- 24. Part of automobile
- 26. Those who pad
- 28. The _____ of time
- 30. Finished
- 32. American Poet
- 34. Consume
- 37. Member of a battleship's crew.
- 38. Man's name
- 39. You name it
- 40. Small creek
- 41. A transaction
- 42. Misspelling of sample
- 43. Shakespearean king
- 45. Juice of a plant
- 46. What this puzzle is
- 49. You name it
- 50. Frozen rain
- 53. Not wild
- 54. Well balanced
- 57. Pedal digit
- 59. Abbrev. for rates
- 62. Preposition
- 64. Another preposition

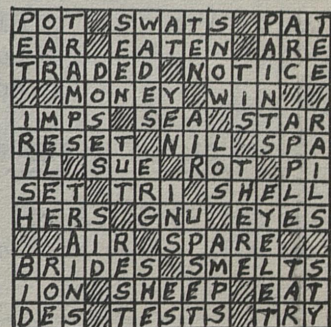
ACROSS

- 1. Congers
- 5. Type of boat
- 9. Pathways
- 11. Dishes
- 13. Short for arsenic
- 14. Archaic expression
- 15. Male sheep
- 16. The 5th & 15th letters
- 18. Room for research
- 20. Justifications
- 22. Chart
- 23. Pastries
- 25. Stage settings
- 26. A sheet, as in a book
- 27. Breaks
- 29. Enlisted Naval Engineers (abbrev)
- 30. Consumed
- 31. Belts
- 33. To extract lard from
- 35. International Neighbors' Association (int)
- 36. Compute
- 37. Male goose
- 40. Mounts
- 43. Breathing apparatus (pl)
- 44. Short for estimated
- 46. Nocturnal hallucinations
- 48. Bights
- 49. Raises
- 51. Not different
- 52. Indifferent Adjective
- 53. If our puzzle-makers could spell, this word would be "temples."
- 55. Long playing records
- 56. In regard to
- 57. A story
- 58. Listen
- 60. Extra Sensory
- 61. One who rooms
- 63. Of the mentality
- 65. Necessity
- 66. Examination.

DOWN

- 1. Initials of Esther Reardon
- 2. Consume
- 3. Prevaricators
- 4. Rest
- 5. Blueprints
- 6. Male sheep
- 7. Prepositions
- 8. Personal Pronoun
- 9. Wagon _____ (pl)
- 10. Trade

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



KENTUCKY STATE PENITENTIARY STATISTICS

(February 1st to February 28th)

Escapes	0
Death Row	6
Admitted by Commitment	24
Transfers from KSR	22
Released by Expiration	18
Released by Parole	15
Released by Natural Death	1
Executed (March 2, 1962)	1
Total Population	1198
High Number	23768
Low Number	11549

MOVIE SCHEDULE FOR THE NEW 30 DAYS

March 16:	COME SEPTEMBER Rock Hudson & Sandra Dee: Comedy
March 23:	SHERIFF OF FRACTURED JAW Jayne Mansfield & Kenneth Moore: Comedy
March 30:	MASTER OF THE WORLD Vincent Price & Mary Webster: Science Fic.
April 6:	POSSE FROM HELL Audie Murphy & Zohra Lampert: Western
April 13:	SILENT ENEMY Lawrence Harvey & Don Adams: War Drama

CLOSED WORLD BROADCASTS:

March 17, 31; April 7, 14 -- 1:30 pm
on WCBL, 1290 kc, Benton, Kentucky

THE LAST WORD

As might be expected, no one leaves prison totally unchanged.

Entering prison is similar to entering a new community, or a new school: at first the faces and the buildings and the way of life in the new place seem hopelessly strange, and you wonder if you'll ever get used to it. But gradually, the "new" wears off, and there comes a time when it seems as if you've lived there all your life.

In a new community or school, the process of adaptation is, of course, a desirable thing. In a prison, it's deadly. When the prison existence becomes the norm, then everything that is not of the prison becomes abnormal and alien. Yet, for the long-termer, there is little choice. He must adapt, he must accept his new environment and its strange new ways, he must conform to some degree or run the risk of leaving prison -- if and when he leaves it -- without taking his mind along.

The process of shutting out the outside world is known as "doing easy time," and of course not everyone does "easy time" always. A song, a picture, a movie scene, even a smell or a taste, any of these may start the memory working, trigger nostalgia, and bring on that desperate, hopeless longing that is known as "hard time."

Or, after living in the same cell for a thousand and one days and nights, the long-termer may wake up one morning and discover that the familiar old cell has become very unfamiliar indeed, as if he were seeing it for the first time. When this happens, he may feel a strange urge to get up and dress and go home where he belongs before anyone catches him there. And then, with full wakefulness, he realizes where he is and why. It's a sickening feeling. And that's why the long-termer strives always to do "easy time," which destroys him slowly, rather than "hard time," which can do the job much more quickly.