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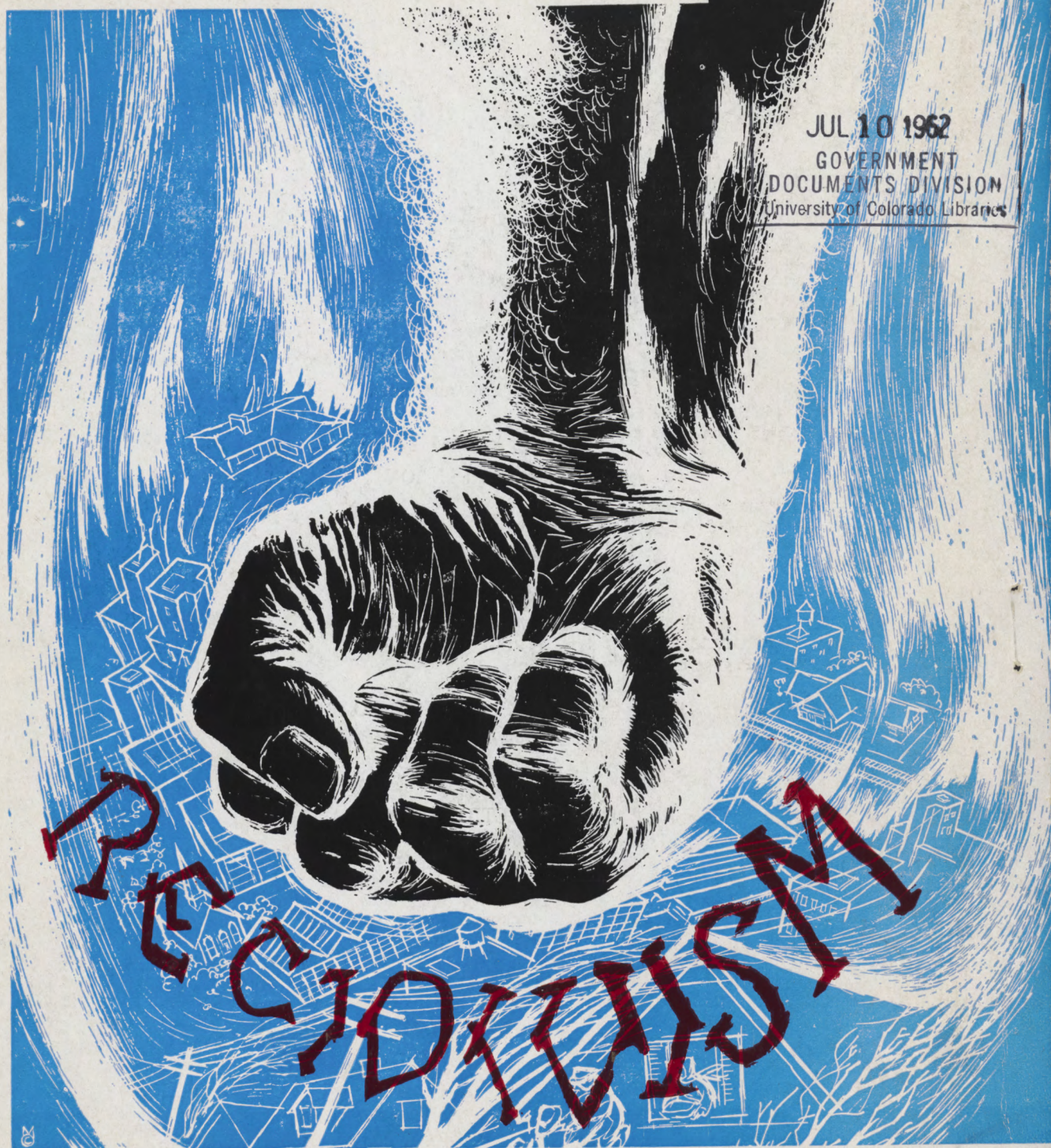
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- ★ Menace of Communism
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Freddie Roche ----- Max. Security Lieutenant
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C. A. Clark ----- West Gate Sergeant
C. B. Mattax ----- Yard Sergeant
N. E. Morlan ----- Laundry Sergeant
Anthony Kasza ----- Training Lieutenant
Harry B. Johnson ----- Receiving Unit Sergeant

3:00 P. M. SHIFT

D. L. O'Neil ----- Shift Captain
L. E. Brower ----- Lieutenant
N. S. Goertz ----- Lieutenant
W. J. Roche ----- Desk Sergeant

11:00 P. M. SHIFT

W. Williams ----- Shift Captain
W. A. Coulson ----- Lieutenant
J. D. Waltman ----- Sergeant

DISCIPLINARY COURT JUDGES

C. A. Yeo ----- Senior Cap'tain
R. W. Ditmore ----- Shift Cap'tain

Freddie Roche ----- Max. Security Lieutenant
A. E. Kimmick ----- Lieutenant

RECOUNT

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CREDITS: All photographic plates courtesy of THE RECORD and SUN, Canon City.

The RECOUNT is published quarterly by the inmates of the Colorado State Prison. Views and opinions expressed herein are in no way to be construed as necessarily those of state or prison officials. Characters and events in fictional stories are to be regarded as strictly fictional. Any resemblance to real persons is entirely coincidental. Permission is hereby given to use any material appearing in the RECOUNT, providing proper credit is given and a copy is submitted; unless otherwise specified. Address all correspondence to: The Editor, % A. L. Blaine, Box 1010, Canon City, Colorado.

OUR

GROWING

PAINS

During the past year the Colorado State Penitentiary has experienced an unprecedented increase in the number of commitments. The population during the month of May has averaged better than 175 more people than were in the institution during May of 1961. The May 1962 population ranged from 1,820 to a high of 1,843 whereas the number of persons for the same corresponding period in 1961 ranged from 1,633 to 1,670. The first four months of this year has seen a population increase of one hundred men. This increase, which was wholly unpredictable, has caused many extremely difficult problems and situations.



Harry C. Tinsley

For the past ten years the yearly increase has been varied between 30 and 50 men per year. The prison operating budgets are prepared upon the basis of a predictable increase which has been shown during past commitments. The appropriation for the 1961-1962 fiscal year ending June 30th was based on an estimated population of 1,710. Beginning this July 1st, our operating budget will be for an estimated population of 1,740 men. By necessity, this budget was made up in September of last year, when it appeared that the 1,740 estimation for the coming fiscal year would be a fair average. There are now one hundred more men than was anticipated for one year from now. There was no way to predict that the institution would have the increase that it now is accommodating. Obviously, we cannot be expected to operate fully on the budget that has been appropriated for the coming year. Every effort will be made to operate as economically as possible, however, economical measures can only go so far. At this particular time it appears that supplemental expenses will have to be requested from the legislature when it convenes in January of 1963 if an average level of operations is to be sustained.

The increased population has made it necessary to step up requests for additional facilities. Architectural services have been secured to develop plans for constructing another 300 man housing unit at the Medium Security prison which, when completed, will provide housing for some 600 persons. To support Colorado's program of progress more space must be provided for vocational and academic training. Industrial units will have to be erected and put into operation so that the men can be productively and profitably employed.

In the main institution plans are underway to construct a new receiving center which will have adequate space for a positive indoctrination program which is not now available for the new men being received.

Along with this are plans for a larger visiting area to replace the present facilities which have long been totally inadequate. Additional plans are to utilize some of the space adjacent to the north wall for vocational training and industrial and other maintenance facilities. Our overall planning has also incorporated space for building a chapel so that religious services will not have to be held in an all purpose auditorium such as is now used.

A committee to study the future needs of the women's facilities here was appointed by the last legislature as a result of its overcrowded and inadequate situation. Final plans and approvals for the location are expected later this year in sufficient time to permit the legislature to appropriate the necessary funds for the development.

All of these plans yet require the approval of the 1963 legislature. Every effort will be made to present these plans showing a vital need for immediate action. It is realized that all state institution will be asking for supplemental funds. Many of these, particularly in the educational field, have the advantage over correctional institutions since many of the legislators are graduates of the schools of higher learning in Colorado and, by nature, they understand the needs for educational requirements. Such is not the case in the field of corrections as the alumni of correctional institutions seldom engage in political activities. It is, however, the responsibility of this administration to present our needs as fully as possible so that favorable consideration will be received from the appropriating bodies. A strongly exerted effort is being made to maintain a standard level of operations and to provide the necessary increase in facilities needed to properly handle the population which has been increasing almost daily. Our success for future penal progress is related to many people. The general public, the legislative organizations, governmental agencies, correctional employees and, very definitely, the inmates, have an important role in all these undertakings. This administration will do all that it can to promote and accomplish these goals and your cooperation towards this advancement is, and will continue to be, very much appreciated.

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“Man’s main task in life is to give birth to himself to become what he potentially is. The most important product of his effort is his own personality. One can judge objectively to what extent the person has succeeded in his task, to what degree he has realized his potentialities. If he failed in his task, one can recognize this failure and judge it for what it is—moral failure. Even if one knows that the odds against the person were overwhelming and that everyone else would have failed too, the judgement about him remains the same. If one fully understands all the circumstances which made him as he is, one may have compassion for him; yet this compassion does not alter the validity of the judgement. Understanding a person does not mean condoning; it only means that one does not accuse him as if one were God or a judge placed above him.”

Fromm

On pages 20 and 21 are a pair of writings entitled, A Parable and A Problem. If all else goes unread I sincerely hope that these two pages are carefully noted by everyone who acquires possession of RECOUNT. H. Lee White and Paul D. Clark have become “famous” throughout the Penal Press Circuit with their penetrating and probing countdown on the causative factors of crime and criminals. Their writings, both here and elsewhere, indicate two very disturbed gentlemen. Extremely disturbed perhaps. Their’s is more than a new turn at an old twist. They have been bothered. And what disturbs them the most? Not being bothered. Either enough or not at all. Likely, it is this bothersome situation which was the turning point for these two young men...and others too. They point up, quite forcefully and effectively, this enigma wrapped in a riddle; this flotsam and jetsam of muchly befuddled confusion called prison and corrections, which stultifies, not rectifies, individual behavior patterns. Yet, in spite of itself, it seems to have bothered them into a state of disturbed semi-contentedness. What they have to say has been said well, but this is not all. They demonstrate, remarkably well, that a challenged individual can, of his own volition, cast off the drab garb of prison routine and wear with pride the silken raiment of self-wrought improvement if given a chance to do so.

Probably the greater portion of RECOUNT readers are unfamiliar with the word RECIDIVISM on the cover. A recidivist may be defined as an inmate who has served one or more prison sentences. Recidivism, then, may be described as a persistence toward criminal behavior. Crime and criminals have never had the upper hand in any free society. With almost all criminals, the powerful forces of this unified might come smashing down upon them. As depicted on our cover, recidivism has not yet been completely broken and destroyed. Will it ever? Possibly...but not for a long, long time. More time than any of us will ever live, or serve. Many thousands of methods to combat recidivism are in effect. All are dangerous and hurtful to the recidivist. But none halt crime and recidivism. They merely fight a war against a mostly inept, but persistent, enemy. There are two ways to completely eliminate recidivism. The first one is presently unknown to anyone. In the second, if you are a first-timer and you never again return to prison you have thwarted the spread of recidivism. If, by your actions and record, you are a recidivist and you never again return to crime and prison, your new life is even more important because you have reduced recidivism.

The rate of recidivism in Colorado is about 73 per cent. If this were reduced by 1 per cent each year crime would not exist here in the year 2035. If every state reduced its criminal faction at the same rate, 2050 would be a nice time to be around. If every citizen knew what being an American meant; and then lived that way, recidivism would vanish as immediately as the air from a bursted balloon.

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CRASS

from the

BRASS

Any inmate found loitering with his hands in his pockets jingling his change, stubbing his toe in the dirt, and otherwise appearing indolent and not bright will be given the usual 36 for impersonating the Warden.

The Stool Pigeon Elimination Committee may no longer wear sheets.

Brassies may not be used in punch-out lines with more than ten goons. Give the next guy a break.

The persons responsible for placing the "The Associate Warden Is A Fink" sign over his door will also be questioned about the door missing below it, if caught.

The Brotherhood Association for the Compleat Advancement of the Over The Walls and Other Usual Methods, Ways, and Means of Escape members are off night privileges.

The Rabble Rousing Rebels segment of the Regional Mess Hall Riot Inciters Organization for the Purpose of Having The Nitre Removed From The Mush and Chicken Every Sunday group must register at the Captains Office.

Cons mispronouncing the name of Officer U. R. Phunk will be severely disciplined if it causes him to cry again.

Calling Dr. Levy Dr. Levy instead of "Headshrinker," "Quack," "Bugsy," "That Nut," etc., for the purpose of appearing friendly, sociable, and agreeable for the purpose of inferring that you are a human being, non-psychotic, non-hypochondriacal, non-paranoid, non-hysterical, non-schizophrenic, and otherwise non-nuts, for the purpose of interfering with his dingy diagnosis of your erratic behavior is not only unfair, but is absolutely, positively, and definitely prohibited.

The next smart-aleck who punctures the tubes on the Warden's tricycle—making him walk home again—will be plenty tired when we get through with him.

attention

STUDUNCE'S

attention

Because of the heavy increase in demand for a broader, more informative range of scholastic subjects, the Educational Department, now under the direction of Tommygun Tommy, is now able to announce the establishment and future beginning of a new series of worthwhile courses to the present curricula here at P. U. All subjects will be related to the field of Crimeology. If accepted wholeheartedly by the majority of the student body as well as newcomers, Tommygun Tommy assures this writer that other less worthwhile subjects such as math, history, and english may be dispensed with altogether.

Much effort has been put forth to assure that only the highest calibre of scholars in the field of Crimeology will be a part of the teaching staff. Complete enrollment requirements have not yet been drawn up. Some of the specifications will, of course, include:

- (1) **I. Q. of at least 21.**
 - (2) **A very long criminal record.**
 - (3) **A short but notorious criminal record.**
 - (4) **Trigger happy.**
 - (5) **Lazy.**
 - (6) **And, or a graduate of an accredited reform school or reformatory.**
- Parole violators and four time losers will receive first class preferential treatment.**

Students ineligible for enrollment in these courses are of the following categories: First-timers; snitches; sissies; anyone in tight with the screws; and, short-timers.

The curriculum to be absorbed by all students who are accepted is as follows:

HOW TO BEAT THE HEAT	Cool John
SHOOT-OUTS AT TWENTY-FIVE FEET	Machinegun McGurk
HOW TO CLAIM YOU'RE AN ALCOHOLIC FOR A LIGHTER SENTENCE	A. A. Jug
HOW TO DRIVE A GETAWAY CAR	Al Accelerator
TAKING HOSTAGES FOR FUN	Little Richard
THE GAS CHAMBER STINKS	Clothespin Charlie
HOW TO TAKE CANDY FROM A BABY	Jim DA DA Dandy
HOW TO FAIL AT SAFECRACKING	Hutton & Co.
HOW AND WHERE TO TAKE IT ON THE LAM	Florida Cham. of Comm.
HOW TO PICK A MOUTHPIECE	Legal Eagle
FORGERY CAN BE FUN	Carl Counterfeit
LIFE IN THESE UNITED STATES	Readers Digest
LOOPHOLES IN THE LAW	R. M. Tinkletoes
HOW TO SNARL AND LOOK MEAN	Open Discussion
HOW TO TALK TOUGH	Open Discussion
HOW TO PLAY THE ROLE	Recount Editor
GUN MOLLS—YESTERDAY AND TODAY	Ma Barker
STAYING TIGHT WITH YOUR BONDSMAN	V. Books
THE PAT ALIBI	Oily Tongued Smitty
HOW TO SURVIVE THE 3rd DEGREE	Hard-Headed Harry
*GETTING ON THE TOP TEN LIST	J. Edgar Groover
LYING TO THE WARDEN	The Warden
1001 WAYS TO LIE TO THE HEAD CAPTAIN	The Captain
LYING IN GENERAL	Open Discussion
BURGLARY vs. THE BADGER GAME	Benny the Burglar
WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU'RE AT THE END OF YOUR ROPE	Fibre Fred
THE ELECTRIC CHAIR—WHAT IT IS AND HOW IT WORKS	Z. Dorens, E. E.
HOW TO HANDLE HONEST COPS	Open
HOW TO HOLD OUT ON THE LOOT	Stash Stealer
SHOULD YOU LET YOUR PARTNER TAKE THE RAP?	The Other Guy
HOW TO BE COOL WHEN YOU'RE HOT	Cool John
HOW TO BE A RINGLEADER	The Ringleader
YOUR ROLE AS A RIOTOR	Big Bash Billie
HOW TO SPOT SNITCHES BY THE WAY THEY TALK	Field Trip To The Midway
HOW TO PLEAD NOT GUILTY	Legal Eagle
BONDJUMPING—DOES IT PAY?	V. Books
RIDING ON THE BANDWAGON INSTEAD OF THE PADDY WAGON	Music Department
COPPING OUT FOR A BREAK WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS	Open Discussion
SO YOU WANT TO DEAL IN DOPE	"Spike" Jones
SUCCESSFUL SAFECRACKING	Instructor Needed
IS HOMICIDE FOR YOU?	A. Eichmann
THE PLEASURES AND PROFITS OF ARSON	Pyro Pete
HOW TO GET THE MOST OUT OF BANKS	J. Dillinger, Jr.

*Special Instructor.

All cons desirous of enrollment must bear in mind that the course requires a minimum of twenty years to graduate. Those still interested should apply to Tommygun Tommy as soon as he knocks out his 100 days in Sol for hanging the Warden in effigy.



Love And Discipline

Rev. Justin McKernan, O.S.B.

One of the constant problems facing parents is that of discipline in the home. Many parents are more conscious of this as a problem during school vacation when the children are around much more and are free of school discipline.

Obedience does not come easily to any of us—and especially to children. In the eyes of a youngster, learning to do things the right way is a painful process. It's also painful in the eyes of his parents! It's hard for any adult to make a child undergo hardship and difficulty. It's doubly hard for the parent because of his love for his child.

Yet the combination of these two elements—love and discipline—is one of the greatest blessings a child can know. The parent who provides his child with both love and discipline is giving him something far more valuable than expensive toys or a luxurious home. Love and discipline are the tools with which parents mold fine characters in their children.

It is not only sad, it's unjust when a parent neglects either of these tools out of a false sense of

values. Love without discipline is not genuine love. And discipline without love is not good discipline. The father who is harsh and brutal in his enforcement of obedience does not build the child's character. He destroys it. The mother whose sentimentality gives in to her child's every whim is not forming but deforming his character. The products of this kind of environment often find places on police files as juvenile delinquents.

The importance of both love and discipline in the home is part of our Christian heritage. Saint Paul the Apostle, for example, stressed the importance of mutual love in the family. Yet he insisted that children must be taught discipline. In his Epistle to the Ephesians Saint Paul writes: "Each of you is to love his wife as he would love himself, and the wife is to pay reverence to her husband. Do not rouse your children to resentment; the training, the discipline in which you bring them up must come from the Lord." (Eph. 5, 6)

Modern scientific studies and research support these age old truths

of revelation. An experiment conducted during the last five years in one of our important cities showed that the roots of juvenile delinquency are laid in the home during the pre-school years, and that the fertile soil for its growth is a weak family life. Another recent study of one thousand case histories showed that the kind of family environment a child has during pre-school years is the main causative factor in juvenile delinquency. Both reports confirm on a scientific basis—the importance of a healthy family life permeated with both love and discipline.

School life and outside influences are seldom causes; even less are they cures. They help minimize the evil effects produced by a lack of love or of discipline in the home. But they are not substitutes.

A large segment of our society has little appreciation of the sanctity of marriage and of family life. And yet for all eternity, the characters of the children entrusted to their care will attest to how well parents use the God-given tools of love and discipline—to their own eternal glory or shame!

THE ACCUSORS SORRY

There stood in shame before the Lord; a murderer, thief and lair,
To plead their case in ghostly tones and 'scape the Hell-mouth fire.
Ten trumpets threw a gentle note to rest upon the air;
They called the scales of Justice forth, and Judgement wise and fair.
The first stepped forth on leaden feet, and raised a trembling hand.
"I killed the coward by my side because he stole my land—
I borrowed money from this man, the note was due that day
I could not pay him then and asked for time to find a way.

He stole my house, my sheep, my ox, my lands and fruits and grain;
In doing so, he killed my wife . . . It caused such grievous pain.
In angry heat, I killed this man who wouldn't give me grace;
He chose to lie and steal instead—on this I plead my case."
"Not true, not true!" the other cried. "A pack of lies, I say.
I'd loaned my money to that man; the note was due that day.
That morning, Lord, he came to me and asked a little grace;
He couldn't meet the debt right then, so offered me his place.
I bid him wait till I return—I needed time to think—
I thought the problem out until the sun began to sink.
I went therewith, unto the church and found the Bishop there,
I laid my case before him then asked him to be fair.

The answer that he gave was thus: "Return and take his home."
I called upon the man that owed, and claimed *his* as my *own*.
"All I ask," the Bishop said, "is a third of all you get . . ."
But for the Bishop's good advice, I'd have no payment yet."

Then the voice of He to judge came gently to their ears:
"What say you, Bishop, in this case? Advice was given here."
The Bishop, quaking in his fright, and in a voice that broke,
Tried hard to justify his act, but there was no hope.
"The man who borrowed money, Lord, knew that his word was bad;
In trying to evade his debt, he lost most all he had.
The man to whom the debt was owed, received in full his pay;
And I received my part as well—there seemed no other way.
One third of all that this man got—a sum I deemed most fair—
Was sent to me, out of which, the Church received her share.
I felt that I had done no wrong, and since part was your due,
I felt the land *did* make a gift, most worthy, Lord, of you."

Now once again the trumpets drew aside the silent cloak;
The scales of Justice balanced out, the voice of Judgement spoke:
"This first man killed to save his home; no blame is placed on him.
The second stole through ignorance—no crime where mind is dim.
But Bishop, in my name you lied; for doing this you'll pay—
You'll bear the weight of each man's crime forever and a day.
So let my voice go out to all—to all men of all time.
Let blame redound to *cause* of deeds . . . not he who does the crime!"

A THOUGHT OF YOU

This morning when I awakened
And saw the sun above,
I softly said, "Good Morning Lord,"
Bless everyone I love."
Right away I thought of you,
And said a loving prayer.
That he would bless you especially
And keep you free from care.
I thought of all the happiness
A day could hold in store,
I wished it all for you because
No one deserves it more.
I felt so warm and good inside,
My heart was all aglow.
I know God heard my prayer for you—
He hears them all you know.

JAMES R. HYDE

"TO A FRIEND"

You entered my life in a casual way,
And saw at a glance what I needed;
There were others who passed me or met me each day,
But never a one of them heeded:
Perhaps you were thinking of other folks more,
Or chance simply seemed to decree it;
I know there were many such chances before,
But the others—well, they didn't see it.

You said the things I wished you would say,
And you made me believe that you meant it;
I held up my head in that old gallant way,
And resolved you should never repent it.
There are times when encouragement means such a lot
And a word is enough to convey it;
There are others who could have as easy as not
But, just the same, they didn't do it.

There may have been someone who could have done more
To help me along though I doubt it;
What I needed was cheering and always before
They had let me plod on without it
You helped to refashion the dream of my heart
And made me turn eagerly to it
There were others who might have (I question that part)
But after all they didn't do it.

GRACE S. DAWSON

A NIPPON LOVE

Her hair upon the pillow
Lay ebony, bright with sheen.
Heaving mounds of luscious billow,
Swelled in rapture. Weaned
From mock infatuation.
Skilled in love's epitome!
Unboundless, breathless, stark emotion!
An Eros treasury!
So quaint the eyes, almond round,
Languid and laced with mist.
A touch of jasmine, a silken gown,
Rapturous when being kissed!
Humility; profound and chic,
Seared with feudal toils;
Gracious, lovable—so petite!
A pearl from the ocean's spoils!
Look you East, you lovers,
Occidental though you be,
Use her for thy cover—
There's your masculinity!
Fidelity and love abide
Within her thumping core;
Her love, my love, will e'er survive,
To infinity or more!

E. CHARLES RENNER

BE NOT IN TERROR

Will this mad tyrant in the east,
Fling out his mighty darts
Of Mass destruction?
Surely he must know that
In the sun heat bowers of Hades,
Dwell two monsters,
That bred his heritage.
Or will the malignant cells of reason,
Buried deep in his cerebellus nurture?
Then loose upon this whirling atom,
Tranquility and succor, to the frenzied
Crowds that wail in tedium.
Ponder not this,
Let Right move *swiftly*
Into this night of madness.
For deep in the thumping walls
Of freedom's hearts, marching might
Will trample into atomic dust,
This tyrant's mad betrayals.

E. CHARLES RENNER



by Jerry Cotton

ARTISTS,

WRITERS

and assorted eccentrics,

HARK!!

There are thousands upon thousands of people who have known all along that they were literary geniuses, but what with the necessities of earning a living have never had the time to prove it. They have gone about their prosaic tasks of selling insurance, or laying brick, or sticking up grocery stores and have let the exciting world of letters pass them by. Some will ever be mute and thereby rob posterity of its right to their masterworks. Others, the brave and sacrificing, will lay down the portfolio of stocks, toss away the broom and mop, tear up the bogus check and answer the call of the Muse. To these noble hearts we humbly offer this small guide, and hope that when their names are ineffaceably etched along side those of Whitman and Sandburg, and they have entered that blessed land that flows with milk and royalties, they will remember who knew them when. (Cash gifts are the *ne plus ultra* in the expression of gratitude.)

Permit us to address this first instruction to that portion of the budding literati whose bent is modern poetry.

HOW TO BECOME A SUCCESSFUL MODERN POET WITH A MINIMUM OF FUSS AND BOTH-ER

The aspiring talent newly come to modern poetry must first of all examine the credentials necessary for his expression in this idiom. His must be that preceptive, pure and penetrating voice that is now lyrical and luminous, and now thunderous and profound. He must be *sympatico*

with the surrealist imagery that churns and roils in man's subconscious and conversant in the non-verbal syntax, symbols and synecdoches that lurk everywhere in nature. Also he should know how to read and write. Or, failing that, have a friend who knows how to read and write. One of the worse handicaps a modern poet can labor under is a lack of facility in these two literary areas. While it is grudgingly admitted that the poet could possibly squeak by with only the knowledge of how to write, (there is a school of thought in vogue among the ultra-modernists that advocates writing only for poets, reasoning that this would prolong their sanity by relieving them of the hazard of reading their own poems) still we maintain that with all the Espresso joints springing up one can never tell when one could turn a fast buck by donning dirty T-shirt and greasy levi and take a crack at reading one's stuff to the accompaniment of bongos. Also, and this above all, the modern poet must be able to resist all attempts by others to understand either him or his poems. The nightshade . . . the veritable bane . . . of the modern poet is the stubborn tendency still resident in some readers and critics that incites them to try to make sense, either fully or partially, out of modern poetry and poets. It's sort of like looking for the fulfillment of a campaign promise. There are many ways in which the modern poet can frustrate these pernicious attempts.

1. Effect a bellicose attitude and

refrain from talking to people except in minatory tones. (This, though a very effective method, is not recommended for those who are not adept at street fighting, or who have glass jaws, or who bleed easily.)

2. Utterly refuse to take baths. (It is amazing how this ploy can help one fend off the blandishments of the unwelcome. The only drawback, however, is the loss of the blandishments of the welcome.)

3. Move to a dilapidated shack on the outskirts of the city dump and liberally litter it with old newspapers, rusted tin cans, itinerant cats of dubious ancestry, and passing wayfarers whose penchant for the freight car as a mode of transportation is well-established. (Sitting on a pile of decomposing newsprint or sleeping hobos is very discouraging to casual droppers-by-who-just-came-to-see-how-the-old-poem-was coming along.)

4. Write your poems in colloquial Swahili using the Chinese alphabet.

5. Write your poems backwards in classical Urdu using hieroglyphics.

6. Write your poems on onion skin paper using an acetylene torch instead of a pencil. (This may seem a bit drastic, but one must fight fire with fire.)

Other methods will occur to the resourceful and imaginative.

Now concerning the actual poems you will write, we can only advise that the poet strike out for himself. That's what we did and here are a few examples of our work:

IN MEMORIAM

In the shadow of a baseball bat,
I wonder where my lightbulbs at?
Is it in the pocketbook?
Or in Life, or Time, or Look?
Or isn't it?

ENTR'ACTE

Who took the corners off that circle?
Some smart aleck.

A CREDO FOR ALL THOSE EGOS

If to my freely proffered **halitosis**
You turn away.
Oh, never more hope for a neat **osmosis**
From my dead day.
And though a blight of **erythroblastosis**
Slay the fey prey,
Let not antagonistic **symbiosis**
Alter our stay.

TO MY OWN TRUE LOVE, NEFERTITI

Postulate **epistles!**
Nostrums' **Dionysius**.
Pray, whose whited **thistles**
Are those on the dishes?

TALES FROM THE VEHEMENT HOODS

Will Gil spill till ill will will fill Bill Hill?
'Twill thrill Lil—shrill pill!!
(Lil's Gil's jill.
Gil's Bill's shill.)
Bill Hill will kill Gil.
Bill, still nil, will chill Lil.

Moral: Shill's should shun shady sharks and shallow Shirleys.

In deference to the fledgling bards we will violate the Modern Poets Code and give a brief exposition of the internal dynamics of one of the foregoing gems. Take the one entitled "Lyrics For A Summer Festival At Bellevue." We are not primarily interested in the ant population in Tanganyika, although we imagine the Tanganyikans are. No, our meaning is couched much more subtly than that. The key to the image we are trying to invoke is expressed in the first "3" in line 2. This "3" is actually a symbol of "Mother," and it's juxtaposition to the second "7" shows a dichotomous inter-relation between the cosmic concept of motherhood as expressed by the first two letters in the word "Red." Now the last line is not, of course, intended to show that we actually mistotalled the ants in Tanganyika. As a matter of fact, we have it on good authority from a professional ant-counter that our figures are exact, and if any "know-it-all" wishes to dispute them

he can go to East Tanganyika and count 'em for himself! But there, we are becoming surly and straying away from our theme. At the moment we've forgotten what that last line means, but if you will send a \$20 money order and a self-addressed envelope to us in care of this magazine we are sure that our memory will be refreshed, and we will send the answer by return mail. In any event, equipped with the preceding, you are now ready to embark upon a great career whose undoubted reward will be at the very least a Nobel Prize. All you'll need now is to find someone to publish your poems.

EDITOR'S NOTE: After this edition of *Recount*, we are no longer interested in the publishing of modern poems.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: After this edition of *Recount*, we are no longer interested in submitting modern poems to this rag.

AN APOLOGIA FOR POWDERED DOUGHNUTS

All of She is She.
Sheeted, seated, He
Sees that none of Me
Be She even Thee.

MY, HOW THOSE FORDS TURN INTO CADILLACS AND THOSE KINDLING WOOD CAPERS INTO BANK JOBS

Gimme a cigarette.

LYRICS FOR A SUMMER FESTIVAL AT BELLEVUE

In eastern Tanganyika
There are 7,873,915,111,613
Red ants.
Or did I miscount?

ENVOI

Is it hotter in the city
Than it is in the summertime?

UPON LOOKING FURTHER INTO WILLIAM MAKEPIECE THACKEREY'S CHARACTER

— " " " "
* / ? ? * \$ " .

SAGA OF THE SEES

Bright light might blight Wright's sight.
"Quite right." cites Wright.
Twilight might smite Wright right.
"Mite bright," plights Wright.
Moonlight right, Wright? "Slight bright."
Starlight, Wright? "Might."

Moral: Not even Magoo's that fussy.

EDITOR'S NOTE: After this edition of *Recount*, we are no longer interested in the publishing of modern poems or anything else by the above-named author.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: After this edition of *Recount*, we are no longer interested in even reading this poor excuse for a penny pamphlet.

EDITOR'S NOTE: After this edition of *Recount*, we are inviting all loud mouths to step outside and say that!

AUTHOR'S NOTE: After this edition of *Recount*, we would like to know how much the afore-mentioned editor weighs and whether or not he's handy with his dukes, because we are.

EDITOR'S NOTE: After this edition of *Recount*, we are informing same loud mouths that we stand 6 foot 3, weigh 210 stripped (six times that in a loud mouth's collar) and won the joint's heavyweight title last year.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: After this edition of *Recount*, we are checking in the hospital.

FROM APPLES

T O...



Probably the most impressive aspect about the prison storeroom to greet the newcomer upon entering is its vastness and orderliness. No single phase of operations within the

prison proper, as well as the outer-wall segments, are independent of this huge network of supplies and materials, receipt and distribution.

Mr. E.E. Yarbarry, who has been the storeroom superintendent for the past twelve of his twenty-nine years at the prison, still finds the ever increasing demands of the storeroom to be challenging. Scores of thousands of items for nearly every es-

sential need to the institution are shown on the heavy inventory. Each year finds newer additional items being supplemented to the storeroom supply.

At the time of this writer's visit to the meat cutting shop of this multi-departmented storeroom, David Castro, the chief butcher, was explaining a particular meat cut to Manuel Sanchez, a current meat cutter trainee. On the average, over 1800 pounds of beef and pork are cut daily in this tile and glass enclosure. Displaying a polished skill with deft, precision cuts, Lee Roy Feit and George Husvar quickly separated a half a beef into several large sections for further cutting and processing.

Qualifications for learning this interesting and profitable trade are good health, cleanliness and a two and a half year minimum to serve. For the interested the opportunity to learn every of the dozen of meat cuts is available in this clean, modern and well-lighted sanitary setting.

At the center of this large wares emporium is the inmate clothing store. Here clothing clerk Lewis Alberts numbers and readies the





clothing to be issued to the newly arrived inmates as well as those for replacements. This "greys" inventory consists of shirts up to a size seventeen and pants to a size forty-six. Clothes larger than this are custom made to the individual in the institutional tailor shop. Lewis also handles all of the culinary and canning plant workers whites which, especially during canning season, constitute a good portion of his work day.

Adjacent to this area is the inmate dress-out store of civilian clothing. Several days before each man's release on parole or discharge he is called to the storeroom to dress out. He has a choice of selecting a suit, or pants, a shirt and jacket. The color range of shirts and jackets is from solids to multi-colored prints. While the selection of clothing to be worn by the inmate is of his own choice of that available, Mr. Yarbarry is present to assist any man who so desires. Only one pair of dress shoes may be issued to each man. Those men who have their own dress shoes may, if they wish, receive a pair of work shoes to take with them. Hats are no longer issued except for those men who are aged or hairless.

At the far end of the storeroom is the hardware department. Almost every item to be found in any outside hardware store including a couple of coal oil stoves and horse-shoe nails, for which there is an occasional need, is here. Everything from the tiniest screws to sledge hammers may be found among the 1,400 different hardware items.

The basement area comprises the same space as the main floor but contains considerably more stock. Soaps, brooms, mops, paper towels, cakes of salt for the farm, sack salt, rubber boots, special detergents and material for the tailor shop used in making handkerchiefs, blankets and dresses for the female division make up just a small part of the goods here.

All spices, flour, coffee, tea and dry cereals are stored in a large ventilated room for protection against the elements. In an adjoining room are the supplies for the cellhouse and officer's barber shops, shoes and all items sold in the canteen.

Ice, a summer popularity, is produced in the storeroom's ice making machine. A forty-eight hour period is required to make the ice which

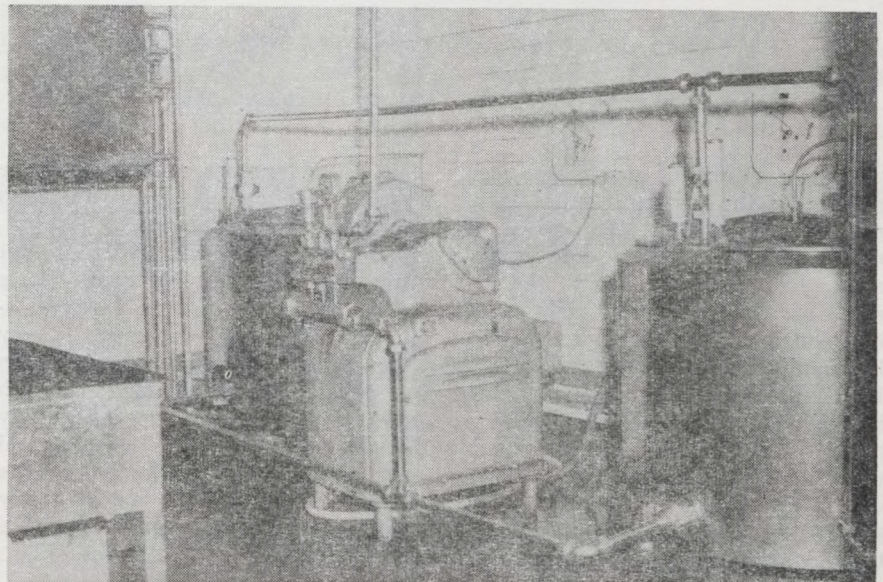
the machine will produce at the rate of 9,800 pounds per process. Approximately four thousand pounds are used daily in the summer, much to the benefit of many people here.

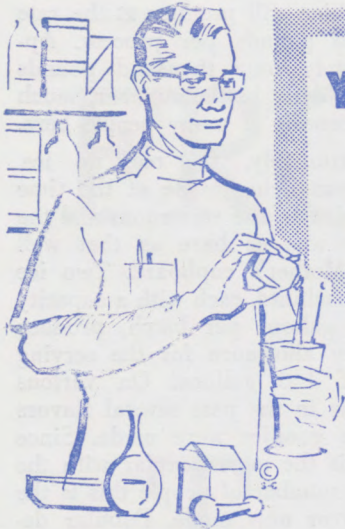
Unfortunately, for me, no ice cream was being made at the time of my visit to the storeroom and the ice box was as bare as that well known Mother's cupboard. Two ice cream machines, each with a capacity of five gallons per batch, produce a weekly allowance for the serving lines of 140 gallons. On various occasions in the past several flavors of these goodies were made. Since vanilla is the most popular with the greatest number of people this is the only flavor now made. Popular demand could produce other flavors.

A well equipped pasteurization and homogenizing room which processes 500 gallons of milk daily is cared for by Richard Cox and Robert Conner. Theirs is also the unenviable task of taking this equipment apart after usage and cleaning thoroughly. The picture at bottom right shows these machines after Bob and Dick re-assembled the many many parts for Elwood's camera.

Aside from the fact that it is the largest and most important operation in the institution the storeroom represents one of the cleanest and most orderly establishments to be found here. This good management was expressed by Mr. Yarbarry as a result of the fact that most of the twenty-five men assigned to his place like their jobs and remain assigned there throughout their stay here.

The storeroom. A well organized business with employees of industry.





**Your HEALTH
is our
BUSINESS**

Staff

Written

LABORATORY TECHNICIANS WORK OVERTIME TO COMBAT INSTITUTIONAL EPIDEMIC



A new source of pride has been created in the prison hospital laboratory as a result of the arrival of newer and more up to date equipment. Just as significant to the arrival of these modern facilities is the staffing of the laboratory by Edwin Webster and Doug Lenwell. Both men are well qualified scholastically and technically for the more than routine services they are rendering the inmate population.

Webster, a registered medical technologist for the past fifteen years

and an advanced technique graduate of the Sanborn Electrocardiograph Company Service, came to the hospital on September 8, 1961. At that time very little in the way of an actual laboratory existed. Immediately he set about preparing a very long list of equipment and supplies necessary to its development. As each new item arrived it went into ready service. By November's end technical development had advanced to the extent that facilities were nearly equal to those of civilian hospital laboratories.

The most noticeable inroads of advance to be acknowledged by the inmates has been in the areas of diet changes and closer regulation and control of inmates who comprise the weekly blood donor list.

Up to the time of Webster's assuming charge of the laboratory there were no blood tests made on inmate donors. Blood tests of the newly arrived inmates and with those who were brought to the lab for varying reasons showed a blood

iron deficiency rating of from mild to chronic. On the basis of the ratio of deficiency detected, which was too high for the number of men tested, it was decided to make a sample run of a small group of inmates who had been here for some time and, who were blood donors. The results of these tests showed a blood iron deficiency pattern strong enough to begin testing the entire population.

To begin this program Webster screened all of the blood donors on a weekly basis as they came to the hospital. The first question on the minds of the men as they were met coming into the hospital invariably was, "What's this for?" With each one Webster patiently responded with, "Just checking to see if your blood has enough iron." Some men winced, some flinched, but most remained nonplussed as their fingers were pricked for the necessary drop of blood sample. It wasn't long before keen interest was developed in whether or not the sample would sink or float in the vial of bluish liquid. In cases of the latter the men were turned away with a slip asking them to return on the regular sick call line at noon. As a result of this checking of blood donors alone, 193 inmates, over a three month period, were discovered having iron deficiency. All were rejected, some angrily, some with mixed feelings.

Routinely, ferrous sulfate tablets were given these men to restore their hemoglobin determination to a normal level. For the most part this medication, over a fourteen day period, proved sufficient to restore the hemoglobin rate to normal or above. Periodic checking and re-checking every two weeks was carried out. In several instances little or no change was effected from the ferrous sulfate dosages. As the number of cases continued to increase it became evident that the solution lay beyond the supplements of iron tablets being dispensed.

When the number of cases backlog became in excess of the lab facilities available to correct it, the prison physician, Dr. Roger K. Kalina, notified Dr. James Galvin, Director of State Institutions of the situation. In turn, Dr. Galvin contacted Dr. Matthew Block, Professor of Hematology at the University of Colorado Medical Center at Denver, and asked him to come to the prison and determine the cause of the anemia

epidemic.

During the second week of February Dr. Block, accompanied by three assistants, began his investigative interviews with eight patients. Primarily, the investigations were conducted in three phases: Interrogative; Physical examination, and laboratory analysis. In the first, the patients were questioned extensively regarding health ailments as far back as could be remembered. Thorough physical examinations followed this procedure. As each of the men were finished with, a study of their pertinent hospital case file was made along with the lab analysis.

Blood smears and blood counts were prepared by Webster and Lenwell. In some cases bone marrow specimen exams were made while, for others, x-rays were ordered for a G.I. series. When it was suspected that ulcers were the source of trouble with a patient, stool exams, and numerous chemical lab tests were ordered to determine if blood was being lost internally.

There are several types of anemia which will produce anywhere from a mild to severe reaction by the body. In the prison the most common effect evidenced was difficulty in breathing with tiredness and sluggish feelings following. Naturally, such feelings of physical weakness had an extremely adverse affect upon the mental well being of the men involved. Work production and efficiency as well as morale became very low.

The main source of the difficulty stemmed from the giving of blood before the diet could rebuild the needed iron supply. Each time a person is relieved of a pint of blood he loses approximately 200 milligrams of iron. This is about as much as a person absorbs over a nine month period. If the person is slightly anemic the body will absorb more iron from his diet than one who is not. With a correct diet the hemoglobin should be built up to normal in about three months. Hemoglobin is a protein which is the oxygen carrying mechanism to all of the cells of the body. It supplies the iron the body needs and gives the color red to the blood.

Locally, the normal hemoglobin reading is 13.5 to 16.5 grams per cent. The altitude of the environment has much to do with the reading of the gram scale. Since greater amounts

of oxygen are required at altitudes of 10,000 feet and above, compensation for this must be made. Where a minimum normal reading can be had locally at 13.5 grams per cent, in Leadville, say, it would be necessary to have a hemoglobin reading of about 16.5 grams per cent. Some of the men tested here showed readings as low as 5.35 grams per cent.

In one of several interviews with Dr. Block he stated that the prison diet consists of a well balanced order and is such that iron deficiency should not occur. However, this diet combined with the giving of blood every two months proved to be inadequate for three-fourths of the men. All of these cases responded favorably with the taking of feosol tablets once a day for two to four weeks. Of the remaining per cent, some of the sources of anemia were traceable to ulcers, possible cancer, and intestinal parasites (worms).

Doug Lenwell, who has been a registered medical technologist for the past eight years, stated that many of the overly anemic men whom he tested would not have proved to be such severe cases if they hadn't failed to pass up fruit juices, tomatoes, greens, meats and eggs. These foods in particular have a high vitamin constituent needed by the body. As a result of these tests certain foods and juices have been increased to supplement the daily needs. In addition to this, iron tablets are being supplied on a gratis basis by an outside laboratory for men who give blood.

In concluding the interview Mr. Lenwell recommended considering the following advice. "When coming to the hospital for a blood check previous to donating, if you are rejected, consider favorably, if you can, that you have been rendered a service. No person should want to be anemic and endanger themselves further. Both Ed Webster and I are interested in being of value to any person who comes to the lab for medical purposes."

EDITOR'S NOTE: A sincere appreciation by the inmates of CSP is extended to Dr. Matthew Block and his assistants whose twice weekly medical investigations corrected a more than serious situation. A bouquet each to Edwin Webster and Doug Lenwell who discovered and immediately set about destructing the epidemic.

Interesting
facts from
WHY, WHEN,
& WHERE

—
Published 1889

by
Robert Thorne, M. A.

THIS

and

THAT

Compiled
by
Gene Roadhs



ALEXANDRIAN CODEX

Alexandrian Codex is an important manuscript of the Sacred Scriptures written in Greek. It is written on parchment, in finely-formed uncial letters, and is without accents, marks of aspiration, or spaces between the words. Its probable date is the latter half of the sixth century. With the exception of a few gaps it contains the whole Bible in Greek, along with the Epistles of Clemens Romanus. This celebrated manuscript which is now in the British Museum, belonged, as early as 1098, to the library of the Patriarch of Alexandria. In 1628 it was sent as a present to Charles I of England by Cyrillus Lucaris, Patriarch of Constantinople, who declared that he got it from Egypt; and that it was written there appears from internal and external evidence.

ALEXANDRIAN LIBRARY

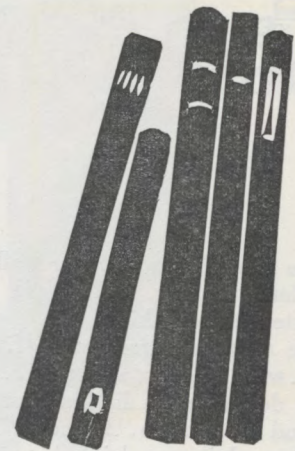
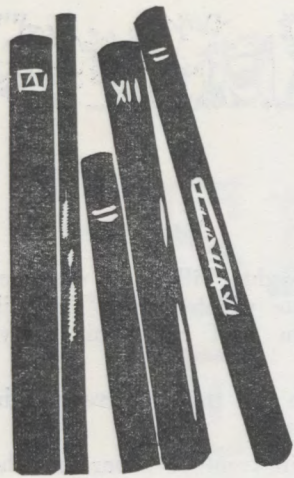
Contained in the time of Cleopatra about 700,000 volumes or rolls, and was founded at the suggestion of Demetrius Phalereus, a fugitive from Athens in the reign of Ptolemy Soter. The greater portion of this remarkable collection was destroyed during the Alexandrine war. This loss, however, was repaired by Marc Antony, who presented to Cleopatra the library taken at the siege of Pergamos. From this time until about the year 391 A. D. the library increased in size and reputation, and contained treasures of learning in all known tongues. At the burning of the Temple of Jupiter Serapis by the Christians under Theodosius the Great, about that year, a portion of the library was destroyed, and when the Arabs, under Caliph Omar, took the city in 640 A. D. the destruction of the remainder was completed.

ALEXANDRINES

The name Alexandrines is most probably derived from an old French poem on Alexander the Great, belonging to the twelfth or thirteenth century, and signifies rhyming verses consisting each of twelve syllables of six measures. This measure was first used in the poem referred to. The Alexandrine has become the regular epic or heroic verse of the French, among whom each line is divided in the middle into two hemistichs, the sixth syllable always ending a word. The only considerable English poem written in Alexandrines is Drayton's—Polyolbion.

AMULET

Amulet is any object worn as a charm. It is often a stone, or piece of metal, with an inscription or some figure engraved on it, and is generally suspended from the neck, and worn as a preventive against sickness, witchcraft, etc. Its origin, like its name, seems to be Oriental. The ancient Egyptians had their amulets, sometimes forming necklaces. Among the Greeks such a protective charm was called—(phylacterion) among the Romans,—(amuletum)—. From the heathen, the use of amulets passed into the Christian Church, the inscription on them being (ichthus). The Greek word for a fish) because it contained the initials of the Greek words for Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour. Amulets soon became so common among Christians that in the fourth century the clergy were interdicted from making and selling them on the pain of deprivation of holy orders, and in 721 the wearing of amulets was solemnly condemned by the church. Among amulets in repute in the middle ages were the coins attributed to St. Helena, the mother of Constantine. These and other coins marked with a cross were thought specially efficacious against epilepsy, and are generally found perforated for the purpose of being worn suspended from the neck.



by Gene Roadhs

THE KAITEN WEAPON—Yutaka Yokota and Joseph D. Harrington—Ballantine Books. .50¢ (Softcover).

Yutaka Yokota is a former petty officer of the Imperial Japanese Navy who relates an excellent first-hand account of the Kaiten weapon and the fanatical suicide volunteers who manned it. Too late in the war to be developed to perfection, it was used as a last ditch effort to save Japan. The Japanese High Command considered the human torpedo without merit and were ready to abandon the project until a group of torpedo volunteers petitioned them by letter written in their own blood.

Like the Kamikaze pilots, the human torpedos attended their own last rites ceremonies and held a wake before leaving on a mission.

A powerful description of a military's futile hope and a revealing insight of the human-torpedo volunteers themselves.

THE GODS WERE NEUTRAL—Major Robert Crisp—Ballantine Books. .50¢ (Softcover).

A very grasping account of tank warfare in Greece during WW II by an English tank commander. Handicapped by outmoded equipment, treacherous terrain and unpreparedness, an impossible battle was fought—and lost. The smell of grease and gun powder is almost noticeable, and the thundering roar and clanking of charging tanks becomes vividly real to the reader.

An action story of the delaying action of a courageous force of fighting men.

WAR UNDERGROUND—Alexander Bar-

rie—Ballantine Books. .50¢ (Softcover).

For those who enjoy the unusual along with the real, this suspense-tensed account of the battlefield during WW I is must reading. A fantastic story of the enemies tunneling under each others front lines, locating and destroying enemy diggings, cave-ins and booby traps. Added to this was the almost impossible task of concealing the removed dirt from the Germans.

Suspenseful. Dramatic. Heavily plotted and well written.

THE CUBAN INVASION—Tad Szulc & Karl E. Meyer—Ballantine Books. .50¢ (Softcover).

The title of this book could easily read Why Communism Succeeds. Karl E. Meyer interviewed Castro in the Sierra Maestra in 1958, during that revolution, and has written extensively on Latin America since 1957. Tad Szulc covered the recent Cuban revolution and reported the invasion build-up in Miami and later inspected the battlefield with Castro after the Bay of Pigs fiasco.

It is enough to make every American madder than hell with Castro, Cubans, communism—and the bungling of the United States. Clashing political factions, U.S. military leaders who fought too many arm-chair battles, brilliant intelligence intermingled with sheer stupidity in bringing about this failure is the bulwark of this report. Poorly developed, and disorganized, the Cuban invasion reveals why the well-organized, solidly integrated network of communism succeeds. This is as much an expose as it is an account of half-hearted, half-witted, efforts

to destruct a determined enemy.

Szulc and Meyer have unfolded a suspenseful cloak and dagger drama on the international scene which, unfortunately, is not fiction.

THE NIGHT HAMBURG DIED—Martin Caidin—Ballantine Books. .50¢ (Softcover).

Hamburg, during WW II, was one of the best equipped German cities for survival against the onslaught of the dreaded air attacks by the allies. Trained hospital teams, coordinated civil defense programs, emergency rescue groups, and well constructed bomb shelters stood at ready day and night. Yet, in spite of all this massive, protective defense the Germans had overlooked an enemy far more powerful than bomb shelters and retaliatory forces could repel.

A dramatic, hard hitting account of a terrifying night. The night Hamburg died.

THE CRUSADES—Richard Suskind—Ballantine Books. .50¢ (Softcover).

Depicted here in dramatic and often shocking detail are the less than gallant knights in shining armor astride white chargers that are romanticized in legend. Here are the failures and blunders that resulted in the deaths of millions. Here are the plagues of syphilis and leprosy that were left in the wake of the great crusades—the avarice and pillage. There were, of course, noble deeds of chivalry and valor; but on balance, the great crusades, like all of man's conflicts, were bloody, brutal expeditions motivated by less than noble aims.

A compelling account of the darker side of the "Days of Old."



KEEVER KOMMENTS SAYS

The man with a stammer walked into the swanky bar and ordered a beer. "That will be seventy-five cents," the bartender told him.

The man paid the seventy-five cents, then asked: "Wha . . . wha . . . what do you g . . . g . . . get for rye?"

"A dollar and a half a shot," the bartender said.

"And b . . . b . . . b . . . brandy?"

"Three dollars a drink."

"Th . . . th . . . th . . . thank you very much," said the customer. "It was n . . . n . . . n . . . nice of you not to say anything about my affliction."

"Oh, that's all right," said the drink dispenser. "You were nice too. You didn't say anything about my being hunchback."

"Oh, is that what th . . . th . . . th . . . that is?" said the customer. "I thought it was your f . . . f . . . f . . . fanny—everything else in the joint's so high."

A modernistic painter was robbed. In order to assist the police in catching the thief, he drew a sketch of the man. Guided by this sketch, the police rounded up a TV aerial, three can openers, a horse and two boots.

A butcher, who had a particularly good day, proudly flipped his last chicken on a scale and weighed it. "This one will be \$1.35," he told the waiting customer. "That really is a little small," said the woman. "Don't you have anything larger?" Thinking fast, the butcher returned the hen to the refrigerator, paused a while, then took it out again. "This one," he said proudly, "will be \$1.65." The woman paused for a moment, then made her decision. "I know what," she said, "I'll take them both."

One phase of wisdom is knowing when to appear ignorant.

One of the biggest troubles with success these days is that its recipe is about the same as that for a nervous breakdown.

The newcomer was evidently a seasoned veteran of boarding houses. He came down to breakfast early on his first morning and was greeted with smiles by the landlady. "Will you have tea, coffee, or cocoa?" she inquired sweetly. But he remained unimpressed, sat down quietly, and replied in an even voice, "Whichever you call it."

"I know I'm not really much to look at," admitted her fiance. "Oh, well," she philosophized, "you'll be at work most of the time."

Overheard in a Hollywood nightclub: "You and your suicide attempts—did you see this month's gas bill?"

A small boy came home from his first day at Sunday School and, while his parents watched amazed, emptied his pockets of pennies, nickels and dimes. When his mother asked him: "Where did you get all that money?" the youngster replied: "At Sunday School; they've got bowls of it there."

A manufacturer sent an overdue bill to a customer attaching a hand written note which said: "This bill is one year old." By return mail came this reply: "Happy Birthday."

Remember—only a light bulb can stay out every night and still be bright the next day.

Two hipsters were standing in front of a bar and the Martian stepped out. He was dressed in plastic hat, green pointed shoes, a red shirt and purple phosphorescent gloves. "Take me to your leader," he demanded. "Never mind the jazz," one of the hipsters said, "take us to your tailor."

And then there was the newly released ex-con who took his gal dancing the first night out. He was nuzzling her cheek, kissing her neck and finally whispered: "Baby, I've been locked up for three years; you know what I mean?" "Well, jeepers," she replied. "I've been dancing as fast as I can."

A speaker was talking to a bunch of teenagers about things that happened in the West in an earlier day. He said Billy the Kid had killed twenty-one men before he was twenty-one years old. A girl who had been listening open mouthed asked, "And what make of car did he drive?"

Two celebrants registered at a hotel and asked for twin beds. In the darkness and confusion they both got into the same bed. "Hey," yelled the first drunk, "they gypped me. There's another guy in my bed." "There's somebody in my bed, too," said the second drunk. "Let's throw them out." There was a terrific struggle and finally one drunk went sailing out of bed. "I threw mine out," the one in bed yelled. "How about you?" "He threw me out!" "Well, that makes us even," whispered the first drunk, "keep quiet and get in bed with me."

The new inmate didn't recognize the warden. "Don't you realize who I am?" demanded the warden. "I run this entire prison. I'm in charge of over 1800 prisoners." "You've got a good job," said the inmate, "don't louse it up."

There's never enough time to do the job right but there's always enough time to do it over.

Two Irishmen, occupying adjoining cells in the death house at Sing Sing, had become fast friends during their stay there, so it was a sad time when the day of Mick's execution arrived. As the guards led Mick down the last mile to the electric chair, Tim tried desperately to think of something cheerful to say. Just before Mick disappeared through the steel doors, Tim's face lit up with an idea. "Well Mick," he shouted, "more power to ye!"

A man wrapped up in himself makes a mighty small package.

Some movies on TV are so old they show bandits driving up to the bank—and finding a parking space.

SPECIAL SECTION



TESTS, TALENTS, AND MY MAIDEN-FORM BRA

A PARABLE AND A PROBLEM

HYPNOSIS VS. RECIDIVISM

A PARABLE

BY H. LEE WHITE

In *The ATLANTIAN*

A sinful old man who had made many mistakes through his lack of understanding people left his bright young son a set of blueprints.

He left his beloved son many other things—for the most part good things, things which were priceless—but this set of blueprints were, in the words of the old man, “most significant.” The drawings were to be used to build a machine which would turn worthless, condemned materials into valuable assets.

The machine would be a kind of mechanical alchemist which, if used wisely, might make the world a better place in which to live.

The son hired some “experts” to build his machine and it was an efficient looking mechanism. He hired some other “experts” who added to the decor of the machine with functional looking little gadgets and many coats of paint.

After the machine was built, the bright young son of the sinful old man hired some uniformed attendants to watch over the expensive and delicate mechanism.

Other workers gathered together great piles of worthless, condemned materials and stacked these materials in many steel storage bins to await the great day for starting the machine in operation.

The bright young son of the sinful old man had not a shadow of doubt that the machine would perform exactly as his sainted parent had said it would. The son had required that the “experts” follow the blueprints to the letter—even when several of the “experts” ventured to make a suggestion or two to improve the success-potential of the machine, the son shouted them down and fired those disrespectful “experts.”

Such son-in-father confidence was admired and praised by the neighbors.

When it was time to start the machine in operation, the bright young son called in his neighbors and friends and, as a further display of his confidence in the wisdom

of his father, he allowed the “experts” (who had suggested changes in the plans) to come witness the great event.

Everyone gathered around the giant machine. The uniformed attendants stood ready. Great piles of worthless, condemned materials were strewn along the conveyor belts leading into the grated entrance of the machine.

The bright young son of the sinful old man pushed the big silver start-button.

Current flowed smoothly into the motors and the machine was a living, moving, grinding thing. Lights flashed and the conveyor belt delivered its materials to and through the opening. The uniformed attendants smiled and made themselves seem important and busy.

“Gentleman,” the bright young son said to his audience, “you are about to witness a miracle. Note that the material going into the machine is worthless, legally condemned, socially unacceptable. When it returns from the inside of the machine invented by my father, it will be valuable, society-benefitting material. My father was a great man. He made no mistakes. Watch and wait. You will see the material exit from the same opening it entered!”

While the machine did its work, the audience (except the fired “experts” who had suggested a few changes”) made idle talk or busied themselves shaking hands with the uniformed attendants. The fired “experts” talked among themselves and glared knowingly at the machine and critically at the bright young son.

Suddenly the grated gate swung open and little blobs of living matter rolled reluctantly out of the machine.

The people watching were shocked by the ugliness of the blobs of living matter. The decent folk stood back. Suddenly, some of the machine-produced blobs of ugliness attacked them.

The uniformed attendants beat back the ugly blobs of living matter with heavy clubs and, finally, succeeded in shovelling each piece back into the machine which had produced it.

Some people in the audience left hurriedly and were much enangered at the young man. One shouted, “Vile man! Both you and your father are fools.”

In tears, the young man pushed

the stop-button.

The machine would not stop.

He pushed the stop-button again, and again, and again—the machine would not stop!

One of the fired “experts” said, “Young man, you cannot stop it. It is using the materials fed into it for motor-fuel. You cannot stop it until you stop feeding it. You can’t stop feeding it because you have no place in which to keep its monstrous products but in the machine itself. Nowhere in this world can you confine the products of your father’s machine but within the machine itself.

“Then shut and seal the gate!” shouted the young man.

Another fired “expert” said, “That won’t work either. The material inside will finally overcrowd itself and the machine will explode. If the machine explodes and those monsters get out into society, we are all doomed.”

The bright young son of the sinful old man was in a quandary. He humbled himself and sought counsel of the fired “experts”. The uniformed attendants objected. They contended that it was not the fault of the machine at all—they claimed it to be fault of the material fed into the machine, adding some blame to the truckers who delivered the material, and, allowing a major portion of blame to the very products of the machine! The uniformed attendants (being fearful of unemployment) disallowed any criticism of the machine itself.

Naturally, in loyalty to his father, the bright young son changed his mind about talking with the fired “experts” and sided with the uniformed attendants.

The uniformed attendants convinced the young man of the worth of “optimistic advertising” and “good public relations.”

Through “optimistic advertising” and “good public relations” the bright young son and the uniformed attendants convinced the public that the monster-producing machine was an economic asset—and, strangely, it was. More and more machines were produced.

Many centuries have gone away into eternal time since that first machine was built. The prototype and its replicas are still running full speed.

One of the fired “experts” left a note, now yellowed with age and almost made unreadable by tear-

stains, which offers a challenging solution to the problem of the monster-producing machines.

The words are simple words and yet, they are dramatic and impactful:

"Dear young man—

"Your machine does not work because your father's blueprint is founded on a false principle. He did not take into consideration that, to work properly, a mechanical alchemist must be allowed to operate without confining steel walls—there must be natural environments of air, sunshine, and that priceless heritage called freedom and initiative.

"Your machine does not function properly and it will never operate profitably for our culture because your father's concept of confinement as a cure for crime is as foolish as any other form of alchemy!"

And, that, dear reader, only makes sense when you place it alongside the glaring crime headlines of your afternoon paper.

The sinful old man is history; his bright young son is society; the products of the machine are recidivists. The Machine is Prison and it doesn't work according to the original plans or blueprints.

Therefore, the blueprints need to be re-drawn.

A PROBLEM

BY PAUL D. CLARK

SINCE THE SON of the sinful old man built the first machine for the transformation of condemned materials, prison has become an ever increasing problem.

Prison has been our answer—our handed-down, time-worn, outdated answer—to the Problem of crime. But prison has created more criminals than it has cured. Prison is *not* the answer to the Problem—it is *part* of the Problem.

But how could we control crime and cure criminals without prison?

Maybe not at all.

Maybe better.

Who knows? To date, no one has proposed an alternative to the problem.

Until an alternative is found, we

will have to rely upon prisons to do the best they can.

But are prisons doing the best they can?

Ask the wardens: We could possibly do a lot more, but...but we don't have the money, staff, and facilities to adequately handle the bursting prison population.

Ask the guards: What can I do to help the prisoners? There are so many of them that I don't have time to do anything but guard them.

Ask the prisoners: I don't like it here; I hope nobody bothers me.

Nobody bothers me—that's part of the Problem. That's the biggest part of the Problem.

There is not enough being done to change the prisoner's attitude.

If a prisoner's attitude is to be changed, he has to be challenged—he has to be bothered. He has to be bothered a lot to get him to thinking about his failings, his weaknesses, his inadequacies. A prisoner will not usually try to re-evaluate himself unless he is bothered—he is challenged.

He isn't going to try to improve his education unless someone bothers him.

He isn't going to learn a trade unless someone bothers him.

He isn't going to change at all unless someone bothers him. And if he doesn't change, he will certainly *bother* someone when he is released.

He will return to his former way of life because no one showed him how to equip himself for a new type of life-expedition.

He isn't bothered because prisons are too overcrowded to offer the necessary individual treatment to change his attitude and make him want to help himself while in prison.

Of course, many prisons offer no Treatment Program at all. The prisoner couldn't help himself if he wanted to.

Some prisons have Treatment Programs of a sort. They are sometimes able to help a few.

Some prisons have adequate Vocational and Educational Programs, a fairly good Treatment Program, but they are voluntary, only a few respond. Few prisoners bother to take advantage of them because no one has bothered to "sell" the Programs to them or force them upon them.

And that's the Problem.

The prisoner's in backward regressive prisons continue to do time as they have always known it, and

continue to steal, as they well know how.

The prisoners in more progressive prisons do not bother to take advantage of the existing Program and continue to do time...continue to steal.

All in all, whose fault is it that prisons do not help prisoners?

In tracking the Problem back to its source, we would invariably wind up in prison. The *first* prison the prisoner entered. It was here that he *could* have been easily helped. It was here that he would have welcomed help. It was here that he was *not* helped. It was here that he was changed from an amateur to a professional.

The first prison may have been a filthy, corrupt reformatory, a chain-gang, or a progressive prison full of well-meaning but little-understanding do-gooders. At any rate, the first prison failed, failed dismally, in its undertaking of rehabilitation. Of course, the first prison punished. But punishment does not rehabilitate, it only destroys the personality and breeds hate. Few men can withstand the oppressive prison environment where punishment is the routine and opportunity is but a word. Those who can withstand it and leave prison to live respectable, responsible lives are to be congratulated. They have accomplished a great individual feat against overwhelming odds. But only 20 percent of the men who enter prison accomplish this feat.

And the remaining 80 percent are the Problem. They are the Problem because Prison is also the Problem.

Prisons do not do a good job. Prison Routine destroys and punishes. But, Prison Routine *could* reform and rehabilitate. It would not take much of a change. It could be made to reach far more prisoners than it now does. It could accomplish a tremendous amount of good. It could do a lot of things that it does not now do.

And that's the Problem.

Man should be en-angered by his inability to solve the Problem. As long as man has a conscience, a heart, a soul, a love of God, the Problem should make him restless, disturbed.

Until man can solve the Problem, let him at least make prisons more effective, more purposeful.

At least this can be accomplished.

Who knows the results?

An Analysis of the 17th National Convention of the Communist Party, USA

"In all the civilized world there has been no story which compares with America's effort to become free and to incorporate freedom in our institutions. This story told factually and dramatically, needs to become the basis for our American unity and for our unity with all free peoples. I am sure most Americans believe that our light of freedom is a shining light. As Americans, we should stand up, speak of it, and let the world see this light, other than conceal it. For too long we have had a tendency to keep silent while the communists, their sympathizers and fellow travelers have been telling the world what is wrong with democracy. Suppose every American spent a little time each day, less than the time demanded by the communists, studying the Bible and the basic documents of American history, government, and culture? The result would be a new American, vigilant, strong, but never humble in the service of God."

This article first appeared in the FBI Law Enforcement Bulletin and was especially submitted to **Recount** by Mr. Hoover.

Profaning the very meaning and spirit of the **Star Spangled Banner** by opening its sinister conclave with our National Anthem, the Communist Party, USA, convened its 17th National Convention on December 10, 1959, in a hotel in New York City's Harlem section. Four days later, the some 200 delegates representing other Communists throughout our Nation, adjourned in a state of jubilation.

And well they might feel in high spirits—because the Communist Party, USA, emerged from this convention more powerful, more unified and even more of a menace to our Republic.

Without question, the most signal achievement was the welding of the Communist Party, USA, into a solidly unified, aggressive force behind the militant, devious and ruthless leadership of Gus Hall, ex-convict and avowed arch enemy of the American way of life.

Hall was elected general secretary of the party at the convention, and there is virtual unanimous agreement among party powers and rank and file that he is the "Number One" man in the party. As such, he now spearheads as powerful a group of dissidents and fanatic democracy-haters as America has seldom seen within its shores during peacetime.

The Communist conspiracy in America today is led by a man who has openly boasted that he was willing to take up arms and fight to

overthrow our form of government. Hall was convicted in Minneapolis, Minn., in 1934 in connection with a riot there when he was a member of the Young Communist League. During his trial he testified as follows:

Q. But you would prefer the Russian—you would prefer to be in Russia?

A. I prefer America with a Soviet government.

Q. And you are willing to fight and overthrow this government.

A. Absolutely.

Q. And you are willing to take up arms and overthrow the constituted authorities?

A. When the time comes, yes.

As a hot-blooded young Communist in the late 1930's, Hall was arrested in Ohio and charged with the possession and use of explosives. He subsequently pleaded guilty to a lesser charge of malicious destruction of property and was fined \$500.

The election of the fiery Hall to lead a strongly knit Communist Party which has and always will have as its chief objective the communizing of America should certainly shake even the most apathetic American from his lethargy, especially when viewed in the light of this hardened Communist's own statements. During radio and television interviews at the convention, Hall blandly stated that the American public "definitely" has underestimated the size and influence of the Communist Party, USA. He added that the Communists in

this country should make even greater strides toward increasing its already growing numbers. He boasted that the party "is growing in industry and youth" due mainly to the change in political climate.

Assuredly, there is a significant lesson for every American in this display of machinations, propaganda and opportunism which is communism itself at work within our borders. The 17th National Convention of the Communist Party, USA, was a revealing 4-day miniature preview of what our Nation would become if those who aspire to become commissars of a Soviet America should ever fulfill their evil ambitions. It is apparent that more than ever before, each American must maintain vigilant watchfulness toward this Trojan horse in our midst.

The 17th National Convention is being hailed by the Communists themselves as a great milestone in the party's history in the United States. These gains, recognized as formidable ones, are regarded by the party faithful as their chief accomplishments:

1. Promotion of Gus Hall, strongly pro-Russian and an energetic, aggressive leader, to the number one position in the party;

2. Uniting the membership solidly behind the newly elected leadership, making the party a hardhitting mobile weapon against the free American government;

3. Exploiting the current international political climate in an effort to make Russian policies more acceptable to American public opinion. This involves an attempt to exploit Soviet Premier Nikita S. Khrushchev's visit to the United States as a means of furthering its own schemes for bringing about a Soviet America;

4. Implemented a number of concrete programs aimed at increasing party membership and party influence in America. Such programs include increased emphasis on party recruiting, training of leaders, collection of funds, stepping up of party propaganda, and infiltration efforts into noncommunist organizations such as labor unions, Negro groups, national minorities, etc.

The newly elected "boss" of the Communist Party, USA, Gus Hall, vaulted to the top post of the party through a combination of fortuitous circumstances and artful plotting. He has long been disgruntled at what he believed to be soft, ineffectual leadership in the party—but his ambitions have been hidden by the shadow of Eugene Dennis, national chairman and previously acknowledged leader of the party. As the date of the convention approached, Dennis still was top man in the party although there was indication that Hall had nurtured a "dump Dennis" campaign to the point where Dennis' position was indeed a tenuous one. Then came the news that Dennis would be unable to attend the convention—that he had suffered a slight stroke and that someone else would have to give the keynote address.

The scheming, opportunistic Hall rose to the occasion and delivered the address. He saw his ambitions start to crystallize. Today he is communism's champion in the United States—a powerful, deceitful, dangerous foe of Americanism.

What sort of a man is Gus Hall? We in the FBI know him as a fanatical practitioner of Karl Marx' tenet that "the end justifies the means"; a coldly calculating Communist conniver who changes tactics as easily as he changed his name many years ago. He was born Arvo Halberg in 1910 at Virginia, Minn., the son of Matt and Susanna Halberg, both of whom later became charter members of the Communist Party. As a result of his early background of having been born into communism, many of his followers regard him as literally a man of destiny who can breathe new life into the party.

Hall joined the party in 1927 and went to Russia in 1931 to attend the Lenin School where students were taught, among other things, sabotage and guerrilla warfare techniques. After returning to this country in 1933, he became active in the Young Communist League as an organizer and in 1933 entered into full-time party work as a section organizer. As a Russian-taught disciple of Leninistic communism, Hall worked hard and rose swiftly into positions of increasing power. He was elected to the party's national committee in 1945 and became a national board member in 1947. In 1950, he was appointed

national secretary, a move necessitated by the imprisonment of Eugene Dennis, who was then general secretary and who was found guilty of conspiring to violate the Smith Act of 1940.

Then, faced with confinement himself after being convicted for violation of the same act, Hall jumped \$20,000 bond and became a fugitive. He dyed his blond hair, eyebrows, and eyelashes dark brown, shaved off his mustache and shed 40 pounds in an unsuccessful effort to evade apprehension. Arrested by the FBI in 1951, Hall was sentenced to 3 years for contempt of court, making a total of 8 years when added to the 5-year sentence imposed for conspiracy to violate the Smith Act.

Conditionally released from prison in March 1957, Hall after his probationary period ended on April 5, 1959, immediately resumed his nefarious aim of infecting America with communism.

This, then, is the man—ex-convict, propagandist, unabashed emissary of evil and rabid advocate of a Soviet United States.

Behind this Moscow-trained, utterly ruthless Communist leader, the 17th National Convention formulated an organizational apparatus designed to make the Communist Party a hard-striking power against American society. A 60-member national committee—actually the party's politburo—was established with such veteran and hardened party leaders as Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, James Jackson, Hyman Lumer, Arnold Samuel Johnson, and Irving Potash. This national committee is theoretically the governing body of the party between conventions, but actual policy is made by the small ruling clique.

This small clique consists of the party's national officers (though a national executive committee is later to be established) who were elected after the convention by the national committee. The national officers are:

William Z Foster, Chairman Emeritus

Eugene Dennis, National Chairman

Claude Lightfoot, Vice-Chairman

Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Vice-Chairman

Benjamin J. Davis, National Secretary

Gus Hall, General Secretary

Hyman Lumer, National Education Secretary

James Jackson, National Secretary for the South

A five-man secretariat, consisting of Dennis, Hall, Lumer, and Jackson, will be the day-to-day operating authority of the party.

Although the position of national chairman, national secretary, and general secretary theoretically are of equal importance, Hall is indisputably the new party chief. It will be remembered that Joseph Stalin once bore the title of General Secretary of the Russian Communist Party—a position from which he became dictator of all communism.

Two important conclusions can be

drawn from the national convention's leadership decisions:

(1) **The party will remain in the future—as it has in the past—an obedient slave of Moscow.**—No new personalities were brought into the party's top leadership. Rather, leadership is today exercised by the same corps of hardened, disciplined, veteran Communists who feel that Moscow represents the final goal of all mankind's hopes. So-called "right wing" Communists are not represented. They have either voluntarily resigned in complete disillusionment or have been cold-bloodedly purged. These "right-wingers" believed that the party in America should have some choice in its tactics of operation, not be completely bound by Moscow. This slight "deviation" cost them dearly. Communists should know there is only one road—that defined exclusively by Moscow!

Proof of the growing monolithic unity of the party is further shown in the changes made in the party's constitution by the convention. These changes eliminated features stemming from the previous convention which allowed greater freedom to local party units. The 1959 changes eliminated these rights and centralized control in national headquarters. They are in full accord with the historic Communist principle of democratic centralism which asserts that once a decision has been made in the party it must be carried out without dissent.

(2) **The elimination of factionalism, making the party a more unified and more compact organization.**—Especially since the death of Stalin, the party has experienced factional disputes. These "factionalists" have now been liquidated or driven to cover. This was the theme of Gus Hall's summary remarks just before the end of the convention. Speaking with gusto, this new Communist commissar declared that "we" now have one policy, one line and one direction. Interpreting the convention, Hall stated it gave a mandate to the leadership to completely destroy and burn out all elements of factionalism and that the leadership must carry out the mandate. Hence, in his words, the party cannot permit factionalism.

So, in the days ahead, we can expect an ever-increasing emphasis on party discipline, with all dissidents being eliminated. This is truly in the tradition of international communism which has no place for free speech and free thought.

Every action of the convention was designed to make the party a hard-hitting, versatile and mobile weapon of attack against our form of government.

Why is the party so optimistic for the future? Why were Gus Hall and other Communists almost gleeful in speaking of communist possibilities in the days ahead?

The answer comes from the convention proceedings—an answer which, like a thread, runs through all the remarks, actions and hopes of the leadership. It is: **that the recent visit of Premier Khrushchev to the United States has done much to create an**

atmosphere favorable to communism among Americans. In one convention discussion, for example, it was stated that as the result of the Khrushchev visit the American people have open minds toward socialism. Hence, the party must learn how to get socialism across to the people and break down "misconceptions" about the Soviet Union.

To party leaders, Khrushchev's presence in this country has eased the way for party activities. The Communists see the possibility of gaining still more influence in American society. Gus Hall, in his keynote speech on the convention's first day, was most sensitive to this point. He stated: ... the central question of this convention is: What is the role of the party in this entirely new situation? How can it now move into the broad stream of the people's movement? How can it break the bonds of its isolation and become more and more effectively a factor in the life of our nation. ...

He then went on:

We want to participate in, organize and lead the broadest of united front movements—on every level—in a thousand ways, in 1000,000 issues—if possible, with 180 million people.

Note the scope of Communist hopes—180 million people or the entire United States.

The buoyant optimism of the party is geared to plans to take advantage of an international climate which, in their eyes, is aiding their work. Americans can look forward to a period of renewed party agitation in all fields—always hoping to increase party strength and influence. The Communists will endeavor to gain allies wherever they can be found, creating fronts, launching infiltration programs, participating in all phases of American life.

This "new hope" program of communism in the United States is geared to concrete programs both (1) building up the party apparatus itself and (2) increasing party influence in the Nation as a whole.

Party leaders realize that a strong party organization is absolutely necessary to a successful agitation program. The convention adopted a number of programs to strengthen the internal operational structure of the party.

A resolution was adopted calling for the immediate launching of an intensive membership drive to run to May 1, 1960, aimed at increasing membership by 10 percent. This resolution outlined a program which calls for each party district to advise the national office by the end of January 1960, as to its specific plans for recruitment. To show the urgency of this task, the resolution asserted that each adopt a personal quota of new recruits. In addition, each Communist Party club must adopt a quota. Moreover, each national officer will be designated to a specific district to aid in this nationwide recruitment program.

The training of party members also must be stepped up. This will mean more party schools. In the Communist Party, education (really meaning indoctrination) is of vital importance. Every member must be deeply imbued

with the principles of Marx, Engels, and Lenin. The convention also adopted reports about the status of *The Worker*, the party's weekly publication. It was pointed out that *The Worker* was the lifeblood of the party and that strengthening this paper must be one of the party's chief aims. *The Worker* does much to guide members, giving them the latest twists of the party line. Circulation of *The Worker* is now approximately 14,000, and the party wants it to be increased to 25,000 in 1960. The convention also accepted a resolution to the effect that the *Daily Worker*, which was discontinued in 1958, be reinstated in the shortest possible time but preferably prior to the 1960 national elections in the United States. To the party, the Communist press represents one of its most effective methods of propaganda. In addition, it was recommended that the new national committee should set a date for the next fund drive, probably from January 13, 1960, to May 1, 1960. (The date of January 13 was selected as on this date in 1958 the *Daily Worker* was discontinued.)

Hence, the convention has given new guidance and enthusiasm to the party's recruiting, indoctrination and propaganda campaigns. As one of the speakers stated, this was a convention to build the Communist Party, USA.

Communist Party, USA, Follows Lenin

Virtually every move taken at the 17th National Convention of the Communist Party, USA, has its roots in the teachings of the early gods of communism. In 1902, Lenin wrote:

We must "go among all classes of the people" as theoreticians, as propagandists, as agitators, and as organizers. ... The principal thing, of course, is propaganda and agitation among all strata of the people. ...

In 1920, Lenin was even more explicit regarding the manner in which the seed of communism was to be planted in fertile areas of unrest, dissension and strife:

... Every sacrifice must be made, the greatest obstacles must be overcome, in order to carry on agitation and propaganda systematically, perseveringly, persistently, and patiently, precisely in those institutions, societies, and associations—even the most reactionary—to which proletarian or semiproletarian masses belong. ...

Naive, indeed, is the minority, class or dissatisfied group which lets its banner pass into the hands of the Communists, for this banner will be held aloft by the Reds only so long as it serves the purpose of expediting the Communist objective of domination over all classes.

Youth

If for a moment any American considers the Communists to be blind to opportunity, let him consider this vile tactic which came out of the 17th National Convention:

It is obvious to the Communist that if its party is to survive, it must attract the youth of this Nation. As newspapers and other media reveal almost daily, many of America's juveniles are in a state of upheaval—adult authority and morality have been spurned to the point where ju-

venile arrests in this country in 1958 increased 8 percent over the preceding year.

During the convention, an Illinois Communist took note of the juvenile delinquency situation and proposed that if "we" provide them with a place to go and with activities, they will not be so delinquent; "we" can move them in a positive direction!

What can be more despicable or dangerous to our democracy than this sort of Red Pied Piper trickery!

Another of the major aims of the 17th National Convention was to re-emphasize the recruitment of Negroes into the Communist Party by reemphasizing the same old hackneyed phrases alleging that the Communist Party is the savior of the Negro. It is no secret that one of the bitterest disappointments of communistic efforts in this Nation has been their failure to lure our Negro citizens into the party.

Despite every type of propaganda boomed at our Nation's Negro citizens, they have never succumbed to the party's saccharine promises of a Communist "Utopia" This generation and generations to come for many years owe a tremendous debt to our Negro citizens who have consistently refused to surrender their freedoms for the tyranny of communism.

Behind the Communists scheme of recruiting Negroes is deceit as there is in every one of their designs. The Reds are not so interested in the Negro as they are in using him to further Communist goals. This is clearly shown by instructions issued by the Communist Party, USA, to its members as early as 1925:

The aim of our party in our work among the Negro masses is to create a powerful proletarian movement which will fight and lead the struggle of the Negro race against exploitation and oppression in every form and which will be a militant part of the revolutionary movement of the whole American working class, to strengthen the American revolutionary movement by bringing into it the ... Negro workers and farmers in the United States to broaden the struggles of the American Negro workers and farmers, connect them with the struggles of the national minorities and colonial peoples of all the world and thereby further the cause of the world revolution and the dictatorship of the proletariat.

The Negro resolution adopted by the convention discarded the party's historic position advocating "self-determination," meaning that Negroes should be given the right to form a separate nation in the Southern States. Stalin had defined "self-determination" in these words:

... the right of the oppressed peoples of the dependent countries and colonies to complete secession, as the right of nations to independent existence as states.

The 1959 convention resolution hence represents a party admission that its position concerning Negroes is bankrupt. Time itself has shown that the party is not interested in the welfare of the Negro but only in using him as a tool to advance party interests.

Other Minorities

During the 17th National Convention much was made of the party's responsibility of championing the causes of such groups in the United States as the Mexicans, Japanese-Americans, Puerto Ricans, and, a relatively new target, the American Indian. Again, such pseudo concern by the party is readily made apparent by its history of exploiting any area of unrest.

As early as 1921, the Communist International laid down the following rule to be followed by foreign Communist party's affiliated with the Comintern:

In countries whose population contains national minorities, it is the duty of the party to devote the necessary attention to propaganda and agitation among the proletarian strata of the minorities.

The choice of the words "propaganda" and "agitation" belies any "noble" motive which those who are easily beguiled might ascribe to the international Communist conspiracy.

Labor Unions

The 17th National Convention reaffirmed the party's constant aim of attempting to infiltrate and dominate labor unions to turn them into a tool for communism—to make them recruiting areas for additional members in the Communist movement.

The 17th National Convention's 10-page draft resolution on trade union problems contains the pious statement—"the fact that Communists have no interests apart from those of the entire working class must be brought home to the American workers again and again."

Actually, the party's burning desire to grab control of labor unions is nothing more than an attempt to carry out one of Lenin's most necessary rules to achieve communism:

It is necessary to be able to withstand all of this, to agree to any and every sacrifice, and even—if need be—to resort to all sorts of devices, maneuvers, and illegal methods, to evasion and subterfuge, in order to penetrate into the trade unions, to remain in them, and to carry on Communist work in them at all costs.

Certainly, the Communists' glittering generalities of "freeing the working man" and securing "better working conditions" for him can never take the place of the free bargaining system under our democracy. No semantic window-dressing will ever disguise the true objective of communism—to make slaves of working men.

The man masterminding the party's unscrupulous attempts at infiltrating labor unions is Irving Potash, national labor secretary. His sordid background indeed makes a farce of the party's claim that it has no interests apart from those of the entire working class. Born in Russia in 1902, he has an arrest record dating back to 1919 for criminal anarchy, conspiracy to influence and intimidate witnesses, conspiracy to teach and advocate the overthrow of the U.S. Government by force and violence and illegal reentry into this country.

Potash has been dedicated to the

Communist movement since his early youth and has been described by a party comrade as "a guy who has never betrayed the party-line." In 1931, he placed his own picture on a passport issued to another person and utilized this passport to travel to Russia to attend the Lenin School. Although Potash has stated that he considers America his home, there is no indication he has made any efforts to obtain U.S. citizenship in the 46 years he has called America his homeland. He has, however, frequently and consistently invoked the constitutional privileges of an American citizen when questioned by various congressional committees regarding his Communist Party membership and activities.

Farmers

In considering what position the Communist Party, USA, will take during the 1960 political campaign, those in attendance at the 17th National Convention were provided with a document containing a 10-point program which the party would support. One of these concerning farmers is ridiculous per se when examined in the light of the ultimate aim of Communism. Despite the slaves in the communes of Communist China and the state-owned, collective farms and farm machinery in Soviet Russia, the Communists in America have the effrontery to intone sanctimoniously that the Communist Party, USA, will support a program which will "Protect the rights of the small farmers to their land and their implements."

What else could such a program be but one small, but expedient, step toward the Sovietization of American farmers? Who can conceive of farmers being allowed to own their farms and machinery in the type of society advocated by Communists whose very name connotes a social order in which all goods are held in common by a single authoritarian party?

Political Elections

Communists know that a pathy among American citizens is the chink in democracy's armor. One of the speakers at the 17th National Convention revealed the basic Communist tactic of taking advantage of every weakness when he urged members of the Communist Party, USA, to move in the primaries since 90 percent of the Congressmen are elected at the primaries.

The convention heard a report of a 5-man committee which had made a study of what the party could do in the 1960 elections. It advocated, among other things, influencing both major political parties. Also, it recommended that the party attempt to exploit labor and Negro groups to wield independent political influence. This report was adopted by the convention.

Education

The Communist Party remains deeply interested in the American college student. At a press conference, Gus Hall was asked if the party had made any inroads among college students. He replied that the party had made gains in this field, adding that there has been a change in the thinking of college students towards "non-conformity." Hall added that he based this comment on the fact that a

number of requests have been received from colleges for speakers.

International Relations

As evidence of the fact that the Communist Party, USA, is a part of the international Communist conspiracy, the convention received greetings from 50 Communist parties in foreign countries. Most prominent, of course, were the messages received from the Communist Parties in Russia and China.

A motion adopted by the convention reflects another area of growing Communist concern. This motion instructed the new national committee to create a subcommittee on Latin American affairs. Another motion called for an appeal to the conscience of the American people to give support to the "revolutionary" movement developing in Latin America.

In the days ahead, the party can be expected to give increasing emphasis to Latin American matters. Joseph North, foreign affairs editor of *The Worker*, gave a report to the convention on Castro and the Cuban situation. He praised the progress that has been made by the Cuban Government and said that the agrarian land reform has made the farmers more prosperous than they were before the revolution.

Juan Santos Rivera, president of the Communist Party of Puerto Rico, addressed the convention. He extended his best wishes for success to the Communist Party, USA. The party was most enthusiastic over Rivera's appearance.

Communism and the Press

One of the paradoxes at the convention was the fact the convention was closed to the press, this in spite of the party's old, old theme that the Communist Party fights for freedom. When queried by a reporter as to why the convention was not open to the press, Hall blithely stated that the party has received unfavorable treatment from the press in the past and also because there were delegates in attendance who might lose their jobs if their identities became known. Of course, the real reason the press was not admitted was because the party does not dare let its illegal aims against the United States become public. The exclusion of the press is a tacit admission that the Communist Party, USA, is a clandestine, far from legitimate organization, and that if the free press cannot praise communism, then there is no room at Communist conventions for the press. His feelings regarding the purpose of the press are revealing, too, as to what place the Fourth Estate would have in a society dominated by the Communist Party.

However, veteran newspapermen are not easily fooled, and some of Hall's answers to questions posed by the reporters quickly exposed him. For instance, Hall was asked if the Communist Party, USA, advocates the violent overthrow of the U.S. Government. Hall, convicted in Federal court for conspiring to do just that—Hall, who once openly testified that he was willing to take up arms to bring about a Soviet America, blandly said without hesitation, "No, we have never advocated this."



HIRING YOUR EMPLOYER

When a company seeks a new employee to fill a vacancy it searches as much as possible to determine his ability and suitability. Company avenues of approach to a final determination in the various procedures of hiring are through application forms, letters of reference and personal interviews. Some firms are known to go to greater lengths in their hiring practices. Yet, how many persons have given this same kind of consideration in their selection of an employer? Since you are analyzed by the employer previous to

being accepted isn't it proper that you should also consider your employer analytically? If he is willing to hire you, and offers you a good salary, is he the most suitable person for whom to work?

Whether or not you should attempt employment in a large or small firm can only be determined by your aim in a job placement. Most large firm supervisory or executive positions are not developed through small-firm experience. The latter of course is best suited for you if your future plans are toward small business own-

ership.

The larger firms have more specialized job positions that an energetic person may qualify for within reasonable time. Job transfer possibilities are more common due to the greater variety of different jobs available. For training, most often with a regular salary, the larger companies provide the best facilities in most all cases. Some persons feel that they will become "lost in the shuffle" with a big employer in today's company this is not customary. Personnel records and job

supervisors are such that the ambitious persons will find ample opportunity for job promotion when the occasion warrants.

Another consideration of strong importance is the location of your prospective employer. Traveling expenses to and from work should be calculated on a portal to portal basis and then computed, approximately, on a monthly basis. This factor, when known, may prove to be very surprising to most people. Another strong point to consider is the amount of time involved in transportation and the inconveniences encountered, such as traffic. This time and cost factor is not tax deductible and, if great, may reduce your weekly paycheck considerably.

The small firm, in many cases, has the advantage of offering a larger variety of experience in a relatively short time. This is so in the case where there are fewer employees and you are expected to perform numerous different tasks daily.

If you are contemplating working for a small company then you owe it to yourself to learn whether that place is progressive. What are their plans for expanding? Can you grow with your employer? Or must you remain static and unprogressive in your capacity?

Because of their size, large organizations must utilize the latest and most efficient production and operational techniques available. This, unfortunately, does not always occur with the smaller firms. Your productive ability can only be further promoted and strengthened in the progressive company.

Salary should never be the sole basis for attraction to a particular place of employment. True, the small-

er place most often can not afford large salaries. Yet in many instances persons have been known to work in such places for lengthy periods of time and eventually acquire a managership or partnership and, frequently, complete ownership.

The larger companies are, of course, located near or at big cities. This is because competitively aggressive, vigorous, and ambitious persons are attracted to larger cities. The competition for advancement is also keener and fiercer with a larger number of persons maneuvering for the same promotion or position you are hoping to obtain. Therefore you must expect to work harder, expend more energy, show good initiative and accept heavier demands upon your abilities and resources if you are to forge ahead and remain ahead of your competitors.

Many persons are unable to compete under such heavy demands and therefore seek to remain in the small town or small firm in a large city. Good quality performance, however, must attend your efforts if you want to be successful, regardless of the size of your place of employment or its locale. Probably, one of the main differences is that, here, it is possible for you to be a "big frog in a little pond" and for many people this is as good as having their cake and eating it too.

In accepting employment with any company it is wise to learn beforehand whether or not you can advance in your field or if you are at the end of the line from the start.

What about the personalities already employed by the firm you are considering? Are they younger or older persons. The former may indicate large personnel turnover due to management operations which may

not be too good. On the other hand it may well point up that promotions may be rapid.

Many businesses leave the matter of training up to the employee while some firms have strong training programs. Whatever the case, if you desire or need further training it would be wise to seek only those companies where you may prepare for advancement. Don't rely on job experience alone to get you through the mill. The well trained worker is never held back except through his own doing.

If you have had very many varied jobs you undoubtedly have found yourself employed in an unfavorable environment. Most business make a successful effort at establishing good sound employer-employee relations. Unfortunately, some do not. Effort to learn the company reputation is essential. If it is good you will have no fears regarding the way you will be treated. These good employer-employee relations are not dependent upon the quantity of supervision you receive, but the quality of supervision by personable and intelligent beings.

It may already have occurred to you that I have raised several points for consideration yet no conclusive answer for each has been given. This is in hopes of prodding, you the reader, into serious thinking about your place in the realm of employment. The decisions are yours alone to make. You are the captain of your ship and your ability to steer through the seas of life will depend upon how well you have plotted your course.

Whatever your decision results in it very likely will affect your life for many years to come. Have you planned well?

Winning Your Job Interview

More than likely most of you have never allotted much time for an analysis of your assets and liabilities as an employee. As a starting point, if you are intelligent and willing to be honest with yourself, you should be able to determine your good points and bad points.

Are you well prepared for the interview—before the interview? Have you looked ahead and judged,

imaginatively, the type of questions you may be asked? If you were the employer, what questions would you want answered? What will he be looking for in the new employee? Must you be better than average in manners and appearance? In experience? For the job you are seeking, what characteristics make up the ideal employee in the firm? To what extent do you measure up to

this ideal?

What personality liabilities do you have? Are you inclined to being timid, or too noisy? Do you verbalize too much, or too little? If you are generally shy and silent you very likely will find it necessary to commit to memory certain essentials about yourself which might impress the employer. Don't however, repeat these facts as though you are re-

Continued on next page

Winning Your Job Interview *Continued from preceding page*

citing from memory. Speak with ease, not by rote.

Many persons are given to superfluous speech. The only available remedy for correcting this is, quite simply, by keeping your mouth closed. The employer first wants his questions answered directly and forthrightly with only that information which is appropriate and pertinent volunteered. An aid to doing this is to have something to say—say it—and then quit.

When dealing with personnel managers remember always that they are persons who are trained in their ability to interpret your conduct and conversation during the interview. While your job qualifications may at least meet the minimum job requirements, your personality and behavior patterns, in many cases, if unchecked, may disqualify you for job acceptance.

In analyzing your work abilities try to determine which of those you possess will be worth money to your employer as soon as you go to work.

Frequently, especially among the younger element, the job applicant evidences a too breezy attitude during the interview and he seems to feel that he is granting a favor to the employer by being willing to work for him. Probably, this results from feelings of insecurity, but, nevertheless, the effect upon the employer is unfavorable.

Make a probing and intelligent examination of your actual abilities which will be worth money to your employer as soon as you begin work. If you are willing to be honest with yourself, you very likely will have to acknowledge that you have more to learn in your vocational field. You may have good technical potential, but are not fully developed now. You may possess the necessary physical and mental qualities to perform above a menial level, but you can't fit in today, or for some time to come. You probably have a real interest in the employment future you have selected, but it will be a long time before you become qualified as an expert in your line. At the start of any new job you will cost your employer some money before your training or breaking-in period is completed. Until you have accustomed yourself to your new position and have begun

to produce, you will be a liability instead of an asset to your employer.

The employer is aware of this and he assumes the debt of your training because he feels you will be a productive employee. With this in mind, can you see why it isn't at all smart to assume a condescending manner toward the person by whom you hope to be employed?

Of great importance is getting a good night's sleep before the job-interview. Whether your appointment is in the morning or the afternoon it is essential to eat a good meal beforehand. If you can't inspect your dress and general appearance before a full-length mirror, have another person give you a last-minute check.

Like yourself, personnel managers and employers are not products of the same personality mold. As human beings they vary among themselves in a very human way. If the business place is a very large one, chances are that you will not be able to learn much of the personal qualities of the employer before the interview. During the first few minutes of the conversation he will be sizing you up, comparing you against standards, and making certain quick judgements based upon first impressions. At the same time you should be judging similarly.

As pointed out earlier, employers are human and, as such, they have many different ways of acting and reacting.

If the employer is of the sort who prefers to do most of the talking—let him. Don't be fooled by his verbal profuseness and gregariousness—he is watching you. He isn't talking to hear himself. He will be noting how you act and how you react to what he is telling you. If you have severe nervous mannerisms they will be strongly obvious. Try to be as calm as possible under the circumstances. When he appears to be expecting it, agree with him.

While he is talking he is forming a conclusion regarding you. At the end of such a long, and seemingly one-sided, interview you may be surprised to find yourself employed or "not needed right now." In either case his judgement was primarily based on your appearance and actions, not on what you had to say.

The opposite to the above is the employer who wants you to do most of the talking. In this case you will

have to sell yourself, and do it well. If your speech has not been already prepared, you are lost from the beginning. This employer wants a competitive worker who is alert, aggressive, and who possesses initiative. If you don't know yourself he won't care to know you either. While you are talking he will be looking, listening, and forming an opinion.

You may expect many questions to run through his mind. "Do I want this person at all?" "If I do, where is the best place for him to begin?" "Would he make a good foreman later on?" "Does he fit into my organization?"

If you will give these answers to him during your talk you will solidify his decision to hire you. If your spiel is real, your confidence correct, your thinking logically aligned, and you represent capital gains, you can sell the employer your stock in trade.

More than likely your interview will contain a balanced mixture of the above two ingredients. Generally he will talk about the company and the type of work you will be doing if you are hired. If you are prepared for the interview your conversation will reveal your personal and working background, your future interests and goals.

As a final ingredient to a well-mixed employment preparation let him know that you want to work for him and why. He will be pleased at your interest in his company. Don't be satisfied with merely getting a job. Look forward to becoming a part of the employer's business. This type of wholesome thinking at the start will carry you further toward advancement and the goals you desire to achieve.

With just a little concentration and a small amount of effort and practice you will find it no task to sit straight and remain relaxed. Don't cross your legs or feet. Keep your soles flat on the floor and your back against the back of the chair. This is the only way you can actually sit relaxed and breathe normally. In turn you will be able to think more clearly. Don't, though, sit as if you were standing at attention. Don't be artificial; be alert.

Sometimes you will find that the employer is very busy and cannot give you too much of his time. Again the necessity for being prepared for

the interview. If he rises as if to leave, you should do so. If he gives you his decision rather quickly, or tells you to come back at a later date, recognize this signal concluding the interview. Nothing is worse than staying when he wants you to leave.

In many instances you will be required to fill out an application blank. If this is done previous to the interview the employer will be using it to guide many of his questions. You should attach a large importance to filling job applications forms. Remember, the information requested on the application blank is necessary to the employer and you. It is used at later dates when considering you for advancement. Always fill in the blanks as completely and honestly as possible. If your handwriting is poor, print the answers as neatly as possible. Read all of the fine print to make sure that you are filling in correctly.

What should you do if asked of an existing arrest record? If the company has a definite policy of not hiring parolees you should not apply. If you cheat on this to gain employment, and are checked out, you likely will lose a well paying job. On the other hand, in many cases, it is not a breach of trust

to conceal this factor from your employer until you have been on the job long enough to prove yourself worthwhile. Again, the job you are seeking will have much bearing on this matter. If the employer asks, he has the right to know, and, if he must know, you are the best qualified person to tell him. It will save any need for justifying later on.

Few employers are actually prejudiced against hiring parolees. They are first interested in you as an employee, your job abilities and skills; and, an asset.

Again, you are prepared to meet your prospective employer if:

- a. You have a wholesome attitude toward your employer and the position you are seeking.
- b. You had a good night's sleep before the day of the interview.
- c. You have dressed properly.
- d. You have obtained all of the information you can about the place of business.
- e. You have anticipated the questions he will ask you.
- f. You are too quiet you have prepared certain items of information about yourself to reveal during the interview.
- g. You talk too much and you

will make a strong effort to "have something to say—say it—and then quit."

h. You have checked yourself for any nervous mannerisms and put a control on them, at least for the interview.

i. You have determined the name of the interviewer beforehand.

Whether or not you are hired, you should analyze the interview immediately after it is concluded, if possible. What were the things you did or said that helped, or hindered, your cause? Jottings or mental notes on these plus and minus factors will be of much value to you if you are occasioned to seek newer or better employment elsewhere.

Don't expect to be hired on your first job attempt. In prison or out, many men find themselves in interview after interview, filling out job form after job form, before they acquire suitable employment. Even if you are several months away from release on parole you should begin taking a realistic approach to yourself and the needs of your particular situation.

If you are a person with determination and have prepared a plan for your personal success you are already succeeding.

HYPNOSIS

VS.

RECIDIVISM

Within the past two years a revolution in the ranks of the American Medical Association was perfected: the acceptance of the practice of the use of Hypnosis in the profession of medicine. Its intensive application by physicians, psychologists and psychiatrists, and other scientifically trained persons has, in the last two decades, made it the newly accepted tool by which the subconscious is tapped in the strike for greater results in man's endeavors to perfect

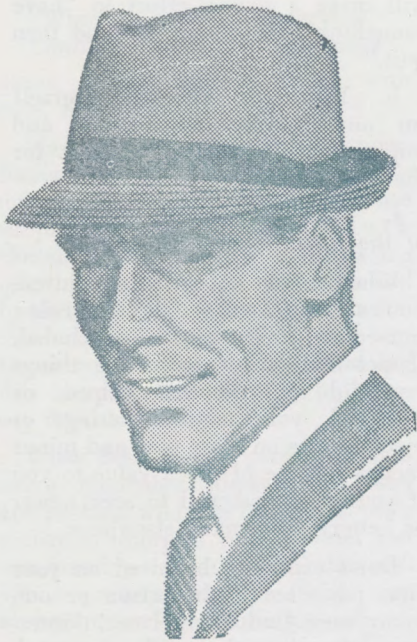
his well being.

The professional hypnotist has finally gained recognized status as a benefactor of man in a highly complicated framework that dispels the shadowy notions of the past which depicted him as a person possessed with omnipotent powers that emanate from the darkness of evil.

While long overdue, the acceptance of Hypnosis by so august a body as the American Medical Association heralds a new era in the expansion

of the sciences of humanity. New frontiers and horizons of exploration await those gifted with the ability for such productivity and constructiveness.

One such new horizon is the profession of the correctional worker. It is hoped that in the ensuing years, through perseverance, adaptation and application, that hypnosis will own its rightfully recognized place on the professional mantel in the field of corrections.



THE
MANY
FACES
of the
PAROLEE

To any person who has never been in prison, the emotional impact of an inmate on leaving may not be easily or fully understood. Employers, family members, and the first termers especially, expect a behavior that should not be too much different than their pre-commitment era, as far as the customary advantages of freedom and work are concerned.

To the contrary there are many elements the parolee must face that are not generally known to the family or the employer as well as himself. Probably the strongest and most dom-

inant of these combined elements is the man's dread of being recognized—either from dress or by mannerisms—as an ex-con. These sensations are not uncommon even to the man who has undergone previous parole releases.

For a period of several months to several years as a prisoner he has had a restraint with few decisions and almost no preferences allowed him. He may quickly find himself weary and exhausted at the start of this new life which demands a greater energy output than that to which he has become accustomed.

All that he must now do requires initiative and exertion of his own volition. He has had regular feeding and sleeping habits. His work assignment involved little or no responsibility, and, most likely, his assigned tasks did not occupy most of his working day, which has been less than an eight hour day to start with. Even if his new employment keeps him within regular daytime schedules, the dull, monotonous, mechanical-unthinking pattern of prison habit is disturbingly disrupted. For some, eating in a relaxed home atmosphere, or in a restaurant where he

must decide what to eat, can prove to be extremely confusing and frustrating.

Much of this tiredness is produced from tension built up in the few days prior to release and from the excitement of being free. Many men seek to do too many things at once. Others have too much expected of them by family and friends. Quite often these two elements are prime factors in the man's eventual return to prison as a parole violator. Relatives and friends play an important part in helping newly released parolees to further develop their future and aid them to respond at a mature and sensible level. Sudden freedom after prolonged incarceration is very dazzling, dumbfounding, exciting and confusing for many men.

It is essential then that the relatives of inmates understand the problems they face in their forthcoming parole adjustment.

To be sure, prison life is orderly and very much regimented. The basic requirements for such an existence of regularity are automatically acquired upon entering prison and endure with little or no variation throughout one's stay. For the most part he has it "easy." Upon return to a normal environment the expanded nervous strains which demand acceptance of full moral, social and legal responsibility can prove to be most trying, both physically and emotionally. The ride home from the prison, to work, the parole office, etc., may be very dulling regardless of the novel effects it may be producing temporarily.

Regardless of the state of mind the newly released parolee may have concerning parole he is definitely in need of moral support. Most often this begins in the home with the wife or parent. They must be mature enough adults to recognize that he is heavily confronted with the problems of adjustment in the home, the community, on the job and with his personal being. The first few days after release are the most awkward for him to surpass. The next few weeks are the most difficult for him to survive and it is essentially important that the family members develop an understanding tolerance of his moods, actions and reactions. If this can be done at a time when the demands of freedom are the most stressing then fewer serious difficulties in his adjustment will be effected. By the end of his first few

weeks he should be accepting of the responsibilities intrinsic to a basic way of life. An important factor in developing and sustaining confidence in the parolee is to not harass him about his imprisonment. It is absolutely necessary and essential that a wholesome atmosphere and hopeful attitude prevail in the home environment. A poor home morale condition quite often is the prime factor which triggered the first of a series of behavior reactions which subsequently led him to prison. A return to this same environment has its obvious aspects relative to return to prison as a parole violator, or, worse yet, for a new felony conviction. The family must accept the parolee at face value and realize that full assistance is mandatory if he is to avoid a return to prison. The interested members of the family should make it a point to become acquainted with the problems of competitive society adjustment faced by the parolee and their role as a helpmate previous to the man's release; preferably at the beginning of his incarceration.

The employer should also realize that a man just released from prison has many problems to face and solve. He should also know that the parolee may be facing these problems with little or no help; possibly with some interference or agitation. Therefore, he should not expect too much, or even normal, industriousness and application for the first few days on the job. Some men spend months, even years, assigned to prison duties which they dislike intensely. Others come into strong personal conflict with their supervisor. After enduring one or both of these factors for an extended period of time in prison, the new parolee may immediately "raise hell" or "find fault" with his work supervisor and indignantly effect no less than an enraged departure from the premises. Naturally the employer is astonished by this sudden rebellious outbreak. And, why not? He provoked nothing. He was friendly and tried to be helpful. What happened? Very simply, the parolee was venting his suppressed feelings developed in prison, or possibly stemming from an earlier period. A parolee may acquire and fire himself from more than one job within a relatively short time after release from prison. Everything, surface-wise, may appear fine to the employer. The man dresses neat, is clean, works

well and applies himself diligently, gets along with fellow workers and in general fits into the scheme of things. Yet, after a few days or a week or two he "blows it."

Often the employer becomes angry. "That damned con," he may rage. "I'll never hire another one." If this parolee goes through three or four jobs in a month or so in this manner much harm has been done to the future parolees who may seek these same employers for jobs. Most men, after "losing" their jobs, settle down and prove themselves to be good workers once their suppressed hostilities have been vented.

Of course this is not always the case with all parolees. Some will quit their jobs, parole, and future and wind up back in prison; sometimes preceded by a glaring newspaper headline of their latest exploits. The employer must realize, if this occurs, that this is not the complete picture of all men released from prison and in search of a job. In the great majority of cases the employer is aware of the "parole" status of his employee. He bases his acceptance of the man on job skill, industriousness and personal qualities. In return he provides a salary commensurate with these abilities. If the employer can also accept the fact that the new employee is an unfortunate being, in need of social help and moral support, he can do much in the way of this man's self-rehabilitation by realizing the fact that the problems of the man brought from the prison to the home are also with him on the job. If he can allow, not a more lenient treatment, but a greater flexibility with this type of individual the new parolee's situation may be eased considerably.

Family members and friends of an inmate should make an honest effort to become learned of the causes and circumstances surrounding his behavior, his present situation and the prospects he faces once returned to a productive society. Contacts with institutional, parole, and other interested outside agencies should begin at the time the inmate is received at the prison. Counseling should be sought if real help and assistance is to be given. Whether or not success will be the final result depends primarily on the inmates willingness to accept help, and his determination to never again return to a prison environment. ★



TESTS,

TALENTS,



and My Maiden-Form Bra

George Levy, Senior Psychologist

Almost everyone here has been through the Psychology Department at one time or another. Some have been through a number of times. To these lucky people it has been regarded as a drag. That is understandable. After all, when the call goes out "Such and such gang for bath" the proper attitude is to refuse on the ground that you've already had a bath—before you came here.

Incoming inmates are first tested when in the Receiving Unit to guarantee that all morons will be assigned to the Fingerprint Department and the Deputy Warden's Office, while the genuises will be placed in the Dish Room, the Peeling Room or the Tag Plant with the rest of the machinery. That figures. Then why re-test by asking the same fool questions and demanding that a guy repeat the same foolish motions?

You might look at it this way. Your ordinary body temperature is 98.6 degrees F. If it varies radically from this, the variation will help show whether you are slightly ill, very ill, or mildly dead. That is why, when you are in a hospital, your temperature is taken not only when you enter, but, at stated intervals during your stay. Psychological tests are not too much different. Very often, when a man first comes in here he is tired, bored, angry, or quite "shook up." The psychological picture he may present at that time, and in that state of mind, may not fairly represent just what kind of a person he really is or what he actually can do. That is why, when he is being considered for parole, for commutation review, for the new vocational training program, to help him make the best impression possible where it may importantly count, he is given the chance to take the tests over again.

What is a test anyway? One way of putting it would be to say that it is a sample of a person's thinking or feeling or attitude. The test question or problem is called the stimulus. The answer or solution is called the response or reaction. These stimuli have been given to a great number of people who are considered normal or average, subnormal and abnormal. On the basis of an analysis of how normal people handle the stimuli and how abnormal and subnormal people handle them, the way you handle them will determine how you rate, and what group you most resemble.

Servitude in a penitentiary is a process. Somebody goes through the process and presumably something happens as a result of the experiences one has in a prison. True, in some cases, nearly nothing happens—at least that can be measured. Some people are made worse; some are made better in the sense that they behave in the future in a manner that keeps them from getting another dose of this "process."

When a man is being considered for parole or commutation, the Boards want to know if a man has changed, and whether it is for the better or for the worst. The difference in the way a man handles the test situation from the time he came in and after he has had a chance to settle down and do some thinking can reflect this change.

Some of the things you may be asked to do in the Psychology Department may sound foolish or seem ridiculous. Don't kid yourself. They are techniques that are used in every reputable clinic or hospital and are designed for a serious purpose which is to serve as guides to the psychologist in preparing the reports and recommendations requested from him by the various boards and other authorities. The

point is that nothing you may be asked to do was meant to make fun of you or point you up as stupid. For example, most tests are designed in what is called "spiral" form. That means that they start off with simple problems followed by ones of increasing difficulty. No one is expected to get them all—and so far, nobody has. So many guys grumble, "I can't do this very good." That may be true, but what the psychologist is interested in is what you *can* do more than what you can't. Like the old song, we try to accentuate the positive. The scores you make, the pictures and figures you draw, the way you complete the sentences is kept confidential. They are meant only to confuse the psychologist. What is reported is what your performance means in psychological terms.

Do you *have* to be retested? If you have a ruptured appendix, can you be *forced* to have it out? The answer to both questions is the same. Look at it this way. Supposing the Parole Department requests that you be retested and you say "to hell with it." Isn't it barely possible that your attitude might be interpreted: "If he balks at a simple request while inside, how will he respond to, and cooperate with, a parole officer if we grant him a parole?"

It could happen.

Maybe after screaming and kicking through a battery of tests, you get bitten with curiosity as to what the tests really showed about you. You could put in a request to me to talk over the results. You may not get the answers you want but that should not stop you from asking questions. You may find that you have abilities and talents you never suspected. On the other hand, you may find that you have been a jerk. At least, in that case, you can say you have papers to prove it. ★

SOMETHING

M O R E



VALUABLE

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Peter Dancer entered the cocktail lounge which was crowded with five o'clock drinkers and elbowed his way to the bar. He was a tall, young man with blond crew cut hair and showed rugged masculine features.

He ordered a martini and scanned the back bar mirror until his eyes came to rest on the reflection of a darkly handsome young man. After a moment their eyes met through the mirror and Dancer smiled as he nodded his head in greeting. The other man smiled back, quickly fin-

ished his drink, and made his way over to Dancer.

"Pete! How are you?" he exclaimed as he extended his hand.

"Hello Joey," smiled Dancer, shaking his hand. "Where've you been?"

"I had a little business to take care of out of town," Joey said, his eyes sweeping Dancer's face. "My landlady just gave me your message this afternoon."

"I've been calling you all week and stopping here every night looking for you."

Dancer appraised the man silently. Joey Morelli, he thought, one of the best all around crooks in the business—and one of the easiest to deal with—as long as you didn't cross him.

"Care for a drink, Joey?"

"No thanks. I'm stoned now. What's up?"

Dancer glanced around the lounge for a moment.

"A lot Joey," answered Pete. "Come on, let's get out of here. I've got a car outside."

The two men made their way

through the lounge and out the exit into the cool breeze of the evening.

"The car's over here," said Dancer, steering Joey toward a late model Thunderbird. Morelli whistled under his breath. "Man you're living. Who'd you rob?" he said, looking at the car admiringly.

"No one—yet," replied Dancer, raising his eyebrows. "This belongs to my boss who owns the car lot where I work. Just one of several fringe benefits I take advantage of each night."

The two men, got into the car and Dancer backed away from the parking area and headed onto a four lane drive toward the outskirts of town.

Morelli settled back on his seat and lighted a cigarette. He shifted his weight and looked at Dancer. "Well, Pete, what's the deal?" he asked. "It must be important for you to be hunting me for a week."

"A score," Dancer replied seriously, "fast, simple, and profitable."

"Fast and profitable I go for," said Morelli, "but nothing is simple."

"This is," answered Pete as he pulled to a stop for a red light. "You may think I'm going too strong but it's a bank robbery."

Morelli stared at Dancer for a moment, his eyes narrowing. "Hell, Pete, have you gone completely batty? Bank robbery went out with Dillinger and Willie Sutton."

"It's going back in style, pal," stressed Dancer crisply as he worked the car over to an outside lane. Spotting a drive-in ahead he said, "Let's get a coke. I can see where this is going to take some time for convincing."

"You're so right," said Morelli, grinning.

The T-bird swung onto the driveway of Holiday's Drive-in and Pete eased it beneath one of the canopied shelters and stopped. A cute, short-skirted, car-hop came up to them smiling.

"A coke, honey," said Dancer, "Want one too, Joey?"

"Sure."

"Make it two then."

The girl hooked a tray onto Dancer's side of the car and mumbled something that ended in a giggle before leaving.

Pete relaxed and lighted a cigarette before speaking. "So you want to be convinced? Well keep your ears open."

"I'm listening."

"Do you remember the blond I showed you the picture of when we were in the joint? The doll that you said looked like Barbara Nichols."

Morelli pondered a moment. "Oh! Yeah, I remember now. What's she got to do with this?"

"Everything," said Dancer, as he paused to draw deeply on his cigarette. "For one thing we're married now and... here comes the punch line... she's working as a cashier in the City Bank."

"Ah-h," Morelli exclaimed pleasantly. "I think I'm beginning to get the picture."

"You just think you are," smiled Pete as he crushed the cigarette in

the tray. "Alice came up with this idea last week and, Joey, it's a beaut. I never thought she would finger a caper for me. Before, she was always on me to straighten out, but I guess the two of us working and still not having enough to make ends meet finally got to her. You know how women are. They want security."

"Will you get off of that kick and tell me about the score?" Morelli snapped. Just then the car-hop swayed up to the car and served the cokes. Dancer handed one of the drinks to Joey. Before he could answer, Joey continued, "I don't think I'm going to like it, Pete. I never did, and still don't like the idea of using a broad in a score. And banks arn't my line."

"I know that," Pete said, "but I think you'll like this one anyway. It's worth about fifty grand—split down the middle." The surprise on Morelli's face showed strongly. The sound of 50 G's perked him up.

"Now you're talking so that I'll listen. What's the rest of it?" he said, showing a keen interest in the prospects.

"It's set up this way, Joey. The day after tomorrow, Friday, you get to the bank a little after it opens—about nine-fifteen. You'll wear a dark colored suit. No pin stripes. Nothing flashy. I've got a nylon, accordion-pleated bag you can carry in your pocket. When it's flat it's no bigger than a pocket secretary, but it will hold as much as a shopping bag when it's full. You slip the bag, along with a note I'll have for you, through Alice's window. The note says that you are holding a gun on her and for her to fill the bag with hundred dollar bills or you'll shoot her down. All of the employees have orders to do what they are told in case of a hold-up."

"Okay," Morelli cut in, "but where is she going to get fifty grand worth of C-notes? The tellers cages don't hold that much."

"Not usually," said Dancer, "but on Friday Alice's cage and the one next to hers handle payroll checks from the missile plant. Most of those guys are in the higher pay bracket and their checks run at least a hundred and a half each week. The bank takes a hundred and fifty grand out of the vaults on Friday morning for those two cages. The bank likes to use a lot of hundred dollar bills so they can keep their customers happy. Alice starts out with seventy-five grand, and fifty of that is in hundreds. Those are the ones you'll be getting. "Am I getting to you now Joey?"

"Sure. Don't stop now."

"After Alice fills the bag and gives it back to you she'll go into a fainting spell. This gives you time to get away. Light years away. The other girl won't know what's going on and the foot alarm won't be used for a couple of minutes... until Alice "comes to." You should be several blocks away by that time."

Morelli didn't say anything for a couple of minutes. He just looked at Pete. Finally, he spoke, "Who gets the rumble if something goes wrong?"

"If there's any heat," Dancer replied, "Alice is the one that will be on the spot. I don't like that worth a

damn, but it'll take you off of the hook if that's what you're thinking."

Morelli stared out the car window and watched the car-hop moving about the other cars. He nodded his head agreeably and said, "O.K. Let's hear the rest."

"After you leave the bank you hole up," continued Dancer. "Here's the address of a place that's safe for you to stay. I'll meet you there at nine o'clock that night and we will split the money. After that you can take off on a real vacation."

"Not bad, Pete. But what if someone sees her filling the bag? You know, the person behind me or the teller in the next cage? Why can't she have it filled and waiting for me?"

"You're smarter than that, Joey," Dancer said. "What if the person behind you noticed that Alice has a filled bag ready for you."

That'll put her right in the soup. The person behind you won't know if you're picking up a payroll or not. Lots of people carry their money in different ways, like shopping bags, so they can fool someone with any funny ideas in their head. The girls on either side of Alice won't see a thing on account of the partitions between them."

"Alright, alright," Joey said, "it looks like you have everything figured out pretty good."

"That's right," Dancer replied, "everything. I'd do it myself but someone may remember my taking Alice to work. The law is bound to check on Alice and find out that I'm an ex-con. I'll have to be at work and be sure that my boss sees me at nine-fifteen. That's my alibi."

"Yeah, that makes sense, but what I can't figure out is how your wife got a job at a bank while she was married to an ex-con."

Dancer looked at Morelli pointedly for a moment and then honked the horn for the girl to bring a check. "Hell, Joey, you sound like I don't have this caper figured out. Well I don't want to go back to the joint any more than you do so you can rest assured that I have this in the bag."

"Well, I'm wondering about a lot of things," Joey said watching the car-hop move up to the car. Dancer started to speak then stopped. The girl unhooked the serving tray as Dancer dropped a bill on it and smiled at her. He started the car and backed from beneath the shelter before speaking again. "Alice got the job just before I got out of the pen. She'd been working at an insurance company but business wasn't so good so they let her go. She went to work at the bank next and, when we were married she just never told them about me. Hell, she comes from a good family and she's never been in any trouble. There won't be any rumble on Friday." Pete said assuringly as he headed the T-Bird back onto the avenue and toward the city.

"O.K. Pete, it's a deal."

Dancer swung away from the heavy traffic and pulled over to the curb. "I'll drop you off here Joey. It's only a block to a cab station. I don't want

your landlady to see me, just in case." Joey got out of the car and looked back at Dancer. "By the way," Pete said, "go down to the bank tomorrow and look the place over. Go to Alice's window and get some change. You know what she looks like from her picture and, in case you've forgotten, her name's on the window. It still reads Miss Alice Wilson. Don't say more than you have to to her. Just get your change and walk out. The less she knows about you the better. That way she won't make any slips when they ask what you look like after the score on Friday. Check?"

"Check, Pete," smiled Joey, as he straightened up to leave, "I won't see you until Friday then, right?"

"That's right Joey. With a bag full of money."

The two men looked at each other and smiled. Morelli headed for the nearby cab station and Dancer pulled away from the curb.

CHAPTER TWO

Alice Dancer closed the apartment door behind her and went straight to the couch. She was tired. Too tired. Every since she gave Pete the idea for the robbery she had been on pins and needles. It all started a little over a week ago. A man had stopped at her window and slipped a business card into her cage. It read, Mort Kaufman—Theatrical Agent, American Pictures, Inc., Hollywood, California. She accepted an appointment for lunch with him and was offered a part in a movie that his company was making. He had been looking for a girl to play the part of Maggie in "The Awakening." Alice met all of the qualifications and this was her chance of a lifetime. When told that she was married, he informed her the girl would have to be single for publicity purposes. Alice was very disappointed at being rejected on what she thought were small grounds. After all, weren't Elizabeth Taylor and Sandra Dee both married and popular at the box office? Mr. Kaufman also showed much disappointment at not being able to accept her and he was very kind in his offer to keep her in mind if something else developed. She was happy to learn that she was beautiful enough to be considered for the movies, but in a couple of days these thoughts faded away from her thinking.

She was tired of working to make ends meet. If only Pete was making enough at the car lot she could stop working. The way things were going they would never have a home and children, or anything else. That's when she came up with the idea for the robbery. She thought it out before saying anything to Pete. It would work. She just knew it would work. In a couple of months when everything was back to normal she would quit her job and she and Pete could take the money and go somewhere and buy a home. He could set himself up in business. Maybe even buy that night club that he's always wanted.

Alice got up from the couch and went into the bathroom and filled the tub with hot water. She stripped off her clothes and eased into the relaxing warmth. She rested her head on the rim of the tub and gazed at

the ceiling. "Don't worry, Pete," Alice mused silently, "Don't worry darling. When your friend comes into the bank on Friday I'll do the job that we planned. After that we'll go away and have the security we want. You won't have to worry about not being able to find a decent job because you have a record." She had waited for him when he went to prison and married him the day after he got out. There would never be another man like Pete and she couldn't give him up. She loved him deeply, passionately. He was her man, just like the song said, and it couldn't be any other way. The warm bath relaxed her and eased the tenseness from her body. She stepped from the tub and dried herself vigorously and then put on a filmy nightgown and stepped into a pair of mules. She went into the livingroom and turned on the TV. Pete will be home soon she thought. The sound of a key in the lock told her that he was already home.

Alice rushed to Pete and threw her arms around his neck and hugged him as though she were about to lose him.

"Hi, baby," he said. He held her tightly and brought his lips down on hers and she gave herself to him willingly. "Ummm . . ." he mumbled when she finally pulled away from him, "you taste so good . . . smell good to."

She kept her arms around him and leaned back to look up at him, "Have a rough day, Darling?"

"Same old stuff," he groaned, running his arms around her waist. "What's with the sex appeal honey?"

"Silly," she giggled, "it's cooler this way."

He pushed her gently toward the couch and plopped on his back as she sat next to him. Her lips searched for his and, finding them, she kissed him savagely. He pulled her to him hard.

After a moment she lifted her lips from his, her eyes cloudy, and mumbled, "Wanna cold beer?"

"Yeah, I'd better," he whispered hoarsely.

She kissed him and then pulled away. "Whew! . . . but you bother me, you big loveable lug."

"I'd better!"

"Better get you that cold beer," she whispered breathlessly. She raised to a sitting position and playfully slapped him on his thigh. She rose from the couch, her heart hammering heavily. She teetered on one leg for a moment and then hurried into the kitchenette.

Pete sat up and watched her leave the room with misty eyes. "Man, how I love this girl," he thought to himself. "I never figured I'd get hooked like this. I sure hate like hell for her to be a part of this mess. But damn it, it was her idea in the first place. After that haul, well . . . things will be different for her. All this dingy business, and living like paupers when she deserves the world all wrapped up in a little package. A man can't even crawl out of his hole if he wants to. They just won't let him. Well, after tomorrow we'll see baby, we'll see."

Alice came back with the can of beer and handed it to him as she sat down. He took a sip from the can and put his hand on her shoulder and rubbed it gently. She smiled and kissed him on the cheek and then lay her head on his shoulder.

"Want to talk about Friday?" he asked.

"Should we?" she replied. "It's been all taken care of hasn't it? I mean with your friend and all? You know how we talked."

"O.K. darling, we'll forget about it. Just do what you're supposed to do and everything will be alright."

She held out her arms to him and he smiled as he sat the emptied can on the end table. He leaned over and buried his face in her soft blond hair and gave a sigh of contentment.

"Don't worry darling, everything will be fine," she whispered.

"I love you so much Alice, so very much," he said softly, kissing the lobe of her ear."

"I love you too darling," Alice said, pressing him closer to her heart.

CHAPTER THREE

Field Agent Mike Capris, of the F.B.I., sat comfortably behind a desk in the plush office of the Vice-President of the National City Bank trying to figure the impossible. There was a male stenographer on his right with fingers poised over a stenotype machine. Both were watching the attractive blond sitting across from them.

Capris had a feeling about the girl. Nothing he could put his fingers on, it was just a hunch. Not over two and a half hours ago a man had walked up to her window and relieved the bank of approximately \$49,000. The girl had passed out before she could press the alarm button under her foot and the man had gotten away. No one had noticed him.

"Now Miss Wilson, suppose you go through it again for us."

"Mr. Markus . . ." she began.

"Capris," he corrected.

"Oh yes, I'm sorry. Mr Capris, I've told you everything I can remember. Do I have to go through it again?"

"I know you don't feel like it Miss Wilson but there may be something that you may have overlooked without realizing it. Please go through it again."

"Well, alright. If that's what you want," she sighed, taking a nervous drag on her cigarette. "At about nine-fifteen this morning I was working at my window. We were pretty busy with the missile plant workers cashing their payroll checks. A person has to be on the ball in order to catch any phony endorsements and such. This man came up to my window and slipped a piece of paper into my cage. It was about the size and shape of one of Barton's checks. But it wasn't a check. It was a note. It made me scared when I read it. The note said, "A gun is pointed at your heart. Put all the hundred dollar bills in this bag and the note with it." He pushed a nylon bag into the cage. I think it was green and had accordion pleats. I was too scared to do anything but

grab the bills and fill the bag. When he took the bag back, I fainted."

"What did he look like?" Capris asked.

"All I noticed were his eyes. They—they were so cold. I'm deathly afraid of guns and I thought he would shoot me down at any minute. He had on a dark jacket and a hat, but I don't remember anything else."

"How about the gun, Miss Wilson?" asked Capris.

"The gun?"

"Yes, the gun," Capris said, growing more impatient. "Didn't he have a gun?"

"The note said he did."

"But you didn't see it."

"I'm not sure. I was so frightened. I'm so afraid of guns that if he did have one I was probably subconsciously afraid to look at it."

Capris nodded and smiled, but he wasn't satisfied. Fear of firearms was natural, especially for women, and all bank employees had been instructed never to argue with a holdup man or act suspicious. Still . . . ?

Capris rose from the desk and walked over to a large city map that hung suspended from a nearby wall. He stared at the map intently with his back to the young woman.

Damn it, he thought. A beautiful girl like this mixed up in a whirlwind of rot. I just can't quite figure this one out. He shrugged his shoulders and turned around to look at Alice. Her head was bowed. Capris coughed and she raised her head slowly.

"Are you from this city?" he asked her.

"No, Ohio," she answered, dabbing at her wet eyes with a handkerchief.

Capris' eyebrows raised, "Ohio?"

"Yes, Vandalia, Ohio."

"Well, what do you know Miss Wilson," he said with a smile. "I'm from Dayton myself."

"Not really," she said, perking up a little. "I've been there hundreds of times. Why it's only fourteen miles south of Vandalia."

"I know," said Capris, smiling broadly. "Well, I guess that's all for now."

"You mean I can go back to work now?" Alice asked.

"Yes, Miss Wilson. If anything should come up we'll call you."

As she reached the door she stopped and turned to Capris. "Mr. Capris, I think maybe I had better tell you something. But first, please call in Mr. Fairplay."

Capris turned to the stenographer and told him to ask the president to come into the office. Capris returned to the chair at the desk where he had been sitting and studied Alice intently, wondering if she was really mixed up in this in any way and, at the same time, hoping that she wasn't. He was sure that she was the kind of girl that would make some man a very fine wife. After a minute or so the stenographer returned to the office with Mr. Fairplay. Capris motioned for him to have a seat and then looked at Alice. "It's your party now Miss Wilson," he said, indicating for Alice to go ahead with

her story.

"I wanted you to come in Mr. Fairplay," Alice began, "because I have something that you should know. Now, with the investigation of this robbery, you will find out anyway. My name is not Miss Wilson. It's Mrs. Peter Dancer. I was married a little over six months ago. I didn't tell you because, well, you see, my husband had just gotten out of prison when we were married. We needed the money that I was making from this job in order for us to get by."

"An ex-con," bellowed the president excitedly, leaning forward as if ready to jump up from his chair. Capris quieted him and told Alice to go on.

"Yes. He's been in prison, but he's so good and he has straightened up. If I hadn't gotten this job I don't know what we would have done. I'm sorry I misled you, but actually I didn't lie. I just didn't tell you that I was married. I want to stay on here at the bank if you will let me but I suppose I'll have to quit now."

"After what happened this morning I don't have any alternative but to fire you," Fairplay answered.

"Now wait a minute," interrupted Capris, "so far as we know, she's not guilty of any crime."

"That doesn't matter now. I might be able to overlook this point under better circumstances. As of now though, she's through."

"I'm sorry that you feel that way," Alice said in a very quiet voice. Her eyes became moist with tears as she spoke again, "If it's alright I'll leave now Mr. Capris."

"You can go. Don't leave town in case we need you later on."

"You have my address. I'll be home most of the time."

"Swell. If you think of anything new let me know. If I'm not in another agent will be able to talk to you. O.K.?"

"O.K. Thank you for understanding," Alice said as she left the office.

CHAPTER FOUR

Alice turned on the TV and lay back on the sofa to watch the afternoon matinee. Suddenly she realized just how tired she really was from the events of the day and she closed her eyes. In a few minutes she was asleep.

A smile of satisfaction crossed Joey's face as he finished counting the morning's haul. There was \$49,200 on the table in front of him. Joey put the counted money into a satchel and placed it under the cot against the wall. He lighted a cigarette and then lay down and coned his surroundings. The best the place could be called was a shack, but it made a perfect hideout. He closed his eyes and soon they became very tired and heavy. Almost immediately he was asleep.

When Pete came home he found Alice still asleep on the couch with the TV on. He bent over her and kissed her soft lips gently. Alice awoke and looked at Pete smilingly and stretched her arms out.

"Hey baby," Pete said, "what's the matter? Why're you so knocked out?"

"I'm tired Pete. I didn't think it

would be like this. I had to tell the bank about your being in prison and I was fired. Everything else went alright though."

"I know honey," Pete said. "Capris came down to the car lot and talked to me. He's a pretty square sort of guy and, as funny as it may sound, I hated to lie to him."

Just then the TV program was interrupted with a news flash. The fire department had been called to the outskirts of town where a fire had been reported in a small shack. Before the fire had been contained the shack was nearly razed. The body of a man was found on the floor amid the shambles. He was identified as Joey Morelli of Denver, Colorado. Near his body lay a burned satchel which was filled with hundred dollar bills. Mike Capris, special agent for the F. B. I., was called to the scene and he identified a partly burned nylon pleated bag and the money as being a part of the daring robbery which occurred at the National City Bank early this morning.

Pete and Alice sat in stunned silence. A sudden, sharp, knock at the door startled them. Pete hesitated for several seconds before going to the door. A tall, middle-aged man greeted him with a smile on his face. He introduced himself as Mort Kaufman and asked for Alice. Before Pete could say a word Alice was at the door inviting him into the room.

"Thank you," Kaufman said. "I don't have much time for this visit but I have some news that I think you'll find interesting and worthwhile. I explained your situation to the studio and after considerable debate on your behalf they decided to cast you as Maggie in spite of the previous publicity demands. If you want and can take the trip to Hollywood to begin work on the picture by next week it's all set."

Alice was so excited she could barely speak. "Of course I will," she said. "Of course I will."

Kaufman turned to Pete who had been sitting through the conversation with a great deal of puzzlement. "You must be Pete, Alice's husband?" he asked.

"Yes," Pete replied.

"I can see by the surprise in your eyes that Alice hasn't told you of our previous meeting," Kaufman said.

"No she hasn't." "What's this all about?" Pete queried.

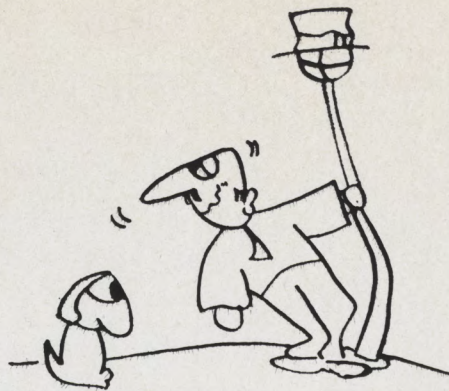
"I'll leave it up to her to explain to you. In the meanwhile I'll call the coast office and tell them to be expecting you two next week. We will make arrangements to get you set up for your arrival." Alice shook hands and walked with him to the door.

Alice explained the circumstances surrounding Mr. Kaufman's taking her to lunch a fortnight ago and why she had been originally rejected for the part. This was the chance that they needed to get a new start in life. Pete could hardly believe his ears when Alice related the story to him. He was just as happy about it as she, and together they started making plans for their new life.

They had found something more valuable.



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So I told that Parole Agent



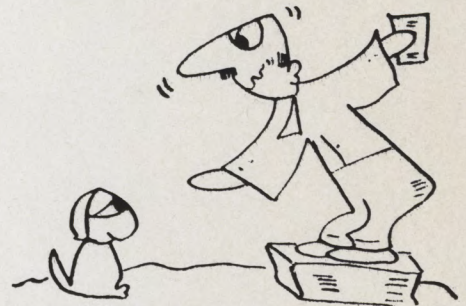
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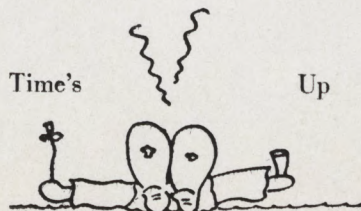
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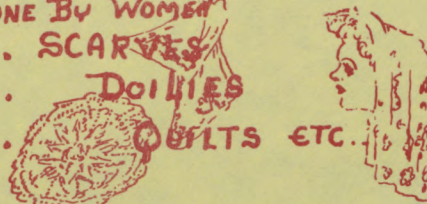
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