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# RECOUNT

**SUPERVISOR**  
A. L. (Al) Blaine

**EDITOR**  
J. V.

**ASSOCIATE EDITOR**  
Jerry Cotton

**STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER**  
Elwood Haas

**STAFF ARTIST**  
Troy Nichols

**LINOTYPE OPERATOR**  
Gene Roadhs

**COMPOSITORS**  
Jim Green  
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CREDITS: Cover Plates courtesy of **THE RECORD** and **SUN**, Canon City, Colorado.

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# FOR YOUR INFORMATION ...

*By Fred Wyse, Associate Warden*

Quite a number of inmates have recently felt the heartbreak which is attendant to learning of the loss of a loved one. We have always regretted having to inform a man of such a grievous situation and, lately, the burden of doing so has not been made any lighter by the fact that we must also tell them that we can no longer provide them with a prison guard escort for the purpose of attending funerals or visiting the bedside of seriously ill members of the immediate family. As of July 14th it was necessary to cease this practice, on our part, due to the extreme violations of honor which occurred. For this reason *every* request to be able to attend a funeral or the bedside of a very sick family member is rejected. The only way that such an excursion will be permitted is where the escort is a member of a sheriff's department. If they are willing to assume the responsibility of custody, as well as make the special trip, we will be able to consider your request in a favorable light. Such arrangements must be made by family members with the particular law enforcement agency. It is possible that we may again consider permitting prison escorts in the future but at the present there are no plans laid for doing so.



Beginning in November, all letters which are personal will have a list of items which are permitted to be received for Christmas put in them. Each year there are items received which are not permissible for you to have. These must be sent back at cost to the sender. To avoid having these items purchased for you and having also to pay for their return please advise the persons you correspond with to regard the enclosed gift list with a very close importance. Each year many packages are received from the post office poorly marked or broken—some of them very badly. I want each of you to be able to receive the packages being sent to you and for you to have all of the contents. This can only occur if the person sending the packages will mark the sending and return addresses clearly and plainly in ink, and if the package has been wrapped in a durable container. You may begin receiving these packages on the tenth of December. Their discontinuance will be made on Christmas day. If a package was mailed on Christmas day, or earlier, but does not arrive until after Christmas, you will be permitted to receive it. You may send out as many Christmas cards as you wish, but they must be accompanied with an audience slip so that the postage for them may be deducted from your account.



For the last three years we have permitted parolees who have release dates between December twenty-fifth and the thirty-first to be paroled on the twenty-fourth in order that they may be home for Christmas. This is only in cases where the inmate has a solid, well laid, parole program. If this privilege is granted to an inmate who is paroling within the state of Colorado we require that a responsible person pick them up at the prison.



There have been a number of inmates received here at the institution who have later been taken back to court and given another sentence, for a different crime, to be served on a concurrent basis. In the past it was the policy to record the second sentence so that it began at the time the man was received on the first sentence. A ruling by the Attorney General's office has shown this procedure to be incorrect, and, this past policy cannot be practiced in the future. If you come here, say, in July, with a three to five year sentence and you are taken back to court in September and given another three to five year term, or more, your new sentence will be the factor in establishing your new parole release date. You will begin serving this new time on the day it is received, not when the first sentence was started. In such cases you will not have to wait an additional thirty days to be placed on trusty and your new outdate will be computed accordingly. This is a legal situation which the institution has no control over and is obligated to abide by.



Quite frequently a man is received here with the amount of time he spent in jail accredited to his sentence or he receives credit for that time from the court after he has been here for some time. In all such cases it must be remembered that this time is deducted from your minimum sentence before any allowances for statutory and trusty good time are made. This is the only legal way this time can be accredited and the actual reduction once all of your good time has been computed will not be as great as if it were deducted from your minimum outdate after good time reductions. This latter method of crediting jail time is incorrect and cannot be done legally.



Dr. Donald J. Williams has assumed the position of medical officer and surgeon on a full time basis as of September nineteenth. This will allow Dr. Roger Kalina to devote his time as the prison's resident psychiatrist. Dr. Williams, 34, is a native of Louisville, Kentucky and his arrival here at the prison was preceded by well-qualified recommendations of his abilities in the surgical and medical fields.

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For the past several weeks I have been plagued by a considerable number of persons who are more than merely dissatisfied with the recent mis-management and control of the joint radio. I have been both asked and told "to do something about it." Before I go any further it is necessary to firmly state that *I* can not do *anything* about the impropriety of this offensive situation. Neither can *you*, as an individual, do anything about it. It is my opinion that the gravity of this situation can only be properly redressed by a whole-hearted, simultaneous, community reaction. In other words, an individual complaint, or a few complaints occasionally, is insufficient, but, *every legitimately dissatisfied person properly assembled can prove worthwhile.*

I readily concur with each of the dissenters that these perverse actions by the radio operator(s) has deteriorated to such a state of childish caprice that we are barred from being allowed to listen to the radio whenever they feel like venting their frustrated emotions. If you ask one of them who was operating the previous night's programming, they reply with, "I don't know. I wasn't on. It was somebody else." If you manage to nail the right one he immediately gives out with a drivel that one imagines could only come from a jerk whose think tank is filled with cold, spoiled, Campbell's Soup.

There are three main types of dial diddlers. The first one is the gent who spends one-half to two-thirds of the evening spinning the dial back and forth, covering every station possible, without stopping long enough to let any of the programs be heard. The second type creep is the one who thinks it is funny to tune in only commercials. As soon as one is over and the music starts he diddles the dial until he finds another commercial. Finally, we have the lazy type who stops twirling as soon as he finds static and lets it rest there the remainder of the evening.

Does this happen every night? Of course not! Usually it's just on Friday and Saturday nights, most of Sunday evening and, too frequently it also happens one or two times a week.

A common remark of the radio operator is, "Everyone wants me to play music that fits their taste. I

can't please everyone. I can only go by the schedule." This just is not so. If they went by a schedule and used only alternate programs when the scheduled one could not be received, there would be no complaints. It is the continuous misuse and abuse of other persons radio privileges that is in protest. In the years that I have listened to the radio I have known of many operators who had no difficulty in maintaining the program schedule. I am sure that this was because they were alert and intelligent enough to apply a small amount of common sense and effort in their assignment.

For the many persons who have challenged me to do something about this matter, and for those others who feel the same way, I can only offer one recommendation in lieu of forming a Vigilante Committee. As you know the warden holds a personal interview line each Saturday morning for inmates who have problems. If everyone of you who are displeased with the present radio abuse will go to the Warden's Interview line this Saturday and explain the situation as you are familiar with it, you are bound to get favorable results. However, I suggest that you have something to say—and say it calmly. If you can make note of a particular night, the length of time, or the number of times, the radio operator refused to allow a program to be played you will be better positioned to substantiate your cause. If only a very few of you care to make reference to this matter then the Warden will not be able to fully realize the seriousness of your complaint. It is strictly up to you to go to the Warden's Interview line this Saturday. If you don't then it may be considered that you are satisfied with the present programming operations.

*RECOUNT* is a free subscription publication. If you desire to have a copy sent out, fill out an audience slip to the Mail Clerk, with the name and address of who is to receive the copy, and send the slip to the print shop. A copy will be mailed immediately and you will be charged 5¢ postage for each copy mailed. There are still some copies available of the Spring and Summer issues for anyone who requests them. Outside readers may receive *RECOUNT* by writing to *RECOUNT*, Box 1010, Canon City, Colorado.

## NOTICE TO ALL EMPLOYEES

It has recently been brought to the attention of the Staff Officials that far too many employees have been dying while on duty for no apparent reason at all. Further, these employees are refusing to fall over after they are dead.

### THIS PRACTICE MUST STOP AT ONCE

Beginning with the new fiscal year, July 1, 1962, any employee who is found in any position other than a prone position after having died will be dropped from the payroll at once. This is in accordance with the Special Regulations Manual Covering The Inability Of An Employee To Satisfactorily Maintain Himself In His Assigned Capacity, No. 3214, at page 89, Section 211, Paragraph 06-90-10-8-4-9-46723.

### THIS PROCEDURE WILL BE FOLLOWED

If, at the end of the shift change, it is noted that an employee has not moved or changed his position, the Department Head will investigate to determine if the situation is a serious one. Because of the highly sensitive personalities of our employees and the close resemblance between death and their usual employment attitude, the investigation will be conducted as quietly as possible so as to avoid startling the employee in the event they are only asleep. If some doubt exists as to their real condition, a simple test will be made to reach a final determination. **THE DEPARTMENT HEAD WILL EXTEND A PAY CHECK.** If the employee does not reach for it, it is allowable for one to assume that they (the employee) are dead.

**NOTE:** In some cases, especially that of the long time employee, a conditioned reflex may have been established and the beginning of a reach for the pay check, **Even In Death,** may occur. **DON'T ALLOW THIS TO DECEIVE YOU. IF SO, YOU WILL BE HELD LIABLE FOR THE CHECK**

In all cases, a sworn statement from the dead employee must be obtained on a special form provided for this purpose. In line with the usual State Policy, seventy-five (75) copies must be made. Three (3) copies to the deceased, and two (2) copies are to be sent to the Departmental Head. The remaining copies will be lost through the central files and red tape.

H. I. Muckamuck  
GRIEF OF CORRECTIONS

Crass

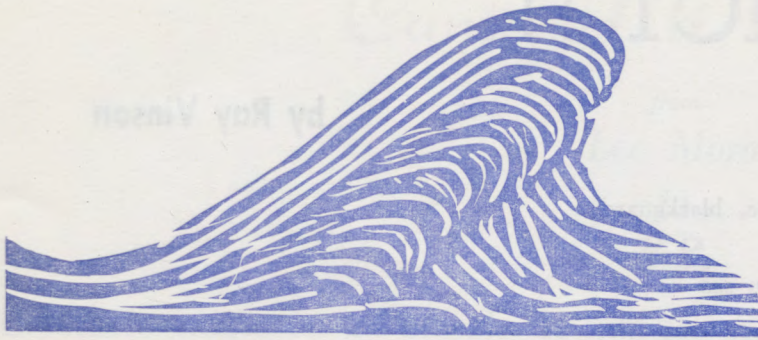
from

the

Brass

# THE DELUGE

by  
Barton Gordon



"Hey Gabe, come and take a look at this. They're acting up again." The man carefully laid down the trumpet he had been polishing and walked over to the young, bearded scientist standing beside the culture tank. Both men looked into the enclosure at the small ball of varicolored matter. The ball was rotating frantically as it orbited slowly around a white-hot sphere of incandescent material. Gabe's eyes scanned the control panel above the automagnetic field in which the ball and its heat source were suspended.

"Your orbit paths seem O.K. What's the trouble?"

"It's nothing mechanical. It's the life-forms. I don't quite know what to make of it, Gabe. Everytime I think I have them under control, something goes wrong. Look at this photo specimen." He placed a tiny square of microfilm in the magno-illuminator and flicked a switch.

"They appear to have abandoned all of their other activities and are all gathered in this area here. They're erecting some sort of cylindrical structure." the young man said, pointing to a spot on the image on the large screen.

"Yes, I see. Wonder what it's for." Gabe puzzled.

"Well, whatever it's for it's not consistent with the Pattern." the worried young man retorted.

"What life-form group is this?" Gabe asked.

"HS-1 in its seventh cycle. And no HS at this stage according to the Pattern is supposed to be engaged in Cooperative Efforts. Here let me read you the section on HS-1."

He went to a cabinet marked "PATTERNS", took out a thin book,

flipped several pages and began to read, "In the seventh cycle of development, the one-brain homo sapiens (HS-1) is a war-like, pastoral, nomadic life-form, suspicious of any outside of its tight tribal groups."

"Hm-m-m, these little buggers are certainly giving the lie to that. A bit ahead of their schedules, to say the least." Gabe noted wryly.

"Gabe, do you recall the time we used sonic treatment on those LV-3 life-forms? It didn't harm the organisms physically, but the sound waves threw them into such confusion until it was weeks before they would come near each other or the point where the waves were directed. It might work here also. After all, the LV-3's aren't too different from the HS-1's."

"Its worth a try, I guess. But if you ask me, I'm afraid I agree with your father. This is just a bad group. They don't respond to the Pattern and the sooner you get rid of them and start over, the sooner you'll be able to integrate some HS's with the other forms. We've got four tanks of life-groups that have been stewing for weeks, waiting for a batch of HS-1's and at this rate it'll be months before we can proceed." Gabe turned back to the table where his trumpet lay, picked it up and began once more to polish it.

"Ah Gabe, you know how it is. This is my first life-form project and, well, I don't want to give it up without at least trying.... really trying."

A tall white-haired man paused at the door of the laboratory. He watched the two men hunched over the magno-illuminator screen for a full minute, then entered the room.

"How's it coming along?" he said in a rich bass voice.

The men, startled at his voice, turned sharply toward him.

"Oh Dad, we didn't hear you come in." the younger of the pair said.

"How's it going?" the man repeated.

"It isn't." Gabe replied, avoiding the pleading eyes of his youthful companion. "No sooner do we solve one problem, but we're faced with another. They will not follow the Pattern."

"Is that it on the screen?" the tall man questioned, moving over to the magno-illuminator. He perused the picture at length, then turned to his son. "I know you've done everything possible, but we're behind schedule. Isolate the healthiest microbes, several of each species, and destroy the rest." Thus saying, he turned and strode from the room.

The younger man nodded sadly and began the selection of the life-forms. When he had finished he picked up a slender hose and aimed its nozzle at the rotating, swirling ball. He pressed a button and a tiny spray of water gushed out onto the ball. He followed the movements of the ball with the spray of water. After forty seconds he turned the water off.

"....in the second month, the seventeenth day of the month, the same day were all the fountains of the great deep broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened. And the rains were upon the earth forty days and forty nights."

And over the planet Earth there came a great flood.

# EX-CONVICT !!

by Ray Vinson

EX-CONVICT (Pronounce to rhyme with leper.

Synonymous with pariah, renegade, blackguard)

LOOK, HERE'S ONE NOW!

He seems normal as we. Don't be fooled, for you see

That's only disguise. Just look in his eyes.

There's those sinister looks,

That's quite common to crooks.

Why he robbed once before,

And he'll do it some more.

STAND BACK THERE, LADY. DON'T GET TOO CLOSE. SOME OF 'EM ARE PRETTY VICIOUS.

EX-CONVICT (Pronounce to rhyme with stupid.

Synonymous with immature, misguided, witless)

TAKE A GOOD LOOK!

When things got too pressing, and tight and distressing,

He lost all control. He burgled and stole.

Would he do it again?

Fifty-fifty, my friend.

Should you trust such a guy?

Well, you can but not I.

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN ARRESTED? IF SO, STATE THE DATE, OFFENCE AND DISPOSITION.

EX-CONVICT (Pronounce to rhyme with husband, son, brother.

Synonymous with tears, sorrow, embarrassment)

HE MADE A PAROLE!

Oh God, how we prayed he'd not be delayed.

Has he changed quite a lot? Is he bitter or not?

Can he patch up his life?

Is it over, the strife?

Will folks censure and frown?

Can he live the past down?

WILL YOU BE ABLE TO GET ANYONE TO DRIVE UP HERE AND MEET ME?

EX-CONVICT (Pronounce the "ex" emphatically.

Synonymous with homo sapiens sapiens)

HE'S A HUMAN BEING!

He may do time again. He may not. 'Twil depend

How you, you and me, but mostly how he,

Can forget what is o'er;

Can rebuild from the floor.

Can take note from the past.

Live a life that will last.

JESUS...SAID UNTO HER, WOMAN WHERE ARE THOSE THINE ACCUSERS? HATH NO MAN CONDEMNED THEE? SHE SAID, NO MAN, LORD. AND JESUS SAID UNTO HER...NEITHER DO I...GO AND SIN NO MORE.



# *Cante, Mi Corazon*

*from*  
*Lee Mora*

*to*  
*B.B.*

Soletario existo en un mundo de mis sueños. Soletario paso los largos días y noches por los meses y los años.

Es mío el sol que relumbra en el cielo; y son mías las nubes que se juntan en sus abisimos azules.

Innumerable son los ríos y los países de mi mundo. Allí me paseo por mis muchos caminos, mis bosques y mis montañas.

Más antes sonaba de vivir algún día en las sombras de un nogal. Mi ser pulsando con esperanzas, temores, alegrías y sufrimientos. Y cada amanecer presentándose con un nuevo sueño de amor . . .

Y aun con todo esto me he quedado en una prisión de mi soledad. Mi corazón cansado de mi compañía.

Oigo hablar y cantar. Mi alma siente sonrisas de gustos, murmulos de amores, y siento los sufrimientos que inchan los corazones pesados . . . .

Quisiera tanto poder unirme con la concurrencia de mi humanidad!

En las tristes playas de mi alma abandonada vienen aguas de otros mares a batallar en vano.

Por que son tan violentos? tan bohemias? tan agitadas? tan ansiosas?

Que es lo que me quieren decir? Como puedo trascenderme y comprender?

Veo la humanidad con ojos llenos de maravilla. Se ven tan cerca de mí, y tan misteriosos.

Las angustias que sufren nunca pudiera aguantar yo en mi vida.

Nunca podre ver sus albas y sus visperas.

Pero cada uno está destinado seguir su camino como se extiende al su llegar.

Soletario existo en mi mundo de magia. Y de mi isla de días y noches en las aguas turbas de los años continuare mirando las luces de otros seres luminando en la distancia . . . .

Y aunque quisiera tanto cantarles mis canciones, quisiera tanto decirles, "Los amo, mis amigos, mis camaradas," se que nunca lo expreso. Soy artista; existo en un mundo de mis sueños, Soletario.

(con respeto a una kavita)

THE  
*Hipsters*  
AND  
THE  
*Squares*

by  
JERRY COTTON

Once more the currents of time, capricious, apathetic and awesome, have swept man to the brink of a quivering precipice. And there at this dolorous hour, in appalling panic, he teeters uncertainly. The patient abyss awaits the decision. Its gaping jaws receptive.

The holocaust, if it comes, may not obliterate the entire species. There is a hope that some will survive to replay the game of civilization. Yet whoever the heirs of the future, whether man, beast, insect, or vegetable, they will have to wage war with radioactive winds, polluted seas and, possibly, each other before they can obtain their patrimony. The outcome of this struggle will be uncertain for many years and its combatants will be well occupied. Still in time, the creatures who succeed us may wonder who their predecessors were. If they are men they will want some clue of their forebears. If beast, insect, or plant, and they eventually evolve an intelligence, they will be curious of the strange beings who they sup-  
planted.

It is for these survivors that we have compiled this study.

Under the generic heading of man, two distinct types inhabited the region known as America. We shall here delineate these types working from the assumption that historical, physiological and anthropological information concerning the genus will have been preserved elsewhere among the many writings on the subject. We will confine ourselves strictly to a sociological differentiation of the types mentioned. The first and prevalent type was known as Homo sapiens squarus, or, vulgarly, square. (Several other colloquials used were: Farmer, Hick, Clyde, Billikin, John,

Mark, Target). The second and, from our standpoint, most interesting was Homo sapiens hipsterus, or hipster. (Also know as hippy or hippo).

#### HOMO SAPIENS SQUARUS

The largest concentration of Homo sapiens squarus was usually found in the rural areas and small towns of the region. And though this bucolic creature did inhabit the larger cities he never quite adapted to what he termed "city ways." He retained and cultivated many forms of his rural customs. These ranged from keeping chickens in the back yard to spreading fertilizer in the local taverns. Homo sapiens squarus had distinguishing habits of dress and speech. In matters of dress he was prone to wide belts; wider buckles; square-toe shoes with massive ridges of protruding sole; varicolored socks which barely covered the ankle bone; suits of indeterminate hue and cut; shirts whose collars winged upward; broad ties of pronounced patterns and tints; and hats with brims resembling umbrellas. This was his "Sunday-go-to meeting" attire. When at his leisure, he could be found in form-fitting Levis, T-shirts and shoes that ran the spectrum from sneakers to paratrooper boots. The corset-like belt and its vast buckle remained. Some say that squarus wore this belt and shield even with his pajamas. His speech was punctuated with intermittent howls or calls whose onomatopoeia is, as nearly as possible, HAR-R-R-R-R-R Y-a-a-a-A-R-R-R-R-R!! It was called a rebel yell. Some authorities believe that this was a mating call, but others dispute that it was caused by wind blowing through the ears and passing the opened mouth. Other peculiarities of squarus' speech can be best portrayed in the following dialogue with translations in parentheses:

"Shoont you'uns bleevin rat soon?"  
(*Shouldn't you be leaving right soon*)

"Wella mot go anna mot not."  
(*It's none of your damn business*)

"Sue cher seff."  
(*To hell with it then*)

Many things are left unsaid about this type but we are impatient to proceed to Homo sapiens hipsterus, who we have hinted was the most interesting of the two divisions. Thus we will conclude our perusal of squarus by mentioning his entertainment. It was various and many, and

always to the accompaniment of guitar and/or fiddle music. Of all his amusements, however, nothing cheered his heart so much as listening to the Grand Ole Opry (or in some extremely sophisticated cases, Lawrence Welk) and then topping it off with a stomp-down, dust-raisin', hay-shakin', pea-grabbin', skw a r dance.

And now we have arrived at Homo hippy. He breaks down roughly into three groups; THE PLAYER, or WATCH-YOUR-POCKET-BOOK TRICK, - BECAUSE - I'M - GAMING (All hippies, when out of their natural habitat and proof to the contrary did not exist, insisted that they were members of this elite group); THE COOL ONES; and THE HOT DADDIES. The most singular thing about these originals was their complete disdain for reality. They created and lived in a peculiar asymmetrical world densely populated with exaggerations and incongruities. They preferred darkness to daylight, and when events required them to be abroad in the day hours they attempted to temper the inconvenience by donning dark glasses. They wore dark glasses for other reasons also. They talked in an eccentric code that was unintelligible to any but the cogniscenti. They maintained as an article of faith that the only way they could continue in this futile vale of tears was to have their sensitive and tender feelings soothed by such bare necessities as Cadillacs, mohair suits, keen-toed, hand-made shoes, hats of the softest velour, silk undergarments and bank-rolls liberally laced with C-notes. However the ordinary methods of obtaining such simple trappings—work—not only did not appeal to them but absolutely horrified them. Work was to hipsterus as sin is to God. They were "agin" it. And though the exigencies of life forced them into offending their spirits by taking an occasional job, they were never fully reconciled to its potentials and made their tenures as brief as possible. Needless to say, the Cadillacs eluded the majority of hippies. But the abiding belief that they deserved one and would eventually, by some stroke of cunning or luck, get one remained firm. And as they strolled the yards and bull pens of the various federal and state "retreats," they announced to all and sundry that no sooner and they hit the ground they would

corner the female entertainment market and order the newest, longest, sleekest, blackest Caddy that . . . . .

Certain hipsteri had marked physical peculiarities. They walked with a pronounced limp and, on occasion, had periods of extreme lassitude which caused them to nod sleepily. Also a great itching must have coursed their bodies for they scratched continually. Let us consider the three groups in reverse order.

#### THE HOT DADDY

When "hots" was not in his local shrines, gyrating ecstatically - or as he called it, "twisting" - to the quasi-religious music of his several gods, (chief among these deities were Elvis, Fats, Blue Bland, Shirley and Lee) he could be found in the local pool hall or roving aimlessly about the local streets or sizing up the local stores. A typically out-fitted "hots" would have worn a double-breasted jacket with saucer-size, white buttons; cuffless, creaseless, narrow pants; a hat with barely discernible brim, and laceless, pointed-toed, Cuban-heel shoes. He wore his hair in a pompadour, duck-cut or swept-wing style and if anyone, friend or foe, were so careless as to muss his hair he could forthwith expect a fight. When "hots" spoke his head moved from side to side and his mouth turned downwards. His conversation went like this:

"Say Jones, (or Man or Dick or Baby or Cuy) let's cop some sides and make it to the building." (*Let's get some records and go to the house*)

"No good, Dick, my stuff is low and besides, I've gotta split for the gig." (*Sorry, my money is low and I've got to go to work*)

"GIG!!! You mean you've gotta job?" (*That's the end of our friendship. How can you expect to become a player if you work. What time will you have for the pool room, or the fellows, or for boosting?*)

Hot Daddies came in several temperatures. Burning brimstone hot; Fire engine red hot; and Center of the sun hot.

#### THE COOL ONES

There were two schools of cools. One emphasized jazz music and had an encyclopedic knowledge of every jazz record and musician who ever lived. The other affected an intellectualism

marked by a preoccupation with "way-out" philosophers and philosophies. Foremost of whom were Nietzsche and Schopenhauer. Both however were firm advocates of Cadillacs, silk suits, fast women and street corner loafing. Of the four, the last was the one they most generally obtained.

The shibboleth of the jazz school was reverence for the BIRD and a healthy respect for his prophets, Miles, Monk and Stitt. They looked with withering contempt on any who, during the course of a conversation, might hazard the mention of someone like Louis Armstrong. Listen a moment to this dialogue between two Jazzists and the offending third party:

Jazz No. 1 - "Dig Baby, have you heard Miles and Cannonball cook on that album, 'Autumn Leaves'?"

Jazz No. 2 - "Yeah Man, I dug it. But you know, Cannonball just don't do nothing to me. He's all right, but I think Miles said more when he was with his original group."

Jazz No. 1 - "I don't know, Baby. Cannonball is wailing now. Of course my main man is Sonny Rollins."

Intruder - "Hi fellows, I overheard you talking about jazz and personally I love it. Why, Louis Armstrong is my very favorite."

Jazz No. 1 (*aghast*) - "LOU-EE WHO???"

Intruder (*somewhat cowed*) - "Louis - er - Armstrong."

Jazz No. 2 (*looking at the intruder as if he were some sort of hideous mistake and turning to Jazz No. 1*)

- "Say Man, who IS this lame? What kinda bag is this he's coming out of? Let's cut this mark alooose right now."

(*Both turn their backs on the bewildered intruder and walk away shaking their heads in disgust*)

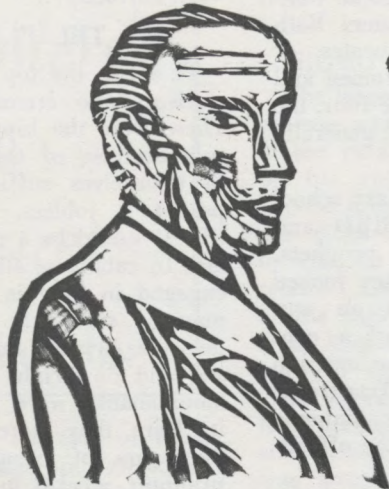
On the other side of the cool coin, the pseudo-intellectual was stamped. He may well have been a jazz fan also, but his prime concern was in cultivating a reactive way of life. He was widely known as a beatnik. He pored over volumes of negative preachings and, emerging as ignorant as he entered, put them into practice by growing a beard. His speech was interspersed with the names of Sartre and Proust, and he threw the word existentialism about

with reckless abandon. (And on occasions, he even pronounced the word correctly).

#### THE PLAYER

This was the top echelon of hipsterism. The creme de la creme. These were the hippies who by the sole exercise of their wits accrued to themselves sufficient "stuff" to permit a jobless, if not opulent, life. It would be a nearly impossible task to catalogue all of the activities engaged in by this group. But you may be sure that whatsoever was delusive, tricky, knavish, cozening, sly, and downright fraudulent these mountebanks were practitioners of it. Here they were the benevolent purveyors of beautifully inscribed uranium stocks in a non-existent mine. There they were the reluctant receivers of funds from those who insisted that they be let in on the scheme for turning the Okeefeenokee swamp into a housing development. Now they are the countrified innocent who just happens to have a bankroll and would be more than glad to play a little poker—er—it just so happens that they have a deck of cards and if you don't mind waiting a moment while they put their glasses on you can commence dealing. Then they are the turbaned, oriental mystic who not only knows your age, address and grandmother's middle name, but for a small stipend will put you on the road to riches and success. Some were horse or dog keepers, or at least it would seem so, for they were constantly referring to their stables. Others were shepherds and spoke of herding the sheep to the shearing house. But all had one double-barrelled aim—the ever-recurring Cadillac and a steady flow of money. Sometimes when they had gained the first and not the second, they were forced to use the Cadillac as a sort of apartment. And just as the pompadour was Hot Daddy's glory, so the Caddy was the cynosure of the player. Hard times may have forced hunger upon him, even thread bare his silk suit, but nothing short of a catastrophe would make him part with his Cad. Sometimes it had to stand idle for lack of gas, but it always stood in a resplendent idleness.

These were the hipsters and squares, phony, funny and foolish. But then, dear successors, many things in our time were like that.



## LISTENING TO HIS THOUGHTS

by  
Werner Schwarzmilller

I can easily remember the day I watched Old John slowly climbing the stairs. There was a strangeness about the stooped figure of the old man; not his usual faltering, but rather an indecisive movement. I moved closer that day and silently followed him up the stairs, trying to sense what the old man had on his mind. Some days he was happy and some days he was grouchy, but on this day I didn't know exactly what his mood was.

He went up the stairs slowly—very slowly—and suddenly it was apparent; he was listening to the sounds of something. He seemed to be hearing something from a great distance. Actually the sounds were not far off, just an accompaniment to his thoughts—which were far away. He knew they had no meaning for him, but he persisted in listening to them. Seemingly they were somewhere within himself. But where?

They were coming closer . . . closer all the time, reaching the point where he could no longer avoid them. Yet he listened as they grew in his mind, the portent of his thoughts, his mind's apprehension. Slowly they increased into the dread he had known a thousand times previously; those he knew he would know the rest of his life; one that he could sense growing within him, moment to moment, second to second, minute to minute . . . pulsing deeply within him, becoming irregular.

He stopped and thought about it. Something from which there is no release. Something which he could do nothing about. Something which he knew he could not divest himself

of. Something he knew he could not replace in the future, or ever as long as he was in his present position.

"What . . . what is this? What is this thing?" he asked himself slowly.

"Ah!" he exclaimed as if in wonderment.

"Time."

T-I-M-E." He spelled it out. He made a picture of the four letters, but they were too big. Therefore he made them smaller. "t-i-m-e, yes, I like them better this way," he told himself.

He dreaded the thought of it and the evocation of the many images this one word was capable of. The dredging of the brilliantly clear memories, the grotesque horrors, the nameless and faceless persons he hated and otherwise disliked.

He continued up the stairs, his head bobbing, his attenuated hands at his sides.

Again he could hear the sounds coming from out of the distance. Something he had heard millions of times before . . . something he knew he would hear again and again.

The endless refrain of the murmur in his mind. I could see the thoughts that shown in Old John's puzzled expression and furrowed old brow.

"Why?"

"What is it that I'm seeking to avoid? What is this terrible insistence? What is this I want? Again . . . I do not know. But I want to. But what it is I do not know and I know that I will never know . . . Oh No! That would be the worst

of all. I must do something. I must try something. But again, what? What? What? What?

This time . . . this word . . . this thought . . . this thing itself. What is its meaning? Why is it that I dread it so much that I can't think of anything else? But I must go on thinking . . . thinking of it. All of my thoughts forming in the front of my mind. What is it? Am I crazy? Am I going as so many of the others have before me? Is this what they call 'stir crazy'?

Is this me?"

The man seeks solace somehow, somehow. Perhaps not as he wishes, but in the only way that he knows. It is the greatest effort of his life, to believe that it is the only thing he wishes. But he isn't satisfied. He knows it is only the passing moment and that there is so much he must face again tomorrow and all of the days in their succession. And then . . . .

It continues endlessly. All the tomorrows and the many others which come after that. And, jay-walking carelessly through the agony of his dreams there is the sound he has heard a million times already. The voice he knows and fears so well which he has tried to get rid of in so many ways. Yet they continue to speak to him. Especially the one that is talking to him now.

He strains his listening, to hear. He stops again on the stairway. He tried but he knows that he cannot do it. He has attempted it so often but they always return to him. Each days end finds him the same—with the same denials. Each night the

same anguish before he falls asleep.

He stands there a lifelike statue, but with no visible movement or sign of real life. No breathing, no pulse, no sound, no...mainly a no-ness.

Four or five eternities pass before he looks up and decides to move on. But now he must pull himself along, gripping the railing desperately. He is still wondering: "Do they have a meaning? They must. But there is so much that I do not know...so much that I will never know."

He stops and looks around, tired and uninterested. "There must be some consolation, some assuagement, some balm for these pains. There must be something to alleviate this awful weakness within me. But I know that nothing will. I have had this for years."

Something abruptly makes him stop. He shudders as with an ague. He shakes. There is an uncontrollable shivering and he puts his arms around his midsection to steady himself. The time passes contemptuously.

Only I stand watching the old man.

"If only I could relinquish this image," he thinks to himself. "If only I could rid myself of this image of myself.

Again ... again ... again ... again.

Yes.

And AGAIN!"

This time he knows. This time he knows what is in his thoughts. This is what it must be. It cannot be anything else. It must be that he is ailing. He flinches and wonders if anyone else has noticed him and the things he has been doing. What he has been thinking, all of the things which mark him off from the others. All those who have been saying things about him. The ones that are always talking funny things about him behind his back. "I am too smart for them and one of these days they will find out and then I will do something about it." he mused. "I will inflict some of the horrible things upon them ... some of the revengeful things they

have cleverly and slyly forced me to suffer. You bastards", he said aloud, "I'll get you. Just wait, you smart bastards. Just wait!"

Thus the aberration grows and the man drops further into the void.

But I follow him up the stairs. He dropped his cap and I will return it to him. I like the old man. I like talking to Old John. Once, long ago, he was an excellent musician. He is still an excellent chess player. And once in a while he bests the baseball parlays. He isn't dumb. He never misses a meal and he has a million dollars. See those five red rocks in his left hand. You may think those are merely common stones found anywhere. Perhaps. But Old John *knows* they are priceless diamonds from the Yukon. They were given to him by Buddha or perhaps his reincarnation.

Don't argue the point with Old John. He may become angry. Today he is almost fifty years old. It marks his thirty-first year in the prison.

There are quite a few years left to complete a life sentence.

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## WOOD CHIPS BY SANDY

Again this year the Carpenter Shop, along with several other shops of the institution, are repairing and building toys for handicapped and retarded children.

This project has grown in the past five years to the point that at present it covers the State Home's at Wheat Ridge and Grand Junction, and the Fremont County Society for Crippled Children.

These toys vary from small plastic and metal trucks, wagons, bicycles, and mechanical toys to wooden doll beds, jewelry boxes, and a Rockin-Octopus which will hold four small tots and is nearly four feet long. The toys for repair are donated by the people of the Canon City area. Many of the local stores donate new and shop worn toys which need no repair at all.

The wooden toy's are made from wood donated by person's and organizations of Canon City as well as the Carpenter Shop.

This year we are hoping to have six to seven hundred toys for distribution. Any of you fellows who might be interested in donating curio items or transfers for the Toy Fund can contact Mr. Madison at the Carpenter Shop.

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# W - A - N - T - E - D !!

NOVELISTS - - - SHORT STORY WRITERS - - - POETS - - - GAG WRITERS

For

## CHRISTMAS ISSUE OF THE "RECOUNT"

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# THIS IS



THINKING  
POINT

by John L. Duke

**ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS:** An attempt to make specific acknowledgements to the many people who participated in the collection of data on which this writing is based would take pages. It would include many learned scholars of purest Aristotelian thinking who it has been my privilege to meet both socially and professionally. However, I feel that the following persons are worthy of particular mention because of the tremendous influence they have exerted on civilization in general and on this work in particular: A. Hitler (Mein Kampf); C. Darwin (Descent of Man); Aesop (Aesop's Fables); Boccaccio (The Decameron); Alfred E. Neuman (Mad Magazine); Herr Doktor G. Levi (Tex, Talismans Und Mein Madchenfoam Brains). I am indebted to all of them and

especially to the legislative, judicial and law-enforcement officers of this state without whom this treatise would not be possible.

**INTRODUCTION:** When I first decided to present a survey of Aristotelian Philosophy it seemed to be a sufficiently complex and long-term project. However, as I proceeded to compile data, it fell into such a clear and concise form that presentation became relatively simple.

I have taken it for granted that my readers are college graduates and capable of understanding the obvious absurdity of conflicting philosophically pedantic viewpoints. With this premise from which to work, simplicity of presentation becomes easy.

Sufficient time has been devoted

to definitions of terms in order to enable the reader to more clearly understand the real beauty of Aristotelian Logic.

There seems to be a great deal of discussion both pro and con in regard to the definition of Aristotle. I feel that this should be clarified. Starting with the initial stem of the word, we have "arist" which means simply "aristeth". Can you think of a more appropriate term? Aristotelian Logic is certainly an arising (coming-up) away from the general mass of humanity. Adding the "o" to "arist" makes it "aristo"; which from the Greek means "best". Obviously our philosophy is best. Next we have "tot", which is a stem of the Greek word "toto", meaning "all" (everything). Thus by defini-

tion the word means "best in everything".

Now there is a conflicting point of view being taken by our less enlightened philosophies some of whom, addicted to general semantics, have rushed pell-mell down the path of error. I feel, for the sake of fairness of presentation, that their views should be mentioned and shown to be absurd. Using our dull-minded opponents' definition, we have "arist" to which they add "arch", giving "aristarch" which means a severe critic. Surely we are not. We are very fair in our judgements; but truth has no shades—either it is or it is not. We are, however, fair and uncritical of our dull-minded opponents. Next they are obtuse enough to add "crat" to the stem "aristo" giving "aristocrat". Of course they are trying to be humorous here by saying that we believe in "rule by nobles." Yet this is not far from the truth. We do believe in rule by nobles, for anyone who thinks in an Aristotelian manner is noble.

Moreover these idiots have the audacity to add "lochia" to the beautiful stem "aristo". As we all know, we are not (1) An herb which produces childbirth. (2) A plant which catches insects. (3) A remedy for snakebite or vermifuges. The foolishness of this definition does not even require an answer. Further to show their infantile fantasies, they add "ology" to the word "aristo", making us "students of the science of dining", or, more crudely, gourmets. Being of the opinion that they are very wise (a palpable delusion) they expound this aristology. They, however, fail to realize again that they have defeated themselves, because we *are* aristologists in that we devour our enemies with pure, BLESS HIS NAME, Aristotelian Logic.

Going into the second stem of the word, some of them use "tot" to mean "a foolish person". Simple logic shows that if we are foolish, we are not wise. But we are wise, therefore we cannot be foolish. Point refuted! The rest of our opponents use the word "tota" in the sense of a grivet, which, as we all know, is a small African monkey—green and white in color. This would amuse us if it were not so tragically indicative of the delusion of these dull-minded people.

In summation, our dull-minded opponents define us as: "aristocratically acting, foolish grivets." I am sure that even Darwin would not accept the grivet. As for foolish, this point has been refuted in the earlier text of this paper. This leaves us with aristocratically acting. We are not actors and the preceding text showed our true fairness and eagerness to help these dull-minded people. Therefore we are not aristocratically acting.

With the business of defining terms out of the way we can get into the meat, so to speak, of our true logic. We will start with the equation,  $x$  equals  $x$ . Therefore anything equal to itself is itself. For example, a dog is a dog is a dog. No further thinking required. The simplicity of this simple function of logic is overwhelming. It leaves simply to define a dog and we can automatically call anything that fits the description a dog. Conversely, a dog is anything that fits the description previously agreed upon. This simple rule,  $x$  equals  $x$ , can be applied to everything. Take for example, the word criminal. Criminal equals criminal equals culprit, malefactor, evildoer, transgressor, felon, convict, etc. All of terms are interchangeable. We can, by  $x$  equals  $x$ , go further with this logic. Culprit, malefactor, etc., are bad. Therefore all criminals are bad and, conversely, all bad people are criminals! See the beautiful simplicity.

The next equation of this series is  $x$  equals  $y$  plus  $z$ , or  $x$  equals  $y$  minus  $z$ . Taking  $x$  equals  $y$  plus  $z$  and substituting criminal for  $x$ , evildoer for  $y$ , and untrustworthy for  $z$ , we have all criminals are evildoers and untrustworthy. Using the other equation, minus  $z$  equals minus trustworthy, we have all criminals are evildoers and minus (negatively) trustworthy. So you can clearly see that the equations are valid. The third equation worthy of mention is the complement of the first.  $X$  not equals  $y$ . Therefore,  $x$  equals minus  $y$ , or, conversely,  $x$  not equals minus  $y$ . Making  $x$  equal  $y$ . Substituting again, we have criminal not equals trustworthy, and criminal equals minus trustworthy. Once more the beauty, simplicity and truth of Aristotelian Logic is shown.

Aristotelian Logic goes much further than these elementary equations. For the general student of philosophy

to go beyond into Aristotelian Metaphysics and deeper logic is impractical without sufficient study of elementary logic. Still for those who wish to proceed, I recommend my excellent book, "Examinations, Examples and My Springmaid Sheet," published last month and available at all book stores. Also you will find a number of exceptional books listed in the introduction which will be tremendously helpful in your progress toward developing an Aristotelian philosophy of your own.

No treatise is complete unless an operational example is given on the functionability of the subject matter. We all respect, honor and trust the eminent psychologist, Herr Doktor Georgi Levi. He uses functional and operational Aristotelian Logic, i. e.,  $x$  equals  $y$ ,  $x$  not equals minus  $y$ . A man who is not sane is insane! A man who is not good is bad! Right or wrong? That which is not right is wrong and that which is not wrong is right! Think of this for a moment. Is not this a statement of sheer genius? Only an Aristotelian thinker could make a statement of logic so profound as this. Then we come to another of the good doctor's philosophical gems, "In otherwords, you think I know what I am talking about? Right or wrong?" The classic beauty of this statement overcomes us. Either he does know what he is talking about or he does not know what he is talking about. Logic of pristine grandeur!

We Aristotelian thinkers must not allow our dull-minded opponents to expound their absurd philosophies lest in their repetition they believe their errors and pervert pure logic—our logic. Therefore fellow Aristotelians, it is war!! Defeat the opponents! Beat on desks! Scream! Yell! Browbeat! Even burn at the stake, if necessary! But at all costs destroy the opponents, philosophy: Does not the end justify the means?

We Aristotelian thinkers held our learned scientific means of investigation throughout the Middle Ages and have become the foundation of modern thought. For example, if the world has four corners (North, South East and West) it cannot be round. There is no reason to think on this subject, it is self-evident. I say to you that the world *does* have four corners and is not round. It only appears to be round to the less well informed.



# Another Tragedy

REV. Justin McKernan, O.S.B.

One night two weeks ago, not far from here, a sixteen year old boy got into the driver's seat of a car. With him in the car were his buddy and two girls. A few minutes later he crashed into another car. He and his buddy came out all right. The two girls in the car with them were injured and scarred. It was the other car—a car full of women—which suffered most. One young woman was killed outright, another died shortly after arriving at the hospital, a third died two days later.

Another tragic accident? Yes! But there's more to this story. The boy did not have a license—it had been revoked sometime earlier. His buddy should not have let him drive. But, then, neither of these sixteen year olds were in a position to make a clear judgment. They had both been drinking. Manslaughter and drunkenness were in the list of charges filed against them.

This is not the only case of a teen-ager's unfitnes to drive. Every area of the country has been witnessing similar tragedies in the past months, until now parents and authorities are genuinely alarmed. Forty percent—almost half—of the nation's young drivers are involved in an accident every year. And they have twice as many fatal accidents as have the members of any other age group. One authority blames this on the carelessness, exuberance, and tendency to "show off" of the teen years, combined

with the ignorance, indulgence and disinterest of parents.

We must not, of course, condemn all teen-agers. Many of them are excellent drivers and have better control over any careless tendencies than have a sizeable number of their elders. It is not these but rather those who do not have such self control and sense of responsibility who cause us concern. And here it seems that it is their parents, really, who are at fault.

The parents of an ir-responsible teen-ager are usually ir-responsible themselves. They have no idea where or with whom their sons and daughters go when they leave the house, or what they do. Some parents don't care. Others care, but are afraid to interfere or to be strict. They let the teen-ager have the family car with little or no restrictions or they let him have his own car, even though he may not have the ability to make mature and responsible judgements in the use of the car. It's easier for them to take a chance than to take a stand. Only a tragedy, which may cost lives and limbs, seems to bring such parents to their senses.

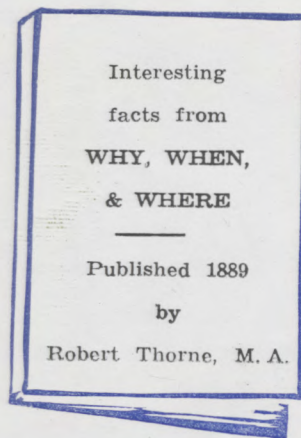
They fail to recognize the many less noticeable personal tragedies that hit the teen-ager who has a car or the rather extensive use of a car. His marks in school are poorer than he would have otherwise, partly because a car and what can be done with a car absorbs

so much of his attention and partly because he often has to work long hours after school to meet the expense of a car. His health does not profit, for he usually has no time for sports and he certainly never gets the benefit of a good walk.

And, worst of all, his moral character is threatened. The independence and privacy of a car is a very definite occasion for sinful dating. A car affords temptations to sin which are too strong for the average teen-ager to control. Not that he wouldn't or doesn't make an effort to resist the temptation. Cod knows that the average teen-ager sometimes makes an almost heroic effort. But the fact is that he must be of unusual and outstanding moral strength if he is to survive untarnished. For the average boy or girl, the only road to victory over temptation is avoiding unnecessary sources of temptation.

Every parent ought to be concerned about this problem of the use of a car by their teen-age sons and daughters. I would say there is only one exception. And that is this: if, in the depth of his heart, a parent is honestly convinced that his child is mature in his judgements, serious about his responsibilities, conscientious in living his religion, and devoted to his family—then the parent need not worry about this teen-ager use of a car. But then, this kind of teen-ager is never a problem anyway!





This

and

That



Compiled  
by  
Gene Roadhs

## TOWER OF BABEL

The distinction of being a remnant of the Tower of Babel has been claimed for three different masses, but the majority of opinions are in favor of the Birs Nimrud in Babylonia, the ruins of this temple appearing to more nearly correspond with the conceived notion of that structure. It is of an oblong form, the total circumference being 762 yards. At the eastern side it is cloven by a deep furrow, and is not more than 50 or 60 feet high; but on the western side it rises in a conical figure to the elevation of 198 feet; and on its summit is a solid pile of brick 37 feet high by 28 in breadth, diminishing in thickness to the top, which is broken and irregular, and rent by a large fissure extending through a third of its height. The fire-burnt bricks of which it is built have inscriptions on them; and so excellent is the cement, which appears to be lime-mortar, that it is nearly impossible to extract a whole brick. The other parts of the summit of the hill are occupied by immense fragments of brick-work of no determinate figure, tumbled together, and converted into solid vitrified masses, as if they had under gone the action of the fiercest fire or had been blown up with gunpowder. These ruins stand on a prodigious mound, the whole of which is itself in ruins, channeled by the weather, and strewn with fragments of black stone, sandstone and marble. Taken in connection with the ancient tradition that the Tower of Babel was rent and overthrown by fire from heaven, this is a curious circumstance.

## GREEK FIRE

Greek Fire was a composition which the Greeks of the Byzantine Empire used as a means of defense. It is supposed to have been composed of niter, sulphur and naphtha as principal ingredients. It was highly inflammable, and was said to have the power of burning underwater. It was projected either on blazing tow, tied to arrows, or through a tube, and wherever it fell it made great havoc, from the inople the progress of making Greek Fire was kept a profound secret for several centuries; but at the time of the discovery of gunpowder it formed a recognized defensive element in most wars from western Europe to Asia Minor. The invention of this material has usually been ascribed to Callinicus of Heliopolis, in A. D. 668; but there seems to be reason to believe that it was rather imported from India.

## DAMASCUS STEEL

The skill of the Damascenes in the manufacture of steel became famous in Europe at the time of the crusades, but the secrets of their process have never been revealed. A Russian mining engineer, General Anosoff, by analysis and examination, however, succeeded in making steel that could scarcely be distinguished from it in appearance. The essential point of his process was melting the iron in crucibles with graphite and a small quantity of dolomite; but the details of working these materials with success were of course known only by himself, and the quality of the steel produced by the works since his death has very much deteriorated. An imitation of Damascus steel is also made in America and is often known by that name, though its proper appellation is damask steel, so called from the peculiar damask figures on its surface.

## COLOSSUS OF RHODES

The gigantic Colossus of Rhodes was a statue of Apollo, so placed as to bestride the entrance to the harbor. It is said to have been commenced by Chares of Lindus, a famous pupil of Lysippus, and was completed by Laches. It was formed of metal which was cast in separate pieces, a process which lasted for twelve years, and was finished in 280 B. C. The Colossus was over 100 feet high, and its thumb was so large that a man could not clasp it with his arms. It cost 300 talents, and sixty years after its erection it was thrown down by an earthquake. When, after lying on the ground for centuries, it was removed, the metal that composed it loaded 900 camels. The Colossus of Rhodes ranks as one of the Seven Wonders of the World.

# Dale Carnegie Class No. 4

## Graduation Exercises, 1962

According to those who are anxious for the advent of the penal institution whose total emphasis is the social reconstruction of its inhabitants, there are not now enough such programs in progress in the present institutions. Yet among those few programs that do exist, Dale Carnegie Self Improvement courses are reckoned in the van. For aside from the resulting personality improvement of its students, the means by which this result is attained is an important factor in the rehabilitative scheme. Self improvement. That is to say, the individual himself both starts to become aware of, and sets about to work on, himself. Its somewhat of the proverbial horse who after being led to the water and it being found impossible to make him drink, starting to drink.

Thus it was with a pride shared by all who are friends of the rehabilitation concept that 31 men received their certificates at the 4th graduation of the Dale Carnegie School of the Colorado State Penitentiary. The graduation exercises, attended by some 110 persons, 60 of whom were outside guests, was preceded with a banquet in the institution dining room. The meal was enjoyed against a background of soft music, and the freely mingling guests were somewhat loathe to break the atmosphere of relaxed cordiality and repair to the more formal ceremonies awaiting in the auditorium. However, once the guests were assembled there the evening's program commenced.

Mr. Milan Hulbert, the Dale Carnegie Instructor, launched the program by introducing several of the outside guests. Each of these persons,

who had travelled from various parts of the state to attend, were received with warm applause. Then the graduation proper ensued with the 31 recipients of certificates making a small expression of gratitude. Two special certificates were deservedly received by two outside Dale Carnegie members in recognition of their expenditure of time and effort in furthering the CSP program.

Abe Tolley, president of the Dale Carnegie Alumni Association at this institution, gave an enlightening discussion of the purposes, aims and benefits of the courses. He was followed by the sponsor of the organization, Mr. Ivan Acton, who traced the birth and subsequent history of Dale Carnegie at CSP.

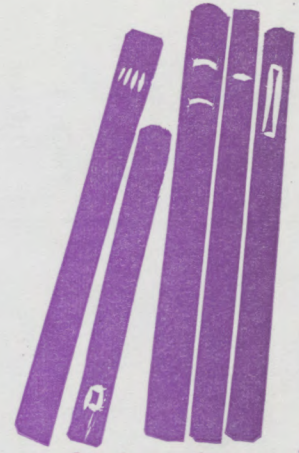
After a brief intermission, the graduating class presented a program of humorous skits, music and singing. The opening number was by a choral group who sang the Whiffenpoof song and "You'll Never Walk Alone". Both songs were excellently done and were then followed by Rudy Hyde's reading of a poem entitled, "The Man In Cell House 10". McRay Lane, the Ray Charles of Dale Carnegie, sang "Wild Girl", and encored in duo with Bob Fonzo on a number called "Kansas City". A serious reading from Voltaire by Richard Avery followed next, and then crooner Del Hughes took mike in hand and sang, "You're Adorable" and "Why Don't You Believe Me?"

Harry Wilson, in a parody of Peter Gunn, presented Sam Shovel, the Private Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat in a discussion of his intriguing profession. Next a pair of hillbillies in native dress replete with corn likker jugs moaned their

way through "Good Ole Mountain Dew" and "Fuedin', Fussin' An' A Fightin'". This rustic pair turned out to be Ron Nelson and Gene Dukes. Richard Avery returned to show Albert Franco how to use ENTHUSIASM in lifting weights. After a neat rendition of "September Song", Ron Nelson did a take-off on Elvis Presley, Pat Boone, and Harold Waits by singing "Hound Dog", "Tutti Frutti" and "Stagger Lee". Harold Waits defended himself by a very professional singing of "I Can't Stop Loving You" and "It Keeps On Hurting Since You're Gone". The Bob Fonzo-Richard Avery team presented a folk tune of their own composition.

The program was interrupted by a mock trial of Messers Milan Hulbert, Lynn Hoopes and Bob Schenk, who were found guilty of wandering around the institution without a number. They were "committed" to the prison as Honorary Convicts with cards duly signed by Warden Tinsley and the class officers. Following this, Mrs. Sanger, the wife of the Institutional School director, sang "Because" and "The Lord's Prayer". Both were very beautifully done.

Warden Harry C. Tinsley gave the final talk of the evening. He complimented Abe Tolley on his accomplishments over the years in Dale Carnegie and commended the graduating class. Mr. Tinsley further said that he hoped those who had learned how to influence people would not use it to become better confidence men or to influence him or the staff. He also expressed his appreciation to the outside guests for coming.



**JORDI, LISA AND DAVID**—Theodore I. Rubin—Ballantine Books—50 cents (Soft cover)

It requires the discipline of the master story-teller to keep the maudlin out of an account of a condition so melancholy as mental illness in children. In these two brief, but compelling novels Dr. Rubin, who is a practicing psychiatrist, proves himself to be such a story-teller. His **JORDI** is a poignant and penetrating portrait of a small boy caught in the haunting distresses of psychosis. **LISA AND DAVID** is a compassionate account of the halting attempts of two adolescent mental patients to become aware of themselves and each other. Both stories are classic studies of the elusive, fragile world that is the disturbed child's.

**THE IMPOSSIBLE**—Dick Gardner—Ballantine Books—50 cents (Soft cover)

If the occult and weird have ever set you to wondering; if the bizarre deeds of fire walkers, levitationists, dematerializers and mind readers have ever piqued your curiosity then this is a book you will not be able to put down until you have read every fascinating page. Here before the eyes of reliable scientists a famous yogi eats sulphuric acid, ground glass and potassium cyanide in sufficient amounts to kill a normal man in three minutes. Can it be explained? Many of these feats can—and are. But others defy explanation. Account after amazing account is catalogued and the most incredulous reader will find it hard to maintain his disbelief.

**EARL OF LOUISIANA**—A. J. Liebling—Ballantine Books—50 cents (Soft cover) The great and ancient craft of politics as practiced in Lou-

isiana is two parts Mardi Gras and one part musical chairs in a looney bin. Chief chairs and most outrageous costumes were occupied and worn for over thirty years by the siblings Long—Huey and Earl. And had that famous conniver, Machiavelli, lived, he would have undoubtedly dropped his intrigues and made a pilgrimage to Baton Rouge to sit at the feet of these two past master politicians. A. J. Liebling, in a superb re-creation of the stage on which Huey and particularly Earl played their sly, volatile and peripatetic roles as Governor-cum-potentate, once more proves those right who consider him one of America's great reporters and raconteurs. One has the impression of listening to, rather than reading, this fabulous account.

**CHINA**—Felix Greene—Ballantine Books—95 cents (Soft cover)

The thesis that the Western world in general, and we Americans in particular know very little of one of the most important countries now emerging upon the world scene is a valid one. And Felix Greene, one of the few journalists of American orientation to visit Red China, proposes in this tome that what little information we do have is, in the main, erroneous. Greene, whose most recent sojourn in Red China was in 1960, interviewed statesmen and students, managers and peasants, artists and scientists and travelled pretty much the length of the country in compiling this revealing report. What Greene finds in present day China is a bold social experiment that is lifting the eternally hungry Chinese peasantry into an era of well being heretofore unknown. China, says Greene, is undergoing a face-lifting at a pace unprecedented in history. The old rigid traditions are being displaced, and

according to this keen observer not even Russia can match the results occurring. This country whose inhabitants constitute nearly one-fourth of the world's population cannot, and must not be ignored. And especially by those of us who are in opposition to communism. Highly recommended for the serious reader. **COURAGE IN BOTH HANDS**—Allan A. Hunter—Ballantine Books—50 cents (Soft cover)

How average is the average man? Under normal conditions he is pretty average. But under the pressures of crises, he oftentimes draws from hidden reservoirs of strength the courage to rise above himself and enact dramatic deeds of humanitarianism. This book is a collection of vignettes about ordinary people who, finding themselves trapped in the throes of war, violence and personal catastrophe, develop and exhibit a towering faith in God, themselves and their fellow man and go on to perform deeds of unusual courage. A fascinating assessment of man's ability to attain the best in himself in the midst of turmoils.

**THE WONDER EFFECT**—Kornbluth and Pohl—Ballantine Books—50 cents (Soft cover)

These are a collection of shorts by two very able and famous science fiction collaborators. And while their outlook is somewhat humorous and satirical, it is never caricature. It is the gentle laugh that bespeaks an understanding and sympathy for man and the dilemma that results when his new technology collides with his age-old tendency to foibles. One of the best of the stories concerns man's pre-occupation with fall-out shelters and as usual his ability to get tangled up in his own cussedness. The science fiction fan will not want to be without this classical collection.



# Rocky Mountain Noose

If The Post Don't Hang You, The Noose Will!

A Crippled-Coward Newspaper

Colorado's Last Newspaper—Floundered in 1962

FIRST YEAR, NO. 1

CANON CITY, COLORADO, SEPTEMBER 21, 1962

CAGED

EDITION

★★★★

FORECAST:

Hangin' Weather

PRICE: 5 Years

1 PAGE

## Bloody Nude Body of Young Female Found Headless in Downtown Denver

### Stool Pidgeon Elimination Group Releases Figures

Canon City, Sept. 21—(CSP)—Jack T. Ripper, acting president for the Stool Pidgeon Elimination Committee, has just released the statistics for the past fiscal year (1961-1962) on that organizations accomplishments. His report, which was presented at a committee meeting last night, showed that the price of sheet uniforms has increased 0.137 per cent over the previous years figures. As a result, Ripper advised that all members should be more careful about injuring their attire during stool pidgeon eliminating soirees. He also remarked that excessive use of starch in the sheets was not good and that the price of this commodity has also gone up.

Mr. Ripper exhibited extreme pleasure in stating that this years eliminations far surpassed those of other years. "Of course," he uttered profoundly, "there are fewer pidgeons migrating to this area and utilizing the stool facilities available. I strongly believe," he said in closing his speech, "that we will have eliminated all stool pidgeons by the end of the next few years."

A quail dinner was served afterwards.

### City Council Decries SEX Fanatics Playing In The Streets

Colo. Spgs., Sept. 21—(FBI)—Mayor Boast faced an angry city council this morning when he brought up the fact that a large gathering of SEX fanatics had grouped outside Acacia Park on Tejon Street and were holding forth with great abandon in a manner they well knew how. Numerous teenagers and small children were noted to be involved and participating in these SEX activities.

Amid cries of "shameful," "disgusting," and "uncalled for," Mayor Boast persuaded the enraged council to pass a unanimous resolution to prevent any more SEX practices in the street.

Local police arrested Joe Smudd, a prominent SEX figure, who also appeared before the city council for questioning.

"Well," said Joe, "we didn't have any other place to work out and Tejon Street looked like as good a place as any. In all the years that SEX has been conducted in the streets throughout the United States, we, the Society for Exhibiting Xylophones, have never had a complaint."

### JFK to Visit Colo. State Prison

Canon City, Sept. 21—(CSP)—Reliable informed sources have revealed that President Kennedy and Secretary Rusk will make a special flight to Denver the latter part of this month where they will entrain for the state prison at Canon City. It has always been a powerful yearning of Mr. Kennedy's to be able to visit this prison. One of the highlights of Kennedy's visit will be to promote his Physical Fitness for America program. During his stay he hopes to be able to talk to many of the inmates in an effort to gain first hand information to determine what connection there is between juvenile delinquency and adult delinquency.

Mr. Kennedy has just recently been re-elected President of the YMCA Juvenile Decency League in Dimpled Buttes, Alabama. Mr. Bean Rusk was appointed secretary by the president.

### Screams Disrupt Noon-day Calm

Denver, Sept. 21—(DPD)—Several squads of heavily armed uniform police were hurriedly summoned to the busy downtown area after a phone call from a frantic woman was received informing them that she had just witnessed a bloody decapitation which took place at Larimer and 17th streets.

When the police arrived they found Mrs. Sara Smith in a state of incoherency and severe emotional shock. A passerby succeeded in easing Mrs. Smith's distressed condition. When she was calm enough to speak she related the bloody sequence of events she had just witnessed.

"I was driving down 17th street toward Larimer," she began, "and I looked up into this apartment window and saw a man cutting the head off of a de-feathered chicken. The chicken flew out of his hand and fell into my open convertible onto the seat next to me. I was really frightened."

## Pasquale Marranzino Heartily Condones Criminals' Activities

Denver, Sept. 21—(DPD & FBI)—Pasquale Marranzino, the smiling columnist for the Rocky Mountain News, has become a central figure of attraction in a severe and stormy controversy.

For many many years Pasquale has pretended to be one of Denver's leading citizens and news reporters. But, like all persons who take sides with the activities of criminals, the tart taste of truth must be savored.

On July 11th, 1962, Pasquale wrote in his column: "... Much of the 1800 inmate roster is ... newspapermen ... a tremendous ... corps down at the Big House ... Bless Harry ... the cons laugh at him ..." As a result of this appearing in Pasquale's column it is reported that the Audit Bureau of Circulation may demand some sort of explanation. A congressional investigation may also be forthcoming if it appears that most prison inmates are newspapermen. The earliest recorded indication of Marranzino's link with the underworld occurred in 1956 when he received his first edition of RECOUNT. For the past six years, plus, he has openly and brazenly subscribed to this activity by criminals. Now, he is even quoting them in his column

and recruiting new subscribers as a result. Another quote of his in the very same article was: "... advice on recidivism—the element that makes men ... Canon City ... the way called life's road." and, "... recognize the dignity ... behind bars. It is a high mark."

It is no wonder that Pasquale has all of Colorado in an uproar over RECOUNT.

Meanwhile, in an exclusive interview with the editor of RECOUNT, Pasquale Marranzino learned: "I dunno. I just dunno. This matter is reaching a magnitude of great proportions. All of the mob is hangin' on to their gun belts to see what kind of fireworks is goin' to happen. I'm gonna roll the presses on schedule if I have to, otherwise, I dunno. I guess the Rocky Mountain News will have something to say again. Things have been too quiet since that scandal behind who hid the parole director's Metracal."

## Warden Harry Tinsley Implicated in Taking Of State Funds

Denver, Sept. 21—(FBI)—A shocking revelation has come to light in a report confirming the fact that a shortage of funds at the penitentiary has been noted.

Dr. James Galvin, Director of State Institutions, when questioned about this situation by reporters, stated: "I've been aware of this predicament for some time now. You really can't blame Warden Tinsley for what he has done. Sometimes a man, even a man in a high position, gets caught up in unfavorable circumstances. He needed the money and when he saw his chance to get it, he did."

In his plush office at the state capitol, Governor Steve McNichols pondered the various elements from which the problem was composed. In an interview with the press he said, "From the amount of money involved in this affair I do not see how it is possible for several members of the legislature not to have had a hand in this."

At the prison in Canon City, Fred Wyse, Associate Warden, said, "Often-

times, in the administration of prisons, bad times like this occur. The only thing we can do is try to maintain a calm balance."

"I had to do it," sighed Warden Tinsley as he sat behind his desk at the prison. He was shuffling some papers together and readying himself to leave. "I just had to do it," he sighed again. "The ratios on which our budget is estimated was much too low. We now have 1,820 prisoners instead of the anticipated 1,740. There was no way to predict that the institution would have the increase it is now accomodating. Naturally, it was necessary to request supplemental expenses from the legislature for the additional eighty inmates. They approved the necessity for this request for supplementary state funds and we can now operate satisfactorily."

### It's Zell to live in Colorado

#### WEAKLY WEATHER FORECAST

Sunday	Gloomy
Monday	Blue
Tuesday	Icy Blue
Wednesday	Drab Gray
Thursday	Dreary
Friday	Black

#### Today's Forecast



Vodka-Seven Cool

# What Am I? Where Am I Going?

by Jack Awbrey

## WHAT AM I? WHERE AM I GOING?

"You are a child of God. He will let you into His heavenly city to spend eternity. Now we will pass the collection plate."

## WHAT AM I? WHERE AM I GOING?

Yer a fool. Yer goin' to get conned, robbed, double-crossed, clipped, heisted and licked by the world. That's where yer goin', kid. Buy me a drink."

## WHAT AM I? WHERE AM I GOING?

"I dunno. I dunno. It's the good guys that get it. And the world is lousier than before."

(I cannot base my life on intuition and folk tales and rose-colored glasses; I shall go to the scientists, to the men who peer through the telescopes, who chart and calculate, who doubt until they can doubt no longer).

## WHAT AM I? WHERE AM I GOING?

"You are a pin-point crawling microscopically on a cold speck in the sky. A speck which swirls and spins around a gaseous mass whose company is a hundred billion other gaseous masses in an endless universe.

Several billion years ago the sun spat out a bolt of gasses. They eddied and merged and liquefied into a molten ball, cloaked in an atmosphere of mist. As it cooled to rock the mist condensed and rain fell. Rivers formed, cut furrows in the rock and battered it into soil. Through the broken haze, the sun rays knifed their way. Life was possible.

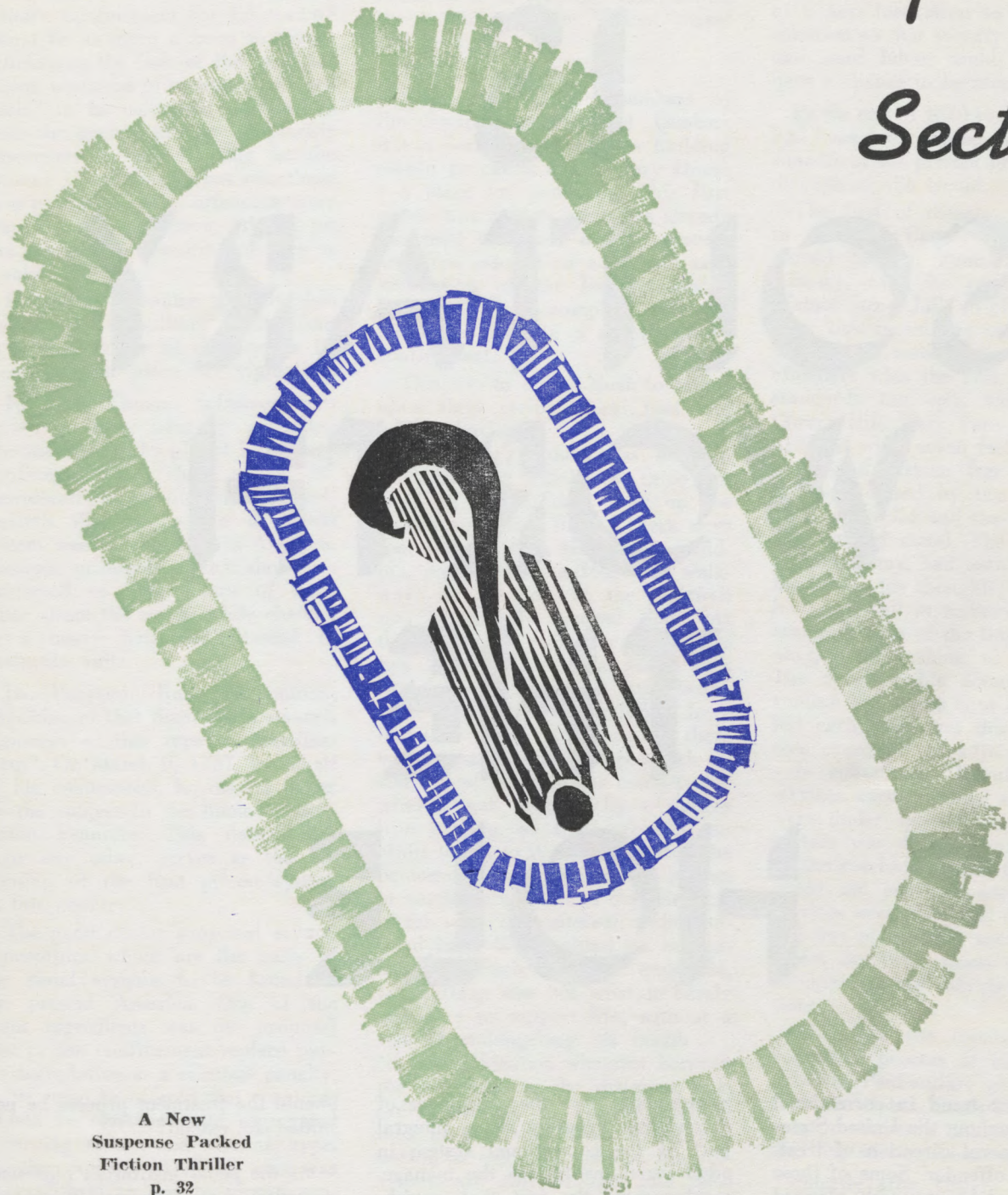
Amoeba...sponge...seaweed...thrown up on the primordial shores from the violent seas. MOTHER!! From her veiled form the centuries dragged life. First, tiny crustaceans and sand-burrowing worms. Later, armored fish. Fish with teeth and spines and lungs. Life wriggled, grew legs and conquered the swampy land. Growing and lifting its belly from the ground, it became a dinosaur. It spread out wings and flew. It became a tiny mammal, creeping through time toward higher forms of life, snatching the land from the reptiles. Small apes bore larger apes; and then, almost imperceptibly, the larger apes merged into man. Man—a youngster, just over a million years old—a youngster, writing himself down as only seven thousand years old.

You are a newcomer. 1,900,000,000 years to birth. 1,000,000 years to bring this far. A baby.

You are a creature rising. A creature growing up, shaped by mysterious forces. Sometimes disordered as if the hundreds of thousands of years had been in vain—a killer a sadist; mimicking the monkeys and mocking your existence, challenging the stars and trying to destroy your world. Other times ordered, giving promise of a perfection hundreds of thousands of years away—a builder, a nurturer, a singer of songs of transcendent beauty.

You may end your life in a heavenly city or crumble into the soil or become one with the wind and stars. "I" is a word, a chicken track in spinning dust. "I" is a balloon pin-pricked by death. You are the first paragraph of a story. You are the father of tomorrow."

*Special  
Section*



A New  
Suspense Packed  
Fiction Thriller  
p. 32

# *The Challenge:*

# IS SOLITARY WORTH THE HOLE

The current trend in correctional systems throughout the United States is in the general direction of treatment of the offender. Some of these systems are elaborate, well planned and properly coordinated while others are either developing gradually or having their emergence prepared for debut. More and more it is being recognized that persons are sent to prison as punishment, not for

punishment. If in the acceptance of a treatment program as an integral part of the correctional system in adult penal institutions the management accepts the fact that punishment was meted at the time of sentencing by virtue of the loss of one's liberty, and that what should follow during the period of the prisoner's incarceration should be treatment, then, to what limits or extremes

should the treatment process be permitted to extend?

As the penal institution represents a symbol of societies inability to cope with itself, thusly does the solitary or "hole" of the prison represent a means of the inability to cope with its particular society. Since only a small portion of free society enter prison, so do only a small portion

of prison society require solitary confinement. If the same principle of that of loss of freedom as punishment enough is to prevail, then there is also the same consideration that placement in solitary away from the freer prison population is punishment enough.

The lack of a need for a punitive solitary confinement for inmates would be as great a boon to prison officials as the lack of the need for prison would be to society. The word "hole" in its colloquial use derives from the ancient practice of placing miscreants in a hole dug in the ground. Usually singly but sometimes in groups. These offenders were crammed into a narrow, stifling pit and covered by a grating of bars or a solid lid.

Before we consider the complete abolishment of solitary confinement as it now exists, let us consider its inception and place of origination.

In 1786, Thomas Jefferson conceived a plan whereby convicted persons were to be placed in solitary confinement for their period of incarceration. At the time of Jefferson's idea no prison or penal system was in existence in America. Common criminals of that day were subjected to long hours of hard labor about the streets while chained to a heavy ball and dressed in harlequin suits.

Dr. Benjamin Rush, an eminent physician of that time, was a staunch opponent of this type of "confinement". On March 9, 1787, in behalf of his contentions, he read a paper on the subject in the home of Benjamin Franklin. This date, more than any other, serves as the beginning of the first prison system in this country.

The good doctor proposed several conceptions which are the basis of the penal systems to be found in the present America. One of the main ingredients was the proposal that prison confinement replace public degradation as a criminal penalty. In its stead he offered that criminals should be classified and segregated according to sex and criminal type. Another constituent of this plan was to establish an indeterminate sentence which would allow for the prisoner's release upon his ability to reform and, the use of hard work as the vehicle on the road to regeneration. The group which was formed as a result of the reading

by Dr. Rush of his paper became known as the Pennsylvania Prison Society. The first "penal institution" to be erected by this august body was the Walnut Street Jail in Philadelphia. Here debtors were separated from convicted felons.

The first penitentiary to be established was a separate unit within the confines of the Walnut Street Jail stockade.

This occurred in 1790.

Since most of the members of the Society were devout Quakers it was decided that the new building should be called Penitentiary House—a place for penitence. This first prison was used to house the already hardened criminals and to prevent any free association with, and contamination of, the less intractable prisoners. To accomplish this the men were kept in a strict solitary confinement.

This was to induce them to reflect upon their erring moral past and poor behavior.

Penitentiary House was a plain brick building which rose three stories. All of the cells were on the second and third floors. There were four cells on each side of the building, separated by a four foot walkway. At the top of the stairwell was a strongly secured door. At the entry to each corridor were two doors. Each cell was sealed with two doors anchored by large heavy locks and bars. A description from that time reads, "In every cell there is one small window, placed high up and out of reach of the convict; the window well secured by a double iron grating, so that, provided an effort to get to it was successful, the person could perceive neither heaven or earth, on account of the thickness of the wall. The criminal, while confined here, is permitted no convenience of bench, table, or even bed, or anything else but what is barely necessary to support life, without a risk of endangering his health . . . No communication whatever between the prisoners in the different cells can be effected. . . . That the criminal may be prevented from seeing any person as much as possible, his provisions are only brought him once a day, and that in the morning."

In time other states patterned their prisons after that of the Walnut Street Jail. As the problem of overcrowdedness increased the use of the number of solitary cells for the pur-

pose intended decreased. Soon the prisoners were idle and congregating freely. Before long the prisons became degenerated places where crime was learned in lieu of good behavior control practices.

The Pennsylvania Prison Society became disturbed by this development and petitioned for the building of a new institution to correct this situation so that solitary confinement and hard labor could continue to have a chance to be successful.

By the end of 1830 two new prisons had been built. These were the forerunners of the present prison systems throughout the world.

The first of these was completed in 1829 at Cherry Hill and was named Eastern Pennsylvania Penitentiary. Like its predecessor, the Walnut Street Jail, all of the inmates were kept in solitary confinement to prevent the association of the worst offenders with the best. By modern standards the cells were huge at Cherry Hill. They were seven and a half feet wide, seven feet nine inches long, and sixteen feet high. Each cell was closed by two doors; the outer one solid and the second door was latticed metal. The inmate, for all of his stay, had four possessions: his Bible; his thoughts; a stool and his work—all in solitary. The usual assigned tasks of the time were spinning, metal working, or shoemaking. The only notable diversion to this routine was a one hour exercise period each day—and this was in his own exercise area adjoining his cell—in solitariness. Regular religious services were provided and these too were under special circumstances. A curtain was drawn down the center of the corridor so that the prisoners could not see one another during services when the solid door of their cell was open. They sat like stunned mutes on their stools at the door listening to the ministerial exhortations.

This was the rehabilitative and corrective process at Eastern Pennsylvania Penitentiary at Cherry Hill in Philadelphia. Solitary confinement was permanently established and, to this day still exists in various forms.

Shortly after Cherry Hill was in operation Auburn was established in New York. At Auburn the silent system was invented and both prisons became rivals in their "Treatment" programs.

Structurally, the Auburn prison



contrasted drastically with the one at Cherry Hill. The cells were but three and a half feet wide, seven feet high, and seven feet long. The cells were placed back-to-back and were five tiers high. They were set at the center of a cell house shell. Thus, the first cell block, as it is known today in nearly every modern prison was innovated. From the standpoint of economy they stacked a lot of human lumber in a relatively small place.

The two factions of the Auburn and Pennsylvania systems were continually at odds with one another. Sometimes heatedly. Free will, inspection, and repentance were the basis for the Pennsylvania system. At Auburn it was decided that hard work would punish and regenerate. The program at Cherry Hill was through solitude; at Auburn through enforced silence.

In 1831, Alexis de Tocqueville, a French political writer visiting this country, wrote: . . .

"The Pennsylvania system, being that which produces the deepest impression on the soul of the convict must effect more reformation than that of Auburn. The latter, however, is perhaps more conformable to the habits of men in society, and on this account effects a greater number of reformations, which might be called 'legal' inasmuch as they produce the external fulfillment of social obligations. If this be so, the Pennsylvania system produces more honest men and that of New York more obedient citizens".

Auburn, to disprove the philosophy of the Pennsylvania system, put its old and recalcitrant prisoners into solitary cells on a permanent basis. Those who did not die went mad. At Auburn the keepers were encouraged to beat and otherwise brutalize the sick and the insane along with the recalcitrant. From this system was developed the many many hundreds of utensils and devices for torture in America. In time the Auburn system won out. It was more economical to substantiate a prison with industry. In short, Auburn paid for itself financially. The solitariness at Cherry Hill was expensive and practically non-productive.

In the late nineteenth century Pennsylvania forsook the system of

complete solitary confinement. It just wouldn't work. While almost all of the states adopted the Auburn system (including Colorado), nearly all of Europe followed the Pennsylvania system which they use to this day.

The Pennsylvania system gave the American prison solitary confinement. Auburn bequeathed repression and cruelty. The purpose for both was reformation.

Neither succeeded.

Both failed.

Suppose that when Penitentiary House was established there had been no provision made for the solitary confinement cell. Suppose again that all of the thousands of other especially designed paraphernalia for causing extreme physical and mental distress—and death—which resulted from the Auburn system, had never been developed. What then?

The conclusion is inescapable that but one solution exists. A form of treatment supported by a plan and a place which is designed to destruct the underlying causes which contribute to or precipitate activities of an extra-legal nature.

Save for a very few prisons in this country little remains of the once accepted methods of mis-treatment through implements of violence. It is disheartening though to look upon our prison contemporaries and find so much commonness with the past which we now claim to disdain. How discouraging it is to find so much in the various correctional systems that is right which is blended with the fundamentally wrong.

In the past, prison keepers were content with whatever means—some highly ingenious—available for inflicting severe and inhumane punishment upon their captives. Today's society commands that prison keepers be more refined in their punitive methods and, so it is, the din of screams from the terror-stricken souls no longer resounds from the chambers of pain and panic, and punishment.

Yet, how much different are we today than were yesterday's devotees of self-righteous indignation? The ancient institutions of punishment were negative. The modern institution for punishment is negative. How then does one find it possible to

draw a line between the two? The end result is the same for both.

*All else is technique.*

Formerly a man was continuously subjected to dehumanization, debasement and humiliation. In the present, for a short-time period, on an occasional basis, depending upon the quality of the prisoner's behavior, he is still dehumanized, debased and humiliated. Our foster penal systems failed miserably to regenerate with violence or solitary confinement. How, then, can the modern socio-scientific penal systems contend that the present day type of solitary confinement, as a part of the process, regenerate?

*If this mis-treatment was all black then, then how much less black is it today merely because a lighter shade of black is being applied?*

To answer this question we must first acquaint ourselves with the overall picture of solitary confinement in the present day.

A visit to the majority of American penal institutions would, on the whole, reveal a generally followed practice in the use for solitary confinement as a punishment.

As a point of fact it must be remarked that the solitary cells are frequently cleaner than the cells of the general population.

The size of the "hole" in most prisons is the same size as the regular cells of the institution. Usually the cells are painted a light color and one of two types of doors may be found. In the one a barred door fronted by a solid steel door, the former being locked only with a key and the solid door locked with either a key, padlock, or a mechanical device. The second type is a single solid door which is locked by one of the three methods mentioned above. Sometimes a combination of two types of locks is used. Nearly all of the solid doors have a porthole which is opened from the outside for feeding and observation purposes.

Sleeping arrangements vary from prison to prison. The most common to be found are of three varieties: the concrete slab, wooden pallets, and boiler plate steel bunks. In some places it is the practice to allow a mattress of sorts during the night hours. Where a mattress is not permitted one or two blankets are usually substituted.

The standard facilities consist of a sink or a spout, and a bucket or a commode. A low watt bulb may be found at the center of the ceiling which is seldom, if ever, turned off.

The contents of the many diets are too varied to classify in a general sense. In many places a vegetable constitutes the meal. Other institutions have a fare of bread and water. At least one prison serves a formula of baby food. In a few places relief from this diet is granted intermittently. This being a regular feeding, minus dessert, every three days. Elsewhere this period of relief may be longer, but at a greater interval. This, however, is not the general practice. The amount of the restricted diet ranges from very little to hardly more.

The man being placed in solitary confinement is dressed into dilapidated and ill-fitting coveralls. He may or may not have his head shaved before being locked up. He is permitted neither a bath nor a shave during this confinement which may last from five days to a month, or more.

He may not smoke, have visits, send or receive mail. There are no earphones in the cell and he is not permitted to talk at any time. Likewise, reading material is forbidden. Except in an emergency when he must be taken to the hospital he never leaves the cell.

He is in the "hole." He is in solitary.

This then is a composite view of the solitary confinement-hole in the average American prison.

To many prison officials, persons in society, and even some inmates, the presence of what has just been described in comparison with what used to be may not seem harsh at all. This is true, comparatively, and it has not been the purpose here to have it appear so. It is the negative end result of both that we are concerned with. Let us examine the effects that these punitive measures have upon the prisoner and the prison.

The lack of a full complement of bedding produces no therapeutic value and its discontinuance should be effected by affording a mattress, pillow, sheets and blankets. For the recalcitrant person this lack of pro-

per bedding is only likely to increase their hostility and resentment toward authority—not abate it.

A protracted subjection to a continuous reflection of light is a punishment originated by the Chinese of several centuries ago, and, in spite of the elapsed element of time, prevails in this modern era. Its effect is to produce a disturbing, frustrating, confusing and dis-organized affect. Its use by most prisons of today, while without the original accompaniment of torture, still rests at the punitive level. It is generally considered that continuous light affords the ability to look into the cell and see the inmate immediately. In spite of this latter voicing, continuous subjugation to light without relief is punitive only, and therefore, unnecessary.

The restricted diet produces not only an unfavorable physical effect upon the inmate but a mental and emotional distress as well. To prison inured inmates who often frequent the isolation sections of prison punishment affords little or no adverse affect upon their poor behavior patterns. It is, at the most, a disliked inconvenience. To some it is even a means of gaining status by habitually being placed in solitary under distressing conditions and they almost seem to thrive upon it. To the less initiated, or first offender, it can be a cruel and disturbing experience. Lack of a proper diet, just like lack of food, produces a weakened body which must be followed by a further stressed and disturbed being.

It is not intelligent to not feed a person. Treatment unintelligently administered cannot be practically formulated with the intelligence of treatment. The contrast of the two must produce a definite confliction within each of the other. It is not unreasonable to properly feed a human being. In any event it is folly to attempt treatment or rationality with a person whose mind and body is pre-occupied with hunger and his next meager feeding.

Since all men are thoroughly searched for any items not permitted previous to being placed in solitary confinement, it is assumed that after such a search there would be nothing of an "illegal" nature left in their own clothing. Such being the case, it is feasible, and apt, that the inmates wear their regular prison uni-

form instead of the customary ill-fitting and severely uncomfortable coveralls used by most prisons. From birth until after death man is garbed in cloth. This is true in many of the existing primitive societies. Individual acquiescence to not being the best dressed person is eased by being properly fitted in decent clothing. Many persons are unable to reconcile themselves to ill-fitting attire. While this may seem to be of little significance for the purpose of treatment, the wearing of clothing which has a proper fit is conducive to sustaining a relaxed state of being.

Except for a very few prisons in this country, the shaven head is an infringement from the past. Forced head shaving connotes two factors. First, it is punitive. Secondly, it is a form of debasement and humility. There is no manner by which such an act can be considered except as a continuation of the original act of punishment by isolation. The obviousness of his humiliating baldness can hardly serve as less than a detrimental personality factor.

Most places of solitary do permit washing of the hands and face and provision should be made for bathing and shaving at least on a weekly basis. Punishment seems insufficient for suspending the bathing habit for as long as a month.

In every prison there is a hard core of troublesome inmates. Many of them are the incorrigibles, some are chronic troublemakers. These recalcitrant individuals almost never comprise any of the professional criminal element. They most often are the youthful, swaggering braggart. They are also energetic, gregarious, volatile, petty gangsters, role players and "bluffsters." They are constantly and persistently involving themselves in rule infractions with little or no thought and regard to themselves, prison officials, and fellow inmates. They are prickly thorns in the side of custody and, although they're the lifeline of their cliques, they are scorned by the majority of inmates. They are the prison behavior and disciplinary court recidivists. These men almost seem to devote the serving of their time to causing trouble of one kind or another. They preach the 'rat concept' and a strong distrust and hatred of authority. These are the real problems within the prison cul-

ture. These are the weeds that bloom well in prison air. The prison gamblers, hustlers, narcotic users, and professional criminals are less frequent visitors to the hole. The "normal" prisoner never goes to solitary.

The question arises as to the effect and benefit solitary has on these refractory individuals who it is required to segregate repeatedly. Obviously in the non-treatment setting the personality of the inmate has little or no chance to progress. The troublesome inmate, unaffected by the possible consequences of his lack of good conduct and behavior control, finds himself undaunted at the prospects of being placed in solitary confinement with the loss of privileges to follow. To the embittered, prison inured individual, the "hole," like the prison itself represents not punishment but a temporary inconvenience and restriction upon his behavior. If the prison does not reform its recidivist, how can solitary as it now exists correct its recidivist?

The dilemmas of the wardens are manifold. He has come to grips with a monster. He did not create it, he inherited it. Without firm disciplinary measures he cannot control the prison. His place of business, with few exceptions, is outmoded. His operating budget is as restricted as the people he confines. The facilities are overcrowded and frequently understaffed. His first duty is to restrain, then to reform. The complexities of these problems are concisely outlined by James V. Bennett, Director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons, who has said, "Prisons are expected to punish, and also to reform; to provide rigorous discipline, yet teach self-reliance; to operate like vast impersonal machines, yet fit men to live normal community lives; to operate according to a fixed automatic routine, yet develop individual initiative; not to compete with outside free labor in productive work, yet make men industrious and teach good work habits."

The warden is attacked by reformers who accuse him of being too custody minded and by society who accuses him of coddling. Between these two extremes he must attempt to run a progressive prison. If it weren't for solitary confinement as a means of segregation of the worst offenders he would surely lose control of discipline. Upon this factor it must readily be agreed that soli-

tary confinement of some kind is not only a necessity, but a must. But what kind? It is here that the thesis for solitary confinement must be laid. Before can be given a single answer there must be raised several questions.

Solitary confinement as an infictive and punitive measure, as has been pointed out, is a combination of the original two prison systems. Mostly remnants from Auburn. These systems were taught to the world. Then they were abandoned by their originators as complete failures. Ironically, after the destruction of these two systems they became wedded, and reduced in their scope, and the vestiges of these systems remain in the form of solitary confinement as we now know it. Dr. Norman Fenton, of the California Department of Corrections, has said of treatment: "There is nothing that brutality can accomplish in the treatment of people with problems that kindness and understanding cannot do much better." Since violence is no longer the forearm of American prison systems one might inquire as to the meaning of brutality. True, physical brutality is almost nonexistent everywhere, but, says Justice Hugo Black of the U.S. Supreme Court, "There is torture of mind as well as body and we must not be ignorant as judges by what we know as men."

If a person is removed from free society to prison as punishment, then why not removal from "free" prison society to solitary confinement as punishment, instead of for punishment?

If a wholesome atmosphere prevails, are inmates less likely to expend their energies and thinking toward hatefulness and corruption? If a person is taught instead of told is he more likely to learn? If a person has not been taught improperly, but has not been taught at all, doesn't he stand to be corrected with understanding and knowledge? If a person acts incongruously as a result of poor behavior control and he is then handled punitively, isn't this a reaction? If the original act is negative, and the reaction is also negative, then isn't another set of reflexes in want? If the criminal act is not cured with punishment, by what reasoning is the lesser infraction cured by the same means, when the only reason it was not criminal was because of the particular en-

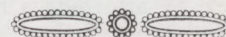
vironment offering very few criminal channels?

To these questions but a single answer appears: Solitary confinement is a need of custody as a form of segregation where treatment may be flexibly applied. It is only by eliminating the aspects of the "hole" that the real purpose behind solitary—which was reform—can effectively become a Treatment Center.

In the treatment setting it is at least possible that a change can occur. In many instances the personality of the sociopathic individual may not be radically altered for the good, but his aggressive behavior may become abated to the extent that he no longer presents the same troublesome threat to the prison officials and the environment in general. If such an abatement of aggressive behavior can be wrought through intensive therapy or treatment, even though a greater degree of success is not attained for the inmates adjustment towards a more socially acceptable way of life outside, he at least will no longer present a troublesome, unmanageable problem for the institution.

Individual treatment and therapy through a counselor on a daily basis should be more effective than any of the present programs. The conditions under which this therapy would have to thrive in order to prove fruitful would be an as nearly normal prison environment as the solitary unit could afford. The treatment for most persons would be short-term. For the more serious offenders the period would be indefinitely longer. Privileges would not be necessarily a part of the regulations. Since a lack of privileges does not constitute punishment. The grade of therapy would be on the same level as that exercised in the main part of the institution. In this manner an inmate is undergoing a constant, but more intense counseling.

The application of such a program would have to be constituted in accordance with the various existing prisons and systems. It is not supposed that this presentation in any way affords a cure, it merely allows for the possible entrance to a more socially acceptable and personal adjustment, which in itself is perhaps the most to be hoped for.



# A DEDICATION TO THE FUTURE

## COLORADO LEADS IN PENAL VOCATIONAL TRAINING

**BIG! BRIGHT! BUSY!** These are the first impressions received by the visitor after seeing and entering the Medium Security Prison Vocational Training School for the first time. It is the biggest step forward to be advanced by Colorado penologists in many years.

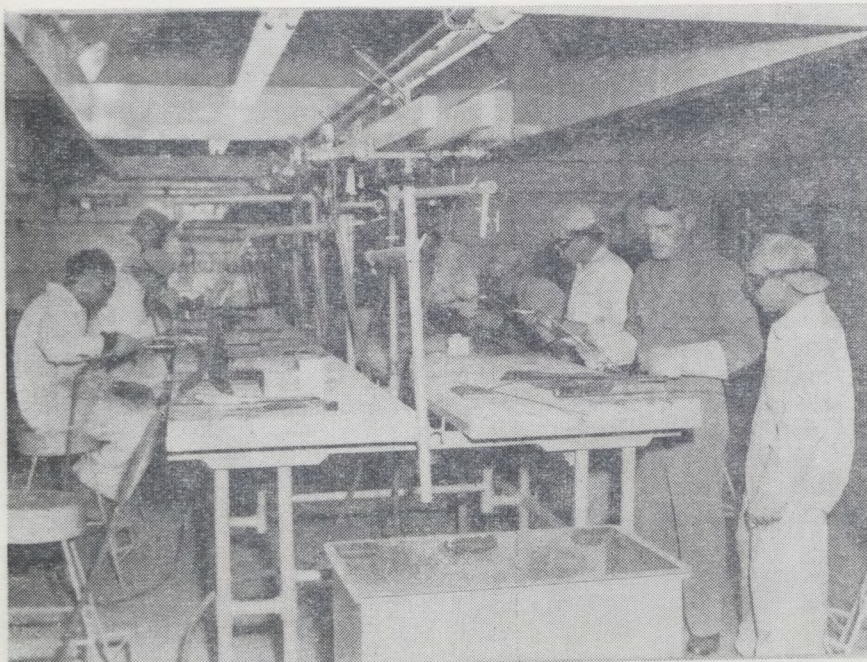
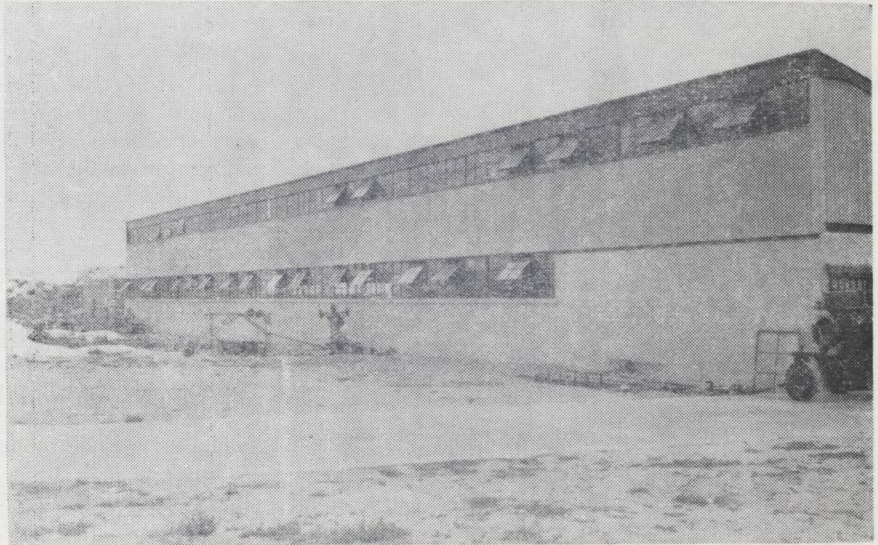
It is difficult for most persons, prison inmates in particular, to even vaguely visualize a penal institution

as being other than a symbol representing more than drab confinement. To people who have customized their habits and way of life to the monotonous, personality and character deterioration of prison routine such a

type of place is non-existent outside the talk of politicians and the dreams of prison officials. And, upon viewing such a reality for the first time after a prolonged incarceration in a maximum security prison it almost seems to be a dream.

At present there are four vocational training shops in the school. These are: Automotive Repair; Auto Body and Fender Repair; Welding and a Machine Shop. Each shop is supervised by an instructor who is qualified as an expert in his field. At the head of these men is Mr. William J. Preston, Supervisor of Vocational Education and one of the country's top experts in supervising, building, developing and directing vocational schools.

The first shop to open was the automotive body repair which is headed by Mr. Ernest Foraker. Mr. Foraker has been a tradesman and foreman in this field since 1944, of which time seven years was spent with the U. S. Government on military vehicles. Mr. Foraker now has his full class complement of fifteen men who have been in training since April 12th. In addition to the regu-





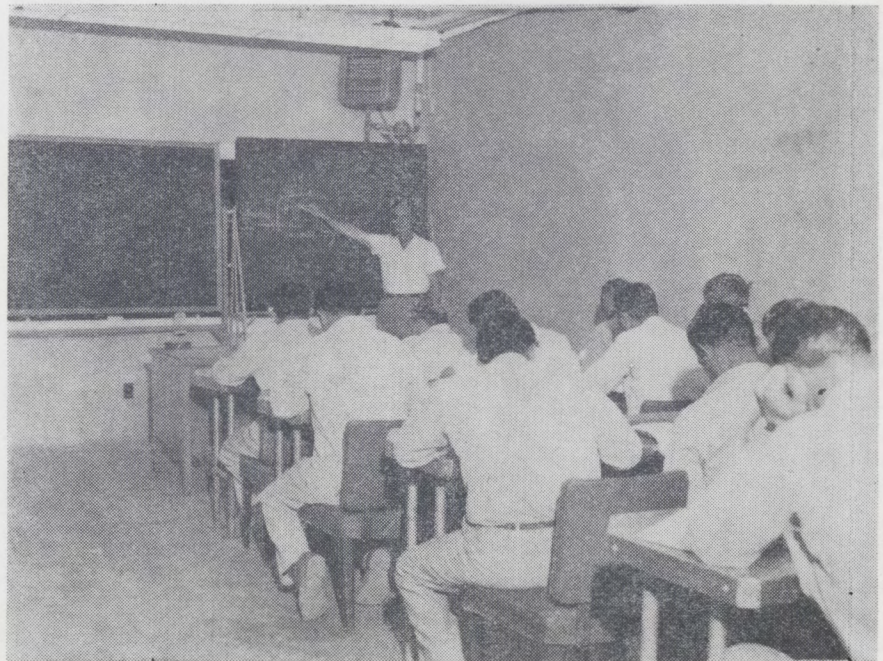
lar shop training frequent classroom teachings each week are also scheduled for text study and instruction. Every possible phase of body and fender repair and spray painting will be covered in the program which is supported only with the latest and best equipment to work with. "So far," Foraker said, "the men are showing a very keen interest in learning and the rate of development for the time they have been here has been very good. There are always openings for skilled men in this trade and I am confident that the program will help fill a definite need for these men, both while in here and when they eventually will be released."

Next to the above area is the Automotive Mechanics school where Mr. Maurice Giroux is the instructor. Previous to his becoming an instructor on July 1st, Mr. Giroux was an automotive mechanic expert for ten years, with his last year spent as a shop foreman. He is also a General Motors graduate as an Auto Mechanics Instructor. Every single tool and combination of tools, as well as every necessary piece of equipment, the latest and the best, is being made available to teach and train with. Any man who completes

this course will know how to use every tool in the trade with ease. Most of the cars and other vehicles will be state owned but this will not prevent the student from learning the over-all trade since all types of engines will be worked on. The exception will be foreign or special built cars. At the time Mr. Giroux' class has its full complement of fifteen students but the waiting list is not too long for those who are interested and have enough time left to serve.

About the only learning you can't obtain welding-wise, for obvious reasons, is underwater fusing and cutting. Mr. James Dunn is the instructor in the welding shop which began operations last May. He is a certified welder under all of the ASME welding codes and has been a welder in every phase of this trade for the past twenty years. He was also a welding foreman for three years at the Conso Tool Engineering Company in Dallas, Texas. There is no area of welding operations that he cannot train his new students in. Welding is an exacting trade to learn and requires much patience to develop proficiency. Both gas and electric welding are being taught and this training program has the ability to be the best in the State of Colorado and at least one of the best in the United States. Welding layout, fabrication and setup, blueprint study, and classroom study, are also elements which make a part of this course. In an interview with *RECOUNT*, Mr. Dunn remarked, "Interest and cooperation is very good at all levels in this class and I am well pleased with each man. Much effort and energy is being expended to learn the trade. With at least nine months training the men will be will qualified to go out and hold down a welding job. They will not be experts in this minimum amount of time, and they will have much more to learn, but they will be able to work at this trade. The men who have a year and a half to two years to put into the shop can become highly proficient."

Mr. Howard A. Lovell is an experienced machine shop instructor who has taught and trained both high school pupils and adults. Because of slow delivery problems very little of the machinery ordered was on hand. At the present time there are five students in Mr. Lovell's shop. In order to get into this shop an inmate must have at least eighteen months to serve at the time he enters it so that he will qualify as a job competent worker in this trade. All of the new machinery being purchased is of the latest design and will enable any man who completes the course to go to work in any shop





outside and operate their machinery.

Mr. William J. Preston, who is supervising the entire operations from building to expansion to completion, has had a remarkable career in setting up and developing trade schools and programs. He spent several years building schools and teaching trades in the Caribbean Islands at Trinidad, Grenada, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Dominica and Antigua. The largest one was at the U. S. Naval Base Chagramus in Trinidad. This was equipped to teach 1,000 students from the city of Port of Spain. This became a technical institution for persons over the age of sixteen and provided a means for trade training to upgrade the economy. He is a graduate of Colorado State University where he obtained his B. S. in Education and a Masters degree in Industrial Trades. For six years he was the Assistant Director of evening college at Pueblo College where he supervised vocational and technical programs. Previous to this he was a welding instructor for many years. All of Foster's schools taught the practical use of American vocational shop methods to the higher form of students during the day and adults in the evening. Mr. Foster is very well known to and respected by local union officials who have accustomed themselves to hiring applicants whom he has certified to be competent on the job.

"Will I be able to go to work once I have finished the course and

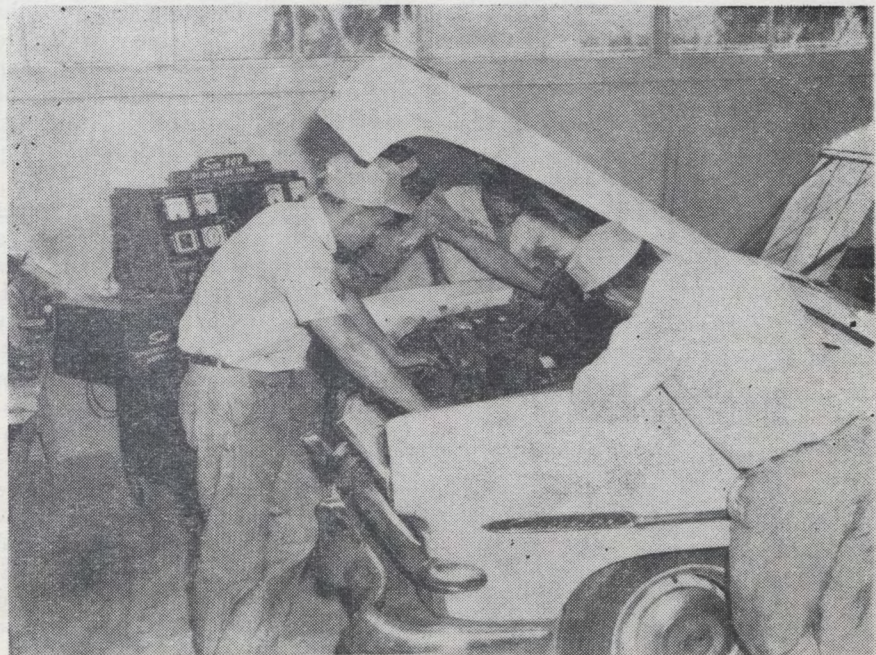
am paroled?" an inmate asks. Every man who finishes the program well will be certified by Mr. Foster for the respective union. The first graduates will be the ones who really sell the program on the outside with their work abilities and performances. Preston and other shop instructors do not have any adverse concern in this respect since the selection methods and the students themselves have proved good. Each shop will have no more than 15 students. In a seven hour work day this allows each instructor to give twenty-eight minutes of individual instruction. At least one and a half

hours a week will be spent in class study problems where audio-visual aids will also be used when needed. Besides trade training, the students will be taught efficiency, tool care and responsibility for the particular job. Detailed progress reports on each man are being made and these will go to the Warden, Classification Committee, Parole Department, and the inmates record. All of the instructors are certified by Civil Service, the State Board for Vocational Education and the State Board of Education.

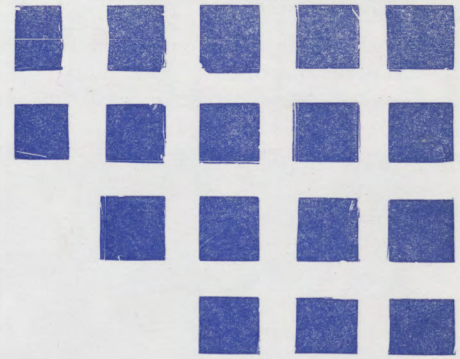
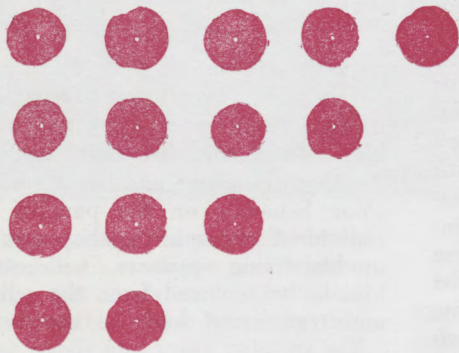
For the next year a study is being made to determine what new shops should be added. These plans are long range and include every vocational unit which will qualify a need to and within the state. Some of these are carpentry and cabinet making, electronics, barbering, printing and pressing and cleaning.

Some of the physical factors which will prevent your attending these courses are epilepsy, eye trouble, asthma and bronchial trouble. Accident proneness and hypertension. Poor behavior on the part of an individual, either in the shop area or at his living quarters, will cause him to be removed from the school and transferred back to the walls.

The new vocational center at the Medium Security prison represents a monument to the unfortunate with a need for training. Certainly it is dedicated to it.



# SELECTION METHODS FOR VOCATIONAL TRAINING



George Levy  
Senior Psychologist

Numerous studies have shown that there is a direct relation between a lack of trade skills and presence in prison. Significantly more people come in here who list their trade as "laborer" than those who can put down "auto mechanic," "welder," "carpenter," or "electrician." In the long run, these trades pay better than writing ten dollar bum checks or pulling fifty dollar heists.

All of us are good for something. In fact, many of us should be kicked for wasting valuable talents which, with some training and stick-to-it-ness could not only yield us a good and honest living but supply us with inner satisfactions we look for in cheap kicks and capers.

This is basically what the recently started vocational training program is set up for. To qualify for this program, an inmate has to meet certain arbitrary yet understandable requirements. For one thing, he has

to have enough time left to serve so as to be able to finish the program. Next, he has to be a good security risk. The instructors at the school will be too busy trying to teach him trade skills rather than take time to chase him. Finally, he has to show that he is trainable. This is where the Psychology Department comes in.

A candidate for the program comes through the office and is given a special battery of vocational tests which explore his interests and aptitudes. The results of this battery determine his fitness for training.

This method of selection is not unique to CSP alone. It is an established practice of large corporations in industry to select employees on this basis. Because this procedure is so widespread, the what, how and why of these tests has excited considerable public interest and numerous articles on them have appeared in various periodicals. Some of these

you may have read. For those of you who have not, and are interested, the following very much abbreviated explanation might be of some help.

In selecting people for particular jobs, certain procedures are invariably followed.

1. **JOB DESCRIPTION.** A job is analyzed to see how it is performed. To perform it, the necessary physical strength, agility, special sense perceptions required such as vision, hearing, taste, smell and touch, which may be involved are explored. Special ability such as special education in language, mathematics, the performance of certain movements for example in operating a lathe are listed.

2. **NORM ESTABLISHMENT AND ITEM ANALYSIS.** Suppose it is planned to find out what it takes to be trained as a toolmaker. On going to a machine shop, one can find master toolmakers who are

recognized as experts at their trade. In the same shop there invariably will be found toolmakers who are competent but not rated as masters. Again there will be found toolmakers who are just able to get by. Then again there will be other men who call themselves toolmakers, but, in practice, are better toolbreakers. Psychologists have long been able to measure such things as general learning ability, verbal and numerical skill, ability to visualize in three dimension—such as to be able to translate a blueprint into a machine, eye-hand co-ordination, finger dexterity and the like. A test constructor would make up a list of items that would test these abilities. He would then administer this list to the masters, the run-of-the-mill, the fringe performers, and the bluffers. He would then compare the results. What he would find is that the masters were quite high compared to the other groups in certain characteristics, and possibly quite low in others. He might find that all groups got the same high or low scores on certain test items. This would indicate to him that these items failed to show anything and so would be discarded. After compiling a list of items which were passed by good performers on the job and failed by poor performers he could take, say, 100 toolmakers and line up their scores by rank whereby the best performer got rank number 100, the next best 99, the next 98, until he came to the lousiest performer in the group of 100 whose rank number would be 1. If a man ranked 46, this would mean that 54 people in the group did better than he did on that particular job test, but 45 did worse than he did. If a man ranked 30, sixty-nine people did better than he, but 29 fared worse. Based on a hundred, where a man stands would be his **PERCENTILE**.

Let us take a group of applicants for training as apprentice toolmakers. One of the applicants used to be a draftsman, another was a card sharp, another used to be a bookkeeper. It was found that the draftsman did better than the master toolmaker on spatial relationships; that the card sharp beat the master on finger dexterity, and the bookkeeper was superior on clerical speed. What would this prove? Not much. The question is not what is the highest possible score that could be obtained

on a test item but how much would practical experience indicate would be required by a successful performer on the job. Therefore a standard called a **NORM** is used. To establish the requirements for toolmaker training, a group of toolmakers were tested. Once the good, passable, mediocre, and poor performers were identified in this group, and what made a good toolmaker, and what was lacking in a poor one, candidates from any background could be examined and their performance compared with the standard of the established norm. Depending on what scores the candidate made, he could be placed on a rank equivalent to that made by one with the same score in the norm.

In considering a candidate for vocational training, tests are used to measure in the following areas: achievement, aptitude, interest, and intelligence.

**INTELLIGENCE** is generally symbolized by IQ or intelligence quotient whereby if a person's mental age is divided by his chronological age and the result multiplied by 100, the resulting quotient would indicate that a person's mental efficiency was equal to, above or below, a person of the same age who took the same test.

**ACHIEVEMENT** is a measure of how much a person learned of a subject or a group of subjects and how much he retained of what he learned. An example of this used here is the California Achievement Test which yields a measure of how much of school learning a subject can reproduce. This is usually expressed as a grade placement. For example, if a person's grade placement is 8.5, this means he performs as well as a person who has had five months in the 8th grade. If the grade placement is 9.4, this person performs like one who has put four months into the 9th grade. Very often a person will claim to have graduated from the 12th grade of high school and have a diploma to prove it yet he might test out 7.8 on an achievement test.

**APTITUDE** is a measure of the capacity to acquire proficiency with a given amount of training or, in other words, it is an index of trainability. The Department of Employment uses the General Abilities Test Battery. The psychology department uses this and a number of other

aptitude tests.

The scores on these tests are usually expressed in percentiles. For example, if a man scores Mechanical 60 percentile and 65 percentile on Natural, this is interpreted to mean that on one hand his highest aptitudes are above the midpoint of 50, which suggests that they are fairly well developed. To show another example, on the Aptitude Test for Occupations, of the 6 areas covered, he may get 20 percentile for Personal Social, 30 percentile for Natural, 40 percentile for mechanical, 10 percentile for business, and 5 percentile for art. This would tell us that he has very little artistic ability, a poor knack for business, he is clumsy dealing with people but he is highest in mechanical and natural. He may be high in comparison with his other aptitudes in these areas but he would still be a poor bet for training as a skilled diesel mechanic.

**INTERESTS**. Since we operate in what we consider is a free society, men have preferences for certain types of work whether they have aptitudes for those types or not. It has been discovered that people who are rated successful in certain jobs have a cluster of interests and a degree of intensity in those interests as compared with people who are not as successful in the same lines of work. It should be obvious that a man who is disinterested in reading would probably make a lousy librarian while a man who is very fond of drawing and painting might not do too as an auto mechanic. Since it has been noted that people tend to do better the things they like to do, interests very often are similar to aptitudes—but not always. It is very possible to have a mechanical interest on the 99th percentile but an aptitude that falls on the fifth. A possible explanation is that a conniver heard that auto-mechanics is a good go and offers good pay and so he wants in although aptitude-wise he has four thumbs on each hand and the fifth finger gets tangled in his nose.

At the same time, it is very possible for a person to have a mechanical aptitude that falls on the 90th percentile but an interest that falls on the 10th. Despite the inherent potential for training of such a person, training would be wasted on him.





# THE GREEN GODDESS

by Charles Sutton

I glanced at my watch—it was almost time for Barney's call. I could see the huge building which sat at an angle across the street. It was one of the largest cash discount stores on the west coast. I turned my attention back to the phone and glared at it as if trying to force it to ring. My insides were knotted with anxiety and my nerves were as tight as fiddle strings in anticipation of what was about to happen. And no wonder. How else can you feel when you're about to pull a hundred thousand dollar score.

The sudden ringing of the phone gave me a start and I picked up the receiver quickly and closed the booth door.

"Internal Revenue Service," I said.

"Is that you, chief?" Barney asked crisply.

"Yes it is," I replied, "How's the case coming?"

"I'm interviewing Mrs. Rosenbloom at her home now. Mr. Rosenbloom is at the store."

"O.K. Finish up there as soon as you can. I'll contact you from the store." I hung up the receiver and stepped out of the phone booth grinning. The tension was gone now and I felt relaxed. The plan was working. I could just see Barney Owens in the Rosenbloom home with his brief case after flashing his phony internal revenue credentials. We had rehearsed the act so much that he probably feels like an IRS agent now. I lighted another cigarette and checked my watch again. It was time for the second call. The phone rang as I took a long drag from the cigarette and I stepped back into the booth to answer it.

"Internal Revenue Service," I said again, "Chief Carter."

"Agent Martin here," the voice on the other end said, "I'm at the Wolf residence. Mr. Wolf will be at the store until closing time, but I'll continue to interview Mrs. Wolf."

"O.K., Martin. I'll contact you later." I hung up and then left to carry out my end of the scheme. I made my way to the car parked on the discount store's parking lot and retrieved a large brief case that was similar to those carried by the local IRS agents.

As I entered the store I paused momentarily at a mirrored column. It reflected a tall, dark complexioned man with a full head of greying black hair and eyebrows set above steel grey eyes encased behind rimless glasses. I knew I looked the part for Danny Carver was one of

the best make-up men in the business.

I had cased the store so many times that its hugeness was almost unnoticeable to me as I made my way to the escalator which would take me to the second floor where the business offices were located. There were more than seventy cash registers on the main floor and nearly that many more upstairs. The store used the pneumatic tube system for handling all bill denominations of twenty dollars and up. Most purchases were made with the larger bills since most of the buyers were once-a-week shoppers. From the variety of stock visible it looked like the Macy's of the west coast. I stepped off the escalator and headed straight for the executive offices. As I pushed the door open I could feel the butterflies acting up again. I made my way to the receptionist's desk and asked for Max Rosenbloom. The girl smiled and asked if I had an appointment. I showed her my credentials and informed her that this was an official call. She took the card I also offered and went into Rosenbloom's office.

In less than a minute I was standing across from Rosenbloom who was standing behind his desk. Even though I had cased him well I sized him up again as he stood there with his hand extended. He was a large man, maybe even a huge one. He had large eyes in a round face set on broad, thickset shoulders. His brown hair was beginning to recede but it had not yet begun to turn grey. He looked considerably less than his fifty plus years and his broad smile belied any business worries he might have had. I accepted the proffered hand and at the same time introduced myself. Once seated I went into my act.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Rosenbloom," I exclaimed, "That I have come so late in the day. I realize that it is almost closing time and that you and Mr. Wolf are probably very busy at this time. In checking over your company's past statements we have found several discrepancies which will require your's and Mr. Wolf's assistance in clearing up."

A look of puzzlement came across his face and I got the impression that I was hitting in an area where the Internal Revenue Service should already have probed. He expressed a willingness to be of any help that he could. He pressed a button on the office intercom and asked the receptionist to have Abe Wolf and the chief accountant come into his office.

The door opened and a young woman of about thirty preceded Wolf into the office. She was a tall woman, over six feet in her high heels. Her hair was long and flowing

and looked as though it were naturally blond. Her eyes were light blue and the rest of her face was accentuated with large sensuous lips behind which were perfectly set, gleaming white teeth. I watched her closely as her statuesque form moved gracefully across the office. I stood up as Rosenbloom introduced me to his partner Abe Wolf and Miss Diana Miller. She smiled graciously at me and Wolf looked a little tired as we shook hands. While he hardly looked the part, Abe Wolf was the driving force behind this vast organization. He was a frail, bespectacled man who hardly exceeded five feet. Behind his round, horn-rimmed glasses lurked penetrating eyes. His nose and chin were narrow and pointed. His age showed strongly in his wrinkled face and his all-silver hair. He wasn't wearing a coat and the rubbers around his sleeves on his upper arms showed how spindly he really was. Rosenbloom was the first to speak.

"Mr. Carter here has informed me that the Internal Revenue Service has found errors in the tax statements of the business."

As he said this I removed some official looking papers from the brief case. They were old tax forms which I held in such a manner so as to prevent their detecting them as phonies. I started with Rosenbloom first.

"Your wife's name is Doris, isn't it?" I said.

"Yes," he said, licking his lips.

"And your son is twelve years old and his name is Adolph?"

He nodded again and I pretended to study the forms I held before me. I looked at my watch again and noticed that it would be just a few minutes before all of the money would be in the finance offices. I looked up at Rosenbloom again and said, "Your phone number is LOrain 5-2735?"

He nodded again, I shuffled the papers around again in my hand as if looking for something particular. I turned to Wolf whose hands were clasped in front of him.

"Your mother's name is Marta Wolf. Isn't that correct?"

He nodded in agreement.

"She's been drawing a salary of forty thousand dollars a year as a silent business partner in the R and W Mercantile but yet she does

not contribute to the business in anyway as a partner."

He nodded again and began to show uneasiness. I turned again to Rosenbloom.

"Your son, Adolph, is also drawing a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars a year as a silent business partner?" I looked at Rosenbloom hard as I said this and he fidgeted in his seat before answering in the affirmative. Before I could speak again the receptionist's voice came over the office intercom advising Rosenbloom that all of the money had been brought to the office and that the store security guards were down stairs checking the various departments to make sure that all customers had cleared the store. Rosenbloom cleared his throat and said, "All right, Helen. Tell Paul to lock up as usual. You might as well go home now also since Mr. Wolf and I will be in conference here for a while yet. We'll take care of anything that might come up."

Rosenbloom closed the switch on the speaker and looked back towards me. "How much longer will we be?" he asked.

"It shouldn't take much more than an hour." I said, shuffling the tax forms again. I continued asking Rosenbloom and Wolf several more official type questions and then looked at my watch again. It was time for the payoff.

"I want the three of you to listen very carefully to what I'm about to say. It's going to be the most important conversation of your lives. In fact, your lives and the lives of your family are in the balance. At this very moment," I said, looking at Rosenbloom, "There is a man at your house with your wife and your son. He is there under the pretense of being an agent of the Internal Revenue Service. He is well armed and just as well intentioned in this scheme."

Rosenbloom leaned forward in his seat and a startled look came across his face. I turned to Wolf.

"There's also a man at your house under the same type of disguise for the same purpose."

He looked at me angrily and demanded the meaning of this. The girl was very wide-eyed and her mouth fell open with shocked expression.

"First," I said to Rosenbloom,

"I want you to pick up the telephone and call your home and ask your wife if there is a man from the Internal Revenue Service talking to her. When she tells you yes, you are to say O. K. I'll be home within an hour if he wants to talk to me. If she wants to engage in conversation, cut her short quickly. If you try saying anything that is out of line with what I have told you my partner will use his gun."

It was almost a full minute before Rosenbloom was relieved of the shock and able to pick up the phone. When he finished the call he was trembling very badly. I then had Wolf go through the same procedure. When this was done I looked at the Miller girl very coldly. She was more composed than either of the men. She wanted to know if I was going to have her make a phone call and I told her no, but that she was added insurance against these two trying anything.

"We're going to the finance office and open the safe. The three of you will remove all of the paper money and put it in this brief case. I want you to remember that your families are being held hostage. You are to work as swiftly as you can for if I am not out of here and at a certain check point by 6:30 they will be killed. You have exactly thirteen minutes left. Let's go."

Rosenbloom and Wolf sat stunned and I had to demand them to get moving before they got up. I walked over to the door leading from Rosenbloom's office to the finance department and opened it. Wolf led the way with the woman between the two men. All three of them knew the combination to the vault and I had Miss Miller work the combination since she was calmer than the two men. Once opened, I put Wolf and Rosenbloom to work removing the bills. I opened the brief case and gave it to Miss Miller to fill. As she filled the brief case I noticed a slight smile come over her face as if it were amusing to have this part in the robbery. Several times she looked up at me and smiled as if she were enjoying what was happening to Rosenbloom and Wolf. When the brief case was filled I ordered Wolf to go back to the other office and get Rosenbloom's brief case which was lying on the desk. When he returned with it I ordered the woman to fill it also. When this was packed there were

still several bills left on the table. I put these in a sack.

"All right," I said, "The three of you lie on the floor on your stomachs."

At first Rosenbloom protested and I reminded him that I had only six minutes left to get away. The three quickly lay down and I bound their hands and feet behind them with several windings of Scotch tape.

I picked up the bags and walked down the escalator and made my way to the basement stock room. I went out a service door by pushing the bar lever. When I closed the door it was locked again. Hurriedly I made my way to the car and set the bags down. I removed the kid gloves from inside my jacket and picked up the bags and got into the car. As I drove away a thousand thoughts raced through my mind. I knew Owens and Martin would be waiting on me since they had left the homes eight minutes after the phone calls had been made by Wolf and Rosenbloom. I pictured them squirming to get free from the tape that held them and I couldn't help but think about the look on the broad's face as she was filling the bags. I got the impression that she enjoyed seeing those two being robbed. I looked at the bags on the seat alongside me and wondered how many scores had been pulled like this without a gun. Several blocks away I drove through the parking lot of a busy Safeway store. I got out of the car and taking the brief cases I walked alongside of the store towards the front and down the street to a toll parking lot and got into my own car. The sky above me was darkening at a fast pace and night was not very far off. In a few minutes I was on the Santa Monica freeway headed for the isolated beach house where Danny and Barney were waiting for me.

I used the key to go in the back door of the cottage. Danny and Barney were in the kitchen removing their make-up and I set the bags on the kitchen table. Both men looked at me eagerly and then at the brief cases.

"Any trouble?" Barney asked.

"Smooth as silk," I smiled.

"Hurry up and get cleaned up," Danny said, "We've got a big job ahead of us counting the loot."

I began removing the make-up as

quick as I could. While I was doing this Barney opened the bags and whistled long and low. I straightened up from the sink and dried myself with a towel and looked at the two men. Barney Owens who was a moment before a dapper black-headed man with deep black eyes and a trim black mustache became a crew-cut redhead with blue eyes and homely freckles and no mustache. The hair pieces and the contact lenses made all the difference in the world. Danny was changed from a tow-head with grey eyes to a suave and cool looking black haired man whose dark slender looks almost seemed feminine. I checked myself in the mirror to see if I had removed all traces of the make-up. The crew-cut blond hair, brown eyes and deep tan told me that I was clean. Together the three of us cleaned up the area for any traces of the make-up that might have become splashed during the washing. Barney got some sandwiches and beer from the icebox and we sat down to split the loot. Several hours later, we each had thirty-five thousand dollars very neatly piled in front of us.

Danny and Barney turned off at various points on the freeway and I continued north to Beverly Hills.

The next evening I was sitting in the Rose Room of the Beverly Hills hotel nursing a martini. On one edge of the postage stamp size dance floor was a combo playing softly. I nearly upset my drink when I looked up and saw Diana Miller coming towards me. Then I realized that I did not look the same as when she had seen me and that she could not possibly recognize me now. She gave me a bold appraisal as she passed the table and I smiled in return. She was dressed in an expensive white silk and gold lame sheath dress which did much for her voluptuous body. The waiter seated her two tables away from me. We exchanged looks and smiled again and a tall distinguished man of about thirty-five approached her table and coaxed her to the dance floor. I watched the fluid movement of her sinuous figure and wondered how far I could go. The two of them returned to her table and seated themselves and he appeared to have her all sewed up for the evening. I finished my drink and left the Rose Room to make the rounds of Hollywood's bars and clubs. Before the evening was over I and a dreamy-eyed red-

head wound up at a private party in Laurel Canyon. And before morning came we wound up at her apartment. She was quite a playmate and I thought I had forgotten the luscious Miss Miller until the redhead asked me where I got off calling her Diana when I knew good and well that her name was Terri. And who in the hell was this Diana anyhow?

During the ensuing week the redhead and I hit all of the known nightspots and a few of the unknown. Terri seemed to know all of the people worth knowing if you're out for a good time—and we were. However she was mixing business with pleasure. She was trying to break into the movies and consequently we made the sets where the movie crowd were likely to show up. At one such party given in a home that looked like its owner had a big piece of Fort Knox, we were lolling around the Lake Michigan-size swimming pool in the midst of a gang who had nearly as much liquid inside of them as was in the pool. Everybody was in some manner of undress. From nothing at all to, well, not very much. Terri had on a flesh-colored bikini, or at least I think she did, and was gaily pushing some guy who had just joined the festivities and was fully dressed into the pool. He almost landed on a girl who was climbing out of the pool. The girl was a beautiful package if I ever saw one. When my gaze finally got to her face I dropped the drink I was holding for I recognized that this lovely water nymph was Diana Miller. Good God, I thought, this dame is haunting me! She had spotted me and as she continued her ascent from the pool she kept those sultry blue eyes of hers fixed on my face. I must have been standing there with my mouth hanging open for she walked over to me with a smile on her face and said, "You dropped your drink and look as if you've seen a ghost."

"You startled me." I said foolishly.

"That's the second time that I've done that apparently. I remember seeing you in the Rose Room not long ago and you were startled then. Do I look that bad?"

I tried to gather my composure and replied in a voice that I still was not sure of. "Believe me, anyone who would describe you as 'looking bad' would either have to

be blind or crazy—or both. Can I get you a **drink?**”

“Um-m, I’d like that, Mister—er”

“Marlin,” I replied, “Greg Marlin. And you?”

“Diana Miller. What do you do Creg Marlin—besides dropping drinks?”

“I’m what you’d call a promoter.”

“Oh, are you promoting anything here?” she asked with a hint of laughter in her voice.

“Only drinks.” I grinned, “And maybe I’d better promote us a couple before they run out.”

“I’ll go with you to keep you from getting lost.” she said, hooking her arm into mine.

“I’d find my way back to you through the densest brush of darkest Africa.”

We strolled toward the patio bar and I felt my blood slowly catching fire as this sensuous creature glided along beside me and the warmth of her soft body transmitted itself to me.

“And I suppose you’re an actress.” I said hoping that my voice didn’t betray the chaotic condition of my nervous system.

“No—just a moocher,” she laughed, “Actually I’m a book-keeper in a big cash discount store.”

“Cash, what?” I asked trying to appear puzzled.

“Oh you know, A big store that sells all the name brand products at a big discount for cash.”

“I’ve seen ‘em. Only I can’t picture you in such a drab job as that.”

We stopped at the bar and found fresh martinis. Diana turned to me and said languorously, “Just what is it that you promote, Greg?”

“Any and everything. But mostly people.”

“Are you promoting me?” she asked coyly.

“I’d like to.” I said with more seriousness than I meant to convey. She sensed the change in my mood and stared at me for a moment. Her eyes became veiled and she said in a breathless voice, “Well, this is no place to promote. Let’s go to my place.”

She didn’t have to repeat the suggestion.

After changing we went out to my car and before starting the motor I pulled the lovely amazon to me

and tasted those lush lips that had been tantalizing me for so long. With trembling hands I searched her generous curves. She pushed me away, whispering huskily, “Greg—my place! Let’s hurry!”

She didn’t have to repeat that suggestion either.

In Diana’s apartment I mixed a shaker of martinis while she changed into something more comfortable. What she changed into may have been more comfortable for her but it certainly discomfited me. It was black, lacy and very brief. It had been designed to bring out things a woman had even if she didn’t have them. And Diana had them in abundance. She stopped in the doorway of her bedroom and the light silhouetted her body provocatively. I forgot the martinis and was up off the couch with a bound. I received her into my arms and stifled her low moan with my lips. What followed constituted the most ecstatic night I can remember. I’ve known many women but Diana shaded them all into vague disappointments. She was completely abandoned. Nothing, I thought during those moments of delectable transport, could replace this lovely, satisfying woman. Not even “Miss Money”—the Green Goddess—whom I had worshipped so long. I was hooked.

I felt the heavy curtain of sleep slip from me and I struggled to the surface of wakefulness. My mind, even though drugged with the vestiges of sleep, half remembered Diana and I reached out for her. I felt the empty place beside me in the bed and came fully awake. I sat up and called for her, “Diana, Diana!” Then the sounds from the bathroom broke in upon my consciousness. I could hear the spray of the running shower and above it, Diana’s voice engaged in song. I felt better. I stretched back and lighted a cigarette and presently Diana came into the room wearing a pair of bath slippers. She leaned across me to take the cigarette out of my hand and I pulled her down to me and kissed her.

“None of that, darling,” she said, tracing her fingers through my hair, “I’ve just taken a bath. You wouldn’t want me to have to take one all over again, would you?”

“Hell, I’ll personally administer the next one, baby.” I rejoined,

“Don’t leave me like that again. I woke up and found you missing and started to tear this joint apart.”

“Did you think I’d left you, honey? You won’t be able to get rid of me that easy, you know. Not now, anyway.”

There was a curious note in her voice and she looked at me with mischievous eyes.

“You are quite a man, Greg,” she continued, “Quite a man. Who would have dreamed it was you.”

“Whoa, back up there. You’re losing me now. I was flattering myself into thinking that you were talking about my prowess as a lover at first, but apparently you mean something else.”

“Oh that too,” she mused, “Very much that—your love-making talents, I mean. But more—honey, did you know that you talk in your sleep?”

The question was an atomic blast of considerable megatonnage and if she meant it to have an effect on me, she was dead right.

“What do you mean?” I said in slightly ominous tones.

“Oh, Greg darling,” she said wrapping her arms around me, “Don’t be so alarmed. Don’t you know that it doesn’t make the slightest bit of difference to me? In fact, I admire you even more now that I know.”

“Know what?” I said, irritably pushing her away, “Just what in the hell are you talking about?”

“Why the robbery, darling. I must say that you are a very talkative sleeper. You, Barney and Danny. One hundred and ten thousand dollars!”

She bounced up from the bed just as if we had been talking about some casual domestic affair, and walked over to her dressing table.

“Really Greg, you shouldn’t have given them such a big share of it though. You did all the planning. Your’s was the most dangerous part. I couldn’t have enjoyed it more seeing those two misers robbed. But to find out that it was you who did it is just perfect!”

I lay silently on the bed as she rattled on about her discovery. I was plagued both with remorse for my involuntary disclosure and with a feeling of apprehension for her having found it out. Could I trust her? She seemed genuinely unconcerned about the fact of the crime

and actually happy that it had been done. What was her angle? Did she really go for me enough so that it didn't matter? What a spot! Her angle soon became apparent for with her next breath she turned to me and said, "Of course honey, we'll just have to make out with what you've got left. After all, even seventeen thousand apiece is still a lot of money."

"Apiece?" I asked as it dawned on me that she had just cut herself in on half of my share. The tone of my question brought her up short.

"Why yes, darling. You're going to share with little Diana, aren't you? Oh come off it, Greg," she said coming back to me, "What better way can you insure that I won't—what's the phrase? snitch?—than by cutting me in on the money?"

Though she was speaking in rather light tones I could see that this babe wasn't kidding at all. I've always admired a smart woman and fifteen minutes before I was sure that I was pretty well gone on this one. But the way she had just suddenly and confidently commandeered a stake in my bankroll caused me to have second thoughts about Diana. After all, a dame was one thing but dough—especially dough that had caused as much scheming and danger as this—was something else.

"It appears, baby, that you've got everything all figured out. In the first place I haven't said that I actually committed any robbery. And in the second place if I had, what makes you think that I'd be willing to give up any part of any money I might have?"

"Now wait a minute, Greg. I told you that it makes no difference to me about the robbery and that I go for you all the way. So what is this innocent bit? I watched you pretty closely during the time that the robbery was going on and while I didn't recognize your face, your voice and mannerisms are unmistakable. When I first met you I thought that there was something very familiar about you and with what happened last night I know why I thought it. You're smart enough to know that everybody's got to look out for himself. So what better way can you protect yourself than by implicating me in the scheme by giving me some of the money. I'd have robbed them myself if I'd

known how to do it. So come off this act, honey!"

The last statement was made with quite a bit of sarcasm and suddenly I realized that I didn't like Miss Miller at all. This was as close to a shakedown as you can come and I never did like to be put at the tender mercies of the shakedown artist. All she would have to do would be to get angry at me sometime in the future and she could twine me around her pretty little fingers like a piece of string. I wasn't about to go for a harness like that. My mind raced over the course I would have to take to disentangle myself from this prospect. I knew that whatever I did I would have to work fast. Nobody had seen us slip away from the party last night. Everybody was too busy with their load of liquor. Nor had anyone to my knowledge seen us enter her apartment. What the hell am I thinking like this for, I thought? But I knew there had been only one course of action I had seriously considered from the very first. This was a matter of survival. My hands were moist with perspiration and I could feel little droplets of it coming down my back. If I did what I was thinking of, how would I get away? My car was parked in front of the building and someone might have noticed it. Well, I could get rid of it. But after all, who would notice a car parked on the street. They are there all the time. Besides I'll put some distance between me and here. I've been wanting to see the east coast anyhow.

Diana was sitting on the edge of the bed and caressing my bare chest. "Well say something, Greg. Have I startled you again?"

"Diana, when I was telling Rosenbloom and Wolf that their families were in danger of being killed if they didn't fork over that dough, did you think I meant it?" I asked quietly.

The first glimmers of recognition played on her face and she answered haltingly, "Why, what do you mean by that, darling?"

"Do you think that I was going to let anything get in the way of my getting that money? And now that I've got it, do you think that I'm going to let some two-bit, dumb broad work me out of it? You've underestimated me and overestimated

yourself, baby. And that's a shame because I thought you were smarter than that." She eased off the side of the bed with a look of growing panic in her eyes and I got up also. She backed toward her dressing table.

"What are you going to do, Greg? Wait—Wait. Greg, darling. What are you going to do?" She started to head toward the door and I caught her around the waist and flung her to the bed. I leaped on her and she began to fight like a wildcat. I wrestled to get my hands on her throat and all the while she clawed wildly at my face and arms. As my tightening grip brought home to her the eminent result of their force, she writhed violently and dug her nails deep into my arms. Soon, however, her flailing body relaxed and her face took on a tortured contortion as the life slipped from her. It was all over. I eased my hands from her throat and realized that I was panting hoarsely and bathed in perspiration. I was dizzy and my chest was heaving. I staggered back from the bed and started to turn toward the open door. As I wheeled I saw in the other room the figure of a man who had just entered the apartment. I let out a choked cry and nearly collapsed. It was a policeman. He saw me and said in a raised and somewhat embarrassed voice, "I'm—er—sorry, sir, but I knocked at the door and it came open. I—"

The realization that I was in some kind of trouble stopped him, for by now he had seen the scratches and blood streaming down my face and arms. He started toward the room.

"What's the trouble, here? What's going on?"

I quickly slammed the door to the room and weakly leaning with my back against it I called in a stricken voice, "Don't come in! Don't come in! My wife has no clothes on!"

As he burst in the room I was flung stumbling to the floor in a heap. The policeman took one amazed look at the bed and its contents and quickly drew his gun.

I later learned that the policeman had come to the apartment inquiring for the owner of a car that was blocking the apartment house driveway. But none of this concerned me; not even the fact that the car was mine. For during those next few hazy days I was babbling incoherently about the "Green Goddess."

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