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CREDITS: Picture plates on pages 7, 10, and 12 courtesy of THE RECORD and SUN, Canon City, Colorado. Cover and linoleum cuts by Ken Simmons.

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A Christmas Message

from Warden Harry C. Tinsley

The Christmas season is a time for serious reflection on our basic beliefs in Religion, because without a basic belief in Religion there is little justification for Christmas. We can so easily forget the true meaning of Christmas in our modern world of today with the emphasis placed on commercializing Christmas. However, the true Christmas spirit can be present in people's hearts even though they have little to give of a material nature.

Everyone, regardless of his status in life, can give Good Will to his fellow man. Everyone can endeavor to eliminate the Hates and Prejudices that so often affect the lives of individuals. Everyone can give serious reflections as to his true feelings toward all mankind and can endeavor to generate thoughts of Good Will toward his fellow man. These require nothing material and, if the thoughts are sincere, much more and lasting good will come from them, if allowed to be translated into daily acts, than any material gift regardless of its monetary value.



Many people in institutions make real efforts to give something of material value to their relatives and friends at Christmas time. Many cannot do this and are depressed because of it. Those that cannot give material things should take some satisfaction in the fact that it costs very little to say or write Merry Christmas to your friends and relatives. It costs very little to say, write, or even just think "Best Wishes" to those who mean something to you. Good Will toward all mankind is an inexpensive item and is worth a great deal.



So, with sincerity, I would like to say Best Wishes with Good Will and a special Merry Christmas to all the inmates and employees of this institution.





The Virtue of Obedience

Rev. Justin McKernan, O.S.B.

How would you like to own an automobile that would run like a top one day and merely cough and sputter along at ten miles an hour the next? And what would you think if you had to order your child repeatedly to do something before he got the task done, or sometimes ignore you completely and do nothing? On the other hand, if you are the child, what would you think if your mother gave you breakfast at 8 o'clock this morning, then let you wait till 10 tomorrow, and completely forgot about breakfast the next day? That wouldn't be so good, would it?

No, we like to be able to COUNT on things—to DEPEND on them. And we like to depend on persons just as much. We should be consistent about things we do, so that others can count on us, and, just as important, so that we can count on ourselves.

Parents depend on their children to obey them, but they ignore the fact that God is depending on adults to obey Him. He is depending on our obedience!

In the backs of our minds, many of us—I suspect—think of virtue of obedience as a “children’s virtue,” a virtue that must be put to more or less diligent use until a person reaches the age of twenty-one when he enters the adult world. And here obedience is no longer a sign of good character, but a symbol of weakness. No “adult” feels he should be told what to do: encou-

raged, advised, requested, yes—but not told! As a youngster puts it: “Grown-ups can do whatever they want!”

Though the child doesn’t know it, grown-ups usually say the same thing about children: they can do anything they want. The fact is that we are all—young and old—obliged to the virtue of obedience. We are free, but we are subject to forces that compromise and limit our freedom. Some of these forces are physical, like a spring flood or a father’s strap. And, to some children, obedience is just another word for physical force. When they reach twenty-one, they are free of the strap, free of physical force, free of obedience.

Other forces are moral, like persuasion or encouragement—and like obedience. The genuine virtue of obedience is not a physical force but a moral force. It’s a force that affects nothing else on earth except man. It’s a force that by-passes the material world of minerals, plants and animals and goes right to the heart and mind of man. Obedience is a moral force that affects all creatures who can think, child and adult.

This is something we cannot change. God included obedience in His creation of the world as part of the make-up of human nature. God did not impose on us as He did on animals some internal physical force to make us do what He wants. God left us free that way. But He compensated by producing this moral

force of obedience to insure respect for God’s will and God’s laws.

Obedience is the virtue, the inclination, the moral force which leads us to do what God wants. And it’s an amazingly important virtue which has been involved in the most spectacular pages of human history. Adam and Eve first sin was a refusal of obedience. The troubles and triumphs of the Chosen People through the early centuries were the product of a constant interplay between obedience and disobedience of God’s revealed demands. And our Lord endured His terrible sufferings and death at the prompting of His manly virtue of obedience.

Obedience, then, is really an adult virtue and much in need in an adult world. It requires maturity, understanding, knowledge gained by education and experience, and appreciation of the importance of God’s will and laws. The obedience that children should have for parents is but a reflection of the obedience that adults should have for God and for those who share God’s authority. A child will have no sincere obedience for a parent who disobeys the laws of God, nor will the coming generation have much respect for civil authority if civil authority does not recognize the will of God.

If obedience is a disappearing virtue, as some have claimed—and an impressive collection of cases and facts supports them—it is because adults are not obedient. For obedience is an “adult virtue.”

NO THANKS

Rev. E. J. Riske

Postal officials say that before Christmas they receive tons of letters written to Santa Claus, but after Christmas very few letters of thanks are sent to him. From childhood onward, human beings seem to be characterized by thanklessness.

Is there any cause for us to be grateful and to express our thanks? You who are in this institution and are separated from your families, is there basis to express your thanks? Perhaps because of your absence they will not be able to sit down at a full board. Let us look at matters squarely.

In Russia a man has to work an hour to earn a loaf of bread; in America he works about six minutes. For a cotton dress the Russian works 225 hours; the American only four. About 85% of the people in the world do not have enough to eat; but very few of these are in America.

How shall we give thanks for all these blessings? A liberal contribution to some worthy cause? To work with our hands to help some poor child and bring enjoyment to it?

Long ago a man was searching for a way to show his thanks for all his blessings. He cried out: "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards me? Then suddenly he answered "I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord." Ps. 116, 12.13 Strange words, aren't they? Show gratitude by taking something more? And yet it should not be so hard to understand. The cup of salvation is the finest gift God has to offer us. It was prepared at great cost because it meant the blood of His own Son.

None of His blessings in nature have cost much. He created all the

marvelous resources of this earth out of nothing. But the cup of salvation was costly—God had to surrender His own Son for that!

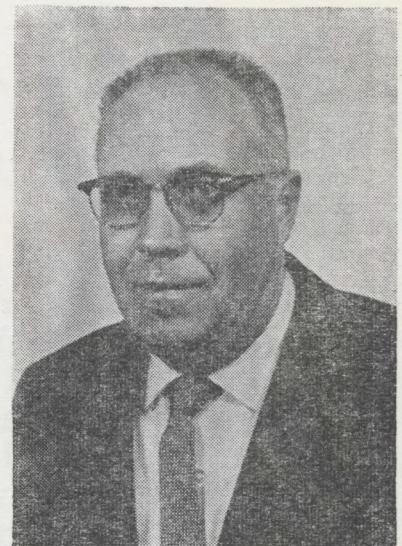
If we accept all these other gifts and refuse the one that is best of all are we not miserable ingrates? We are quick to take whatever we can get our hands on in the way of earthly abundance. We even set aside a national Thanksgiving Day. But don't we look ridiculous when we refuse the cup of salvation for our souls?

How can you say thanks to God for food, shelter, health, freedom from political domination, and happiness, if you have refused His cup of salvation? Don't you believe Him when He says that "man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceeds out of the mouth of God?"

Taking the cup of salvation means that we take Christ, not merely as an exemplary man and a martyr who died for a principle, but the divine sacrifice for sins; not merely as an outstanding teacher, but the Savior of those who believe on Him.

Refusal to take the golden offer of salvation while heaping up to yourself the blessings of earthly goods is an insult to God who gives all things. If you are of those ungrateful people, this would be the right time to confess your sin and and to turn to Him for mercy and forgiveness.

Next to the blessing of God of a pure heart, made thus by the acceptance of the cup of salvation, is the blessing of a thankful heart. The Psalmist said: "I will bless the Lord at all times, His praise shall continually be in my mouth." They who bless the Lord only when all goes well with them are much like the man of whom it was said,



"He served the Lord off and on for forty years." "Off and on" thanksgiving is a poor kind.

One of the greatest blessings of God is the blessings of a thankful heart, and the greatest blessing for which we should be thankful is a spiritual appetite; Jesus has promised: "Blessed are they who do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled"? Do you hunger and thirst after righteousness? Blessed are you if your wants have supplied by faith. But are you truly grateful to Him for these spiritual gifts?

Next we should never fail to give expression to our gratitude. God would have it so. Get down on your knees and thank Him for His grace and mercy.

We are all too prone to forget God's benefits. We have excellent memories for our trials and sorrows and losses, but we fail to recall our blessings. It seems that the very abundance of God's favors, and their unbroken flow tend to make us all the more forgetful of the Giver of them all. But it is our duty to remember to be thankful for His benefits to us. Doing this we will soon find ourselves ready to join in the words of the Psalmist and say with Him: "How many are Thy gracious thoughts to me. O Lord! How great is the sum of them! When I count them they are more in number than the sand."

The real test of your thanksgiving then is what you have done with Jesus Christ, the Son of God and the blessings you have received by God's grace through Him.



ONE MAN

by
Werner
Schwartzmiller

This a very brief story about one man.

He did not have anything outstanding about him. He wasn't brilliant and he certainly did not have any personal characteristic that could possibly be identified with a pleasant or likeable personality. He was dirty and disheveled. In the agedness of his fifty or sixty years he looked an indistinct mass of steep unattractiveness.

He walked hesitantly along the darkened streets where there were no other people. His head was lowered, his shoulders hunched together, depicting the uninteresting figure of a man in his desolation and misery. Slowly he ambled onward, occasionally spitting upon the sidewalk ahead of him. Once he spit upon his own shoes, which he did not notice at all.

Once someone peered out of a window at him, through a pulled shade. Perhaps that person exclaimed: "Look at that dirty bum!" But we shall never know. It doesn't matter in this story and least of all to the man about whom it is written.

If an object loomed up through the darkness it made no impression upon him. He merely shuffled aimlessly on, walking unhurriedly, some-

times turning to the left and sometimes to the right. Not infrequently he just stopped, twitching his scraggly face and seeming to reassemble his feeble determination to continue—to again give movement to the outline that he cast of himself.

He blinked as the street lights flickered in the counterpoint to the shadows, the deep shades and shadows creating an audience of their own. Everything was silent and unobtrusive; watching and existent, yet not anything that anyone could describe aptly.

He was simply a man walking along a dark street. A stupid man. A dirty man who had no interest in himself or anything else that could be called intelligent. He had no objective or destination. No least glance of awareness and none of the reflexes that a normal man would naturally have were in evidence. At least that he could give some indication of. Is he thinking of something? Civing reasoning?

The entire span of this man's life was faintly represented by the dull sound of his scuffled foot-falls. A bent figure with no purpose.

But

He did have a thought. Perhaps not exactly that, but it did furnish

that precise impression when his face became engulfed by a wrinkled burst of laughter emitted from it. At least he had an image in his mind, a vision, or the faint remnant of something that had been long forgotten. He had had it for some time. Something long remembered, one that he first became aware of many years ago, or longer.

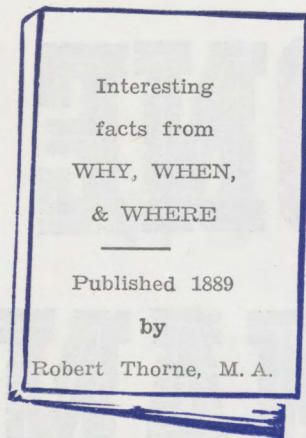
He recalled the smell of a dentist's clear, clean, soap-soft hands, just before they pulled the three broken teeth. The rest were now decayed and black and foul smelling. The teeth that had tasted of the putrid garbage which had littered the alleys.

He pushed his tongue against the space where those teeth once had been, squashing and squishing the spittle as he chomped down on the pained flatness of his tongue. A grimace of satisfaction moved over his face.

And then the quivering began inside.

He continued walking until there was no light shown from any degree. Even the heaven had shut its bright eyes from him. His walk was very slow now and as he stepped upon the darkest of dark places in his life he fell over.

He has blessed us. He has died.



This

and

That



APOSTLES, EMBLEMS of.-

The artists of early times having no knowledge of the features of the Apostles, used some signs to designate them which might always be recognized. For this purpose, frequently, a symbol of the Holy man martyrdom was used. The emblem of St. Peter, a large key or keys, (Matt. xvi, 19' 'And I will give unto you the keys of the kingdom of heaven,)'—A book is also used in some portraits, but with probably no more significance than to his calling as a teacher of the Holy word.)

The emblem of St. Paul was a sword and a book, (The latter to indicate his calling as a teacher, the former to remind the beholder that he was beheaded with the sword.)

St. Andrew was a cross like the letter X, because he was crucified on one of this shape.

St. James a sword in token of his beheading, or sometimes a pilgrims staff, as he was a great traveler, and is thought to have journeyed all over Southern Europe.

St. John has the emblem of a caldron, in remembrance of the fact that he is said to have been once thrown into a caldron of boiling oil, but miraculously escaped injury; he has also sometimes a dragon, or an eagle, by which the imagery of the book of Revelation is probably indicated.

St. Phillip why he should have a spear and a cross, when he suffered death by hanging, it is hard to say; but such are his emblems.

St. Bartholomew having been flayed alive, is represented with a flaying knife and with his skin hanging over his arm.

St. Matthew usually has a carpenter's square, in reference to the occupation of Christ as a man, perhaps; sometimes he has a spear to indicate martyrdom, though he is believed to have been slain with a sword.

St. Thomas bears a dart, as having perished by being run through with a lance.

St. James-the-less a club, with which he was beaten to death.

St. Matthias an axe, with which he was beheaded.

St. Simon is a saw, which must be a general emblem of martyrdom or point to some legend now forgotten, as it is known that that saint suffered death by crucifixion.

APOSTLES, - DEATHS of.-

It is generally believed that only one of Christ's Apostles, John, escaped martyrdom.

Matthew is supposed to have been slain with a sword in Ethiopia.

James, son of Zebedee, was beheaded at Jerusalem.

James, the brother of our Lord, was thrown from a pinnacle of the Temple and then beaten to death with a fuller's club.

Phillip was hanged up against a pillar at Hieropolis, a city of Phrygia.

Bartholomew was flayed alive at Albanapolis, in Armenia.

Andrew suffered martyrdom on a cross at Patrae, in Achaia.

Thomas was run through the body with a lance at Coromandel, in East Indies.

Thaddeus was shot to death with arrows.

Simon Zelotes was crucified in Persia.

Peter was crucified head downward, during the Neronian, it is said.

Matthias was first stoned and then beheaded.

Paul was beheaded at Rome by the tyrant Nero.

Judas Iscariot, after the betrayal, hung himself.

BASEBALL



The crack of a hit . . . the yell of the crowd.
The hustle, the fun. Baseball's back! Get
with it. Root our team home on opening day.

Since *RECOUNT* is a quarterly publication it is not possible for us to present a post-game moratorium of the events being held here at CSP with any close regularity. Added to this was the lack of a sports editor to assemble and prepare seasonal resumes' of the events. *RECOUNT* is pleased to announce the welcoming of Donn Zorens to its staff as the regular Sports Editor. With Donn's active engagement and participation in the several sports programs, combined with the efforts of Sgt. Clifford Mattox, Recreational Director, *RECOUNT* will present a regular sports feature in the forthcoming issues. *EDITOR*

The first call for potential baseball players was let out the first of March and twenty-five men showed the first day. Two weeks, and many sore arms and muscles later, the opening game of the season was under way with the Jones Mortuary of Pueblo. The day was very cold and the pitchers had a difficult time keeping the ball within the strike zone. Rockbuster pitcher Don Bartsch displayed a lot of spark but just couldn't ignite a winning flame. The Mortuary men interred the Rockbusters with a 9-6 score.

A total of thirty-nine games was played this season which is a record for the prison ball club. Also, for a first, was the playing of several

double headers which had only been done once before over the years. The end-of-season record was 22 wins and 17 losses.

The fireball of the team was the pitching arm of Harold Waits and the leadership and batting of CSP's old man of the diamond, Rueben Scott. Waits is only in his second season as a baseball pitcher and he won 12 games and gave up 5 against some of the best semi-pro teams in the Denver area. He also played center field while resting from pitching assignments. Scotty was one of the captains and the season found him covering almost every position, including bat boy

once, at one time or another.

Edwards was the second best pitcher for the club with a 7 wins and 3 losses record. With the ability he has shown so far he is tabbed to do even better next year. Two new hotshots were added to the team in the forms of Duggy Perez and Richard Salazar. Duggy had a batting average of .282 and covered center-field like he owned it. Dick played all three field positions and came out of the season with a batting average of .434 for the eighteen games he rookied in

The following chart is the total record of the individual team members for this season:

NAME	Games	A B	Hits	2 Base	3 Base	HR	W	SO	SAC	R	SB	E	B.A.
Drake	2	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1.000
Croxton	13	18	8	0	0	0	1	1	0	10	1	3	.444
Salazar	18	53	22	4	1	1	1	13	0	12	3	4	.434
Scott	39	167	71	15	1	9	9	18	4	59	23	12	.425
Pratt	23	88	35	7	0	6	13	5	2	25	2	5	.398
Waits	34	117	46	11	6	8	16	20	5	44	17	8	.392
McCracken	5	8	3	1	0	0	1	5	0	2	0	1	.375
Rodgers	35	141	52	11	7	2	16	24	0	50	9	16	.369
Gaines	2	3	1	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	.333
Shipp	33	110	35	13	0	4	13	22	2	29	4	2	.318
Pride	35	122	38	8	2	0	9	16	1	26	5	16	.311
Plessinger	31	124	35	6	1	0	11	12	1	24	4	8	.282
Bartsch	7	14	4	0	0	0	1	8	0	1	1	0	.286
Perez	34	110	31	11	4	0	9	25	1	22	4	6	.282
Trujillo	39	165	42	7	3	1	13	28	5	37	7	16	.255
Mares	11	31	8	1	0	0	0	7	1	3	0	3	.258
Lujan	6	12	3	0	0	0	1	2	0	2	0	0	.250
Pena	22	67	15	2	1	0	5	12	3	15	3	5	.224
Edwards	13	32	5	2	0	0	4	15	1	7	3	5	.156
Martinez	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Green	6	6	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	.000
Gonzales	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Aguirre	3	1	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	.000
Stelter	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Reynolds	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	.000
Quintana	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Total	39	1395	456	99	26	31	125	240	26	368	83	112	.327

Ronnie Plessinger was back again this year at first base where he displayed his usual top talent as a real sportsman. Rodgers covered second base and Little Joe Trujillo was top man at third and short-stop, alternating with Scotty in these positions.

Johnny Pride performed excellently filling in behind the plate considering he did not have any pre-

vious experience at the job. Another stand-outter on the team was Speedy Shipp, otherwise known as the Dep's Office clown because of his amusing antics and bright smile. He is also a good, right, and center, fielder in case anyone asks. We hope to see him on the diamond again in the coming years.

Scotty lead in times at bat—167; hits 71; two-base hits 23; batting average .425. Rodgers copped the

triple hitting crown with 7 successes.

The team was at bat 1395 times and made 456 hits of which 99 were doubles; 26 were triples; and 31 were home runs. Sacrifices totaled 26 and 240 men were struck out; 125 were walked; 112 errors made; 83 bases were stolen and a total of 368 runs were made. The team average for the year was .327, and that's thirty for baseball.

SOFTBALL

vs.

DITCHDIGGERS

The 1962 softball season got off to a roaring start with six teams competing against one another in what looked like one of the most aggressive programs the softballers had conducted in a long time. The Hospital and Cellhouse Six each had a team and Cellhouse One, and Seven, had two teams each, representing A and B blocks. Cellhouse One "B" and the Hospital tied for first place after the second round of the program with a seven wins and three losses record.

The third round was halfway through when the company ditch diggers struck a blow which stopped the softball season in its tracks. When they finished their work there was a large canyon through the center of the diamond and we had to cancel the rest of the games. It is hoped that this situation will be corrected by next season's start as this phase represents an important part of the recreation program.

RINGERS

AND

LEANERS

The annual recreational horseshoe tournament was held on the Big Yard from October 20th through October 27th.

Chief DeClaw won the first game in straight sets from Martin with a tally of 50-17 and 50-16. His second match was against Shefferd which he won in straight games also, but with a little more difficulty, (50-20 and 50-35). In the quarter finals he bested Bullock with a spread of 50-29 in the first game and a close 50-46 in the second. In the semi-finals he eliminated Bob Harl with a score of 50-37 and 50-10 to reach the finals.

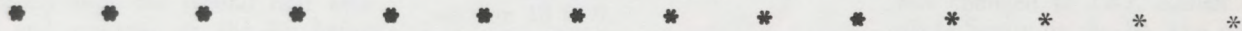
Harl started his tournament play by defeating Harold Waits both games 50-16 and 50-32. Following this victory he downed Manus with twin scores of 50-25. In the semi-final pitching match Harl ran into one of the tougher men in Lloyd Lontine and he had to play all three

games before winning with scores of 50-16, 25-50, and 50-16 to tackle DeClaw in the finals.

The last play-off went four games with DeClaw winning the first two with scores of 50-38 and 50-27. In the third game Harl kept the lead to win 31-50 but he was easily diminished in the last game by 50-21.

With the broad smile of a winner Chief DeClaw accepted the honors of winning the 1962 Singles Tournament Championship. Bob Harl, of course, copped the second place standing.

A total of thirty-two men participated in this years contest which was filled with lots of good spirit and plenty of sportsmanship—the reason for such an event. Last year's trophy winner, Gene Herron, was not here to defend his championship, however, I don't think he minds.



Labor Day Field Events

CSP's annual all day affair on the Big Yard proved to be a full day of fun and excitement for both spectators and participants alike. The first event of the day was the fifty yard dash which Bob McKinley won. The second place prize was split between Shipp and Moore. This was followed by the one hundred yard dash which McKinley also won. In this race Lyle was second and Shipp placed third. Without showing any disconcert of note, Bob went on to win the shot put and the high jump almost in a casual manner. Apparently the 50 and 100 yard runs were only mild warm-ups for McKinley who went on to win the 440 yard dash. With his style and speed that's just about all it was—a dash.

The lithe form of Don Bartsch sailed highest over the cross bar to win first place in the Pole Vault contest. Second place went to Mohan. Wood's low squat and cat-like leap won him first place money in the standing broad jump while Jordon won the running broad jump.

Bartsch's determination paid off again when he won the discus throw.

The big feature of the day, of course, was the running of the mile. Numerous would-be Wes Santees entered this event but only a small handful were considered promising. Like many races, the sleepers copped the prize money. Cornbread Baca pulled across the finish line several widths ahead of Danny Lujan to win first place. Johnson's third place was very close to being second. All three winners showed good form and running ability although no time was kept of the race.

The mile relay was held late in the afternoon and was won by the team work of Williams, Avery, Bartsch and Frazier. The second place prize went to McCracken, O'Donnell, Johnson and Lee. Harold Waits' pitching arm again came in handy for the javelin throw when he threw the toothpick for a distance of 132 feet and 2 inches. The near winner was Breit whose projectile sailed 129 feet and 10

inches before striking second place paydirt.

Last, but not least, were the comedy races. The first of these was the sack race which was won by Bueno. Following this was the wheelbarrow race which had fewer finishes than starts. The winning pair was Aguirre and Perez with Edwards and Lyle following close behind.

The final race of the day was the three legged event which was won by the coordinated movements of Jerry McCarty and Carlos Madden who easily out distanced Johnson and Aguirre who took second place.

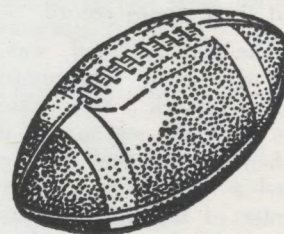
As a whole this Labor Day meet was as good as any we have seen here although there are not enough men taking part. There are no restrictions as to the number of men allowed to participate in any of the events. It's a day of fun for all. Around a hundred dollars was divided between forty-five men who won the different events. Won't you be a winner next year?

1962



Rockbuster

Football



The 1962 Rockbuster football team played only a total of five games—winning four and losing one to Colorado College. During the season there were many thrilling plays and many bad mistakes made, but, as a whole, it was a very good season for a hard playing football team who played for dear old Rockbuster State.

The first game of the season was a game conditioning scrimmage with Colorado College with the Rockbusters winning with 22 and Colorado College 0. Scotty took the opening kickoff on our three yard line and returned it to the twenty-five. After an incomplete pass, Scotty faded back and passed to Crawford on the C.C. 45 and Crawford out ran the defense for the touchdown with Waits converting from placement. In the second quarter, Deutcher, from C.C., was standing on the five yard line ready to punt when a low center got by and went into the end zone where he recovered and added two points for CSP. Greco and Deutcher did most of the heavy work for C.C.

Lyle kicked off to start the second half, Greco taking it and being hit on the six yard line. After an ex-

change of punts the Rockbusters had the ball on C.C.'s 17, Scotty again contacted Waits in the end zone with a needle point pass. The extra point was made by Waits.

Waits and Crawford combined to score the final TD of the game in the final quarter after Crawford intercepted and took a C.C. pass to the 18 yard line. On the next play Crawford threw to the Rockbuster side in the end zone to make the final score Rockbusters 22 and Colorado College 0. The CSP line did an outstanding job of containing the big C.C. team. W o m m a c k, Sampson, Shultz, Gardner, Peters, and Zorens closed the middle plays.

The second game was quite different than the first one in that C.C. came down with a much improved club.

Scotty, Crawford, Phillips and Davidson worked hard and heavy for CSP but the first quarter wound up scoreless for both sides. In the second quarter the Rockbusters got into the scoring column when Scotty hit Waits with a 20 yard pass for a TD. Crawford ran the extra point to score 8 to 0 for the Rockbusters. Colorado College came right back at the kick off to take the ball on the

4 yard line and Welch carried it to the 19 where he fumbled and it was recovered by CSP's Crawford. Scotty's pass was then intercepted by C.C.'s Mestek who carried it to the 40. Welch passed to Minelli, a C.C. end, and then McGruder went over for the 6 points. Welch converted and the score became C.C. 7 and CSP 8.

Scotty threw to Crawford from the 42 for the final TD of the first half. Scotty passed and missed for the extra points and the score wound up CSP 14 and C. C. 7.

Mixon took the opening kickoff in the second half and after an exchange of punts, Thornbough fumbled a punt on the Rockbuster 35 which was recovered by C. C. Franke passed to Muller on the 9 and then Welch carried over for the TD. Franke converted for the tying score.

In the fourth quarter C.S.P took the kickoff and fumbled again. Sabol took the ball over for the 6 points with no extra point being made. The score was tilted in favor of C. C. 20 to 14.

Sabol then kicked to Crawford who carried to the 46. From there Scotty passed to Crawford and he

again went in for the T.D. With another tie-up adding tension to the game. C. C.'s Sabol completed the scoring with a one yard plunge for 6 more points. Frankes' kick failed and the final score was Colorado College 27 and the Rockbusters 20.

Game three of the season was with the School of Mines which is known as the trophy game. Some years ago a trophy was put up and the competition between the two teams to see who can keep it the longest is very hotly contested. We got back on the winning side after two annual defeats from the boys up Golden way with a final score of 31 to 7.

S M's Randolph fumbled the opening kickoff on the 12 and three plays later Scotty went over to start the scoring for the afternoon. Waits converted to begin the tally with CSP 7 and the Mines 0. A little later Waits took Scotty's pass for another 6 points. The second quarter found S M's Ito trying to complete passes with no luck. Crawford took over with a 35 yard pass to Waits to up the score at halftime to CSP 19 and the Mines 0.

Scotty took the second half kickoff and returned to the 25 before fumbling the ball which was captured by S M's Fuller who fell across it. The Rockbusters held and Randolph punted to the 10. Crawford's pass was intercepted by Bendixen on the 16 and CSP again held. Crawford went over on the first play and upped the score for CSP to 25. Shortly afterwards Crawford threw to Waits for the final Rockbuster score of the game ending up at 31-0 for the Rockbusters. **Late**

in the final quarter Randolph passed to McFadden for the single Mines scoring with Randolph kicking the extra point to give them a small-sized 7 points. We wish to thank Mr. Fritz Brennecke for his long association with football in the penitentiary because, without his efforts, we may not have had football as a major sport behind the walls.

One of the best all around games of the season was the fourth game between the Rockbusters and Adams State Junior Varsity. Adams State has always come up with some good teams but this was the best ever from the standpoint of contact. CSP's McKinley started the scoring with an end around play which covered some 18 yards, ending the first quarter 6-0 for our side. In the second quarter Scotty passed to Waits for 50 yards who came through with another T.D to leave the score at a dozen points for CSP at halftime. In the third quarter Scotty again passed to Waits for the final scoring of the day. The excellent playing by Larson, Lee and Barker for Adams State made our scoring difficult in spite of the fact that we won 18 to 0.

The final game of the season for the Rockbusters was with Western State's Jurnior Varsity team. The Red and White came over with not too much length but with lots of strength. Western State kicked off to the Rockbusters and after the third down they were forced to punt. Waits performed the running chore for 47 yards to the Western State 10. Western's Flint, Stands and Stringham took the ball back to the

42 where they punted. CSP's Lyle and Thornbough, Scotty and Crawford, carried to the 42 where Scotty threw to Waits for the T.D. Waits converted to bring the score to 7-0. Ruf, Flint, and Stands again handled Western's offense for the second quarter until they were halted by CSP's fine defense headed by Wommack, Zorens, Gardner, Vanderlynn, Porter, Endrizzi, Nugent and Lane. The line backers were Phillips, Johnson, Rodgers and Thomas. After the Rockbusters took over on downs Crawford went around end on a sneak roll out for 22 yards and a T.D. The score at halftime was 13-0 for the Rockbusters.

Stands took the second half kickoff for Western State on the 9 yard line and raced over the goal line, however, it was called back because of an offside. This didn't stop them and they came right back and scored before they turned loose of the ball. Stringham threw a screen pass and caught the cons flat footed. Stands took the pass on the 30 and went in for the 6 points. The extra point was made good and the tally was changed to 13-7. Kalish kicked off to Scotty on the 10, who collected his interference and went 90 yards for the touch. In the final quarter Caginut fumbled on the 33 and Crawford recovered. After three plays Waits punted 42 yards to the 18 yard line. Two plays later Stringham fumbled again which was recovered by Waits on the 6 yard line Thornbough carried over on the next play to make the final score of the game read Rockbusters 25 and Western State 7.

The leading scorers for the year are:

Waits.....58 points -- 9 TD passes
 Crawford.....32 points -- 3 TD passes
 Scott.....12 points
 McKinley..... 6 points
 Thornbough..... 6 points

114 plus 2 point safety totar for 116

Scotty threw a total of 56 passes and completed 26. Three were intercepted and eight became touchdowns.

Crawford had a total of 33 passes and completed 26. Four were intercepted and four became touchdowns.

Lyle threw one and completed one.

Phillips threw one which was not completed.

Waits caught 17 passes.

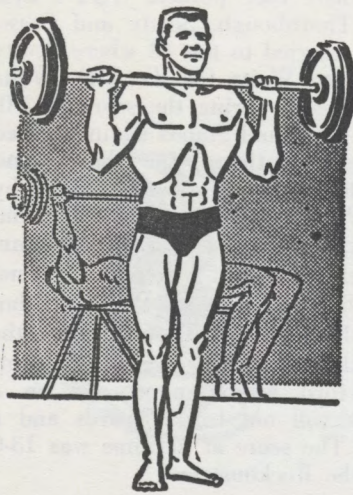
Crawford caught 8 passes.

McKinley caught 6 passes.

Scotty caught 4 passes.

Rodgers caught 4 passes.

This is the finish to a four win and one loss season. See you next year.



IRON GAME NEWS

across the nation also. It is not uncommon to hear of two prisons competing against one another within the same state. For the first time an intra-mural prison sport has gone inter-state with Jefferson City, Missouri; Leavenworth, Kansas; Atlanta, Georgia; Fort Madison, Iowa; and Canon City, Colorado, each competing simultaneously against the other for first place in an AAU sponsored weightlifting meet.

Here's how it worked.

Each prison participating organized a weightlifting club and each man on the team was certified in preliminary lifts a few weeks before the meet by AAU officials.

In addition to the five recreational

program directors, registration and lifting officials of four AAU associations were present to officiate at the lifts which were being held simultaneously in the five nationally located prisons.

The results of each meet are officially recorded with AAU on the spot and the results computed and returned by mail to each of the teams sponsored. Part of the excitement to this particular type of competitive engagement is the waiting period of several days after the meet to learn which team won pointwise and where the individual placed in his weight class. The results of the first meet are shown in the following official AAU return.

Class	Press	Snatch	C&J	Total
123 lb. Class				
Emmett Madgett, Atlanta	165	150	205	520
A. Lucero, Colorado	140	115	170	425
P. Hernandez, Colorado	120	105	155	380
Eugene Lyman, Iowa	100	90	155	300
132 lb. Class				
Frank P. Segundo, Atlanta	180	150	215	545
J. Guerro, Colorado	160	150	190	490
Charles Posey, Leavenworth	115	125	150	390
148 lb. Class				
Charles Voegtlin, Missouri	190	200	255	645
Jack Heise, Atlanta	180	195	250	625
N. Gomez, Colorado	200	145	215	560
Lobo Krow, Leavenworth	165	155	195	515
Bruce Gruver, Leavenworth	135	145	200	480
J. C. Smith, Leavenworth	135	140	185	460
Jim Hall, Iowa	120	130	170	420
165 lb. Class				
Joe Bradford, Missouri	225	210	275	710
Chick Jacobson, Leavenworth	180	195	285	660
V. Garcia, Colorado	210	170	240	620
Jim Brown, Iowa	185	180	225	590
Milton Pope, Atlanta	170	175	235	580
E. Barela, Colorado	190	165	215	570
T. Red Cloud, Colorado	180	160	230	570
Albert Lucero, Leavenworth	165	160	220	545
E. Baca, Colorado	165	150	225	540
Marty Ellis, Iowa	160	145	210	515
Roy Armstrong, Iowa	155	135	200	490
Keith Feigenhauer, Iowa	125	...	150	275

198 lb. Class

A. Davis, Colorado	240	215	275	730
Jim Small, Missouri	225	215	280	720
Bill Seager, Leavenworth	205	215	280	700
E. Moorer, Colorado	230	180	275	685
Joe Nanney, Leavenworth	215	180	240	635
Ray Anderson, Leavenworth	175	175	225	575
Bob Harris, Iowa	195	155	220	570

The most notable of these is Junior Davis, a newcomer to the iron game of only a few months. While he has no extensive training he has certainly exerted himself with utter intensity and a determination which at least matches his strength. Davis, a quiet, likeable and unassuming gent, has been the focal point of considerable observation with many cons during his spare time work-outs on the yard. Obviously, it is apparent to Davis that individual initiative and hard work produce individual rewards and, in this case, for a life time. Proof of the pudding: An AAU medal for winning the 198 pound class and a permanent record of such with that organization.

The very popular Virgil Garcia had many fingers crossed for him in his desire to win in the 165 pound class. Virgil is a powerful example of the chances for a "slight young boy" to become a developed strong man. Virgil's workouts, for the most part, have been in the direction of body building and gen-

eral all around strength. Only recently has he applied himself intensely in the three necessary competitive lifts. When his lifting technique becomes more polished Virgil is not only favored to place first but, it is expected that he will.

In the 148 pound class, Nick Gomez was the top press man. Compared to this 200 pound lift, his snatch and clean and jerk were weak. Until the meet Nick's energies were never devoted to the latter lifts too strongly and he may be considered as a threat to the mobs in the other joints as soon as his style and technique is improved. He has the strength to better Joe Bradford of Jeftown.

The line-up of officials were: Sponsor—Leavenworth. Meet Director—Clyde Whitehead, Leavenworth. Coordinator—Bill Clark, Columbia, Missouri. Art Tarwater and Bill Fellows, Missouri. Bruce Strosnider, Columbia Missouri. M. C. and Scorer—Don Martness, Jefferson City, Missouri.

Leavenworth: Walter Zuk and Mike Djiura, Kansas City; Monk Levy, U.S.P. Scorer: Lefty Wagner, U.S.P.

Colorado: Stan Johnson, Denver; Don Sears, Boulder; Sgt. Cliff Mat-tax; M. C. and scorer: Stan Mann, Boulder.

Atlanta: Edward Casey, John Burrell, Karo Whitfield, Atlanta. Scorer: R. E. Masters, Atlanta

Iowa: R. Fugate, Bill Willers, Bob Poindexter, Ft. Madison.

The Best Lifter was Joe Bradford of Missouri who scored 535.34 points. Other high point lifters were: Charles Voegtlin—523.77; Bobby Majors—522.22; Jack Heise—507.50; Swede Salsberg—501.2; A. Davis—497.86; Chick Jacobson—497.6.

Points were scored on a 5-3-1 basis for team totals and Missouri lead with a 19 score. Leavenworth seconded with 17; Colorado with a tally of 14; Atlanta 13 and Iowa failed to have any of its lifters win any of the first three spots in any class.



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

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

For

SPRING ISSUE OF THE "RECOUNT"

COPY DEADLINE FEBRUARY 15, '63

SUBMIT ALL MANUSCRIPTS TO "RECOUNT" EDITOR





MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND A
HAPPY NEW YEAR
TO

Warden and Mrs. Harry C. Tinsley
Associate Warden and Mrs. Fred Wyse
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cowperthwaite
the Chaplains, Officers, Officials
and their families, the Penal Press,
and most of all to

YOU!

from the Recount Staff and
Print Shop Personnel





SPECIAL SECTION



by Tony Bommarito in
the Raiford Record

For seventeen tortuous years I have grappled with the problem of dope addiction, having been a "hop-head" since I was sixteen. Addiction to narcotics led me to crime which in turn led me—no, literally *shoved* me into prison, not once but several times. I'm still in one, but now there is one great difference. I have found the solution that will bring my life back into normal focus and enable me to become a respected, working member of a free society when I am released. I will go so far as to say I am *certain* I have found the solution, even though this may seem farfetched, coming as it does from the confines of a prison. Nevertheless, let me tell my story, nakedly and unashamedly, presenting my reasoning, and I think you will agree with the solution.

To begin with, my parents were born in Italy and like most Italian immigrants brought with them many of the customs of the old country, one of which entitles the first-born son to the best the family has to offer. He is given first choice in all things, the other children sharing in what is left.

Even as a child it was soon apparent to me that this wasn't the accepted custom among non-Italian children, and my parents' insistence upon adhering to the old world pattern rankled. I felt neglected. Intuitively I sought attention by becoming involved in troublesome situations. After each episode I was punished severely, though this only succeeded in causing my resentment to mount and in attempting to strike back at my parents I became involved in more serious juvenile offenses. Obviously I was on a one-way street.

Because I wouldn't or couldn't conform to the old-world custom and accept without question that my eldest brother was entitled to first consideration, I felt left out in the cold, so to speak, my imagined ostracism from the family becoming a self-made reality. I made new friends, the kind who introduced me to marijuana. From there it was but a short step to taking my first jopyop (dope). This opened a new world of relief to me. It was wonderful, I thought. No longer did I feel

inferior to my eldest brother or, for that matter, anyone else. I was 20 feet tall, the world a roseate sphere of pure bliss—containing not a single worry or frustration! All I had to do was get the money for dope.

But how?

With Crime pointing the way, beckoning invitingly, that wasn't too difficult a problem. Theft, robbery, holdup... you name it and I've done it. In the face of my escapades morality fled, of course. I wasn't immoral, merely amoral. Faced with the need of obtaining money for dope there was no such thing as moral values. Honesty and dishonesty just didn't exist. I was an addict, suddenly I was "hooked"—though I honestly can't say exactly when the precise point of addiction was reached—and dope was the only important thing in the world to me.

Only recently did I discover that dope only provided an imaginary form of release. I have also learned that I really never desired to be a criminal nor did I possess any criminal tendencies. Actually, I abhorred crime. I was literally forced into it in order to secure narcotics. By studying engineering and applying myself to becoming proficient as an engineering draftsman I have found that after all, I am somebody! I have talent and for the first time in my life I know the feeling of real security; the joy of accomplishment and the satisfaction and fulfillment that comes from creative effort and recognition.

Unfortunately it has taken me seventeen years to make this simple discovery: seventeen years of complete frustration, self-pity and pure hell. When I think of all the poor mixed-up addicts who will keep on keeping on seeking the answers in another shot of dope and another, and another, I shudder!

How many times have you heard someone say, "Who, me? I will never take a shot of dope". This statement is made often—*quite innocently*. Most addicts begin *quite innocently* as I did. Only a little **something to settle their nerves** or help them to relax. The popularity of tranquilizers is indicative of the mass of people who find the use of sedatives either necessary or attractive.

Another very large segment of addicts began by using narcotics under a doctor's prescription, to

relieve excruciating pain. After having found that not only do narcotics relieve pain but give the false sense of alleviating fears, anxieties and mental depressions as well; they continue to use narcotics until they have become addicted.

The feeling of exhilaration is so strong that you feel the whole world is your oyster. You rationalize by saying, Oh, I am only going to take this pop for "kicks" and then I will stop. If you are weak enough to take the first shot to ameliorate an emotional problem—you will never command the emotional stability to forego another, and another, and another.

These are but a few of the many examples of how one may be fooled by the *deceitful image of dope*. The old saw—it can't happen to me—simply isn't true. It can and it does happen to seemingly well adjusted people in all walks of life. Many medical men—and perhaps a majority of all addicts—are fully aware of all of the devastating effects of narcotics and yet they are unable to resist. No class of people are immune. **IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU!**

Once you are addicted to dope you will need more and more to get that "old feeling." Soon you will be needing larger and more frequent shots in order to feel normal and function properly. Medical science is beginning to discover some of the chemical reactions which bring about this phenomenon. Dr. Michael J. Saliba, writing in the September, 1959 issue of the Reader's Digest, had this to say about the physiology of dope addiction.

Briefly, the nerves, called Nisal's granules, composed of the brain and the spinal tissue normally receive and send out from and to the ears, eyes, nose, tongue, skin, the digestive and respiratory system, and the muscles and bones, messages which are translated into sensory perception. When a narcotic, for example, heroin—the most vicious of them all—begins to cover up these cells the user feels a buoyant exhilaration. The nerve impulses which cause normal apprehension are the first to be muted. Troubles disappear and a pleasant, warm, almost mystical sensation sets in temporarily. With continued use of narcotics the whole sensory apparatus is thrown out of line. Pleasing perceptions are magnified and unpleasant ones di-

minished. Ordinary noises may sound like beautiful music, and common sights appear to be delightfully exquisite. As the narcotic deadens more tissue particles the body's defense mechanisms go to work to replace them and the same amount of narcotic which muted the original number of Sissi's granules will not be sufficient to cover the new tissue. More and more dope is required to affect the feeling of enhancement. The physiological factor is always ahead manufacturing more and more new granules.

As long as the tissue is covered with narcotics the addict is happy. When the granules are no longer muted, several times the ordinary number of impulses begin to reach the heart, the lungs, and other organs; he feels as though his head were going to literally explode. Bones ache, muscles go into spasms and intense nausea, vomiting and diarrhea results. The slightest sound becomes deafening, the mildest light blinding, and the faintest odor or taste brings on more nausea, dizziness and a greater impulse to vomit. The agony an addict must endure when he attempts to quit or reduce his dosage is indescribable. It takes more courage than most human beings possess to face up to this torture.

Medical science has also determined that it is not the narcotic itself which causes the anguish. It is the lack of it. Some Chinese, for example, have used opium all their lives with little ill effects, as long as they are able to get the supply their system needs which is fairly easy to do in China. What the public, the non-users, are not aware of is that the debilitating illness of "kicking the habit cold" often results in death. We seldom hear of a person dying from the lack of a narcotic simply because death is attributed to other organic causes; such as a heart attack or a circulatory failure. Many addicts when faced with the problem of having to "kick a habit cold turkey" will commit suicide. Many others die from various organic causes often as a result of being locked in a cell to live or die by someone who doesn't understand the problem.

Here are some typical cases of an addict's dilemma: Joe is addicted to heroin. His habit costs him \$50.00 a day, and at the going price of heroin—the pusher's price—this is

not an unusual habit, in fact it's rather small. To avoid the terrible sickness which he dreads so much, Joe will do almost anything to get enough money for dope. He resorts to picking pockets, or robbery to provide himself with the \$350.00 per week necessary to maintain his habit. This \$350.00 a week is the barest minimum, not providing for food or other expenses. Also, this figure is going to increase because Joe is going to need more and more dope, as time goes by to satisfy his physiological demands. Should Joe fail to get the money for his habit he will become very sick. In only a few hours past the time for his shot he will begin to have tremors, chills and fever. Every nerve and sinew in Joe's body will scream for dope. It is this repeated sickness that will cause Joe's death or at least ruin his health.

Bill and Sadie are addicts. They work as a team. They have to acquire money illegally because there is no legal way in which they can earn \$100.00 or \$150.00 a day to pay for their dope. They are working together as "boosters," or shoplifters. They are so desperate that you can name any article, they will boost it within 48 hours and deliver it to you for 25% of its actual cash value. With them it's a matter of either stealing or facing the frightful sickness which will ensue if they do not obtain narcotics.

This may seem fantastic to you but police departments and the retail merchandising industry are acutely aware of the problem. The loss of property amounts to several million dollars a year. This is not to say that all addicts are thieves. Most of them, I believe, abhor criminal activity. But there are many who—rather than endure the agony of doing without dope—will resort to short-change trickery, stealing, robbery, prostitution or preying upon unsuspecting people with all sorts of confidence rackets and nefarious schemes—to obtain money for drugs.

A few addicts are wealthy enough to support their habit. Seldom do we hear of drug addiction among the so-called upper classes. This is not because they are not addicted. We know that they are. But they are not forced into illegal means of obtaining money to support their habit. Occasionally, they will check into a private hospital and take the

slow reduction cure.

After they have reduced their dosage requirements they start all over again. Some hold down responsible positions of trust.

The reason why people seek refuge in the use of narcotics is becoming vitally important and of immediate concern to the American Medical Association, the American Bar Association and law enforcement agencies all over the country. As an addict who is familiar with the problem I am painfully aware of the need to approach it intelligently and objectively.

Dope addiction exists partially because of the enormous amount of profit in the illegal sale of dope. A dealer can buy an ounce of heroin for about \$200. From this ounce he makes up to 400 capsules and sells them for \$4.00 each. An investment of \$200 nets him about \$1400. Naturally, he is going to try to sell people on the idea of using dope. If he gets arrested there are always others who will take his place and there will continue to be as long as such phenomenal profit exists. The enormous amount of money associated with the sale and distribution of illegal narcotics has caused the Red Chinese government to encourage the production of narcotics. It is one of their primary sources of export income, accounting for upwards of 200 million dollars annually.

The cost of narcotics, even at illegal prices, is only a fraction of the total amount of money spent in connection with the addiction problem. Our government spends millions of dollars yearly attempting to police and control the narcotics traffic. This is federal expense and does not take into account local and state expenditures. Mr. H. Anslinger, Director for the Narcotics Division of the Treasury Department, admits that a vast amount of our tax dollars are expended annually to pay informers and to purchase dope for the purpose of securing information to convict addicts and pushers. This, plus the salaries of Treasury Department agents, office personnel, court costs, and the expense involved with housing and keeping the addicts and pushers caught and convicted is staggering. Convicting a few addicts and small time dope pushers doesn't solve the problem. Rarely is anyone in the top echelons of the dope racket convicted.

At the end of World War Two,

According to Treasury Department reports, we had 45,961 known, active addicts and possibly another 100,000, or more, who had not been caught. Since that time these figures have been steadily increasing.

No man in his right mind would attempt to argue that we should not take immediate steps to control the growing menace of dope addiction. But, let's do some analyses of the problem and adopt some sane measures.

Realizing the underlying causes of dope addiction, and the relative ease with which one can become addicted without any criminal intent, it seems to me that punishment and incarceration is not the answer, it is very definitely a mental problem. I was delighted to read quite recently that this position is now being taken by The American Medical Association.

What then is the solution to the problem of dope? Let's begin by taking the profit out of the illegal traffic in dope. England first developed this method of dealing with their growing addiction problems, and it has met with signal success. No longer is addiction a crime in England. They let the addict have his dope at the regular price of a few cents per day, *but* under the supervision of medical care. A board of three physicians examine the addict to determine what his minimum daily dosage would be. The addict can purchase his prescribed amount of narcotic at a drug store. The physician retains his permit. The addict will not sell his drug because if he does he cannot obtain any more and he will have to face his withdrawal pains; and this is the addict's worst fear. This system is proving to be exceedingly effective. With psychiatric care the addict can slowly reduce dosage requirements without withdrawal sickness while being responsibly employed and in general be an asset to the community while being cured of dope addiction.

Several European countries have adopted this liberal view and are well on the way to a logical solution. Their first step is to take it out of the hands of the underworld and put it into the hands of the Medical profession where it belongs. They are the people who would most nearly understand the problem and know what to do about it.

On the other hand, in this country, a group of California business men formulated a petition in 1960 and acquired 1,250,000 signatures from people urging the state legislature to enact the Elks Bill. This bill would have empowered the judiciary with authority to sentence addicts to a minimum of thirty years. Is it just to send young boys and girls to prison for a minimum of thirty years because they develop mental and emotional problems and seek release through the use of narcotics? This could be your son or daughter.

Many uninformed people thought nothing of signing this petition and yet they see no wrong in going to cocktail parties, lounges and bars, drinking too much alcohol and driving a car on a public highway. In doing so they are endangering their own lives and the lives of innocent people who drive on the same highways. Who would think of sentencing these people to a term of thirty years in prison for taking a few drinks? But they would sentence you or me to 30 years for using one shot of narcotics. Rarely do you hear of a narcotics addict being involved in a traffic accident. Our daily newspapers are filled with accounts of slaughter on public highways by those driving automobiles under the influence of alcoholic beverages. Seldom, if ever, do you hear of an addict being involved in a sex crime of any nature, but you often hear "... if I hadn't been drunk. ..."

This is not an attempt to champion the cause of drug addiction over alcoholism. It is merely to show that the users of both have a common problem, and it is a problem that can be solved by our present methods. It is a pretty well established fact that alcoholism results from personality inadequacies. The drug addict is the product of the same problem.

The causes of narcotics addiction are psychological. The solution is not to be found in another shot of dope, nor is it accomplished by incarceration. The addict needs psychiatric help. Having found the solution to my own problem I can now say that it is definitely a complex personality problem. Many of our outstanding medical men who have been associated with the treatment of addiction have advocated such a solution, including the doctors of the Research Department of the Uni-

ted States Public Health Service Hospital at Lexington, Kentucky; one of the only two such hospital centers in the United States.

Possibly, to many people, my childhood emotional problems will seem unwarranted. To me they were real and insurmountable. If I have left you with the impression that my parents were inconsiderate, mean or incapable of loving me, then I have misled you. They were good, honest, hard-working people. They loved me in their own way.

It was a way that was alien to the only way I could understand. They couldn't accept the customs of American family life and I couldn't understand or accept the old world customs. Thousands of Italian children have grown up under the same conditions without the problem that I had, but I couldn't make it and my life was wrecked. I needed psychiatric help. I didn't get it and I became a drug addict.

Sensual impressions are not the same for all of us, nor do they always correspond to external reality. Some people see colors differently from others; they are color blind. A green meadow or a red rose must be spoken of with reservations; for the majority they are red and green. It is this majority that we refer to as *normal*. But if you are color-blind the meadow is not green, neither is the rose red. A cursory conclusion about a problem that is not thoroughly understood usually results in error. Someone else's life is not always what it may seem to you. Perception often differs radically from reality.

You may say that logic and common sense should solve the addicts problem, but common sense cannot always be trusted. Logic and common sense leads one to believe that the earth is flat; that two plumb lines are parallel; that an aeroplane flies parallel to the surface of the earth. We know that all these assumptions are false.

Addicts have no other way of understanding their problems except by those given them by their senses and their reasoning faculties. If their starting point, the premise of their reasoning is false, then their conclusions will naturally, necessarily, logically, be false.

Locking them up, punishing them, censoring them—CAN NEVER HELP!



by George Daniels

in the Island Lantern

Suppose a dope addict, haggard, watery-eyed, trembling, walked into your church. Suppose he or she grabbed your hand in his sweaty own and begged: "Please, in God's name, help me kick the habit!"

What would you do?

Shameful to report, if you and your church are like most others today, the chances are you'd look at the creature before you with disgust and perhaps say:

"Sorry, I know no place to send you for treatment. You're on your

own."

Translated into reality, such advice boils down to:

"Go steal. Commit prostitution. Do anything to get the money for the dope you need. You're hooked!"

Typical of despairing addicts is the once-beauteous 25 year-old woman who told a Senate Committee that when she was 18 a friend persuaded her to take "horse"—another name for heroin. Quickly the cost of her habit rocketed to \$30 a day. All other of life's needs were shoved aside; she lived only to get money—first by shoplifting, then by prostitution—to feed "the monkey on my back."

Finally she became a "pusher"—a dope peddler—herself, earning \$60 a day. Thus she could afford her habit, until it grew greater, but at the same time she started others on the identical road. This, incidentally, is one of the main ways the evil spreads.

Then there was the police official who told the probers how a boy of 19 from "a good family," was snared by a pusher who gave him his first "jolts" (doses) of heroin free. In a few weeks the boy was addicted. He became a thief, stealing cars and victimizing his own family, then he graduated to armed holdups. Eight short years later he was in the penitentiary, classified as incorrigible. Among others he had infected along the way were a student who turned to burglary to satisfy his dope craving and a teen-age girl who, like so many others, fed her habit via shoplifting and prostitution.

One of the nation's few narcotics clinics is run by the Rev. Norman C. Eddy, who has dedicated himself for 15 years to an unyielding battle against narcotics.

He is pastor of New York City's East Harlem protestant parish, which The Methodist Church and three other denominations support. It's in dope-engulfed Harlem, a sprawling concentration of slums, poverty, and addicts. Mr. Eddy feels strongly the lack of a helping hand held out by the church for thousands of suffering American addicts whose lives are a 24 hour-a-day battle with the tortures of addiction.

The clinic is one of the rare places where a church is fighting on the firing line against the narcotics peril today. It concentrates part of its limited facilities and meager \$42,000 annual budget on helping adult addicts "kick the habit" (withdraw). It can help only a handful, mostly neighborhood residents,

out of the scores who ask. A pastoral committee, aided by a physician, brings the church's role in evidence by giving encouragement and advice to the addict. However, except for a chaperone's moral support, the addict stands frighteningly alone when he tries the painful—often impossible—job of shaking loose from the iron grip of dope.

In Mr. Eddy's view, narcotics addiction is a medical, not a criminal, problem. Lack of immediately available medical facilities for addicts, he emphasizes, is an almost insurmountable barrier to helping them "come clean."

The only two public hospitals in the nation for adult victims are operated by the U. S. at Lexington, Kentucky, and at Fort Worth, Texas. And these will accept first-time volunteer patients only if there is sufficient room after federal probation and parolee patients have been hospitalized. Waiting periods of from two to three months are common—and in two months a habit can snowball to hopeless, even fatal, proportions. One other hospital, Riverside in New York City, handles adolescent addicts, 14 to 21.

These three institutions—none operated by a church—virtually comprise the nation's public facilities for hospital care of narcotics victims. But the evil itself is widespread—and growing rapidly. Witness these facts:

1. *Addiction frequently sneaks up on the victim.* "For kicks," a teenager may try a "reefer"—a marijuana cigarette, the mildest, cheapest, and easiest to obtain of all drugs commonly referred to as narcotics. Then, on a dare or coaxed by a friend, he tries "joy-popping"—occasional heroin injections in arm or leg muscles. And so he descends the ladder until he's a "mainliner," taking "Big H" directly into his veins.

2. *Thousands of seemingly ordinary people are actually potential drug addicts.* For many, drugs hold the glittering promise of escape from problems. To hundreds, entrapped in poverty, discrimination, and hopelessness, the "everything's OK" glow of a fix seems a godsend. A smaller number became medically addicted through continued usage to ease pain. These, the fortunate minority, have the best chance of a cure.

3. *While the exact number of U. S. addicts is not known, estimates range as high as 300,000.* A recent tabulation by the U. S. Bureau of Narcotics listed 46,266 reported addicts—but no one knows how many go unreported.

4. *The heaviest concentration of addicts is in the metropolitan slums, but small towns are by no means immune.* On the Bureau's most recent list of reported dope users, every state was represented except Wyoming.

5. *The narcotics racket ranks second only to gambling as the underworld's most lucrative source of income.* Dope peddlers rake in an estimated \$400 million or more each year.

6. *Since addicts often need \$200 or more a week for dope, they commit at least one out of every four crimes.*

7. *For Red China, narcotics is a major weapon in its war on democracy.* U. S. Narcotics Commissioner Harry J. Anslinger reports that vast quantities of heroin are smuggled into this country from behind the Bamboo Curtain. Other shipments pour into Japan and South Korea to undermine U. S. fighting men as well as to subvert these Asian democracies.

Anslinger's information indicates that Chinese Communist drug peddlers reap a harvest of \$60 million a year on the world-wide market, with 100 times that amount going to others—wholesalers, cutters, pushers, and the like—as the narcotics are passed from hand to hand. Other investigators say by far the bulk of these shipments find their way to U. S. addicts.

As the fight grows hotter, churches are being urged to join in, just as they have helped wage war on alcohol—itsself a narcotic—and other evils. But, from the layman's viewpoint, the problem is complicated by the fact that law-enforcement, medical, public health, and social-welfare authorities differ in their attitude toward treatment of victims. Some insist that addicts be jailed and kept apart from the rest of society. Others prefer to concentrate on medical aid and rehabilitation.

If the church does step in, what view will it take? That's a question

only time can answer. But churchmen will have to keep some important factors in mind.

For one thing, federal and local law enforcement agencies are undermanned. The battle to halt the illegal flow of narcotics into this country so far has been a losing one. Many investigators feel that the number of addicts is still increasing; meanwhile, disputes over how best to treat them grow hotter. In general, addicts are ostracized by the public, victimized by gangsters, and jailed whenever caught. Hospitals refuse them treatment, states and cities decline to pay for rehabilitation clinics and even threaten to close the few that exist. It is little wonder that up to 95 per cent of addicts who receive treatment later are reported to go back to their habit.

Preachers and laymen now are finding Commissioner Anslinger and Chief Magistrate John M. Murtagh of New York City leading spokesmen for opposing views.

The Commissioner is an advocate of the get tough policy. He wants addicts forced to undergo cures in federal institutions, where they would be sentenced for at least 10 years but be eligible for parole and outside employment in about one year. If a victim were recommitted during the 10 year period, he would be institutionalized for life.

JUDGE Murtagh, on the other hand, wants all major cities to have U. S. hospitals, where addicts may be committed for at least two months for medical and psychiatric care, vocational training, and rehabilitation by expert counselors.

Still others have urged legalizing drug supplies for addicts in hopes of smashing the underworld's source of easy money—an unknown share of which is earmarked for "ice" (protection payments) to the small politicians who, for a price, close their eyes to a rampant evil.

In nearly all plans, two factors are stressed— institutional care and treatment, and rehabilitation on the outside, where the reforming addicts must live with an indifferent or hostile public. It is here, most experts feel, that the church could render its greatest service.

The stark, and tragic, truth is that addicts trying to reform find few law abiding citizens willing to

help. Shunned as outcasts, despised even by the criminals with whom they deal, they turn back to dope to make the world look briefly brighter. A few luckier ones, such as some members of Narcotics Anonymous, find comfort and relief among their own.

Narcotics Anonymous is similar to Alcoholics Anonymous. Its only condition for membership is an honest desire to quit drugs. The largest chapter is in Brooklyn, N.Y., headed by a Puerto Rican woman who was "on junk" 19 years, but succeeded in quitting more than a decade ago.

Their spiritual adviser is the Rev. Robert V. Guthrie, pastor of Warren Street Church, a Methodist mission church. In his home, the help seeking addicts hold some of their meetings.

Mr. Guthrie's is one of a handful of churches that have abandoned a traditional reluctance to aid addicts.

"We have ignored them too long as it is," he says. "The church can no longer turn its back on the ugliness of addiction, as if it doesn't come within the realm of our concern."

A supporting view of the church's role is put forth by Judge Murtagh and Sara Harris in their book on addiction, *Who Live In Shadows*. McGraw-Hill, \$4.50.

"The church has a superb opportunity to reach addicts, but it has thus far failed to do so. The church should accept them, not shun them as so many other agencies do. It can work with parents to make them know that addiction is a disease and not a crime, and it can see to it that its young peoples' groups offer addicts who are attempting to kick their habits encouragement and normal social associations.

"Most addicts cannot ordinarily be reached through religion in their early contacts with the church. They claim to be atheists or agnostics, and only come to church in the first place because clergymen and counselors reveal warmth toward them. And yet despite addicts' general lack of religion, some members of the clergy report great satisfaction in their contacts with them. The hands that are held out to addicts are so few that they become dependent on any that are. Thus some addicts who begin coming to church out of no more than their need for com-

radeship may eventually acquire faith and belief."

In its Commitment Day program last December, the Methodist Board of Temperance (now a division of the Board of Christian Social Concerns) for the first time listed narcotics— along with alcohol, tobacco, gambling, sex, pornography—as a major problem about which it hopes to alert the church. A few months later, the 1960 Methodist General Conference adopted the Committee on Temperance's report on *Temperance and Public Morals*, which included this sharply worded stand on narcotics:

Narcotic addiction and the traffic in narcotics are major problems in the United States and around the world. The indiscriminate use of barbiturates, tranquilizers, and other dangerous drugs is an increasing menace. We call upon our people to support all wise plans for the most effective control of narcotic distribution and use. We urge the development of more adequate facilities for the rehabilitation of narcotic addicts and proper education regarding the dangers in self-prescribed narcotics and tranquilizers. . . .

In addition, an official New York City Police Department booklet urges all churches to join in "education of the populace... on the evils of addiction, with emphasis on depicting the horrible aspects of it."

Precisely how far should any interested local church go in taking up the cudgels against dope? Must there be a publicized outbreak of addiction in the congregation's immediate community before it faces up to the problem? Or are the underworld's \$400 million annual profit, the Red's dope-tinged attack on democracy, and the narcotics ridden areas somebody else's problem?

Perhaps the answer can be found in this statement from a report by the administrative board of East Harlem Protestant Parish:

"Each church in its own situation is obliged to face pain, and not to avoid it. Often it ignores this challenge. Squirm though they may, Christians cannot rid themselves of the duty to preach deliverance to the captive and recovering sight to the blind."

Few humans are more captive than the suffering men or women caught in the tentacles of addiction.

The Tragic Truth About Using Drugs

in the Island Lantern

A person addicted to narcotics is one of the most miserable of all human beings. He brings his family shame and anguish. He finds it increasingly difficult to get any real joy out of life. He no longer gets even a temporary kick from using drugs. He is likely to wind up among underworld characters—or in prison. He suffers, really suffers, physically.

Some physiological processes and personality problems involved in the tragedy of drug addiction are just now beginning to be understood. Here is a summary of what the doctors know today.

When a drug-user sticks the needle under his skin for the first time, he gets much the same effect from morphine or heroin as from a cocktail on an empty stomach. His troubles seem pushed back. The world looks good.

In a half-hour he grows drowsy. An electrocephalograph would show a brain-wave pattern characteristic of the first stages of sleep. He wakes up suddenly, drifts away again. Drug addicts say he is "on the nod."

Opium dreams may now occur. They aren't wildly beautiful, however, they are made of the same stuff as his day-dreams. Narcotics simply help the drug-user to indulge in his usual fantasies. These effects are caused by deep-seated depressant actions on the brain and nervous system.

He also breathes a little slower. His temperature and blood pressure fall a little; his eyelids droop slightly and he blinks less often—all the result of minor depressant actions on his automatic, or voluntary, nerves. Somewhere along the line, since this is his first experience with narcotics, he may get sick to his stomach.

The effects wear off gradually, in three or four hours. "IS IT

DIFFERENT, ONCE A MAN IS "HOOKED?"

The veteran drug user, seeking a swifter kick than that supplied by an under-the-skin injection, jabs the needle into the vein. In seconds the blood vessels in his skin dilate, his face flushes, and his nose may itch. Soon, he has a feeling in his abdomen that addicts call a thrill. They say it's a little like a sexual orgasm.

The thrill passes in a few minutes and the symptoms become the same as with a subcutaneous dose. The user says at this stage he is "fixed"—meaning that he has satisfied his craving for a while and is feeling no pain.

A person under the influence of heroin, morphine or similar drug appears quite normal. Since he is often an anxiety-ridden person to start with, he may, in fact, seem more nearly normal with the drug than without it. As long as he hasn't taken enough to make him sick, most people aren't likely to notice the signs that he has taken any.

Experiments at the federal drug-addiction hospital in Lexington, Kentucky have shown that even persons "on the nod" will quickly rouse themselves when asked to do something and will do it with their customary skill. They may do it a little less speedily than usual, and on psychological tests they score a little slower than usual. But, states a report to the American Journal of Medicine: "If a sufficient supply of the drug is available, the overt behavior of the addict is not unusual and he can carry on a highly skilled technical occupation in a fairly satisfactory manner."

"These drugs," one authority emphasizes, "do not impair a person's reasoning ability."

A great deal. One trouble is

tolerance. Sooner or later the drug-user can't be "fixed" unless he increases the dose.

For the non-addict the usual dose of morphine is a quarter of a grain—about one-twentieth the size of an aspirin tablet. Its effects last a few hours. To recapture them, people taking a narcotic regularly have to double the dose in a matter of days. Soon most of them have to increase it again, and then again and again. There is a case on record of an addict who in 16 hours took 78 grains.

Even in big doses, short of the poisoning level, the drug apparently does no direct physical damage. It allays hunger, however, so the addict may become malnourished. And, since it relieves discomfort and masks pain, he may become seriously sick without knowing it.

Further, he has to spend more and more time looking for the drug and less and less time working. Somewhere along the line, then, he may be edged into criminal activities because they seem the only answer to his financial problem.

"DO NARCOTICS MAKE PEOPLE CRIMINAL?"

No. But many criminals do eventually use drugs, and many drug-users do eventually become thieves, racketeers or confidence men to support their habit.

As time goes on, the addict is likely not only to need more of the drug, but to need the drug more. This dependence is partly emotional. He uses the drug to dissolve his problems, and the oftener he turns to it for this relief, the stronger its hold on him.

It used to be thought that the whole process of dependence was "in the head." But researchers have piled up proof that the drug definitely changes body chemistry. For example: certain reflex actions in the legs of animals are stronger

than usual when the animal has been given morphine.

Recent investigations show, too, that by affecting the pituitary gland, morphine affects the adrenal and the sexual glands as well. This explains why some women drug-users stop menstruating and why men and women alike have a lessened desire. And this also points to the basic explanation of drug-using in certain cases—it relieves a problem, the sexual drive, that some people don't want to be bothered with.

His changed chemistry starts reverting to normal—a very painful process. Six or eight hours after his last dose of morphine, the addict becomes nervous and anxious. In another few hours, he feels bad all over, something like having the flu. He crawls into a corner, draws his knees up, falls into troubled sleep.

After a day of abstinence, his eyes and nose run, he sweats, and he suffers wave after wave of "goose-flesh." The symptoms grow worse—a severe aching in the legs and in the back, a twitching of muscles in the arms and legs; vomiting, diarrhea. He has a slight fever, his blood pressure is up, he breathes more rapidly. He can't eat. He is utterly miserable.

The symptoms reach a peak after a day and a half or two days. After three days, they begin slowing down. By the fifth day he feels as if he were getting over the flu. A few days later he may still be weak and nervous, but he has just about licked the withdrawal sickness.

When a person takes a drug like morphine, according to one likely theory, his automatic nerve centers try to compensate for its depressant effect. They do this through certain chemical changes intended to keep the body on an even keel. But the depressant effect is just what the drug-user values. In order to get it he has to keep the compensatory forces in check by taking more and more narcotic. When his body no longer has the drug, the compensatory forces take over and it is some days before a balance is restored. When the drug is withdrawn, the symptoms are often the opposite of those on first using drugs.

The habitual user of drugs, then, keeps on taking them not only to

generate a rosy glow, but also to hold off a very unpleasant illness. In many cases, something else may be important, too—the work involved in getting a steady supply of drugs. This "hustling" gives an addict what everybody has to achieve someway—a sense of accomplishment.

A note to the U. S. Public Health Service Hospital, Lexington, Kentucky will bring him an application form and a pamphlet, "Information for Prospective Voluntary Patients."

The Lexington hospital accepts women from any state and men from east of the Mississippi. All others are usually treated at the Public Service Hospital in Fort Worth, Texas. Many cures are achieved. But even among those patients who stay the several months necessary to be cured, many also relapse.

Experiments at Lexington point to the answer. They show that narcotics relieve not only pain, but also the anxiety produced by the anticipation of pain—and pain, of course, need not be physical, but in our hearts and heads.

Psychiatrists who have studied them say narcotics users, by and large, are often intelligent people, cursed with inadequate personalities, who find many of life's problems exceedingly painful.

The same thing is true of many alcoholics, these psychiatrists say. But the type of person who relies on alcohol is often at heart, aggressive. Alcohol lowers the barriers and lets him get in there and fight, or try to make love, or raise the devil. But the man who relies on narcotics just wants to get away from it all.

Once the addict's physical dependence on drugs has been broken, the problem is to get him to see why he took drugs in the first place and then to help him find acceptable ways of meeting his troubles.

Surveys of former Lexington patients indicate that when they get needed help—for instance, in finding a place to live, in getting a job, in steering clear of drug-using former associates—they have an excellent chance of staying cured.

Drug addiction authorities insist that we have been oversold on him. In any event, he is often actually not—like most habitual drug-users—a narcotic addict.

They give this picture:

There may now be 60,000 addicts in the United States—perhaps one for every 3,000 persons, as compared with one for every 4,000 persons before World War I.

Ninety per cent or more of the drug addicts use opiates—drugs that come from opium, which comes from the poppy plant—or preparations with an opiate-like action. All are narcotics.

Most of the rest of the addicts smoke marihuana, the leaves of the female hemp plant. The majority of the smokers get only mildly intoxicated. They are easily amused, do a good deal of giggling, sleep more than usual, develop big appetites. Marihuana does push unstable persons temporarily out of their minds, and these persons may well be dangerous. Only a few per cent of the addicts use cocaine, which comes from the leaves of the cocoa plant. Taken by injection, it first stimulates and then depresses the nervous system, starting with the brain. For a few minutes it confers a feeling of tremendous mental and physical power; everything seems to lie within the taker's grasp. But this sensation dies in 10 or 15 minutes, so the addict takes another dose, and another. As toxic effects build up, he becomes temporarily psychotic. He thinks insects are crawling on his skin and that people are watching him. Anybody he meets may appear to be a detective who is persecuting him. He is highly dangerous.

Marihuana and cocaine differ from the narcotics in other ways. They do not produce tolerance, and when the addict can't get them he does not become sick.

People become addicted to still other drugs—mainly the barbiturates and alcohol, which, in excess, produce similar intoxicating effects. Such addicts are not counted in the usual estimates of drug addicts, nor, as such, are they treated by the Public Health Service Hospitals.

Bill Stern, noted American sport-caster, has laid bare his past enslavement to drugs in an attempt to carry a message of hope to fellow drug addicts.

The book, "The Taste of Ashes," is a revealing and honest narrative of the tortures and struggles he endured as a drug user trying to free himself from the bonds of his devastating illness.



The British System of Narcotics Control in the Island Lantern

British practices with respect to controlling addiction have not changed materially since 1920, when legislation on this subject was first enacted. This law, known as the Dangerous Drugs Act of 1920, with subsequent additions, interpretations, and consolidations, over the years, puts addiction and the treatment of addicts squarely and exclusively into the hands of the medical profession. It defines the addict as a patient, treats addiction essentially as a disease, and makes the doctor the final judge as to the circumstances under the manner and quantity in which drugs are to be prescribed. Thus, in the British Government's annual report to the United Nations for 1955, it is stated: "*In the United Kingdom, the treatment of a patient is considered to be a matter for the doctor concerned. The nature of the treatment given varies with the circumstances of each case.*" Consonant with this conception, there is no compulsory treatment or registration of addicts, and doctors are not required to notify the authorities when they begin to treat an addict, although they are encouraged to do so. Similarly, the *National Health Service Act* supplies to the addicts as to all other types of medical patients,

so that the doctor who has addicts in his care receives compensation from the Government for treating them, and the drug user gets his supplies at a nominal cost of one shilling (fourteen cents) per prescription. But an addict securing a regular supply of drugs from one doctor violates the law if, at the same time, he secures drugs from a second doctor without informing him that he is already under treatment. The gist of the offense in such a case, it is important to notice, however, is not for securing a dual source of supply, but rather for withholding information from the second doctor. Practitioners who provide such dual supplies are, therefore, not in violation of the law.

The act of 1920 and all subsequent laws require that all persons and firms handling dangerous drugs, from manufacturers and importers to pharmacists, doctors, and dentists, be licensed or authorized to do so. These persons are required by law to keep full and accurate records of all drug transactions and to preserve these records for at least two years. Records of retail pharmacies are routinely inspected by the police, while the records of doctors are examined by specially appointed medical inspectors of the Ministry

of Health, who are also available for advice on cases of addiction. Pharmacists are required to keep their drug supplies in locked receptacles, and doctors are urged, though not required, to do the same, as far as possible. A doctor is not, however, required to keep a written record of the drugs which he personally administers to a patient—only those which he gives by prescription. If he fails to keep the proper records because, for example, he is trying to cover up his own addiction, he is soon detected by the medical inspectors, because the records will show that he is receiving unusually large quantities of drugs not accounted for by the needs of his patients. Such a practitioner, if convicted of an offense under the Dangerous Drug Act, can be deprived of his authority to possess, supply, or prescribe drugs, but he cannot be deprived of his right to practice medicine. Among the 335 addicts reported in 1955, there were, incidentally, seventy doctors, two dentists, and fourteen nurses.

Morphine or heroin may be properly administered to addicts in following circumstances, namely (a) where patients are under treatment by the gradual withdrawal method with a view to cure, (b) where it

has been demonstrated after a prolonged attempt at cure, that the use of the drug cannot be safely discontinued entirely, on account of the severity of the withdrawal symptoms produced, (c) where it has been similarly demonstrated that the patient, while capable of leading a useful and relatively normal life when the drug is entirely discontinued a certain minimum dose is regularly administered, becomes incapable of this.

The committee also made other recommendations for the guidance of doctors who handle drug users, which, although lacking the force of law, exert a profound influence upon medical practice. They include warnings that the gradual withdrawal method of cure should be undertaken in an institution or nursing home, that the patient should be in the hands of a reliable and capable nurse, that a second medical opinion should be secured before the decision to administer drugs indefinitely is made, that the quantity of drugs prescribed should be carefully controlled, and the drugs should not be administered to a new patient who requests them without prior medical examination and relevant information from the doctor who previously handled the case.

Concerning incurable cases of addiction the committee observed:

They may be either cases of persons whom the practitioner has himself already treated with a view to cure, or cases for persons as to whom he is satisfied by information received from those by whom they have previously been treated, that they must be regarded as incurable. In all such cases the main object must be to keep the supply of the drug within the limits of what is strictly necessary. The practitioner must, therefore, see the patient sufficiently often to maintain such observation of his condition as is necessary for justifying the treatment. The opinion expressed by witnesses was to the effect that such patients should ordinarily be seen not less frequently than once a week. The amount of the drug supplied or ordered on one occasion should not be more than is sufficient to last until the next time the patient is to be seen. A larger supply would be justified in exceptional cases, for example, on a sea voyage—when the patient was going away in cir-

cumstances in which he would not be able to obtain medical advice. In all other cases he should be advised to place himself under the care of another practitioner.

The Home Office annually reports the number of persons known to be using drugs regularly. It maintains a file in which the cases are classified into two sections—medical and nonmedical. The former contains data concerning persons regularly receiving drugs because of disease, such as cancer patients; the latter, persons who are simply addicts—that is, persons who are receiving drugs primarily because they are addicted to them and not because of disease or any other medical condition. The figure of 335 known addicts in 1955, mentioned previously was evidently secured by counting the number of cards in the nonmedical section and represents an increase of eighteen over the previous year. At latest reports, the number of cases in the medical section also numbered a little more than 300—337 to be exact. The information recorded in these files is obtained from data voluntarily supplied by pharmacists and doctors, as well as from regular inspection of their records.

Skeptics are likely to inquire whether the Government's figure of 335 addicts for a country with a population of more than fifty million people can be taken as any real indication of the actual number of drug users. Might there not be a considerable number of concealed addicts who secure their drugs entirely from illicit sources? Officials interviewed by the writer admitted the existence of such addicts but refused to estimate their number. It was said that there were drug peddlers and traffickers in the Soho district of London, but, it was argued, the extent of the traffic was quite small, even in such large cities as London and Liverpool, and it was practically nonexistent in other cities.

Among the reasons for believing that the number of concealed addicts is not large is the fact that very few addicts are sent to prison each year. During the last five years, the number of addicts sent to prison for any offense whatever has run as follows: in 1952, there were six; in 1953, sixteen; in 1954, eleven; in 1955, eleven; and up to July

1956, eleven. These figures do not suggest the existence of any large number of addicts among the criminal elements. When the writer observed to a Scotland Yard officer that pickpockets and shoplifters in the United States were frequently addicted, the officer ventured the opinion that there was not a single addicted pickpocket in London. Probation, parole and prison officials and doctors are largely unacquainted with the addiction problem from personal experience. A police officer with twenty years' experience outside of London stated that he had encountered only one narcotics case, and it involved an American soldier who used marijuana.

The black market in drugs, such as it is, appears to be different from that in the United States. Thus, the 1955 government report states: "*The 'addict' who is also a 'pusher' is unknown in the United Kingdom, though on occasion an addict may procure more than his own requirements in order to supply his friends.*" It is also stated that the black market in Britain is not "*organized*", that it subsists to a considerable extent on addicts who wish to supplement their legally obtainable dosage, and that it is supplied, primarily, by drugs unlawfully secured from legitimate sources—for example, unethical or unscrupulous doctors. A London physician estimated that there were, perhaps, five or six such doctors in London. In the government's 1955 annual report to the United Nations, the following statements about the illicit traffic occur:

The gradual decline in the traffic in opium, noted in the report for 1954, continued, and both the number of seizures of this drug, and the quantity confiscated, were the lowest for several years...illicit productions of manufactured drugs and traffic in such drugs obtained from illicit sources is unknown. Isolated cases of the theft of Legitimately Manufactured drugs occur very occasionally, but in 1955 no such cases were reported. There were, however, some instances of addicts obtaining supplies from lawful sources by illicit means, for example, by forged prescriptions.

In order to understand the manner in which the drug problem is handled in Britain, it is necessary to appreciate that the entire problem is given very little publicity. The

Home Office and the police officers who deal it are largely unknown to the general public. Their pictures do not appear in newspapers, magazines, nor are their accomplishments glorified in the movies and the press. The effects has been noted to induce the public generally to regard the details of medical treatment for addicts as technical matters to be settled by discussions among experts, rather than by public debate.

It has also prevented the public, and sometimes also journalists, doctors, and addicts, from knowing much about how the drug problem is actually dealt with.

It would, of course, be a mistake to attribute the trivial nature of the British drug problem entirely to the control measures which have been outlined. Back in 1920, when present control measures were set up, the number of addicts in Britain was small, in contrast with the situation in this country. Nevertheless, the facts that the problem has diminished since that time and that the number of drug users is probably close to what one might call "*an irreducible minimum*" are strong arguments in favor of the British system.

Prior to 1920, English addicts were free to buy their supplies of drugs from pharmacies without consulting a doctor. After that time, they were compelled either to give up the habit or to consult a physician. They had a third alternative, to obtain supplies from illicit sources, but this was scarcely practical, because no illicit traffic that was sufficiently organized to provide regular supplies ever developed. By having to turn to doctors, addicts got the benefits of medical and psychiatric care and advice. Although the drug user is a difficult patient to handle, he is obviously better off in the hands of the medical profession than if left to his own devices.

British officials are concerned over the potential development of a clandestine traffic as is exists in the United States but feel, in the main, that giving addicts access to low-cost, legitimate drugs takes most of the economic motive out of such a traffic. At the same time, it is realized that the addict's access to drugs cannot be too free and unrestricted; hence, the pressure on doctors to minimize dosage and to make prolonged attempts to achieve

a cure. Undoubtedly, there is some objection in Britain on moral grounds to indefinite administration of drugs, but this is counter-balanced by consideration of the greater evil of a large illicit trade in the hands of criminals. That the present system seems to work, in the sense that the problem is small and not growing larger, causes an understandable reluctance to change it in any important way.

English officials and the public do not regard addicts as criminals, since their addicts are not criminals, or are so in only a minor sense of the term. They, therefore, have difficulty in understanding the American tendency to equate addiction with criminality and to punish addicts more and more severely. It is rather felt in Britain that the addict is a weakling or an unfortunate person to be pitied and treated with compassion.

Since the British addict does not require as much money to secure drugs as he does to buy cigarettes, he does not have to steal, become a prostitute, or peddle drugs to support his habit. Indeed, there is a positive special hazard and unnecessary disadvantage for him in such criminal activities, since they may lead to entanglements with the law and to sudden interruptions of his habit. It is also disadvantageous for the criminal to become an addict, for he thereby adds greatly to the hazards of an already perilous occupation. A London police officer was asked what might happen if one approached a prostitute to inquire about illicit heroin. He suggested that she might well report to the police, since she knows that if she sticks to prostitution alone, the worst that will happen to her is that she will be fined forty shillings about every two weeks; whereas if she becomes involved with drugs, she might go to prison.

A frequent criticism of the British program is that it does not place sufficient stress upon curing addicts because drugs are made available to them and because they cannot be compelled to seek cures. In answer to this, it is argued that compulsory cures are ineffective anyway and that a drug addict, like a person addicted to alcohol, can only be cured if he wants to be and cooperates in the process. By putting the drug user in the hands of a

doctor and by not removing him from his community and family, the British program maximizes the resources which may be drawn upon for effective treatment by persuasion, rather than by coercion. Nevertheless, no really effective method of curing drug addiction has been found in any country of the world.

It is sometimes believed that controlled legal distribution of low-cost drugs to addicts would make drugs easily available and lead to the rapid spread of the habit. It has not done so, of course. This belief is based upon the mistaken premise that drugs made available by a doctor's prescription are generally easy to get. Such drugs are readily available to the addict diagnosed by doctors to be in need of them, but they are relatively inaccessible to all others. It is difficult to imagine a teenager approaching a doctor to ask for a large quantity of heroin with which to entertain his friends. It is even more difficult to think that a doctor would accede to such a request.

On humanitarian and legal grounds the British system may be defended as a just and humane one. Because the addict does not also have to be a criminal, it is made reasonable and just to punish him when he does offend. Addiction itself is not a crime, in either theory or effect, and the addict is never formally punished for it. On the contrary, the idea of such punishment is rejected by public and official opinion as contrary to the principles of British law and common humanity. Because the addict, as elsewhere, is regarded as an ill, weak, troubled, and unfortunate person, fines and prison sentences are not considered appropriate ways of dealing with him. He has, moreover, the same legal protection and rights in court as anyone else, and he is not deprived of them by legal technicalities or subterfuges. As a doctor's patient, he has the same standing as any other patient—as already mentioned, all official records are confidential; and as a matter of practice, special care is taken to protect the addict from unnecessary exposure or publicity. Perhaps ultimately the greatest strength of the system lies in the fact that it is publicly recognized to be just and humane.



A SOLUTION TO THE PROBLEM

by John Richard Merit
in the Atlantian

The person who is mentally well balanced, who is cognizant of the physical dangers of certain powerful drugs, and who is receiving through his own efforts a reasonable share of what we regard as the good things of life, will seldom become an addict of narcotics by his own choice.

He may, of course, in a small number of instances, become involuntarily addicted while undergoing medical treatment for a painful illness. Occasionally, also, he may be coerced or inveigled into regular consumption of drugs, or may experiment with them for thrills.

The possibility, however, of his "getting hooked" under any other circumstances is one that may safely be ignored in most cases.

Why then do we number at least 45,000 Americans—only the known and reported are included—as habitual users of dope? What mysterious reward is it that the addict seeks so frantically, oblivious to the fact that, in our society at any rate, his quest may eventually have drastic effects on his entire life?

Narcotics offer to the user various modes of release, of escape from the world as it actually exists. This escape may be through stimulating drugs or through depressants. It matters little whether the user is sunk below the surface of reality or rises into the clouds far above it—the element of escape predominates.

The user is inept at this complicated business of modern life. He is getting temporary relief from a situation with which he does not feel adequate to cope. It may be membership in a minority group, with its ego-searing experiences; squalor and poverty in a big city slum (over 70% of those users surveyed at Atlanta Penitentiary were from cities); a crushing personal or financial loss; a lifelong inferiority complex; or perhaps the inability to live up to the excessively high expectations of someone close, such as an overambitious parent. Then, too, the person who has failed at suicide sometimes tries to do the job by degrees with narcotics; in this he has much in common with many alcoholics.

It would seem elementary that a man does not spend his last cent, borrow, connive, and steal to procure narcotics just for amusement's sake, or to while away a few dull hours. There has to be an underlying some-

thing of greater significance. The fact is that, for the addict, the magical door to a relaxed, worry-free place is waiting quietly there in that lovely little capsule of white powder: To quote a jazz lyric of recent years, "All I want to do is get outa this world, 'cause that's where everything is!"

PARALLELS

"Psychiatrists who have studied them say narcotic takers, by and large are often intelligent people, cursed with inadequate personalities, who find many of life's problems exceedingly painful."

In his desire to avoid his troubles rather than trying to deal effectively with something potentially painful, the addict has much in common with those afflicted with one of the mental illnesses which are labeled *schizophrenia*. The schizophrenes, too, want to "get away from it all." This desire is manifested sometimes by a complete and stark withdrawal from everything. The subject just sits facing into a corner, his back defying his environment. The world has hurt him grievously at some time and he is minimizing the possibility of a recurrence by staying as quiet as he can and not drawing dangerous attention. He hears but will not speak. He does not laugh or cry. He may have no interest in food. He seems to be with us in body only. The person who is addicted to narcotics shares not only many of the predisposing psychologic stimuli, but even displays, while under the influence of his favorite drug, symptoms of a marked similarity to those of a psychosis—"only thing you really want is to be left alone," confided one of the former addicts interviewed at Atlanta Penitentiary.

There is another parallel between addiction and mental sickness: an essential in effecting a permanent cure for either consists of intensive counseling and psychotherapy; this is done in an effort to kindle the flame of insight within the patient so that he may find a more socially acceptable way of solving his problems. Dr. A.J. Russo in the *American Practitioner and Digest of Treatment* has said, "We can get them off drugs in their physical aspects, but the approach to mental cure is a more difficult one and requires newer methods in treatment... neglect of it may well be the basis for all failures in treatment." And without this final

step, there is, of course, little use in merely breaking the addict's physical craving for drugs. Although drugs may eventually change body chemistry, the basic problems are usually of a psychological nature rather than physical; it is rather doubtful, for example, that anyone is born with an innate craving for heroin or cocaine. Drug addiction, therefore, would appear to be exactly the sort of malady which ought to respond most healthily to psychotherapy, in the same manner as schizophrenia.

REMEDIES

Schizoids are not cured by imprisonment and fines. At one time, it is true, they may have been purged to rid them of "devils," but today we have a more enlightened approach to the problem, that of care therapy, and kindness.

It is unfortunate that the same enlightenment in America does not carry over into the realm of the addict. We seem to have been urged into the adoption of a hysterical approach to the problem, and hysteria often produces blind and vengeful sadism.

Of course the United States Public Health Service Hospital at Fort Worth, Texas, and the more widely known one at Lexington, Kentucky, are no doubt doing the best job now possible in attempting the physical cure of those addicts who either voluntarily commit themselves or are forcibly placed in hospital custody. But we have seen that this is only one side of the coin, and even this work is not being augmented by the present legal restrictions which apply to addicts.

It has long been the keystone of American justice that a man is responsible for all his actions and that, when he does wrong, he shall be swiftly and impartially punished. This philosophy, along with Conestoga wagons and outdoor sanitary facilities, has become archaic. It is a fact that many men are responsible for their actions almost all of the time. Others, for various reasons, are responsible for very little of what they do at any time. Psychiatrists tell us that not anyone on earth is completely responsible 100% of the time. Those who imagine they are unswervingly lucid, objective, and clearheaded must either be saints or else are endowed with convenient memories.

That the enlightenment brought by advances in psychiatry has reached

into at least one high place is demonstrated by the statement of Judge David Lionel Bazelon, United States Court of Appeals, District of Columbia. He said in 1954 regarding the famous "Durham Case": "an accused is not criminally responsible if his unlawful act was the product of mental disease or mental defect."

The Narcotic Control Act of 1956 (Public Law 728) which was enacted July 18, 1956, is an interesting example of the results of the rigid, responsibility-fixation kind of thinking. Among other things it sets up terms for the punishment—not just the physical cure, but the *punishment*—of addicts. It must be punishment, since the "cold turkey" (immediate, total withdrawal of drugs) cure takes only a brief period and a gradual reduction treatment perhaps a few weeks longer. As we shall see, this law seems not to have therapy behind it as a motive, but rather primitive retaliation.

For "nonsale" narcotic or marijuana offenses under the internal revenue code the offender shall be imprisoned "not less than two years or more than ten years." He may this first time—but never thereafter—make parole. For his second attempt at fleeing reality he shall be confined not less than five years or more than twenty. And if this miserable unfortunate should stumble into the legal machinery a third time, he shall be imprisoned for up to forty years.

The thinking here would seem to be that, if the first couple of doses of righteous vengeance don't frighten the individual worse than the conditions which incubated his addiction in the first place, he will have to be kept caged until he eventually gives up and expires from advanced age. This is indeed ostrich-like thought for the Atomic Age. It smacks of Puritan stocks and pillories and the burning of witches. Get rid of his sins by torturing the sinner!

Within the group of 375 prisoners surveyed at Atlanta penitentiary, the average sentence of those doing time for simple *possession* of narcotics was 10.2 years. The average for those convicted of *peddling*, on the other hand, was only 7 years.

An inference which might be drawn from these figures is that addicts may be treated even more harshly in many cases than pushers!

RESULTS

Thus we perceive that the narcotic laws of today do a great deal to the user but not much for him. What do they do, on the other hand for the modern-day gangster, the smooth and well-heeled representative of a large criminal organization?

We can answer this question best by first glancing at his background. During the days of Prohibition (1919-1933) he was, of course, deeply involved with the liquor and beer business and made millions therefrom. Why was this business so profitable? Because it was illegal, and the price of banned commodities is always a high one. Also for the reason that it was illegal, liquor suddenly became much more attractive to the man and woman on the street than it ever had been before. It was the fashionable thing to go to a speakeasy and drink alcoholic beverages from coffee cups. The law was a mockery. There was violence and death in the streets. Our rivers swallowed the silent forms of competitive gentlemen wearing boots fashioned of concrete. And then, finally, the people woke up and, by virtue of the Twenty-first Amendment, happily buried Prohibition in a deep grave, incidentally putting most gangsters out of the liquor business.

Many of these same racketeers are today closely bound up in the international narcotics traffic. Why? Again, because it's illegal, and, in the modern equation, something illegal which people want equals something very profitable indeed. It's strictly a seller's market in the dope business.

There was a lesson which Prohibition tried to teach us, but apparently we have learned nothing from the past. That lesson was that something which people desire strongly cannot be legislated out of existence, whether it be liquor or narcotics. The Narcotic Control Act which we examined in part previously allows the death penalty for anyone who is eighteen or over and who sells heroin to a person under eighteen years of age. This is about as severe as a penalty can get, but is it likely to have the intended result, that of scaring off the pushers who concentrate on the teen-age crowd? This same penalty has not seemed to deter murder or capital offenses where it has been in effect. Why should it discourage anything as colossally remunerative (the actual profit figures, were they

available, would probably be hard to believe) as selling dope to minors?

It would appear obvious that the laws against narcotics are having a paradoxical effect: they are encouraging and nurturing the very thing which they supposedly were enacted to prevent—the illicit production, distribution, and consumption of dangerous drugs. By exaggerating an issue, by making dope hard to get, it becomes a "hot item" and a first-class money-maker. Thoughtful people are wondering why we continue to play into the hands of professional panders in contraband drugs.

JUSTIFYING THE LAW

It may be claimed that the new, tough legislation has reduced the number of addicts. It has doubtless reduced the number of reported addicts, but this is not the same thing at all, and entirely false inferences may be drawn from putting credence in these figures. Since highly punitive legislation naturally frightens addicts, as well as making pushers more wary and resourceful, the overall effect is a superficial appearance of reduced activity, the same sort of thing which occurs when a political party is outlawed. It's probably business as usual, but now a very much more cautious business than it was before the narcotic law "with teeth" was passed. Now the problem may be even harder to keep tabs on than previously.

AN ENLIGHTENED APPROACH

This is a black picture which has been painted. What ought to be done about it? Let us consider for a moment what the British have accomplished in the area of narcotics control.

England, with a population somewhat less than one third our own, has from three hundred to five hundred addicts. We have at the very least 45,000 addicts. This means that, allowing for the difference in the population figures, our problem here is approximately thirty times more widespread than theirs. What accounts for the difference? Well, on this point there is some conflict of opinion, but suppose we examine the situation thoroughly and see if a logical conclusion may be reached.

The addict in Britain is not regarded as a criminal. This is basic. He is considered a medical and psychiatric patient and is allowed to retain his rights as a human being,

his freedom, and his dignity. "In the United Kingdom the medical treatment of a drug addict is considered to be a matter for the doctor concerned," states T. C. Green, chief of the British Home Office's A-1 Division, which administers narcotic control. The addict may receive drugs from his doctor only under the following conditions: for gradual withdrawal from the habit, where complete withdrawal is considered for the time being too harsh a measure, and in those cases where, even after extensive medical and psychiatric treatment, the patient seems to need a minimum dosage in order to lead a life not ruled by anxiety and stress.

The patient may either have the drug administered in the privacy of the doctor's office or make his own arrangements after procuring it with a legal prescription at any local pharmacy. He is under proper supervision at all times and may not receive drugs from more than one doctor. And, above all, he is able to lead a normal, useful, and orderly life with his family, can make a contribution to the social scheme by productive work, and is not forced into the role of a misfit or parasite. He is fortunate to be living in England where he may make drug purchases out of his own income at the retail cost; his American counterpart often must rob or steal to pay the law-created, astronomical price to some street corner pusher. (Heroin in England is available at a retail price of about \$100.00 a pound. The much adulterated U. S. product, by the time it reaches the ultimate consumer through illegal channels, may actually cost *five hundred times that much* or even more.) It is, incidentally, an offense under English law to obtain drugs illegally by forged prescription, or by stealing. Thirty-two people were convicted under this law in 1958. Further, it should be emphasized that, in stark contrast to conditions in the United States, there are no known juvenile addicts in Britain.

OBJECTIONS

There are those who have suggested that, for some mysterious and vague reasons not presently explainable, the English people just aren't the type to be attracted by narcotics, turning instead to alcohol, and that, therefore, this is the only reason their system has worked so well. The inference, conversely, is that Americans, despite a language, cul-

ture, and ethnic background in common with the Britons, nevertheless have managed somehow to become intrinsic narcophiles.

It has also been asserted that the British system works primarily because, under their socialized medicine scheme, patients must not change physicians, but instead have to stick to the same doctor. This is no doubt a help in administering the program and preventing cheating. A proper control program for the United States would, on the other hand, not be particularly difficult to manage and would surely have the wholehearted support of the medical profession as well as pharmacists. It could easily be paid for from the tax money saved by not having to enforce elaborate and unrealistic laws against narcotic addicts. In addition, income from the legal sale of narcotics could be used to finance scientific research into the problem, as well as provide specialized care and rehabilitation for those who could not afford it.

CONCLUSIONS

How do we know the English system would work here? There are no ironclad guarantees. But we are faced with inescapable evidence that the system we have at present has not fulfilled its purpose, is based on ignorance of human nature and that it cannot ever be a complete success. "When considering the way the system of present day treatment exists, there seems to be almost no hope at all. It is a floundering, helter skelter shot in the dark that hits once in a rare while." We know that the prohibitive-punitive approach to a problem such as liquor or narcotics may actually worsen the situation, by driving addicts out of sight, instead of resolving it. It should also be apparent to those who have examined the facts with eyes unobscured by self-interest that organized crime is benefiting hugely from the illegal status of narcotics in America. The addict, himself, the man who deserves understanding rather than persecution, is cheated by peddlers selling an impure product and hunted like an animal by the police. He is sometimes so frantic to clutch the next "fix" in his trembling hands that he performs criminal acts to get the large sums of money usually necessary to purchase it. Any doctor who helps, exposes himself to arrest and prosecution. If the user turns himself in voluntarily to one of our government narcotic hospitals, he may be

cured of the physical dependence on drugs, but chances are the causative problems in his personal life have not been altered significantly, thus leaving fertile the soil in which may be planted all over again the seeds of addiction.

The narcotic problem in America may not be so difficult to solve after all, despite the bombast and scare propaganda flying about, despite the frenzied search for manufactured reasons showing why the British system may be "not applicable to American conditions," and despite specious platitudes in high places about concepts of justice.

Advocacy of the English approach is growing constantly, and has been given important support by the American Bar Association and American Medical Association, as well as from the judiciary and from sociologists and other representatives of the field of science.

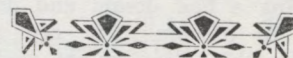
The decision rests with the American people. It consists merely of a simple choice between an approach which most emphatically does work and has worked for the past nine years, and one which obviously does not: *our own*.

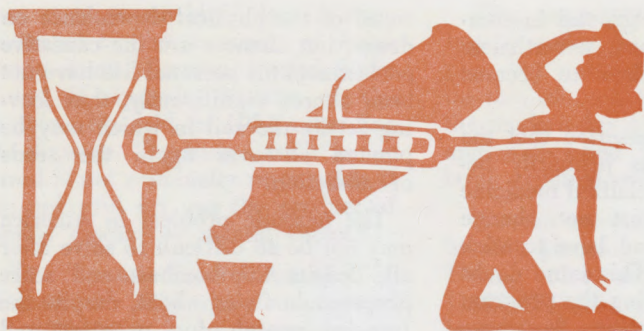
DEBUNKING THE MYTHS

An official U. S. Public Health Service film says: "Smoking marijuana has no unpleasant after-effects, *no dependence is developed on the drug*, and the practice can easily be stopped at any time."

On morphine and heroin: "The deteriorating physical effects so frequently reported are in reality the consequences of such conditions as malnutrition, too frequent cures, and generally unhygienic life related not so much to opiate usage as to *the struggle to obtain the drug* . . . There are no demonstrable major effects that necessarily follow the use of opiate drugs."

On long term addiction, dope expert Lawrence Kolb stated: "None of the normal persons had their efficiency reduced by opium. Twenty-two of them worked regularly for twenty-five years or more; one of them, a woman aged 81, was still alert mentally, and *had taken three grains of morphine daily for sixty-five years*. She gave birth to and raised six children."





MATRESS OF DREAMS

by george levy

The ideal bliss is to float serenely in the lethe of the womb's fluid. Here one has no care, no concern, no consciousness. Here one has warmth and comfort without thought or responsibility to oneself or to anyone else. What a chore it is to be born and so to worry about breathing, eating, and independent movement in a world that contains so many knocks, bumps, and lumps. If only through some magic one could get unborn and recapture original bliss.

People try it everyday. Maybe rabbit's feet and other amulets are not as popular as they were but people still rely on magic gimmicks. Some try to transpose themselves with alcohol; some with heroin; some with sex; some by fleeing into madness; some by getting engulfed in fantastic daydreams. The real world has become too much. Risk, struggle, hope, faith, courage, stubborn sticking to a goal are words that apply to others—not to us. We must find another and easier way back to the womb even if we have to detour through the tomb. The words sin, evil, pain, and death never apply to us. These always apply to the next guy and never to us. We are still the pure innocent babes whom everyone loves and whose simple mischief should be and always is quickly forgiven as well as forgotten. We are good and pure even if sometimes we are frustrated and misunderstood. The shirt on the back feels like a shirt but the number indelibly stamped on it is on the shirt not on the person. The impersonal characters on the mittimus that state you are to stay here in this place for five years, ten years, twenty years, even a lifetime, are only fly droppings on the paper speckling a bad dream and do not apply to anyone. You are really free for this place is not real but

some disorder of the eye and mind which will quickly pass away. *BUT IT DOES NOT PASS AWAY.* The cell door bar is cold and hard! The clang of the door gnashing shut is a rusty nail jabbed into the eardrum. The wall is high and grey and the routine of day dully following day with no end and vague beginning drips on and on over unfeeling stone

The late psychiatrist Dr. Robert Lindner, who spent a lifetime studying the psychology of the prisoner, did a paper on the Dream State Of The Prisoner. In it he said:

It is little appreciated that almost everything that happens to a man or woman in a prison is unreal to him. From the moment an offender is turned over to his keepers until the moment he leaves, he lives as in a dream. There is no urgency of time, no 'feeling' of its passage. The prisoner goes through each day ordinarily only half aware of where he is, moving in a mist of unreality enlivened and momentarily dissolved only by special events and crucial happenings....The more unconscious the prisoner is of his surroundings and the more he behaves like an automaton, the better the prisoner he is....that is, the less trouble he causes. But at the same time, this dreamlike, suspended state is another of the great reasons why the effect of imprisonment is so slight, why there are so many "repeaters."

Doctors are beginning to wonder if making pain so old fashioned is really such a good idea. Tranquilizers have been of great value in treating the mentally ill but still the question remains whether or not thorazine will ever affectively replace guts and grit. Psychotherapists point out that without a certain level of anxiety, patients are difficult of access to treatment. It seems that when a person gets too comfortable or too resigned, or both, treatment has the effect of hair tonic on a bowling ball.

And this brings us to the objectives of psychotherapy. It is not a

magic gimmick designed to bring everlasting happiness and miraculous reconstruction of the personality. Rather it is a method of retraining whereby a person can accept the reality and the real life with its frustrations, disillusion, bum breaks and responsibilities without gimmicks of booze, dope, sexual promiscuity, connivery, thievery or the crutch of a gun.

Men must dream. They always have. Without dreams there would have been no art, no music, no literature, no social or technological progress. But having rested on their mattress, men have then let ground get under their feet and even some dirt under their fingernails.

A number is real; a wall is real. So is a cell. It is men who make themselves unreal. It is men who say that time is imaginary. Time on a sentence is essentially a waste of time for it is a waste of life.

Men will stop coming back here when time begins to become more important than careless gratification of impulse; when caution conquers greed; when the resources of the individual ego within everyone of us are explored and utilized; when we accept the breaking of the umbilical cord as final and with it the knowledge we cannot go back either via a bottle, a needle, or a larcenous heart. We can go forward to whatever lies ahead for us and those involved with us. Men survived the stone age. A true man can survive stone walls if he can accept the truth that he has within himself the seeds of freedom, dignity, and respect of himself and of others. He must plant the seed and how he nourishes them will decide whether he reaps fruit or thistles.



KILLERS

COMPASSION

by Charles Sutton

The slow moving beam of a spotlight searched the prison yard; stopping occasionally to inspect some niche in the darkened buildings. The three men pressed themselves against the cold wall waiting for the spotlight to pass on. Three long ropes with crude grappling hooks attached to their ends arched into the air and bit into the top of the concrete wall with three dull clanks. The spotlight stopped its roving journey, wavered a second and then quickly came back in the direction of the noises. The three men labored their way up the ropes. Suddenly the glare of the spotlight outlined the climbing figures and the piercing scream of an alarm bell split the silence of the night. Other spotlights came on and joined the beam fixed on the progressing climbers. A shot, then another shot, and then a torrent of leaden slugs began to splatter and ricochet against the stone wall around the men.

One of the men screamed as a bullet tore into his body. He clung desperately, precariously to the rope, but as other bullets slammed into him jerking him this way and that, he plummeted to the ground. Then another of the men let out a stifled cry as the heavy caliber pellets peppered his body and he too began the long descent towards the frozen ground. The third man, having reached the top of the wall, reversed his rope—the bullets continuing to sing about him—and, expecting death momentarily, started a miraculous plunge down the other side of the wall.

Cliff Sundsten hit the ground on the outside of the prison wall, rolling. He was shaken and the wind was knocked out of him, but he was up and running instantly. In all of his life of crime and violence, Sundsten knew that he had never been nearer to death than during those moments on the top of that wall. And it was not over yet. Hurt and bleeding in half a dozen places, he ran a zig-zag course away from the wall with bullets kicking up dirt all around him. Some hundred yards from the wall, he dived head first into an irrigation ditch. He landed in approximately five feet of ice cold water.

Instead of attempting to swim away underwater, he stayed in the same spot where he had entered the ditch. He opened his eyes and could see the spotlights playing overhead

and then begin to trace away in each direction along the surface of the waters. He waited for as long as his lungs could take it and then broke surface and climbed quickly out of the ditch. He ran a crouching, crazy course that gradually carried him further away from the prison environs. Soon, he knew, these grounds would be alive with armed guards and he would have to traverse the nearly half mile of open fields that stood between the prison and the main road in a hurry. Only one thought occupied his mind as he continued his gasping, stumbling trek across the dark fields, *Granger'd better have that car there or I'm a dead duck!!*

Helen Martin came out of the kitchen into the living room where her husband was lounging on the divan. Sitting at his feet was Carol Ann their ten year old daughter, while Linda, the five year old, was trying to climb up in his arms.

"Joe, I just can't find anyone to stay with the girls. Mrs. Malone is down with the flu again and Mary Snyder is away visiting her grand-parents for the holidays."

Joe Martin looked up at his wife with some irritation.

"Honey, I keep telling you that Carol Ann is plenty big enough to take care of Linda—at least for the short time it'll take us to run to town. Now quit worrying and get your coat on. The sooner we leave, the sooner we can get back home."

He turned to the dark-eyed, dark-haired Carol, who had gotten down from the divan and was helping to boost little Linda up on his chest.

"You can take care of your little sister can't you, doll baby, while Mommy and Daddy go to town?"

"Sure Daddy," she said, "You and Mommy keep telling me I'm a little lady, but at times you don't treat me like one. I can take care of Linda and she'd better be good."

At this Linda joined the conversation. She was a blond, blue-eyed replica of her mother.

"I'm not gonna be good, and I'm a little lady too, aren't I Daddy?"

Joe Martin hugged his small daughter and laughed.

"You're darn tootin' you're a little lady—and a sweet one too. But

what's this business about not being good? You want Santa Claus to bring you something for Christmas, don't you? If you're not good he'll pass right by tonight and won't leave a thing."

Linda grew solemn, climbed down out of her father's arms, looked at him and then walked over to her mother.

"Mommy, I'm gonna be good and I'm gonna make Carol Ann be good, too."

Both Helen and Joe laughed. Helen picked her daughter up and said, "We know you're going to be a good little girl while we're gone and Santa is going to bring you lots of pretty things."

Joe got up, tousled the sobered Linda's hair, put on his coat and went out to warm up the car while Helen gave the girls instructions about how long they were to watch television and about the sandwiches and milk she had left in the refrigerator for them.

"Be sure that Linda doesn't drop crumbs all over everything and drinks all of her milk now Carol Ann," Helen said as she pulled on her gloves, "And for heaven sakes, Linda, don't sit too close to the television set. You'll ruin your eyes."

Helen hurriedly kissed both girls goodbye as Joe opened the door and called, "If you don't hurry it up, Helen, we'll never get back. The stores won't be open all night, you know."

"By Daddy, by Mommy," both girls cried, following Helen to the door.

Helen and Joe got into the car. They drove out of the driveway and turned towards the town which was a couple of miles away. They talked of Christmas and speculated on the excitement that the children would have over the presents. It was Christmas eve and lighted trees could be seen in the windows of the houses they passed. The car radio was playing Christmas carols and as they turned onto the main street that led to the downtown business district, the music stopped and an announcer's voice said, "We interrupt this program to bring you an important news flash. Two men, attempting to scale the 30 foot walls at the State Prison, were shot and killed tonight. But a third man made

good his escape and disappeared over the walls amidst a hail of gunfire. The trio were convicted murderers and all were serving life sentences. Cliff Sundsten, the man who escaped, was, before his conviction five years ago, the trigger man for the Covallo mob and...."

The announcer went on to give the escapees background and more details concerning the escape, promising to elaborate on the regularly scheduled news broadcast. Helen turned to Joe. Her voice was deep with concern.

"Don't you think that we should turn around and go home? That escaped murderer frightens me, and the girls are all alone at the house."

Joe was a picture of exasperation.

"For the love of mike, Helen. The prison is over a hundred miles away and there are hundreds of cops searching for the guy. They've probably caught him by now, anyway. The man on the radio said that he couldn't get far because he's on foot. Would you please stop fretting. The girls are as safe as if we were there. What you should be worrying about is how we're going to get through these crowds. Have you got your lists? We don't want to take all night roaming from store to store. You know how you are."

Helen subsided into a thoughtful silence. She wished that she had brought the girls along with them. They would have enjoyed this. There was even a Santa here and there, his merry laugh ringing out through the crowded streets. But Linda had just gotten over the flu and the doctor had said that she should stay out of the cold air as much as possible.

Cliff Sundsten held the big car at a steady pace. It was a funeral hearse and Sundsten appreciated Granger's ingenuity in providing him with such a unique and inconspicuous means of transportation. Sundsten was armed to the teeth. He had two knives in sheaths which fit like two shoulder holsters under each arm, and a .45 stuck in the waist band of his trousers. The knives were Sundsten's favorite weapons. With them he could hit a playing card at twenty paces. To his way of thinking, a knife was quiet and in the right hands just as deadly as a gun. One thing for sure, they couldn't run a ballistics test on a knife.

Sundsten remembered the first man he had ever killed with a knife. He had been just a hungry kid in the streets of the big city after his old man had died, and a man had made indecent approaches toward him. Sundsten had avoided him until one night the man had cornered him in a dark doorway and had insisted on forcing his attentions on him. Cliff cut the man to ribbons with a switch blade. That had been the first, but not the last killing. For afterwards, he had killed many times for pay. It was a way of life for Sundsten. He had no qualms about killing. Life to him was a fight all the way; you fought and you stole and you killed to get by in this world. Sundsten had never known anything else. His first clear memory was of standing on a street corner, a ragged kid, selling newspapers; and of his drunken old man taking the money to buy wine for himself and for whatever drunken harpy who happen to be living with him at the time. He remembered when his old man had finally drank himself to death. Sundsten had sat there in the rundown shack they were living in and laughed. Laughed with tears streaming down his face. The old man could never kick and beat him again. And neither could the women he had kept, for they wouldn't be coming around anymore now. He had looked around the crummy, tarpaper shack and thought that now this would be his home—his alone. He would get to keep all of the newspaper money and would fix the place up and buy some decent clothes and be able to eat enough so that he wouldn't be hungry all the time. He was only eight years old at the time and didn't know about the good people who feel sorry for little boys all alone and who insist that they cannot support themselves and want to put them in a nice Home somewhere. He had wondered what these good people thought he had been doing since he was big enough to stand on a street corner and cry, "Extras," if it wasn't supporting himself and his old man and the old man's drunken women?

Gradually Sundsten became aware of the lights of a car following him. They kept a steady reflection in the side mirror of the car. He shifted the .45 in his belt and slowed the car, blinking his lights for the other car to pass if it wished. The

vehicle in the rear pulled up alongside of him and he could see that it was a sheriff's car with two deputies in it. The man on his side waved him to pull over and then sped up in front of him to guide him to a stop. Sundsten, tense, eased the car to the side of the road in back of the sheriff's car. Both men in the front car got out and headed back towards the hearse. *This is it*, thought Sundsten, and he eased one of the knives out of its sheath. Neither of the deputies had their guns out of holster and just as they reached the front of Sundsten's car, the radio in the patrol car crackled. The driver turned around to go back and answer it. The other man came on. Sundsten, knife in hand, scooted out from under the wheel, slid across the seat and opened the far door of the car just as the officer reached the door.

"What's the matter, sheriff?" Sundsten asked, getting out of the car.

Before the policeman could reply, Sundsten had flicked his wrist and the knife was buried deep in the man's throat. He let out a gurgling moan and clawed at the imbedded knife. Sundsten wasted no time. He swiftly moved around the car and approached the other man who was talking on the car radio. Just as he got there the man turned sharply towards him, scrambled for his gun and was crumpled under the three quick shots from Sundsten's .45.

Sundsten leaped back into the hearse, ignited the motor and wrenched the car back onto the road. He roared away from the scene of the massacre. Not a half a mile away he saw the lights of a small town looming in the distance. A fork in the road lay just ahead and Sundsten quickly decided to follow the break off in hopes that it would skirt the town and lead him safely out of this area which he was certain would soon be swarming with police.

The road was rutted and bumpy from the ravages of the recent snows. The big car raced along at a break-neck speed. Suddenly, one of its wheels dipped into a hole, veering the car off the edge of the road. Sundsten fought the wheel, attempting to gain control of the car. As the car lurched back onto the road it hit an ice spot, spun, skidded—Sundsten's foot inadvertently hit the brakes—and lunged through a wood-

en railing, crashing into a tree.

Carol Ann got up quietly from where she and Linda had been watching a television program and went into the kitchen. She got out the tray of sandwiches and two tall glasses of milk that her mother had prepared and took them back to the front room. She placed the milk and sandwiches on the coffee table and then handed Linda one of the glasses of milk and a sandwich.

"Now Linda Sue," she said, "You've got to eat your sandwich and drink all of your milk."

Linda took the proffered glass and sandwich without ever taking her eyes off the TV. She began nibbling on the sandwich and sipping the milk. A commercial interrupted the program and Linda suddenly asked, "When will Mommy and Daddy come back, Carol Ann?"

"Oh, they'll be here in a little while." Carol assured her.

Linda was alive with interest. "You think they'll see Santa, Carol? I hope Daddy tell's him to don't forget to bring me a doll that cries, and a stove to bake pies, and oranges and ice cream!"

"Oh silly, you don't get ice cream at Christmas time. Besides, you have a cold and Mommy won't let you have ice cream, anyway.

"But I like ice cream." Linda said, pushing out her lower lip in a little pout. "I want some ice cream right now. And I want some popcorn and some chocolate milk!"

"Linda Sue, be quiet and watch TV or I'll tell Mommy and Daddy that you weren't a good girl and then Santa won't bring you anything."

Sundsten had been thrown clear of the car and as he struggled to his feet he realized from the fire in his side that he had probably broken or fractured several ribs. He was bleeding from a bad cut on his left arm and several places on his body were alive with pain. He took off his belt and drew it tightly around his upper arm in an attempt to cut off the circulation. He started to walk toward a lighted house that he saw in the distance. He had to get some medication for his arm, and he knew that if he didn't get his chest taped pretty soon, the pain would cause him to pass out. Every step was a painful labor. With every

breath he breathed he felt the black waves of nausea sweep over him and he was sure that he would faint. Coupled with these frightful aches was an anger that swelled the blood vessels in his temples. He gritted his teeth against both the overwhelming pain and anger and determined that the occupants of that house would either administer to him or have their throats slit from ear to ear. He approached the side of the house and leaned against it trying to catch his breath and steel himself against the latest onrush of pain. He then turned and looked into the window. All he could see were two little girls watching television. He edged his way, stumblingly, around the side of the house towards the front door. He banged on it, found the doorbell and pressed it long and hard.

The door opened suddenly and Sundsten found himself staring at the dark-haired child he had seen watching television with the other little girl.

"Good evening," the child said hesitantly, her eyes widening as she looked at Sundsten's bleeding arm. "Oh! You're bleeding. Have you been in an accident?"

"Who is it, Carol Ann?" A very young voice cried, and Sundsten could hear tiny footsteps running towards the door. "Is it Mommy and Daddy? Is it Santa?"

The excited little girl came into view and stopped, staring at Sundsten. "You're not Santa," she pouted, "You're all dirty!"

Sundsten's hard, ugly face tried to manage a smile but the pain in his chest only turned it into a grimace

"Yes—I've been in an accident—I wonder if you have a first aid kit. I'd like to fix this arm—'til I can get to a doctor."

The older girl pulled the door wider open and said, "Please come in. I could call our doctor—that's Doctor Hammond—I know his phone number, it's right there on the phone pad."

"Don't bother!" Sundsten said hastily, entering the house, "Let's see what you have in your first aid kit, first. You know how busy doctors are—I'd hate to bother your Doctor Hammond unless it's absolutely necessary."

"Oh, I know all about first aid," Carol said, "Mommy taught me, and Daddy say's I'm a regular little nurse. You sit there on the divan and I'll bring the first aid kit from the bath room."

Sundsten followed her. "Where is your parents?" he asked as casually as he could.

"They went to town to do some shopping. You wait here and I'll get the kit."

He watched her as she left the room. The other little girl eyed him curiously and said, "How come you're so dirty. Was you in an accident? Do you know Santa Claus? My Mommy said he's gonna bring me a doll and a stove and some dresses and lots of other things, but I've gotta be a good girl or he won't bring 'em. What's Santa gonna bring you?"

Sundsten sat on the edge of the divan. The bleeding had stopped but the pains in his side were still intense. He felt faint. He was wondering how he would be able to explain his knife and gun, the girls would surely see them when he removed his coat and shirt to get the tape on his ribs. The little girl was standing in front of him talking away.

"Are you sick? How did you get your accident? My Daddy was in an accident once. You know what happened to him?"

He looked at the big Christmas tree—curiously, the only thing Sundsten could remember about Christmas was that everyone besides him seemed to have fun. He had never been a part of that fun; always an outsider looking in and somehow resenting it all. Sundsten tried another smile at the little girl.

"You're quite a talker," he said. The other girl came back into the room carrying a white box with a red cross on it.

"Here's the first aid kit. Has Linda been pestering you? Linda you shouldn't bother the gentleman, he's had a bad accident."

Linda took umbrage at this accusation, "I didn't bother him. I was telling him about the time when Daddy had an accident too."

Sundsten stood up, took the belt from around his arm and tried to remove his coat. The pain in his ribs caused him to gasp and beads of sweat popped out on his face.

He felt very dizzy and had to sit down again.

"Here, let me help you take off your coat," the older girl said softly, adding, "I won't hurt your arm."

She very gently helped him get the coat off, then she saw the knife and the two holsters and looked down at the coat with the big gun sticking out of the pocket. Sundsten saw the frightened look come over her face and quickly said, "I'm a policeman little girl, that's why I've got a knife and a gun. Unbuckle these straps." He fumbled with the straps and the girl helped him get them undone.

Carol bathed Sundsten's arm with alcohol and with his help put a bandage around the cut.

"I've never tried to put tape around anyone before," the girl told Sundsten. He explained to her what had to be done and soon he was fairly well taped up. All the while the other little girl had watched in silence. The relief was so great until Sundsten sighed again and again. Linda offered him some of the sandwiches which were sitting on the tray on the coffee table and also shared her glass of milk with him.

"My name is Linda Sue," she told him brightly, "What's your name?"

"I'm, er, Mister Jenkins," Sundsten said.

"I'm Carol Ann Martin, Mr. Jenkins," the dark-eyed girl smiled, "Here, have another sandwich."

Sundsten was surprised and puzzled by the friendliness and generosity of the two little girls. It was a thing unknown in the world he knew.

"You like our tree?" Carol questioned with pride, "I helped Mommy and Daddy decorate it!"

"I helped decorated too!" Linda cut in, "You got a tree at your house, Mr. Jenks? We got lots and lots of presents and Santas gonna bring us some more, 'cause I been a good girl and so has Carol. Has your little girl been good, Mr. Jenks? What's Santa gonna bring her?"

Sundsten watched the two children and listened to them talk. He knew what he should do—he fingered the knife beneath his coat. He should be on his way and Cliff Sundsten

never was one to leave witnesses behind. He debated whether to wait for their parents. It might be best to wait and take care of the whole Martin family and then take their car. Time was running out. By now the cops had been found, he speculated, and the area would be searching for him. His own wrecked car was too close to this place for comfort or delay.

"I don't have a little girl—or boy," Sundsten did not know why he was saying this to these kids, but he did feel that he had missed something—something good and vital in life, somewhere, "I never had no home—except a long time ago. I never had no Christmas tree," he continued, talking more to himself than to the little girls, "And they took what home I did have away, after my old man died."

Carol Ann sat down next to Sundsten and said softly, "My father and mother died when I was a real little girl, littler than Linda Sue. We were very poor and had only a very small Christmas tree. We didn't have hardly any presents at all. You must have been poor too, Mr. Jenkins."

She took Sundsten's hand in her own. He hastily pulled his hand away.

"I thought this was your home." He said.

"Oh, it is. Now." Carol smiled, "You see, I was in an orphanage and Mommy and Daddy adopted me. That was when they didn't think they would have any children. Then Linda Sue came along."

Linda climbed on Sundsten's knee. He wished he was a million miles away from this place. It was becoming harder and harder for him to keep a cold heart toward these two children. How did you kill someone so trusting and friendly? Sundsten found himself telling the girls of his mean childhood. Of his drunken father and of the cold windy street corner where he sold papers and how he stuffed newspapers in his shoes to help keep his feet warm. He told them how he would hide some of the small earnings he made in order to buy himself a little extra food to help alleviate the continual hunger he felt. He told them of the orphanage and how much he hated the people who ran it and of the whippings he received and how he ran away—again and again.

Sundsten stopped talking and glanced at the tiny Linda who had snuggled up in his arms and gone fast asleep. Then he looked at Carol Ann and saw that tears were streaming down her young cheeks. He felt like an idiot.

"What're you sniffing about?" He said gruffly.

"I'm sorry, Mister Jenkins. I felt so sorry for that little boy—I mean you, when you were a little boy"

Sundsten stared at the girl. He didn't know what to say, so he nodded at the sleeping child in his arms.

Carol Ann smiled, shaking her head wisely, "I guess we'll have to put her to bed."

She got up and motioned for Sundsten to follow her.

"Poor Linda," she said, "She so wanted to stay up til Mommy and Daddy got home."

Sundsten laid the child upon the bed and watched as Carol Ann pulled the covers over her and tucked her in. When she had done this, she took Sundsten's hand and tugged him towards the front room. He wanted to snatch his hand away from the warm, trusting little fingers. For the first time he could remember, Sundsten was touched with feelings of concern.

"Mommy and Daddy should be here by now." Carol Ann said, going to the window and looking out. She turned. "I wonder what all those lights are down there!" She exclaimed.

"What kind of lights?" Sundsten cried, jumping up from where he had sat down and rushing towards the window. His hand instinctively went to the gun in his waistband.

"They must be police. There's those red lights flashing and turning around!" Carol said.

Sundsten took one look out the window and knew that they had found his car and the sheriffs deputies. As he watched, more police cars arrived with red lights blinking. He wondered how long it would take them to track him to this house. Not very long, he was quite certain, for this was one of the few houses in this vicinity and the closest one to his car.

The phone rang.

Sundsten jerked and stared at it. Carol Ann started for it but he caught her by the arm. Then he released her and whipped out the long knife. Carol's dark eyes went wide and startled surprise.

"That's Mommy calling to say they'll be late," she stammered, "She always calls like that."

Sundsten felt trapped. He would have to let the girl answer the phone. He was sure that she knew he was in some kind of trouble. He laid the wicked blade against the girl's tender young throat.

"You love your little sister in there, don't you Carol Ann?" he ask hoarsely, "And your Mommy and Daddy?"

Carol Ann nodded; her frightened dark eyes wide. Sundsten continued.

"Alright. I don't want to harm you or Linda, or your parents. But if you give it away—that I'm here—I'll have to kill you and your sister. Do you understand?" He wasn't sure if the girl was old enough to realize her danger, then too she might be so frightened until she would be unable to follow instructions.

"I'm going to let you answer the phone. Think of your sister and remember; if you do as I say, you'll be saving her life. Can you do it?"

The girl trembling with fear, nodded and said, "Y-yes Mister Jenkins, p-please don't h-hurt Linda! I-I'll do w-what ever you say!!"

It was the first time in his life that Sundsten ever really wanted anyone to believe in him—to trust him. He wished he could erase the fear of him that lodged in the girl's eyes. He wanted to make her understand.

"Carol Ann, please believe me, I don't want to hurt you or Linda. You're the only person who's ever been—well, nice to me. Maybe it's because I've never known people like you," he pleaded.

The phone kept up its persistent ringing.

"I won't tell them you're here, Mr. Jenkins." Carol said, still shaking. "You're afraid. You're afraid the way I was in the orphanage. I won't say you're here."

Carol picked up the phone. "Hello. Oh, Mommy! I-I was asleep. No—nothing is wrong. No, Mommy, no

one else is here. Linda is asleep, Mommy. Yes, Mommy, I'll lock the doors. I understand. We'll stay in the bedroom and be very quiet. I'm not excited, Mommy. Don't cry, I'll take care of Linda. I know you love us, Mommy. Please don't cry—yes—goodby, Mommy."

She hung up the phone, tears streaming down her face. "Mommy is crying because she left Linda and me alone. She said you broke out of prison and the police are after you. She was afraid you might break in here and hurt Linda and me," she sobbed.

Sundsten stared at the young girl. She continued.

"They're stopping all cars. They found your car wrecked. They won't let Mommy and Daddy come home. They have dogs and guns and are searching for you. They told Mommy to call here to see if we were all right. But I'm not afraid of you, Mister Jenkins, because I know why you broke out of prison! It was because no one loved you. That's why you ran away from the orphanage when you were a little boy. I know because I felt that way, before Mommy and Daddy came and got me."

Carol came over to him and took his hand. Sundsten suddenly knew, understood, what life had robbed him of. He knew the things he had missed so terribly, so painfully. Love and kindness. Concern for someone and having someone concerned for you. And to have it shown him by—by this child! He could not help wondering what his life would have been had someone like the Martins taken him when he was so very young and offered him love as had been offered to this little girl—this wise little girl.

"Yes!" he whispered, "It's wonderful to be loved. And it's wonderful to love instead of hate! You're right, little one, I was afraid. I guess I've been afraid all my life." He stroked the girl's dark hair gently. "I'm not afraid any longer, though. You know, you taught me how not to be afraid! Don't ever hate, little one, don't ever hate anyone or anything."

"I won't, Mister Jenkins. She said in a tiny, tearful voice.

"Well, I must go, little one," he said tenderly. The tears still flowed down his cheeks. "I must go."

Sundsten got up, went into the bedroom where the sleeping Linda lay, looked at her, then turned to Carol and said, "Give these to your mother, tell her Mister Jenkins left them as a Christmas present." He handed her the two sheaths and the knife. He walked to the door, turned once again bent and kissed Carol on the cheek, then opened the door and walked out.

A few moments later, Sundsten was stalking down the middle of the street. He held the automatic in his right hand. Suddenly a spotlight flashed on and swung full on Sundsten, holding him steady in its bright, blinding beam.

"Here I am, you coppers!!" Sundsten shouted, "Come and get me!!" He began firing at the spotlight. Answering fire came from at least a dozen sources and Sundsten was literally riddled with a leaden hail of slugs. Cliff Sundsten, killer, convict, hater, was dead.

The road blocks were lifted and Joe and Helen Martin rushed breathlessly to their home. A dread fear of what they might find awaiting them weighed on them. There in their living room they saw Carol Ann sitting quietly on the couch, holding the terrible-looking knife and the sheaths and crying softly. It took several moments for the startled parents to grasp Carol's story.

"What about that horrible knife?" Helen sobbed, "Why did he leave it?"

"He left it as a Christmas present for you, Mommy"

"But why? Why on earth—those dreadful things?"

"He said that you'd understand, if I told you he was taking the most valuable present in the house in its place." Carol said.

"What in the world did he take?" demanded Joe Martin.

Both parents stood looking at Carol Ann, waiting for her answer. She finally raised her tear-stained face and her dark eyes glowed as her soft voice said: "Mister Jenkins took our love with him, Mommy."

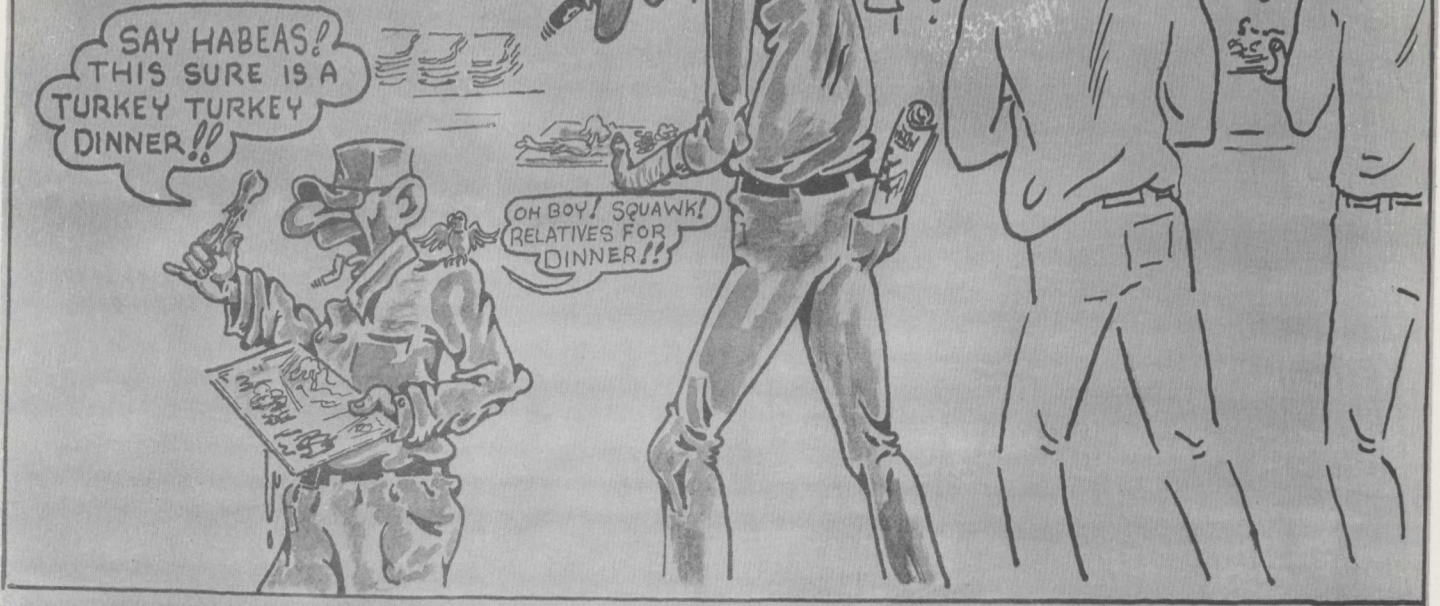
The parents looked at each other. They realized that the whisper of death had been conquered and turned away by such a gentle thing as a child's love and understanding.



"LET'S GO IN.... SIZE UP THE SITUATION, SET OUR TEETH, CONTRACT OUR TENDONS, GET A GRIP ON OURSELVES, FEEL THE PULSE OF THE "Hi Fi", MAKE SURE WE'RE AT THE RIGHT PARTY, TAKE A DEEP BREATH, AND WITHOUT FURTHER HESITATION DO THE WRONG THING!!"

"HABEAS.... CORPUS" 10-24-62

AND THAT BIRD...
"DELECTI"
by Ken + Dick



1963

JANUARY		1963				
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FEBRUARY		1963				
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MARCH		1963				
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MAY		1963				
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JUNE		1963				
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AUGUST		1963				
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SEPTEMBER		1963				
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OCTOBER		1963				
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NOVEMBER		1963				
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DECEMBER		1963				
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