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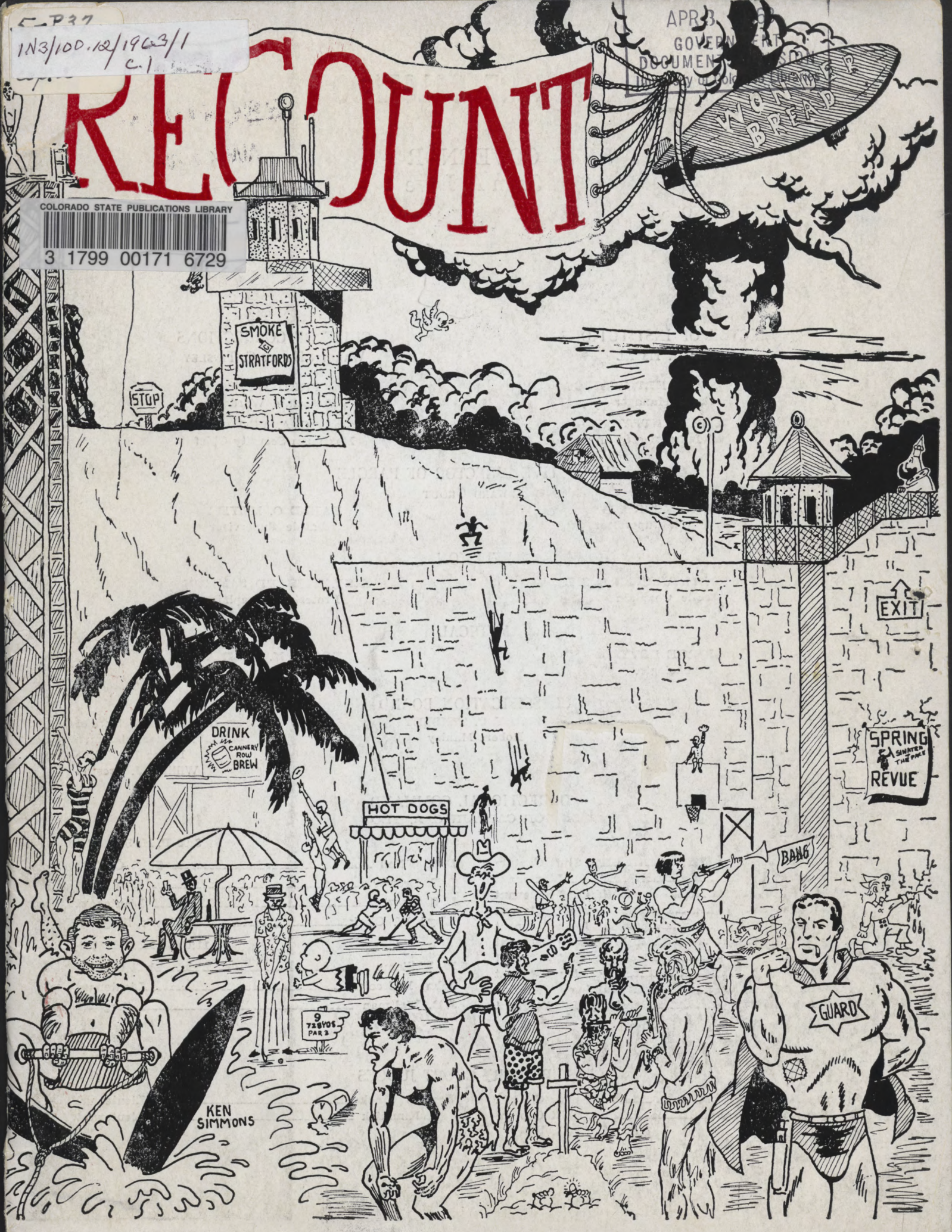
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KEN SIMMONS

GUARD

BANG

SPRING
REVUE

HOT DOGS

DRINK
CANNERY
ROLL
BREW

9
78906
PARIS

EXIT

STATE OF COLORADO

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1963

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Volume 8,
Number 1

In This Issue

✂ This edition of RECOUNT is honored to have among its contributors the Honorable *John A. Love*, Governor of Colorado. Governor *Love's* pertinent comments upon initiative and the bilateral responsibilities of the prisoner to his society and the society to its prisoner effectively underscore the theme presented in our Special Section.

✂ The prologue, so to speak, to the Special Section topic is further expanded by Warden *Tinsley's* thoughtful and penetrating observations on the most vital of all ingredients in any rehabilitation program. Mr. *Tinsley* proposes that "No institution, by itself, no matter how elaborate the correctional processes are, can rehabilitate any individual without his true wish to be rehabilitated."

✂ "Uncle Everett And The Twelve Dancing Girls" is not a usual-prison-written-story. It is anything but that. It is poignant, hilarious, oblique, tender and professional. *Dick White* has written what in our opinion is a story of such warm humour until it would have done even the late, great James Thurber proud. It is just that good. Everybody who is anybody had or has an Uncle Everett and they are all the better because of it.

✂ Then on page 4 there is *Jack Hollon's* now-it-can-be-told reading of the Prince Charming story. *Hollon* says he has the real low-down on the fairy tale racket and in subsequent issues will "tell all". Sort of a Mother Goose Confidential.

✂ "Of Thieves And Kings, etc." is a rambling, gimlet-eyed bit of meddling by the Editor into the affairs and foibles of the Canon City Man. And those of you who do not think that he is prepared to fight over the words written therein are absolutely right.

✂ *Ferris Cassius* is an American of African descent with a Latin name who speaks Spanish with a French accent. All of which qualifies him to hold forth on page 6 in an article in and about the beautiful Spanish language.

✂ Hayward Lawson's "Tangled Grapevine" is a spot of fiction in which that "deadliest of all our members" works overtime and very nearly creates a national incident.

✂ A comprehensive view of the winter sports program is presented on page 12 by Sports Editor *J. E. King*.

✂ Associate Warden *Wyse* answers questions of interest to the citizens of CSP on page 18.

✂ Some very sane words by Joe Cauthen on page 11.

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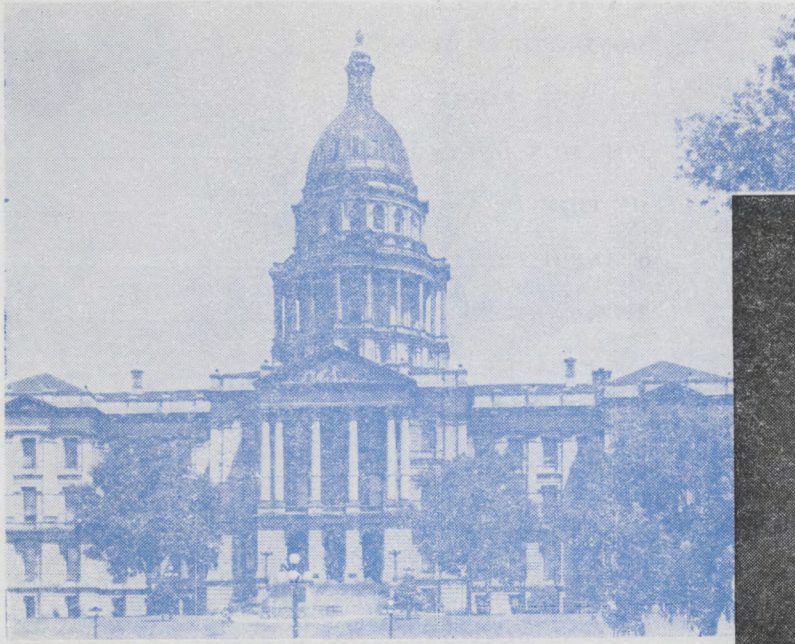
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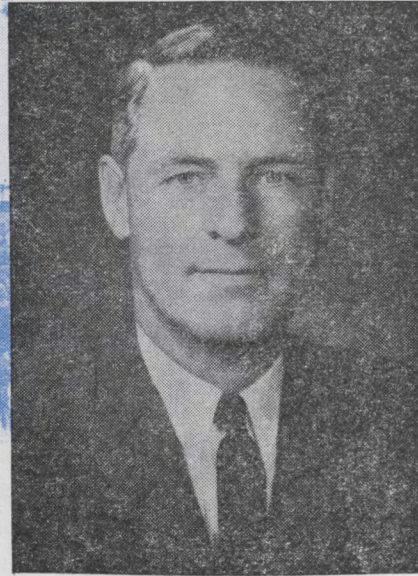


Probably the safest thing we can say for and about our cover is APRIL FOOL!! After which the psychologists can move in, interpret the symbolism, tsk-tsk several times and then call for the muscle boys to take artist *Ken Simmons* away in one of those white jackets with the wrap-around sleeves.

The scene depicted is *Simmons'* (not ours, nor the administration's nor anybody-else-in-their-right-mind's) conception of how the recreation yard here at Canon City should be, could be and would be if he had the proper say-so. In response to our occasional speculations about his mental health, *Simmons'* eyes glaze over, his jaw muscles tense and in a rising, hysteria-ridden voice he says, "How do you *know* the Rat Pack wouldn't come; have you ever asked 'em?" What do you do in the face of reasoning like that? And finally do not ask us to ask him what the cartoon characters and the atomic blast in the background have to do with all of this, because we steadfastly refuse to try and get a straight answer out of *Simmons*.



Governor John A. Love



"The way is open for any man

...to advance himself if he so desires"

I am pleased that the editors of RECOUNT invited me to prepare this commentary and to offer my views on initiative and on the future.

Man has never been without challenge, from the earliest days of American history to the present, but how he meets the challenge determines to a large extent his happiness and welfare.

Station in life is not the major consideration; rather it is how effectively we utilize our potential, how happy we are in our work, how honestly we face the day, how well we apply our skills. A man can be happy as a carpenter, a truck driver, a painter, or as an executive, provided he works hard at his job, preserves his family ties, and is motivated to enjoy life and to contribute something to the society which offers him opportunity.

Each of us has some measure of ability and the important thing is that we exert our best efforts and that we honestly and effectively discharge our responsibilities. Life is not easy and we realize this as we see the years fall away. But nothing is accomplished by self-pity or by excuses. Alibis have no place in man's future now, and never have had. Too many people, I fear, are inclined to think they have had a tough break, that opportunity has passed them by, that life has indeed been harsh.

A walk through any large general hospital in our great nation would quickly convince those who pity themselves that they are mistaken. Most people have very little awareness of the stark tragedy that strikes many Americans every day. We think we have problems, but actually we have nothing to complain of if we have good health and use the opportunities that are available to us.

I am convinced that opportunity beckons to you if you will do your part by making every effort to help yourselves. For one must be willing to be helped before others can help him. And, as you know, a good conduct record is an essential part of your future.

You have an opportunity to progress through the excellent programs here which have been established to assist you, and of which we in Colorado have a right to be proud. The vocational training facilities, the academic course, the trade school, the on-the-job work program, and of the utmost importance the religious activities and A A, to mention a few, combine to provide opportunity to those with the initiative to strive for a new way of life.

It is my belief that self-discipline is the most important lesson in life. Of course, society has a responsibility for you to a point, but you likewise have a responsibility to society.

The way is open for any man, regardless of his contacts with the law, to advance himself if he so desires. This decision is yours. You must have faith in yourself and faith in others. You must have the moral stamina to make your own place in the sun in these challenging times of ours which offer a great deal but which are fraught with danger to the American way of life, a way in which everyone has a stake.

No man need be alone unless he so desires.

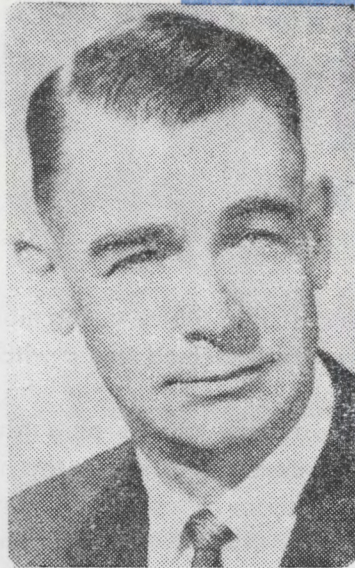
It has been said that a tiny spark of God in every person keeps him alive in time of adversity.

May all of you look forward, and look up.

And good luck.

Correction must start with the individual!

Warden Harry C. Tinsley



Prisons, Penitentiaries, Reformatories have during the past several years been referred to as correctional institutions. The American Prison Association established in 1870 for the purpose of improving prison conditions throughout the country changed its name to the American Correctional Association a few years ago. The question is aptly asked by Reed Cozart in the June 1961 issue of Federal Probation in his article entitled, "The Man Who Waits in Between" when he says "After all what are correctional institutions *correcting*? Are they not correcting a man's false image of himself—the image by which he pictures himself as a man who controls life on his own terms, who takes whatever he wants without concern for others, who brings terror to his fellow man while achieving his own security? Is this not what we mean by a "criminal"; one who, out of his distorted image of himself violates the orders of society, because he pictures other men as things which must serve *him*, instead of picturing himself as the servant of other men? It is upon man's inner whorls of images, therefore, that the prison's program must focus; for it is the false images, the flaws in a man's character which a correctional institution must correct. This is not naive logic, but a realistic appraisal of the nature of man. A man's ethical actions flow out of his interpretation of himself; if his self-interpretation is distorted, his actions are—as a man thinks in his heart, so he is.

"It is at the point of a man's interpretation of himself that the goals of the prison administrator and the goals of a liberal education coincide. For education's mission is to enable a man to discover his true image

and to reject his false one. And this is precisely the goal of the prison. Both are seeking to restore a man to his full humanity. This we can say to a prisoner; that it is possible for him to recover his lost wholeness. He asks to be made whole again; though he may gripe against the prison system, its staff and daily routine, he is all the time asking to be made whole. It is for this he waits. Behind him lies the man he no longer is; before him lies the potential man he has not yet become. He remains the man who waits in between—the "No longer" of his past and the "Not yet" of his future who waits for the prison to restore him to his wholeness, to rehabilitate him."

Actually, when speaking in terms of correcting criminal tendencies, rehabilitating the person that is motivated to violate society's accepted rules and standards, institutions, by whatever name they are called, must create an attitude in an individual wherein he wants to be corrected or rehabilitated. No institution, by itself, no matter how elaborate the correctional processes are, can rehabilitate any individual without his true wish to be rehabilitated. As stated in Mr. Cozart's article, every person serving a sentence must see the real image of himself as he was and yet try to catch a reflection of his future image of what he would truly like to be. In doing this a person must be basically honest with himself, because it is the true image that he gets of himself that counts and not the image or impression that he thinks he would like to have created in the minds of other people. If the right image of oneself is created in the mind of an individual, so will

Continued on Page 45

FOR
ME
ONLY

The TRUE Story of Prince Charming

by

Jack Hollon

Once upon a time there was a handsome young man that had a falling out with his stepmother who it seemed was a witch. Now this dear, sweet old soul had a nasty habit of turning anyone who annoyed her into a dirty, stinking, warty old toad. Now after turning this poor young man into a toad she put him in a sack and took him to the nearest forest and threw him into a pond. One day as he was sitting minding his own business wishing that he had never made his stepmother mad at him, he spied a beautiful young maiden coming through the forest. Not wishing her to see him in his plight he hid himself under a log. This young maiden was a Princess that was very unhappy. It seems as though her father thought that she was too good for any of the local fellows and every time that one of them would come to see her he would run them off. Now this made her very sad as she was missing out on the finer things of life. Sitting down on the log, she started to talk to herself about the injustice of it all. All the while our Handsome Prince sitting under the log could not help hearing all this. He climbed up on the log alongside of her and told her do not be frightened sweet Princess I could not help but hear you and I think that I can help you. You see I am not really a toad as you think I am, I am really a very handsome young Prince that was turned into a toad by my wicked stepmother one day when she was angry at me. Now I must stay this way until I can get a beautiful young maiden to kiss me then I will at once turn back into a handsome Prince. So you can see this will not be the easiest thing in the world to do as what sweet young thing would kiss someone who is as ugly as I am. Inasmuch as this Princess had a good heart and also wished to get in on some of the loving that was going on that her father was keeping her from, she said I will kiss you Prince and then when you turn back into a handsome young man you and I can make beautiful music together. Without waiting another minute she picked him up and really planted one on this poor ugly toad. Lo and behold there before her very eyes the poor ugly toad turned into the most handsome man that she had ever seen. Now this really made her heart do flips. Now I would like to be able to say that everything worked out fine and they lived happily ever after like the story books would have you to believe but unfortunately I can't do this as there was one little thing that the Prince had forgotten to tell. It was true that by kissing him that he would turn back into a Prince, but in the meantime she turned into an ugly toad, and who in his right mind would have anything to do with a chick what looked like that.

Now the moral of this story is that all you sweet young chicks that think that you are missing out on something, forget it Man, and don't go around kissing strange toads no matter what they tell you.



...of thieves
and kings
and many
things

Read a pronunciamento from the hair people. There is no such thing as "good" or "bad" hair. There are only types. Am passing this along to those ridiculous friends of ours who load their hair with caustic substances in an attempt to make "that which is crooked, straight". We are told that some of the caustics are capable of seeping through the scalp and cranial wall into the brain. What a unique way to wash one's brain! Actually it's not unique at all, it's rather pathetic. They are sorta like the monkey who saw the man as he finished shaving and wiped the back of the razor across his throat. The man left his utensils out and the chimp, in imitation of him, ran the wrong side of the razor across his throat.

OVERHEARD: "You're a disgrace to the convict profession." "Prison ain't so bad, if you take away the guards and the walls." "He looks like a frog peeking through a fifty pound cake of ice." "How can the Cadillac people make money with all of their former customers in here?" "I don't wish you no bad luck. I just hope you live to be a thousand and have a fit every sixty seconds."

DEFINITIONS: Guy—a noun meaning a young hipster of questionable mentality. To properly pronounce the word it must be said very fast. A friend of ours thought it was a verb because he overheard someone say what he thought was "I guy you my hat?" But we assured him that what was probably said was, "Hi Guy, you mad?". Pimp—anybody in prison for stealing gasoline from cars, kindling wood, hub caps, etc. The word originates from the verb "impress". It was first merely "imp", then the "P" was attached to facilitate pronunciation.

There is this friend of ours, a little old con man from Dubuque, who has been bemoaning the state of affairs in the "pleasure-pain" game (His wonderful euphemism for the confidence racket). According to

him, there are far too many amateurs (Antelopers, he calls 'em. A tricky handling of the word, interlopers) consequently the good old days are passing. "These anelopers with their heavy-handed methods are educating the patients instead of unburdening them." Roughly translated, this means that as a result of the amateurs' tactics the victims are getting wise to the racket instead of falling victim to it. For example he tells of a couple of "antelopers" who devised a scheme to "unburden" a small town businessman, of some five thousand dollars (A humble endeavor, our friend said). They sent him a lengthy letter purporting to be from the editors of a national magazine—their stationery was impeccable. In this missive they informed him that he had been chosen Typical Businessman of the Year, and that their representatives would soon visit him to take photos of him and his place of business. Along with this award he would be presented with a check for fifteen thousand dollars, ten of which was to be used by him to improve the businessman, out of the goodness of his heart and his business and the other five grand to be donated to a national charity. However, the readers were supposed to think that the five G's were actually donated by him, there would be photos of him donating the cash money. The reps would arrive in a couple of days. Well, the businessman was so elated that he forthwith sent the magazine his check for five thousand, while the antelopers were on their way to his city. The magazine naturally didn't know what it was all about and wired him right back to that effect. The telephone wires fairly hummed between the magazine, the businessman, the postal inspectors and the local police. So, of course, when the antelopers arrived, cameras in hand, they were greeted by the disappointed and disillusioned businessman, the cops and the postal dicks. When we asked the little old con man how the caper should have been properly handled he glared at us and asked

Continued on Page 44

SPANISH



by
Ferris Cassius

Cuando mi companero, a quien es el editor de esta revista, me pide a escribir una articulo sobre la lengua espanola, Yo estuve un poco apprehensivo. Yo no supe exactamente de escribiria. Como no estoy espanol ni de un pais de habla espanola. Sin embargo, esta obra uds. leen fatigosamente es mi experimento peligrosa a comunicacion con vds.

Primero yo quisiera a explicar que nadie me ensenado algo acerca de espanol. Con esta vista en mente, vamanos!

Ahora probare a decir a vds. algo de mi dificultad durante mi lucha con la idioma espanol. El verbo Ser y Estar eran bastante me hacer deje de para siempre. Yo no comprenderia cuando usar uno o el otro. En ingles decimos yo estoy contento, ella es alegre o estamos delante de la casa, con las mismos verbos. No hay una distinction entre los dos. Tambien, Los espanoles dicen, hace frio, *it makes cold*, hace calor, *it makes hot*. Cuando un yanqui los mira, la diversion ha empezado.

A la larga hay que a recordar que lenguas son peculiar a nos solo porque no hemos sido conocido con la estructura como las personas que habla espanol de nacimiento.

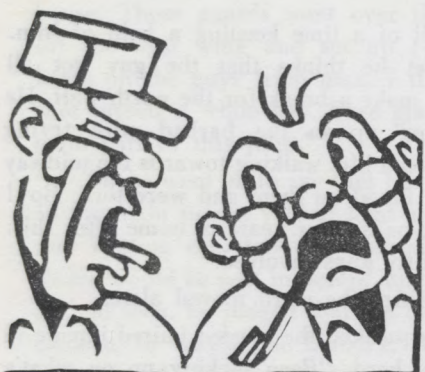
No es dificil a aprender como hablar el espanol y poder comprender que dicen los habitantes de paises que habla espanola despues de 5 o 6 meses, si vd. estudia diligente. Pero, para ser fluido, lo tomara vd. muchos anos de estudia duro. La razon actual es porque hay tantos idiomas. Aqui son un poco de los. Primero, recuerda que idiomas son el corazon de alguno lengua.

Por ejemplo; Tomemoslo a broma—*Let's take it as a joke*. Un otro ejemplo de la mismo verbo es, no lo tome vd. a pecho—*Don't take it to heart*. Vds. deben reuerdan que en todas lenguas, una palabra tiene muchos definiciones. Por ejemplo la palabra sentido. Sus palabras eran muy sentidas—*Your speech was very moving*. El sentido (*of five senses*) del olfato—*The sense of smell*. Esto tiene doble sentido—*This has double meaning*.

Algunos escritores como Wendell Johnson en su libro *Gentes en Duda* y S. I. Hayakawa en su libro *Lengua en Pensamiento y Accion* expican la diferencia concerniente este. Yo no se si estos libros has sido traducado en Espanol o no, pero ellos deben.

Aqui estan otros ejemplos con la palabra fin; llegaremos antes del fin de la pelicula?—*Will we arrive before the end of the picture?* No se con que fin lo dice—*I don't know what his purpose is in saying it*. En fin, ella no le queria—*In short she didn't love him*. Al fin se quedaron solos—*They were alone at last*. Cuando tenemos que aprender estos por corazon, no es muy facil. Los espanoles dicen a donde el corazon se inclina, el pie camina, y en ingles este es tradujo literario: *Where the heart inclines itself, the feet travel*. Por eso vds. buscara el mas mejor traductor de todas cuando leyendo cuentas en ingles o espanol.

Don Quijote de La Mancha por Cervantes es muy chitoso cuando leido en ingles pero, no hay comparicion cuando leido en el original. Pues, hombres, me gozo y espero que vds. han recibido algun de valor. Si posible desatenden los errores y la proxima vez me mejoro.



THE TANGLED GRAPEVINE

by
Hayward Lawson

"You know something Dismas? It's a shame the way people exaggerate the truth till its blown beyond belief. You take some broad, for instance, give her a telephone and she'll talk herself dry. Boy! These women now-a-days are sure champs at taking a little chunk of gossip and making it into a felony. It's enough to give a guy a feeling of security just being away from them."

Dismas wasn't the least bit interested in the conversation his co-worker, Sammie, was trying to spark. His thoughts were running ahead to his anticipated visit from his wife. Silently he remembered the day he was sentenced to prison. *Oh well*, he thought, *It's only time*. Aloud he said, "I guess you're right Sammie. It reminds me of that woman who saw the little hole in her tooth after it was extracted and remarked to the dentist that the hole felt much bigger than what it was.

The dentist just said, 'Well you know how a woman's tongue exaggerates.'

They both laughed and continued their meal.

After returning to their duties on the prison farm detail Dismas was told he was to report to the midway rotunda. Being sent there could mean almost anything and generally did.

"Say Dismas," Sammie said, "I just heard that you have to go to the midway. You're awfully short to be getting in a jam aren't you? What's the deal, buddy?"

"Oh, I doubt if I'm busted. It's hard to say though. I hear there's a pretty heavy rumble about some home-brew getting uncovered. Damn, that'd really hang me, to get pinched now!"

Dismas returned to the main part of the prison and disappeared into the Captain's office. Sammie am' led over to a small group of prison workers to inform them of the latest happenings inside the walls.

"Did you guys hear the latest? There's trouble inside the walls. Dismas just got pinched and probably a few others by now."

"Yeah?" remarked one of the listeners, "Wait'll Red hears about this. Man, this'll sure give him a laugh. He don't care much for Dismas. I'll be back, you guys, as soon as I tell Red."

The group broke up to resume their work but the grapevine couldn't be stopped and soon word spread

to all parts of the institution. And as it spread it gradually increased.

"Hey, Kelly. I just heard it from some guys on the farm that Dismas got busted with about five gallons of hooch. Him and four other guys from off the third tier. Man, are they ever in for it. Somebody else was telling me there was a fight involved and a couple of the guys got messed up pretty bad. It sure is amazing how fast the word spreads around here, isn't it? We're a good two miles from the main prison and we got the word already. It only happened about half hour ago."

"It's straight dope alright, Kelly," Hank joined in, "One of the truck drivers told me that this store-room clerk told him that through the supply depot it was learned that word seeped out through different sources that over fifty gallons of hooch was involved and a couple of the guys got shanked while they was drunk."

"Say, studs, didja pick up on the latest?" a slender wheel-barrow pusher said as he approached Hank and Kelly. "Word's out that there is a small riot inside the walls. The screws busted all kinds of contraband whiskey. There was about twenty or thirty guys in on it. I think the heat busted some shanks too. Dismas was leading them from what I gathered. Somebody was just telling me about a week ago that Dismas was making a blade, but I couldn't believe it."

"It may have been his cell partner's leather cutting knife he was sharpening," Kelly offered, "Of course, if that was just a front and he really wanted to cause a storm, well!"

"Yeah," Hank said, "That's just what I was thinking. Something real serious must have happened though, 'cause I seen the Captain talking to him a while back. Dismas just shook his head back and forth. I thought he must have beat the rap 'cause I saw him later in the chow hall."

An inmate just returned to his work assignment after being inside the prison for a visit filled in a few of the missing details of the plight of Dismas and his cohorts.

". . . then after he left the Captain's office, three guards went towards the cell house. Dismas' clothes were wrinkled. He must've caused a real storm over at the midway. Two guards were standing close to him. One of them had a long pole with a clamp on the end of it and the other had a five gallon bucket of hooch and a piece of chain. Dismas was tucking in his shirt and he looked a mess. Boy, he must've gotten a jim dandy. I saw the Warden a little later and he had a file folder with him. I think it was Dismas' folder!!! He didn't look none too happy either."

Another inmate chimed in, "And did you pick up on what happened in front of the cell house? Well, according to Spike, one of the guys in on the brew deal had gotten to it and swallowed close to a gallon. When he got pinched he refused to be locked up and the



guards had one hell of a time keeping a hold of him. Somebody says that he thinks that the guy got all looped and tried to make a break for the north wall. He must've gotten hung up in the barbed wire trying to get over 'cause I seen him walking towards the midway and his clothes had blood on them and were torn. Boy! This place is gonna be hot for years to come after this. There were nearly fifty guys involved."

At the prison dairy the word moved along.

"Hey Harry," squeaked the tousled haired inmate in charge of the dairy herd, "Been picking up on what's going on at the joint?"

"Ahhh, I heard a rumble there was a fight at the rock gang and they threw a couple of guys in the hole. Why? Something new shaking?"

"You ain't heard the first of it. You know that special board that was to meet to maybe give a few guys a little time off their sentences? Well, it just went down the drain. Some guy named Dismas just cracked up cause they refused to consider him. The words around that him and five other guys tried to overpower the board and make them consider their cases. I think they wounded a couple of bystanders and, as I understand it, played hell with the goon squad boys. They had some stuff in bottles, about two quarts. Somebody said it was acid. Shook up the shift screws plenty. They threatened to douse a couple of them then drink the rest. Boy! This place is plenty hot now!"

"Well, if what you told me is true, Whitey," remarked Harry, "It fits with what I saw this morning when I took the truck inside the walls for those milk containers. A guy was walking across the compound with a five gallon bucket and he had a quart of some kinda green stuff too. There was a lot of smoke in the air and this guy seemed pretty shook up. He probably had a shank on him too. I'm sure he would have used it."

"Yeah, that's about right, Harry. They're sure keeping it hushed up. Probably afraid it'd cause a riot. That's one thing I can do without."

The two men settled back to their work but were soon interrupted by a tractor operator from the farm.

He spoke from the side of his mouth as his eyes roved continually. Very appropriately he was called "Snake."

"Hey, Harry, Whitey, come here. Got some news for you. You'll never guess what. I was just talking to this stud that delivered some potatoes inside the walls and here's what he told me. He said that there was some gun shots and a lot of yelling going on. A bunch of screws were walking to the cell house real fast. They had some convicts and tools with them. I thought it might have been a radiator pipe or something give out, but this stud told me there's a riot going on. According to someone else whose word is gold there was a flare up over in the maximum security section. Thirteen guys sawed out and tunneled over to the main cell house. Those guards went over there probably to lock off the west wing and set up for turning the water hoses on the guys from max. I thought I heard a gun shot myself a while ago. Sure glad I'm away from the main part of this joint."

Snake went on to say that he could hear the convicts in the main prison yelling loud and booing and hissing and rattling cell doors. He surmised that the National Guard would be sent in before long. In view of the smoke he had seen, he judged that the cons had set fire to the canteen, or maybe the laundry. He further volunteered that a hundred or so of the long-timers had taken over the main part of the prison and were preparing to storm the administration building in an attempt at a mass break out. According to Snake, five hundred or so would be going. He also remembered a rumor he had heard last week that a train was going to be jumped. "That'd be a fortress on wheels, Man! !"

"You're trying to shuck us, Snake." Whitey winked at Harry, "This buddy of mine just left the midway and there wasn't a rumble of any kind. Everything was calm as usual."

"Take my word for it, Whitey," shot back Snake, "What I think is that someone got the guards tanked and they may just have jumped them. Then they changed into the guard's clothes and locked them in the basement. Sure it would seem quiet, if you ain't hepped to what's going on! ! I tell you Whitey, this place's on fire! !"

"Snake could be right," came a voice from the fringe of the group. Limpy Joe an institution runner whose job was to transport various papers from one place to another walked up to the front of the small congregation. "Yeah, Snake could be right o.k., I seen this Dismas guy at the midway while I was on my way through and he had his shirt off. Hmmm, you think they might've busted him for something? He's on the next parole board, ain't he? Must only have a few months left."

"Nah," replied Snake, "This Dismas didn't have nothing to do with it. I think it was him was telling



me about the guards busting fifty gallons of hooch. It couldn't have been him. I think he's overdue on parole already. Just ain't got no parole plan set up on where to go. Actually though, that don't make too much difference. I hear a lot of short-timers were mixed up in this and they already have a bunch of them in the hole over it. As I understand it, the whole mess started over no hot water in the bath house. That's when the canteen, carpenter shop and tool sheds was burned down. Geez! I'd sure hate to be inside the walls tonight! Keep what I told you hushed up, Harry, but I seen some trucks a while ago with uniformed people in them. I think it was the Army or something. Wow, if that's right, do you realize that bombs and machine guns will be used to break up the riot? I wouldn't doubt if planes raze the place too."

Meanwhile.

"Isn't it dreadful, Harriet? My gardner just told me there is a terrible riot at the prison. He's a trusty, you know. He informed me there are scads of people lying around, probably dead by now. The convicts are supposed to be slipping out in droves. I could see some smoke from here. Oh, it's just awful. . . . ! !"

And.

"That's right, Gracie. Joan's gardener just told her. I'm afraid to call the prison for verification for fear the convicts will somehow trace the number and take over my house too. I seen quite a few men marching in a field on my way back from town and I believe they were soldiers. An explosion tore out the whole East wall. They have tanks and everything over there trying to quiet the riot. . . . ! !"

Also.

"Quick operator, get me in touch with somebody of importance. There's a major disaster at the penitentiary. The convicts broke out and took over a missile base. They're going to attack Russia or Mars or someplace! !"

More.

"That's right, John. Tell the Governor it's of the

Continued On Page 44

2000

ESCAPES

by

Dick White

There's a man in CH-7 who last week, had a ring-side seat at the birth of an island. He lay peacefully on his bunk and "watched" the awesome volcanic upheaval from the floor of the vast Pacific as the stark and homely foetus of rock and sand thrust its ugly peaked head above the turbulence of the ocean. He "saw" the island change from a hateful thing to a kaleidoscope of lush and beautiful colors. He "saw" the people come to the island. He "watched" them eat and work and play and make love.

The week before that, this man in CH-7, stood beside the young Michelangelo in a gloomy candle-lit room and "watched" the sculptor examine the heart, lungs and guts of the cadaver he had just opened. And he stood behind the mad Van Gogh as he deftly sliced off his ear. And he "rode" with Jim Bridger as he trapped the beaver and made love to the Indian girls and climbed the mountains of the Great West.

The man is a reader, this man in CH-7. He is not unique. But he is lucky. He is lucky he could get James Michener's "Hawaii", Irving Stone's "Agony and the Ecstasy" and "Lust For Life", and Gene Caesar's "King of the Mountain Men". For in the prison library, books such as these are on the one-to-a-customer and first-come-first-served basis. Even though there are some two thousand volumes shelved in the neat, well-kept and business-like library, most of these embrace antiquity. But the incongruity of it seems to be consistent. Oh there's a lot of "reading" material inside the walls. Mike Shane, Mickey Spillane, Brett Halliday and others have probably visited every cell in the 'joint'. But the really good authors of current best sellers are conspicuous by their absence.

Books, those of the fiction category, are escape material (the legal type, of course) but why can't we upgrade our escapes? Why can't we take our trips on a sleeker, more modern and, above all, more realistic vehicle? Perhaps it is because the "garage" is empty. The new models are rolling, but the franchise is a little shaky.

It is probably out of our editorial domain to offer a solution but in the interests of rehabilitation or whatever other word you prefer, it does seem that someone could equip us with escapes to a little higher cultural plane -- and one that has a little more semblance of reality.

Other libraries in other places are well stocked... why not ours?

★ Best From Ballantine

The following books may be ordered from Ballantine Books, 101 Fifth Ave.,

New York, N.Y.:

POWER, POLITICS AND PEOPLE by C. Wright Mills...\$1.45.

THE WAR GAME by Irving Horowitz...75¢

MOST SECRET by Nevil Shute...60¢

A BIG MAN IN SALUDAS by Francis Rosenwald...50¢

TRAPS by Friedrich Duerrenmatt...50¢

HANDFUL OF TIME by Rosel George Brown...50¢

THE LEGACY by Nevil Shute...60¢

THE NAKED LAND by Hammond Innes...50¢

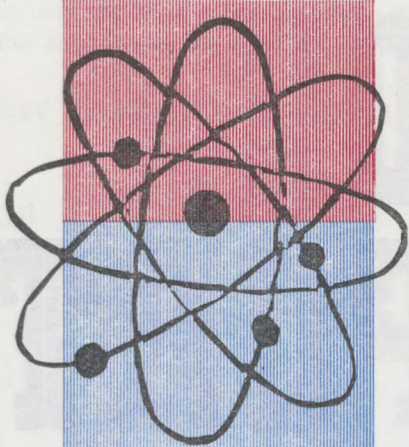
FAMOUS TALES OF INDIA by Rudyard Kipling...75¢

THE ABOMINABLE EARTHMAN by Frederik Pohl...50¢

THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON by H.G. Wells...50¢

BONES IN THE BARROW by Josephine Bell...50¢

THE FRANKENSTEIN READER ed. by Calvin Beck...50¢



SCIENCE AND SANITY IN SEARCH OF OURSELVES

by

Joe Cauthen

With the heady achievements in space exploration, preventive medicine, nuclear physics, electronics, synthesis, and other fields of technology boastfully paraded by mass communications media, the public today is constantly awed by marvels which leave the impression that man's knowledge has penetrated all barriers and is soaring toward comprehension of all reasons and causes which govern the universe.

The headlines of daily newspapers tell a different story. Human conflict, manifested by threats of war, economic struggles, crime, and violence, has not abated in this age—but has merely become more widespread and terrifying. The fact is that after centuries of parroting the philosophical principle, "The proper study of mankind is man," man has probed for and has extracted the secrets underlying physical phenomena while jealously concealing from analysis the principles which govern his own psyche. Without a doubt, generations of the future will regard the current manifestation of man's inhumanity to man, specifically as they are maintained in the theories and practice of crime and punishment, as barbarous relics arising from a retarded mentality. A childish mentality is clearly denoted by a preoccupation with *things* and a disregard for the independence and individuality of others—which is undeniably characteristic of our age.

The marvels of this age have come as a result of scientific research which proceeds from a skeptical, unbiased analysis of the effects observed in nature to a gradual interpretation of the causes which bring them about. These interpretations proceed cautiously from hy-

pothesis to theory to acceptance as natural law under the pitiless spotlight of experimentation, checking results, and assault by the mathematical and pragmatic criticism of all competent observers in the field. The process of scientific discovery leads to many blind alleys, requires much backtracking to new starts, and includes many embarrassing retractions; however even the scientists themselves have been dazed by the exponentially ballooning sphere of man's control over his physical surroundings following the introduction of scientific research.

In the field of human relations, conversely, answers are accepted without reason or proof, and criticism of their operation is usually unwelcome. The reaction of the so-called experts in morality and law enforcement to the products of research in those fields, such as those conducted by the late Dr. Kinsey, is shock, an outcry of indecency, and attempts at suppression through censorship. We exalt natural sciences so long as they confine their investigations to "nature"—that is—to the surroundings of man, but any attempt to explore the nature of man himself with the same techniques brings the ban and the censure of the iconoclast to the investigator.

The "experts" who assume the tasks of governing and guiding human relationships in our society are the politicians. Despite the importance any literate person must recognize in the problem of properly relating the human individual to his fellows—no less than a matter of life or death for multitudes—the politician is characterized by a car-

toon image of a baby-kissing grafter. Too often this characterization is tragically accurate.

Politicians naively assert that government consists in making and enforcing laws. A gullible or indifferent public gratefully washes its hands of responsibility and entrusts the reins of leadership to self-confident "saviours" who promise to legislate the other fellow's evil out of existence. Imagine a botanist who promised gardeners that he would convert bitter weeds into petunias by passing a law! Ridiculous? Yet, comparably, the politician expects to arrest the criminal activity which results from narcotics addiction by making possession of narcotics unlawful.

The time has come for this civilization to apply its tools of analysis upon itself, in an effort to discover the natural laws which govern human behavior and to apply those laws to the relationships of mankind on a realistic basis—one in which the laws must be molded to fit the facts as they exist in man, and not man coerced into a mold of "infallible" or "legislated" law. Otherwise, it is quite possible that the "things," about which man has learned so much, may become the instruments of his own destruction. Whether this change can be accomplished without some cataclysmic upheaval brought on by atomic disaster or social revolution is the ultimate test of our political structure. Are the systems of lawmaking and of law enforcement tools by which man reaches toward his aspirations? Or, are the systems his master, limiting his inquiry to those areas which will insure preservation of the systems themselves, and for their own sake?



INSIDE SPORTS

by

J. E. King; Sports Editor

BASKETBALL, WEIGHTLIFTING,
FIGHT CARD HIGHLIGHTS,
WINTER PROGRAM

1963 INTRAMURAL BASKETBALL ALL-STAR TEAM

First Team

Ronnie Lyle—6A—Forward
Dan Lujan—1A—Forward
McRae Lane—6A—Center
Bob Pettipiece—1B—Guard
Joe Trujillo—7A—Guard

Second Team

W. Wilson—1A—Forward
T. Moreno—7A—Forward
James Jordan—1B—Center
Billy King—7A—Guard
P. Vigil—6B—Guard

Honorable Mention: Rael; Hanna; Fershaw; K. Hunt;
Apodaca; Perez; Dedman; Corwin; Nugent.

BEST SPORTSMANSHIP AWARD

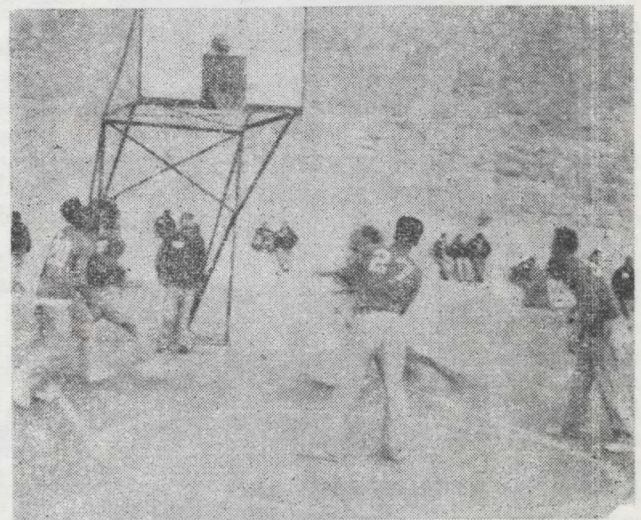
Danny Lujan

MOST VALUABLE PLAYER AWARD

Ronnie Lyle

Ronnie Lyle and Dan Lujan led the balloting for the annual Intramural Basketball All Star selections. Lyle was also selected as the Most Valuable Player and Lujan won the Best Sportsmanship Award.

Casting votes in the selections were the captains of each team and the two official scorers. Points were given as follows: 10 points for a first place vote; 6 for



second; 5 for third; 4 for fourth; 3 for fifth; 2 for sixth and 1 for seventh. Lyle received 4 first place votes in amassing a total of 52 points. Lujan received 2 first place votes, Joe Trujillo and McRae received one first place vote each.

In the MVP balloting Lyle received 3 votes, Pettipiece 1 vote and James Jordan and Tony Moreno garnered 2 votes each.

Danny Lujan ran away with the Sportsmanship designation with 5 votes. Lane received 2 votes and "Wedo" Apodaca received 1 vote.

Cellhouse Six A won the league championship and Cellhouse Seven A was the runner up.

Lujan was the scoring leader for the season with a total of 248 points in 20 games for a 12.4 average. He was closely followed by Pettipiece who had 232 points for an 11.6 average. Lujan also connected 49%

of his free throws to lead all scorers. However, Leno Trujillo, who only played in 10 games before transferred to an outside assignment, hit for 55% of his charity attempts.

TOP TWENTY SCORERS IN THE LEAGUE

Name	GP	FG	FT	Points
Lujan, 1A	20	106	36	248
Pettipiece, 1B	20	106	20	232
Lyle, 6A	20	88	30	206
Apodaca, 6B	20	73	36	182
Lane, 6A	19	69	41	179
Wilson, 1A	16	72	31	175
J. Trujillo, 7A	19	60	16	136
Rael, 6B	18	53	16	122
B. King, 7A	19	51	9	111
Gonzales, 6B	20	52	3	107
Mooney, 1B	12	46	14	106
Waits, 6A	9	47	11	105
Corwin, 1B	19	41	11	93
Moreno, 7A	17	39	12	90
Vigil, 6B	20	40	9	89
Hunt, 7A	20	35	7	77
McKinley, 7B	10	34	7	75
L. Trujillo, 7A	10	33	9	75
Moham, 7B	16	31	11	73
Nugent, 7B	17	28	10	66

INTRAMURAL BASKETBALL FINAL STANDINGS

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
6A	16	4	.800
7A	12	8	.600
1B	11	9	.550
1A	10	10	.500
6B	8	12	.400
7B	3	17	.150

MARCH FIGHT CARD ACTION-PACKED!!

On March 2nd, the Athletic Department presented its spring fight card and the fourteen bouts that comprised the match were filled with action.

The afternoon's most interesting fight was the match between Rudy Mora and Justice Jaramillo. Mora, a classy, "picture-window" fighter, started the bout the overwhelming favorite. Jaramillo however weathered the best that Mora offered with a style that consisted of crouching, clever blocking and then bursting out of his "shell" with a flurry of punches. Mora, unable to cope with the cool, methodical Jaramillo, lost the bout on decision.

Scarberry's 2nd round K.O. of Jack was the climax of a bout marked with haymakers and hilarity. Scarberry though short on ring-savvy was long on aggression and was raring for action from the first bell to the final count. He kept the air and his opponent busy with "top-of-the-house" haymakers thrown at the end of steam-roller rushes. Between rounds he snarled and bounced, impatient for the next sortie to begin. Jack put up a noble

defence but Scarberry's wild charges proved too much for him.

Tony Moreno flattened Irvin Pineda in the 2nd frame of their match with a short but vicious right hand. Both fighters were strong and knowing and it is no loss to Pineda that a battler of Moreno's stature put him away.

Another furious contest was that between Joe Guerrero and Tim Martell. Guerrero, strong and aggressive, won the decision on a point's difference.

In the headline battle, Carl Padilla and Clyde Guitterez fought a slow, almost waltzing bout and the split decision was awarded to Padilla. It should be noted that both men could easily lay claim to being the best in the "joint", but their exhibition here would not prove it.

Gardner and Towery, two herculean free-swingers, went at each other hell-for-leather and it appeared that either one would momentarily get knocked into orbit. Gardner put Towery to sleep in the 2nd with a series of "mule-kicks".

In the other fights, Vasquez decisioned Jaramillo; Herrera TKO'ed Garcia; Moya won the nod from Coca; Velarde won a decision over Sisneros; Ortega registered a 2nd round TKO over Hester; Langford outlasted Almonza; Johnson decisioned Lyle and Romero stopped Hernandez in the 2nd.

Rueben Scott refereed, Tony Bosser and "Bulldog" Atkinson were the judges and Don Swearingen was the announcer. Ted Wuertember was timekeeper and Sgt. Mattax counted for the knockdowns.

A lot of credit for the success of this card must go to Tom Coleman, the inmate trainer for the fight teams. Tom has done much to further the progress of boxing in this institution.

WEIGHTLIFTING

The first annual Colorado State Penitentiary Weightlifting Meet was held in the prison auditorium on December 1, 1962. The meet was sponsored by the prison athletic department with Sgt. Clifford B. Mattax, director of recreation, as meet director. Officials included Stan Johnson, Denver YMCA director and AAU chairman, as master of ceremonies and referee; Don Sears of the University of Colorado and Sgt. Mattax as judges; Stan Mann, Rocky Mountain Association weightlifting chairman, as scorekeeper and Captain Clelland of the Air Force Academy and John Lenihan working the blackboard.

The meet was sanctioned by the AAU of the Rocky Mountain Association with Stan Man in charge.

Paul Wacholz of Greely won the title of Outstanding Lifter in the meet with a Hoffman point total of 532.84. Albert Lucero of CSP won the 123 pound class title with a weight total of 470 pounds. Les Balazs won the 132 pound title with a total of 550 pounds. Virgil Garcia of CSP was the victor in the 148 pound

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Uncle Everett

and the Twelve Dancing Girls

by Dick White

When Charles Augustus Lindbergh flew the Atlantic Ocean all by himself, I had just passed my twelfth birthday; my father was the newly appointed judge of the Garfield County Probate Court; my mother was learning to play auction bridge; my sister, Marion, was rolling her hose, learning a dance called the Charleston and sneaking drags from Spud cigarettes out behind the garage; and my younger brother, Howard, was on an all out campaign to break all the windows in vacant houses and barns in Mount Xavier, Ohio—the county seat of Garfield County.

And then there was my Uncle Everett.

Outside of my father, I thought my uncle was the greatest man that ever lived. "Lindy" was a pretty small patch on the tub by comparison. Uncle Everett was my father's brother and two years younger, but there wasn't the remotest hint that they both had the same parents. Father was staid, quiet, dignified and ultra-conservative—a typical small-town lawyer and judge. Wham! Bam!

Zowie! was Uncle Everett. He was the editor, reporter, ad gatherer and re-write man on the Garfield County Sentinel, a weekly newspaper dedicated to the dreams to the Republican Party. He played the slide trombone, violin and piano and had been known at the University of Missouri as "Skins" Whitney, a handy kid with a pair of drum sticks. He went fishing for bass in Buckeye Lake, hunted rabbits out behind Stonemans Foundry in the fall, sang in the Grange mixed chorus, played Sunday baseball with a semi-pro team called "The Whizzers", gave book reviews at the Ladies Aid Society and got drunk every Friday. Oh, he had his cultural and intellectual side, too. He could quote all kinds of Shakespeare, Emerson, Whitman, Lowell and a couple of French authors whose books were not to be found in the Mount Xavier Public Library. His ability as a writer of newspaper stories was indescribable. He was blessed with a flair for the dramatic and addicted to adjectives. When the County Home barn burned to the

ground, Uncle Everett's coverage for the Sentinel was something akin to Gibbons' "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire". His account of a Sunday ball game read like the seventh game of a World Series that had gone twenty innings.

The College of Journalism at the University of Missouri had made scholastic overtures toward him for four years but Uncle Everett shrugged off the mantle of academic theory and proceeded to go blithely on his way with his own ideas of the working of the Fourth Estate. I remember the time when newsworthy events in Garfield County were at a particularly low ebb and he was pressed for copy to fill the front page. He had dug up a short item from the County Farm Bureau office that the corn borer had become a serious threat. The story was hardly of front page proportions but that Thursday the Sentinel burst forth with a two line head that exactly filled the top half of the front page. It read, **WAR DECLARED**, followed by the lead story to the effect that the enemy was within the boundaries of the county and a state of conflict existed. He even included a two column picture of a corn bearing the caption, **THIS IS THE ENEMY**. Nothing could stymie my Uncle Everett.

When my Grandfather Whitney passed away in 1920, he had stipulated in his will that, as his only heirs and living relatives, my father and uncle were to share everything that he left, fifty-fifty. House, money, stocks and bonds, etc. So we all moved into the Whitney home on South Main. And it was some house. Seven bedrooms upstairs and one down. Three bathrooms, a parlor, library, dining room, serving pantry, a kitchen big enough to hold a square dance in and a big cellar under the whole kit and kaboodle. Uncle Everett was given his choice of any two upstairs rooms and he chose two large connecting bedrooms on the south side of the house. It was Uncle Everett's Imperial Suite and two years after he moved in, it looked like a cross between the Museum of Natural History, the Baseball Hall of Fame at Cooperstown, New York, a second-hand store crowding bankruptcy, a saloon and a Chinese opium den—not to mention a dressing room in a burlesque theater. It was awesome. "Bit of Americana," he would say with finality. My mother refused to cross the threshold and only after much coercion, pleading and a little extra stipend did she finally get Frieda, the cleaning woman, to enter these two rooms twice a week to change the linen and dust around the edges. It wasn't that Uncle Everett was an untidy person, in fact he was the essence of neatness—by his definition, which of course strayed quite a bit from the accepted version.

Uncle Everett's philosophy of life was a pretty simple one; he likened it to a big ham sandwich. Some people take a bun or a couple of slices of bread, slap a slice of ham in the middle and that's it. The sandwich satisfied their hunger and that's all. While on the other hand, there was a class of people who took a couple of slices of fresh white or rye bread, several thin slices of choice ham, some mayonnaise, slices of tomato, a couple of leaves of fresh lettuce, put it all together with a sprig of parsley on top and there you were. You got a kick out of building the sandwich. You got a feeling of pride at the beauty you had created and after eating the sandwich you had satisfied more than just an empty feeling in your gut. Then there was the other class of people who went all out in making a sandwich—creating a wonderful thing of beauty with fancy slices of pickle, hard boiled egg, sprigs of watercress and the bread cut in exquisite diamond shapes. These people would feel so good about the elegance they had created that they would sit around and admire it. They'd even call in some friends and neighbors to help them admire the magnificence of their ham sandwich. By the time they finally got around to eating the sandwich the bread was dried out, the ham tasted a little tainted and the whole ball of wax wasn't fit to eat. They satisfied the hunger of their ego, but their stomachs were sure disappointed.

There were two things that were thorns in Uncle Everett's side. Women and preachers who were forever trying to save his soul and put the squelch on Sunday baseball. With women, especially good looking, single women, he was a frustrated mass of jelly. He didn't know how to treat them because he claimed they were so damned inconsistent. Of course he respected their position

in the scheme of things and the part they played in the Big Ham Sandwich, but he sure did resent their motherly attitude towards him and their campaigns to get him in a church and in front of a preacher. With preachers, his soul and Sunday baseball he was most vehement. I don't honestly believe he had been in a church more than a dozen times in his life. He had read the Bible and proclaimed it the World's best selling mystery story. I knew that he did have a religion and that he believed in something pretty fine, but to get a commentary out of him on just what he believed in was impossible. His church consisted of a two hour walk on Sunday morning. When a band of the pastors approached him to try and stop Sunday baseball because it was against the Sabbath and the Word of God, Uncle Everett replied that he just couldn't take their say that it was against God's word for a bunch of nice, young fellows to enjoy a game of baseball on the seventh day of the week, the only time these nice, young fellows could get together in a spirit of good fellowship. But if the ball team were to get a message from the Man Upstairs that He would rather these games were not held because they threatened the moral and spiritual fiber of the participants and the various congregations, then O.K., they would hang up their gloves and beat their bats into broom handles. When Uncle Everett was pressed by the men of the cloth as to just what he meant by a "message", Uncle Everett said that it didn't have to be anything real earth-shattering but if a burning bush should suddenly appear out behind second base in the middle of the third inning some Sunday, he felt sure the "Whizzers" would get the hint. The "Whizzers" went right on playing baseball every Sunday for years to come and the closest thing to a burning bush was the time the bleachers were struck by lightning, but the boys claimed that didn't count because it happened on a Friday night and the only thing on the diamond was the two goats the "Whizzers" used to keep the infield tidy.

Uncle Everett hated poverty. He claimed it was the one hurt that could not be bandaged. I think it was because of this deep feeling that threaded itself through him, and the rest of the "Whizzers", that the burning bush or any other "message" never did appear. I think the preachers chalked Uncle Everett and his ball team up as a bunch of souls who had gone beyond the point of no return. Of course they didn't know that half of the gate receipts from every ball game went to the "Whizzers" own private charity in the form of toys and food baskets for the poor and underprivileged of Garfield County, Ohio.

Friday was a big thing in Uncle Everett's life. And Friday was ritual. The Sentinel was in the hands of the subscribers—huddled up at home being informed and entertained with the wonderful words and wisdom he had created for them; the advertisers were in their stores and shops busy with all the customers their advertising in the Sentinel had brought them, their cash registers clanging out the prosperity and the members of the political opposition were cringing and stewing in their frightened juices over the scathing editorials written by this demon with the typewriter who threatened weekly to wreck their ambitions. "Ah, the Friday of dreams and visions and contemplations of satiety and wonder and content and excitement and pleasure and affection for the people—yes, the people and the dogs and the cats and the birds and the insects and the rodents—even the rodents—and the worms in the ground and the fish in the lakes and the rivers and the grains in the fields and the...the whiskey in the bottles....by George, this is Friday....got to have the whiskey....taste the wonderful, wonderful chemistry of the fermented grain....feel the exciting caress of the spirits of conviviality. Oh, I know you, Mr. Bacchus, I know you well, for we are fraternity brothers. I wonder why they never named a whiskey after you.... Ye Olde Bacchus, Aged in the Universe....Fifty Trillion Years Old....Sixty Million Proof....Drink it down straight and chase it with a kiss from Diana!"

Friday was his day. And everyone respected his right to it. That Uncle Everett got drunk on Friday was accepted just as the North wind blows in the wintertime.



Yet, outside of me, I don't believe anyone ever saw him drunk. He would get to the Sentinel office earlier than usual, get all of his business out of the way, answer letters, write a few, layout the next edition and get his desk cleared off. Along about ten-thirty, Specs Fogler would enter the office with a paper sack containing a quart and a pint of the best bourbon available in Garfield County. Specs was the local bootlegger and he was in and out of jail as regular as clock work. For some reason that didn't escape the citizens, Specs was always able to make his delivery to the Sentinel office at the appointed time every Friday morning. The power of the press in Garfield County was not to be taken lightly. As soon as Specs left, the faded green blinds on the two big front windows and the front door were slowly drawn....Uncle Everett was busy with the wonderful, wonderful chemistry of the fermented grain. This is the way it went, week in week out. And this is the way it had gone up until the time the twelve dancing girls hit town.

It was early fall and a week before the Garfield County Fair was to open. The County Fair was a very big thing. It was the big show-off time for most of the farmers in the county. Pigs were washed, sheep combed and brushed, horses carried and bright ribbons woven in their tails and manes, the hides of prize cattle endlessly brushed, and deft touches with a curling iron made a marcelled loveliness of their glossy backs and rumps. The magnificent pumpkins were cut from their tough, green umbilical cords and polished to a wonderful orange luster. The giant elliptical shaped potatoes were gently washed and arranged in neat geometric designs. From the kitchens of the farms came the splendid golden brown loaves of bread, rolls and biscuits; proud, squat columns of cakes rolled from the massive rural ovens to be iced and decorated. Small hands fashioned salt maps of the good old United States of America and painted in the mountains, the forests, the plains and the great, Great Lakes with a squiggly blue line down the center for Old Man River. And so they all came to the Fair, their treasures loaded in rattly wagons, clackety Fords, purring Dodges and the chugging Peerless, to compete for the ribbons of blue, red and yellow. Mingled with these were the trucks and busses of the people of the Midway....the pitch-till-you-win, cotton-candy, fresh-roasted, merry-go-round, Ferris wheel, two-headed calf, ten shots for a quarter, salt water taffy, get a kewpie doll for your girl, dance of the seven veils, people.

It was in one of these busses that Uncle Everett's destiny rode in the form of a pert and rather buxom red-headed female dancer by the name of Marcella Hockstetterstage name, Daphne Dulcene. Even though it rhymed with obscene, she wasn't. The bus was a pretty decrepit and wheezy affair. The top was loaded with luggage, canvas, tent poles and other stuff. There was a sign on the side just below the grimy windows that read **THE KINSEY KOMEDY KOMPANY, FEATURING DAPHNE DULCENE, THE GIRL WITH THE DIAMOND STUDDERED NAVEL.** A plume of proud white steam graced the top of the radiator of the bus, and, barreling down Main Street, it looked like a hunchbacked elephant with a bad case of hives. Uncle Everett, who was pretty well along with his Friday business, met the bus before he was formally acquainted with any of the occupants. Fate, being the sly goose that she is, selected the right time for the right front tire of the bus to give up the ghost with a blooie. The vehicle executed a very abrupt column right, jumped the curb and marched its panting

UNCLE EVERETT

and the Twelve Dancing Girls



self right through the front door of the Sentinel office, white plume of steam and all. It's just too bad that my kid brother, Howard, was not there because he would have appreciated all that glass being busted.

Whatever Uncle Everett's alcoholic reverie was, at that moment of bus meeting newspaper office it was shattered long enough for him to drop his feet from the desk and start to rise. On his way up from his chair, head and fender met. Well, Uncle Everett was "out" for three days and it was touch and go for a while. Some people thought he never would wake up. My mother and sister cried and wrung their hands. Father looked grave and paced the floor. Howard, my kid brother, laid off busting windows for a while. And me, I felt just like I had been thrown away. Ed Hakins, the sheriff, and Specs Fogler (now that's a pair...but that's democracy for you) cleaned up the mess and boarded up the front of the Sentinel office. The people in the bus...well, the "people" turned out to be twelve very lovely ladies and a fifty-seven year old man by the name of Stanley Kinsey who was the owner of the Kinsey Komedy Kompany. A bus load of hoofers and a self-styled impressario. Midway people. And they were busted flatter than the right front tire of their bus.

The sheriff figured that a bunch of people with such a great lack of monetary wherewithall sure weren't going to do any traveling so he helped them get squared away at their show site on the fairgrounds midway. Now let me tell you this little bit of business was something to behold. The little squirt Kinsey, sat peacefully on the sidelines and patiently watched while those twelve young ladies pitched their show canvas. They had the whole thing up and ready to go in a day and a half. Weaker sex? Not on your tintype.

When Uncle Everett finally awakened about noon Tuesday, his bedroom looked like opening night at a dog fight. Just about the whole town was there. But the stand-out of the crowd was Marcella Hockstetter, alias Daphne Dulcene, the girl with the five carat belly button. She and I were standing at the foot of his bed. She was holding my hand and she gave it a little squeeze as Uncle Everett's eyes popped open.

"Hi, Walter."

"Hi, Uncle Everett, how do you feel?"

"Punk! What's all the—,"

"Everett," this was Mother's firm voice, "you've had an accident. The doctor says it's a slight concussion and you're not to talk."

"This lady's bus crashed through the front of the Sentinel office and smacked you on the noggin', I piped, eager to bring him up-to-date.

Uncle Everett's eyes rolled up from my face to the red-head's.

"Mr. Whitney, I'm so very sorry but a tire on our bus blew and, well, I guess I just couldn't control it. . ."

"You mean you were driving?" asked Mother in her best holier-than-thou voice.

"Mmmm, Hmmp," remarked Uncle Everett.

"Everett, you're not supposed to talk" exclaimed Mother.

"I didn't say a damn word. All I did was 'Mmmn. Hmph', but I'm going to give forth with a soliloquy right now. Doc, or no doc. First get this motley mob out of my bedroom....I want everyone out of here, except Walter and this red-head female Cannon Ball Baker. Now, git!"

"Everett, you really shouldn't...."

"Git!"

When the room was cleared of all but Miss Hockstetter and myself, Uncle Everett sighed softly and spoke to Miss Hockstetter.

"Suppose we open this conversation in a somewhat orderly fashion. Since it is quite apparent you know my name, I think it is only proper that I should know yours...."

"This is Daphne Dulcene and she's a dancer on the Midway!" I interrupted eagerly, "And she's got a diamond in her...."

"Please forgive my lack of social amenities, Mr. Whitney. My name is Marcella Hockstetter and it's true I am a dancer and do use the name Daphne Dulcene in my work." She was still holding my hand so I guess she must have forgiven my impetuous outburst. I kind of liked her.

"Now then, Miss Hockstetter, did you or did you not drive that bus through the front of my newspaper office and bop me on the head?"

"Yes." was the timid reply.

"Thank God! I was afraid it might have been something I drank," said Uncle Everett with a great sigh of relief.

"But Mr. Whitney, it was an accident. The tire blew out and I just couldn't control the bus."

"Yes, Miss Hockstetter, I have no doubt it was an accident but what are we going to do about the damage that was incurred in this most unfortunate affair?"

"Mr. Whitney....I....We....Well, We're...."

"Broke, huh? Well, I feel certain there is some way we can work this thing out....uh-uhhh, Marcella." said Uncle Everett in a dulcet tone.

Well they "worked it out" alright. Each of the twelve dancing girls gave Uncle Everett dancing lessons under the close personal supervision of Miss Hockstetter. And

UNCLE EVERETT

and the Twelve Dancing Girls



let me tell you that supervision developed into something Bigger Than The Both Of Them.

It wasn't long before "Marcella" and "Everett" developed into "darling" and "sweetheart". And Daphne Dulcene, The Girl With The Diamond Studded Navel became Marcella Whitney, Society Editor of the Garfield County Sentinel.

The Sentinel office got a new modern front and some new furniture. The Imperial Suite acquired a new occupant and Specs Fogler continued to make his deliveries every Friday morning at ten-thirty. And Uncle Everett's collection of souvenirs was further expanded to include an old pair of dancing shoes and a five carat diamond mounted on a foot square piece of black velvet.



AUTHOR'S NOTE

This story is pure fiction. I have no uncle named Everett. Uncles Don, Leon, Grover and Raymond, but no Uncle Everett. As far as I know there is no Garfield County nor is there a Mount Xavier, the county seat of any county in Ohio. Yes, there is an Ohio. There is also a University of Missouri and it is in Columbia and that is, of course, in Missouri. There is no foundry in Ohio by the name of Stonemans that I know of. But by golly, there is a Buckeye Lake and, come to think of it, there is a county paper called the "Sentinel". Sort of a coincidence, but its in my home county. I don't know of any ball team, pro, semi-pro or rank amateur that is named The Whizzers. I did know a lot of bootleggers back in Ohio, but I don't think any of them were named Specs Fogler. If by chance I did just happen to hit an Ohio "merchant" that sports that name, I do here and now apologize to Mr. Fogler. The Kinsey Komedie Kompany is not exactly fictional. I seem to remember that an outfit by the same name used to roll in right around County Fair time and put on some pretty swinging shows. I don't know any dancers by the name of Daphne Dulcene or Marcella Hockstetter, I do know of a five carat diamond that is mounted on a piece of black velvet. It used to belong to my grandmother. Ah nostalgia, sweet nostalgia.

WANTED

NOVELISTS  SHORT-STORY WRITERS  POETS

For

SUMMER ISSUE OF THE RECOUNT

COPY DEADLINE JUNE 15, 1963

WILL THERE BE AN INMATE VARIETY SHOW THIS YEAR?

Due to the impending retirement of Professor Gilbert, who has in the past directed these shows, plans for an inmate show have had to be abandoned this year. Professor Gilbert originally scheduled his retirement for March 1st, but in order to

permit the administration time to engage another music director he has consented to stay on until September 1st. Nevertheless we did not feel to ask him to undertake the burden of this production inasmuch as he had planned an April vacation before the necessity of his extended tenure arose. We do, however, look forward to the continuation of these shows in the future. Possibly next year when the new band master will have taken over.

Q

QUESTIONS

CAN YOU TELL US SOMETHING ABOUT THE NEW ADMINISTRATION AND RECEPTION CENTER THAT HAS BEEN PROPOSED?

probably whatever I say here is a little ahead of the gun. The plans have been submitted to the legislature and we are still waiting for the appropriations to be approved. However, what is planned is both a new reception center for incoming inmates and an administration building in the first

phase of construction, and a new visiting area in the second. The reception center will extend from our present administration facility approximately 150 feet south and 350 feet west. Already this area is being prepared in anticipation of the construction. The visiting center will be somewhat different from the one presently in use in that several long tables with a small dividing partition down the center will permit visiting to be more relaxed and at the same time more comfortable. There is some thinking to have a dressing room through which the inmates will pass to and from his visit.

A

ANSWERS

HOW SOON WILL THE NEW RADIO SYSTEM BE INSTALLED?

I cannot at this time give a definite answer as to the date, but as you know, the drilling for the new radio system has been completed in Cell House 6 and is currently in progress in Cell House 7. Cell House 1 is yet to be done and therefore we have still some time to go before the system will be operative. It will be a 2 band network and of course will eliminate many of the headaches our present system has generated. The listener will have the choice of two programmings. Possibly we will have recordings on one of the bands for those who like to listen to cowboy, or jazz, or classical music. And those who would prefer the network programs can tune into the other band. At any event it will provide a fuller range of programming for inmate listening.

IS IT POSSIBLE FOR AN INMATE TO GO TO SCHOOL PART-TIME AND STILL HOLD AN INSTITUTION WORK ASSIGNMENT?

Yes. This is already being done in a number of cases. Where a man wishes to take some special course—drafting, typing, etc., he is permitted to do so and at the same time maintain his regular job assignment. Arrangements are made with Mr. Sanger, the education director; his job supervisor; and Captain Yeo. The man is then given the time off from his job when his classes occur. At present it has not been feasible to permit an individual to take general courses and still work on

an institution assignment, nor is it really necessary. For if a man is seeking a general education—one leading to a G.E.D. certificate, he can enroll in the school full time.

WHAT PROGRESS IS BEING MADE IN THE EXPANSION OF THE VOCATIONAL TRAINING PROGRAM?

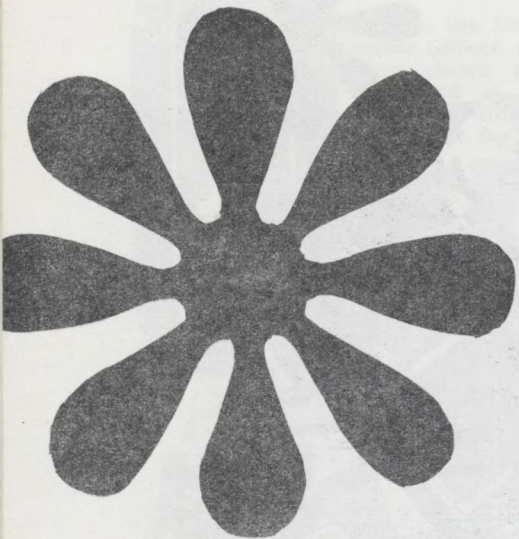
After July 1st, we will have two new courses in the Vocational Training Program—barbering and electronics. Appropriations to hire the instructors for these courses has been approved and the equipment ordered. We also have two additional on-the-job training instructors and courses in progress now, inside the walls. Mr. Ball conducts an OJT butchering class and Mr. Swearingen, our new chef, is in charge of OJT for cooks and bakers. For those who are still concerned about the procedures and requirements for getting into the Vocational Training Program, let me say that the Classification Committee must approve them for minimum custody, aptitude testing by Mr. Levy must qualify them and they must have no more than two years left to serve before they can be considered eligible. This of course is necessitated by many factors. One of which is the location of the school at the Medium Security Unit and the fact that the classes have capacity limits. Naturally if a man does not have the aptitude for a given trade it would be unreasonable for him to undertake training. Also men who already have a trade are not eligible. This to allow for those who have none. The program is expanding apace and we look forward to more improvement in the future.

FROM

The MAN

FRED WYSE
Associate Warden





Special Section

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION Page 19
An audit of you and me and the man in Cell-house 3.

OTHERNESS Page 22
A new breed of homo sapiens incarcerato.

THE JOURNEY Page 24
Some buy the one-way ticket, for others it's a round-trip...in the same vehicle over the same tracks.

PROFILE 6.6 Page 26
An empty mind—but a full wheelbarrow.

THE SCHOOL Page 28
The three "R's" aren't really the exclusive domain of the squares.

A B C's of AA Page 30
Sobriety sometimes must be Alpha, Beta and Omega.

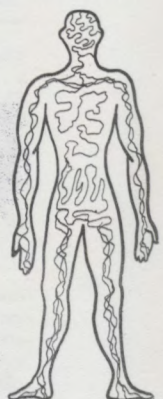
PRIMER OF CONCEPTS Page 32
Mirror, mirror, on the wall... just what kind of a nut do you think I am?

THE NECESSARY EVIL Page 36
At four o'clock one nice June afternoon, a lot of people went out of business.

THE CURIO Page 38
Big business or little business... you have to do it yourself.

THE COLOR BOOK Page 40
A bit of tongue-in-cheekiness.

EDITORIAL SUMMATION Page 42
You, me and the man in Cell-house 3 are really people with capacities uncapped.



**SINCE
CRIME WE HAVE WITH US
ALWAYS**

(Proof? Don't be silly! Just take a look at the newspapers and the police blotters, or visit your nearest county jail)

**AND
PRISONS ARE A GOING CONCERN**

(Rising prison populations are a country-wide incident)

**THEREFORE
THERE WILL ALWAYS BE A
PRISONER !!**

(Couple the two preceding parenthetical statements and believe you me)

**BUT
NOT NECESSARILY YOU !!!**

(Or me or the guy in the next cell)

IF.....

Here follows a list of excuses that not only contributed to your coming to prison this time, but will also be useful for you to cite when you come back:

1. Lack of formal education.
2. Lack of trade skills.
3. Poor home environment.
4. Society in general.
5. Lack of job opportunities.
6. Nagging wife.
7. Impossible boss.
8. Police persecution.
9. Sadistic parole officer.
10. Defense lawyer indifference.
11. Defense lawyer sell-out.
12. Snitches.
13. Spiteful prosecutor.
14. Malevolent judge.
15. Plain, old-fashioned frame up.
16. Stupid rap partner.
17. Lying rap partner.
18. Silent burglar alarms.
19. Jammed automatic.

RECOUNT

20. One too many.
21. One joint, just one little joint.

IF.....

Seven things to do to make the time go easy while you're doing your bit:

1. Join a prison discussion group whose main topics of conversation are Cadillacs, expensive clothes, and the fine art of living off the earnings of loose women. Once in the group try to out-lie all of the charter members.
2. Join a prison activist group whose principal activity is to try to wear out the solitary confinement cells.
3. Join a prison wheeler-and-dealer group and try to corner the clandestine traffic of contraband goods. Once you get in solitary confinement, try to compete with No. 2 above.
4. Join a prison book circulation group whose aim is to read every cowboy story and lewd novel ever written.
5. Join a prison planning group whose aim is to consider ways and means to pull bigger and better jobs when they get out.
6. Join a prison instruction group whose aim is to teach and learn the techniques of safe-cracking, burglary, check-passing, *et. al.*
7. Try to get involved in as many unusual friendships as possible.

IF.....

A couple of attitudes to strike in the face of the overwhelming odds against you:

1. Since it is true that present prison facilities generally offer only a limited, and in some cases practically no, rehabilitative program, and that in the main little is being done to treat your individual problem, shrug your shoulders, curl up on your bunk, sigh two or three times and peacefully vegetate.
2. Since it is true that prison provides clothing, sleeping quarters, food and a modicum of entertainment, and, further, that nothing more is expected of you in return for these benefits than an observance of the prison regulations, then say aloud each night before going to bed, "What's all the noise about? I've got it made in the shade. I wonder who you sign up with for a permanent hitch, Amen."

IF.....

Although the facts admit of some melancholy, it is nevertheless the better part of realism to conclude that, given the present constituents of human nature and society, people will continue to commit crimes, get caught and come to prisons. And despite the efforts of the rehabilitative and reform machinery, both existent and promised, these same individuals, or more precisely

some percentage of them, will return to prison either via parole violations or by commission of new crimes. At present the figure is around 70%. The best therefore that the treatment-oriented penologists can hope for is to decrease this rate of return. The full measure by which they would be able to do this is still, so to speak, on the drawing boards. A tremendous job of selling the ideas to an apathetic public, securing the wherewithal from burdened public treasuries and overcoming status quo interests lies ahead.

Meanwhile the 70%.

And meanwhile who gives a damn?

Well, let's see.....

We already stated that the treatment-oriented penologists give a damn.

We have also intimated that John Q. Public gives only a little, bitty damn. He is understandably more concerned with his car note. And house payment. And doctor bill. And the little woman's unholy talent for buying new hats. Prison and prisoners trickle into his awareness as he runs across reminders of them in the newspapers and other broadcasting media. When he does think of them he realizes that some portion of his taxes go to pay for their maintenance, But what portion, or how, or the results are quite unknown to him. No one bothers him with an accounting, and, it would seem, this is how he would have it. "Places like that" and "people like those" rarely come into his purview. "That's why we hire judges and prosecutors and prison guards." "They'll handle it." "It's their job." Only a little, bitty damn.

The keepers of the public weal give a rather irritated damn because they must sign the checks, do the sentencing, prosecute the issues, arrest the offenders, lock the cell doors and man the towers. "It's after all a living, but goodness, why don't those guys wise up and stay out of places like this!

The assorted victims of the 70% give an exasperated damn because they are sick and tired of having their properties and places of commerce broken into and their merchandise purloined. They do not relish looking into the barrel of a nervous pistol everytime they get their cash registers full. They are up to here with smiling donors of rubber checks. As far as they are concerned "They need to keep some of those birds up there forever. The next time one of 'em walks in here waving a gun, he's gonna get a dose of his own medicine!"

The malfortunates who happen to be brother, sister, mother, father, wife or child of the 70% give a sorrowful and indigent damn. For instead of a solution, he's a problem. Instead of providing, he must be provided for. "Dearest darling, I hope you can make it up here next week like you planned. But if you can't come, try to send me a little something because I'm out of cigarettes and...." "Dear Mom, I hate to ask you for anything cause I know I've caused you a lot of heartaches and shame and that all you have is your pension but when

I get out I'm going to make it all up to you. Could you send...."

But most of all the 70% give a damn....or should.

But do they?

There is a disconcerting air of contentment, of satisfaction, of well-being, of downright ease to be detected among a great number of prison inmates. The bunk, the mess hall and the fairly easy work assignment seems to agree with all too many of them. No demands are made on their initiative, no challenges are given their abilities, no calls upon their sense of responsibility. Everything is pretty much taken care of for them. Someone prepares the meals, someone washes the clothes, someone lights the fire. And a frightening amount of the prisoners seem to thrive quite happily in this quasi-infantile milieu. There are pat, pre-fabricated outs for them. One can regularly hear the moan issuing from convict lips that "the joint ain't got no program to help a guy." That "don't nobody care." Tears fairly flow when one hears the statements about the "excessive time given me by the courts", but when one sees how little the possessors of this time are doing for themselves and how much they expect everybody else to do for them, the tears quickly dry.

If the 70% give a damn, then, we propose, it is high time they got up off their big, fat excuse and did something for themselves. It is time they took advantage of what programs, no matter how limited, that exist within the particular prison. Waiting upon the far distant panaceas promised by the social reformers is not good enough. Something has to be done NOW! And the first somebody to do it is the 70%, themselves. It is incumbent upon them to take the first step. No matter how small. For it is their life and pursuit of happiness that is, after all, at stake. If in some day of grace and goodness, the fashioners of the future come up with a device whereby the taking of a pill, or a shot, or an immersion will rehabilitate a man—wonderful! But that day is not here yet and the problem of the 70% remains and remains and remains.

And the numbers pile up and the spirit withers.

The point of beginning lies within the 70%. It must start with their attempt to obtain the necessary disciplines, attitudes, skills and determinations to stay the hell out of prison. Not all, for not all will ever try; but one, two, three individuals. Four, five, six convicts who have had it. Who have had it so thoroughly until they will search out whatever means at hand to come to grips with their problem. Seven, eight, nine inmates who refuse to vegetate, who refuse to drift through their prison sentence because they fear terribly that if they do drift through this one they may also, out of habit, drift right back for another and another. There is a man of our acquaintance whose prison "names" stretched end to end read:

42341126631042663373313578.

FURTHERMORE . . .

Someone once suggested that instead of wasting money on the halfhearted, non-productive rehabilitative measures now resident at most institutions it would be better to take some fraction of this money and throw it into an intensive research for a serum that could be given persons when they enter prisons. This serum would put them into a suspended-animation-like sleep. A tag with the date of their release on it would be tied to their big toe and they would be awakened at the termination of their sentence and released. Feeding would be done intravenously. Tremendous sums of money would thereby be saved.

In the light of present attitudes and efforts by those concerned with prisons, who could logically object to such a scheme? The public? We doubt it. For once the offender is out of sight, he is out of their mind. The courts? Hardly. Their job, by definition, is merely to apply the law and thus get the offender out of sight. The prison? Why should they? Their task, by legal charge, is to secure and maintain the body of the offender. To keep him out of sight. The offender? Hah! He could never have it so good. Of course someone might complain about the cut back in personnel, or the cut back in prison business. And of course someone might complain that the guy didn't get punished but merely had a long rest and is the same guy, only a little older, who went in the prison in the first place. To the first complaint we would ask: "Who could be so heartless, so mercenary, so cynical to want to make money from such a tragic thing as penal colonies?" And to the second we would say: "At present, in 70% of the cases, they are not just the same guy who went to prison they are many degrees worse! And in many of these cases prison was not at all a punishment but in fact just a long rest. And that even if the guy was punished to some extent, so what? Mere, sheer punishment is just mere, sheer punishment and not necessarily a deterrent to further illegal acts. Whereas before he only stole a hundred bucks or so, he has now got "the big picture".

Oh well, whoever suggested the scheme was some kind of nut and we'll just truckle along with our present set-up. And if the guys do get out and get into trouble, we'll just send them back up there.

MR. OFFENDER, FRIEND INMATE, BROTHER CONVICT, THIS IS YOUR LIFE!! THIS IS YOUR LIFE THEY ARE TALKING ABOUT AND THEY ARE

NOT TALKING GOOD! YOU CAN GO ALONG WITH IT IF YOU WISH, OR YOU CAN TAKE EXAMPLE FROM THE MAN SPOKEN OF IN THE PSALM: "Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee. . . who passing through the valley of Baca (a desolate desert) make it a well."

This man made a well in a desert because, simply because, he was thirsty and did not want to die of it. He dug through the sand and sere earth until he struck water. He refused to wither and die. His tools were limited and the material he had to work on was unpromising, but he struck water!

But even had he not found water his efforts were worth it. For his efforts were in defense of life.

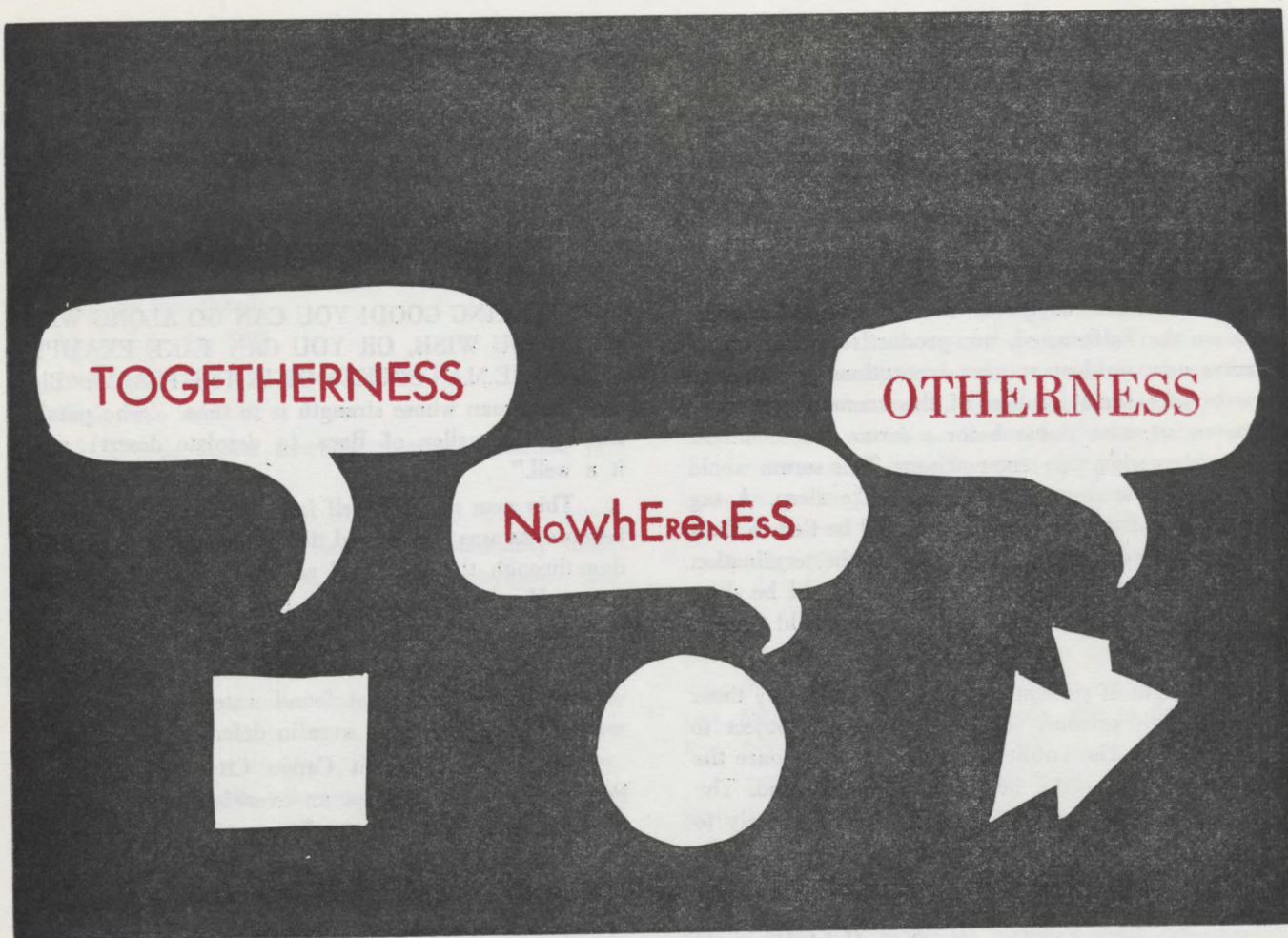
Specifically, here at Canon City, Colorado State Penitentiary there are not an overwhelming number of programs aimed directly at fitting a man for a return to and remaining in society. But there are some. These "some" are not at all as comprehensive as they could or should be. But they are here and are available.

There is an academic school—Don't yawn at it unless you have never filled out an application for a job and been embarrassed for having to record how little education you have. Don't shrug it off unless you have never been at a social disadvantage among people who have "schooling". Don't laugh at it unless you have never been passed over for a job or a job promotion or job training because of your limit in this area.

There is the vocational training program—Welders, automotive repairmen and machinists are among those who earn \$6000 upward per year. What was the most you earned in one year on a steady, legitimate job?

There is the handicrafts industry (junk work)—What's the use of it? We'll answer that question with some questions. How much money do you expect to leave here with? (Enough to buy a gun?) Will it last you long enough for you to find a job, remembering that out of it you must pay for rent, food and other incidentals? Fifty or sixty bucks is *not* a lot of money.

There is the A.A. program—Before you say "who needs it?", stop and think. How many had you had when you committed your crime? None? Then you don't need it. One? Two? Three? How many jobs have you lost, fights have you had, money have you squandered while drinking? None? Then it's not for you. One? Two? Three? Stop and think.



George Levy M. A. Senior Psychologist

The kick today seems to be on "togetherness". The ideal appears to be for "let's get together and we'll have a hell of a good time". This gags some people and maybe rightfully so. "Buddy-buddy" can be carried to the point where it gives a guy a bellyache. And yet "togetherness" is just a cute word for an old human mechanism older than words themselves. Individuals identify with groups and model themselves after other members in groups. It is natural and normal to desire some privacy and to develop the inner needs and drives which flower into the individually unique personality but this flower is still determined by the bush on which it grows. For this reason the "lone wolf" is not only a freak; he is a fiction. We are always involved with other people; we are always ego-involved with them. Why? Because without the ego we are like wax-dummies that look nearly real.

Maybe we ought to see something as to what this "ego" business is all about. All of us have one like all of us have a cerebrum and cerebellum inside our skulls. Even as the brain follows a logical system of development from the foetus to the adult in all of us, so does the ego likewise follow a pattern of maturation.

The newborn infant has no ego. All he has along

with any other animal are his biological functions and potentials. After that, he takes off from the animals because of his unusual endowment for thinking in terms of abstractions or symbols. He starts the involved and wonderful business of conceptualizing which is more in the direction of what makes him human and takes him further away from the animal. He learns and applies the impositions, restrictions, resistances and rewards of the established social order with its technological devices, its institutions, its accumulated symbols, and values, and attitudes. It is these attitudes which make an individual's ego because they define where he stands in relation to others or to institutions in a more or less lasting way.

By institutions more than joints and jails are meant. Referred to are the foundations of society such as the home, family, church, law, etc. By attitudes we mean an established readiness which has a subject-object relationship that has emotional content that can blow hot or cold depending on the situation. This established readiness to the relationship is not innate; it was formed or learned. Regardless of what sourheads say, nobody was born hating cops (or loving them either); this was learned behavior. Once learned,

behavior became conditioned by the attitudes we have formed because this determines our status in relation to other people; how they regard us and how we regard them. We have to belong and be accepted by a group whether it is the Boy Scouts or the pachukos. Social isolation is painful whether it is when no girl will dance with you at a party or when nobody will rap to you in the yard or cellhouse. And yet an ego once formed, does not maintain the same shape forever. It grows and so it changes. It changes as attitude changes. To some the greatest wish was to steal a bicycle. Attitudes change; the yen came to steal a Ford or a Cadillac; maybe now the greatest kick would be to boost a school bus.

To a large extent, ego-involvements are situationally determined. A guy gets shivved; that's tough—so what? But a buddy gets cut or is threatened to be cut. That is something else again. Cops and screws are for the birds; it's doubtful if even their own mothers liked them. But maybe *one* cop gave you a break; who believed your story or prevented another shamus from putting a marcel wave in your skull—and here you find yourself emotionally responsive to this one cop. Do your time and get the hell out. Don't ask no screws for no favors and don't take none. They are all a bunch of phonies. And then you get the chance to play a trumpet in the band—something you always wanted and it was a screw that gave you the chance to do what you always wanted. Or maybe you get into auto repair school. You always liked to fool around with cars but you didn't know just what you were doing or if you did, you didn't have the tools and equipment to work with. But a screw saw to it that you had that chance and somehow this screw seems different. Anyway, you feel differently toward him. Your attitude towards cops and screws in general may be essentially the same but by conceding exceptions, your preconceptions have been chipped. Maybe the chipping needs a microscope to be seen but the fact that it can be chipped at all is the basis of therapy or rehabilitation—pick your own tag. Attitudes can and do change and so egos alter and with this alteration follows changes in the whole person.

What has been described so far is the recognizable burglar, heister, checkman, con man, or run-of-the-mill wife beater. These kind of people made out whether it was in juvenile hall, jail, or the joint. These are the kind of people who were criminals according to the classic theory of the noted criminologist, Sutherland, because of "differential associations." They learned their trade at the hands of other criminals who subscribed to a school of criminal values and behavior patterns. This kind of guy, the professional, had "class" and "character", illegal maybe, but still "character". A new weirdo has been making the scene lately. Where the classic gonif had a code of behavior that required loyalty to his buddies, contempt for honest work and a begrudged

respect for cops, (he knew how to do time, stole for a purpose and used violence only as a means not as an end in itself) this new breed is altogether different. The only way to describe him and his activities is "otherness". To this way-out guy, feelings for others is only "word-deep". His main purpose is to have kicks. By definition, this cat's idea of a kick may be any tabooed by "squares".

This character differs in style from the old model in that making money fast by gun, jimmy and con game is secondary to beating someone in the process; making the victim look small and himself look "sharp" to others. Looking "sharp" to this subspecies of the human race becomes even more important than the money itself. It is important to be a "big man" and here violence becomes an end in itself. The victim may be unknown and no emotional involvement such as revenge or hatred may enter into the violence. In folklore, true or otherwise, some gunslingers wanted as many notches on their guns as possible. That a notch might represent a father or son or husband was a matter of indifference to them. Human life was unimportant—a notch was. "Other-directed" criminals have often reacted with the same alienation from human feelings.

The "hip" badman in line with his crippled ego and stunted superego takes to drugs like puppies to scratching fleas. He learns fast and lets go slow. The increase of robberies and burglaries to obtain narcotics has become a serious problem not only to the police but also professional thieves and robbers trying hard to make a dishonest living.

One of these super psychopaths hit it with this observation that makes a fairly tight pill: "Man, getting on drugs is like putting all your little bills in one easy package. When you get hooked, you only got one problem: getting stuff."

That getting hopped up can be a leap, skip and jump into convulsions and end in a messy fade out was not included in this wise guy's scheme.

This fad-dad takes to "kicks" whether it is violence, drugs, or stickups. What makes him so different is his nearly complete absorption in Number One. For a "fix" he will not only fink or pigeon on a fall partner but would turn in his own mother. So what can be done with this rat, this scum from a chain gang outhouse? Preaching is a joke; more time is viewed with contempt; training programs make him snigger and shooting him is just a wistful dream.

Yet, despite the apparent hopelessness of these weasels, some of them have hit the dirt and come out of it and made it good. For hundreds of years Egyptian hieroglyphics were a fascinating but closed language. In 1799, the famed Rosetta Stone was found providing

Continued on Page 45

THE JOURNEY

He Comes To Prison

And with him he brings all of the problems that have made him what he is—and what he may become.

And he leaves some problems behind:

A wife who must now seek public aid.

A child who must now grow up under the shadow of his shame.

A society who must maintain him.

A wake of victims who must repair the damage done to them by him.

IN PRISON HE FINDS A HAVEN

NO RESPONSIBILITY!

He doesn't have to work all week and then parcel out his earnings for rent, food, insurance, doctor bills, gas, light, water, clothing, furniture installments, car payments.

NO CRITICISM!

He doesn't have to listen to the complaints that he shouldn't drink so much, or stay out so late, or be so mean, or lie so much, or that he should manage his money better, or do his job better, or treat his wife better.

NO COMPETITION!

In prison he dresses the same as everyone else, eats the same as everyone else, gets the same privileges, the same recognition. Thus, the world is reduced to his status and size. For the first time in his life he feels adequate, competent, equal!

NO CHALLENGE!

No one requires him to examine himself. No one asks him to become aware of his personality deficiencies. No one harps on his educational limitations, his lack of work skills.

HE FINDS HIS NICHE.

HE FINDS OLD BUDDIES.

HE FINDS SOUL-MATES.

The gang requires no more of him than does the prison. Conform and be a "regular".

..... VEGETATE



THE PRISON PROVIDES TWO POSSIBILITIES

The first is a rudimentary, limited treatment program which consists of an incomplete academic school, an incipient vocational training school and a crowded, therapy class.

The second is convenient objects to hate—the guards, the routine, the regulations. A code around which to orient—the con by-laws, the rigid negative convict outlook, the sarcastic cynical convict code.

He learns to generalize:

"All law-abiding people are squares and fools"

"Everyone has a price tag"

"Nobody's to be trusted further than you can see 'em"

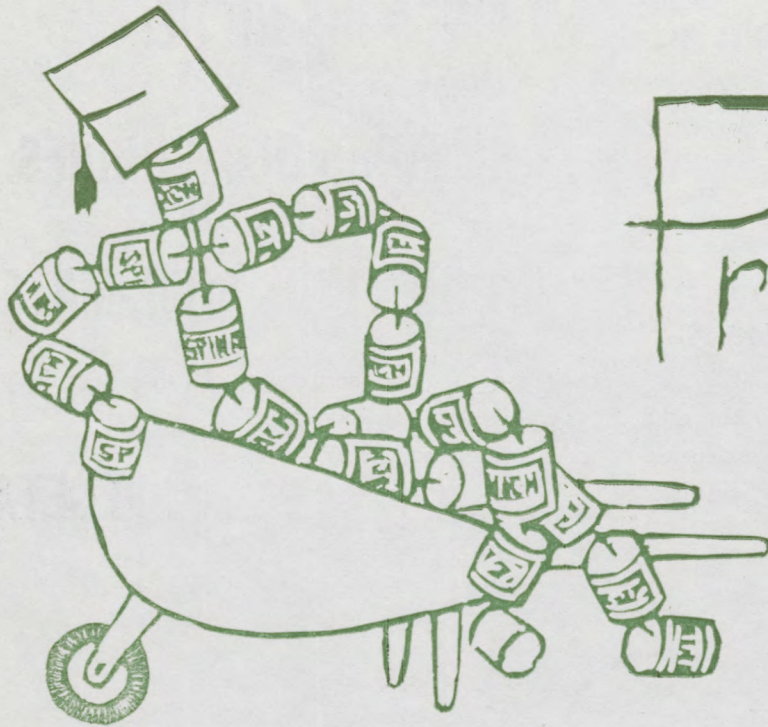
"Everyone's stealing, one way or another"

"All cops are SOB's"

"The only way to get anything in this world is to get it by cunning or force"

AND SO HE VEGETATES HIS WAY TO A PAROLE

AND NOW HE IS READY TO TAKE HIS "PLACE" IN SOCIETY



Profile

6.6

by

Jim Sutherland

An empty mind but a full wheelbarrow

We focus momentarily on Cell-house Four, the receiving unit or "fish tank", because the episode of institutional life originates there,

The beginning of any individual's story goes deeper into his past, but his induction into the jaws of society's monument to crime manifests many clues to his own interpretation and reaction to sundry civilized mores. And the process in itself is both a reflecting and refracting mirror of the ordained and public attitude toward the newly convicted.

Initially, for some two weeks, each convict is indoctrinated under a crash program loosely designed to acquaint him with the institution and make him feel at home. And make no mistake—he is home (See earlier, 'Chickens Come Home To Roost')

Looming large on the program is a rapid-fire series of psychological and educational tests. This is billed as the keynote of the modern, progressive, save and rehabilitate, 'upward motivated', direct-not-drive, sis-boom-bah philosophy currently illuminating, like a dawning renaissance sun, the world of penology.

The inquiry is typical, i. e., the result of years of painfully dedicated research into the mental phenomena of consciousness and behavior, socio-educational relationships, etc.

Considered singularly, one test group ostensibly determines if a man is nimble, numb or nuts while

the other seeks to examine and establish, on a decreasing scale of gradients, his intellectual capability, comprehensive educational achievement, diagnostic intelligence level, elementary mechanical skills, extent of ignorance and/or moronic instability. Parenthetically, the preceding enumerated order is possibly, only accidentally, accurate.

The International CSP-107 does a cumulative projection on the individual's present IQ and psyche stature.

At this juncture, he has been assimilated into the mass statistic and now assumes a median percentile point of rank which number is 6.6 and termed something like a personality profile (The figures are there, in profile, and you recognize them, but if you saw the man himself coming straight at you, you would not).

This is now, and herein, noted simply as Profile 6.6.

Concisely, it means that the average* level of education for the entire 1,900* population is arrested (Ed. Note: What a choice of words!) at a point two-thirds through the sixth year of elementary school accomplishment. The recent 'population explosion' notwithstanding, or maybe because of it, and the

*See median.

*Non-inclusive of state personnel.

regular turnover (See earlier, 'Gone Today—PV'ed Tomorrow) considered, the figure has not altered or been upgraded in the past several years.

If the classic example of an infinite discourse was abstract and curious, the modern statement is more practical: 'So be it'.

Well, now, entombed in the pyramids of inverted phrasal structure and convoluted syntax forming the enabling legislation which publicly founded this institution (See earlier, 'Tigris and Euphrates—Hot-bed of Civilization'), must be one paragraph explicitly denying any educational* function to this plant.

Roughly, no exaggeration could at any time, including eventually, allow of comparison with say, Colorado University or locally, Canon City High. Lo, not even with Miss Franny's TV Romper Room (See earlier, 'The Late Show—No Sandboxes')

Correctional authorities do not promulgate any recognizable statistics (1) because there appears to be no demand for lack of (2) interest and (3) obviously, nothing to boast about anyway.

Conversely, no voice is heard decrying or discrediting the situation so it must be assumed that foregoing suppositions one and two are also reciprocating factors (See earlier, 'Supposition—23 Days without Any').

Profile 6.6 is now the norm; in terms of acceptance and application, a running guideline, i. e., distinguishing those who can from those who cannot—read and write—understandably (See earlier, 'Fluency—1,001 Ways To Say It*').

And anyone in worse shape can always ship out of the outfit.

Having compounded a statistic, an aspect of its criterion and posed the question of concurrence, valid or not, the much-aligned profile comes back into the picture.

It can be suggested circumventing the moral and legal considerations and accumulated opinion therewith, that P-6.6 has been managed and handled with varying degrees of mental and physical duress since the moment of his apprehension. This is not a diminishing state of affairs or is it rewarding in the ascent.

It is the condition of confinement.

Free choice is exercised in selecting his brand of smokes, the regularity of his toilet (intra-cellular) and whether or not he hits the morning chow line. And he can think what he pleases while cautiously avoiding overt physical expression, e.g., (censored).

A notation here emphasizes that the preceding category is subject to some fundamental rules of

mathematics with additional modifications extending to either extreme, and at any given time may be considered simply as multiple choice, i.e., take your pick.

Oh, yes. He may go to school. This conveys permissiveness (official) if not intent (individual) because—well, what do you think this is all about, anyway?

P-6.6 emerges from the saline solution in the tank and is automatically dried-out on a labor gang. Dependent on the season, he will chip rock or shovel snow. Maybe he wants to go to school.

"Shut up and dig, son." ("Or chip. Or whatever you're supposed to be doing there, now, boy").

These are the odd months of the year and constitute one season, as such.

The other season arrives with the fertile Spring. Although this is heralded by great carnival in other hemispheres and climes, observance is marked here by absolute mobilization.

The rites of fertility are transmuted to concription and an industrial process called canning. This is, of course, an enterprise of vital regional interest and no one resists his obligation*.

"But I want to go to school!"

Shut up and peel those peaches." ("Or sort those beans. Or pinch those tomatoes. Or—say, what is that we're canning today?").

The school system has sheltered many through the long winter (See earlier, 'Directory of Winter Resorts'), but curiously, when the cannery cranks up, school adjourns. And coincidentally, the Fall school term commences the week of the final frost, i.e., after the last truckload of tomatoes.

Well, the population seems to be adequately feed through the arduous winter and somehow, all of the cannery goods disappear by Spring. This smacks of correlation.

One thing that does not admit to speculation is the essential problem of profile 6.6, collectively or individually, stuffed or starving.

An estimated 200 inmates will enroll and drop* out at intervals through the school year with about 50 completing the term.

While these 50 are gorging their intellectual or lesser appetites, some 50 new inmates have been committed to the institution.

So the balance is maintained.

Every aspect of law enforcement and correctional activity is considered a problem in this ever-transfigured world. Problems, unlike men, are not born. And this very nature implies, not defies, solution.

And Profile 6.6 is a problem.

*cf-rehabilitation or recovery or even separate-but-equal. Hell, try 'just desserts'.

*Sorry, no pictures.

*But this is not the reason why.

*Be re-classified or transfer job assignment, go home or to the hole.

School

by
Dale Kemper

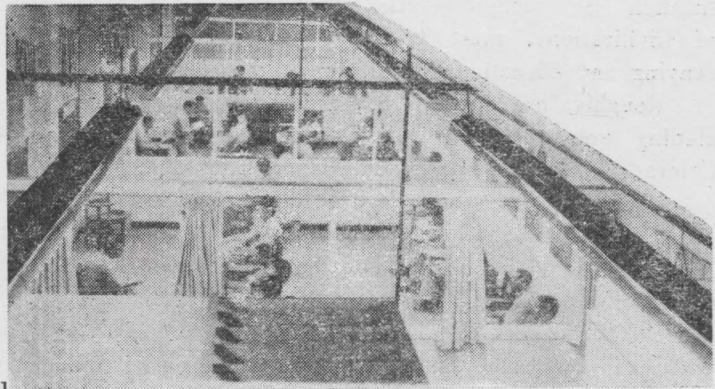
*The Three "P's" aren't really
the exclusive domain of the squares.*

Located upstairs over the institution kitchen and dish room is a plant unique among the industries of this institution. Its products, the tools of knowledge, are designed to benefit individuals on their return to society. Here is the challenge—and the means to self-improvement.

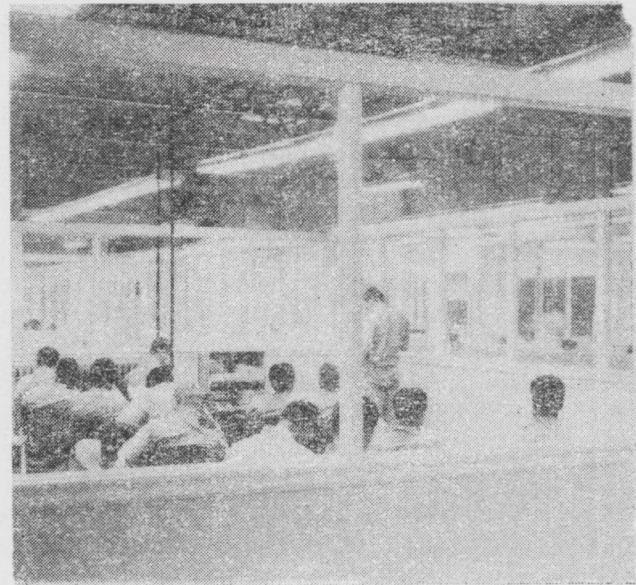
The prison school started modestly in January, 1955 in what is now the Officer's Training School, with one officer-teacher in charge. By 1958, the school had reached near capacity for its present quarters with an average enrollment of 115 full time students, 25 part time students, and 14 inmate teachers.

There are classes ranging from grade school through high school, including a class for illiterates and semi-illiterates, taught by both inmates and teachers hired by the state. Insofar as possible, classes are taught in the same manner as those of public schools. They are set up on a grade level basis, with appropriate subject matter taught at each level. Advancement tests are given about once every three months, giving students an incentive to work harder. It is possible for a student who applies himself diligently to advance at the rate of one grade level every three months.

The present curriculum, designed to prepare students for the G. E. D. (high school equivalency) certificate consists of English, mathematics, biology, American literature, writing, algebra, Spanish, geography, history, spelling, general science, reading, phonetics, semantics, typing and mechanical drawing. In addition,



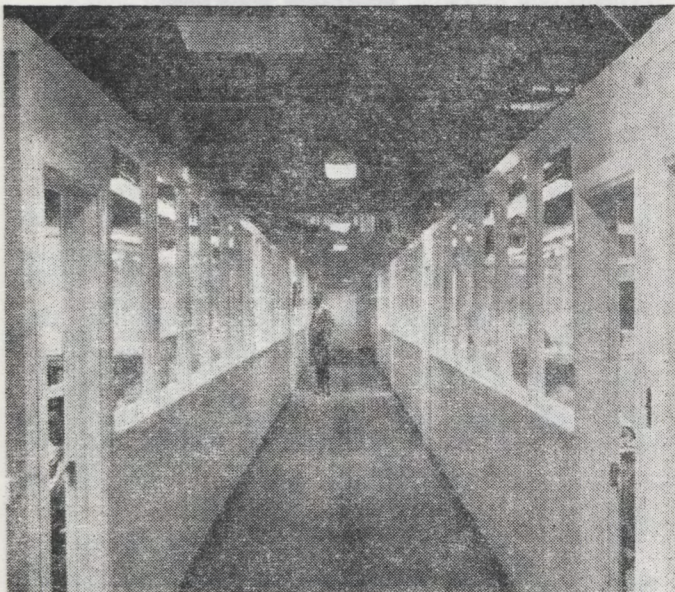
★ *Although the school needs two or three more classrooms, the physical plant is fairly adequate. There are five classrooms, a typing room and a drafting room. The school also has its own library, which, though it leaves something to be desired, serves its present needs.*



★ *Almost any inmate who has the honest desire and the personal initiative to raise his education level can avail himself of the opportunities offered by the school. There can be no question of the needs for such opportunities here; for the average grade level of the inmate population is a mere 6.6.*

the school offers a full scale cell study program. At present there are correspondence booklets covering several grade levels of English, basic mathematics, algebra and letter writing, patterned after the International Correspondence School courses. Testing for the cell study courses is done by school personnel and grade credit is given for each course.

Although the school needs two or three more classrooms, the physical plant is fairly adequate. There are five classrooms, a typing room and a drafting room. The school also has its own library, which, though it leaves something to be desired, serves its present needs.



Since the inception of the school in 1955, 261 inmates have received G. E. D. certificates. These certificates are issued by the Colorado State Department of Education. Students may also earn eighth grade diplomas issued by the Canon City School District. Both the diplomas and the G. E. D. certificates are exactly the same as those issued to any Colorado citizen and do not mention this institution. The G. E. D. certificates are accepted as high school equivalent throughout the United States by colleges, universities and employers.

Almost any inmate who has the honest desire and the personal initiative to raise his educational level can avail himself of the opportunities offered by the school. There can be no question of the needs for such opportunities here; for the average grade level of the inmate population is a mere 6.6. Probably the most dominant fault handicapping the majority of inmates

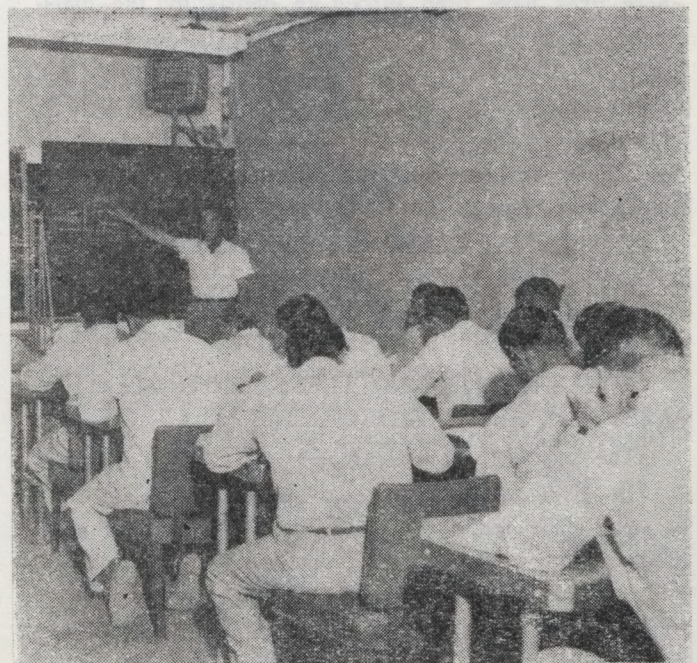
School

is their immaturity. Immaturity cannot be attributed entirely to lack of education, yet it must be obvious that a man having only the intellectual tools of a sixth grade youngster cannot think in the mature manner required of an adult in today's society.

The realization or recognition of personal inadequacies and needs, as well as the initiative, willingness and sincerity which is necessary for the completion of a self-improvement program must lie with each individual. It is the responsibility of the school not only to provide knowledge, which is the tool for thinking, but also to teach the inmate to direct his thoughts in ways which are beneficial to himself and to society.

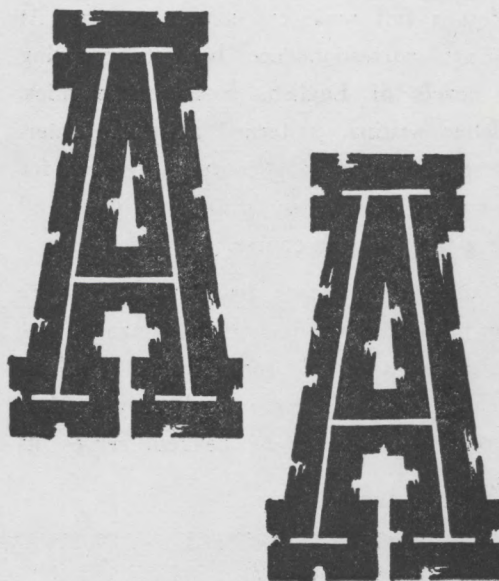
Because of limited finances, progress toward making the school all that is to be desired has been slow. However, it is to be hoped that the school will continually improve and that in the future classes for college credit can be offered.

A word of caution to those presently enrolled or who plan to enroll in the school is in order. The mere acquisition of knowledge is not an end in itself. It is only through the understanding and use to which knowledge is applied that there can be any benefit or significance attached to any person's education.





of



Sobriety sometimes must be Alpha, Beta, and Omega

Education, say the proponents of progress, is the tool by which Twentieth Century Man will realize his latent genius, his divinity. Through it he will overcome the riddles both of his nature and his environment; and having thus done will proceed forth into boundaryless milleniums. Then and only then, say they, will be brought to pass those prophecies that forecast new heavens and new earths.

One of the most perplexing "riddles of man's nature" is tendency toward self-destruction, his inclination for self-ruination. And one of the most tragic exemplars of this tendency is the alcoholic. The corridors of prisons are crowded with men and women whose lives have been turned to debris by the malediction of alcohol. And so too are the insane asylums, the gutters and Boweries of every city and the mangled remains of car, human and bottle on the nation's highways.

The key to the "riddle"? The answer? The cure? Who has it? Anybody? Nobody?

CLOSE THE DAMN DISTILLERIES! That's the answer!

OUTLAW THE SALE OF THE STUFF! There's a clue!

BREAK ALL THE BOTTLES! SMASH ALL THE BARS! JAIL ALL THE DRINKERS!

The answer? The cure?

In 1935, several men got together with an aim to solve their individual alcoholism; and out of this fellowship grew the Alcoholic Anonymous organization with one answer to the problem. DON'T DRINK. These men realized that alcoholic beverages, in themselves, were neither good nor bad; but that there are some

people who could not drink successfully and so rather than try to smash the bottle or impose a prohibition on everyone else, they imposed it on themselves. DON'T DRINK. To undergird this personal prohibition they designed a pattern of principles that are found upon examination to contain not only a guide for the alcoholic's abstinence but also a framework wherein he can come to that most important of all elements of problem control—self understanding. Insight. A clue to the riddle.

The Alcoholic Anonymous group at the Colorado State Penitentiary has seized upon this framework and formed within it a most unique experiment. They have established a school whose stated purpose is to familiarize incoming members to the major group with the concepts and principles of A. A. But much more than this is actually being done. Under the guidance of a few far-sighted individuals this school has become a seminar engaged in probing beneath the surface of alcoholism to ferret out some of the roots of its cause. For it goes without saying that alcoholism is merely a symptom of a disorder rather than the disorder itself. An effect of a cause. And to just attack the effect and ignore the cause is all too similar to covering a rash with ointment and overlooking the fact that the cause of the rash could be measles, cancer or the galloping heebie-jeebies.

Through a reiteration, explanation and interpretation of the A. A. Twelve Steps the student is guided to an honest appraisal of himself. He is encouraged—many for the first time—to look at himself squarely and honestly. He is induced to offer himself no alibis for what he finds but to say this is what I am; and to follow up by asking himself how and with what can he replace

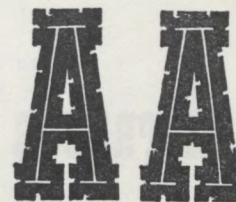
that which is inappropriate in his make-up. He is led to the awareness that whatever must be done to correct that which is inappropriate must be done now. Not later, not when he is released— but now. His sense of values come under scrutiny and he is shown that in many instances a shifting or changing of them could help in the solution of his drinking problem. There is little room in these classes for rationalizations and whines; for from the very first the instructors, by example, lay these to rest. There is nothing cosy in these classes. Hard, honest, critical words are the dialogue and the individual looking for a retreat from such, feels immediately out of company.

For the first time many who come through this school come face to face with that portion of themselves that H. Rider Haggard in his book, *Allen Quatermain*, terms the savage. Haggard said, "...supposing for the sake of argument we divide ourselves into twenty parts, nineteen savage and one civilized, we must look to the nineteen savage portions of our nature, if we would really understand ourselves, and not to the twentieth, which, though so insignificant in reality, is spread all over the other nineteen, making them appear quite different from what they really are, as the blacking a boot, or the veneer a table."

Though Haggard does not mention it, the scrutiny of the savage—the look at him—is a painful one. It requires courage. It requires honesty. It requires a life-and-death desire to keep the savage caged. And it is only by the cultivation of such a desire that man's civilized twentieth part, spread so thinly over the primitive nineteen, can be strengthened.

In attempting to understand the thinking that has made the school the success it has become, the following questions were posed to the instructors. *What is the necessity for an A. A. organization and school in a prison since a man cannot drink here anyway?*

"Learning is a process of repetition and learning to stop drinking—learning sobriety—requires just as much time and effort, and of course sincerity, as learning to drink did. What better place to start is there than a place like this where the mind is freed from the distractions of alcohol? Further, and this is a most important point, a person who comes here is by any standards a sick person. He came here because he took a short cut in trying to solve the self same problems that other people who do not come here have to solve. He wasn't lazy in the sense that he lacked energy or drive. He had energy and drive to burn; but he used them in the wrong way. The hard way. The energy, the raw energy, that was used in getting in here must now be channeled in a new direction. It must be channeled in efforts to stay sober and out of here." H. H.



"To build the habit of thinking A. A. It took many years to build the drinking habit so the sooner you start building good habits, the better off you are. The more you practice a thing the sooner it becomes a habit. If you form the habit of going to A. A. meetings now, you can all the sooner break the habit of going to a bar when you get out." W. S.

"Speaking from a first timers' standpoint, I believe that A. A. in prison offers them a help in understanding the things that got them here. Most first timers are bewildered and confused. Their world has come crashing down around their ears and they are desperately looking for something, anything, to help them. If they had a drinking problem on the streets, A. A. in prison can keep reminding them of that problem and possibly give them the incentive to do something about it." M. S.

What definition of alcoholism must a man fit to qualify him for A. A. help?

"Step One pretty much answers this question. 'We admitted we were powerless over alcohol—that our lives had become unmanageable.' Unmanageable means, for example, a man who has had one too many and cannot walk down the street straight. He must have assistance from others to go on his way. The common drunk and the alcoholic are somewhat different. The drunk does not usually bother other people, and when they quit buying him drinks he goes home, sleeps it off and is up at work the next day. But not the alcoholic. The motivating centers of his mind do not become anesthetized by alcohol, only his judgement centers. He is ready, plenty ready, for more action but it will be action without judgement. He is ready to roll, but the centers of his mind that would normally control and monitor his actions are at sleep. As such he is a sick person and a dangerous one—both to himself and other people. It is much easier for the self-righteous to criticize this person as a willing, voluntary operator whose malice is aforethought than it is for them to inquire and see if there is a condition existing against the man's will. The man has a sickness just as morbid as cancer or any other serious illness." H. H.

"A man is qualified for A. A. help when he decides he

Continued to Page 43

A PRIMER OF CONCEPTS NECESSARY TO THE FORMATION OF THE PRISON MENTALITY

OR

How to Attend Pens And Deteriorate Piecemeal

THE GANG CONCEPT

The gang is a tight, exclusive coterie of mutually terrified individuals who have pooled their inadequacies, frustrations and hatreds. To belong to a gang one must be willing to surrender one's individuality and swear unquestioning fealty to the group. One must be willing to talk like all other gang members, think like all other gang members, act like all other gang members and even fix one's hair like all other gang members. One must be ready to fight with and for the gang, sustain punishment with and for the gang and, in some extreme cases, die with and for the gang. As has been implied the laws and activities of the gang are beyond criticism and whatever incidental mischief that one might swagger into as a result of this brand of "togetherness" is to be considered a badge of one's courage and further evidence of "really belonging". The values of the gang are centripetal and any deviation from gang law will earn the defector contempt and ostracism.

Thus if you are scared to death at the thought of doing your own thinking and your self-concept is beaten and bedraggled and you feel that the only way you can stand up and be a man is by having somebody on each side of you holding you up under the arms, then by all means JOIN A GANG.

THE ROLE-PLAYING CONCEPT

The role is a view of one's self not as one really is, or could be—or even actually wants to be—but as one wants others to believe one is, or as one thinks others thinks one should be. It is a bluff intended to fool... Who? The conditions of the role are shaped by the supposed opinions of others and the energy for the role is generated by the fear of an unfavorable change in these opinions. In this respect it is an insulation both against the feared "others" whose acceptance is made paramount and against the intolerable poverty and bleakness of one's own personality. The role has many manifestations, but the two principal ones in vogue in prisons are: "The dead-end-kids, nonchalant-tough-guy, kill-a-rock, drown—water—and choke—air—if—it—gets—in—my—way, just—for—kicks role" and "The big-buck, coast—to—coast—schemer, the—fix—is—in—and—the—deal—is—set role."

The former, "kicks role" (to use the diminutive) is generally assumed by the young, fresh from the reformatory inmate who also is a dyed in the bone believer in the gang concept. The role requires him to talk hip, act on impulse and welcome violence. It has for its special pleasures glue-sniffing, pill-swallowing and petty—mainlining. Pseudo dope addiction, or, as it is commonly called, drug store dope addiction is a requisite. He must be ready to swallow or sniff any and everything if he is told it will get him high. (There is the instance of one such fellow who, the victim of a joke, swallowed, unquestioning, a handful of crushed aspirins and walked around "high" for quite some time).

The "big buck role" is effected by a slightly older and more sophisticated convict who generally has several penitentiaries under his belt. His primary activity is to spin endless lies about the multi-thousand dollar capers he has pulled, women

The Generalization Concept
The Kicks Concept
The Partner Concept
The Role-Playing Concept

The Rat Concept
The Umbilical Cord Concept
The Cadillac & Keen-toe Shoe Concept
The Gang Concept

he has had hustling for him and knowledge of "The Game". He, too, likes an occasional pill but his principal concern is money and he is busily engaged in elaborate plans for the "One Big Score".

Thus if you can't stand the sight of yourself as you are and you have no intention of doing anything constructive about changing that sight, and yet you are afraid that you may not be conspicuous in a crowd, then by all means PLAY A ROLE.

THE UMBILICAL CORD CONCEPT

This concept is best illuminated by the following letter

Dear Grandma:

I received your letter and was very glad to hear from you. I would've sent you a birthday card but I don't have any money. Anyway I want to wish you a happy birthday and hope you have 83 more. I am doing as well as can be expected here but it isn't like home and I miss you very much. I have had some eye trouble and I need glasses very bad but I guess since I have no money I will not be able to get any. I realize the trouble that I have caused you and I don't intend ever getting in any more prisons after I get out of here. I will make everything up to you and pay you back the money you spent on my lawyer. I don't have anything to smoke because I haven't got any money. I am glad to know that you are still getting your social security and old age pension because I know that you need the money almost as bad as I need money for my glasses. I love you very much Grandma since you are the only one who has ever helped me. The doctor here said that it would cost me \$25.00 for glasses and that if I didn't get some soon my eyes would be badly damaged. But I haven't got any money so I guess I will just have to go through the rest of my life either blind or with very bad eyesight all because I didn't have anybody who would send me \$25.00 and who I would be sure and pay back when I got out. Well Grandma, I know you want me to keep writing to you but I guess I may not be able to since I can't see very good.

Your loving grandson
Johnny

THE GENERALIZATION CONCEPT

This is a way of thinking whose logic is constructed from the following premises:

One is, therefore all are.

One is now, therefore one will always be.

There is only one way to do it.

From the first premise is drawn thinking such as this:

Everybody has a price tag.

Everybody is trying to cut everybody else's throat.

Everybody has an axe to grind

All convicts are just alike; treat 'em all the same.

From the second premise is drawn thinking such as this:

Once a criminal, always a criminal. They never change.

If you ever get a number, nobody will ever give you a break.

I been doing wrong ever since I can remember and I guess there's no use stopping now.

From the third premise is drawn thinking such as this:

There's only one way to get by in this world and that's by doing unto others before they do unto you.

There's only one way to be happy and that's by getting yourself a big wad of dough. . . .

I been dealing with convicts for 25 years and there's only one way to handle 'em. . .

There's only one way to outdo these people here and that's by hanging tough.

The permutations of these three premises are infinite.

The See If You Can Wear Out The Hole Concept

The Everybody Who Hasn't Committed A Crime Is A Coward Concept

OH WELL, IF YOU DON'T PLAN TO QUIT, YOU MIGHT AS WELL THROW YOUR BUSINESS THESE PEOPLE'S WAY. . .

**DO YOUR BANK ROBBING
DIRECTLY
FROM
YOUR
CAR!!**



**Use our Convenient Drive-In Service
EFFICIENT! EASY! EFFECTIVE!**

Not only does this allow quicker get-aways, but also the hazards of surly customers, unsympathetic bank guards and coincidental patrolmen are minimized.

Make Your Withdrawals the New Way
Patronize Your Drive-In Bank
There is One in Your Neighborhood!

**Clothes may NOT make the
MAN!**

**But the Proper Clothes May
Help Him Make His
FORTUNE!**



Have you noticed how light your stings have been with your present clothing? Then it is time to do something about it. We have a full line of clothing for the man or woman who would be a successful booster. All size pockets to carry all sizes of merchandise. Jewelry pockets, lingerie pockets, radio pockets, portable TV pockets. And for the supermarket booster, we have special built-in pockets to carry hams, large size breakfast food boxes, canned goods and even the cash register! Come in and get outfitted today!

Dress-Rite Clothiers, Ltd.



NOW!
You Can Get MOM
 that
MOTHER'S DAY
GIFT

**She has always wanted without
 worrying about heat from
 FINGERPRINTS!!**

Won't Mom be surprised when you hand her that beautiful Mother's Day gift. And this year you will not have to fear that knock on the door because you didn't leave fingerprints!

You Used
Wipe-It-Clean
 Gloves



**If Hauling
 Loot Away
 from
 BURGLARIES
 Has Been A
 PROBLEM**

Let Us Solve It For YOU!

FLY-BY-NIGHT MOVERS will come to the job, pack the plunder and haul it away to the fence of your choice. You merely mark the items that are to be moved and let us do the rest.

All work done on commission.

Fly-by-Night Movers, Inc.

"if it's not nailed down, we'll move it"

PROTECTION



Are You Tired of Plain,
 Old Burglaries?
 Fed Up with Routine
 Stick Ups?
 Has Check-Passing
 Become Dull?
 Send For Our Course:



"How to Extort Funds by Muscle Power"

Earn an independent income—full or part time. Prepare for a career in the Extortion Racket through Fagin's training. No interference with your present work; no previous experience necessary. Fagin's faculty starts you at the beginning; explains every technique and method; corrects and grade your work. Low cost. Fagin's has trained many infamous men at home. Send for our free sample lesson and illustrated booklet.

FAGIN'S SCHOOL OF PRATICAL CRIME

When the last Big Heist
 is over,
 When the moment for the
FINAL PAROLE
 Comes

*Permit our sympathetic
 and understanding ar-
 rangements to relieve your
 family of the stressful deci-
 sion of sorrow.*




*Our services are performed with the
 consolation of the bereaved in mind.
 We specialize in restoring the deceased
 to sleep-like beauty.
 Bullet holes never show when we are finished.*

**Our convenient Ambulance
 Service will pick up the remains
 at the scene of the crime or at the
 Police Morgue.**

We also do private burials in the event that you have someone whom you wish to quietly assist to their last, great reward. All communications confidential.

Fading Fast Funeral Chapel



The Necessary Evil

by Dick White

**At 4:00 one nice June afternoon
a lot of people went out of business**

In the basement of a large department store in...really it doesn't make any difference where this particular store is located because in every city, town, village and hamlet across the country the situation is the same. The reason I'm telling about this particular department store is because I'm the guy that's sitting in the basement. It's two in the morning and I'm eating my lunch. Lunch! A couple of tired, soggy peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and a thermos of coffee. Some lunch. But things are not what they used to be five years ago. No sir, not by a long shot. I'm workin' though, and that's more than some are doing.

Yeah, I'm workin' I'm a fire watchman. I occasionally check a leaky faucet and rattle the outside doors but that's just to keep from getting bored. Hell, the front door could be standing wide open and it wouldn't make one iota of difference. I used to rattle a lot of doors but that was a long, long time ago when I was a rookie. Rookie, then patrolman, then detective sergeant, then lieutenant, then captain--and now, fire watchman. Quite a service record. Oh I know how it all happened, but the "cause" is something bigger brains than mine are still trying to figure out.

I'll never forget that crisp cool night in June, five years ago. I'd gotten down to the bureau about a quarter to eleven. I worked the midnight on trick but I always went in an hour early to read the Book and have Captain Amos Till, the guy I relieved, bring me up to date on whose cat was up what tree. I'd bounced in Till's office all bright-eyed and bushy-tailed. Till was pacing

the floor with his skinny hands shoved in his back pockets. He turned to face me as I came through the door.

"Seen the book, Clay?" His soft voice sounded like a roar in the still office. But the stillness wasn't just in this office. The whole building had a quiet eeriness about it.

"Not yet, Amos, I just rolled in."

"Look at it."

I walked over to the desk and picked up the Book, a tally sheet that listed chronologically every item that happened that was of police concern. The last entry was made at 3:47 that afternoon. Two armed men had held up a supermarket out in the Ames Shopping Center and had made off with \$2700 in cash and checks. Arrest and recovery of the stolen property was made at exactly four o'clock. The rest of the sheet was a dead white. . . there were no more entries. It was usually full. I felt funny. I don't mean funny, ha ha, but funny. Odd and kind of sickish.

"It's a fluke. The old law of averages caught up with us." I said it, but I was just making words.

"Nuts! Some drunk would've kicked a lung out of his old lady by this time. Hell, Clay, there's not even a bicycle boostin'."

"Yeah, well how about. . ."

"Make it good, Clay."

"...the two people on the last entry—the Ames thing?"

"I wish you hadn't asked. We can't get a thing out of them. And when I say "we", I mean *everybody!* The only people who haven't tried to pump 'em is the mayor and the janitor and if I wasn't going off shift I'd. . ."

"Now wait a minute, Amos, let's don't get bouncy. Maybe it's just a once-in-a-million thing we've got here."

"Okay old buddy, it's your package. I'm walking out that door, getting on the elevator, riding down to the lobby and OUT the front door. Then I'm going to get in my car and drive out to Toby Snells' Bar and Grill and I hope by 3:30 in the morning I'm *under* one of Toby's tables. But before I go, let me leave you with this little bud from the Till tree of wisdom. Supposing that there are no more entries tonight, tomorrow or the next day or next week or next month?"

Till slammed out the door. Ten seconds later, he stuck his head back around the corner of the door.

"What I'm trying to say, Clay, is. . .look down the road a-piece on this thing. And don't be afraid to let your imagination work a little overtime. Oh yes, you might call Burton over at Kirksville and just casually ask him how his business is. So long. . .call me."

I walked over to the desk and sat down. The empty, blank face of the Book stared up at me. I picked up the phone and put through a call to Burton. He was the chief of police and we had scratched each other's back a lot of times in a business way. He was a nice guy,



but I had always thought he pressed a little too hard. He'd gotten his job through baby kissing, back slapping and hand shaking. He was a real glad hander and a self-styled comedian. His telephone conversations were salt and peppered with bits of comedy and low humor. Sometimes I laughed and sometimes I didn't. It was all according to what I wanted.

"Chief Burton." a tired, strange voice said.

"Clay Flavin, Burt. How's business in your end of the state?"

"Hullo Clay. I was just about to call you people and pop the same question. But I don't have to ask it now. I think we're the same as you—right in the middle of Operation Nothing."

Well there it was. My one-in-a-million theory was now ready for the pall bearers. The skin on the back of my neck did a funny little dance.

"What was your last piece of business, Burt?"

He had the answer out before I could take a breath.

"A hands-up in a liquor store. One man walked out with ninety-five dollars in a paper sack. But get this Clay, he *walked* three blocks to where a beat man was standing, handed him the gun, the money and I think he must have handed over his tongue too, cause we can't get a word out of him."

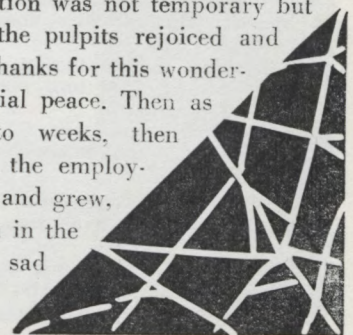
"What time was the arrest made, Burt?"

"Four this afternoon, right on the button. Now what have you people got?"

I told him fast and hung up. I lit a cigarette. It tasted fine, if you're a socks smoker. I looked at my watch. One in the morning. Nine hours of blank. Okay Amos, I thought, I'm projecting as you suggested and I know what you mean. It looks like a long dry spell.

And that's the way it started—or ended—here in my town; and in every city, town and hamlet across the country. It was as if a gigantic, yet invisible, something had suddenly swept over the nation and said in an unheard voice, "There shall be no more". Explainable? No. Comprehensible? Not quite, although for a long time the citizens were happy. But then the novelty of the thing wore off and they realized that this thing that had happened to their nation was not temporary but permanent. The men in the pulpits rejoiced and their congregations gave thanks for this wonderful occurrence. . .this social peace. Then as the days lengthened into weeks, then months, then years; and the employment rolls grew and grew and grew. they wondered. Their men in the somber suits with their sad

Continued On page 44





by *Jim Green*

The mere fact that a man has gone to prison does not indicate that once there all he can do is sit idle and stagnate. He can—but he does not have to. In fact if a man is willing and able, one of the most basic and at the same time miraculous aspects of his nature can come to the fore in prison—his ability to create.

At CSP there is a program designed to allow for this ability. This program contains the idealistic function of acting as an outlet for a man's self-expression as well as a practical function of providing a man with the means to earn money. This is the manufacturing of items for sale in the prison to tourists and to buyers within the state. The type of items range from leather goods of all kinds through ornamental jewelry to wood crafted furniture; and a complete list of the varied products manufactured would fill these pages as surely as they now fill the Prison Curio Shop.

At present the curio manufacturing here has become something approaching an industry and men are involved from the "small operator" level to the large assembly-line production level in which two or more men have combined talent and/or money to produce their products.

The "small operator" generally produces all of his items himself at a minimum cost for materials and time, and, in most cases, his products are small novelty

items such as tooth pick holders, letter holders, ash trays, etc. The total cost to himself for the items will rarely exceed 50 cents per article and will generally sell for \$1.25, or less.

Another such "small operator" is the hobbyist who turns out an item for his own amusement and interest. These articles usually surpass all others in terms of craftsmanship and quality of material. Cost in this case is usually inconsequential and therefore the builder is rarely compensated financially for his efforts.

The "big operator" in the curio business goes at the field with one primary goal: to make money. This man, or group of men, spend large amounts of money for machinery, material patterns and jigs in order to produce their items as economically as possible. Further, they may even be producing two or three entirely different types of articles.

Let's take an example.

One set of partners are in the jewelry box business. One of the members of the partnership does all the sawing of the wood while the other member assembles the rough boxes. From here the boxes go to a third man who specializes in sanding them. When the boxes are sanded they are returned to the saw man and he shapes the tops and saws them off. Back go the boxes to the box sander who smooths the sawed edges. If it is a burned top, they next go to a man who does only this one operation. The next step is varnishing the boxes and then putting in the linings and trays. Finally there is the final assembling of the parts. The total operation involves seven men, each of whom have a specific role to play before the boxes are ready for sale. The five "employees" receive compensation from the two partners for their labor and the partners must be in a position to pay them even though they, the partners, may not sell a box for weeks on end. This is an example of how a great deal of business sense must be employed and where responsibility is learned. The lesson can be such that it will carry over when the men are released and returned to society.

In the foregoing example there were shown another group not previously mentioned—the men who work



only for wages. These men fall into three distinct categories: 1. The fellow who does not have the required capital to go into business for himself. 2. The man who does not want the headaches involved. 3. The man who has a special skill which pays so well until it is unnecessary for him to go into the overall production. The latter, in effect, has his own business—his skill.

The preceding paragraph brings up one other facet of the curio business. In order for an inmate to go into business for himself he must have a certain amount of money and/or tools. At first this seems like an unfair set up, but then one remembers that all business must have proper capital and equipment. Furthermore, a person that has a jerry-built business usually has a jerry-built product. In most cases, when a man starts by working for one of the larger manufacturers he can soon start on his own if he saves the money he earns.

... *And while we're on the subject...*

In a recent talk with a former junk worker, this writer was told that the reason for the "former" was the cut-throat prices in the curio business. This started a certain line of thinking on my part, so I pursued it.

It was soon discovered that in only one phase of the curio items was the price being maintained in relationship to cost of manufacturing. This was in the making of covered wagon TV lamps. We (the ones who have been around for a few years) can recall when boxes sold for ten dollars; wallets and women purses for various amounts which were in accordance with cost of material. It would seem that although the cost of box materials and leather have gone up in recent years, the price have come down. This hardly makes sense. We know of no business outside which operates on this principle. Further investigation reveals that what

has happened is that a cheap price has almost invariably meant "cheap" goods. Those who have maintained their old prices or raised them as material cost increased, have continued to produce first class merchandise. We believe that the parties who produce the cheap box, billfold, purse, etc., are not only hurting the good craftsman but also, ultimately, hurting their own business.

Many, the largest volume perhaps, of the curio sales are to transient guides, but even these people can recommend our curio items to friends if they are satisfied, or pan them if they feel they have been stung. On the other side of the ledger is the fact that the junk workers could be selling to outside retailers at wholesale prices if they would produce quality merchandise.

There is a plan afoot by some of the curio workers to have a booth at next year's Denver Stock Show. It will be a chance to sell on a new market and possibly to open another outlet for the conscientious curio worker. This plan could have gone into effect this year had not the "jerry-built" quality of so many items been apparent. This was not an institution backed venture and there would have been no government subsidies of any kind.

In order to help ourselves, it behooves all of us in the junk business to re-evaluate our various products and see if we can't produce our very best. The increased cost of raw materials hardly leads to price cutting. Therefore let's all go back to the quality of a few years ago. John Q. Public doesn't mind paying for what he gets; he does resent being beaten even as we do.

One thing more to be considered is that we like to complain about the short changing we get in life and in jail. Let's not short change ourselves under the guise of a coffee and bean philosophy.

C.S.P. Inmate Volunteers for Kidney Transplant

One day recently Warden Harry C. Tinsley of the Colorado Penitentiary posted a notice on the maximum security prison's bulletin board. It said a Virginia truck driver lay near death in a Denver hospital suffering from a kidney ailment, that his only chance for life was to receive a transplanted kidney from a donor.

The warden said he could not offer any special favors like commutation of sentence or a governor's pardon or even a quicker parole. If there was a volunteer, there was nothing in it for him except, possibly, the knowledge he was doing something for someone.

The notice was posted at 10 A. M.

By noon 22 convicts had volunteered.

Twenty two men who never had heard of the Virginia truck driver and were not even told his name.

The eventual donor was a 28 year old convict with but one arm. He had the right blood count, type, glandular conditions, etc.

He was told again there was nothing in it for him.

He knew that, he said, but "I'd just like to help the guy if I can."

There is manifest here a truth any prison psychologist will affirm. When a man loses his name for a number he does not necessarily cease to be a human being and bigness in men is not confined to the wholly respected; those among the obscure—even among the scorned—can have it in great measure too.

We forget this sometimes. We close the gates on the bad actors and say: "Well, that is that." The error is not in closing the gates; when society is offended it must react. The error is that too often we think of the offenders as numbers and not as men, of justice as punishment and not as penalty, of the "numbers" as a loss forever and rehabilitation only as a word in Noah Webster's dictionary.

The more one thinks about this case in Colorado the more one is reminded of Sir Walter Besant's observation several generations ago that there is a book into which some of us happily are led to look and to look again and never tire of looking—"and this is the Book of Man".

Here stood the 28 year old convicted forger who in the last months of his term volunteered a kidney with all the possible complications to a Virginia truck driver he never had met, may never see, and with no promise of reward because he would "just like to help the guy" if he could.

If all of us really believe, as our religions and our philosophies preach, that all men are brothers—and believe it sincerely—this little sermon on life, spoken through example and not from a pulpit, will not go unnoticed totally or its lesson unheeded.

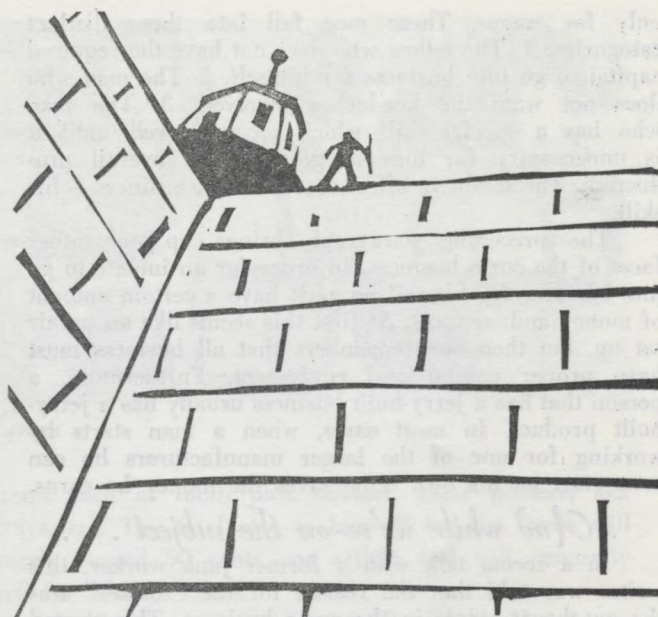
The above is an editorial which appeared in the Modesto Bee, a California newspaper, and was sent to this institution by Mrs. Edith P. Berry of Modesto, California, an erstwhile Coloradan.

The incident to which this editorial refers is another pitfall for the notion that 'prisoners are not people' and, conversely, its prisoner-held counterpart, 'decency is unbecoming to prisoners'. In spite of the dehumanization that sometimes occurs in prisons or the dehumanist philosophy that pervades the thinking of some who are connected with prisons, acts of humaneness such as this will continue to give the lie to their position.

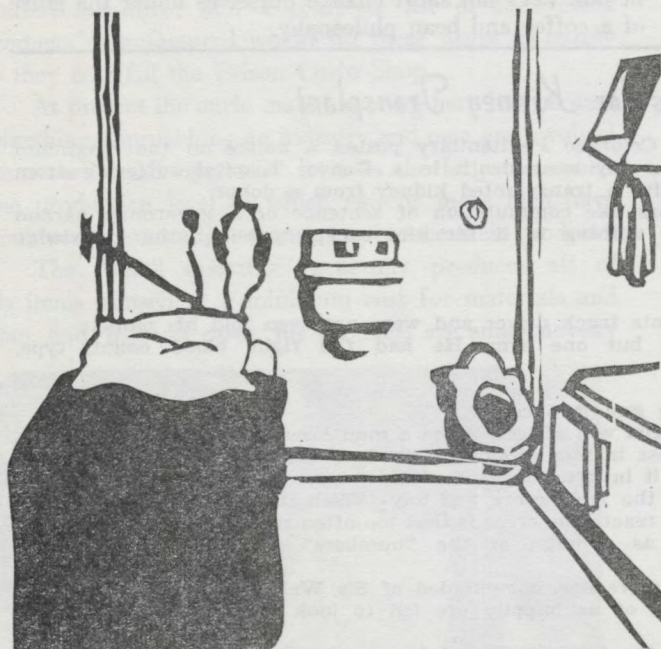
Thank you, Mrs. Berry and The Modesto Bee for your ability to recognize facets of prisoners other than the sordid.



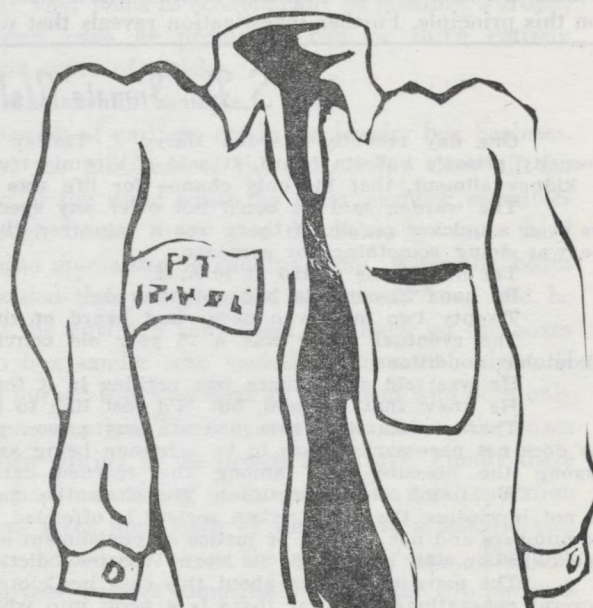
See the men lining up
 See the pointing finger
 The finger is pointing at the man in the middle
 I am the man in the middle
 Color the man in the middle a stupid gray
 Color the finger an accusing gray



See the high wall
 It is a very high wall
 It is too high to climb
 There are men on the wall
 The men on the wall do not like climbers
 Color the wall a thick gray
 Color the men on the wall a gun-metal gray



See the pretty cell
 This is my cell
 This is where I live now
 This is where I will live until I wise up
 Color the pretty cell
 Color the pretty cell a sickening gray



See the pretty shirt
 See the number on my pretty shirt
 The number on my shirt is my credit card
 I do not like that kind of credit
 Color my shirt a monotonous gray
 Color my number a long gray
 I have lots of other numbers



See the pretty letter
 It is a letter from home
 There are tear stains on the letter
 Color the letter blue
 Color the tear stains a pathetic gray



See the man in the suit
 He is going to leave me
 He is going home
 He has a parole
 Color his suit any color you want to
 Color my eyes green



See the men at the desks
 The men at the desk are talking
 The men at the desk are talking about me
 The men at the desk are talking about letting
 me go
 The men at the desk are talking about letting
 me go and not wanting to see me again
 The men at the desk are talking about letting
 me go and not wanting to see me again
 cause if they do they will give me the book
 Color the men's faces an angry red
 Color me a pale, sweating gray



See the pretty door
 See the man going out the door
 I am the man going out the door
 Keep the door open
 I will be coming back through the door
 Color the door a swinging gray
 Color me a dumb gray

FINALLY...

Despite all our pretty speechmaking, imprisonment is and always will be punishment, at least for the people who have to undergo the experience. We can talk about deterrence and re-education, but retribution is what is really accomplished. Moreover, we would like to think that the individual spends his time in confinement meditating upon his crime, and to regret what he has done, and to formulate new and basic resolutions about the future. This would be very nice for all of us but it is simply not so.

...the prisoner goes through each day usually only half-aware of where he is, and the only things that penetrate the mist of unreality is when crucial happenings such as parole hearing or visit occur. From the point of view of the administration of prisons, this half-life is a good thing for the more unconscious the prisoner is of his surroundings and the more he behaves like an automaton, the better prisoner he is, that is, the less trouble he causes. But at the same time, this dream-like suspended state is one of the great reasons why the effect of imprisonment is so slight, why there are so many repeaters.

...in addition to inducing this dream state, imprisonment encourages people to function on lower physical and psychological levels. Most prisoners no matter how intelligent they may be, return to a condition resembling infancy.

...we feed him, care for his needs and tell him where to go and what to do. In other words, we virtually make him a child again, and then, so inconsistent in our thinking are we, that we demand from him the behavior of an adult, and more than this after we break him by what is called "discipline", after we pound him into submission, psychologically of course, and accustom him to being dependent, we release him to a world and require that he act as a mature adult.

...it is the rare man indeed who can walk out of those gates, past the same guard, a better man than he entered. And when he is successful in doing this, he accomplishes it because of the fundamental inner resources he possesses. The power of the mind, spirit and understanding he lays hold upon; and we know he does it not because of the prison to which he was subjected along with its therapy and talk of rehabilitation, but rather and pointedly so, inspite of it.

THE MIND OF THE INMATE by Doctor Robert Lindner

The thesis presented here in our Special Section has been, in sum, that whether or not a man dreams, drifts, vegetates—placidly and pliantly—through prison and, necessarily, back to prison is largely *up to him*. We have recognized, as do all who have seen prisons up close, that not too very much in the way of goals, methods and incentives are offered by prisons. But we have maintained that this lack is not a sufficient excuse for the man to sit idly by. In point of fact, it should be all the more reason for him to "stay the hell away".

Recognizing, then, the lack of external stimuli, our appeal is to the "inner resources" that we believe is resident in every man and is exemplified most signally by men in matters of life and death—and prisons and prisoners are such matters.

Dr. Lindner spoke of "the powers of mind, spirit and understanding he (the inmate) lays hold upon". If such exists, and we firmly believe it does, then we

are challenging those of our readers who are prisoners to lay hold upon them. We are urging them to lay aside the comic book, the day-dream, the comfortable, self-pitying whine and to face the reality both of themselves and their condition. Prison can be—can be—a place and time of maturing—a place and time of resoluteness. It is not just an episode whose passing will leave no effect; and interlude with no bearing on the staging of life. It is an event, the ramifications of which will reach into and shape the future. If the man in the vacuum of prison will explore the inner space of his being and tap the dormant strengths of his will and seek to come to a knowledge and a control of himself, he can very well make the time of prison a miraculous moment of renaissance. It can be his doing rather than his undoing.

In placing the burden on the man in prison we are not by any means in agreement with the default of the society that bred the man. Public apathy—and it

is quite lamentable that in describing some segments of the public "cynicism" would be the proper word—toward prisons and prisoners is a poor commentary on a society alleged to be the most enlightened and progressive in the history of man. Public ignorance of prisons and prisoners and the resulting continuation and proliferation of the blight defeats the testimony of those who would say we are wholly civilized. But we could beat our breasts and rend our clothes and sit in sackcloth and ashes until icicles catch fire and it still would not absolve us from the duty we owe ourselves. For we also believe that even if every factor of aid were here and now and a man did not rise up to help himself, he would not be helped.

There are some basic truths to be faced by the prisoner no matter what:

1. He, like most people, has problems.
2. These problems insist upon a solution.
3. The solution must be made within the framework of the legal and moral laws of the society in which he lives; otherwise that society must and will exercise its rights to penalize him, his concurrence with these laws and the form of penalties notwithstanding.
4. Solutions can be, and often are, compromises and may entail a certain amount of sacrifice denial, hard work and temporary disadvantage.
5. The solution must take into account the rights and prerogatives of others. For if ever there is a breakdown of this principle, no one—you or any man—will be safe from the pillage of the beast that rages so shallowly beneath man's surface.
6. There is a distinct difference between one's needs and one's wants.
7. The mature man not being able by reason of skills, talents or conditions to gratify his wants, learns to live with and seek out his needs.
8. The mature man learns of his limitations as well as his abilities and rather than attempting to operate

Continued From Page 13

class with 625 pounds. Bob Hall won the 165 pound class title with 630 pounds. Bob Ring of Greeley lifted a total of 725 pounds to become the 181 pound class champion. Paul Wacholz won the 198 pound class award with a 770 pound total. Abe Junior Davis of CSP won the heavyweight title with a total lift of 735 pounds.

There were thirty men entered in the meet and the prison team, numbering fourteen men, won 3 class championships. Three lifters from Greeley each won the class title for their weights and Bob Hall was the only unattached lifter to win an event. Lifters in the meet also included representatives of the Air Force Academy, Lowry Air Base, Denver YMCA, Boulder Athletic Club and two unattached lifters.

beyond these means, learns to either first seek to improve them, or, failing that, to operate within them.

9. There are many, many levels of satisfactory living. All happiness is not necessarily the special province of those of privileged circumstances. The companion symbol of all satisfactory living is not the \$. In fact it is not at all a matter of external situation, but really one of internal attitudes towards the external situation.

We are not so naive to believe that what has been said is the final, total answer to the problem. Very possibly we have oversimplified, as well as overlooked many of the facets involved. Nor are we in the least expectant that what has been said will fall fruitfully into all ears. For we have also recognized that for some men—many men—prison is a Shangri-La. Prison is, paradoxical as it may seem, a nook wherein a man can hide to avoid the demands of daily living. A convenient alibi for them to retire to, away from the competitive context of life. A *nolo contendere*, so to speak. They are "kept". The inadequate, fearful, incompetent, unimaginative, immature personality finds prison to taste. It is a return to the cradle where one was fed, warmed and regulated without cost or demand; and where one could cry, whine and complain to one's heart's content without fear of ejection. Prison is a one-finger glove that fits their hand perfectly. And just as many who make their personal living from prisons would not readily vote for their abolition, so not many who find their haven in prisons would or will, by "growing up and staying away", contribute to its abolition from their personal life scheme. And all of the happy, bluffing talk about "I'll be glad when my release date comes" is bluffing, happy talk. Still if one or two or, wonder of wonders, three individuals will find some aid from our thesis in their attempt to climb out of the morass of prisons then a service has been rendered. We shall in other editions of RECOUNT, return and refer to this theme for we know all too personally its importance.

Continued from Page 31

needs the help and is willing to accept it. He makes the definition, himself. Until he is ready to accept the fact that he needs help, he cannot be helped." W. S.

"The man who becomes entirely different under the influence of alcohol. Personally, I don't change after a pint or a fifth, I change after the very first drink. From that point on I am looking for a way to keep drinking and if in the process I have to get your money to do so, that's just too bad. The man whose morals, ethics, principles and actions are affected adversely by alcohol is a man who needs A. A. help." M. S.

The key to the "riddle"? The answer? The cure?

A sincere attempt is here being made to find it.

utmost urgency. They've taken arms against the state and must be stopped at all costs."

Finally.

"This is the Warden speaking. Oh, Governor, how are you, sir. What's that? Trouble here? No sir, nothing that I know of. The usual routine. Oh, this afternoon though we had a rather unusual experience. The Captain was talking to one of the inmates, a man named Dismas, about him having a shirt with the wrong number on it. Well, as he was changing his shirt an inmate came across the compound with a bucket and a jar with some sort of green liquid in it. He said it was dropped from an Army weather balloon. The boys from the Army base were contacted, they are holding maneuvers in this area, and they came over to pick it up. The liquid in the bucket and jar was some sort of experimental rocket fluid they were testing under weather conditions. It was pretty potent and highly inflammable. I set a match to a little of it and smoke bellowed up ten feet. The balloon fell inside the walls and hooked on the side of a cell house. One man cut himself trying to recover it, but his wound wasn't serious. I sent him to the hospital and then sent some men over to the cell house with some tools and they finally unhooked the apparatus."

And back at the farm.

"You sure had us shook, Dismas. We was afraid you'd hit the hole. How'd you get out of it so soon?"

A mischievous gleam came into Dismas' eyes and he said, "It's like this Sammie, I was riding a bum beef. They couldn't bust me for it. But I did pick up some dope. There's word around the joint that we're at war. From what I gathered the Russians have attacked New York and things are pretty bad. Now here's what we oughtta do....."

Continued From Page 37

eyes and pale, soft hands became apologetic and adopted a painful air of 'please don't blame US'.

So, just who was to "blame"? Had the prayers been heard? Had the police done their job too well? Had the "other people" suddenly decided to try another line of business? I have to think a great big NO on all counts. It's funny about people. They rant and rave about all the "other people" that do business by their own formulas and standards and disregard the fact that there are necessary evils in this old life. As for me, I'm for these "other people" and the business they are in. To me they are an economic necessity.

Placing the blame sure as hell doesn't solve the problem. The "thing" is here and we have to live with it. I guess I'll keep on eating tired, soggy peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and drinking my lukewarm coffee for some time to come. And each morning I'll eagerly pick up the pitifully thin morning paper hoping I'll get a clue that the spell has been broken and we can all get back to the old business of playing cops and robbers again. Maybe it'll be this morning. Some kid will boost a set of hub caps and I can go back to eating something besides these damed peanut butter and jelly sandwiches.

suspiciously, "You weren't contemplating becoming an anteloper, were you?" He went off mumbling to himself.

PEEVES: Wonder who is the guy who keeps playing those Dakota Staton records over and over again. Dakota's all right, we guess, but week after week? Have you noticed these sacred characters who have their shirt pocket filled with important-looking pencils and pens and stuff? Don't get flip or smart-alecky with any of them because they are *People Who Mean Something*. Most of 'em pretty much know how to write their names and can say and sometimes spell a lot of fairly big words. So don't go around showing off in front of them, you hear?

PERSONALITIES: Wonder whatever's become of Garbage Can Red? He was our great, good friend. Not only was he a fellow of sly wisdom and wit, but he was also no mean pick pocket. He was the only dip we ever met who could, by touch, tell what denomination canteen ticket he was purloining. (He was very disdainful of fifty cent tickets and even held dollar tickets in some contempt). He had differentiating fingers—and principles. He made it a point never to dip except from the very rich and close friends. In the former case he called it "spreading the wealth about" and in the latter he said he was doing his friends a service by teaching them the virtues of carefulness. He much preferred to be called Pretty Red than Garbage Can, since the latter name was unbecoming to a Player. Anyway, wherever he is we hope he's prospering.

Whenever we think it is time for the human race to clear out and make room for more healthy types like, say, the ants, we run across a Joe Rowell and our faith in people is refurbished. For Joe is dedicated to the proposition that being a slob isn't the worst of all occupations and so he goes about it manfully. He refuses, utterly and blithely, to have his clothes pressed—which alone qualifies him as a great man—or anything else other people do. He likes to play chess on a board whose squares are 8 or 9 different colors, or, better still, on a board that doesn't have any squares at all—a plain board. Gives one more freedom, he says. He has several books written in Greek and German which he reads for hours on end even though he doesn't understand a word of either language. He says it would merely get in the way of his reading the books if he understood what they were about. Also Joe has a habit of waving at the tower guards or if possible calling up a greeting to them. This, we have warned Joe, can get you into trouble. But Joe pays us no mind and goes right on waving and occasionally yelling a hello to them. He says they seem so lonesome up there by themselves. Sometimes some of them wave back and sometimes they start fingering their guns wondering what the hell Joe is up to. He doesn't mean any harm though, he's just being friendly.

Continued From Page 3

that image be in the minds of others.

This is where the individual can help himself. It is so easy for people serving time to steep themselves in the unsavory juice of their own self-pity and say, "Nobody will help me. I can't get any help". The first thing an individual can do that is in that situation is stop feeling sorry for himself and blaming his situation on everything and everybody besides himself. There are not many individuals in correctional institutions today that can say they had absolutely nothing to do with their present predicament. A true and real inventory of one's past will help to get the proper image of oneself. Also a true and real evaluation of one's potentialities will give a fleeting glimpse of what a person can be if he properly uses these potentialities in the right way. Every person, no matter what his past or present situation has been or may be, has certain God-given capabilities, such as reasonable health, which may be not as good as one would like it, but better than many others; a reasonable degree of mental abilities, again, not in the genius class, but capable of functioning satisfactorily as others with less mental ability have done; a degree of ambition, in some not enough, in others too much, but enough in all that proper cultivation can bring it into line with acceptable goals of pride of self and esteem of others. With these and other inborn or learned capabilities, every individual is able, in a large degree, to help himself. He is able to create a desire, if he wants to correct himself, so that one serious mistake in his past will not be made again; even a whole misspent life can be changed to one that agrees with what society expects of him and what he might reasonably expect of himself.

Correctional institutions can have excellent academic programs, vocational programs, constructive on-the-job training programs, religious programs, constructive recreational programs, physical and mental care programs, individual and group therapy programs, counseling programs, industrial and agricultural programs, and so on indefinitely, but they all will lack their full effectiveness unless the individual wants to help himself. This, every person can do, if he so desires. Every person can truly try to get that true image of himself in the past, acknowledging his mistakes, and every person can work toward that goal of being what he would like to be and still meet humankind's requirements. *Help yourself first, so that others can help you.* In this way, the man of the wrongful past can guide as well as admonish the potential man who through his own will and desire is becoming the potential man once again free and whole with God, other men, and above all, with himself.

Continued From Page 23

the key to the lore of the Egyptians. Charles E. Dederich, an ex-drunk, got a group of gone goons together at his pad in Ocean Park, California, who were "kicked" by his philosophical discussions into re-examining their own philosophies of life. This system is called SYNANON. It has a touch of AA to it. Just like a legitimate AAer is no stranger to the bottle, a Synanonist knows more about crime than is found in Mickey Spillane's books. Knowing all the angles and dodges, he can outmaneuver any phony trying to make a pitch. Therefore, a "hipster" criminal cannot put on a drag and yet he can find in the Synanonist someone who digs him and yet does not patronize him. Not everyone can swing in this group. To belong is to be "in". Squares are out.

In other words, belonging to this group becomes in itself a "kick". In psychological terms, the hipster achieves status. Being in is no guarantee of staying in. In the company of really smart manipulators, any attempt to play the role by a newcomer is immediately spotted and slapped down. To stay in, he has to learn the values of truth, honesty and sincerity at least within Synanon. After a period of social intercourse and growth within this group, he gets to see that the larger society has a few values of merit which he is encouraged to examine and modify for his own use and needs. He gets to see that making it back and finding his own place in it has "kicks" equivalent to getting loaded or high or pulling scores. He learns that being a "loner" is a phony pose and by finding his own usefulness to others finds new value for himself.

Synanon does not work for everyone. Some cats are too sick for anything but the antiseptic of hellfire. It has worked well enough, however, to be sponsored at the Terminal Island Federal Prison and at the Nevada State Prison to name just a few.

John Stuart Mill wrote: "Human nature is not a machine to be built after a model, and set to do exactly the work prescribed for it, but a tree, which requires to grow and develop itself on all sides, according to the tendencies of the inward forces which make it a living thing."

Too many characters in here forget that they started out as trees that could flourish and take strength from the forest which is society, and, in return, fertilize that society with the contribution which is themselves. Instead, guys who could have been sturdy oaks look on themselves as venus fly traps and act that way until, like cannibals, they devour themselves. Yet, as the earth and the world changes, so can you change. Not only is it possible but it also might be a "kick" to try.

IN THE GROOVE
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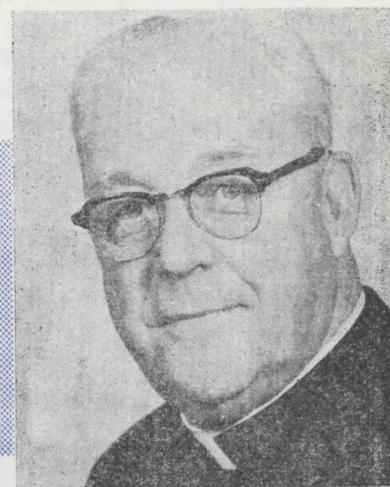
"life is much like a record"

Rev. Justin McKernan, O.S.B.

It's one of the ironies of our age that men are annoyed should a needle get stuck in the groove of a defective record, and yet they themselves will go day after day in an equally monotonous groove with no attempt to advance or improve themselves. They lead pathetic, unhappy lives. For no life can be happy unless there is well-ordered advancement.

Too often do we hear of people who are bored to death by a day-after-day routine that wears down their vitality and enthusiasm like water eroding rock. In many cases, this is their own fault. Years ago they began working very earnestly at achieving a cozy pattern to life. Security was their first and almost only concern. They made it a point of honor to back down from facing difficulties, and to sidestep situations or ideas that might disturb their tranquility. They lulled themselves into a kind of hypnotic trance wherein they are insensitive to the real needs of their own selves, their families and friends, the world at large.

These are the people who complain with great eloquence about the sordid trend in movies and drama or the breakdown of family life, and yet will do nothing positive to encourage good theatre or wholesome family life. These are the people who maintain a low level of intelligence by confining their talk to gossip, lackbiting, general destruction of the good name of whomever happens to be absent, or even coarse vulgarity when all else fails. They avoid adult discussion about things like politics, religion, education, and so on, because they might have to change their way of thinking or they might have to search out more facts than are supplied by picture magazines or scandal specializing newspapers. These are the people who wouldn't dare examine their conscience, and whose prayers are more "Lord, give me this or that" instead of "Lord, what must I do?"



Life, for them, runs in a deep groove that goes nowhere except in an ever repeating circle. Each turn deepens the groove and, at the same time, wears away a little bit more of what variety there was in life. It's no wonder that they are often depressed by the drudgery of life.

Fear of such a condition leads some people to jump the groove and flitter around from one childish pastime to another in a frantic search for stimulating distraction. This is hardly a solution. For, in seeking variety, they lose that interior peace which can be had only when there is order in life. They end up as unhappy as the bored person, but for a different reason: they are not able to think about or keep at the same thing for more than two minutes straight.

No, the only genuine cure or prevention for this modern ailment of monotony is well-ordered advancement. The moral code, as applying to both material and spiritual realities, provides the order, the groove. Facing up to the demands of that moral code supplies the movement, the advancement.

Admittedly, this takes effort. It's difficult to read newspapers, books, or magazines that challenge one to think. It goes against the grain to be patient when one is tired, or to pray when one is not in the mood. It's hard to lose money or prestige when this is the cost of honesty and decency. It's not easy to endure or learn to appreciate morally and intellectually elevating entertainment when the degrading type is so readily available

Difficult as well-ordered advancement is, it is the only way to a life that is happy, interesting, and yet crowned with deep interior peace. In a sense, life is much like a record—to be enjoyed at all—requires a groove and movement, order and advancement. If either is defective, painful monotony or jumbled disorder are the result.

* Q * ! ? D @ M ? N ! I T ! * *

S ? 5 O N ? ! * O F ! * ? A - ! ?

* Q * ! ? D @ M ? N ! I T ! * *

S ? 5 O N ? ! * O F ! * ? A - ! ?

* Q * ! ? D @ M ? N ! I T

S ? 5 O N ? ! * O F ! * ? A

* Q * ! ? D @ M ? N ! I T ! * *

S ? 5 O N ? ! * O F ! * ? A - ! ?
Hell, man! Let's wake up. Let's substitute damnit. Darn is just as easy to say. Comparably, the word won't sound half bad for awhile, anyway.

* Q * ! ? D @ M ? N ! I T ! * *
S ? 5 O N ? ! * O F ! * ? A - ! ?
The way we express ourselves is not only spoken in prison but practically every place -- street, home, business, bar, church, school, or on sporting fields; golf, fishing, hunting -- anywhere.

There is much more profanity in our speech today than ever before. You hear it not only in the tough talk of those who think they are tough, but you hear it from people who are otherwise decent and respectful. You hear dangerous doubletalk, bad cursing and profanity from people in position as well as people who are "retired" -- women as well as men, and children as well as teenagers. Just a habit, we say? Just a lack of vocabulary to express ourselves to another person, we ask? Not by a long shot. We can say it another way. We can change a habit. Let's substitute damnit.

Profanity seems to be a part of our culture. But Paul Harvey says, "Swear words are weeds in the garden of a man's vocabulary. In the vocabulary of a woman, they are stinking weeds."

How's your vocabulary? Mine isn't so good. Most of us find ourselves at a loss in carrying on any kind of conversation without the use of profanity. We carry coins in our pockets which are inscribed: "In God We Trust", but with our lips we curse and swear. The sin has become so common that we just take it for granted. And the inconsistency of it does not seem to occur to many of us, nor the danger to which we are exposing ourselves. Instead of using curse words, let us say another word. You can express your thought in another way. Instead of saying, for example, son-of-a-bitch, we could easily say, son-of-a-gun.

God, Jesus, Christ, Lord, are dear precious and loving names and ought never to be names used in cursing and swearing! There is something so inexpressibly painful about taking the names of Jesus, God, Christ and Lord in vain; something so brutal, so revolting, so vulgar. And yet many people, those who believe and those who do not believe, do it con-

Rev. Richard Sammon, D. D.

the weeds in the garden

stantly. God has repeatedly warned us that He will curse those who curse His Holy Name.

All this jargon is not a teed-off preacher spouting an uncommon language which irks his constitution under the thin skin of a profession which ordinarily opposes such language, but it is the truth of our speech which is becoming so tragic that the initiative of getting on our feet to ever amount to anything is just about washed down the garbage disposal—and with our souls too!

The prophet said, "Woe is me! For I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips..." (Isaiah 6:5)

Cursing is the vogue all over the country. I heard somebody organized a "No Profanity Club" somewhere down south. A member paid another person a penny every time he cursed. Well, I wouldn't have enough money to belong to that sort of club. I know a lot of people and have quite a few acquaintances who would go broke if they paid any large amount every time they used a bad word.

The Fourth Commandment says, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain". For that matter there are many verses in the Bible which would apply to this subject. But this isn't a sermon!

Anyway, take a listen around for two or three weeks and hear how often profanity is spoken and the Lord's name is taken in vain. Without saying anything yourself or making any remarks about the matter, just listen, and you could be amazed. Rotten! Let's say it another way.

The man on the street thinks someone has taken away his civil rights if he sees a notice saying "No Profanity". The man on the street looks as though one of his basic freedoms has been violated if someone, with guts enough, rebukes him for cursing.

What the hell difference does it make? It doesn't! Who cares? Nobody, I guess.....but God. Maybe he doesn't either. But let's substitute damnit and the world might be a better place in which to live...or die!

A PRECIS OF THE PUERPERAL PERILS PRELUDING THE PARTURITION OF THIS PERIODICAL

OR HOW IN THE H — — — DID WE EVER GET IT OUT?

In the first place, inspite of the baling wire, chewing gum, scotch tape, rope, rubber bands and cement glue that over the years had been holding it together and protecting it from retirement to the Smithsonian Institute, our lovable, sweet old Linotype Machine broke down.

Idle she stood for two months while we searched out a party who could still remember what she was all about when she was first built sometime during the latter years of the reign of Charlemagne. A man wise in the ways of antiques being himself of a certain age, was found and brought here in wheel chair. He spoke sharply to her and gave her a dose of Geritol. She sighed wearily and went back to work. Promises were then elicited from Charles Hopper and his diminutive assistant, Ben Valdez, the old girl's nurses, that they would treat her with the dignity and deference due her hoar hairs and not keep making flip remarks about her being "Three days older than trouble" or "The mid-wife at the birth of Santa Claus".

Okay. Then, in the second place, the lovable, sweet, old sample of sinister senility broke down again! At that Jim Green, our completely competent compositor who combines comity with compassion and also composes comedy and comprehends complexities calmly cursed our comatose companion and then compounded a commendable compromise that might compensate for our complications.

"HAND SET THE DAMN BOOK!"

This he did to page 4. But what with one thing and another the ancient madame decided, after Mr. Blaine (who after all, is the boss) told it, among other things, "X!\$%=&?¢¼:ff!" (Apparently he hadn't read Rev. Sammon's article at the time)—the ancient one, we say, decided to cough up a few more slugs of type and we were off and rolling again.

Meanwhile, however (or nevertheless, or whatwithall, or seeing-as-how), the Miehle Press started acting surly. But pressmen Hollon, Hosey and Peirce pressed on (Sorry men, just couldn't resist it). Then, of course, the Multilith Press gave notice that since all the other machines were striking, it just couldn't scab the deal by continuing to work. So it quit.

"Nothing against you fellows," it said, "just a matter of ethics."

Pinky Roadhs, Chuck Ferguson and Friend informed it that Multiliths were not only not in the same plebeian class as asenescent Linotype and a decrepit Miehle, but that they also had a couple of bottles of jazz around that was known to corrode the hide off recalcitrant Multies. The Multilith went back to work.

Then in the third place.....well, anyway, that this edition ever got in your hands is not merely a miracle it is also a monument to the monumental efforts of a bunch of gentlemen, crooks and all-around good eggs.

NOTICE!!

TO ALL INMATES SEEKING EMPLOYMENT IN ORDER TO COMPLETE PAROLE PROGRAMS. Mr. Clyde Bryan, in the Mail Office, has forms that may be filled out by those who have no outside connections to help them secure a job. The forms may be obtained by filling out an audience slip to Mr Bryan. The forms are to be returned to Mr. Bryan who will screen them and mail them, without charge, to Denver to be spot announced on the Air. These spot announcements are given free of charge through the courtesy of Mr. Gene Amole and Q Bryan, Mr. Bryan's son. Inmates are not permitted to write Mr. Amole or Mr. Q Bryan direct inasmuch as they have requested that no correspondence be sent other than the regular forms. Mr. Clyde Bryan will be glad to answer any questions regarding employment and be of any assistance he can to you in securing employment. So far about 15% of job applicants have located employment through this method.

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

TINY'S TOUCH

Spring is just around the corner. That wonderful time when all the world comes alive to stretch and grow. The wonders of nature become the beauty of the land. The flowers stretch forth their buds to nod brightly in the playful breezes of a skitful cloud. The birds wheel lightly in playful arcs, feeling the soft tug of the gentle, teasing breeze. The grass caresses the earth making a beautiful carpet for the trees who nod in gentle sleep.

Spring brings the gentle rains to wet the earth so the beauty of nature may be awakened. The rains are but the loving tears of passing clouds who cry because they cannot stay with their new-found friends. They can no longer hide the hot sun from the timid blossoms and the tender buds. They can no longer play tag with the animals and the flowers, tugging gently at them, turning them so they are refreshed and awakened after a long winter's sleep.

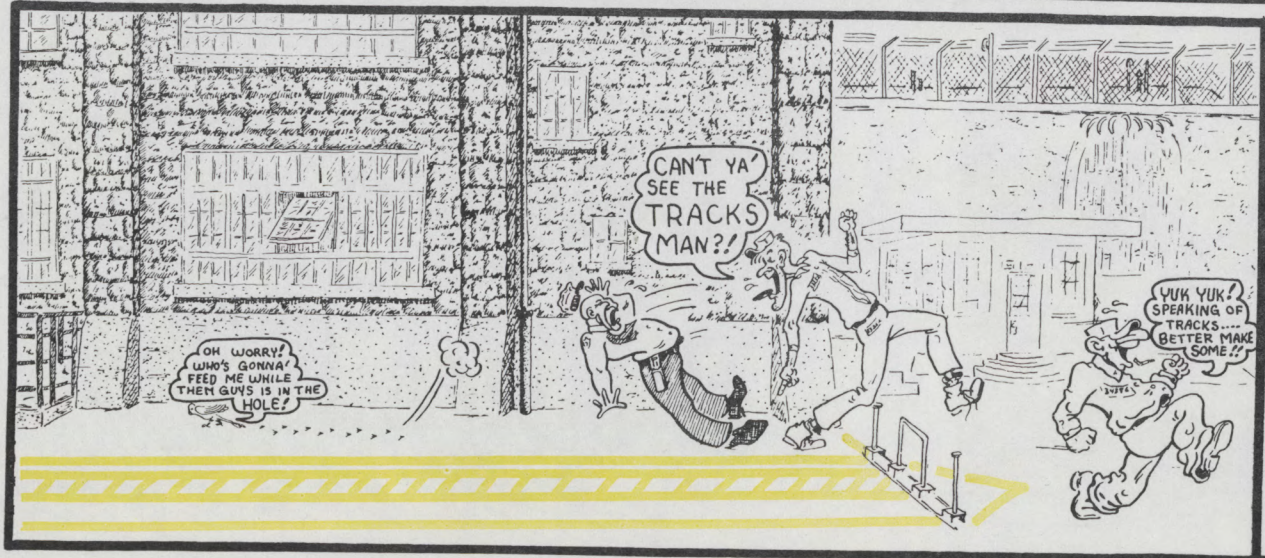
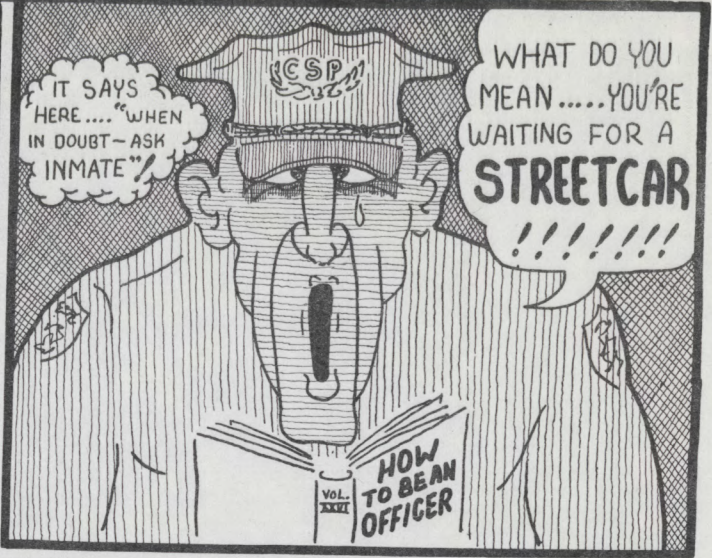
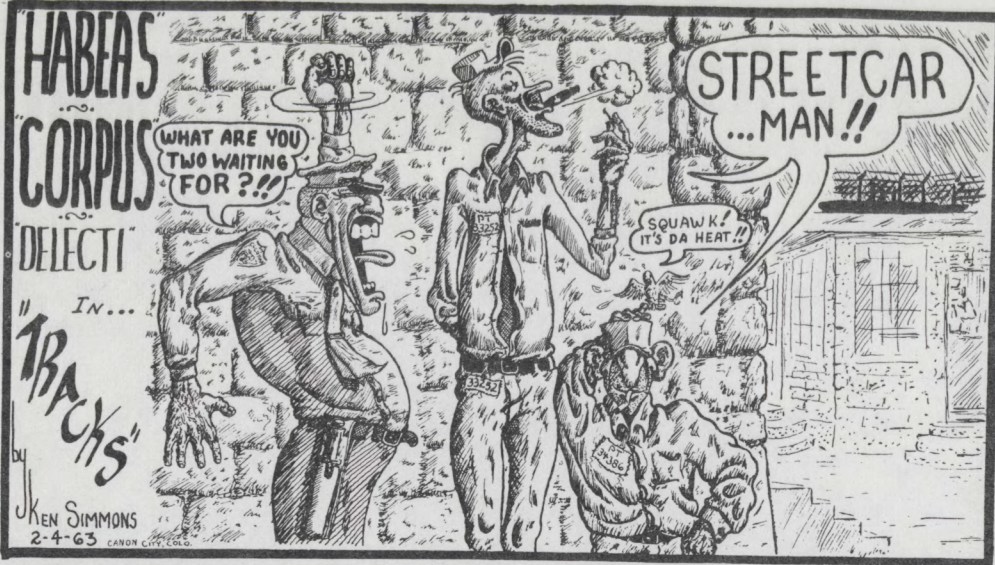
Spring brings the new little animals forth in wonder to see a world clothed in beauty. The little rabbit wonderingly dances on the soft new grass. The little squirrels look from branches newly clothed in leaves which gently reach to caress him as he passes. The butterfly spins hither and yon welcoming the newly budded flowers, lightly kissing the beauty of each new blossom in a tender romance of nature.

Spring brings the bubbly little brook back to life, so that it may hum its melodious song for the flowers and the trees. So that it may water the animals and tease the birds with its reflection. The brook runs hither and yon trying to reach all its friends to give a refreshing drink and to laugh its bubbly laugh.

Yes, spring is just around the corner waiting to welcome us with its open arms.

FROM: STATE HOME AND TRAINING SCHOOL
Grand Junction, Colorado
TO: Warden Harry C. Tinsley
Dear Mr. Tinsley:
Here at the State Home in Grand Junction, we continue to depend upon our friends for an adequate supply of Christmas gifts. Our two main sources this year were the Butter-Nut Christmas Club and the fine selection of new toys, as well as those repaired and repainted, brought to us from the Penitentiary. On behalf of the students at the State Home and Training School, I wish to thank the Colorado State Penitentiary and its inmates for their helpfulness in guaranteeing our students a Merry Christmas.
Sincerely,
Robert M. Porter, Superintendent

CREDITS: Illustration and cover plates courtesy THE RECORD and SUN, Canon City, Colorado. Linoleum and line illustrations by Ken Simmons. Photography by Elwood Haas.





TO THE MEN OF C.S.P.

A Valentine

FROM SOME VERY WONDERFUL CHILDREN

On the page facing this, is a photograph of a valentine which was addressed to: PRISONERS; COLORADO STATE PRISON; CANON CITY, COLORADO. Along with the valentine came this note: "Dear Friends; This colorful card comes to you with warmest greetings from the fourth grade pupils and their teacher at St. John's School in Denver".

It is not difficult to become contemptuous of men and their motives in these faulty times. For some instance of hypocrisy, bad faith, broken trusts, ill will and petty viciousness is daily confronting us. And our contact with these malpractices has become so habitual, and they have insinuated themselves into our systems of value and behaviour so surely until we no longer look upon them with shock or consternation but have accepted them as evils necessary to survival in this world. In fact, some of the more clever instances of hypocrisy are viewed with admiration. This seeming breakdown in principles and deterioration of things noble is sufficient to sow seeds of cynicism in the most resilient of optimists. Honor, love, justice and peace are not only falling into wide disrepute and desuetude, but even the words themselves are taking on a "con-job", if not outright corny, ring.

"What's the angle?"; "Where's the gimmick?"; "What's in it for me?" are the dialogue of the day and out of this dialogue is emerging a new posture. It is conspicuously free of morals or conscience and emphasizes technique above ethics, sophistication above sensitivity, tact above truth, and decor above duty. Its coat of arms depicts a chameleon rampant on a background of dollar signs; and its motto is "me or bust". There is hardly an area of life that has not been infiltrated by those who have adopted this posture. The nerve ends of society have been exposed to their decaying touch and a paralysis is setting in which, it seems, not even the threatening mushroom clouds of nuclear obliteration can cure.

Disillusionment comes easy and particularly easy does it come if one has the dubious opportunity of viewing the world from a prison cell for several years. Prison,

where dignity is discouraged and malevolence is cultivated. Prison, where all of the nuances of man's perverseness are given carte blanche to develop. Prison, with all of its gratuitous meanness, is an ideal place to shed one's faith.

And then comes to us, in our pessimism and neglect, a valentine. A valentine sent by innocents who have inscribed thereon a wish to be *our* friends. They address us "Prisoners". Not convict, not criminal, not pariah—simply prisoners. And so we are. More than likely, their choice of the word was unintentional; but the fact that they did not sit in judgement on us with "sitting-in-judgement" names, is not. We who are daily reminded that we are personae non grata have been offered from the hands, and I believe hearts, of babes, friendship. Not pity, but something much more positive and precious—the recognition that we are fellow humans and consequently capable of loving and being loved. Love in its profoundest sense—"inspite of" not "because of".

These children have not yet assumed the stances of prejudice, impatience, inflexibility and "me-and-mine-ism" that identify so many responsible adults. Their views have not yet been subjected to the distorting maxim that teaches "labels make people". And so they did not pay attention to our label as so many others do and keep their distance. Their wonderful child curiosity caused them to look beneath the label and discover that here is a Fellow Man. One little boy in his section of the valentine wrote: "God is with you". Someone commenting upon this, said the kid wasn't giving God an order or asking God to do us a favor or trying to euchre God into coming down here by saying "God *be* with you", but rather he made a statement of belief, "Cod is with you".

Well, if these lives of ours and this world of ours has a chance at all to survive the foolishness we have burdened them with, it will have to revert to the teaching of the wise man who called into the midst of his disciples, a child, and said, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven".

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Canon City, Colorado



VIC
TANNY
G

CARTE
BLANCHE
CREDIT CARDS
GOOD HERE

ELLEN JACKSON
University of Colo. Lib.
Boulder, Colo.

WEIGHT LIFTERS
WILL REFRAIN
FROM "CHINNING"
ON THIS MACHINE.

PUBLIC
TELEPHONE

