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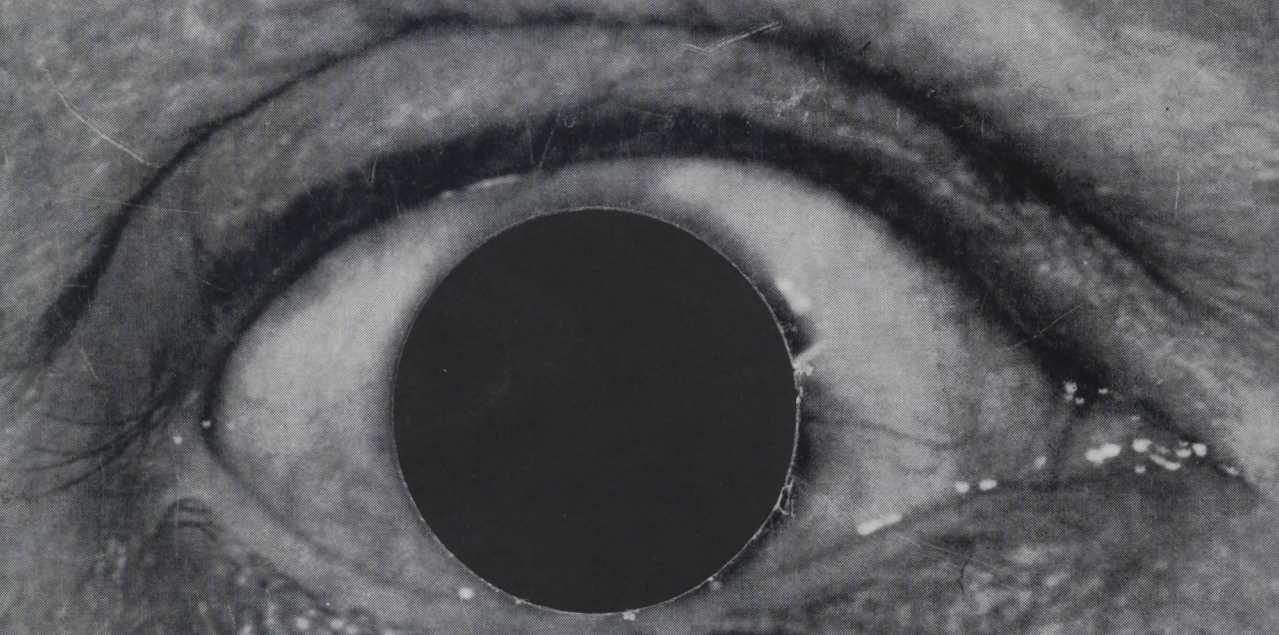
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FOUR YOUTHS ADMIT STRING OF BURGLARIES

Anytown, August 15 - [LNS] - A month long investigation into a series of burglaries on the near East side was concluded today with the arrest of four...

CAR BREAK-INS SOLVED

Anytown, August 17 - [LNS] - With the arrest of three youths, police today put an end to the wave of car tampering that has plagued...

MAN TO BE CHARGED IN MORALS CASE

Anytown, August 19 - [LNS] - The District Attorney's office announced that charges were filed this week against a man accused of committing an immoral act with a...

THIRD NORTH END RAPE REPORTED

Anytown, August 21 - [LNS] - An unidentified housewife told police this morning that...



SERVICE STATION ROBBER APPREHENDED

Anytown, August 14 - [LNS] - Minutes after the hold-up of the Williams Service Station on the corner of Broad and Main, police picked up a man who admitted the robbery. The \$150 taken was recovered...

MAN CAUGHT IN HARDWARE STORE

Anytown, August 14 - [LNS] - Police were summoned by a burglar alarm early this morning and trapped a man inside the Davis Hardware Store. The man, apparently unaware of the alarm, was...

SAFE JOB NETS BURGLARS \$10,000

Anytown, August 5 - [LNS] - Earlier this morning burglars broke into the offices of the Continental Distributors and forced open a safe containing \$10,000 in cash and an undisclosed amount of checks. "The work of professionals," said Detective Sgt. C. K. Smith of the burglary detail. "There were alarms all over the place but all of them were..."

SUBURBAN SUPERMARKET ROBBED OF \$12,000

Anytown, August 10 - [LNS] - Two men, one brandishing a sawed-off shot gun, held up the Shoretown Supermarket shortly after 9 o'clock this morning and made off with over \$12,000 in cash. Customers were unable...



RECOVERY SERVICE UNIT
24 HRS.

7:22

ROD TAYLOR
JESSICA TANDY
ALFRED HITCHCOCK
The Bi Hit
TECHNICOLOR
and TRIPP HEDREN
SUSANNE PLESCHETTE

SPINACH

SHIRTS
JEANS
SWEATERS
COATS
HATS
GLOVES
SCARVES
SOCKS
UNDERWEAR
LINGERIE
KID'S CLOTHING
BABY CLOTHING
MATERNITY CLOTHING
WEDDING CLOTHING
FURNITURE
APPLIANCES
ELECTRONICS
GARDENING
PAINTS
TOOLS
BOOKS
MUSIC
TOYS
SPORTS
CANDLES
JEWELRY
WATCHES
CLOCKWORK
KITCHENWARE
BATHWARE
BEDDING
CURTAINS
CARPETS
FLOORING
CEILING
WALLPAPER
MIRRORS
LAMP
CLOCK
FRAMES
ARTWORK
GIFTS
SEASONAL DECORATION

ALMOND



WHEREVER PA...
PEOPLE CONC...

Colorado Penitentiary 1620 Canteen

ACE OF SPADES
"BEE"
92

PIPE & CIGARETTE
TORAYCO

BARBON

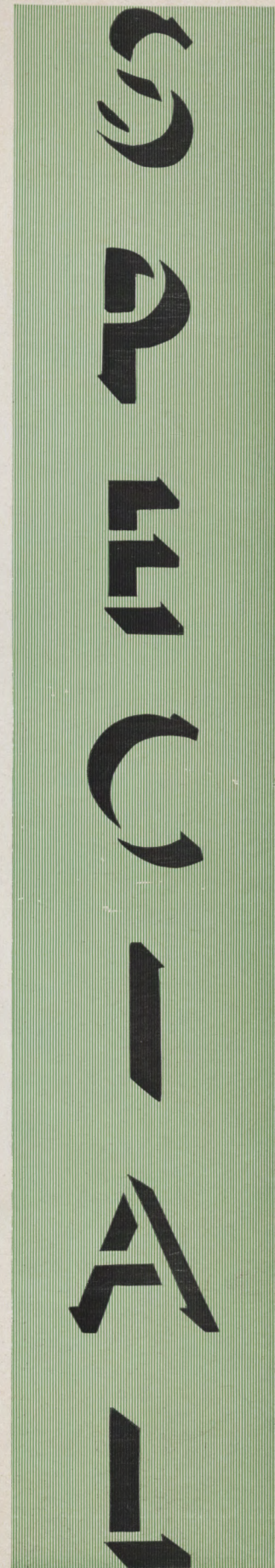
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NCR

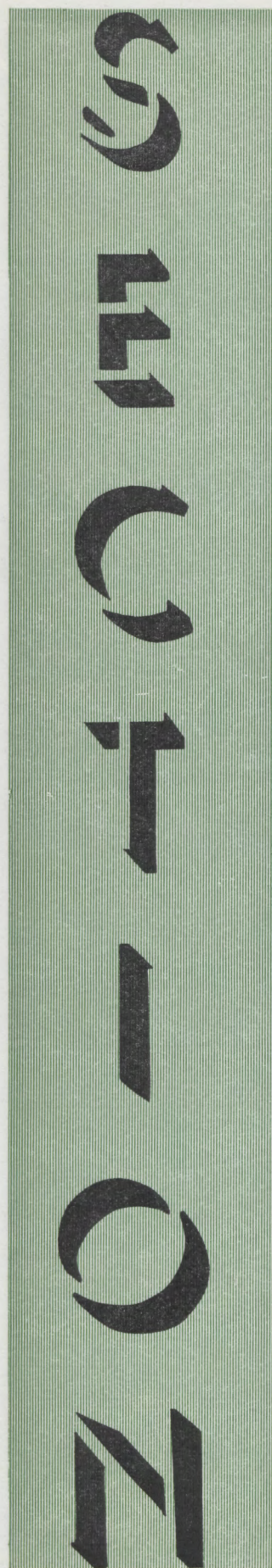
Somewhere in the dialogue of prison administrat- ing, words such as 'correction', 'reform', 'treatment', and 'rehabilitation' began to be heard in opposition to the older, founding notions of prisons as places for punish- ment and penitence. The root concepts that these new words represented were that mere punishment for a criminal act was no sure guarantee that similar acts would not be repeated at some future date; that the persons who committed such acts though they may well deserve punishing also needed something more. These concepts recognize that persons engaging in unlawful pursuits are ailing somewhere in their viewpoints and habits and, more, that these viewpoints and habits are not inalterable. The club and the cubbyhole may pay them in kind for their past actions and satisfy the pre- sent grievance against them, but they cannot control the future...or better, safeguard the future.

Most prisons today are at a point between learn- ing to pronounce these new words and operating the concrete installations and programs that the words re- present. All are closer to the former than the latter. And consequently two contradictory philosophies reign side by side, in varying positions of eminence, in most prisons. Punishment, as represented by the restrictive, regimented housing, dress, movement, food, work and entertainment; the often senseless and debasing rules, and the surly treatment and attitude of the keepers. Treatment, as represented by the academic and trade schools; the psychological, religious and counselling ser- vices.

Those who subscribe to the punishment school usually defend their position with the argument of se- curity. They maintain that the prisons first legal charge and foremost purpose is to keep in custody the body of the offender (True! But from this point on their argu- ment is specious), and that the regimentation and res- trictions are to that end, while all of these so-called re- habilitation programs make it difficult to do so. That if a bunch of psychologists and social workers are allow- ed to interfere with and, in some cases, suspend discip- line, things would soon get out of hand. Some of the advocates of punishment argue also from the standpoint of the injured public.

It would indeed be naive to suggest that prisons provide their inhabitants with unrestricted housing, un- restricted d r e s s, unrestricted movement, unrestricted food, unrestricted work and unrestricted entertainment.





On the other hand, the environment in which an ailing person for whom there is some hope of curing, lives, can have a very important bearing on the cure. Regimentation and restraint do not necessarily vouchsafe security. Those who are exposed to such excessive conditions are ever looking for ladders and holes in the walls, that is, opportunities for escape. But more, this type of atmosphere builds up tensions, ingrains hostilities and has turned many an institution into a powder keg.

The injured public has a right to expect redress for the wrongs done to it. But would it not be better to attempt to redeem the injurer than to just hold his body in duress? Treatment may . . . may . . . deter a repetition of the injury, mere punishment certainly will not. Treatment because the majority of people who commit crimes are, though they may not admit it or even know it, sick . . . socially sick. Treatment may . . . may . . . get to the source of their malady, punishment not only will not but may very well deepen it.

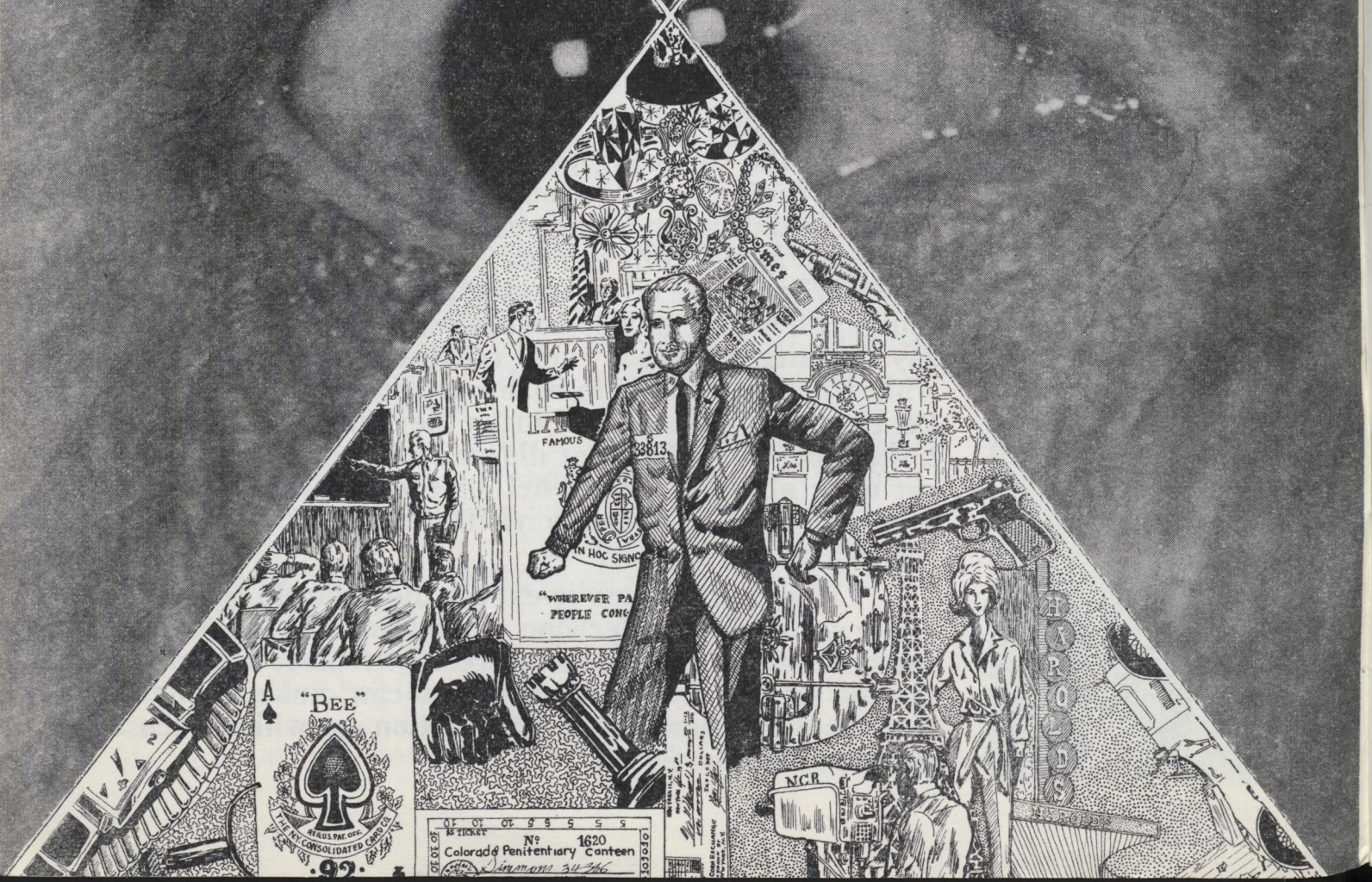
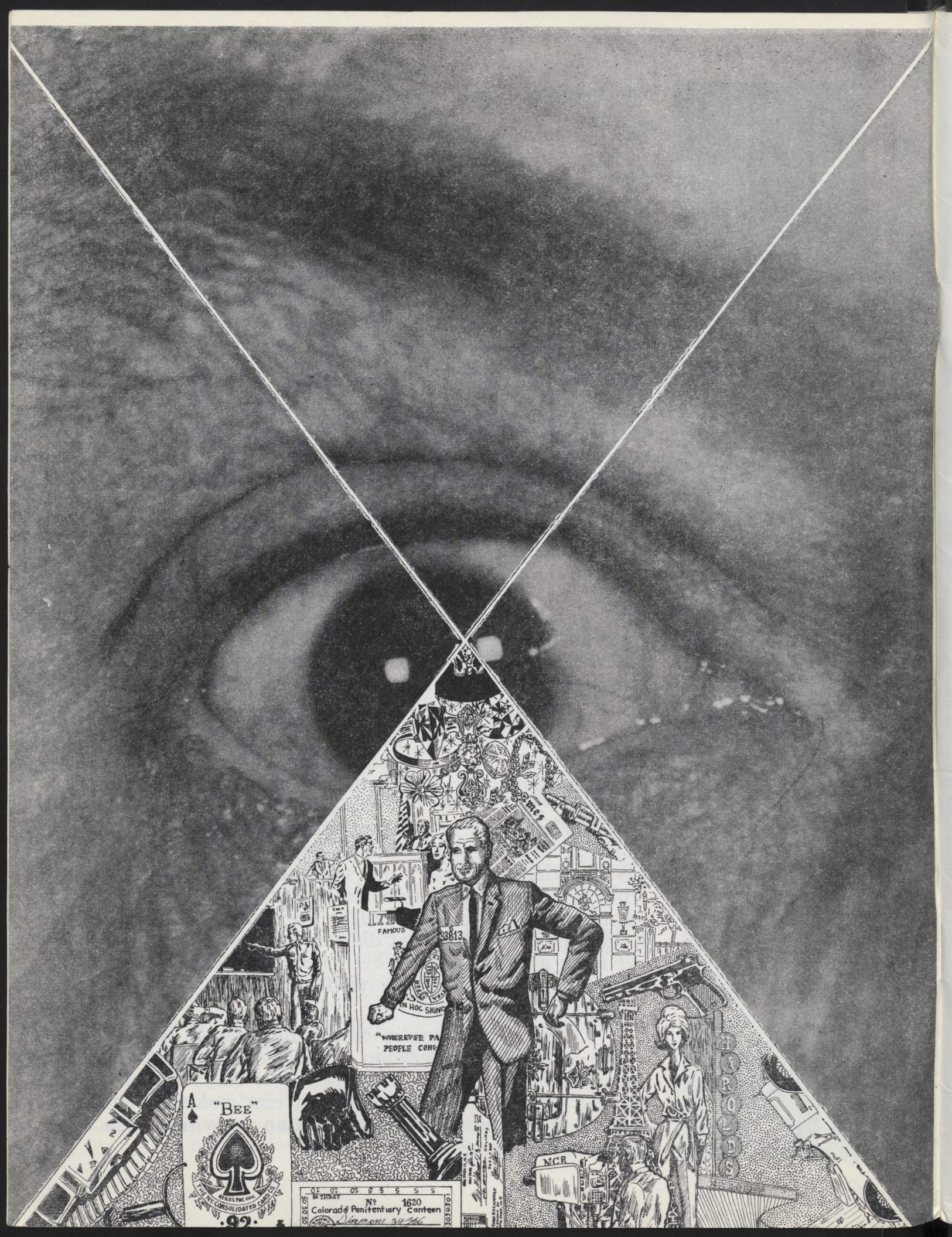
The public must eventually decide whether they are to continue to build bigger punishment centers with only the hope of keeping malefactors out of sight for awhile and where the only hope for the malefactor is that he will have a breeding ground for his hates or whether they are to give the mandate to those who propose that prisoners, if properly medicated, will, like all sick people, have a chance to recover.

Both decisions are expensive.

On the following pages are presented four types of ailing individuals. Present prison facilities with their token rehabilitation programs and their aimless punishment schemes will have little effect upon these people.

When these types, having gone through their sentences, go before parole boards, what can these boards say definitively about their readiness for release? On what will they be able to base a decision? How well they kept their cells clean? How often they did not talk during a silent period? What they did on a job they had no interest in or aptitude for? Whether they talked back to a guard or not? How many visits they had? Their past records on the streets?

How can the public expect their parole boards to make an intelligent decision . . . a decision in the public's interest and the convict's interest . . . if they, the public, do not supply the equipment that can make available the absolutely necessary information on which such a decision must be based?



10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
TICKET No. 1620
Colorado Penitentiary Canteen
L. J. ...

ON THE OUTSIDE

This man has one admitted motive for committing crime. Profit. The Buck. Preferably, the Big Buck. He ventures into crime with the calculation that prison awaits him if he gets caught. He attempts to minimize his chances of getting caught by competence and carefulness in his particular field of crime. He Plans. He is selective in his choice of crimes and crime partners. His design is to bring off his enterprise with a minimum of complications. The pistol in his hand is not a jittery one and he will not harm his victim if he does not have to. He cannot afford the "heat" from it. But he will use that pistol ruthlessly if no other course is open to him. He generally does not relish "merchandise" jobs, the stuff is too hard to get rid of and leaves too many trails. He prefers cold, hard cash. Once the caper is over, he generally leaves the area. He does not "play" in the same town in which he "works".

His money is spent on good cars, good clothes, good liquor and women. The soft life. The easy life. Usually he likes to gamble, and quite a bit of his money may be siphoned off through this activity. He may even "keep" a woman. The frequency of his criminal labor will depend upon the expensiveness of his habits and the size of his scores.

His view of the world is a cynical one. "From the preacher to the president; from the cop on the corner to the judge on the bench, they're all looking out for Number One. They'll all pick the other fellow's pocket if he turns his head. It's only the suckers, trapped in dull marriages, dull 8 to 5 jobs, and too dumb to break away, who don't know this. And even they'll steal the penny off of a dead man's eye—but only a penny. They're too scared to steal more." His values are material. "Without the buck, you're nothing. With it, you're everybody's fondly remembered pal. Everything you do and every place you go, depends upon how many dead presidents you've got in your poke. Love? I can buy it all day long. Happiness? It's a thing called currency. Justice? Law? Any good "fix" lawyer can buy it by the briefcase-full."

Once caught, he utilizes the full facilities of the courts in an attempt to beat his case. He fights and fights hard. If he loses he comes to prison with one aim. Do the time as easy as possible and get back out as quick as possible.

IN THE PRISON

As a prisoner this man presents few administrative problems. His appearance in the prison's disciplinary courts are infrequent. His requests for special attention or aid from the prison service departments are rare. He is seldom seen in the midst of rioters, troublemakers, or agitators. He minds his own business and does his own time. He follows the line of least resistance. He works at whatever assignment given him—usually skilled maintenance or clerical work—with little or no complaint. Prison has as little effect upon him as he has upon it. He does not waste mental energy hating the place, he is too contemptuous of it for that. It is restraint—pure, simple and temporary, and it only serves to teach him to be more careful the next time around. If he has a long sentence and the inkling of a chance presented itself, he would readily escape. But with a "normal" sentence, he will serve it without incident. The rules, those who make them, those who enforce them, the "helps"—chaplains, parole consultants, psychologists, counsellors—are meaningless to him. They do not effect his "scheme of things", or "outlook".

Present prison practices and philosophies cannot protect the public from this man because they are not designed to reach him. They are only designed to hold him for awhile. And if anything they provide him with an opportunity for the incubation and cultivation of his negative opinions. Prison for him is merely an unpleasant interlude. An occupational setback. His frame of reference is untouched. His system of values—and this is where his sickness lies—is unchanged. When he walks out of the prison, released, he is only different in a physical sense. He is older. His train of thought and ambitions have only been interrupted, momentarily derailed, not redirected.

The parole board knows nothing about him other than the statistical picture of his past record. It knows reason that there is nothing in the prison, or nothing in the prison's handling of him that has penetrated that far

He has been told to "button up that shirt", and he buttoned it. He was told to KEEP QUIET HERE! DON'T SMOKE THERE! STAND AT THIS POINT! GO AHEAD AT THAT POINT! STAND UP FOR COUNT! LET ME SHAKE YOU DOWN!, and he did it. But he has not changed. And so the \$1800, or so, a year that has been expended for his keep in prison, has only kept him. But someone's property, someone's money, and, possibly, someone's life is in jeopardy again once he walks out from behind those walls.

SERVICE
24
HOURS
UNITY
RECOVERY



7:22

WODKA

RADIO SUPPLY CO.
115 E. 42nd St.
L. BRONX, N.Y.

ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES
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LIQUOR
SODAS
ICE CREAM
CANDIES
TOBACCO
CIGARETTES
CIGARS
STATIONERY
GREETING CARDS
POSTERS
Etc.

ON THE OUTSIDE

When the pressures of bills, or the indiscretion of alcohol, or the deterioration of marriage, or the collapse of a job, or the losing at cards and dice—or all of these things, and more, in combination—weigh in upon this man, he turns to crime. Incidentally, reactively, impulsively, aimlessly. And he knows as much about how to commit a crime successfully as he does about managing money, controlling alcohol, adjusting his marriage, holding his job or how to gamble. He is as much a victim of himself as his victims are.

He was primarily a worker, a "square john". His goals were in the same direction as the average citizen's. He wanted a wife and family, a home and car, a television and lawn mower. Somewhere along the way to achieving these he bumped into pretty much the same obstacles and frustrations that everyone else bumps into who has these ends in view. The difference was that most people weather the storms. He, however, collapsed. His tolerance was low. His judgment was poor. His control was shaky. He is an adult with a set of infantile emotional patterns. The umbilical cord was never severed. His abilities as a Man, always doubtful to him, are even more in question when he comes up against the stresses of, say, a wife, whom he never felt adequate with, and the necessity of supplying her (his interpretation) demands. His self concept, low to begin with, lowers even more when he is under the influence of alcohol. So he drinks and drinks and drinks to quiet the clamor and ease the pain. Self pity, like the blankets in the cradle, swaddles him and distorts his relationships to the world. It saps his strengths, weakens his resolves and rationalizes his obligations. Instead of meeting the give and take of his environment realistically—retreating a little here, compromising a little there, advancing a step, holding up a step, sacrificing at this moment, taking the next moment in stride—he rushed off in four directions at the same time and kicked in somebody's store door or cashed a twenty dollar bum check. What little money he received from his illegal act was spent fearfully and foolishly. Usually he was caught before he even had a chance to spend it. Once caught, he was all confession and remorse. "To get it off his conscience." If he had partners in crime, they, too, were caught for he tells all. This is the first and last crime he will ever commit, he promises his wife, his children, his mother, his dad, his minister, his lawyer, the judge, the warden and anybody else who cares to listen. And it well may be.

IN THE PRISON

As a prisoner, this man will cause headaches only for the letter writers, the parole consultants and the guy in the next cell. He will try their patience by asking for help in writing his wife to plead with her not to divorce him, and the judge to cut his time. He will plague the parole people for information on when he can get out, and will bore the guy in the next cell to tears by showing him pictures of the kids and letters from home. He is a security risk only if a domestic break-up looms large. Usually given minimum custody assignments, he may, in that event, bolt for home. He is an eager joiner of all prison self-help groups such as A.A., Dale Carnegie, SIG, and the various religious organizations. But unless these groups bore beneath his cooperative facade and get to the core of his problems in insecurity, fast frustrations, low tolerance, immaturity and self-pity he will merely take on the outer, protective coloration of these groups and fester still more inside.

Present prison methods may scare this man enough to contribute to keeping him out, but they will hardly do much for his basic problems. If they do instill this fear, they will do so as much when he first enters the gates as they will at any point during his tenure. And even here the major factors contributing to his staying out will have little to do with prison. They will generally depend upon the conditions prevailing in the place he will return to when he is released. If his family is intact, if his marriage has a chance for survival, if he can stay on the wagon, if he can resume a useful job. The prison itself will only be remembered as a horrible place to avoid. In prison he will work hard at the job assigned him for his eyes are on the parole board and he can see them looking over his prison work record. In prison he will violate few regulations, for the board is interested in conduct. In prison he will keep contact with outside relations for he suspects that the parole board likes to get letters of recommendation from a man's well wishers. But his basic problems, unknown to him, explained to himself by himself, remain.

For all intents and purposes the prognoses on this man will be favorable, and the public probably will not have to fear harm from him again. The small question of what was he doing in prison in the first place will never be asked or answered. The larger question of what good, beyond punishment, prison did for him will be lost in the din of self-congratulations by the system that it was able to at least put one more on the straight and narrow.

ON THE OUTSIDE

It is a sociological truism that no individual can be defined properly without reference to that surrounding society which cultivated him. This young man is no exception. To see him clearly one must also see the immediate, tight society to which he belongs and from which he draws his personality, code and orientation. His Gang. (Further, to understand the "gang", one would have to evaluate, critically and without apology, the larger society which, after all, spawned it).

The gang is at war with its elders—society. Both society and the gang seem to have weighed each other in the balance and each found the other wanting. And as a consequence, both have rejected each other. Society's codes were already formed and operating and so the rift had little effect upon it. The gang, having departed, had also to form a code. A code that it felt must be entirely unique from the useless, hypocritical one of the elders. Lacking articulation and direction, it codified the reasons for its rebellion. It codified its fear, frustration, hatred and rejection of society and termed it "kicks". Those are some of the externals of the gang. In picturing the internals, permit us to quote from an article which appeared in the last issue of this magazine.

" 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."

The crimes that this young man committed in the company of the other young men of his gang were varied. They were generally marked, however, by a sadistic-tinged, detached viciousness and a complete absence of remorse. "Kicks" may have been found in mugging and beating up a drunk, burglarizing a business establishment, sticking up a liquor store, gang-raping a teen-age girl, gang-whipping an adult, stealing a car, acquiring a dope habit, or murdering a 'defecting' gang member.

IN THE PRISON

As a prisoner this young man presents the most serious of all disciplinary and reform problems. Because in present prison settings, the very defiance of authority which fueled his activities on the streets has perfect ground to intensify. In fact, the more authoritarian and punitive the prison, the more corroboration this young man finds for his way of life. Indeed it seems that he seeks out rules to break and the punishments resulting—solitary confinement or the deprivation of privileges—are battle scars to be admired by him and the other members of the gang. Not only is he not afraid of punishment, he welcomes and thrives on it. He delights in the game of "catch-me-if-you-can" with present prison attitudes. It's "kicks" again.

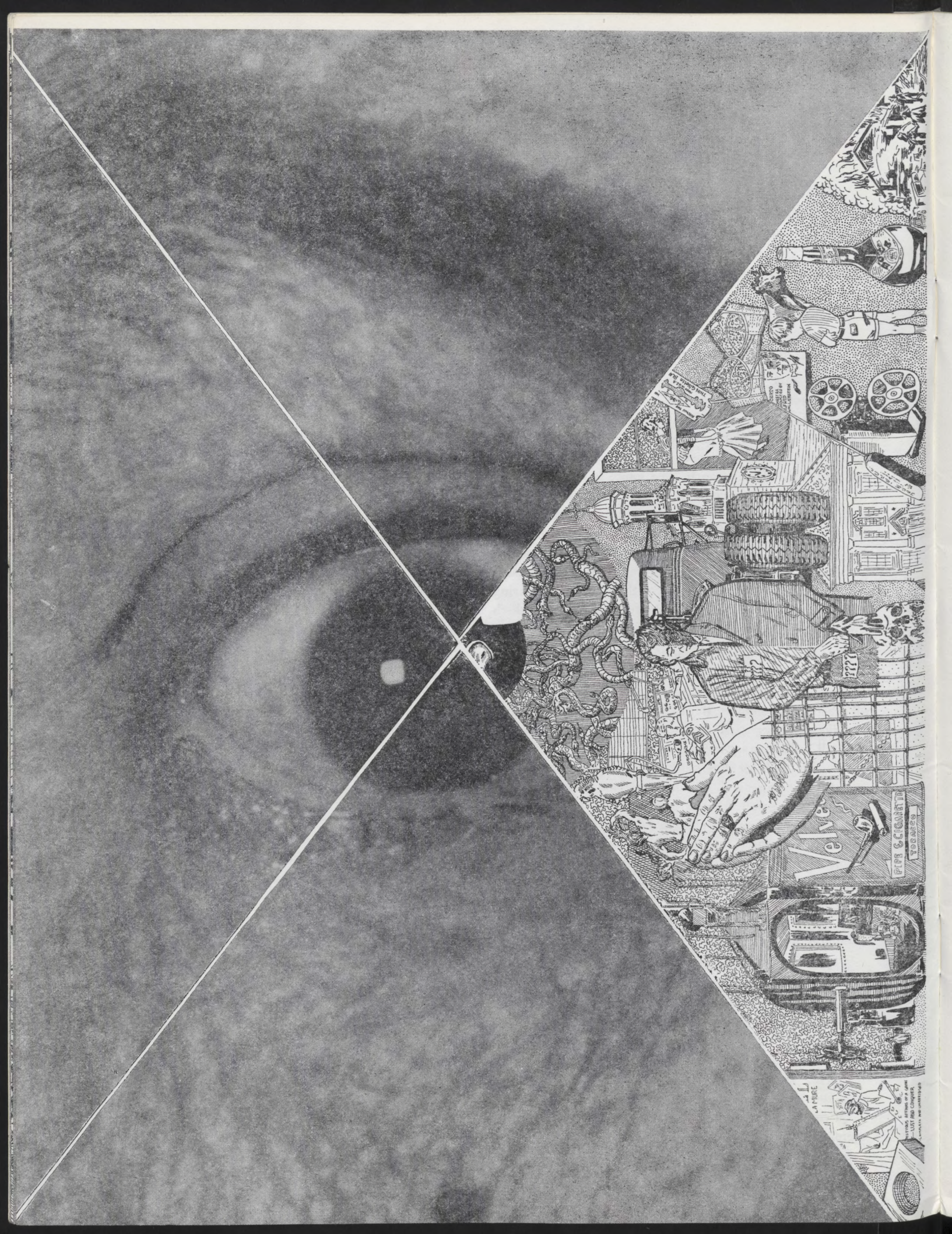
Curse him, "bury him in the hole", search him constantly, suspend his privileges, beat him physically, use whatever means at hand to 'break him', and all that will have been accomplished is to have fought fire with fire. A method, though effective in putting out forest fires, is a sad and often demonstrated failure when applied to human beings.

When this young man emerges from prison life the public is in for just as many headaches as he gave to prison officials. For the cancer he carried into prison has burgeoned. Prison and all he saw there and learned there and did there has only served to widen the breach between him and society's moral values.

It is not enough to be prepared to send him right back to prison—though this is what will soon have to be done, as it has been done many times before from his school days up to the present—because upon his next release the seemingly endless courtroom scene will only have to be repeated; and in the meantime, who can say who his next victim will be?

This upside-down young man needs treatment and he needs it now before some citizen in the future is beaten to death or shot down, or he, himself, is a candidate for a cyanide pellet. It is expensive to provide the type of treatment he requires—both in monies and changes of attitude toward him—but it is much more expensive to have him, untreated, back in circulation.

Those who hold the reigns of decision may apply the word 'incurable' to him and so palliate their conscience by this verbal dismissal, but this does not dismiss the threat he poses, nor does it protect those threatened.



LA PIRE
L'EST AND COMPANY
PARIS

ON THE OUTSIDE

This man has a problem that draws the least sympathy from the community, the least understanding by those who represent the community and, at present, the least careful treatment in prison. He is in sore need of better from all three sources. He is a sex offender. His crimes derive from a tragic sickness. Tragic because the public is so poorly prepared to consider his illness dispassionately and intelligently. Tragic because the courts, working at the public behest, are so unwilling to differentiate between acts resulting from a constitutional disorder and those resulting from structural disorder. And by their doing, this man, if he is a rapist, may emerge from the courts and, subsequently, the prisons to rape again. If he is a pederast, he may, with our present sentencing laws, lurk again among the young. If he is a homosexual, his malady intact, he may pose again a problem that society not only wishes no conversation on, but no recognition of.

This man began to manifest indications of his affliction early. No one cared to pay attention. Indeed, no one knew what the signs meant, for a dense mist of ignorance and unconcern hung over the territory they pointed to. By the time his urges became coherent and a pattern of gratification had been resolved, he also knew that he could expect no help or compassion from those in authority. He knew that his activities were so much of an anathema and ostracized so ostrich-like by the general public until he must all guardedly, seek his satisfactions in the subterranean. At that point he became a true menace to society—but do not forget, a created one! He began to live in a dual world whose only landmarks were pain. One portion of this world, the outer, implacably demanded conformity to its mores on pain of exile 'beyond the camp' and the labelling of 'monster'. The other, inner world, oblivious to the concept of NO, screamed just as imperiously for its pleasures.

IN THE PRISON

As a prisoner, this man, unless he is a homosexual, presents administrations with an initial enigma. He may or may not be explosive. He may or may not ride the disciplinary rolls. Some are model prisoners, others are constantly in trouble. Some are no different in their conduct than other prisoners, others are volatile and unpredictable. There are no rules of thumb concerning them simply because there are no valid rules of thumb! If he is a homosexual, an obvious problem confronts the prison. He may have to be isolated, he may have to be kept under surveillance.

Even among prisoners, themselves, this man is held in contempt. He is at the bottom of the ladder of regard. The only discussion of his case by other prisoners is a cruel, derisive one. "Those so-and-sos oughtta be given the death penalty without a trial!" "Look, they let them out, but you or me's gotta serve a boatload of time..."

But what has any of this to do with this man's problem—his deeply serious problem? Confinement without scientific treatment in his case is so palpably a farce until it is surprising that it is not promptly recognized. In the interest of the public, confinement without treatment—thoroughgoing treatment—must be permanent. In the interest of the individual, permanent confinement without treatment is barbaric. And token, half-an-hour, once-a-month, or week treatment is tantamount to no treatment at all in many of these cases.

Present prisons are no more prepared to receive this man than the public is to keep him in their midst. Few, if any, prisons have the facilities and personnel required to return him to society in anything like a compatible condition. Yet someday he will be released. Someday he will be back to haunt the streets and parks and school grounds. Someday he will again make sordid copy for the newspapers, after having blighted some lives and sullied some homes. Someday he will again make us bury our heads in the sand.

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3:00 P. M. SHIFT

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L. E. Brower Lieutenant
N. S. Goertz Lieutenant
Lloyd W. Clark Desk Sergeant

11:00 P. M. SHIFT

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John D'Ercole Lieutenant
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R. W. Ditmore Shift Captain

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THE RECOUNT

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SUMMER-FALL ISSUE

Among other things, the excellent press work and composition that went into this issue of RECOUNT, makes us proud to boast it as the best edition ever. Frank Bartell and Buck Woods, two veteran technicians, joined our staff mid-issue and are largely responsible for the high quality make-up. In addition, Buck conceived the idea for our center spread, and Frank rode herd on the presses, deftly splashing colors like a Michelangelo. His right and left hand men, Jack Martinez and Jim Waterhouse, are still trying to get ink out of their hair.

Our cover—the brainchild of Dick White, now departed—was mechanically engineered by Jim Green, Jim Hansen and Tom Miller.

Another who contributed mightily to the overall excellence of this edition was, of course, Artist Ken Simmons. Ken is no longer on the staff and Robin Daly, who did the linoleum cuts on pages 24, 26, 28, 31 and 38, is the new Artist.

We even acquired the services of a woman reporter. On page 17, Beverly F. gives us an amusing and lighthearted account of our distaff counterparts.

None of this is to overlook the usually fine work and cooperation received from the many contributing departments who helped to make RECOUNT the magazine that it is.

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 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. Address all correspondence to: The Editor, % A. L. Blaine, Box 1010, Canon City, Colorado 81212.

VOLUME 8, NUMBERS 2 & 3

THE WARDEN SPEAKS ON

ESCAPE

(reprinted from Summer 1961)

I have asked myself and many others a thousands or more times "WHY" people do things that are not acceptable to society's laws, rules and regulations. There are, of course, many reasons, not all of them really valid or basically sound, but none the less reasons for unacceptable human behavior. For a case in point, why will an inmate that has been reasonably stable, made reasonably satisfactory adjustment to his sentence, with his good time deductions and in many cases several months of it in a minimum custody situation suddenly decide that he will attempt or escape by walking away from his housing assignment or from his trusty assignment on a work detail.

In the better than twenty-two years that I have been in this work, I am sure I have seen several hundred people try it and with rare exceptions they have all been apprehended and returned within a reasonably short period of time to continue serving their sentence, which because of Colorado statutory requirements is much longer than it was before their escape. Yes, there have been a relatively small number that have been successful in staying away for several months possibly a few years and then there is the case of the man that was not apprehended for twenty-one years. Several of them end up by committing another offense in another State and do not return until they have completed their sentence in that State. But they all do or will come back sometime.

When a person escapes or attempts to escape there is no choice for the administration of this institution but to invoke statute 105-4-6 which causes a person that attempts to, or does, escape to lose all of his good time earned up to the date of his escape and Statute 39-18-4 Section 2 which does not allow an escaped person to earn any good time whatsoever for two calender years after

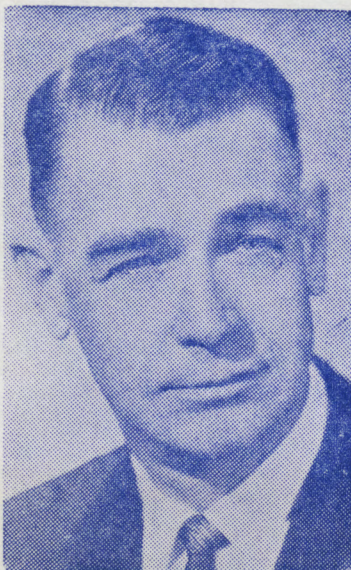
his return from escape. This, of course, increases a person's stay in the institution always by several months and in the case of a person that has been in the institution several years, it can increase his stay by several years

Again, "WHY" will a person attempt to escape or escape when he knows that odds for success in this kind of venture is practically negligible?

Usually the escapees when questioned on their return can give no real valid reason. An impulse hit them and they followed their impulse without thinking. There are a few that do have reasons for their actions that to them seem very real and important at the time. Usually all reasons boil down to something happening to them either within the institution or from something that happens to their relatives or friends at home. Generally, not always, if when a person has such an impulse if he would talk it over with someone, an inmate friend in the institution, his supervisor or any other person connected with the institution or a visitor that he may have at the institution, he will begin to use his head and think and see that impulsive action is not the answer to his problems.

If a person will learn to think out his problems, talk them over with someone or at least wait for everything to fall in its proper place, he will usually not make as many mistakes as if he acts upon impulse. I am sure that many people would not be in institutions in the first place if they had not acted impulsively to some problem that faced them. Every person in the world makes mistakes at some time or other, but there is no use in increasing the mistakes by acting impulsively. We make enough when we think them out completely.

As all of us grow older, surely we will have to act less impulsively and thus make fewer mistakes. At least here's hoping.



Warden Harry C. Tinsley

FOR YOUR INFORMATION ...

by Fred Wyse Associate Warden

(reprinted from Fall 1962)

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

There have been a number of inmates received here at the institution who have later been taken back to court and given another sentence, for a different crime, to be served on a concurrent basis. In the past it was the policy to record the second sentence so that it began at the time the man was received on the sentence. A ruling by the Attorney General's office has shown this procedure to be incorrect, and, this past policy cannot be practiced in the future. If you come here, say, in July, with a three to five year sentence and you are taken back to court in September and given another three to five term, or more, your new sentence will be the factor in establishing your new parole release date. You will begin serving this new time on the day it is received, not when the first sentence was started. In such cases you will not have to wait an additional thirty days to be placed on trusty and your new outdate will be computed accordingly. This is a legal

situation which the institution has no control over and is obligated to abide by.

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

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

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.

SPORTS SLANTS from the Recreation Department

Since the last edition of the RECOUNT many things have happened in the Recreation Department. First of all, in May, the inmates of this institution were treated to one of the finest weightlifting meets ever held in the State of Colorado. This meet was held in the inmate gymnasium on May 4th, with the best lifters in the state taking part. The meet was sanctioned by the AAU under the supervision of Mr. Stan Mann, chairman of the Rocky Mountain Weightlifting Association, who recorded the new state records set in the meet. The members of the CSP weightlifting team are all members of the Association. This was the first attempt for the prison at holding an open meet, which takes in anyone who wants to lift and has a card with the AAU. The officials for the meet were: Judges, Mr. Bill Clark, Chairman of the Missouri Valley Weightlifting Association, from Columbia, Mo; Mr. Don Sears, Professor of Law, Boulder, Colo; Master of Ceremonies and Referee, Mr. Stan Johnson, Youth Director of the Central YMCA, Denver, and Director of the AAU Weightlifting Rocky Mountain Association. Mr. Stan Mann was Scorekeeper and advisor, and Meet Director was Sgt. Clifford Mattax, Recreation Director for the Penitentiary.

Albert Lucero, prison 123 pounder, started things off by tying the State record in the Press with a lift of 155 lbs. After the Press, Al broke the State record in the Snatch, with a lift of 155 lbs., which was 10 lbs. over the old record held by Roger Heflin of Denver. To finish off the Clean and Jerk, Lucero again set a new record with a heft of 200 lbs., breaking the old record by 10 lbs., which gave him a total of 510 lbs. for another record. Congratulations to this fine lifter from CSP for his contribution to the State record books. Leno Trujillo was second in the 123 pound class. He also is from the prison. Les Balaz, Denver, took the 132 lb. class with Joe Guerrero, CSP, coming in for second place honors. The penitentiary took the spotlight in the 148 lb. class when two of our own boys battled it out for first and second place. Virgil Garcia, present holder of the 148 lb. class total, had trouble in maintaining it against teammate, Nick Gomez. Virgil had to come up with a 625 to tie his record to win, while Nick was 10 lbs. down with a 615 which gave the prison another sweep in this event. Virgil broke his State record in the Clean and Jerk by 5 lbs., with a new record of 245 lbs. and Nick came through with a new record in the Press by beating Virgil's old record of 210 with a lift of 225 lbs.

Joe Grantham, Denver, won the 165 lb. class with a total of 770 and also won the Hoffman Total Outstanding Lifter Award with 582.89. This boy has since gone to the National and won 6th place in his weight class. Gary Moore, Greeley, was second and our John Hannah came in third. Efrén Barela, CSP, was fourth and Melvin Clark was fifth.

The toughest class of the day was the 181 lb. class. Of the four lifters taking part, Ivars Mankows, Boulder, with a total of 760, won this event. Ring, Greeley, 745; Robert Hall, Fowler, 740. Robert also set a new record of 300 lbs. in the Clean and Jerk. He is only 17 years old. Our own Walter Skeels came in fourth with 740 lbs., which would have taken most meets, but not this one! Ring tied his State record in the Snatch with a 225.

The 198 class was taken by Paul Wacholz, Greeley, with a 785, which was far below his maximum. Ernest Moorner, CSP, was second.

Wilbur Miller, Cimarron, Kansas, won the heavyweight class with a lift total of 900 lbs. Wilbur is one of the better lifters in the United States, so it was quite a thrill to have him with us for this meet. Abe Davis did not finish his first lift, so he did not total out.

The next meet will be in October, so get ready fellows. This will be the Prison Postal, with about thirty prisons taking part.

BASEBALL HIGHLIGHTS FROM ROCKBUSTER STADIUM

The first call for baseball was sent out in late Feb. of this year with thirty-five men taking part in the initial practice session. After many breakdowns of personnel, the team was picked from about seventy-five inmates. The first game on the schedule was played on March 16th, against Western State College. The Rockbusters came

out on top by the score of 4 to 3, behind the 9 hit pitching of Waits. Now after 30 games and 33 active players participating in the games, the Rockbusters' record stands at 21 wins and 9 losses. The season will close August 18th with a total of 42 games played.

Harold Waits is the leading pitcher with a record of 9 wins and 3 losses. He is also the leading hitter with a .505 average; 13 doubles and 16 home runs. He has pitched 95 innings, striking out 118 and walking 28. Harold has been one of the most outstanding athletes ever to come into CSP. He is getting short and should go out in the near future. We want to see him go, but will hate to lose him to the outside world. The Recreation Department wishes him well if he does get to go.

Rodgers at shortstop is hitting a cool .448 at this writing and has seven triples to lead in that department. He also leads the team in errors with 26 and has totalled 42 runs scored, leading that department also. The Midget, as he is called, is doing a fine job at his position. Shipp is third in hitting with .431 and the captain of the club, Scott, comes in fourth with a .412 batting average and 13 stolen bases.

There are many men on this club who will improve and help the team in the future. We can also use any new inmates who have completed their thirty days on LG 1. There are always nine positions open on the club, so you new men come on out if you play baseball.

So far this year, in the thirty games, there have been many thrills with the clutch hitting of Shipp, Waits, Scott, Rodgers, Plessinger and all the rest of the team. Put these together with the expensive errors that spoils the win for one of the pitchers and this makes a complete day for every spectator. The catching this year has been handled by the old man, Tracy Ukena, and Ronnie Lyle, the youngster of the team. First base is guarded by Plessinger and Taylor. Litsey and Rodgers are head of the double play department at second and short, respectively. At the hot spot on the field is Scott and Jiron doing the chores. Texas Hanna and Lujan patrol left field like hawks on the prowl, and Waits is in center field when he is not on the mound. Shipp takes care of the right field pasture like a hound dog going after a cold biscuit, and he is assisted in his duties by Trash Can McCracken. Eaton acts as utility for the team.

Finishing up, we have a fine staff of pitchers this season. Lefty Edwards has won two games while losing none. He has been in seven games. Plessinger, another lefty, who is just starting as a pitcher and will improve with experience has a two and two record. Waits with his 9 and 3 record and Green with a two-two record completes the pitching staff of the 1963 Rockbusters Baseball Club.

Name	Games	AB	H	HR	RBI	BA
Waits	29	105	53	16	53	.505
Rodgers	29	116	52	5	25	.448
Shipp	29	102	44	7	34	.431
Scott	30	114	47	3	22	.412
Plessinger	23	80	27	1	11	.338
Ukena	23	59	19	3	19	.322
Taylor	19	52	16	0	9	.308
Lujan	17	46	14	0	3	.304
Edwards	8	10	3	0	1	.300
Hanna	25	78	23	0	30	.295
Litsey	21	59	13	0	10	.220
Lyle	18	44	9	2	15	.205
Jiron	10	12	2	0	1	.167
Green	8	15	1	0	0	.067
Eaton	3	3	0	0	0	.000
McCracken	2	1	0	0	0	.000

PITCHERS RECORD

Name	Games	CG	IP	SO	BB	W	L
Edwards	7	2	33	43	19	2	0
Corwin	11	5	52.3	50	35	6	1
Waits	13	9	95	118	28	9	3
Plessinger	4	2	24	25	22	2	2
Green	7	3	37.3	28	17	2	2
Yarbrough	1	0	4	3	5	0	1

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 40)

Where the Girls Are

by Beverly F.

Our Girl in Duranee Ville

From behind the East Wall, we say, "hello" again. It has been a long time, but you can't keep us quiet forever. So from the female department we'll attempt to do a bit of catching up.

The night before Easter we had an Easter Egg coloring party. Prizes were given for the best decorated eggs (prizes being IOU's for more eggs, chocolate). The young and energetic enjoyed dancing to records. As old timers would know, this is something new for us gals. Everyone had a good time. If nothing else, knowing that as the party grew louder the neighbors couldn't "Call The Cops", and confident that the Landlord wouldn't throw them out. Guess what? Every gal had on an identical blue dress, how about that?

In April and May when most people had to be content with Spring showers and fragrance of the first blossoms of the year, we were blessed with the invigorating aroma of wet plaster in our nostrils, sand grit in our teeth, and the music of cement sanders in our ears. Where else could you have such a choice of paint colors on your clothes? Just bump into anything, and there you stand in living color. The men who have worked on this project can be assured that we are all grateful that they have settled the indecision of so many as to their choice of employment upon release. One and all can simply go to the nearest employment office and have them bring out the file—Window Washer, Exp.—and we are in. Even more than that, we are thankful that none of us face the possible danger of over-exposure to fresh air and sunshine. Just think, no sunburn, no freckles, and *no* suntan. What other institution offers such a pretty prison pallor?

The building really does look nice so far. We all hope and pray that there will be enough warm jackets and snow shoes so that we can get a look at the finished project.

The first part of June we had an election of officers in The Searchers Group.

The outgoing secretary, Liz C., and Newsletter reporter, Mary F., have done a fine job in the past, and we now welcome:

Jo U. — Secretary

Velda K. — Treasurer

Dorothy B. — Newsletter Reporter

Rose H. continues as the Associate Editor for the New Life Magazine.

The fish tank is overflowing. However, in July, it is goodbye to Gladys B., Marion L., and Juanita M. In August to Lynn U., Grace M., Bev. F., Olive M., and Anne H.

If you think the gals meeting the board were exhausted you should have seen Dori D. Now there was an overworked and underpaid beautician.

We were all happy to see Millie F., take the old Fort Logan advice: she finally took off her mask.

If you happen to see early risers Frankie R., and Rose C. on their knees, they are only praying that the TV blows a tube.

LIVE AND LEARN: To prove we all have shortcomings and we are never too old to learn, think of this fellow called Webster. This man lived and died not knowing that:

A KITE—Is not always something you untangle from trees.

BREAD—Is not always the main ingredient of a sandwich.

TO HUSTLE—Is not always to hurry.

CON—Is not always the opposite of Pro.

FENCE—Is not always to keep kids in the yard.

A RECORD—Is not always for a record player.

TIME—Is not always what you see on the face of a clock.

A BOOSTER—Is not always an avid team fan.

A RAP—Is not always something you hear on a door.

This could go on and on, but someone once said that discretion is the better part of something or other, so we'll end with this:

FISH—The definition of which remains the same. A creature with a tendency towards getting *caught!*

KANSAS CITY AA HOUSE AIDS EX-CONS

by the Editor, New Life Magazine

He was a cherubic little man with a rotund body and stubby arms and legs; his face seemed to have the trusting innocence of a small child...but he is in charge of a house full of ex-convicts in Kansas City, Missouri. His name...well, the fellows call him 'Shorty'. In a bland, matter of fact way he outlined a picture that made me stare at him in disbelief.

'Shorty' was introduced to me at the anniversary party of the New Life Group of Alcoholics Anonymous within this prison. 'Shorty' is an alcoholic, as are the ex-convicts with whom he lives. He had come from K. C. with two of his AA friends in response to an invitation from the New Life Group. This excursion, with a side trip to Boy's Town in Nebraska, is his first "vacation" in two years.

'Shorty's' chief interest, and the topic he was discussing so eagerly, is the New Outlook House, a residence for alcoholics newly released from the prisons at Leavenworth Lansing and Jefferson City. His two companions were among the members of Alcoholics Anonymous who helped the New Outlook House get started. The New Outlook House is self-supporting; that is, its expenses are paid by the men who live there. Each tenant pays fourteen dollars a week for his room and for three large meals each day. Each week about two hundred dollars is paid in by the men who live there....more than the amount received from outside contributions over the period of a year. Nor did the New Outlook House have a large financial reserve to begin with. At its start more than three years ago, \$2.98 was left in the bank after the first rent payment was made. The first meal served there financed by blood sold by one of the ex-cons who participated in that beginning.

The rules that govern the operation of the New Outlook House are clear-cut and simple. Only ex-cons who are admitted alcoholics come there. In order to be accepted upon release, the ex-con must have a sponsor and a job. Members of the K. C. Alcoholics Anonymous groups regularly visits the AA groups within the prisons of the surrounding area. Through these visits, the outsiders become acquainted with the members of the prison AA groups. Sponsorship is an individual, person-to-person relationship based on the outsider's willingness to stand by the man from prison and that man's demonstration of his sincere desire to help himself, as shown by his regular attendance and participation in AA meetings within the prison. Men who wish to go to the New Outlook House upon release may be suggested to outside members for sponsorship, and sponsors often help the convicts to get jobs, but such arrangements are made by agreement between the individuals concerned.

When a man enters the New Outlook House, he may remain there so long as he does not drink. Since many jobs are of a seasonal nature, a reserve is built up during summer months to tide over some few men who may be unable to find work during winter weather. One or more of the men may be employed by the others to work at the house.

The no-drinking rule is the only rule of the house. The men come and go as they please. Meals are served on schedule and doors are locked at midnight, but men may be absent for a few days on visits, or may come in at later hours, with only the courtesy of advance notice requested.

"But what about the men on parole?" I asked suspiciously.

"Oh, the men do that on their own," he replied.

"I mean, don't the parole officers come around the place checking on the parolees, or don't they ask you to make reports on them?" I explained.

"No, the men have their regular dates to report and they make their reports to their parole officers. I don't have anything to do with that," 'Shorty' answered.

"But how about this business of 'association' among ex-convicts," I continued, "Didn't the parole people make some objections about that?"

'Shorty' looked puzzled. By the time I explained what I meant it was clear that such a question had never been raised.

"Do the ex-cons ever give you trouble?" I asked.

"Never a bit of trouble," he assured me.

"But how about dishonesty?" I pressed.

"Oh, the caretaker before me did cheat the boys out of some money, but that's been straightened out now," he conceded.

Men may leave the New Outlook House at any time, or stay there as long as they choose. Most men stay there three to nine months. One more rule has been added to prevent anyone using the house as a crutch. When a man leaves, he cannot come back to live there for six months; so he has to have some self-confidence when he breaks that tie.

Although very few men fail to get along well while they are living at the New Outlook House, 'Shorty' would claim no better than 25% success for his alumni...those are the ones he hears from later on and he is sure that they are staying sober and out of trouble.

"There seems to be something about the group...." he mused.

At the mention of the catch-word "group", I asked if group therapy was conducted by a psychiatrist or psychologist. The suggestion seemed to rather shock 'Shorty', and he explained that he meant that they seemed to find things easier so long as they lived among their own kind of people...alcoholic ex-cons, who understood one another and were helping one another, while supporting themselves and staying sober. They have AA meetings three times a week...two of them "open" meetings, at which outsiders are welcome.

"They pay me forty dollars a week to run the house for them....and it's kept me sober," 'Shorty' said, beaming, as if he owned the world.

Even the people most sympathetic to the alcoholic will tell you that he can never be anything but an alcoholic. He can never conform to the social patterns of drinking; so that he must be either bone dry or sloppy drunk, with no middle ground. Add to that an ex-con tag with a pattern of law violation into adult life, and the prospects for that individual become bleak indeed.

Nevertheless, I could not help but contrast the attitudes of these people from Kansas City and the results they helped produce, with the proclamation, "Parolees not welcome", coupled with threat of consecutive sentences which was recently issued by the district attorney and certain judges in Denver.

Which is better...to prevent a crime, or to punish it? Which is cheaper...a self supporting group of men on the streets, or parole violators within walls? Or, as a Certain Man asked almost two thousand years ago, "Is it lawful...to save a life, or to destroy it?"

OF THIEVES

Not long ago a porcine-eyed character eased into our office with a fat sheaf of papers and a snow job. It was his delight, he informed us, to permit us to get in on the ground floor of an organization which had discovered the mystique that could stop, prevent, dam up, and wipe out Crime! He took from his portfolio persuasive letters, organizational charts, schematic drawings, recondite formulae, manifestoes writ in six syllable words, excerpts from esoteric manuals and a long list of names of prominent people who would soon be on the band wagon. Then with unctuous voice, he mentioned money. The magic word. When we pressed him for an explanation of the mystique, and of how the money would be handled and by whom and from whom, he Harumphed, Hemmed, Hawed, and then launched into a tirade against people who, having no faith, wanted to know too much about a thing before joining. Join and then find out! he commanded. We politely helped him gather up his strew of papers and assisted him to the door. We do not know what has become of the organization, but we do know that somebody is in for a fleecing.

If you are reasonably sane; have a view of the world that is ordered and calm; and like your people to be average and predictable, then stay away from anyone who lives on the fourth tier, right hand side, of B-block in Cell House 7. You have been warned and now you are on your own. For such a collection of characters have never been assembled outside of a looney bin than resides there. There is Crow, the world's champeen speller. Joe Hill, who wakes up in the morning and says: "Get up Joe Hill!" "OK, OK, Man. I'm gonna get up in just a minute." "C' mon, get up now, Joe Hill," "OK, I said in just a minute." He keeps this conversation up with himself until he gets himself up. There is Johnny Sapp,



KINGS

who tells passersby to tell the Man to open his door because he feels like walking around! Crow tells him: "Keemo Sabby, (their Lone Ranger nickname for each other) you mustn't say 'walk around', You should say 'promenade'. Promenade, spelled P-R-O. L. F-A-Z. C. A-K-I—D." There is Speed, whose recipe for making a cake would cause Betty Crocker to check into a sanitarium. Six eggs, he says, a pound of flour and a quart of milk. That's all. No shortening. No sugar. No baking powder. And he swears and be damns that he was a chef on the outside. And there's the Universe's Outstanding Frowner, Hamp. And J. J., the Yogi, and his bird, Plato. J. J. claims that he once had this conversation with Plato. "Come here", said Plato. "No, you come here," replied J. J. "OK, just a minute," said the parakeet. "Well, I'm waiting," said J. J. "Then where's your tray?" queried Plato. And there's Wilhite who can talk non-stop for 18 hours and Bailey who can go for 18 hours and 1 minute and Pat who maintains that he has timed them both and that Wilhite is the champ because Bailey cheats by taking breaths between sentences. AUGH-H-H-H.!

An interesting item from the files of the Lewiston, Montana Argus. These three headlines appeared in the early days of that paper. "DIRTY HORSE THIEF CAUGHT RED HANDED WITH THE GOODS" "WILL PROBABLY BE STRUNG UP AND GOOD RIDDANCE" "STOLE HORSE FROM DEFENSELESS WIDOW" A jury acquitted the man and the headlines read: "HIGHLY RESPECTED CITIZEN WRONGLY ACCUSED OF THEFT" "STUPID CHARGE EMBARRASSES MAN" "WIDOW WAS OUT TO GET HIM ON FALSE CHARGES".



and many things



Contrary to popular opinion, there is only one Chris Montoya. Not two. Not three. Not four; as some have mistakenly averred. Just one. And on reflection it is not hard to understand why there is only one. The reason is simply that Nature, though whimsical, is also merciful. Two Chris Montoyas would be more than human credulity and patience could bear. What makes Chris seem multiple is the fact that he is ubiquitous. (Stay where you are and leave the dictionary under that pile of westerns. The word means being everywhere at the same time).

Let me show you what I mean. One day I left the RECOUNT office on a routine errand. I walked around by the West Gate bridge. Who did I see sitting on the bank, kicking his feet in the water testing to see if state shoes were waterproof? Chris Montoya. After submitting to the gentle shakedown, I proceeded on my way, passing the Chaplin's office, the Mattress Factory and the Peeling Room. Who do I see standing in the door of the Peeling Room about to throw a discarded potato at one of the peelers? Chris Montoya.

I shook this off and continued on my journey.

I passed the Electric Shop, tried to tiptoe pass the Midway, got shook down again and did a double take as I passed the Canteen. Who do I see standing in line putting the beg on a holder of a five dollar ticket? Chris Montoya.

With increasing suspicion of my sanity and eyesight, I proceeded on to my destination. The Laundry. Who do I find bugging the towel and sock man there? Who else, you guessed it, honest injun—Chris Montoya!

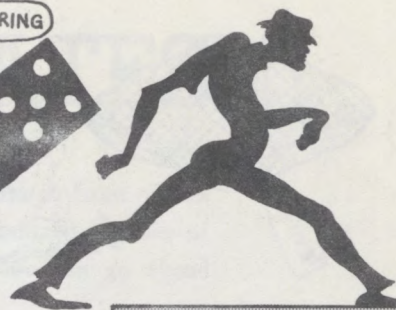
Though I am a man of faith and not easily disconcerted, I must admit that I left there at a sort of stumbling trot, heading back to the office intending to regroup my composure and pray. As I curved around the west end of Cell House 1, and bounced onto the bridge, there by the bank throwing a rock in the stream at an unsuspecting trout, or bass, or whatever the hell kind of fish it is that loaf in there, was... Yep. Chris Montoya.

Now I couldn't care less whether you believe any of this or not, because I am not sure, after seeing it, whether I believe it myself. But with Chris Montoya, as with nuclear fission, anything is possible.

What sort of person is Chris Montoya really?

I am unable to answer since I am not an authority on elves. I do know what he does best. Mischief. He has it refined down to a precise science. Behind his slightly indirect eyes and poker face there buzzes a mind that is constantly devising ways and means to get into bizarre situations. The thing is Chris does not have a proper sense of his proportions. He's only a little guy, but he doesn't know it. For instance, he plays basketball against six footers and actually believes that he should outjump them. And the hell of it is that he sometimes does. Also he does not share the view of the administration that this is a prison. Because he comes and goes as he pleases. Oh, he ends up in the cooler ever so often, but he considers that as an occupational hazard.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Chris Montoya, but only one, Thank God.



B 111

SILLOYIT 8 1961

NEWPORT JAZZ FESTIVAL \$5.40

NEWPORT JAZZ FESTIVAL REG NO 1486142

ESP. LCLY	\$4.20	TOTAL	\$5.40
N.Y. TAX	.38		
N.Y.C. TAX	.82		

THE LLOYD CITY EARL FULT
 1515 LUDGEP SREMU LMO EISE
 ILELE SLMKL WHE ILLI JULY
 NIZEL FEL EDSLICFFH
 17-LUN SM LESAPLLE

SATURDAY

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BAND

B 111

The supreme accolade was paid to Chucky Ray by a man we consider one of the foremost exponents and authorities on hipness. After watching Chucky, or as he is descriptively called, Pretty Chuck, our expert shook his head in open awe and announced. "Baby, the Man is superhip!! He's so far out until he's forgotten the way back." And so Chucky is.

Chucky Ray is a trip to Greenwich Village. He's a collection of Miles Davis albums. He's an invitation to a Rat Pack bash. He's a suede topcoat with raglan sleeves. He's an evening at Storyville, or Birdland. He's a bachelor pad with a fireplace and big brandy snifters. He's a convertible Caddy and a hardtop Jaguar. He's a stroll down Lennox Avenue. He's a get together of East Coast Players and Fast Hustlers. He's a water-pipe, full of exotic, knee-buckling brown. He's a hundred dollar bill with a lot of fifties and twenties and tens and stuff rolled up under it. He's an arrangement by Thelonius Monk.

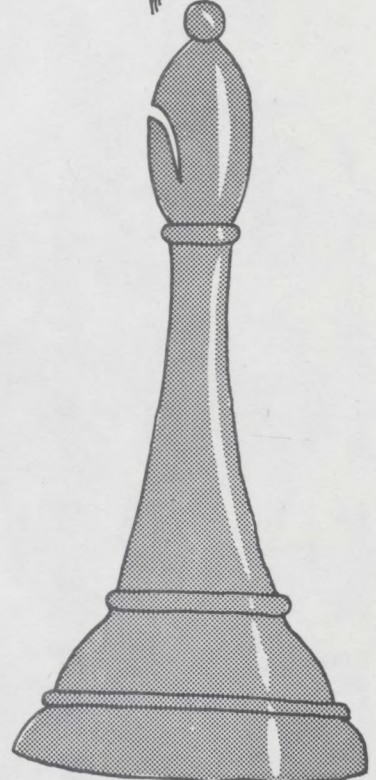
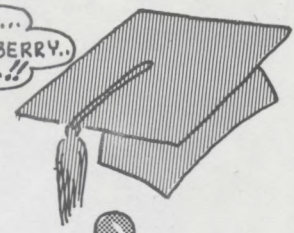
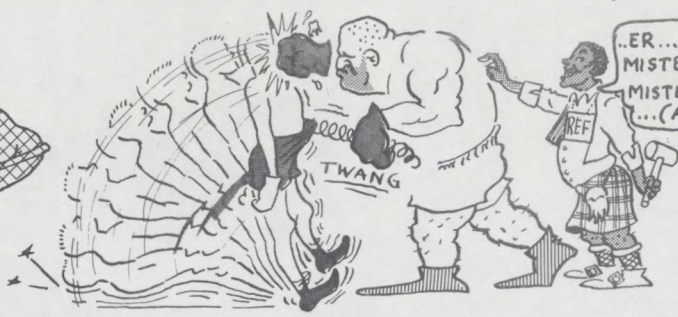
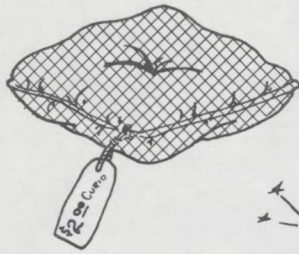
Pretty Chuck is hi-fi hip. Now he's rearing back, arms akimbo, tucking his thumbs into the waistband of his trousers and hitching them up so that his long silk socks will show, ever so pretty, ever so pretty. Then he's walk-

ing with his head cocked to the side and his shoulders slightly hunched, ever so cool, ever so cool. Hip? You've undoubtedly heard of Hip-a-Plenty and Most-Hip and even, maybe, Over-Hip. Well, Chucky is Double Decker Hip, Ultrasonic Hip.

So much of the business of 'being hip' is an affectation, or imitation, or conformity, or, tragically, a disguise concealing a mediocre personality—believe it or not, most hipsters 'put on' the 'front' because they are too personality-poor to meet the world with their true face. But this is not so of Chucky. His is natural and individual. It threads through and highlights his naturally flashy mien. Also Chucky is a versatile musician. He 'blows his soul' on a staggering array of instruments from the trumpet to the drums. And can sing a smooth ditty, if need be.

Pretty Chuck is, by his own modest admission, the Answer to Womankind's Prayers. His plans for defending himself against the amorous assault of the female population when he gets out of here are as full scale and elaborate as a sigh.

And would probably be just as effective.



SEVEN.....
...NO TRUMP...!!

Al Jack is a liar, an impostor and more than likely a card-carrying Communist. He's gotta be. Otherwise what is he going around being so congenial about? What is with this nice guy bit? Earlier we said that we were a man of faith. But that was just to get you to believe some malarkey we were trying to put across. Actually we are as cynical and unbelieving as the next guy. So this come on of Jack's doesn't fool us one bit. Here's a fellow who to all outward appearances is courteous, affable, purposeful and intelligent. He has no chip on his shoulders; he isn't mad at society or the law; he minds his own business; and he believes that he can still become a useful citizen and is planning on college and a profession to that end. All we've got to say to that is—BALONEY! Mark our word, this bird is up to something, but we just haven't tumbled to it yet. When we interviewed him he came off with some left-handed stuff about not being able to vote until he was 84, and not being able to join the army until he was 72. Right then and there we pegged him as some kind of a nut and looked out that any minute he would get violent. While we were edging toward the door he dryly explained that he was born on February the 29th, and consequently had a birthday but every four years. There's surely something

devious about a man who refuses to have birthdays like everybody else. It's unAmerican. He said that he likes to play chess, but is only an average player. He said that he also liked bridge, but was still learning the game. Now, if nothing else, that proved beyond a controvertible doubt he is trying to undermine Our Way Of Life. Nobody—but nobody—who has ever been able to distinguish a pawn from a knight or a demand bid from a preempt, would admit in polite company that he was only average at those two games. You are either an expert, or you don't play the games—Period! He was on last year's fight card, got knocked for a loop and instead of giving the usual and perfectly understandable excuse that he was robbed, or hadn't had time to train properly, or was the victim of a lucky punch and next time around would murder the bum—what does he say? "My opponent was the better man." An underhanded statement, if we've ever heard one. Now get this, this idiot has one of the highest mathematical aptitude ratings in the joint—16.5! He also has an unusually high IQ. Doesn't that tell you something? Doesn't that prove it?

Listen, Al Jack, if you're so smart, how come you're not rich? Huh?

NOTICE TO INMATES!!!

1. Plans for the Labor Day Picnic that was to be held in the park in front of this institution for the male and female inmates had to be abandoned because of the limitations of our present budget. Possibly next year we can go ahead with this affair.
2. Due to his overcrowded schedule, Ray Charles and his band will not be able to appear at this institution this fall, as was previously arranged. An inmate trio, playing guitar, harmonica and bass drum has volunteered to substitute.
3. In view of the fact that not enough inmate participants in the forthcoming six day, cross-country bicycle races have been willing to sign affidavits stating that they will return to this institution at the conclusion of the contest, the event will have to be cancelled. The administration would like to take this opportunity to commend the honesty of those who did sign and express its regret that they were not able to compete because of the stubbornness of a few.
4. Because of a lack of interest on the part of the inmate population the plans to permit two week furloughs has been dropped.
5. We are still trying to contact the members of the chorus line at Harold's Club in Las Vegas to ascertain whether they would be interested in putting on a benefit performance at this institution sometime in late September. If our efforts continue to meet with the present lack of success we assure the inmate population that a suitable replacement will be available. The Protestant Choir.
6. It is doubtful whether Pabst Blue Ribbon beer will be sold in the Canteen over the Labor Day weekend. The distributors in this area are not certain they will have a sufficient supply to satisfy our needs and rather than run short we deem it best to strike this item altogether.
7. None of the games in the forthcoming World Series will be held on this institution's ball diamond. For one thing, our present facilities are too small, and for another, M. Frick informs us that he is sure the American and National League pennant winners will want to continue the tradition of playing the Series in their respective parks. We are still in communication with the World Olympic Committee about the 1964 games, and as yet have no decision on our proposal that they be held here instead of in Japan.
8. After careful consideration, we have determined it best not to issue badges and rank to certain inmates just because they are cooperative in supplying much needed information about certain aspects of their fellow inmate's behavior here. Nor will we hold a special banquet in their honor as some have suggested and present awards for bravery above and beyond the call of duty. Nor do we feel that they, though ever so valuable, could ever replace the present contingent of guards. We do, however, appreciate the services rendered by them and wish them to know that the back door is always open and available to them.

GIANTS



There are no statistics to support it, but proportionately people in prison probably read more books than people on the outside. The reason, of course, is obvious. They have fewer diversions, more leisure time and an atmosphere from which they wish release and relief.

Quantity, however, does not necessarily betoken quality. For though the books that are read range the entire literary spectrum, for the most part they are pulps—westerns with monotonously similar plots and tawdrily written shack-up novels.

There are, though, two writers of some celebration who enjoy an immense popularity among prison readers. JOHN O'HARA and AYN RAND.

Mr. O'Hara's tedious preoccupation with genealogical and regional minutiae are tolerated by his prison fans in order that they may share his lively, candid portrayals of his characters' sex lives. Miss Rand is loved for the violently snob and anti-social philosophy she ventriloquizes through her Olympian characters.

In the main there is nothing at all wrong with Mr. O'Hara and his novels. He is obviously fascinated by turn of the century Pennsylvania rural aristocracy. But you can't down a man just for that, especially since he is not above giving a patient reader a vicarious thrill or two or three or four. He has no universals to teach, no beauties to discover, no causes to crusade. His prison audience may take up his thick books without fear of being implicated in anything deeper than the complicated sleeping habits of uppercrust Gibbsville. *A Rage To Live*, *Ten North Frederick*, and *From The Terrace* have passed from cell to cell and helped add spice to many a weary evening.

Ayn Rand is another matter. Her extremely individualistic views are eagerly embraced and, tragically, misunderstood by a brand of prison reader who, we suspect, is searching for a corroboration of his own negatory viewpoint. He is unaware that in a Randian society the worth of a man is measured by how rich he is, how greedy he is to get richer, and how cunningly he can mulct the uttermost farthing from those less rich. And though our reader may think that these are exactly his own sentiments, he is greatly mistaken if he believes he could compete on the

IN PRISON LITERATURE

level of richness that Miss Rand stages. This unique little woman is talking about the multimillions and the machinery to make more multimillions that are in the hands of the industrial power cliques. Miss Rand would do away with practically all government. There would only be enough left to police the possessions of her elite and keep the "masses" from breaking in and, through taxation, stealth, or just plain begging, getting them. By "masses" Rand seems to mean, well, just about everybody except a few board directors of the big companies. The only standard in such a polity is financial solvency and competency to so become and stay—whether by wits, silver-spooned birth, or sheer luck. And there is no room, nor help, for the financially unfortunate. Miss Rand hates "help" and those who need it with a passion. The worthy are rich, and the rich are worthy, and all others are parasitic scum—their intrinsic value or the situation of their momentary, monetary lack, notwithstanding.

In *The Fountainhead*, the most popular and oft quoted of her output, she limns a set of unbelievably Machiavellian characters who orbit about their own egos and stand above and off from human needs. All of her people are an audience of one, and insist, in the most absurd logic, that communication, contact and dependence with others is the last great evil. This is so contrary to the facts of this interdependent life and shrinking world in which we live as to be boring. The naive who gather this feudalistic philosophy to their mental breast had best beware, for in Rand's society they would be least of the least. And last, we wish that those who admire Miss Ayn Rand and her sanguinary doctrines would, if they are capable, pursue them to their logical extensions and conclusions in perennial war, world-wide deprivation and exploitation, and the realization of the police state envisioned by the late Adolf.

Permit us to propose two new members to the prison literary Hall Of Fame. WILLIAM SAROYAN and J. P. DONLEAVY.

You have but to read Mr. Donleavy's *The Ginger Man*, to understand our offering of his name. In fact, if there is any way for you to obtain *The Ginger Man*, and after reading it you do not agree with us, we will reimburse you for whatever expense you entailed by acting on this suggestion. Seriously. And this to the pulp, as well as all other readers. To say anything at all about *Ginger Man*, is to say too little and too feeble. It is the damnedest book, we believe, ever written. It will make you cry with laughter, and the tears, you will soon find, will also be tears of pathos and tears of regret that the pages are flying by and the book drawing to an end.

We say William Saroyan because he does have a universal to teach, a beauty to discover, and a cause to crusade. The universal is you and life and love. The beauty is that YES is better than NO. Yes to yourself. Yes to life. Yes to love. The cause is that of the unheroic hero, Everyman, and his right to be scared to death and still push on.

The Human Comedy, *The Assyrian*, *My Name Is Aram*, and *The Adventures Of Wesley Jackson* are so nobly and simply written and so very easy to understand until, well, hell, the minute we write 30 on this copy we, ourselves, are going to read them again.

THE TRUE STORY OF JACK & THE BEANSTALK

by Jack Hollon

Once upon a time there was a young man that through an unfortunate accident that one day happened to his Father was left as the sole support of his Mother. Now this young fellow was a fine upstanding citizen and a credit to the community in which he lived, but he was a little short in the brain department and was finding it hard to make ends meet. One day he woke up bright and early to find his Mother weeping in the kitchen. Son, she tells him, it looks like the end has about got here. We are out of everything and you know that I can't stand this milk all the time so take the cow to town and see if you can sell her and get us some goodies. Don't forget the Tokay, either.

So Jack like the good son that he was, went out to the pasture and slapped a bridle on old Bossy and took off for town and the local stockyards.

Going down the road he met a fellow and stopped to find out the latest news. Now this fellow, an old geezer, sized up Jack and seeing that he was not the brightest boy in the world figured that he could beat him for the cow. Look boy, he tells him, I sure hope that you are not going to try to sell that cow in town. Why the market has went bad on cattle and they are almost giving them away today. This little statement shook our Hero up no end and he says what am I going to do? My poor Old Mother is about to starve to death and worse than that she is out of wine and this milk is about to do her in. The old sharpie seeing that he has the fish hooked good, says, lookie here son, I have with me some magic beans and with them you don't have to ever worry about food again, they will grow anything and what you don't need yourself you can sell and get your Mom all the wine she can drink. Jack says, Boy, that's just what I need. How much do you want for them. Well, son, says the old man, tell you what I will do. Seeing as how your old Mother is about to starve to death I'll just trade you for that worthless cow that you have got. Good deal, Cries Jack and makes the trade. The old man quick grabs the cow and takes off for town and a good time and Jack heads for home to tell his Mom all about the good deal that he made.

Now when Jack hits the door the first thing that his poor feeble old Mother says is, you didn't forget the Tokay, did you son? Well, Mom, Jack says, and proceeds to give her a rundown on the good trade that he made and how she will soon have all the wine that she can drink. The old lady not being a lame brain like her son blows her top and tottering over to him proceeds to pick him up and toss him and the bag of beans out the window without bothering to open it.

After the old lady went to sleep Jack figured that it was safe to go back in the house, so leaving the beans where they were he snuck in and went to bed hoping that the old lady would cool down by morning. First thing next day the old lady is screaming in his ear, get up you lazy Jack—and go get rid of the tree that is growing outside the window. Jack goes out and looks and sure enough there is this tree growing clear up out of sight. Now Jack being a curious fellow decided to climb up and see how far the tree really went. Climbing all day he finally gets to the top of it and starts to look around. Off in the distance he spies some thing that looks like a house and wondering who would live clear up here he goes to investigate. He gets to the house and going in he sees this Giant sitting on a chair playing with a goose. Now Jack almost lost his uppers when the Giant tells this goose, lay or in the pot you go and the goose lays

a big golden egg. But even though Jack's a real nut he can see that is a better deal than a sack of beans so he starts to figure how he could get the goose. Well, luck is with him as the Giant after making the goose lay a couple more eggs falls asleep. Jack right away runs in and puts the snatch on the goose and makes it for the tree. Now this goose not knowing Jack starts to scream stop thief, put me down, help Police and all that kind of stuff. All this commotion wakes up the Giant and he takes off after Jack full blast. Well, our Hero is no slouch and he gets to the tree and is half way down it before the Giant gets out of the house. Getting to the bottom he grabs an axe and starts chopping away and not a minute too soon either as the Giant has found the tree and is on his way down. Well, the Giant and the tree hit the ground together and I guess you know that the sudden stop puts the Giant out of commission. Seeing that he don't have to worry about him Jack slowly saunters in the house, and says look Mom what I got. You don't have to join A.A. now. The old lady seeing nothing but a goose is about to throw him out again when Jack says to the bird, man, get with it or in the pot you go. Bingo, the fowl comes out with a solid gold egg. At this shot the old lady's eyes light up and she forgives Jack for being such a beetlebrain. Now the old lady not knowing when all this will end keeps the goose busy all day knocking out eggs and when she has a barn full of them, off to town she goes not to buy a jug of Tokay as you might think, but the whole winery.

Now everything is going smooth for a few days and the old gal is really living it up and Jack isn't doing too bad himself, when there comes a knock on the door one morning. When the old lady opens the door the fellow standing there flashes a badge and tells her, I'm from the Internal Revenue Service and I would like to talk to this guy named Jack. What about, says the old lady. Well, this fellow says, we got a report from one of your neighbors that a couple weeks ago Jack didn't even have a pot to put the milk in and now he is making the scene like John D. and we want our tax money. Well, the old lady makes a deal with him so that she won't lose the winery and tells him that Jack is down to the local pool hall. The IRS man calls the sheriff and down to the pool hall they go and put the arm on poor Jack for income tax evasion. Well, Jack as big a fool as they come, tells them all about the goose and the golden eggs and has him knock out a few to pay the taxes. This makes the IRS man happy but the sheriff wants to know where he got the goose and Jack like an idiot tells him all about the Giant and how he got him from the Giant and how he had to chop the tree down to save his life. Well, the sheriff goes out to Jack's place and digs up the body and quick as a flash he arrests him and charges him with Grand Larceny and Murder and to top it off they confiscate the goose for evidence. Well to cut a long story short, poor old Jack got the chair when his Mother turned states evidence and the goose died from overwork when the Government tried to get him to lay enough eggs to pay off the National Debt. The only one that came out of the deal with anything was Jack's Mother. She got to keep the winery and not being a lame like Jack she had several eggs stashed away for her old age and never ran off the mouth about them to anyone.

There is a moral to this story and that's this: if you are left to support your Mother don't sell the cow for beans. Go to the unemployment office and get Mom a job scrubbing floors or something, and whatever you do, pay your TAXES!



COLORADO MOTORISTS GET PRISON NUMBERS

Sometime between January and March of next year, 879,125 Coloradans will march on the various courthouses throughout the state. This will not be a protest march. The marchers will not be clamoring for the city fathers' scalps. As a matter of fact, the city fathers, themselves, will be in their ranks. They will march peaceably; and though some grumbling will no doubt be heard, it will be no louder than is usual when Americans have to queue up and shell out. Cashiers in supermarkets, bill collectors and Internal Revenue agents have heard worse. What these faithful processioners will have in common is that they are passenger car owners and they will be performing the annual rite of purchasing license plates for their vehicles. These green and white pieces of 26 gauge steel, 6¼ inches wide by 12¼ inches long, will permit them a year's indulgence in that great American pastime of cruising, carooming, rolling, bouncing, spinning, racing, slow-poking up and down, over and across, in and out of streets, boulevards, avenues, driveways and assorted highways while bitterly criticizing the driving habits of their fellow motorists.

Eight hundred and seventy-nine thousand, one hundred and twenty-five is a lot of critics. But by the time the operators of motorcycles, mobile homes, trailers state trucks, farm trucks, tractors and the auto dealers get into the act the number will have swollen to 2,455,471.

A Benign Creator is responsible for the creation of Colorado's myriad automobilists. General Motors, Ford, Chrysler, *inter alios*, is responsible for the creation of their myriad automobiles. The Colorado State Penitentiary Tag Plant is responsible for the creation of the myriad plates they attach to their automobiles.

Pretty illustrious company for a prison industry, eh?

Before these 2½ million motorists get their tags, some 100 inmates and 3 civilian foreman working in this vital prison factory will have put in many manhours of highly specialized labor.

One of many 2700 pound rolls of sheet steel,

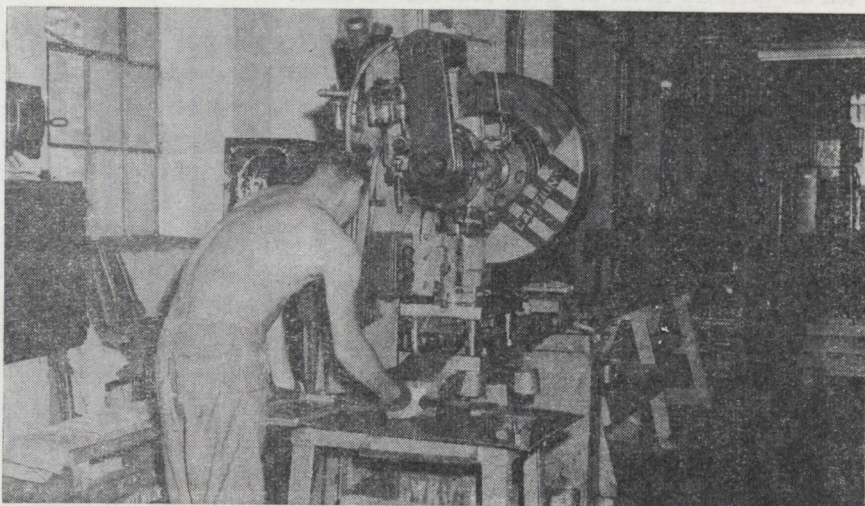


precut to the 6¼ inch width is uncrated in the sprawling prison factory. It is then automatically fed into a pneumatic punch press that cuts 12¼ inch lengths off at the rate of 64 per minute. In the same cutting process the machine rounds off the corners and punches in the four attachment holes. The lengths are then carted to two, ceiling-high embossing machines. In a synchronous operation, they are handfed into the machine by two men, feeders, at the front of the machine while two men, sitting at the back, change the dies. One hundred and fifty tons of pressure hammer the contours of numbers and legend into the smooth plates. After this they are taken to a large conveyor system. Each plate is hung on a separate rack and started on a journey into a vat of green enamel and so on into a vast oven. Their journey through the 210 degree temperature of the oven takes 45 minutes and when they come out on the other side they are run through a machine that coats the raised numbers and letters with a white paint. Thus treated, they are again sent on another 45 minute trek through the oven. When they emerge from this second baking, they are ready to go into envelopes and to be shipped to Colorado's 63 counties and thence to the critical motorist.

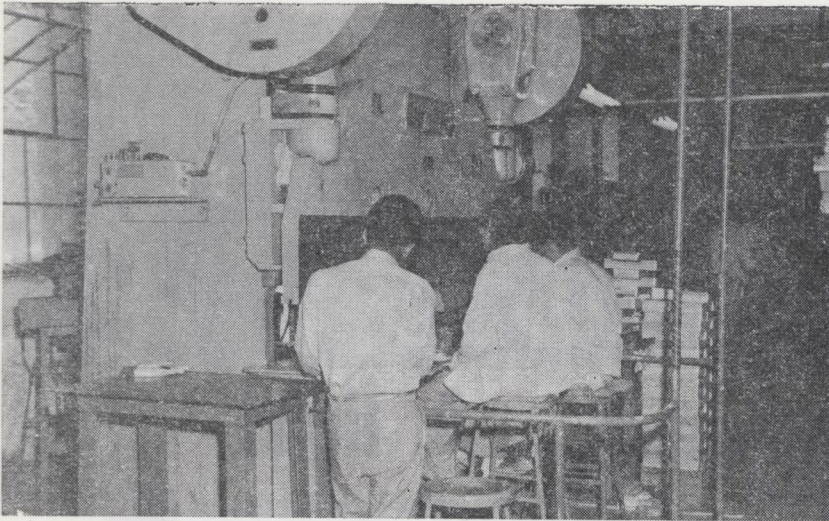
Each day some 14,000 license plates are manufactured during the three 6-hour shifts that operate. In addition, the many road signs that dot the highways of Colorado warning and informing of curves, stops, slowing areas and speed limits are made. Formerly these signs were made of steel. But it being found that the life of steel signs continuously exposed to the elements is comparatively short due to rusting, a switchover to aluminum has been instituted. An array of punchers, form cutting machines, sprayers and electric ovens are busy in the making of these signs. If you've ever wondered what makes some signs glow at night it is a fine, luminous, silky, sand-like substance called Prismo Bead. This substance is peppered on the sign while it is wet, placed in an electric oven and baked into the metal. Another material used is Scotchlite. It is strips of a phosphorescent treated material which is similarly adhered to the metal as Prismo Bead.

Of the 2,455,471 plates and sets of plates that will be manufactured by the Tag Plant this year, Denver county will receive the largest allotment. 223,000 truck plates; 2600 motorcycle plates; 14,500 trailers; 2300 mobile homes are among Denver's allocation. The county that will receive the smallest amount will be Hinsdale. 300 passenger car tags; 100 truck plates and 5 motorcycles, are among Hinsdale's quota.

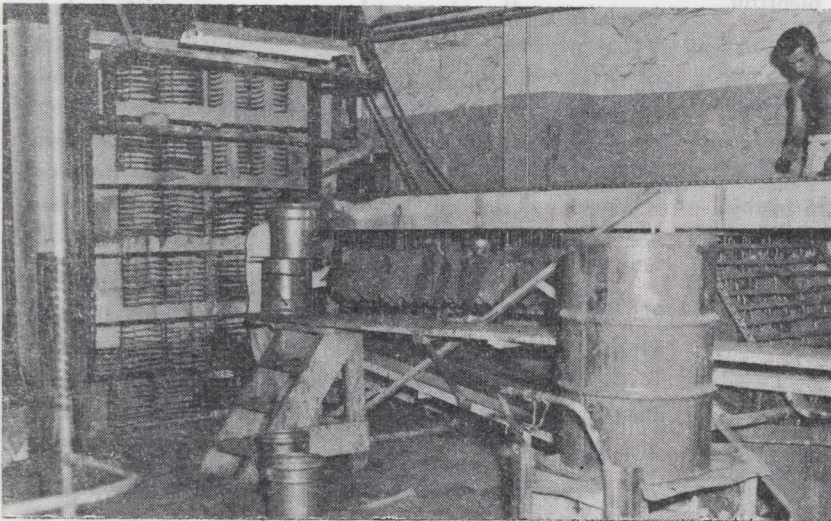
The plant here at Canon City is under the general supervision of the CSP Correctional Industries. The senior foreman (Boss to you) is B.K. Barragree. He is assisted by two industrial foremen, Jack Triplett and Tony Mazzocco. They have under them a corps of inmate machinists and laborers and a staff of mechanics. Two of the mechanics have between them 28 years of experience on the type of machinery used in this plant.



The punch press cutting tags to length



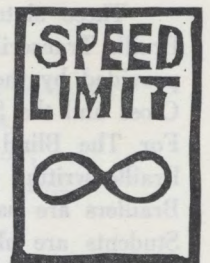
One of two embossing machines stamping numbers on the tags



Conveyor system sending plates into paint vat and oven



Foremen Tony Mazzocco and Jack Triplett by stockpile of license plates





In the darkness... A light

Darkness holds terror for many people. It is confinement for thousands of others. Braille is the key which opens the doors of darkness for the blind. Behind the doors are new horizons and experiences; new worlds to explore and conquer. Yet these keys are not plentiful, for there are far too few Braille transcribers.

The solution to the problem then are people who are not "too busy" to learn, and are not "too disinterested" to care. A course must be taken to learn the essentials of Braille transcribing and a love and faith in humankind must be present in the individual who would help in this area. The blind have a double handicap to overcome. Being blind, they must learn to read Braille—learn a complete new language. Then after having learned to read, they must have materials to read. It is this that was called to the attention of the inmates at Colorado State Penitentiary.

About eight months ago, a notice was put in the Cell Houses concerning a Braille Transcribing course. Twenty-four inmates responded. After being informed that there would be no financial gain from taking the course, sixteen inmates remained.

These sixteen men are currently learning to be Braille Transcribers. Their instructions and supplies are provided by the Denver Chapter of the American Red Cross and the State Department of Education. Services For The Blind has provided two Perkins Brailers—Braille writing machines, not unlike typewriters. These Brailers are used by the more advanced students. Students are allowed to progress at their own speed in learning to transcribe. These machines are very difficult to obtain and will enable the transcribers to produce a far greater number of books for blind children.

Although one is not paid to transcribe materials and books for the blind, the sense of accomplishment and service rendered to another, more unfortunate human being is a reward which cannot be rated in monetary terms. To watch a book take form as you transcribe words into the series of "bumps"—as most people not familiar with Braille would say—but even more, to see one of the instructors, who is blind, read the manuscripts

by feel is an experience which brings a glow of pride.

Those who complete the course will be certified by the Library of Congress as Braille Transcribers, Class II and III. In order to be certified, a member of the class must transcribe nineteen lessons, one of which includes a fifty page manuscript which is submitted to the Library of Congress. These lessons are checked for accuracy and the instructors are quick to mark mistakes. Many people drop out between lessons Seven and Eleven, the really difficult portion of the course. Yet those who do tough it out have the satisfaction of knowing they have accomplished a worthwhile skill.

Ira Sanger, the director of education, is responsible for the administration of this class within the institution. He has several gifted persons helping him. In fact, one of the persons is blind and reads the manuscripts before they are sent out. This is a great help since it enables one to correct one's mistakes before the work is sent out.

Nationally, as well as in Colorado, an increasing percentage of blind children are being successfully integrated into public schools. In 1962, at least 60% of the blind children in the United States were attending public schools. In Colorado, the percentage exceeded the national figure. A survey conducted in February of this year indicated that 110 blind children were enrolled in the public schools of this state. There were 82 blind children in the state's schools in 1960-61.

These visually handicapped children do well in public schools only if Braille texts are available to them. It is impossible to purchase the diversity of books necessary to meet the needs of blind children enrolled in their own community schools.

As an offspring of the Braille transcribing program here at CSP, has come an experimental method of making flags for the blind. The inmates are testing various methods for making flags that a blind student could instantly recognize as to color and markings. This program is being closely watched by the Department of Education and the Services For The Blind.

...A salute to those who give of themselves to others



AN INMATE OF THIS INSTITUTION WAS ASKED HOW LONG HE WOULD BE OUT ON PAROLE BEFORE HE WOULD BE VIOLATED AND RETURNED. HIS REPLY AS FOLLOWS LEAVES ROOM FOR LITTLE DOUBT AS TO HIS GOOD INTENTIONS:

by **Jack Adams**

I'll be back when the crime rate in Denver
Is less than it is in Lamar
When the cops on the force wear a halo
Instead of a gun and a star.
When the judge on the bench passing sentence,
Can rightfully swell up with pride,
Say, 'I'm sorry it's you. I wish it were me.
But may I go along for the ride?'
When the inmate must pay a tuition
If he's made a ward of the State.
And with over a year, you're not welcome here
And they won't let you in at the gate;
Where you receive a red carpet reception—
The finest on earth, anywhere—
And you're shown to your room, like a bride with a groom;
And treated with kind loving care.
I'll be back when the mess hall has vanished;
When you no longer eat from a pan.
When you're served by a cute little waitress
Instead of a big ugly man.
The menu will read quail and lobster,
And wines from the long, long ago.
And you'll eat off of Dresden Blue China
By the light of a soft candle glow
By your plate is a light mild havana;
And you can sip coffee and smoke.
As you sit back in ease, for as long as you please
And listen to music and joke.

To the soft mellow music of waltz time
From the strings of an old violin;
And you think of the Trianon Ballroom
And forget that you're back in the pen.

I'll be back when the runners are girlies
Clad in bikinis of blue;
Appointment of course, Civil Service.
Age limit, a cute twenty-two.

When the mattress we sleep on is Simmons;
Including the box springs as well.
With colored TV in the ceiling
So you can relax in your cell.

When the bars are replaced with glass windows,
Rose tinted and shaded in pink.
And rugs on the floor, a bright crimson;
And clear sparkling sherry to drink.

And just before bedtime each evening,
While the shadows of night swiftly creep,
You can ring for a blonde or a redhead
So she can soft purr you to sleep.

Yes, I'll be back when it's like this;
When every thing's peaches and cream.
When all things I've stated are certain
And not just a wild convict dream.

I'll be back and I'll put it in writing.
In type bold and clear, white or black.
On that day, far away, believe what I say,
On that day you may look for me back.



I DO (I DON'T)

I DO (I DON'T)



I DO

(I DON'T)



*George Levy, M. A.
Senior Psychologist*

When asked to strip down, a man will, with more or less concession, put down his gun, his bottle, his wallet, his watch, and his false teeth. Why is it that a man, and even more so a woman, will surrender their wedding ring last? The old man or the old lady may have been a pain where you usually get penicillin shots, still... Why is that? Maybe, just like most people are doomed to get measles at one time or another, people are destined to get married of which there may be worse fates. Junk work, books, ball games, movies, and halfway decent chow all help to make doing time bearable but nothing seems to give a guy a greater lift than a visit from the wife. Maybe it would be nice to do more than see her but then to look at a loaf of bread is still more satisfying than handling a stone.

There are people who go into marriage like through the swinging doors of a saloon for a quick beer. This is reflected in the 1950 statistic that there were 2.6 divorces per thousand of population. These marriages lasted an average of six years. But in the same year there were 11.1 marriages per thousand which ought to prove there are still quite a few people around willing to gamble on happiness.

Since one of the problems that pass over a prison psychologist's desk is threatened or impending divorce

it would seem that this is a matter of great concern to many inmates. For that reason it was felt that a discussion of contributants to the bending and final breaking of the wedding band by divorce might be of general interest.

These contributants arise from two sources: the man and woman involved and factors in the community.

1. There is the factor of mental deficiency. To get married, people need five bucks and a blood test. Nobody asks for their IQ. Consequently, people with only the faintest idea of what they are getting in to in terms of responsibility to themselves, each other, what children they might have, and to the community, get shackled. Finally, one, less stupid than the other, figures he or she has had it and gets out.

2. Faults of early training. Some people, regrettably from their parents' example, learned to look at the nuptial knot as a slip noose to be undone at the first strain or chafing.

3. Differences in background. A man, brought up by a mother who cooks like a French chef, marries a girl whose only culinary knack is to turn oatmeal into glue. After buying her a cookbook and himself a carton of Tums fails, the marriage explodes in a final belch. Wrong basis for marriage. A girl looks so cute in a bathing suit that

it is imagined she will always be exciting in bed. A Romeo drives a red Oldsmobile so he must be loaded. John and Jane loved too well and too soon and Junior is bulging, So John is worn down by Jane's blubbering and her Daddy's pointed stares at the gun rack so he does right by Jane and wrong by John. What very often happens is that our cute little girl spends so much time and money continuing to look cute that she has little interest in keeping up a house. Romeo keeps up the payments on the Oldsmobile and overlooks such trifles as paying the rent and the groceryman.

A man who marries a woman to shut her up is like a guy who buys a sieve in an effort to plug up the leaks. "Doing right by Nell" very often can end up by creating hell for everybody. Marriage by duress is a worm that can rot the whole love apple. Social workers and sociologists have demonstrated that in the long run, both the children and the accidental parents are better off if suitable financial arrangements are arrived at for the support of the illegitimate child and both parents are left free to make voluntary choice of a life mate. A wedding ring is supposed to be a love knot rather than a garote.

4. Occupational handicaps and lack of education. Marriage is not just for today. It is supposed to extend into the future. A youngster who leaves school to get a job paying sixty bucks a week so he can get married can probably get by. After all, They Have Each Other which, just like the movies, is a thrilling thing. Who Could Ask For Anything More? That's the trouble, people do. Kids come, needs and desires arise. Everyone else has them and We Are Just As Good As They Are. And maybe Daddy gets raised to seventy a week and because of his lack of schooling is probably going to get stuck there. Meanwhile the family wants to live at a minimum of a hundred dollar a week level. Something has to give. Too often it is the marriage.

5. Money. A man is usually considered the money-maker in the family although today this is no longer strictly true. Wifey very often works too. This is a strong temptation for hubby to figure that what he earns is his to be spent on necessities such as liquor, poker and other women rather than wasted on luxuries like rent, groceries and installments. Then he wonders why he ends up paying divorce lawyers and alimony bills, or he does time for non-support in a joint. Money, what is money? You get what you want when you want it and worry about paying for it later. Some people have a number of years to worry about paying. They are doing time for writing checks to cover what mamma bought that she thought she needed. What they end up with is the discovery that mamma doesn't need them or the number they are wearing.

Easy credit is like easy time: there ain't no such thing. Changing Times, a consumer magazine, cited a case of a man whose monthly paycheck came to \$480, take home. Installment payments of one kind or another came to \$522.46 a month. And this, mind you, makes no mention of gas, groceries, utilities, and other incidentals. True, the man in this case did not resort to bum checks to adjust this bum arithmetic but the resulting pressure surely did not add to his domestic peace and bliss. Some romantic lunkheads whose pretensions are bigger than their paychecks say "My little doll can have anything she wants". Then he wonders why the "little doll" ends up by not wanting him.

6. Temperamental incompetence. To many people marriage is like Denver's streets. all one way, the world, the nation, the community, the family, and so surly the husband and wife, the monadic unit on which all this superstructure is built, must learn that individual needs must be compromised so as not to sharply conflict with the needs of others. What must be cultivated is the accommodation of individual needs to mutual interests. Some nations never learn this and so we have wars and revolutions, some husbands and wives never get this message and so we have another divorce. How coincidental it is that so many people in here have worn so many pen numbers so long because they never learned to balance their own needs against those of society.

7. Vicious habits. John loves Mary. They get married with the understanding that they will cherish each other and "forsake all others". It is pretty obvious what will happen if John cools off toward Mary and builds up a temperature for Jane. What's the real difference if John switches his affection from Mary to Calverts or Coors or puts a needle in his arms rather than his everloving wife? Why the surprise and rage when in his search for "kicks", he gets kicked out of his wife's life?

8. Sexual incompatibility. There is a popular song that goes "The birds do it, the bees do it." The song is perky but the trouble is that people are not birds or bees. Sex with people is more than a biological coupling. There are social, psychological, and maybe even spiritual aspects, to the sexual relation that do not complicate the existence of the birds and the bees. But there is still another factor involved which might be called "reasonableness". Real life, as lived, is still a far hawl from the movies and soap operas. People, bamboozled by the sentimental goulash of verbal masturbators, demand too much of themselves, and of their partners in bed. When the experience turns out to be somewhat less than the "way it says in the book", people sometimes feel cheated and angry. Life is not perfect; very few things in it are. Few of us are ever completely fulfilled....whatever that means....and the sex relations is no exception. To base a marriage on sex attraction alone is like buying a loaf of bread because it comes in a fancy wrapper and a pretty girl plugs it on TV. Sex can be delightful and so can an ice cream cone but who in his right mind wants a gallon of goo for breakfast, lunch and supper? How does it happen that the papers everyday carry items of so and so celebrating their golden or even diamond anniversaries? There must be something in these relationships beyond passion that has kept them going for fifty to seventy-five years. We may strive for the ideal....and we should....but if we grow in wisdom as we do in experience, we find ourselves settling for the attainable more and more. We get into trouble when we demand too much of ourselves or of others.

9. Community factors. It says in one of the early books of the Bible that so-and-so "left the house of his father and (so-and-so) left the side of her mother and they were joined and became one". Chapter, verse and exact wording are not important. What is, is that a man and a woman took out on their own and started a family. This should mean that two adults took on an adult responsibility, which is marriage. This should mean the families of the pair should wish them well and stop there. Mothers-in-law can be very good baby-sitters but not so good as arbiters of domestic spats. People have to learn in making the inevitable adjustments between two personalities, there is some friction. The interference of a third party, no matter how well intentioned, can turn a spat into a rupture. This idea of being "one" is fine but can be carried to an extreme. Marriage should be a nest and a refuge but not a cretonne-curtained prison. Some people around here classified "Medium A" which means they can go outside only under the supervision of an officer. Some husbands and wives play the role of a screw and place their spouses in the Medium A class. A wife should not drop all her friends and acquaintances when she gets married nor should a husband. Common-sense dictates how far this should go. This is not an endorsement of fanning old flames but a marriage is strengthened the more it is integrated rather than isolated from the general community. Husband and wife should like to do things together but as individuals a little privacy is needed too.

A book could be written on this subject and many have been. What has been said here might be helpful to some in explaining possible reasons for the breakup of some marriages. It was not meant to be a rigid formula applicable to each and every case. Some marriages have apparently violated every one of these rules and have endured. Others have followed them quite closely and still broken up. Maybe it is like playing the horses. You can win more by putting your money on the nose of a long shot but the guy who bets on Place and Show usually has carfare left for riding rather than walking home.

The title of this story is Percival Hemstead Brook-Wilson
Buxjillion VI, his Father, who had a buck or two, the Repub-
lican Party, assorted Prison Officials and how they Clashed.



by Henry B. Hendricks

Percival Hemstead Brook-Wilson Buxjillion VI, extended a rather slim hand toward the gold-encrusted button on the wall. The hand faltered and returned to his pocket.

"I can't do it!" he exclaimed through clenched teeth, "What if they *are* alive and spring at me all at once?? How can I get away? What can I do?"

Tremblingly, he pressed the button. Instantly six individual sections of the wall began to rise. Behind the sections were six imported sports cars. To Percival Hemstead Brook-Wilson Buxjillion VI, the rising of the doors resembled the opening of six mouths of horrid and indescribable, prehistoric monsters. Headlights took on the aspect of fierce searching eyes; radiator grilles looked like foam and drool. As six immaculately groomed chauffeurs sprang to the side of each of the gleaming cars, the action seemed to give motion to the huge line of crouching beasts. Percival Hemstead Brook-Wilson Buxjillion VI, gave a scream that sounded like the death wail of a wounded bull elephant. He ran.

Judge Cee-Ting was out of sorts. They had had his Caddie down at the State Garage for 2 days now. Why couldn't they just take a starter off a state car, put it on his, and get it back to him? He'd have to make a note for his secretary to have old Batteringram put in a city ordinance that "the mayor shall now and hereinafter furnish each and every SUPERIOR JUDGE with transportation, to wit: 'at his beck and call' ". He'd show them who He was.

The judge dismissed the taxi without payment and ascended the courthouse steps. He entered his courtroom still angry. Who was this indolent-looking fool standing before him? What was he charged with? Oh, that's right, thought the judge, I'm supposed to sentence him or somebody today. This must be him. Wonder what it is he did? Doesn't matter, it must have been pretty bad.

"...violated the freedom and democracy that my forefathers died to preserve for bums like you. You have incurred the displeasure of this court and I, Judge Cee-Ting, of the people, by the people and with the people, do hereby sentence you to 20 years at hard labor!"

Through the big front gate at Dry Gulch Penitentiary and into the receiving unit marked "In Residence", there came a very thin, tired and weary youth. The attending officer had been puzzled by the lack of interest the youth displayed in his surroundings. He had had to remind him for the second time to pick up that obviously Mickey Mouse watch, with all of those chunks of white and colored glass stuck around and about it, that he had lain down. He locked him in cell 13 and the boy just stood in the middle of the floor with a vacant look on his face as if he were waiting for someone to tell him what to do next. The officer decided to take a closer look at his card. Hmmmm, most unusual. NAME: John Smith. AGE: about 24. CRIME: Grand Larceny; Breaking and Entering; Disposing of Private Property; Resisting Arrest. SPECIAL NOTE: This criminal may be using an assumed name. No positive identification could be made. No doubt

he has purchased the entire Republican Party !!!

he is clever and dangerous in order to have concealed his former record. He had opened a police car, taken out a policeman's lunch bucket and was caught in the act of disposing of its contents when he was apprehended by nine alert police officials from the detective bureau. THIS MAN IS TO BE CONSIDERED DANGEROUS! He was subsequently sentenced to 20 years at Dry Gulch Penitentiary.

John Smith, No. 123456, was put in Cell house 2-69, and appeared to settle down to do his time. He neither asked nor offered favors. Received no mail and wrote none. He was assigned to the dining room as a waiter and had only one peculiar habit. He would stop and stare at a place—any place—on the wall until someone would remind him that it was either time to go to work or leave.

There was a fellow at the penitentiary called Jack-of-Emeralds. Somebody said that he came there the same day God made the stars, and that his chance to go home would come about the same day God took them away. Jack-of-Emeralds did not go for this idea and it was said that he was on the look-out for some way to get out. Rumor had it he had a fair knowledge of sparklers, having been associated with a big time jewel ring in his day. John Smith and his Mickey Mouse began to receive attention from Jack-of-Emeralds. He moved into the cell next to him. In just 30 days after the move, Jack-of-Emeralds had two very well-dressed visitors. The very next day, a big black limousine pulled up outside of the side gate of the penitentiary and blew three short blasts on its horn. The gate was opened and Jack-of-Emeralds stepped out and into the limousine and was never seen again. It was well into the next spring before the white mark on the left wrist of John Smith turned as brown as the rest of his arm. He never really missed the watch.

John Smith was hailed before the Parole Court (Editor's Note: He means Parole Board) (Author's Note: Oh I do, do I?) on the day before the national elections, (Both teams seemed evenly matched, excepting that the Republicans lacked leadership). Due to the unusual 'information index' on John Smith, he had more time with the board than the usual 3½ to 5 minutes, in which to state his lifetime plans. He was in there for 9¼ minutes. As he could not remember even a small part of his former life, this time was taken up by the board's Bounden Duties. They consisted mainly of refreshing in one's mind each and every crime one had ever committed; touching lightly on some one may have missed, and with particular vehemence on those he would commit in the future. Three times John Smith tried to speak up

for himself.

"But, Gentlemen, I do not re . . ."

"Yes, yes, we know . . . you crooks are all alike. Isn't your record—or lack of it—right here before our eyes? We have spent thousands and thousands of dollars tracing through Inter-Pol and all the other foreign police departments trying to piece out your incomplete record. We have already wasted more time with you than most. We are paid to handle cases like yours. I, personally, have sat on the bench for years and I know all of your's and other's rottenness. I never had anything to do with anything else all my life. Will you pass the judgement on this scoundrel, Brother Paroleman?"

"Ahem, harumph, it is the judgement of this court, er—I mean, board that you pay in full for this inconvenience to us and for the food and clothing you have used since coming here. Serve your your time in full!"

(In the particular form of 'amnesia' suffered by Percival Hemstead Brook-Wilson Buxjillion VI—John Smith, the insanity was produced by frustration in his formative years. Over-attention by hired help and lack of parental love in the home. The personality was hemmed in on every side by nurses, tutors, preachers, and grown-ups. All of these, plus other inhibiting factors, produced the climax. In its attempt to stay free after adjusting to a new rigorous life of self-serving, the mind refused to remember where it had been mistreated in the first instance for fear of more of the same. This is the nature of amnesia.)

John Smith flipped the radio switch. He could hear what appeared to be bells ringing, whistles blowing, fire-crackers popping, and a general uproar. Finally an insistant voice emerged from the clamor.

". . . Yes, yes, I tell you that it IS true! The report has just been confirmed by old 'Bux', himself. Within the last hour he has purchased, lock stock and barrel, THE ENTIRE REPUBLICAN PARTY!!!"

The mike went silent because the effects of this stupendous announcement had caused the announcer to faint dead away. A new voice, tremulous with excitement, screamed into the mike.

". . . and when Mr. Percival Hemstead Brook-Wilson Buxjillion V, was asked if the purchase had cut deeply into his cash reserves, his only reply was that 'there didn't seem to be so many piggy-banks around the place as before'. Just a minute, radio audience, here, we have just been informed that Mr. Buxjillion is going to make an important announcement! We switch you to his palatial, 108 room mansion which he built in the middle of Times Square!"

". . . and as some of you, my faithful citizens, may remember, at that time I offered exactly one half of my fortune for my son's return, dead or alive. If you also

he climbed the stairs to the fourth floor . . . and bailed off

remember, I mentioned that the only clue likely to identify him would have been a watch he was wearing. He was rather fond of this watch and would not have parted with it under ordinary circumstances. Since he was a little backward in his value of money and material things, I did not tell him that the four odd-looking pieces of shiny stones that marked the 3, 6, 9 and 12 of the watch were, in fact, the two emeralds and two diamonds which formally were in the four points of the star of the crown of Napoleon's empress, Josephine. In view of the fact that neither these stones, nor the watch, nor my son has ever been seen since, I prefer to believe that he drowned in the Hudson River and was, in due course, washed to sea and consumed by sharks. I went so far as to send my top investigator to the heart of sun-scorched Arabia, where rumor had it that an ex-convict had bribed himself out of some small western American prison with an emerald and had traded another and 2 diamonds for 3 oil wells, his pick of 15 beauties from a shiek's harem and one oasis stronghold. The operator never returned and I dropped the investigation. I now believe my son to be dead and here and now cancel, make null and void, each and every reward, whether he now be dead or alive, forever. Published by me, Percival Hemstead Brook-Wilson Buxjillion the Fifth. However, let it be further known by every living human being that if it ever comes to my attention that my son, on whom I lavished all of my affection and everything else on earth that I wanted him to have, was so much as spoken to roughly, or slighted, or insulted, or treated unjustly in anyway, I say to him who did it that it would better had he never been born!"

Officer Con Fused was the same officer who had checked John Smith into the receiving unit two years before. He was on duty the night of Mr. Buxjillion V's speech. Officer Fused was almost an average man. He was good because he was afraid to be bad. Once years ago, he had experienced a mental 'flash'. Visions of beautiful women, long black Cadillacs and South Pacific islands had been his for one fleeting moment. It took the family jewels, two politically influential uncles and all of his ancestors' reputations to land him a job WITH the penitentiary, rather than inside it. He made a vow that there would never be another slip from the straight and narrow. But if there ever was one, it would be worth while. It would be fast, easy, sure and, most of all, worth doing. He had the second and last flash of his life. He remembered having seen a foolish-looking, cheap watch with four outsized stones that now seemed to take on the very glow of the northern lights. As he contemplated the lights, they grew and glowed and changed into waving

palm trees, mile upon mile of moonlit beach, every yard of which was dotted with swaying, swooning Polynesian bathing beauties. Officer Fused shook his greying head. Another picture intruded upon his tired mind. A stringy-haired, dish-water blond wife, 7 hungry, half-clothed kids and \$110 due in back rent. He arose and walked with purposeful intent to the cell of John Smith.

"Son," he said, "is it your wish that I call your father?"

"Would you please, sir." came the soft reply.

Officer Con Fused made one other phone call. To the Chief Officer in charge of Paroles and Probations.

"Sir, I thought you would like to know that yesterday you turned down for parole, one John Smith, No. 123456, otherwise known as Percival Hemstead Brook-Wilson Buxjillion, the Sixth. And one more thing, I too overlooked and failed to grasp the chance of a lifetime. Goodby, Sir."

He then slowly climbed the stairs to the fourth floor, said his 'Now I lay me's' twice, crossed himself, and then bailed off on a flight that was eternal.

John Smith's dreams were being interrupted by voices.

"Wake up, my boy . . . wake up, son . . . we wish to review your parole . . . there has been a terrible mistake . . . please wake up"

He opened his eyes and saw a big hairy hand gently, ever so gently rocking the chain at the foot of his bed. The tier was full of excited men. Everyone tried to talk at once.

"Mistake . . . pardon . . . the goveruor . . . the president . . . God."

Hands were passing him his clothes. Words, words, words were urging him to hurry.

After he was seated in the Superintendent's chair, coffee and little cakes were passed to him. Meanwhile, Judge Cee-Ting had called from the airport to say it was all a ghastly mistake, that he had left strict orders with Mr. Batteringram to fire at once all of that stupid crowd from city hall. He, Cee-Ting, would advise them of the climate and other healthful factors of a place called Tim Buck One in French West Africa. The head man of the parole department was putting in a call to a local plane rental inquiring the cost of a plane for 5 to some spot he had read of high in the Himalayas. Damn the cost! Just send the plane, and fast!

An intelligent appearing man stepped into the room wearing a ring embossed with the state seal. The Superintendent took his hat and the Assistant Superintendent motioned him to a chair and said.

I wanted to study humans... so I bought a whole swarm of 'em

"This is hell. What on earth are we going to do? This dear boy, whom we have guarded so tenderly during the last 2 years, will surely remind his great and wonderful father of our watchful care. Won't you, Mr. er--uh--Novemdecillions?"

"Jillions, sir, Buxjillions" the boy replied.

"Now men," the newcomer said, "neither of you have very much to fear, except fear itself. This matter is the making of none of us. You, fortunately, are not involved in the matter of handing out justice, whatever that may be. Your position here is only concerned in the justice involved in making this place secure. You are in the main required to administer security in a fair and just manner. Being human you will err, even in this. But it need not be by intent. Now let us be frank with each other. You gentlemen are going to have to stand on your past record. Personally, I am new in this business. I have no public record. It is quite obvious that this man is able to obtain a 99 year lease on this little state and use it for a watch fob, if he so desires. We have no idea what he will do. I rather expect him to exhibit a most extraordinary interest in this place and its past policies. There is a crying need for change here. In reality it should be a huge, first class school; in conjunction with a mental therapy set-up for the mixed-up and the confused. Add a manual training center for equipping men with skills who are returning to society. Then and only then are we able to say we are helping the humans IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY! I am going to meet this man when he comes and I am going to point out these things to him. I am going to point out to him that my idea of democracy is only a "willingness on the part of the individual to come to agreeable terms about what he needs and desires from life, and how to get it in such a way that he doesn't hurt or deprive other people of what they have." Justice is the law that keeps these things honest and good. This young man may be a godsend. After the radio announcement of this young man's presence here, each and every one having anything to do with his being here has decided he could fulfill his life's mission better in some foreign land. There is not an airplane in the state that is able to flutter into Mexico or across the seas. They have all been chartered. Personally, I am going to meet Mr. Buxjillion and angle for the job of head man of the watch fob polishing detail."

"Grandfather, what year did you have the Great Salt Lake of Utah moved over here and the salt removed so people could irrigate with the Lake?"

"Oh soon after I came out here to get your father."

"Grandfather, this place looks like a garden, doesn't it? After the canal was widened so the new type ships could bring trade from foreign lands. it helped the people

didn't it? And you say that the Atomic Energy Commission blasted it to Denver from New Orleans in just 39 days, after you moved the politicians out and moved honest working people in? Grandfather, let's stop in at the Science Of Human Relationship Center. Sis and I go down there often. Everyone seems so busy and anxious to get something done. The last time we were there the Forestry Class was just leaving for a 2 week field trip. Your idea of cutting the old cell blocks in half, plugging up the windows and converting them into Ocean life study tanks really caused a sensation among the Aqua-Marine study groups. Just to think that right now we are over the place where that nasty little town of Gulchville used to be. Papa said when he first came here there were men with real guns, actually ready to shoot anyone who dared come or go without a pass. Say, there's Menninger Acres. I guess it really helps a lot of people. And what you call the Family Colony. It sure is an improvement over the old days when men were kept in an iron box, not big enough to whip a cat in. Grandfather, what is a politician? Why are there none in your state?"

"Well son, after I began to believe that God had taken your father from me I began to look for another interest. Not in money, I had too much of that already. I wanted to study human beings. I had failed your father, I thought, and I wanted to know where I had went astray. I wanted to study humans singly and in groups, so I simply bought a whole swarm of them. In this study I soon came to know what a politician was and how he operated when he formed into minor groups and gangs. It seemed not good to me. There were, at that time, two such major gangs in our land. I perceived that when one had wangled the nation's leadership, he not only lived well and without producing, but also he laid by enough to survive the lean years when the other side retired for a rest. In getting to the root of this system, I learned there was yet another group, called by the first two by the uncomplimentary term of "The Suckers". They were the producers, the tax payers. I decided it would be well if we all produced a little something. I set about to do it by strengthening my gang until they simply starved their opponents into honest production and then I put an ad in all the papers that I wanted to buy a train load of picks and shovels. In the last election in this country there was only one politician who signed up, and he eventually gave up. He said that one man alone looked a little silly trying to keep an outmoded tradition alive. Well son, this has been a wonderful day. I expect you to someday take a major role down there at Menninger Acres. All the other parts of the place more or less run themselves after people pass through them and become de-confused.

Throw Them



The Lions

Rev. Richard Sammon D. D.

Genghis Khan, the great Tartar lord of the Middle Ages, had a very efficient Court of Justice. One favorite device was that of 'Walking The Rope' used not only to prove a felon's guilt or innocence but also as a means of punishment: A horsehair rope approximately one hundred and fifty feet long was placed on the ground and troops lined up on both sides, spears and clubs at hand. The prisoner, at a given signal, stepped onto the rope and attempted to run its entire length without touching the ground with any part of his feet. For, the instant one toe reached the sand, the bystanders could beat a prisoner with club or spear but until he regained his equilibrium—or, was clubbed to death. Needless to say, the great Khan did not have many further correctional problems!

Early Roman Christians, held in dank dungeons until the famous days of athletic reunions in the Coliseum, were driven to their destruction in an arena filled with near-starved lions. With ample space provided for mass burials, no further great problems were placed before the Caesars!

In later years we have moved from the 'Racks' of the Spanish Inquisition to permanent iron masks: Masks were forged snugly over a prisoner's head so that they could never be removed. A man became slowly crazed by vermin lodged within and, with the knowledge that he was doomed to strangle in his own beard. Have you ever been bothered by an itch that, for reasons of social propriety, could not be scratched?

Need we mention the tropical penal colonies, the ball-and-chain or the cat-'o-nine-tails?

Why not nail them to a cross? Jesus Christ suffered this ignoble end! Are our present-day felons, then, better than He?

Certainly not! The evolution of human society simp-

ly precludes such punishment for real or alleged crimes. Although the public may clamor for harsh punishment, Twentieth Century Penologists have changed the word PUNISHMENT for the word CORRECTION.

Correctional work is now based on the precept that there is SOME good in every man; that, if a felon's finer points may be brought out and stressed through rehabilitation, his personality may be changed to the extent of making of him a decent, law-abiding member of Society.

Since it becomes, therefore, the prime objective of anyone employed in Correctional work to promote positive qualities in a convicted man rather than to attempt to beat down his negative points, each person must constantly strive to learn how this may be brought about and to incorporate each new idea into his particular phase of Correctional Activity.

Any person engaged in present day Corrections might do well to remember that all criminals are not incorrigibles, that they are human beings that must be treated as such with special attention given to the individual particulars which govern each case.

Consequently, each officer must regard a criminal as a fellow human being and there can be no more appropriate place for application of the Golden Rule than in modern correctional practice. How would you feel, react under like circumstances?

UNLESS we remember the above principles at all times; UNLESS we all make positive examples of ourselves, constantly employing firm moral and religious ethics in all dealings with persons entrusted to our keeping, we might just as well forget all religious, social and moral training and - THROW THEM TO CAESAR'S LIONS where there will be no further problems of correction!



THERE IS A PURPOSE

by O. K. Bundy,

Inmate Clerk, Psychology Department

It is a bunch of hooley. What do I get out of taking all those tests? No one will ever see them or use them.

Sure it is hooley. Just about as much hooley as having your fingerprints and photograph taken. They want to be able to indentify you at any time and have developed scientific methods to help them do this. They have developed systems whereby they can classify and cross-classify your fingerprints in such a way to be able to take part of one print and make a pretty positive indentification if it is necessary to do so. Incidentally, just to keep the record straight, the Psychology Department doesn't care who you are they are only interested in how you think and what you feel. They are in business because someone who has the power to push it wants to try to find out why you are here. If this can be found out there is always the chance that you will be willing to do something about the cause which will, more often than not, show up in the results of the test and questionnaire battery that you are asked to take when you first get here.

Who is going to see the results of the battery or use these results? And what for? The odds are all in favor of these results being used in your cell-house assignment, your job assignment and very possibly the type of classification you are given when called to the classification board. If you didn't get the job you wanted or the classification you thought you deserved, it is just possible that the jobs that you are really qualified to handle are all filled up and you may not be a very good judge of what kind of classification you should have, or, and this is almost as much a possibility as the others, the classification committee could have made an error in judgement. These things all apply at one time or another, but from the battery you took when entering the institution, you were evaluated, personality and behavior-

wise, and this information is available to the people whose job it is to make the decisions concerning your life in here. These are the only people who do have access to this. These records and remarks are strictly confidential.

What do you get out of taking all these tests? Very simply, nothing, if you are not willing to try to get something out of them. This can be done in only one way that I know. *You* have to try. Ask the psychologist. No one else can, or will tell you what you want to know. If you do want to do something about yourself, do not, I repeat, do not come to the department expecting the man to wave a magic wand and take all your cares away. If you are by accident 32 years of age and have behaved in a particular way for most of those 32 years, the habits you have formed are not going to be taken away by such incantations as can be read in the history of Merlin the Magician. This is not the way of the science known as psychology. The results take longer, but when finished it will probably be more permanent.

There are no magic formulas in the application of principles of psychology. Like all other scientific disciplines it is the combination of hard work and the use of a little bit of that uncommon thing called 'good sense'. Since 1900, this particular science has come a long way and is continuing to move ahead just as are the sciences of communications, mathematics and many others that we consider commonplace in the world of today. Medicine is finding new cures for the physical ailments. So are psychiatry and psychology finding new methods of working with the mind. It is a science, just as the others are. It requires hard work in order to accomplish anything at all, just as the others do. They are not hooley, maybe psychology isn't either.

ROBERT LINDNER FOUNDATION ANNOUNCES WINNERS OF SIXTH ANNUAL PRISONER AWARDS CONTEST

ART DIVISION

1st Prize. . . Miss Ellen Afterman, Westfield State Farm, Bedford Hills, N. Y.

Miss Afterman was awarded first prize for a pen and ink drawing entitled "Through A Glass Darkly".

2nd Prize. . . Anthony Pugh, Attica State Prison, Attica, New YORK.

HONORABLE MENTION: John Fayson, Maryland Penitentiary; *Kenneth A. Simmons, Canon City, Colo.* Leonard Spohn, Ft. Madison, Iowa; Tilghman S. Gooby, Lorton, Virginia; Tirado Armstrong, McAlester, Okla.

LITERATURE DIVISION

1st Prize. . . Mr George E. Hooper, Maryland Penitentiary.

Mr Hooper was awarded first prize for a collection of short stories.

2nd Prize. . . Edward Metcalf, Maryland Penitentiary
HONORABLE MENTION: Fegaro Karabelas, Leavenworth, Kansas; Robert M. Morris, London, Ohio; Sylavester D. Neal, Milan, Michigan; Releford McGriff, Belle Glade, Florida; Howard M. Leppo, Los Padres, California.

MUSIC DIVISION

1st Prize. . . Mr. Aaron Burton, Tamal, California.

Mr. Burton was awarded first prize for his composition entitled "Feeling Free".

2nd Prize. . . Ellis E. Ford, Norfolk, Mass.

HONORABLE MENTION: James Nealy, Marion, Ohio; Mark B. Lehman, Soledad, California; Melvin Hatchett, Jackson, Michigan; L. Andre Girard, Los Padres, Calif; William H. Griffin, San Luis Obispo Calif.

AA 12th ANNIVERSARY FETE

On July 29th, the New Life Alcoholic Anonymous Group of the Colorado State Penitentiary celebrated its twelfth anniversary with a party held in the auditorium of this institution. Many outside guests, most of whom were members of other AA groups, attended.

The highpoints of the program were the speeches made by the several guests who were once inmates of this institution and members of the New Life Group. They came back, some with their wives, as living testimonies to the effectiveness of the AA program, started by them in here and continued on the streets.

Warden Harry C. Tinsley, visibly proud of these successful former charges, underscored their statements by telling those still in prison garb that the same road to sobriety and a useful life is open to them if they continue to develop the precepts of AA while here. He assured the group that while a certain risk was involved

in open gatherings of this kind, his administration, recognizing the positive benefits, was nevertheless in favor of them. He welcomed the outside guests and expressed a hope that the responsible, mature and beneficial attitudes that marked this party would continue to justify the permission for these gatherings, so unique in penal institutions. (Very few prisons in the country permit parolees to return to the institution as guests)

The program was opened by the inmate M. C., Walter S., who introduced the outside guests and then the individual speakers. Each speaker illuminated some facet of the AA program as it applied to them. Many frankly admitted that the road to an alcohol-free life was no garden path and that they have had to resort to an hour by hour, day by day abstinence. They made no grandiose claims for the tomorrows of their lives, only saying that *this day* they are sober—and that this day alone counts.

INTRAMURAL SOFTBALL

The intramural softball program started off this year in grand style with six teams taking the field. The season will be a long one because of the increased schedule. This year each team will play a total of thirty games, ten more games than were played last year. At the end of the fourth round, Cellhouse 1B was leading the pack with a 15-5 record, followed close behind by Cellhouse 6 in second place. Cellhouse 1B is managed by Jack Thornbrugh and Cellhouse 6 is under the direction of Zorens and Taylor. One game behind CH 6 comes 7B managed by Vance and Hunt. There is a tie for fourth place with the Hospital nine handled by 'Yogi' Jackson and Bledsoe and CH 7A managed by Lefty Robinson. Then trailing along in sixth place is Sandy Stelter's CH 1A club. Sandy is getting a little help now and should be a little stronger in the final two rounds.

Now for a little rundown on each of the six clubs. Starting with league-leading CH 1B of the 155 men taking part in the program this club has used the least. The club has one of the most consistent pitchers in Stillely. He has won 12 and lost only 3, and is hitting a cool .281. CH 1B has the most at bats, 448; most runs scored, 143; and the most hits with 139. The team batting average is .310, second only to CH 6 which has .318. Pettipiece, 1B infielder, has been to bat 57 times to lead in this department. Aragon leads the league in runs scored with 20 in 19 games. Schmidt, one of the more consistent hitters in the league, has 22 hits and is third in the league batting with a healthy .458. Thornbrugh has used only three pitchers this season.

CH 6 is in second place and have a team batting average of .318. This team also has the league's leading hitter in Lefty Williams. He is batting a whooping .516. Yarbrough, CH 6 pitcher, has won 9 while losing 5 and is also a pretty good hitter. He is blasting the ball at a .378 clip. Canoy, a newcomer to the team has won 3 and lost none with his good curve ball and change-up. This club has seven men in the .300 class.

The third place club, CH 7B, is only two games away from the lead and with the addition of Vigil to their pitching staff of Hunt, 7-4, Bryant, 4-2 are a coming club. With the long ball hitting of Salazar and the four men on the team are hitting over .300 they will be tough to beat.

Tied for fourth place is CH 7A. They have used the most number of men in their bid for the lead, 38. Four pitchers have been on the mound for 7A-Hardy, 3-4, Clark, 2-3, Hayes, 2-5 and the old timer, Alexander with 0-1. Tomask, Jack Martinez and Hardy are the leading hitters with .588, .419 and .416. The team average is .297. This club has also picked up a number of new men and are shaping up for the final two rounds.

The other half of the tie belongs to the Hospital team

with their 7-13 record. This club at one period looked like the team to beat, however with the transfer of pitchers and Duke's broken wrist hurt their chances. Hurd had a 4-0 record while he played with the team. Pugh won 3 and lost 8, Duff has 0-3 and Bledsoe completes the staff with 0-1. Bledsoe, Duff and Minor are the leading stick men with averages of .389, .381 and .345. This team is having lots of fun playing ball in the evening as are all the other clubs and it is hoped that we will have more time to play as time goes on.

CH 1A is the hard luck club of the league. It seems this club can jump off to a lead and then lose it before the game ends. 1A is safely tucked away in sixth place as the league goes into the fifth round. The club average is .299 and Manager Stelter is the leading hitter for the club with his .429. Hanson .357 and Miller .304 are also in there helping out with their timely hits. The club has used seven pitchers with Simmons winning 1 and losing none; Lincoln, 3-5, Ramirez, 0-1, Pierce, 0-3, Almonza, 0-5 and Taylor with 0-1 and Stelter 0-1.

OVER .300 AVG. WITH 20 OR MORE AT BATS

Name	G	AB	H	AVG
Williams,6	14	31	16	.516
Salazar,7B	17	35	17	.486
Schmidt,1B	20	48	22	.458
Stelter,1A	17	21	9	.429
Martinez,7A	19	43	18	.419
Hardy	13	24	10	.416
Taylor,6	19	37	15	.405
Cordova,1B	20	45	18	.400
Bryant,7B	16	40	16	.400
Bledsoe,H	18	36	14	.389
Thatcher,6	14	26	10	.385
Duff,H	20	42	16	.381
Yarbrough,6	16	37	14	.378
Hunt,7B	19	46	17	.370
Simpson,7B	17	47	17	.362
Hanson,1A	17	28	10	.357
Clark,6	11	20	7	.350
Minor,H	13	29	10	.345
Ellis,1B	20	38	13	.342
Gonzales,6	16	33	11	.333
Aragon,1B	19	51	17	.333
Pettipiece,1B	20	57	19	.333
Moreno,7B	15	37	12	.324
Langston,6	20	38	12	.316
Robinson,7A	20	45	14	.311
Warren,H	16	29	9	.310
Solis,H	19	36	11	.306
Miller,1A	16	23	7	.304

DALE CARNEGIE GRADUATION PARTY

Fairly nice guy named Kolloster ambled into the office last May. Said if I wasn't too busy on Saturday the 18th why not drop by the graduation party of the Dale Carnegie Class NO. 6. Buhy-Shmizzy! Hopping to go! Shined up the hobnails, sewed a button on the shirt, patched an embarrassing hole in the trousers and went.

Bash kicked off with a swinging meal in the chow hall. Ham. Fluffy potatoes. Ice cream. Real coffee! Lotta outside people here Real friendly. After the chuck, went up to the auditorium and Chucky Ray's Band was grooving. Mingled around with a few people and found a seat as near to all that perfume as possible. M. C. opened the entertainment with a few laughs. Real relaxed guy, he. Name of Harley. Smooth, easy talker. Guy comes out dressed in a baseball uniform and with an accent as heavy as frijoles. Went through a pretty funny routine with the M. C. about Mehican besball. Luis Arias is his name. Probably an Irishman. Next bit was T. J. Johnson twisting and singing "Kiddy-O" Not bad. Dramatic skit between Boggess and Jess Taylor followed. O. K., If you like heavy stuff. Another hilarious skit about a typical family breakfast. Big baldheaded guy dressed up as the momma gave it to the raggedy old man about helping her with the kids. The kids are a mess. Dino Snyder, the "momma". Jess Taylor, the "poppa". "The kids", Tony Martinez and Luis Arias. Harold Waits sings. Guy's gotta helluva voice. Show-stopper is this guy dressed up like a real trampy wino. Sings "Hello Wall". Jack "Abe" Lincoln. Pretty Chuck sings. Thought the show was stopped until along comes Al Jack, Fletcher and Russ Russell. Russell is dressed up as a broad and looking like a nightmare having a

nightmare. "Has Anybody Seen My Gal" will never be the same. Harold Condron on guitar with the band. Intermission. Everybody having a ball. Me, too. Boy, it makes you miss the outside! The dep's here. Mr. Wyse. Look's kinda sharp in a grey ivy-league. Back to the festivities. Bud Adams sings "Honeycomb". Blacky Ranieri and Adams duet. Blacky again, this time with Larry Layne, fiddling and guitaring "Orange Blossom Special". Encore. M. C. does a low-keyed bit about a dame hanging from a building ledge by her fingers. Real good. Larry Layne sings. Sandy Fletcher sings. Bruce Boggess sings. Fletcher and Dick Songer in a jailhouse skit. End of program.

Milan Hulbert, the Dale Carnegie Instructor, introduces his guests. This guy's got a way of putting people at ease and livening things up that's fantastic! Whatta personality! Graduate Assistants Lynn Hoopes and Jack Bookman introduce their guests also. Seem like nice joes. Hulbert then passes out graduation certificates. Each graduate says a little something. All of 'em sound like professional after-dinner speakers. The short-winded kind. Mrs. Lucile Sanger, wife of Education Officer sings closing number. Real serene voice. Melodic. Swell time. Guys taking Carnegie course actually seem to be helping themselves. Improved. Well, some of 'em, anyway. Course is under the auspices of Sanger and Lockhart. Not bad screws. Seem like they wanta help a guy. Hulbert, Hoopes and Bookman donate their time to the classes! Come clear from Colorado Springs—Hulbert and Bookman. Hoopes from Pueblo. Once a week, at their own expense!

Think'll join the next class.

GRADUATION CLASS NO. 6

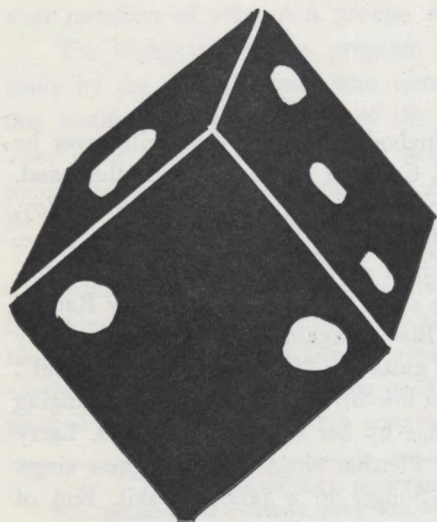
Hubert D. Adams
Luis M. Arias
Bruce H. Boggess
Jake Cordova
Donald Evans
Benjamin Feldstein
Larry Fletcher
Daniel Hartley
Alan Jack
Wm T. Kolloster, jr.
Marciel Laverdure

Lawrence Layne
Jack R. Lincoln
Tony Martinez
Chris Montoya
Charles Mulhern
John Pellebon
Leonard Ranieri
Melvin Rodgers
Donald Russell
Thomas Russell

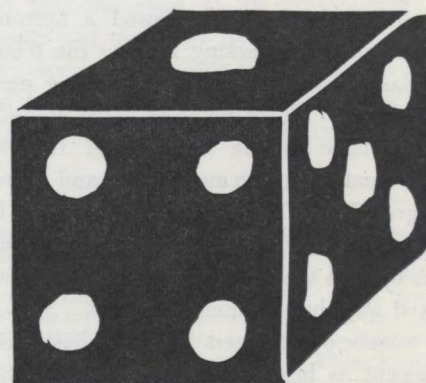
Dale Schrieber
Lester Sheldon
Lowell Short
Daniel Snyder
Richard Songer
Earl Stroud
Cornelius Sullivan
Jesse Taylor
Raymond Vinson
Merle H. Williams

PICTURES ON PAGE 48

ACES



TWO

I
N

PLACES

THE FADE

The kitchen of the Abernathy apartment looked out on Chelsea Street and Mrs. Abernathy could lean out of its window and see the bus coming as far away as Longmont. Saved standing at the bus stop and in front of the busy and, at times, warring wine bar. For this she thanked the Lord. But there was little else about the apartment for which she could thank Him. As a matter of fact, there was increasingly little these days to thank Him for at all. Not that this was an accusation against the Lord...or at least not one that she would have consciously admitted making...it just seemed that in these last few years, ever since Abernathy died, things had gone from bad to worse. They were bad enough when he was living, but now.... Then too, Abernathy's death itself was something she could not reconcile with God's Goodness. Here he had lived a life of sin and shame for 49 years and then just when he had turned to the Lord and gotten saved, he up and died. Just when it seemed that her life with him would be free from his drunken beatings and cursings, and his gambling and chasing women, the Lord took him. The sisters at the

church had said she should praise the Lord for not taking him while he was in sin...and she did. But why did He have to take him at all? Particularly since it left her with four...anyway, now it was only three...young mouths to feed. (The fourth mouth could feed itself if it would stop throwing away every nickle it earned gambling). Then right after Abernathy's death, Joe's getting in trouble. And then having to move into this rat trap on Chelsea. At least Abernathy had always supplied them with a fairly decent place to stay. Even when he was at his worst, when he gambled off all his pay, he managed somehow to scratch up enough for the rent and some food. Well, He said He wouldn't put more on His children than they could bear.

Mrs. Abernathy was one of those women who wore the hardships of life externally. Her never sufficient figure had declined to sagging bosom, swollen stomach and flat behind with the birth of her first child; and with each subsequent birth it had deteriorated more. It was her face, however, that had suffered the most. Her cheeks

"I'mo let hard times wake you up . . ."

and wattles drooped and the skin was wrinkled and lifeless. Her heavy lips were turned down in an expression of eternal gloom and her bloodstreaked eyes were dull, without humor and, seemingly, uncomprehending. She walked with a tired and dragging step and sighed with every breath. She was only 42, but one would have argued for a much older age. Only her hair had escaped the physical breakdown. It was long, coal black and curly. Her daughters, seizing upon this one redeeming feature of their mother, had often urged her to style it up. But she continued to wear it pinned in a ball at the nape of her neck. She thought of herself as an old woman and did not believe that such should frill themselves. She was the mother of ten children. Seven living and three dead. Isaiah, the oldest, was 21 and married to a mannish girl who hated his guts. Cleola was 20, married to a soldier and living in Germany. Joseph was 19 and in the Federal Hospital at Lexington for drug addiction. James, 18, was living with her and the three younger children and working in the stockroom of a large downtown hardware store. Miriam was 16, mentally retarded and her left arm was shrivelled. Sarepta, 14, unusually bright and in the ninth grade. And Philemon, 8 years old, a precocious liar and in the second grade.

Mrs. Abernathy did day work to support herself and her children.

Today was Saturday. Her day at the MacDowell's. A half day.

She cracked an egg into the heavy skillet and turned up the fire. She took the coffee pot off a burner, poured hot liquid into a cup and sat it on the small, enamelled table. When the egg suited her she scooped it out of the pan onto a plate and sat it beside the steaming cup. Then she went to the door of the kitchen and called into the darkened living room.

"James, 's time you was gittin' up. 'S nearly sev'n thirty. James! JAMES!! Git up, boy, it's most sev'n thirty?"

In the living room on a legless, three-cushioned sofa whose cheap, bristly upholstery was worn away on the arm and back rests, James was hunched under blankets. His bed. In front of it, in the middle of the room, was a small army cot on which Philemon slept. Pushed against the foot of a sofa chair was a rickety cocktail table with a sunken top, marred by many cigarette burns and a thousand scratchings. The sofa chair was of the same purple material and tired condition as the sofa. Beside it, against the far wall, a monstrous mahogany table stood on squat bow legs. On the top of the table sat a scarred television set. Metal pins protruded from two holes near the base of the set where the dialing knobs had once been. The table and the top of the tv were cluttered with backless books, torn magazines and newspapers, several dirty spoons, chewed nubs of pencils, broken bits of crayon, a large, round candy box filled with buttons, thimbles, hairpins and tangles of thread, a frayed Gideon bible and the bent rabbit ear antenna of the tv set. Stuffed cardboard boxes, a couple of bushel baskets of soiled clothing and an assortment of old shoes filled the floor space between the table's legs. Next to the table stood a tall, metal clothes closet with one of its doors bowed in. Balanced on its top was a stack of old hat and shoe boxes. The whole affair trembled and rattled whenever anyone walked in the room. A straight chair with missing leg rungs and a jagged hole in the center of its cane bottom, and a shadeless metal floor lamp completed the furnishings of the room.

Mrs. Abernathy came into the living room and shook the doubled up form on the sofa. It stirred irritably and once more she told it the time and ordered it to arise. She returned to the kitchen and her meal, but listened to the rustling covers, creaking sofa and feet thumping on the living room floor. She looked up as her son entered the kitchen walking gingerly in an attempt to keep his bare feet out of contact with the cold linoleum and its unknown debris.

"Put on some clothes, boy."

"Gotta git a towel."

"'S one in the top drawer of my dresser."

He crossed the kitchen and went into the room that was closed off by a faded brown drape hanging over the doorway. Mrs. Abernathy finished her coffee and egg, put the dish and cup in the sink and turned on the faucet. She began talking at the draped off room as if continuing a conversation that had already begun.

"Now you just stop at the game tonight an' I'mo let them feed an' sleep you. You ain't got a decent stitch to put on yo'r back an' you playin' the fool gamblin'. Well, you can do it if you want, boy, but they the one's gon' have to take care of you from now on 'cause I ain't comin' no mo'. I'm sick an' tired of that kinda foolishness. I went through it with yo'r father an' I ain't about to start all over agin with you. I'mo let hard times wake you up an' teach you some sense. Ev'ybody else knows how to bring they money home an' take care of they r'sponsibilities but you. You gotta take yo'rs an' give it away to some gamblin' game. Well, I'mo see if the gamblin' game's gonna give you some place to sleep an' eat."

James recrossed the kitchen carrying a towel and went back into the living room.

"You want me to come down there an' help you get home with yo'r money? If you ain't got sense enough to bring it home, I'll do it for you."

The front door slammed. Mrs. Abernathy went into her bedroom, took her hat from the top of the dresser and fitted it on her head. The two beds in the room were one against the other. In one of the beds her daughters were sleeping. She got her purse and put it in a shopping bag, took her coat out of a small crowded closet and spoke to the bed's occupants.

"I'm leavin' now. Y'aw better be gettin' up and straightenin' up this house."

She came back into the kitchen, raised the window and looked out. The front door slammed again.

"Did you wash the bowl when you finished?" She queried the front room.

A mumbled reply.

"Awright now, boy, if you think I'm kidding you, just you try me, you hear?" she said, coming into the living room, arms akimbo.

"Momma, I said I'd be home. What more d'you want?" James was teetering on one leg and stuffing the other into a pair of faded blue jeans.

"I want to make sure you un'erstand me, 'cause you take ev'y nickle you can rake, scrape an' borrow an' throw it away and then 'spect somebody to take care of you, that's what I want. But you can do it tonight if you want to, an' we gonna see who's gonna take care of you. I'm mighty 'fraid you gonna end up in a worse place than Joe if you don't watch yo'r step, Mister Man." she broke off and went back to the kitchen.

"Bus 's comin'" she said, hurrying back through the room with her shopping bag and squeezing past the cot and the mahogany table. "You mind what I say now, boy."

She left the apartment.

The three room apartment was on the second floor of a three story wooden building. There was one other flat on the floor and two on the third. The first floor was occupied by the shoe repair shop of the owner of the building, Mr. Wertz, a diminutive Jewish bachelor. He lived in two small rooms in the back of his shop and was, according to the consensus of the block, very rich and very tight. The former was not quite true and the latter was very.

There were two front entrances to the Wertz building. The one leading to the stairways up to the apartments and the other leading into the shoe shop. The former had no door and trash from off the street usually littered the four foot passageway and stairs. Mr. Wertz sometimes swept this passageway himself, sometimes had the boy who shined shoes in his shop do it, but most of the time scolded the tenants because they never did it. The building was old and Mr. Wertz was not inclined to spend money for its care. Each tenant was expected to attend to the needs of his own apartment and share the care of the

community toilet on each floor. They were also expected to keep the floor's hallways clean but they didn't do that either. Most of the plaster on the hall and stairway walls was cracked. It hung loose in many places and gouges of it were completely missing in others. The hallway floorboards were worn, rough and loose. An odor compounded of rotting wood, plaster dust, pine tar disinfectant, dry shoe leather, rancid lard, fried cabbage, urined mattresses and human sweat permeated the building. The sounds of radio, television, crying babies, slamming doors, flushing toilets, laughter, whirring machinery, yelling, coughing and creaking floorboards reverberated through the building and counterpointed the street noises that wafted in through the open entrance.

The street on which they lived, Chelsea, was the main drag. It was 13 blocks long and started to the east as a fork, just as one crossed a bridge leading from the downtown area. The first three and the last two blocks were devoted to residences which had somehow withstood the decay and collapse that marked much of the rest of the street. The middle eight blocks were a disarray of taverns, bars, pawn shops, chili parlors, barber shops, greasy spoon restaurants, drug stores, pool rooms, store front churches, beauty salons, service stations, vacant lots, wine stores, cleaners, shine parlors, second hand clothing stores, grocery stores, whore houses, record shops, theaters and gambling establishments. Workers and merchants, hustlers and

mouth and fuller chin. This incongruity of lineaments continued in the rest of his physique. His torso was short and his legs and arms long.

"You still look like a tramp," Sarepta observed as the boy turned and preened in the mirror.

"Go to hell, brat," he said and left the room.

THE SHAKE

At six-thirty, James got off the bus at Chelsea and St. Andrews, a block from the Idle Hour pool room. The excitement of the anticipated action at the crap tables flooded his stomach and chest. His mouth and throat were dry and the palms of his hands perspired. He fingered the small packet of bills in his pocket and, as he proceeded toward the hall, reviewed once again the plan of attack at the tables that had occupied his mind all day. He would play it cool. He would wait to see whether the dice were cold or hot. No hasty betting. No plunging. He would pass up all opportunities to bet until the dice had gone around the table two, maybe three, times. If the dice were missing out, he would cautiously bet against them. If otherwise, he would just as cautiously bet them in. No hunch bets. No bucking the luck of the dice. He would play the dice, not let them play him. If he faded and got hit, he would take his back-up fade. But if he got hit again, he would abandon the hand. No goddamn



loafers, prostitutes and pimps, worshippers and winos, salesmen and collectors, junkies and gamblers, housewives and children, dubiously bred dogs and cats, went to and fro, up and down, slow and fast, intent on their diverse enterprises. Cars passed.....honking their horns, racing their motors, pausing to park, and turning on and off the street. Busses roared to appointed stops, discharging and picking up passengers. Police cars cruised, their occupants conspicuously trying to look casual.

The main drag.

James, dressed in jeans, T-shirt, an Eisenhower jacket too tight for his broad shoulders and thick arms, and a green felt hat with an absurdly narrow brim, went into his mother's bedroom to look at himself in the mirror.

Sarepta was sitting on the side of her bed in a cotton slip. The other girl, Miriam, was still under the covers.

"Why don't you knock 'fore coming in here," Sarepta said petulantly.

"You ain't got nothin' for nobody to see, so don't worry 'bout it," he replied.

He looked in the mirror and adjusted the hat in several trial angles. His full lips and short, sharp chin were out of symmetry with the rest of his face. The high forehead, large wide-set eyes under thick V'ed brows and narrow nose should have been accompanied by a thinner

hot hand was going to wipe him out. And above all, he would chance only 30 of his 50 dollars. If he lost that, he would positively, absolutely, quit. That way he could give his mother 20 dollars and Monday he could draw 5 dollars against his next week's salary to supply him with bus fares and lunch money for the week. If only he could win, say, a hundred or a hundred and fifty bucks. Then he could get one of those jackets and a pair of slacks he had seen in Farrar's. And maybe even a pair of Stacy's. He'd get sharp and still have a nice little bankroll.

As he approached the pool room, he saw four of his buddies lounging outside. They saw him also and one of them, a short, thick, fat-jowled boy, hailed him.

"Jimmy Snag-a-nasty! C'mon sucker, let's play some nine ball. I know you heavy. An' you can pay me that fifty cents you owe me, too."

"Hey y'aw, what's goin' on?" James greeted the group, ignoring the boy's suggestion. "Anybody playin' back there?"

"Hell, they been playin' all day. I los' fifteen dollars myself" answered the tall, dark boy whose nickname was Jayhawk.

"We tryna get up a fifth. How much you gonna put on it? We know you just got paid, lame," said Willie D. He was nearly as tall as Jayhawk and inspite of protruding

"Sev'n, a winnah" the stickman needlessly bellowed

upper teeth, had a good looking face. He was light complexioned and had wavy brown hair. The boys often reminded him that inasmuch as his mother and little sister were dark, the milk man must have delivered more than just dairy products to his house. Willie, however, sensitive on the point, could not see the joke and very seriously explained that his father, 10 years dead, had been very light and that he took after him while his sister took after their mother. Stokes, the fat-jowled boy, was his most persistent bater and several times they had nearly come to blows. The fourth boy, Billy Hamilton, was nicknamed Devil. Partly because of his mirthless, leering grin and piercing eyes, but mostly because of the cynicism of his viewpoint and his readiness for mischief. He was small, wiry and quick. Both in movement and mind. And unless the group was engaged in some adventure, usually of his invention, he was restless and uncommunicative.

"To hell with a fifth, Man. I'm goin' back there an' bust them tricks." was James' reply to Willie D.

"What about my fifty cents? Gimme my fifty cents first." Stokes whined.

"Now Stokes, what the hell makes you think I owe you fifty cents? I ain'tcha man."

"You know damn good an' well I beat you on that Gibson-Marrazola fight las' week!" Stokes answered loudly.

"Ain't that a bitch. I had Marrazola, sissy, an' it's you what owes me the bet."

"You hear that Devil? Will you tell this fool who had Marrazola?" Stokes appealed to the disinterested boy who was busy looking the people up and down who passed between them. Stokes turned again to James.

"You the one was loud mouthin' 'bout Gibson's left hook!"

"Go on willya, Stokes? Yo'r breath stinks an' you spit when you talk. I don't want no bath. If I makes any money in there, I'll not only give you fifty cents but I'll buy you a fifth of the wine of yo'r choice. Might even put you on to Phyliss Brown."

"Dig that, Devil! He tryna make somebody believe he's got Phyliss Brown sewed up. Pimpin' her. If anybody's got her, it's Bennie an' he ain't even got her. An' ain't nobody making out with her, period. Her momma watches her like a hawk."

"You don't know what you talkin' about, Stokes, so why don't you shut up. Bennie Lewis's making out with her and so's McKinley Few." contradicted Willie D.

An argument broke out between Stokes and Willie D. on the subject. Men were coming and going, in and out of the pool room. People were passing between the quintet, carefully observed for some unknown reason by Devil. The click of the pool balls and a hum of voices drifted from the open door of the parlor. James, unnoticed, left the debate and went into the hall.

It was a large, rectangular room with eight tables down the center. One long plate glass window stretched three-quarters across the front of the place and a rail with a once red, heavy cloth covered the lower half of it. Faded gold letters spelled the name, IDLE HOUR BILLIARD AND RECREATION PARLOR on the dusty glass. The 'R' in 'parlor' was nearly effaced and many of the other letters were chipped and peeling. At the front, on the right of the entrance, was a linoleum covered counter where change was made, games were paid for and tobacco items were sold. Down from the counter, along the wall, was a dilapidated shoe shine stand on which men lounged, watching the games. Racks of cue sticks and still more spectators lined the walls and small brass cuspidors were stationed intermittently on the dirty plank floor. At the back of the room was a door which led into the toilet and from there another door opened into the gambling room. No attempt was made to keep surveillance on the traffic that flowed into the toilet and, subsequently, the gaming room. The man who owned the place took good care of the people who would normally be concerned with illegal gambling and so he operated

openly.

James threaded his way past the pool shooters and watchers and on back to the toilet and its other door. The backroom was smoke-filled and noisy. A pool table was in the center over which hung two metal-shaded lights. Men were huddled around the table two and, in some places, three deep. On one side, at the middle of the table, a fat man with bulging, lidless eyes sat on a high stool chewing a fat cigar. In one fat hand was a prodigious sheaf of bills. The other was occupied with the disheveled stacks of nickles, dimes and quarters that nearly covered a two foot square of dirty white canvas spread out before him on the table. There was also on the cloth a tall, cone-shaped container with a slot in the top into which he put the commissions that the house received from all bets. On the other side of the table, opposite him, a bony man wearing a green celluloid eyeshade stood, wielding a long, wooden, rake-like stick. He was the croupier, or stickman. He announced the roll of the dice, helped the houseman gather the cuts and supervised the bet between the shooter and the fader. Elsewhere in the room were two round, denim-covered tables where poker and Georgia skin were played. Right now, only the converted pool table was operating.

James wedged into a corner of the table. Just as he got there, two small plastic cubes were banking against the jutting inward rail at the far end of the table. One rolled end over end back to the middle and stopped. The other hopped to a spot not far from the rail and performed a pirouette on the point of one of its corners before settling.

"Sev'n, a WINNAH!!" the stickman needlessly bellowed. For the swarm of men with money sticking out of their dark fists could see the spots that the dice faced.

Hands grabbed up the piles of bills that were situated at various points on the worn felt and the din of voices reached deafening proportions.

"YOU BETTIN' BACK?"

"HOW YOU GOIN' THIS TIME?"

"NINE ANNA QU'ATER THEY DON'T HIT!"

"COME ON NOW, GIVE ME A BET!"

"ANY PARTS OF THIS MONEY THEY DON'T!"

"WAIT A MINUTE, YOU A DOLLAR SHORT HERE!"

"DON'T HANG OVAH MY SHOULDAH SWALLOWIN' BETS! IF YOU BUSTED GIT AWAY FROM THE TABLE!"

"ELEVEN TWEN'Y FIVE HE HIT!!"

"BET!!!"

"BET!"

"BET!"

"WHAT ELSE HE HIT FOR??"

A HOUSE AN' LOT IN JAWJA, ANNA CHITLIN' FARM IN MISS'SIPPY!"

"HOL' THE DICE, STICKMAN, 'TIL I GITS THIS MONEY ON!"

"WHO CAME WIT' HIM??"

"WE HADDA BAR BET BEFO', DON'T YOU R'MEMBER??"

The stickman held the dice in his hand, shaking them, waiting for the crowd to conclude its betting. Satisfied that enough time had elapsed, he tossed them into a hand cupped down against the table.

"RAISE UP OUTTA THE TABLE NOW. THE DICE IS ROLLIN'!" he warned in train announcer tones.

The dice rattled in the shaking hand of the shooter. He leaned far over the green and flung them once again toward the far rail, snapping his fingers after the release and hissing.

"Once more for the poor!!!"

The cubes ricocheted off the rail and started their journey back into the table. One wandered onto the houseman's canvas. Before the other finished its trek, the croupier bawled.

"NO ROLL!!!"

"Dear God, if you'll just let me win this bet..."

With his stick he quickly raked the die from the canvas and into his hand. In the same motion, he flicked the other, unoffending cube, back to its waiting mate. A rule of the game had prevailed. When either or both of the dice landed on the houseman's canvas, or went off the table, the roll was null.

On the next shot the dice settled, both facing six spots.

"CR-R-R-RAP, HE LOSE THAT BET!! Double-dealin' Doolittle wearin' his twelve-button roll!!" the stickman told the gathering.

Most of the winners had not waited for this information but had pounced on their money before he finished his recitation.

"You goin' any fu'ther, little bruther?" the croupier rhymed and at the same time threw a handful of wadded bills to the fader. The shooter, disgusted, cursed and flipped a five and crumbled ones to the stick man. As an afterthought he pitched a quarter to the houseman.

"Hey! Throw all the money up here so's I'll know what you shootin'" the stickman irritably instructed the shooter. "What'd he pitch you, Beltbuckle?"

The fat man held up a quarter for the stickman to see.

"Hol' the dice, hol' the dice there!" the fader interrupted, "My money ain't right."

He spread the bills before him.

"Make my money right. He shot ten anna qua'ter an' they ain't but nineteen dollahs here."

The stickman raked in the money.

"It's all here, baby boy. If you cain't measure yo'r little change 'thout help, you ain't safe to carry it."

The stickman counted the money by pitching the bills, one by one, back to the complainant. In the process, however, he added a bill that had been concealed in his hand.

"...eighteen, nineteen, twen'y. See. It's all there, cousin. I wouldn't cheat you for nuthin' in the worl' 'cause I knows when you win you gonna give me somep'n, anyway. NOW TEN ANNA QU'A'TER, I SAY, HE DOES SHOOT!!!"

The attempt to short change the patrons was a common practice. It was accepted by all who played as the croupier's right to steal a little if he could get away with it. And once caught, he was permitted to recount the money and replace that which was missing without rancor on the part of the intended victim.

Money had come to the stickman from all directions to cover the fade.

"You play, Henry, yo'r money's up here first. That is, if the back man don't want him."

"I got his ten anna qua'ter." the now satisfied fader said.

"Then you don't play, Henry. The back man's in love wit' him. C'mon wit' my crap game!!"

As the turn at the dice approached James, he felt a quickening sensation in his viscera, and his resolve to "let the dice go around the table" was forgotten. He had his thirty dollars in his hand and could barely stand the suspense of waiting for the dice to reach him. His eyes burned and watered from watching the rolling, toiling dice. Several times he had been tempted to place side bets but had restrained himself in order to have more money to bet on his own hand. Finally the dice were his and he tossed three singles to the stickman and then three more. The men pressed bets on him from all sides.

"Watcha say, young man? I bet they don't hit."

"Whatcha hit for, boy?"

The money tossed to the stickman was quickly faded and James could not resist the offers.

"Sev'n flat, I hit." he said and laid a five and two ones in front of him.

"BET!"

"That's a bet!"

"I got it!!"

"Bet, Jimmy!"

"Bet, Bob Walters." James responded to the last offer.

The man leaned across the table and flipped a ten and two ones to James.

"Me an' you bettin', Jimmy. Throw me my change, baby." Bob Walters said solicitously.

The stickman relayed the five dollar bill back to Walters and one of the singles to the houseman for him to extract his cut. He gave the dice to James who lightly rubbed them between the palms of his hands and blew softly...tenderly... on them. Then he rolled them one at a time back to the croupier.

"That'll cost you a dime. Cost you a dime to pee-wee 'em." the stickman impatiently informed James.

After paying the fine, James received the dice again. He shook them vigorously near his ear and then released them into the table.

"CR-R-R-RAP, ACE-DEUCE CUT 'IM L O O S E!!" bellowed the stickman.

James' knees went weak and the pit of his stomach sickened. He mentally cursed God, heaven and his sorry luck. 13 bucks gone! Gone! DAMN! Damn, damn, damn! Why, oh why, couldn't I hit that lick??? At least caught a point! Oh God! How could you do this to me! Oh, God!!

His hands trembled as he counted off ten dollars. He placed the money on the table, slowly shoved it to the stickman and inwardly prayed.

Dear God, if You'll just let me win this bet...just this bet...after tonight I'll stop gambling altogether. I'll give Momma her money every week, without fail. I'll go to church tomorrow. Please Dear God! Sweet Jesus! Please, please, please!!

"Ten! Ten flat, he comes back!!" the croupier announced.

He was quickly faded and Bob Walters kindly inquired of the amount James wished to bet this time. James laid his seven dollars on the table and Walters confirmed the bet.

He caught the dice in his sweating hand and, as if to get them away before the fates had a chance to decide against him, hurriedly flipped them out onto the green.

"OH-H-H-H-H, CRAP AGAIN!!! Aces in two places!!!" the hated voice of the stickman forced the knowledge of the roll through his ears to James' brain. For his eyes could not, would not, record the dreaded spots that showed on the dice.

THE ROLL

It was gathering dusk when James walked out of the pool room with exactly fifteen cents in his pockets. Fifteen measly cents outta fifty dollars! Oh, my God! What amma gonna do? Fifteen pissy cents!!

The evening breeze sent a chill through his sweating body and out of glazed, swimming eyes he looked around for his friends. He hoped like hell they had not gone because he did not want to be alone.

"How'd you do?" a voice to his left asked.

James had difficulty focusing both the direction of the voice and, after turning left and right and left again, the face to whom the voice belonged. It was Devil. The question was needless for Devil had deduced when his friend emerged from the hall, that he had been unsuccessful.

"Oh, Devil. Couldn't do no good." James, usually uncomfortable in the boy's lone presence, was glad to see him. "Where's the fellows?"

"Gone to get some blood. They'll be back in a minute. You going to stick with us tonight?" Devil asked with an undertone in his voice that caught James' attention.

"Yeah. I guess so. Why? Watch'all gonna do?"

"Nothing much. I just asked."

Willie D., Jayhawk and Stokes came down the street, each carrying a bottle in a paper bag. They stopped at the alley entrance by the pool hall and Stokes called.



"C'mon, Devil! Cut that trick alose an' let's go take care the business."

"Come on." Devil said to James.

The others went down the alley and Devil and James followed. The group turned into a recess in back of the pool hall. They formed a loose circle and Willie D. took his bottle from its bag, ripped the white plastic from the top of the neck and unscrewed the cap. He fished in his pocket and drew out a package of grape Kool-Aid, bit off one of the corners of it and poured its contents into the bottle of white wine. He passed the bottle to Jayhawk and began work on the next one. Jayhawk tipped it to his lips, leaned his head back and took a long, gurgling swig. He wiped his mouth on the back of his hand and handed the bottle to Devil.

"Damn!" complained Stokes, "You sure gotta long throat, Jayhawk! Hey! How the hell did we pick up this fifth party?" he referred to James.

Devil handed him the bottle and he momentarily stopped his investigation in order to drink. He drank long, trying to leave James as little as possible. Willie D. was already drinking from the second bottle and Devil was preparing the third. Stokes, with a spluttering, coughing attempt at a laugh, gave the bottle to James. There were only two fingers of liquid left in it.

"Y'aw sure you want me to have some?" James asked sarcastically. He drained the bottle and Willie handed him the second one.

"He had all that dough an' wouldn't put a damn penny in on this." Stokes continued.

"Aw hell, Stokes, Jimmy bought the wine las' time. Don't be so nitty." Jayhawk told him.

James gurgled down the wine until an alarmed Willie had to wrest the bottle from him; carefully though, so as not to spill it.

"Dammit, Jimmy! Leave some for us!" he remonstrated.

"See what I mean?" Stokes said, receiving the third bottle.

"You gonna keep fat mouthin' 'bout me an' I'mo clean yo'r plow, Jelly-belly." James angrily told Stokes.

Stokes, gagging, handed the bottle to Devil, who, in turn, passed it to James.

"You, you.....an' who else?" Stokes said hoarsely, trying to clear his throat of the wine.

James was too busy to inform him.

After the bottles were emptied and thrown splintering against the building, the five boys started a slow exodus from their impromptu haven.

"What we gonna do tonight?"

"Who the hell knows or cares!"

"Hey, ain't there a dance at the Playhouse?"

"Yeah, but who's got any money?"

"Hell, we don't need none. We'll gorilla our way in!"

"Aint' the Debs givin' a party?"

"It's over at Charlotte Jone's house!"

"Let's go!!"

"Was any of us invited? I wasn't."

"Devil was. Charlotte made sure Devil was."

"That yo'r woman, Devil?"

"Let's crash that snooty set!!"

"Yeah!"

"C'mon, let's give them high class chippies a thrill!"

THE POINT

By the time the quintet reached the sidewalk, they were in the first, bright stages of intoxication. They headed up Chelsea in high spirits. They laughed and called loudly to each other and pedestrians, both known and unknown. They hooted at passing busses and walked boldly into the street in defiance of the traffic. Two young ladies coming from the opposite direction with bibles under their arms passed between them and they formed a corridor, three on one side and two on the other. As the women passed, the boys bowed low, cleared their throats facetiously and made embarrassing comments as to whether the women would or would not, had or had not. The women kept their eyes straight ahead and the boys hurled bolder remarks at their retreating backs. A middle-aged man and his wife, coming from the same direction as the women, tsk-tsked and shook their heads as they passed the boys. This earned them a rougher verbal assault than the girls had endured and the man was invited to a fight. The couple kept down the street. Other pedestrians gave the boys wide berth as they continued their noisy, haphazard journey.

They walked west, nearly the length of Chelsea (as James passed his building, the apprehension of what awaited him there dampened his inebriated ardor), and turned off at Beauregard Avenue heading to the party.

Near the end of the dark block, a man staggered toward the group. He saw the boys and stopped, swaying drunkenly.

"Listen! Which one uh you got my car? Where the hell's my car? Give it up! Give it up! Where the hell's Mickey and Carl?" the man said belligerently.

Devil spoke up.

"Your car's parked down this alley. Old Mick and Carl are in it waiting for you. They sent us to get you and bring you to them."

The boys laughed and, on Devil's cue, closed in around the man.

Despite his condition....or because of it...the man became suspicious and wary.

"Wait!! Wait a minute. You don't know Mickey. Get the hell away from me, dammit! Get away!" Stumbling, he tried to break through the group.

They hoisted him off the ground, four to a limb and carried him, kicking and jerking, into the alley. Devil slipped in between the bearers and delivered a vicious chop between the man's bucking neck and shoulders. It silenced him. In the alley, they dropped his limp form on the ground and began rummaging through his pockets. Jayhawk pulled a large wad of bills from the man's pants pocket and the group, but Devil, huddled around him wide-eyed. Devil was calmly kicking the prone man in the ribs and head. James pulled him away from his activity.

"Whatcha wanna do, Billy? Kill him??" James hissed, frightened at the needless brutality of the boy.

Only James heard him mutter, "He's already dead."

"We gotta count this dough!" Someone said and the boys started to leave the alley.

Just as they did, a car turned in and bathed them with its headlights. Stunned, they froze for a second and then broke into flight. James and Jayhawk sprinted through a backyard, knocking over a garbage can and arousing a dog in an adjoining yard who barked as if the world were ending. They ran along the side of the yard's house and emerged on the next street. Coming from another yard, further down the street, Willie D. joined the duo and all three raced down the street and turned off into another alley.

James, tired, with the stale taste of wine in his mouth, mounted the stairs of the Wertz building. He reached the landing, paused to catch his breath and then walked to the door of his apartment. He opened it and looked into the accusing eyes of his mother who was sitting on the sofa with the three children, watching television.

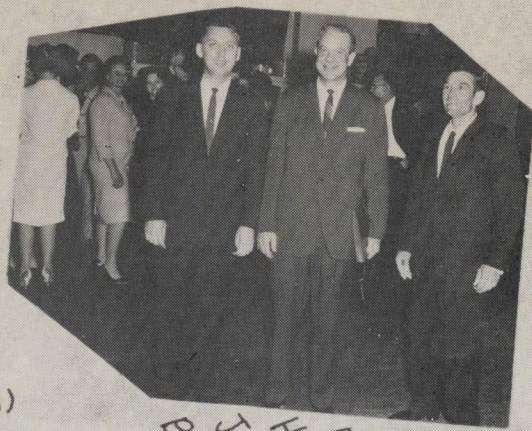
James pitched three ten dollar bills into her lap.

It was 10 P.M.

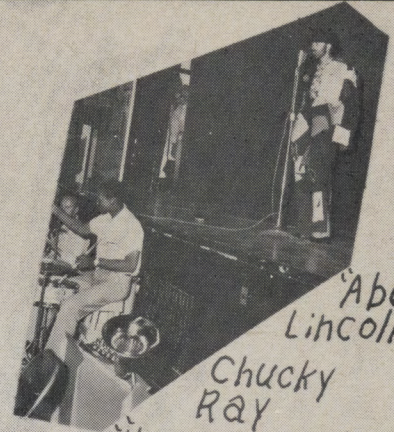
At 2 A.M., two detectives stood outside the Abernathy apartment. One of the men knocked on the door.



"Blacky" Rahieri & Larry The ohnge
Layne "Fidin' Blassahm Speshal"



Lynn Hoopes
Miah Hulbert
Jack R. Bookman

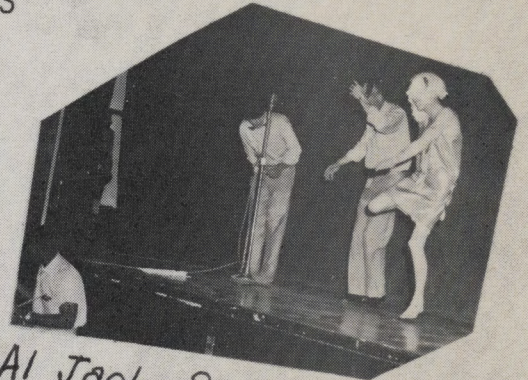


"Abe" Lincoln
Chucky Ray
"Hello Wall"
"Hi-C"
o o



Graduation Class #6
Officers
Al Jack - Dan Hartley -
Bill Kolloster - Ray Vinson

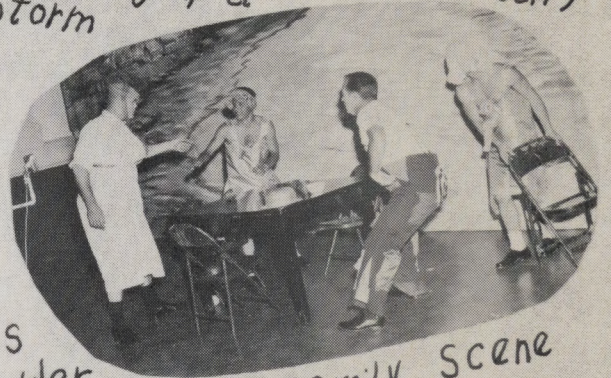
"Freemen" Instructors
& Asst. Prisoners in
Background



Al Jack - Sandy Fletcher
And-a-broad" (Russ Russell)
Dancing up a
Storm



"The" Audience"



Luis Arias
"Dino" Snyder
A Typical Family Scene
"Jess" Taylor
Toney Martinez



Ira & Lucile
Sanger



Marie & Elmer
Lockhart

Classified Ads

PERSONAL

I am 29 years old, handsome with a winning smile and a lovable disposition. I am interested in meeting a nice, kind, elderly widow with sizable private means and no beneficiaries (or one willing to change her will immediately upon marriage). No answers to this ad will be considered unless accompanied by the applicant's bank statements and/or the keys to their safety deposit boxes.....
BILL WOOTEN, CH 1

Anyone driving to California on Sept. 15, 1963, and would like to have a travelling companion may contact me at this prison. Stop at the west wall on the night of the 15th, dim your lights, keep your motor running and be ready for a fast get away.....Richard Avery, CH 6

On or after Sept. 1, 1963, I am not responsible for any debts contracted by anyone, including myself.....Al M. Griego, CH 7

LOST AND FOUND

LOST...Beautiful hand-tooled brown morocca leather wallet. Personal papers in wallet also canteen tickets. Wallet rare work of leather art given to owner by famous Arab craftsman. One of few such works in existence. Keep wallet and personal papers, return **CANTEEN TICKETS!**.....
LANGSTON CH 6

LOST...Small white card with name and address of Denver attorney who advised me to cop out. Either return card or write to attorney and tell him I said to go-CENSORED.....**FINLEY, CH 7**

LOST...PET vulture. Black body, white head. Wingspan, 16 feet. Playful and friendly, however, likes to gouge at your eyes with his beak. Do not let it perch on your shoulder. Has sharp claws and is not housebroken. Suitable reward if finder keeps bird!**JESSE TAYLOR, School**

FOUND...Half full sack of Bull Durham. Owner may reclaim by identifying sack, or I intend to give it to the next guy who asks me for a cigarette!.....**Joe Milleric, CH 7**

FOUND...Set of car keys with Cadillac emblem on keyholder. Keys were found on the yard. Advise owner to claim them if he intends to keep taking his friends on trips.....**Smoyer, CH 6**

FOUND...Wallet with 50 dollars in canteen tickets with various names and numbers on tickets. Turned them in to the Midway. Owner may claim them there.....**Palmer, Carp. Shop**

FOR SALE

One razor and blade.....**Geary and Sparky, CH 7**

Lies of all kinds. Lies for the parole board. Lies for the disciplinary court. Lies for your creditors, relatives, friends, etc.....**MARION BROWN, CH 6**

TRADES

Would like to swap blows with prosecuting attorney.....
Dick Williams, CH 7

Would like to swap places with defense attorney.....
Ray Bennett, CH 1

Young man to share (2) two bed bathroom. Half expenses. 9 to 10 year lease. Must have plenty of cigarettes. Contact **Glimp, C H 6**

HELP WANTED

Marine life specialist has theory that barracuda and piranha are really not vicious. Needs man who is fearless and can swim fast to help test theory. Write to Box 30, Key West, Fla.

Pencil Distributor needs men to take over retail sales territories. Five busy street corners in Denver area are open and the right man can get his start in the business world! 20% commission on all sales. Pencils retail for 5¢. Write to Under-The-Bridge sales Co., Denver.

World famous hiker needs companion with sturdy legs and never-say-die courage. Intends to walk to North Pole and back. Will pay companion on completion of trip.

SITUATION WANTED (Male Convict)

ALERT MAN interested in learning financial end of business. Would like to work in place where lots of cash is handled. Would be willing to start at bottom and work up. Would be willing to start out just carrying money to bank.....**Lee Marlin, CH 7**

CONSCIENTIOUS YOUNG MAN Would like to learn how to install, repair and dismantle burglar alarms. Willing to work nights.....**Joe R. Gallegos, CH 7**

AMBITIOUS MAN looking for night watchman work. Preferably banks or finance companies. Would take super-market work, but only for weekends.**Stelter, Carp. Shop**

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Man going out in September owns gold mine on outside. Just needs initial capital to get started mining. Anyone willing to transfer \$1000, or \$500, or even \$100 to his account can get in on the ground floor. Man promises to write to investors and let them know how things are coming.....
ROBERT N. (HUNCHIE) RUBIO, CH 7

Have invented and completed details on portable machine which attaches to one's back by straps and permits one to fly! One could conceivably fly to heights in excess of 500 feet! Need capital to get production started. Also junk permit. Anyone willing to go on the Warden's Interview Line and get junk permit will be taken in as a partner.....
Kirby, CH 7

Unique way to amuse your friends! Have a hundred dollar bill framed and put on your wall! Send a hundred dollar bill to us, we will frame it and send it back to you! No rush about payment. Pay us any time after you get your framed hundred dollar bill back!.....**Whiskey and Marshall, CH 1**

MONEY TO LOAN

DOES THE END OF THE MONTH CATCH YOU SHORT OF CANTEEN TICKETS? WHEN THE BOOKS CLOSE DO YOU HAVE ENOUGH CIGARETTES TO LAST?

End your end of the month financial worries. Borrow with confidence from us. Any amount you need. Easy terms. Only collateral required is a pint of blood (when you reclaim it you can sell it on the blood line) or your artificial leg, or the mattress on your bunk, or the wash bowl in your cell, or your earphones, or your good time. Interest rates are reasonable and cheap. 10% per hour compounded semi-daily..... **Cho-Cho and J. B., CH 7**

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