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SPECIAL
SECTION

CONTRIBUTORS

JAYCEES'
"Offender-Citizen"
PROGRAM

HUMOUR

SPORTS

MUSIC
AT
CSP

SHOOT 'EM UP

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In This Issue

MAR 23 1964
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UTILITY

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Jack Markle

In the Special Section we consider some of the frames of mind that are obstructing realistic approaches to the problem of incarceration. Both prisoners and public are proprietors of the pessimistic concepts that are braking penal advancement. And unless the prison dollar is to ever be an inflated one, unless the lives of people in prisons are ever to be among the lost, there will have to come a re-ordering—painful though it might be—of the thinking of those involved with prisons.

Warden H.C. Tinsley leads our list of contributors with his regular column on page 10. On page 12, we are pleased to have an article by Mr. Craig Johnson, Staff Field Representative of the Colorado State Civil Service Employees Association. On page 14, there is a lecture delivered before the semantics class of this institution by Mr. George Levy, the prison psychologist. Father Justin McKernan has some very sensible things to say about courtesy on page 19. And on page 25, our correspondent at the women's division has written a thoughtful article on positive action.

On page 18, Leo D. Jenkins, chairman of the Canon City Junior Chamber of Commerce, introduces the Jaycees "Offender-Citizen" program. This project exemplifies the enlightened and progressive actions needed in penal-public affairs. We hope that those of the prison population who will be availing themselves of this unique, beneficial and restorative opportunity will give these sponsors no cause for regret or cessation, but will rather prove that, given the chance, any man can be reclaimed and that his reclamation is worth the community's efforts.

In the middle of the magazine is a little book for which we are not too certain we wish to claim responsibility. It is what this magazine in particular is NOT. It is what prison publications in general are NOT. It is what prison and their denizens are NOT. (Or at least we hope). On second thought, just to be on the safe side, we herewith disclaim all knowledge of the little book. Tips to Fish on page 26, and We've Heard It Before on page 28 are from the idiotic pen of the Associate Editor. On page 22, there is something that should be of interest to the 'criminal who cares'. And of course there is the column of horrors—Of Thieves and Kings—on page 16.

The intramural basketball league competition was a real cliff-hanger. Three teams battled down to the wire for the championship and there was action galore. On page 29, are the accounts and statistics of this season. Also on page 41, are the RECOUNT Basketball Sports Awards. These awards are the decision of the editorial staff of this magazine and we fully respect everyone's right to disagree with our choices.

On page 33, we take pleasure in introducing the new music professor, Mr. W.G. Barrett. We trust that Mr. B. will have every success in his efforts to guide the music program. On page 34, there is a study in jazz centered around a man who has lived and breathed the idiom. This man, a giant of a musician, saw jazz a-borning and has spent his life in the midst of those who gave birth to it.

On page 38, is a fiction story of the old and violent west. Risk Benjamin returns to pay his fatal respects to the men who hung his brother.

On page 13, is a salutary piece of news from Michigan. The article on page 37, is the story of a man who is giving additional testimony to the fact that decency and humaneness do not stop in prison. And on page 42, are photos from the Dale Carnegie Graduation Party.

SPECIAL
SECTION

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A STUDY IN STEREOTYPES

There lies a gray wilderness between the Principality of BLACK and the Republic of WHITE. It is forbidding and seldom traversed. A wise hermit, Truth, lives there. His two half brothers reside in splendor and esteem; one in the Principality and the other in the Republic.

.....an old wives tale

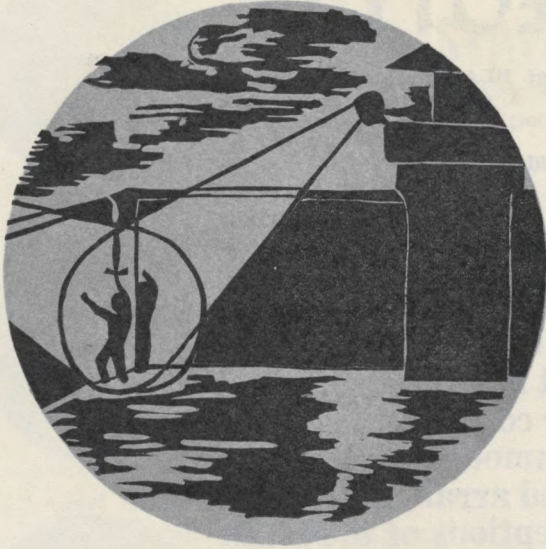
For it is clear enough that under certain conditions men respond as powerfully to fictions as they do to realities, and that in many cases they help to create the very fictions to which they respond.

.....Walter Lippmann, The World Outside and the Pictures in Our Heads

Black and white, hero-villain, two-value thinking is one of the misfortunes of our day. It is a frame of mind that is already made up before it ever comes into contact with the facts. And instead of accommodating itself to the facts, the facts must be alloyed and arranged—interpreted—to accommodate the preconceptions of the black and white thinker. It is a frame of mind that jumps to conclusions on the weakest information and the strongest emotion, and chooses sides on hearsay. The black and white thinker generally has but two pigeonholes in which to place things and into these they must go whether they fit or not. With the oversimplicity of an evangelist he transforms opinion into dogma, translates the conditional into absolutes, and reduces definitions to slogans. Little room is left for variations and differences, of which life is so very full. Subtleties are completely overlooked, change is resolutely denied, and the exceptional is neither anticipated nor prepared for. He can see Forests, never a tree; Groups, never an individual; People, never a person. He has no time for compromises and is indignant at paradoxes.

Thus, for the black and white thinker, the bad guy who does good is something of an affront—a conspirator. For once bad is pronounced on any person, thing, or idea it is all-time, all-situation BAD. Not bad momentarily, or in some particular context—but BAD. Not bad because of some set of conditions, or in dealing with this or that external—but BAD, BAD. Even ex-bad is BAD. There is no yesterday and no tomorrow. Labels and names are all-important to this mode of thought; deeds are only incidental. No matter the white acts performed by that labeled black, nor the black acts by that labeled white—a rose by any other name would smell awful. The name is the thing. The thing's potential or adapted use is irrelevant and scandalous.

Like most issues, the issue of incarceration is confused by those who are incapable of seeing other than black and white. And this confusion is participated in by the incarcerated as well as the incarcerators.



**HOW
PUBLICS
VIEW
PRISONERS**



The notion of prisons as bleak places where shaven-headed, truculent men trudge around in chains, or gather in hostile knots, discussing escape plans out of the side of their mouths is not yet unpopular.

High gray walls; lock-stepping formations of sullen, silent, desperate men; escorts of steely-eyed, truncheon-armed guards — everyone a six-footer. Cold-eyed murderers, grim-faced robbers, slack-jawed rapists, nimble-tongued con men, swaggering safecrackers, each with the reflection of his crime still gleaming in his eyes and plots for more such acts circulating in his brain. These are the visions evoked whenever the words “penitentiary” and “convict” intrude upon the public ear. Words of dismal, distressing connotation. Images, formed by movies and TV, of villainy and danger. (The movies are particularly addicted to portrayals of *The Big Riot* or *The Big Escape*. TV, no less enterprising and sanguine, dwells delightfully on *The Smuggled Gun* and *Hostage Guard* and *The Knife Fight in the Cell House*. Undergirding all of this are the methods employed by some of the news media when treating news events in which prisons, prisoners, or ex-prisoners figure.)

The words “convict” and “penitentiary” have become so laden with dark suggestion until penal linguists have resorted to the comparative euphemism of “correctional institution” for “penitentiary” and “inmate” for “convict” in an attempt to exorcise the emotional demons from the topic. Penitentiaries, like mental institutions (they were once, vulgarly, called “insane asylums”), are vaguely conceived as other-worlds populated by the dangerous and alien. Prisons are bad places and prisoners are bad people. They can have no honor, for there is no honor among thieves. They cannot change or be changed, just as the leopard cannot change his spots nor the Ethiopian his skin. And so the word “they” settles over the subject like a fog, blurring out possibilities and potentials and solutions. The unique, individual and unstatistical “he” is lost. “Convict” and “prison” have said all there is to say.

Some prisoners, in recoil from the brands fixed by some segments of the community, have attempted to counter with their own stereotypes.

They fancy themselves as underdogs—rejected, put upon, abused, hated—the offscouring of an unfeeling public. And through the peculiar alchemy of self-pity they turn into heroes and the public becomes the villain. They point out irregularities in the conduct of the larger society, and with the refrain “Not US, the real offenders, but THEM!” they wind inward upon themselves and attempt to create, in the misery-loves-company of other such thinkers, a closed society wherein the reverse of the traditional values operate. Hang Tough, Lie Slick, Cheat Clever and Con Smooth are the articles of confederation, and Trust Not, Believe Not, Honor Not and Learn Not are the commandments. Those who accept membership in this clique, however, find the going rough. For to sustain the hard, hood-to-the-bone posture requires a 24 hour-a-day self deception—a do it to yourself snow job.

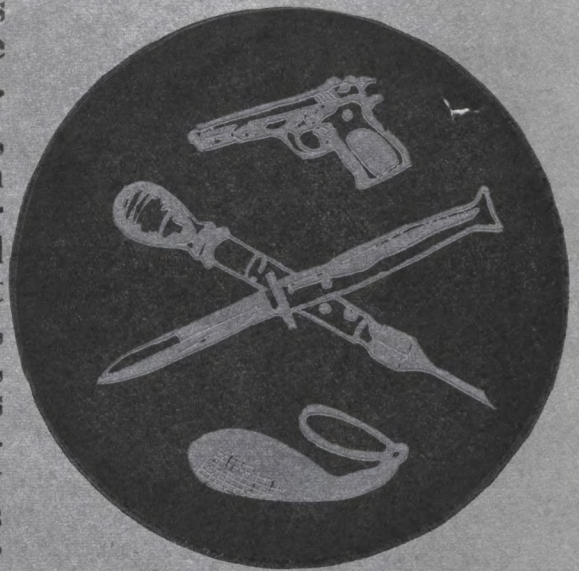
And the justice meted out between members is often more harsh than that found in the courts of law.

Penalties for snitches, thieves, welshers, heart-breakers and love rivals can be as severe as death.

Less extreme in their opinions than these are others who, though unwilling to join the closed society, still, in varying degrees, share in the self-pity and criticism of the public. Their basic reaction is to do absolutely nothing—vegetate—to follow, languidly, the routine of prison life and make no plans for a future. They talk tearfully of the inconsistencies of sentencing courts and the seeming whimsicalness of parole boards and the meager size of the money orders they receive from home in response to their penitent letters, and, that done, retire to Walter Mitty day-dreams.

They are not guilty, or not quite guilty, or not very guilty, or not as guilty as all that.

And everybody's done wrong at some time or another so why is everyone picking on poor, downtrodden, heroic me.



HOW
PRISONERS
VIEW
THEMSELVES



"...we need a wool presser,
not some convict"

-Allen Boettcher
citizen

The Verdict Of Citizen Kaltmeier

George Kaltmeier is a mailman and has been one for 18 years. He is 46 years old, married, the father of two sons — the older married, the younger in the army — and two teenage daughters. He owns his home, pays his bills and taxes faithfully, and is a regular churchgoer. He is a registered voter and maintains an active interest in civic affairs. Mr. Kaltmeier is concerned that the crime rate is rising and that more policemen are needed to combat it. He reads in his newspaper of crowded court dockets, crowded jails and crowded prisons. He reads of stick-ups and burglaries and dope peddling and teenage gangs. He reads of crimes committed by ex-convicts and parolees. He remembers that not too long ago his own boy, the one in the army, had a serious brush with the law. Tommy had begun to hang around with a group of boys who were staying out of school and drag-racing and drinking. Tommy was with two of them one night when they stole some tires from a service station. They were caught and Tommy swore that he had no hand in the actual theft or even knew that the other two were going to steal anything until after it happened. The other two boys, one of whom was on probation for a similar theft and the other a regular truant, said that Tommy was in it as much as they. The owner of the service station knew Mr. Kaltmeier and so refused to prosecute. Tommy was given a stern lecture by the police and released into his father's custody. Mrs. Kaltmeier accused the two boys to Mr. Kaltmeier of leading her Tom astray, and Mr. Kaltmeier did not disagree. He did, however, take prompt action with Tommy. No more late hours, no more unknown friends, and regular checks on his school attendance. After Tom joined the army, the two boys, one after the other, went to the reformatory and later one of them went to prison. Mr. Kaltmeier congratulates himself that his firm hand with Tommy

prevented him from turning out the same way. And now whenever Mr. Kaltmeier reads of, or thinks of, crime, he thinks of the narrow miss by his own son, and he thinks of the perpetrators of these acts as those who would lead innocent boys astray. When he reads of prisons and prisoners and parolees he thinks of that portion of his tax dollar that is going to keep these people in prisons and supervise them on the streets, and of the poor results of it all. No sooner than they get out, they go right back to robbing and stealing and trying to entice other people into the same things. He doesn't mind so much that portion that is earmarked for combating crime in the form of better and more policing of the community, for Lord knows, some one of those people could break in *his* home, or rob *him* in the streets, or attack *his* womenfolk.

Mr. Kaltmeier often thinks of the embarrassment that would have resulted had he not known the service station owner, or had Tommy gone on from there into further wrong deeds. He is still indignant at the nerve of those two ne'er-do-wells trying to implicate Tommy — his Tommy — in their sordid acts. "That's the way those kind of people are, they want to drag everybody else down with them."

"But paying to try to straighten out those birds isn't worth it. It's a shame to say it but most of them ought to be done away with. Maybe that would stop the others — teach them a little fear and respect. You've got to be firm with them. You just can't show them too much leniency."

Mr. Kaltmeier is soon to be summoned for jury duty in the trial of an ex-convict accused of a burglary.

The Ordeal Of The Boettchers

Mrs. Catherine Boettcher owned a small cleaners. She was a widow and her only son, Allen, helped her run the business. Mrs. Boettcher was a pleasant woman, outgoing and generous. One day she received a letter from Box 1010, Canon City — the state penitentiary. The addresser, unknown to Mrs. Boettcher, and she to him, wrote asking for a job. He frankly admitted the details of his incarceration, told of his need to obtain a job in order to get released from prison, and said that he was an experienced wool presser and wanted to reform his life. He also admitted that he had chosen her shop at random. She was touched by the sincerity of the letter and showed it to her son. Allen asked if she was kidding. "You're not seriously thinking about hiring somebody like that are you, Mom? The guy would probably steal every stitch of clothing in the shop, plus having a lot of his friends at the back door carting out the presses. Come on, Mom, we need a wool presser, not some convict." Mrs. Boettcher smiled, pretending to be chastened, but the light in her eyes told her son that his softhearted mother would probably hire the man. Allen knew that Mrs. Boettcher was her own woman. She wrote to the man and told him that while she was not willing to go so far as to promise him a job right then and there, he could come by and see her if he

got out. He did. She liked his looks and hired him over her son's mild objections. The man worked steadily for three weeks, and Mrs. Boettcher felt satisfied with herself and with the fact that Allen was being taught a little tolerance. On the Monday of the fourth week, her wool presser did not show up for work. Nor did he on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday or Friday. On Saturday, a detective came by and showed Mrs. Boettcher and Allen several checks bearing the imprint of their shop, with Mrs. Boettcher's name forged at the bottom. The person who had forged the checks was in custody and admitted stealing the checks from the back of the checkbook in Mrs. Boettcher's desk. It was the ex-convict wool presser.

Mrs. Boettcher is now retired and her son, Allen, runs the business. He is quite voluble on the subject of convicts, ex-convicts and parolees. They are all of a stripe. He has received, during the months since, two letters from prisoners seeking jobs from within the penitentiary. His replies were blisteringly negative. He has since been approached by several men who wanted jobs and who admitted that they had records. His refusal in each case was peremptory and curt.

Allen Boettcher was in a store that was held up. Suspects have been apprehended and Allen has been summoned to the police station to view a line-up. He has also volunteered to be a witness when the case is brought to court.

McCluskey's Rehabilitation Plan

Lorenzo McCluskey is a three-time loser and is currently serving 40 to 60 years for aggravated robbery. He was first convicted in Ohio, in 1950, for armed robbery, and sentenced to the Ohio State Reformatory at Mansfield. He served 4 years there and was paroled in 1954. In 1956, his parole completed, he was convicted in this state of aggravated robbery — holding up a string of supermarkets — and sentenced to a 7 to 15 year term in the state prison. He was given parole in 1960. In 1962, he was charged with another series of holdups and given his present sentence. He is 33 years old, of normal intelligence and operates at an equivalency of the tenth year high school. He is married and the father of one child. His wife, however, is divorcing him. He, himself, was the product of a divorced home. His father and mother left him and a sister, a year younger, with their maternal grandmother when he was 12, and each went their separate ways. He has seen his mother twice since, and his father not all. His grandmother, a widow, owned her own property in a lower middle class neighborhood. She was an ingrown woman who insisted on reminding Lorenzo and his sister of their wayward parents and of her own largesse to them. Lorenzo left her home when he was 17, and joined the army. While there he learned from his grandmother that his sister had gotten pregnant and died in childbirth. He went AWOL, returned to her home, cursed and threatened to kill her, was arrested by

the police, and sent back to his army post. He eventually received a bad conduct discharge and after some drifting came to Ohio and thence to prison.

As far as Lorenzo is concerned there is only one way one can insulate one's self against the subterfuge and impostures of this pernicious world and that is by hating with every fiber of one's being. In his conception this world is a sea inhabited by fish whose only shared characteristics are their insatiable appetites and determination to appease those appetites. The problem centers around the inequality in size and/or toothpower of the fish. The big, toothy ones gobble up the little ones, the little, toothy ones chew on the littler ones, and the littler, toothy ones work on the littlest. There is no quarter going to be given and there's no use in expecting any. Everybody's playing for keeps and if you waste time with a lot of love and do-right drivell you'll end up on somebody's menu. There is one little fish, however, that Lorenzo admires — the piranha. A fellow whose small size is compensated for by his singleminded devotion to the depopulation of the water lanes.

"All this stuff about rehabilitation at this joint is the biggest joke told since the spider invited the fly into the parlor. These people don't give a damn about anything except that paycheck. In the first place, if such a thing was to happen, which it won't, it would put every one of 'em out of a job. So you know how they feel about it. But the proof is in the way they give out time. If they believed in rehabilitation how could they give you a 40 to 60 jolt? Is that supposed to rehabilitate you? This place has got one purpose, and one purpose only. Salt you away so they don't have you out there stealing with them. Cut out the competition. I got the perfect rehabilitation plan. Next time when they run down on me they better have their guns out and ready to use 'em. Because we're gonna hold court right there."

"Next time they run down on me... We're gonna hold court right there!"

-Lorenzo McCluskey
Convict

"When they talk about
Justice, they mean "just us,"
and not you!"

-Clarence Otterberg
Convict

Inmate Otterberg's Survival Theory

Clarence Otterberg is a two-time parole violator serving the balance of a 5 to 14 year sentence originally imposed for burglary and forgery. He was paroled the first time after serving a little less than 3 years. He was violated within 3 months. He was caught in a house where marijuana was found. He was given a 2 year setback and subsequently re-paroled. After 7 months, he was violated again. This time for moving without notifying his parole officer and living with an undesirable character — a homosexual. He was given the balance of his maximum sentence to serve. He is 25 years of age, of superior intelligence — 137 I.Q. and high educational achievement.

Clarence is an illegitimate, only child. His mother, Maxine, only sixteen years older than he, never married or wanted to. She has been the owner of a fairly successful beauty shop for the past 15 years and through it was able to give Clarence an ample home. She also gave him as many material things as he wanted and she could provide. She gave him freedom of movement, expression and choice. But she gave him very little attention. She was always too busy with her long succession of boy friends. When Clarence was younger, he adored Maxine — they were always on a first name basis. But he had to vie with her paramours for her interest. She was flattered by this and encouraged it. She was a man-dangler and Clarence was no exception. She kept very few details of her relations with her men friends from Clarence. Clarence did all in his power to impress her. But neither his good grades in school, nor his eventual truancy — neither his periods of sullenness, nor his tantrums — neither his attempts at good behavior, nor his final mischiefs — could detract Maxine from her affairs and hold her to him. When at first Clarence ran afoul the law, Mrs. Otterberg was prompt to his defense, providing him with lawyers and bonds. But as his offenses grew more serious and frequent she abandoned him. During his first incarceration she sent him money. He sent it back and asked her not to send any more, or visit him. They no longer have contact.

"Prison is an entirely negative place set up and maintained by an entirely negative, sick society. A society that wishes only to hide its mistakes, not correct them. They can't correct you in prison simply because they, themselves, are in need of correction. You see, this talk of "help" and "restoring" and "rehabilitation" are strictly placebos, meant to hoodwink the public into thinking that something is going on. Those who are in the know realize that the public doesn't give a damn whether convicts are reformed or not, so long as they are kept out of sight. Those little old ladies in tennis shoes who get second hand thrills out of reading lurid accounts of crime and sex in the newspapers would be lost if there weren't some salacious scandals to cluck over. This is a sick society, and don't you forget it. It's sick because it's so hypocritical and contradictory. They try to legislate other people's so-called moral behavior and at the same time consent tacitly to universal practices of immorality. Immorality is a romantic, enviable way of life that everybody secretly admires. Look at the subject matter of the movies and the current books, and then listen in on the backroom talk of rugged he-men and the fancy ladies. It's a documented fact that the bulk of the married population commits adultery—and fornication is socially heroic. They act as if they're scandalized at the mention of homosexuality and yet it's a scientifically discovered fact that most people at some time or another have either experimented with it, or contemplated doing so. Cheating on your income tax is a red-blooded indoor pastime; jacking up prices is a respected business maneuver; lying to the boss, by grinning in his face and laughing at his jokes, is an astute job-survival tactic; and padding expense accounts, or taking kickbacks, or an under-the-table payoff are the *ne plus ultra* of feathering one's nest. They've got a lot of other grandstand words that come out different in practice than they sound in theory. When they talk about love, they mean for you to do the loving and them to be the loved. When they talk about giving, they mean for you to give and them to receive. When they talk about justice, they mean "just us" and not you. Society is a group of cowards banded together out of fear, and yet isolated from—hating—each other for the very cowardice that made it necessary for them to come together in the first place. They have to demand conformity—a surrender of individuality—from each other in order to protect the pretense that "everything is fine" and "this is the way it ought to be". Well everything is *not* fine, and this is *not* the way it ought to be. And if anybody is saying it is not, by his acts, it's the so-called criminal, the nonconformist. That's why they've got to lock him up and get him out of the way. But then look at prison itself, with its stupid, debasing humiliating rules. 'Don't talk here and line up just so and walk that yellow line.' As if not talking or walking in a particular line has anything to do with whether you are reformed. And look at the people who run the prison. None of them have any training in penology, they're mostly farmers. They don't know the first thing about human beings, or mass psychology, or crowd techniques. And morale is a word they've never heard of. What they would like to do is to be able to use whips and clubs like in the old days. You see, most of them are sadists. Most of them don't even know how to speak to you without cursing or growling and that isn't the way to handle men. They don't really believe in recreation or schools or any thing like that, the only thing they believe in are the little exquisite moments when they can get a chance to call you boy, or threaten you with the hole. They want to break you, not make you. So because of their own sickness they can't even begin to try to cure

you. In the first place, cure you with what, and to what? To conformity? To some whining, frigid dame and a houseful of kids and an underpaid job? Not for me. This sickness is better than their cure."

The Culpability Of Messrs. K. And B.

Mr. Kaltmeier and Allen Boettcher are decent men. Both contribute, in their own way, to the maintenance and order of their community. They meet their business and family obligations, they do not intrude upon the visible rights of their fellowmen, they conduct their personal lives within the legal limits of their society, and they are seeking, through the mediums open to them by that society, fulfillment of normal, human goals. They are decent men.

Separately, neither man can be greatly blamed for the human and practical habit of judging on the basis of appearance, or for being susceptible to second hand information, or for forming an opinion without full information. We all do it. A man has his arm bandaged and we assume that he has been injured. Another wears the habit of the clergy and we assume that he is a minister. We read in the papers that someone has declared bankruptcy and we assume that he is broke. It is necessary to receive certain information on this kind of faith. None of us have the time or the facilities to verify every bit of knowledge coming in to us. So where then can Mr. Kaltmeier and Allen Boettcher, decent, normal men that they are, be faulted?

Mr. Kaltmeier's human, practical habit has caused him to form a concept of people involved in crimes that may well impair his vision when he sits on the jury panel. Will Mr. Kaltmeier see the case at hand as a unique event, and the accused as if for the first time? Or will he see the potential corrupter of his son Tommy when he looks at the defendant? Will he hear the evidence for and against the accused with an open mind? Or will he hear again Tommy's protestations of innocence and the other boy's counterclaims? In short, has Mr. Kaltmeier's normal, human habit in some way distorted and biased him?

When Allen Boettcher takes the witness stand will he remember exactly what he saw in the store that was robbed, or will he remember that his mother's trust was betrayed by such a one as these?

Both men have had a single, unpleasant encounter with law violators, and both men have made up their minds about all law violators. It would not occur to either man that possibly "all" are not alike and that "each" of the "all" is conditioned by a unique, varying circumstance—that "each" of the "all" must be considered on his own peculiar merits. And that the "why", the "where" and the "what" of each is important to the understanding and judgement of the "now" of each.

The human, practical, normal habit of Messrs. Kaltmeier and Boettcher, and all of us, in making up minds on half information and isolated incidents should not be applied so finally to human beings, whose lives we may, by our judgements, inexorably alter.

Singly, Messrs. Kaltmeier and Boettcher must be exonerated. Together, however, they are culpable. For it is their joint black and white attitude that works ill. It is their opinion, in concert with the opinions of their fellows, their neighbors, their communities, that, collected,

can table the search for solutions to the problems of crime.

Lorenzo's Dilemma And Choices

Lorenzo McCluskey has chosen to sit in the debris of his life and spit at the world. So be it. He could have chosen otherwise, but he has chosen this way. It's his funeral, it's his life. To undertake a rational refutation of Lorenzo's arguments for his choice, or to point out the advantage in other alternatives that were open to him would probably have little effect upon him. For it is suspected that Lorenzo is quite comfortable amidst the ashes. Still, Lorenzo represents more than just one man's decision for rigidity. His position and posture is gaining adherents in prison, and out, strictly because of the current practice of "So be it", both in attitude and action, by Lorenzo's victims—and, brother, we all are his victims (and, sadly enough, by our normal, practical habits, his victimizers).

Lorenzo blesses his hate by seizing on the "subterfuge and impostures" of others. He has taken the narrow responses from a way of life that he, himself, chose, and generalized them to be the responses in "all" experience. He pulled a gun on a man (his choice) and received the punishment (response) of a court of law. He could have chosen not to pull a gun, but rather to have gotten a job. What then would have been his generalizations? Granted the 40 to 60 years was not given with rehabilitation in mind. In fact, it was probably given in the same spirit of narrow anger and spite as was the commission of Lorenzo's crime. And it would be hoped that a court of dignity and law would be less susceptible to momentary emotional indignation and more oriented to dispassion and depth consideration of those before it. But this does not obscure the fact that Lorenzo could have chosen not to be before that court. Lorenzo's life previous to his incarceration was not an especially rewarding one. He was caught in the dilemma of several broken homes, and made a number of blunders in attempting to come to grips with adulthood. No doubt the residual of these harrowing experiences bear upon his subsequent behavior, and he is not altogether blame-worthy here. But at some point Lorenzo chose to interpret the world in terms of these memories and use this inter-

So be it

-too damn many people

"If I could truly say that
it isn't my fault, I wouldn't
have to wake up every morn-
ing kicking myself."

-a gray prisoner

pretation as a license for his actions.

As for Lorenzo's other choices in prison, he could have chosen to confront himself; to cease hating every thing and every body and hate, criticize, the Lorenzo who caused him to be where he is. To ask this Lorenzo a few painful questions. To question his repeatedly demonstrated unsuccessful journeys up blind alleys. To question whether or not he is trying to get Lorenzo killed and suppressed since it is he who triggers the troubles he gets into. To question whether the buck he is trying so desperately to get is the real answer to the complex problem of his living, and whether there aren't some other things that must precede and go along with the getting of the buck. To question the convict code he has subscribed to, with all of its negations and dependencies and illogicalities and failures, and determine whether he is being determined by it, or the determinant of it. Enriched by it or impoverished.

The public cannot afford to leave the Lorenzos to their private Shangri-Las of hate. Because the Lorenzos are missionaries and hate is a contagious gospel.

But more, the Lorenzos are curable!
How?

The answer is an expensive one, both in changes of attitudes and monies. It has to do with a little gimmick called "switching values". The energy, the personal force, that now sustains Lorenzo's present concepts and values can be "swindled" into sustaining an entirely new set of concepts and values. It can be done, and the methods are within the capabilities of modern penological and psychological treatment.

Many other things penal, however, would have to be altered along with Lorenzo.

Clarence's Choice Of Background

Clarence Otterberg's championing of nonconformism, like Lorenzo's choice, overlooks other possibilities. It is possible — and this is a wide world of endless possibilities — for a man to work out his individuality and

independence within the context of society as it now stands with all of its contradictions. Many people are doing it and not coming to prison.

The nihilistic implications in the popular doctrines of nonconformity espoused by the Clarence Otterbergs would completely disorganize them if they had to face them in actual practice. Let the chaos implicit in total nonconformity come to pass. There would be no laws, or law enforcement; no communities; no allegiances, or coherent actions of peoples. The world would be like the tangled, rioting undergrowth of a jungle. Each plant entwined, choking its fellow in trying to go its own individual way. The life and limb of the unarmed would be subject to the whim of the armed and cunning. The Clarence Otterbergs of this world wouldn't last a hot minute. But in a less fanciful sense, the nonconformity the Clarences long to pursue is actually a freedom from mature responsibility, a freedom to infringe on the rights of others with impunity. This is more infantilism than it is nonconformity. They are not talking about the individuality that means a responsibility for one's self as an individual personality and the recognition, that as an individual personality, one has limits that extend half-way to other individual personalities — and no further. For to extend further would be to violate both one's own individualness (become more than an individual) as well as another's. And if limited, then stealing and robbing and attacking another individual is precluded. For all such acts would be examples of this violation.

Clarence carefully picks out the background he wishes to be considered against. A background of immorality. Against such a backdrop he feels that his own acts do not look so bad, after all. Against a backdrop of "Everybody's doing" it he can justify his "why not me". What Clarence again overlooks though, is that there are other backgrounds. And that just as he chose the one that suits his purposes and argument, other men — in whose hand are his judgement, like it or not — choose other backgrounds with which to compare and judge him. What about a background of decency, of responsibility, of personal integrity? Immorality does reside and operate in this world, but that is not the whole story. Other things operate as well. And the extreme, dreamy thinking that wishes to cut this world up in black and white pieces, that wishes to say "if it isn't all white, then it's all black and I'll take my ball and bat and go home" is naive and out of touch. Of course there is hypocrisy, but there is also sincerity. And do I, because I find some rottenness in the world, add my own little bit of rottenness to it? If so, then why should I not, finding some sincerity in the world, add my bit of sincerity? The mature, realistic person does not ask for a perfect world. He knows that there is no such thing. He lives as painlessly as he can in the world that is.

And What Of The Gray Wilderness?

George Kaltmeier, Allen Boettcher, Lorenzo McCluskey and Clarence Otterberg represent to some degree the not uncommon black and white stance.

What about those who have, and are, venturing into the gray areas of the problem

There is a man here in prison who is serving a considerable sentence. He is hurting. He left a wife, whom he loves and who loves him, on the outside. This is not his first sentence. He says it will be his last. He admits that he said this before when he was in prison.

Then, he says, he was mouthing it. Now, he says, he is trying to internalize it as well. He admits that he has no iron-clad guarantee that he will be successful in staying out. He has only his will. He understands that willing may not be quite enough. "But what else can I do?" he asks. He refuses to blame anyone but himself for his predicament. He says that he wishes he could. "It would be easier, so much simpler, if I could truly say that this or that caused me to be here — that it isn't my fault. Even if I could *con* myself into believing it, I wouldn't have to wake up every morning kicking myself, knowing that it could've been different. But it was my own stupidity, my own wrong values. I've got to change them, but where do I start? I can't afford to waste a lot of time crying about the fact that I'm here. That wouldn't change a thing, even if I did. So, what do I do?"

Let us just for the sake of argument, suppose that this man is absolutely, positively sincere. He is a candidate for any real and thorough rehabilitation or treatment program society has to offer. But does society have one to offer? In fact, — remembering that we've agreed he's sincere — keeping that considerable sentence over his head is now a questionable procedure. What if there were a real treatment program and this man undertook it and re-ordered himself through it long before his sentence was up? Should he continue to serve that sentence? Legally, at present, he must. But he is now ready for the streets. What purpose does further time serve?

Let us just for the sake of argument, suppose that this man is sincere. What *should* he do?

There is another man here in prison, serving an even longer sentence. When he first came here he was another Lorenzo McCluskey, and then some. He appeared in the disciplinary courts almost as regularly as he did in the chow hall. He fought and rebelled and defied everybody in sight. Then somewhere along the line he started to simmer down. He stayed out of the courts and solitary confinement for longer and gradually longer periods. Now he doesn't go there at all. Now he teaches school, and has joined several of the forums here that are dedicated to helping one get one's bearings. Some say he's "angling". Some say he's "playing a goody-goody role" trying to impress the commutation board. Maybe he is. But then again, maybe he isn't. What methods does the society that is destined to pay for his keep for the next 10 or 15 years have to tell if he is or not? Is that society interested, really interested? If he is sincerely trying to change, then what?

There are three men who travel 100 miles each, each week to conduct Dale Carnegie classes at this institution. They receive no monetary reimbursement for their travel or services. They do it free, gratis. They treat the men attending these classes as vital, distinct, dignified human beings. They try within the existing limits to help their students gain a respectable self-concept and sense of worth. They bring their wives and children and friends to the annual graduation parties and introduce them to the inmate participants. And it is only by paying attention to the outer dress that one could know that this is not an activity taking place anywhere on the streets. The camaraderie and warmth of these festivities are that complete. These three men are respectable citizens — "square johns".

What about them, Clarence? These men do not just "talk about giving", they give. These men are part of the

public and they *do* "give a damn whether convicts are reformed". Where is their kickback? Where is their isolation and hate and cowardice?

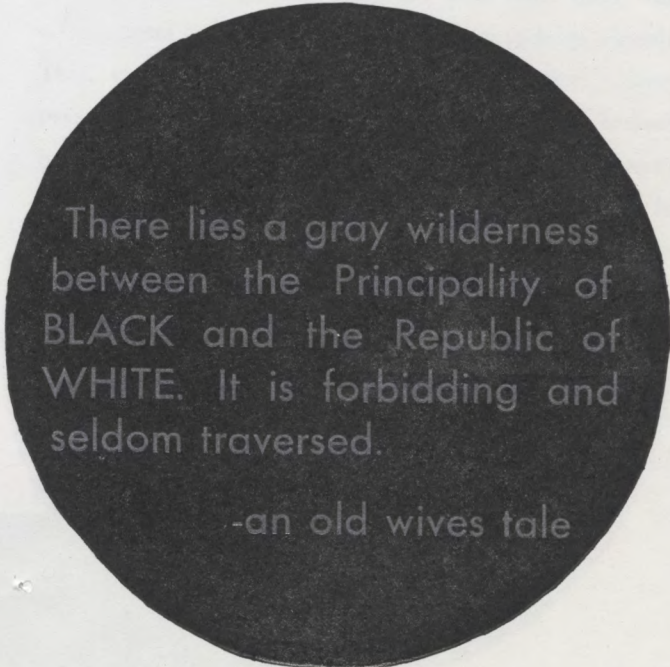
There is a man who has helped quite a few men who have gotten out of prison and had no money, job, or family. He gave them aid to tide them over until they could get on their feet. Frankly, most of these men disappointed him. Some borrowed money after they were supposedly settled and did not pay it back. But he still helped as many as he could. This man—pay attention Lorenzo — is a prison guard! What was his angle, Clarence?

There are some people, prisoners and citizens, who are unwilling to succumb to the easy and incapacitating cliches of black-white-good-bad. They are sensible enough to realize that labeling isn't solving, and that to solve one must first be willing and able to see gray. They are sensible enough to realize that prisons in their present state of merely emphasizing restraint with the concomitants of dehumanization and vegetating idleness are not so good as half answers to the costly problem of incarceration. It is something like sweeping the dirt under the rug.

They are sensible enough to realize that their coming to prison is indicative of something very wrong with their problem-solving technique, their value systems, their orientation. And that self-pity, hating, idleness, daydreaming and fanciful notions about bigger scores will not solve anything. The scores do not really get bigger, only the sentences.

Sadly enough, at present, these people are in the minority.

And so the issue of incarceration remains.



There lies a gray wilderness
between the Principality of
BLACK and the Republic of
WHITE. It is forbidding and
seldom traversed.

-an old wives tale

CORRECTION

MUST START WITH THE INDIVIDUAL

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

This is not naive logic, but a realistic appraisal of the nature of man. A man's ethical actions flow out of his interpretation of himself; if his self-interpretation is distorted, his actions are—as a man thinks in his heart, so he is.

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



HARRY C. TINSLEY
WARDEN
CHIEF OF CORRECTIONS

"...even a whole misspent life can be changed..."

AN HONEST IMAGE IS REQUIRED

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

AN HONEST EVALUATION IS REQUIRED

This is where the individual can help himself. It is so easy for people serving time to steep themselves in the unsavory juice of their own self-pity and say, "Nobody will help me. I can't get any help". The first thing an individual can do that is in that situation is stop feeling sorry for himself and blaming his situation on everything and everybody besides himself. There are not many individuals in correctional institutions today that can say they had absolutely nothing to do with their present predicament. A true and real inventory of one's past will help to get the proper image of oneself. Also a true and real evaluation of one's potentialities will give a fleeting glimpse of what a person can be if he properly uses these potentialities in the right way. Every person, no matter what his

past or present situation has been or may be, has certain God-given capabilities, such as reasonable health, which may be **not** as good as one would like it, but **better** than many others; a reasonable degree of mental abilities, again, not in the genius class, but **capable** of functioning satisfactorily as others with less mental ability have done; a degree of ambition, in some not enough, in others too much, but enough in all that proper cultivation can bring it into line with acceptable goals of pride of self and esteem of others. With these and other inborn or learned capabilities, every individual is able, in a large degree, to help himself. He is able to create a desire, if he wants to correct himself, so that one serious mistake in his past will not be made again; even a whole misspent life can be changed to one that agrees with what society expects of him and what he might reasonably expect of himself.

THE POTENTIAL MAN CAN EMERGE

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

"Help yourself first, so that others can help you"

RECOUNT

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THE VALUE OF MORAL TRAINING



Education is the developing and cultivating of the mental and moral qualities of a person. It is done by discipline of mind or character through study or instruction. A child's education must start when his pants are still fastened with a safety pin. If it is neglected at any age of life it will be a handicap to a person, but it will mostly hinder their success when a child is not properly trained. This is especially true of moral training.

It is impossible to beat brains into a child's head through the seat of his pants. But it is often the only method of instruction a child can understand. Adam and Eve should have used it on Cain—it might have kept him from killing his brother, Able, because he was him from killing his brother, Abel, because he was jealous of him. Jacob, with the help of his mother, stole Esau's birthright. Isaac picked a poor mother for his twin sons, and he also did a poor job of morally educating Jacob when he was small. People of the world have not had proper moral training since the beginning of time. Our means of transportation and communications have helped to lower the morals of man because we now have the sins of all peoples in each area of population. This would not be true if parents lived moral lives themselves and trained their children to become good moral people.

My Dad was very strict with his four boys. He taught them to respect the rights and property of others. I think of my Dad today, as everyone should think of God, because when we were morally good he showed great love, but when we were not, punishment would follow. This taught us to live by the standards that he set for us. He did not consider us perfect because we were his sons, but told us that when we were in trouble to come to him for help. If we were in trouble at school, it would be more trouble at home. This made us learn to live to avoid trouble and gave us a pattern for life that we never forgot. I still remember the time that my report card had a low mark in deportment. We made a trip to the barn and I can still feel the sting of that hame strap as I write about it. It was almost as bad as the time I set the privy on fire playing with matches. I think he used the buckle end of the hame strap that time. I thought my Dad—a grown man—should not so treat a six year old, but now that I am past 50 years of age I think he should have done it more than he did. This reminds me of something I learned many years ago.

There once was a father that said to his son,
The next time you decide to go out on a pun
Go out in the yard, and kick yourself hard
And I will start in when you're done.

Moral training must start early, and it can only be given by precept and example. An immoral person cannot teach morals to anyone. This should be remembered when you choose friends, mates, teachers, employees and elected officials. When we choose those with lax morals it shows our lack of training because those that have been properly trained will place morals above any other attribute. The strength of a nation is the morals of its people. It is not the race, color or creed of people that is important, but what is each individual in their actions toward others—that is morals. God gave us laws. Every individual, with one exception, has broken them but they are still standard for our morals. These laws tell us what our relations should be toward our God and our fellowmen. He forgives everything but blasphemy, and He is the one that makes the final Count, there will not be a Recount. My Dad made me learn in a painful way many years ago. I still think that children need the devil beat out of them, or they will not be moral adults.

Michigan Prison Director Ends

**SOLITARY
CONFINEMENT**

TERMS IT CRUEL AND BARBARIC

Gus Harrison, Director of the Michigan Department of Correction, has erected a new milestone in the progress of penology. He has ruled that solitary confinement shall end in the Michigan correctional system.

"The solitary confinement of prison inmates," says Mr. Harrison, "is a cruel and barbaric practice.

"Whenever a practice of this type is put into effect (ending solitary confinement) there are some people who complain that discipline in the prisons will be jeopardized. But it hasn't turned out to be true. Since the new rule went into effect there has been no increase in the number of disciplinary problems, to the contrary, there have been fewer than at any time in my memory."

Mr. Harrison became director of the department in 1953, but has been in the Michigan prison system since the 30's. He says that it has always been his experience that "the routine use of severe disciplinary measure such as solitary confinement does more harm than good.

The directive that he issued to the various institution heads in the state ordering the discontinuance of this practice reads in part; "Except for very serious or repeated offenses, the temporary loss of privileges often can serve as sufficient punishment and a deterrent to other inmates. The excessive use of solitary confinement as a punitive device is injurious physically and mentally to prisoners. After a while the days and nights run together and a man has no way of knowing how long he has been there."

Someday, it is to be hoped, solitary confinement will be everywhere a thing of the past.

..... from The Mentor, Massachusetts penal newspaper

Solitary confinement is by any definition wholly punitive. It would be difficult for anyone to point out corrective and rehabilitative elements in it. Mr. Harrison has further said that it is not even a useful discipline weapon and that its abolition in the Michigan system has decreased rather than increased disciplinary problems.

More and more, penal people are coming to the conclusion that practices which do not serve to positively correct the inmate or contribute to the re-ordering of his person and values are a waste of the prison dollar, and a perversion of the prison's aim.

(When a man breaks a rule he is divested of his regular clothing, dressed in coveralls, and placed in a cubicle that has little or no furniture — usually bedless. Most of the time he is given only small quantities of rough food. These periods of confinement last anywhere from 1 to 30 days.)

Solitary confinement, or the "hole", is a residual of the early days of prisons as places where punishment was meted out. There was no thought in those times of

restoring the man through treatment.

Solitary confinement aggravates rather than ameliorates the behavior it is intended against. Most "hole" frequenters return again and again, both to the "hole" and the prison, and soon view it, cynically and bitterly, as a test of their strength and defiance. It has no positive effect upon them and quite a bit of adverse effect. There are other similar prison customs that are similarly useless and these too will eventually come up for dismissal in the climate of present prison thinking.

The hole, or the silent system, or the double file, or the lock-step, or the buttoned lip and shirt are methods that, at their best, give only a semblance of outward conformity and order. But the deepening hatreds and resentments that they generate below the surface may well destroy the efforts and effects of the other rehabilitative processes instituted within the prison.

We agree with The Mentor that it is a salutary sign to see this one bit of primitiveness going by the boards.

- From The Tape of a Lecture -

GIVEN BY

George Levy, Prison Psychologist
To The CSP Semantics Class

When I got this invitation to speak to this group I was puzzled at first because, among other things, semantics is involved with the study of etymology, or the structure of words. Is it possible that there was a misapprehension and since there wasn't an etymologist available they got an entomologist—a guy who studies bugs?

Why should a psychologist talk about general semantics? What has a psychologist in common with a semanticist? I just used the word misapprehension. Misapprehension deals with a distortion of understanding. Because psychologists deal with people who say one thing and mean another, or who mean one thing and say another he deals, of course, with emotional disorder. An emotional disorder is a dynamic situation — too many forces operating at the same time. The basic forces that operate in an emotional disorder are hate, guilt and fear. And since it is more important to a psychologist to do something than merely to name something, we are concerned — I am concerned — with treatment. So how do you treat hate? One effective treatment for hate is love. How do you treat guilt? We treat that through understanding. And how do we treat fear and anxiety? Communication. To get through, to understand, to communicate. And is not the basic concept of semantics the meaning of meaning? Well, what do people mean?

Another word which is very important, both in the treatment of physical disease as well as mental disorder, is homeostasis, or balance. We are all concerned, in one form or another, with this problem of balance. An alcoholic is, for example, concerned with balance. He has a thirst and he is trying to get enough alcohol to equalize the thirst. A junkie is concerned with homeostasis. He feels nervous, he feels itchy, and he tries to get enough junk in order to quiet the pain — to achieve his physical homeostasis. So homeostasis, or release from tension is important.

We know that we can stand just so much of anything and when we have too much we, or our bodies do it for us, set up reactions, set up defenses. A good example here is that the shock of coming to a place like this is so much for some people until they actually split themselves in two — dissociate themselves. "This can't happen to me! This can't happen to me!" And they feel this so intensely, the guilt feelings of being in a place like this are so intense, until it is not happening to them. They set up a block or just 'take a trip'. They separate themselves from reality. It's not so much that they are kidding themselves, but this is a natural reaction that the body has, the mind has, of bringing the situation into balance again; to a place where it can be handled. The only trouble with this handling business is that is not always effective, and sometimes the methods employed are worse than the original cause of the disorder. Yet all of us use various methods of coping with, or handling, situations.

What I'd like to do is to discuss the major types of coping, or defensive operations.

A common one is called SUBLIMATION. Sublimation is defined as the substitution of a socially acceptable, or constructive drive for a socially unacceptable, or destructive one. This might be the substitution of love for copulation, of leadership for shoving your weight around, or of scientific discovery in place of connivery. Of all the defenses this is perhaps the most socially acceptable.

Another type of defense is that of CONCENTRATION. The ability to devote one's entire attention to an objective task at hand by excluding other objective and personal interests. Particularly those that are irrelevant, inconvenient, or which run counter to the task at hand. The trouble with this kind of defense is it breaks down under the pres-

sure of mental disturbance. One of the keys to mental disorder is revealed in the inability to concentrate. This is what we mean by keeping busy — going to school, reading, taking up junk work. The more you concentrate on these things, the less you worry about how much time you have to do. Well, that's fine as long as you're busy. What happens when you go to your cell and the lights are out? Then this comes back to you. You see, it is not always necessarily ideal. But it does help.

Then we have the type of defense known as IDENTIFICATION. Identification is the unconscious or conscious patterning of oneself in the image of a parent figure or leader. I understand that in a Dale Carnegie party you gave impressions of certain personalities around here. And a member of the class did an imitation of a certain screwball by the name of Levy. I'm not going to mention any names, but this imitation is a form of identification. I have found people in my office who never read anything more weighty than a Mickey Spillane story, picking up books on Freud and books by Harry Stack Sullivan because they are in my library and they, the readers, work in the psychology office. They are identifying with me. As you notice I use the word unconscious. Identification is not always conscious. Monkey see, monkey do. One of the methods of learning is to imitate. You imitate a good guy the chances are likely you'll be a good guy. You imitate a punk, you're going to end up like a punk.

Another type of mechanism is displacement, the substitution of a permitted target of a thought, wish, urge, or act for a very special or forbidden one, such as marrying an older woman as a substitute for a mother. Or being hostile to a waitress instead of to one's wife. Some of the teachers here probably get very rough on some of you pupils, rather than get rough with Captain Yeo.

This is a form of displacement.

Then we have the mechanism known as REACTION FORMATION. It is the transformation of a disturbing urge into an attitude expressing its very opposite. This is derived from the ideals running through the latency period or the age of the tender fourteens. Now as long as this defense holds it's fairly good protection against mental disease but it leaves the patient wide open to psychosomatic illness. Many people will get so angry until they get sick to their stomach; to the point that they will even throw up. Another expression of this particular defense is sour grapes. "Aw, I didn't want it anyway. It isn't any good." If you can't have it, you damn it.

ISOLATION is the successful segregation of a disturbing wish, thought, or act from the remainder of the mental life, stripping it of its associative connections and thus depriving it of its affective meaning. This is something like normal concentration, but it is less objective. Particularly because of its emphasis on disregarding a particular area of mental content. This may show itself anywhere from an ability to disregard a toothache to the ability to transform a deeply disturbing wish into a seemingly meaningless habit or obsessive ritual. An example of this—one may sublimate the desire to masturbate into a compulsive need to slide one's finger over a polished, smooth surface; or, today this is becoming quite popular, chew gum rather than smoke a cigarette. You see, you are still getting oral satisfaction. And how many people I suspect drink more coffee in here than they did outside. Not because they like Maxwell House that much but because it is a continuation of this oral dependent need which has hitherto been expressed in other forms of oral intake.

Next there is the mechanism of DENIAL. Denial is a bland disregard, either in words, actions, or both, of a disturbing part of reality. This happens here particularly if you've got any kind of beef that is somewhat bum. "They can't do this to me!" So they haven't done it to me. You get this feeling they can't do it to you so much, until you deny that they have. This, of course, is a denial of reality. Then the thing hits you and when it does the pressure built up from this denying, this refusing to face the reality of fact, can tear you apart. And this sometimes happens around here. "I can do this time standing on my ear", you may say. And you go along fine until you get off the hill. You get into a cell house and then one night out of a clear sky the walls seem to just squeeze in on you, and you end up in isolation. It can come out of a clear sky when you've been holding this back.

Further, there is the mechanism of REVERSAL. Reversal is the change of a strong desire or urge into an actual aversion, or the change of any other drive or feeling in its opposite direction, as the result of an experience of unbearable frustration met in the search for the desired satisfaction. An illustration of this might be the disgust for the mother's nipple shown by the completely weaned infant. At one time there was an obsessive drive toward the mother's breast, but after the child has been weaned it hasn't got any drive at all. Sometimes there are people who get sick to their stomach everytime they see a hypo needle after they have been junkies for a long time. This can happen. An absolute reversal. It doesn't happen as often as we'd like, but it has happened.

I think the next defense will not be a stranger nor a stepchild to many people in this room. I don't want to say this sneeringly, but I've got a feeling that many here might recognize this as existing in themselves. And that is INTELLECTUALIZATION. This is a transfer of a strong urge or desire into a merely intellectual concept. Thus depriving it of its quality of reality and impact upon feeling and action. "Oh yes, I understand what's wrong with me. I read it in a book. I shouldn't drink. I shouldn't pop. I know I shouldn't write checks. Yes, it's wrong, I agree — I admit this." Intellectualization is one of the great booby traps in the therapeutic process. The intellectualized understanding is the greatest bar to personality change. The ancients may have had something when they said that the true core of existence is in the heart rather than in the head, which they only thought of as a lubricating device of the nose — and considering how little the brain is used today they may still have a point. In other words, if there is going to be a change in behavior the change has to be integrated into the person and not just tacked on with a coating of words. Or brilliant ideas.

UNDOING. Undoing is the performance of an act or acts designed to undo the effects of disturbing wishes, thoughts, facts, or acts. It's very much like the childish practice of blowing the hurt away. You put your hand on a hot stove. You blow on it. The hurt is going to go away. And this undoing is what the old witch doctors used to do. Illness was the possession of devils and by going through various forms of abracadabra they could undo the work of the evil spirits. And how many of us sometimes try to undo what we've done. This type defense is particularly frequent in the obsessive and compulsive neurosis. You do something then hate yourself for doing it. You hate yourself so much for doing it until, to relieve the tension and pressure, you do it.

Now the next one I'm sure doesn't apply to anybody here. This type of defense is alien to you gentlemen, I'm sure. And that is REPETITION. Everybody who is in here for checks is only here for writing one check. They never wrote two. And all of you here are first offenders. Nobody's been to another joint before. You never repeat the same mistake twice, of course you don't.

REPRESSION. According to the Freudian concept everything I've said so far is just various aspects of repression. Repression is the total elimination from the conscious of a disturbing wish, drive, thought, or fact, as well as the exclusion of the unconscious wish or drive from disguised gratification. Repression is putting a lid on the id, to make a phrase. These impulses are held down. Unfortunately, sometimes the lid can't stand the pressure and pop goes the weasel.

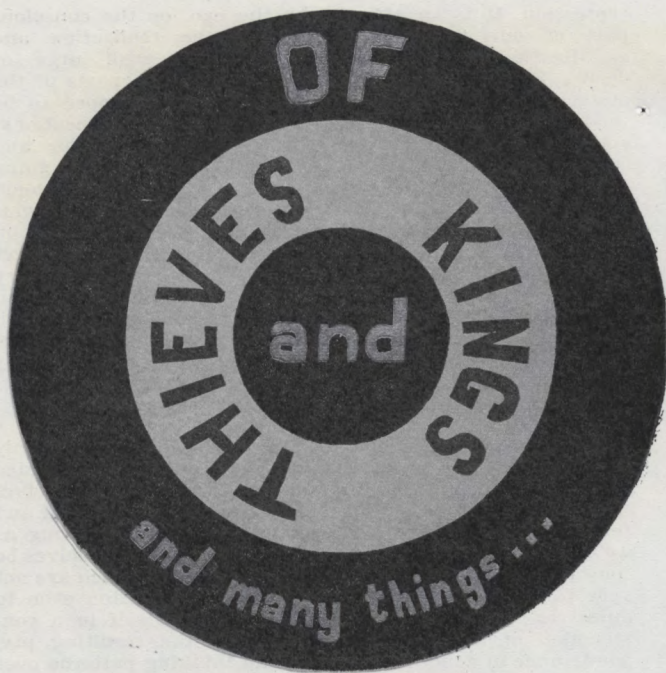
And then we have INHIBITION, particularly the specific inhibition. A specific inhibition is a form of

repression. It is an attempt by the ego, or the conscious part of our make-up, to prevent the realization and gratification of a strong, but disturbing wish, urge, or desire. This inhibition may also include those parts of the motor and sensory apparatus designed or equipped to be the effector or receptor organ of the acts, or sensations; actually or potentially participating in the forbidden and suppressed gratification. Such as this; something is going to be very upsetting to you, you are going back to court and you are going to hear another sentence added to your time. You can become hysterically deaf. Or supposing you happen to see a car run over your mother. You can get hysterically blind. You can be inhibited in this sensory function. Or say that you are involved in a murder and you happen to be old fashioned and are somewhat squeamish about murder—there are some sentimentalist about this, you know—anyway, what can happen? Murders are usually done with the hand. People have gotten such guilt feelings that they have become paralyzed in a particular hand.

EGO RESTRICTION is a restriction applying not only to the emotions, feelings, drives — the id — but is extended on the ego itself. This is a defense motivated by the fact that the ego itself may take over some of the dreaded and forbidden activities. A lot of things we can do as long as we're not aware of them. We do not want to let ourselves be consciously aware of some of the things we do which are not very palatable, not only to society, but very often even to ourselves. This ego restriction will show it self in a construction of normal fantasy life with the resulting preponderance of concrete attitudes and thinking patterns over abstract ones. Now you have people, I'm sure you've met them, who see everything either in black or in white. Everything is either all right or it's all wrong, there are no in-betweens. And there are people who can see nothing but what they can feel, what they can smell, what they can touch. They cannot tolerate anything in the abstract. Goodness, going on the square, these are abstractions, so therefore they don't mean anything. What means something is a broad, a bottle, and a gun. These things are concrete. These they can understand. But the abstract ideas, no. That's not for them. They are ego constricted. They are not insane, but their interests are somewhat limited.

PROJECTION. Projection is the displacement of a forbidden, objectionable, or unacceptable wish, desire, or fact away from the core of the individual's personality either into a more peripheral part of himself, such as a part of his body, or entirely in the outside world. Thus feelings of inadequacy may be displaced from one's innerself to one's back or one's legs or face. For example, when an unacceptable sexual desire is displaced or projected into the outside world it may be disowned. Seeing in others those unacceptable things that you may find in yourself is a form of projection. "The only difference between me and those out guys there who caught me is that they caught me but didn't catch them." Projecting is also a rationalization. I'd like to give an illustration of all of this. Why we project, why we use some of these mechanisms, I think this is a point. I want you to take a look at this piece of paper which you'll notice is pink. Now if I were to take this pink piece of paper and put it against this white background. It becomes very obvious. You can pick out that pink anywhere. Let's consider that piece of paper as an individual, or the ego. Who wants to put himself against a contrasting background? He stands out. Well, very few of us want to stand out that much. Sometimes it can be very expensive or very painful. Now if this pink paper, ourselves, is a constant and we can't change, if this is how we are, this represents us — and if this white piece of paper represents society, society is different from us and that is unacceptable to us. So what do we try to do? We're not going to change this — the pink paper, ourselves. We have a tendency to try to pretend that this, the white background, is going to change. If everybody is just as malicious, as vicious, and as conniving as we are, then we can project those attributes upon the world and by a slight twist, by a form of rationalization, by this mechanism of projection, we are not quite so bad. Our sins don't become lost in the mass. But this is an unreality. We, unfortunately, enjoy this Gestalt relationship between figure and ground. We stand out against the background of the naked society.

The rest of this lecture will be concluded in a subsequent issue.



Some people have hardening of the arteries, others have leprosy, others cancer, others a wife. Me, I've got neighbors, and I'll trade with any one of the aforementioned with no questions asked. I have done many things in my short span here on earth, things low and vile. But I do not deserve neighbors such as I have. I have been absent from church on more Sundays than I care to count, and I frequent places of mischief and drink. I have known the painted woman and the path of unrighteousness, and I have no doubt that it is all on record Up There. Yet to be plagued with neighbors like mine is charging the scroll with punishment all out of measure with the offense. I *will* wince and I *do* cry aloud. It is cruel and unusual and I shall straightway complain to the appropriate sources when I get Up There. I have Benny Valdez. A gimlet-eyed *diablo* who sits up late on nights of the full moon communing with dark spirits, getting information on sports events so that he can work me out of my cigarettes. I have bet with him on everything from the Indianapolis 500 to the International Cross-country Cockroach Races and I have lost and lost and lost. I have pored over dope sheets, odds-makers reports and Systems of Winning Picks. I have conferred with erstwhile bookies, expert touts and professional Dreamers of Dreams. And I have lost and lost and lost. I am innocent in the ways of witchcraft but this much I know: A good tip from Below is better than all of the racing forms ever invented. Then I have Crow Crawford. An elderly gentleman who likes to reach in and shake my bunk when he passes by because he wants to see if I'm asleep, and who can't remember my name and calls me variously Khrushchev, Ghengis Khan, Theodore Roosevelt and Carbon Tetrachloride. And I have Sugar Ray, who knows the first lines of a song called "Pretty Baby" and who sings these lines over and over and over in a voice that could summon all of the hogs in the Rocky Mountain area. These are my neighbors and surely there will be forgiveness for one who has had to endure them.

Why do pudgy old men gliding gracefully into the first happy stages of senility permit themselves to be made spectacles of by trying to play the games devoted to the young and idiotic such as basketball? Take Jess Taylor for instance. Here he is older than dirt, stumbling around in a daze on the basketball courts, as often trying to

dribble his stomach as the ball. What probably started this athletic movement among the aged was the disgraceful example set by Reuben Scott, who is in his late fifties if he's a day, and who by some strange workings of his metabolism is still making noises like a spring chicken. Now this may be all right for Reuben himself, but it is unfair for him to mislead the other senior citizens of this joint into trying to emulate him. People like Shotwell and Big Hannah and Taylor are just too advanced in years for that sort of carrying-on.

All of 'em ought to be ashamed of themselves.

It has always been my observation that anyone haiting from that magnificent and ennobling state of Ohio can't be all bad. And the only sin for which they might truly need forgiveness is having left Ohio in the first place. But now after being in contact with Perry Crawford I am not so sure. You see, it's a matter of principle that Ohioans stick together whether they be righteously right or ridiculously wrong. It's Ohio against all comers, and death be damned! Crawford, however, is a traitor to this code. Sometimes I sit with him at meals and, as is my wont, I start to mildly berate some one of the other occupants at the table about some unOhio habit he has. Does Crawford join me in this honest criticism? I should say not. What does he do? He invariably sides with the enemy. And before long I am the one being cut up. For example, Crawford will interrupt me when I am in the midst of a particularly stinging bit of sarcasm and, pretending all innocence, ask me, "I'm curious, baby, but did you get them scars backing away from the fight or heading into it?" Well, you can imagine what a question like that coming from an ally can do in the presence of foreigners. It takes all of the wind out of one's dignity and makes one look somewhat stupid. Or he'll say something like this, pretending to be agreeing with me against my opponent, "Yeah man, Geraldine is right—oops—I mean Jerry. Sorry, baby, just a slip of the tongue". Like I say, the dude's a traitor.

Somebody said the only way Harry Hottop could have been a worse basketball player is for him to have played more often than he did.

Somebody said that the only way for Nate Whitney to be a bigger fool is for him to put on some more weight.

Somebody said that the way you could tell that Cox had bet on the other team was when he would let Ernie Cabral in the game.

Somebody said that Blood has the only gorilla suit in the joint with an automatic zipper. Whenever his voice reaches a certain pitch the suit zips up by itself.

Somebody said that Plummer doesn't really stutter it's just that his brain locks and he spends all that time trying to remember what he did with the key.

Somebody said that when Lane was giving the scorekeeper his name he said, "I'm Lane". The scorekeeper said, "Yeah, I know. I've seen you play. But what is your name—OH-H-H, Lane. I thought you said *lame*".

Joe Hill tells this lie and since he's a sometime Texan (sometimes he says he is, sometimes he says he isn't) I guess such tales come naturally. He says he used to carry a gun and was very fast on the draw. Once when he was leaving his house and just happened to pass by a mirror. He caught sight of his reflection out of the corner of his eye, and momentarily thinking it was someone else he drew his gun on the mirror. He was so fast that he outdrew his own reflection and then told it, "Oh, that's you Joe.

It's OK now, but next time be more careful, you could get shot".

(Continued at the end of next page)



I have on occasion been accused of inventing people just for the sake of having something clever to say in these columns. The burden of the charge being that the people about whom I do write are much too eccentric and improbable to possibly exist and are the fictional products of a sinister, devious, diseased imagination. Now overlooking the nasty hints about my mental state, I can readily understand this incredulity. For I've found it hard to fully believe and digest some of these characters myself. And but for my sensitive devotion to the truth I would not have brought them to the attention of a world already so overcrowded with schnooks until it has had to put on an extra shift sewing the straitjackets. Yet here I am again, running the risk of being called ill. Because I now bring before you, for your edification and amazement, one Oswald Glymph. (I know that it takes a lot of nerve trying to convince you that anybody could be named Oswald Glymph, but if you could see and know him, that is the very name you could have given him yourself. He actually looks like an Oswald Glymph!)

And with that said I am stumped. I do not have the words necessary for a proper description of him. Still and all, I must try. I owe it to mankind to warn them that such as he is abroad in the land.

Oswald Glymph is to scales what 10,000 volts is to a 220 line. Using the avoirdupois reckoning, he weighs somewhere in the neighborhood of two short tons. Or at least it seems so. Maybe it's his voice that gives this impression of massiveness. It's uproarious, incessant and numbing. Oswald Glymph is an irresistible force, and a word in edgewise is exactly what you will not get in his overpowering presence. He doesn't permit it. And if you do happen to get lucky and sneak in a sentence you can forget about finishing it, because Glymph's shout-down weapons are things to fear. They are something more than formidable. In emergencies he can operate up around the 200 decibel range and, buddy, that's ear-drum-breaking action! If Gabriel ever gets beat for his horn, Oswald's his man. He could substitute, no sweat. Then, too, he's the world's whaleweight champion capper (for the uninitiated, a "cap" is a devastating retort — a squelching wisecrack). At the business end of his intimidating lung power and razor edged wit,

gainsayers, critics and casual enemies do not have a prayer.

(Now all of you fakes and fast talkers, stuff players, gamers and students of the tin cup and cane — devotees of the sputter and beg, draw near and give ear, because Oswald, the high priest and Grand Guru of the profession, is on the set and is speaking).

Glymph is, without challenge, past master of the mystic art of panhandling. He can phrase "Gimme" in more ways and with more changes in pitch and tone than all of the foreign aid countries put together. It's his theme song. And he does not discriminate. "Gimme butts" is done with as much feeling and finesse as "Gimme a five dollar ticket". He's a one-man welfare state. He'll have you in his pocket and gone before your head can stop spinning.

One day during my Xmas vacation I was at the Band Room watching as he prepared to make some rough posters to announce the first jazz concert. I offered just one mild, disinterested suggestion and I was had. I do not yet know how he did it, but I ended up printing all the posters by hand; borrowing the glue, scissors, pencil and paper from various people to do it with; and distributing them around the compound. Plus, he smoked up three-quarters of a pack of my cigarettes; kept up a steady stream of insults about me in general, and snide remarks on the quality of the work I was doing for him in particular; conned me out of an apple I had, and dropped the peelings in my pocket.

If Oswald Glymph were a fire it would take the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans — in addition to a couple of lesser bodies of water, like, say, the Mississippi and the Amazon — to put him out. If he were a but there now, I must conclude this macabre report and go on to healthier subjects. One last last word of caution, however, to the kiddies in the audience:

If you don't eat your Rice Krispies and stop pulling a shiv on your scoutmaster, you may grow up to be an Oswald Glymph!

(Continued from preceding page)

It's worth enduring the slightly askew atmosphere of the psychology department to hear Bruce Boggess and Bobby Bailey engage in their monumental cursings—of—each—other—outs. Rapid volleys of finely sculptured invectives, each flawlessly definitive are resonantly delivered. The language of insult is treated with inspired mastery and high appreciation by these two connoisseurs. And had I not been so enrapt in the beauty of the profanatory flow I would have taken notes. There were several gems I should like to preserve for my own use. I've got enemies, too.

Bill Messenger is one hell of a swell guy. He is witty, generous, suave, handsome, clever and he reads a chapter from the Bible every night. He bathes often and does not consort with loose women. The preceding is a paid political announcement of the Draft Messenger for President Committee, Canon City chapter. The only chapter so far is the Canon City chapter, and the only member in the Canon City chapter is Messenger. Pretty soon though there'll be a chapter at Pueblo. Just as soon as these people find out how sick the guy is there'll be a chapter at Pueblo.

Of all the tier porters Blue is the damnedest. He rules his range with a heavy, tyrannical hand. If one of his clients opens up their goodies without him being present and getting 'halfers' the offender is cut off from water, errands and conversation. The only redeeming feature is that Blue's memory is short and so he forgets who he is mad at from one moment to the next.

JAYCEES'
"Offender-Citizen"
PROGRAM



At a winter conference held by the Junior Chamber of commerce in La Junta early in February, the Board of Directors voted unanimously to adopt the "Offender-Citizen" proposal on a pilot basis.

The Junior Chamber of Commerce is a national and world-wide organization of young men between the ages of 21 and 35 who are dedicated to the betterment of their communities. They live by a Creed, also called "Declaration of Principles", which is a belief that faith in God gives meaning and purpose to life; that brotherhood of man transcends the sovereignty of nations; that economic justice can be best won by free men through free enterprise; that governments should be of laws rather than of men; that earth's great treasures lie in human personalities and that service to humanity is the best work in life.

With this last principle in mind several chapters throughout the state will take in a parolee member. Representatives from Grand Junction, Montrose, Longmont, Greeley, Fort Collins, Pueblo (and eventually others) have expressed a willingness to assist parolees in need. For example, several Jaycee leaders voiced the commitment that they would help parolee members find jobs.

Mr. James V. Bennett, Director of the United States Bureau of Prisons states that "Fear of rejection, of guilt, loneliness, seems to overwhelm some of our releasees to the point where they won't even try". Most men coming out of institutions have the best of intentions of making a good adjustment, and when they find no wholesome outlets they go back to their old cronies, former habits and environments and another failure is in the making.

The Colorado Jaycees, aware of this condition, took upon themselves the responsibility of accepting parolees between the ages of 21 and 35 who wish to improve themselves. Through the Jaycee leadership training they can be helped and guided, as thousands of other men have, into better jobs and more secure social lives. By associating and working with young men of action who are doing things, the parolee can contribute his ideas, his time, his efforts and his abilities into more worthwhile channels for his benefit and that of the community.

To help fulfill his need and help him to realize his good intentions, the Jaycee parolee will be given various projects within the organization and the community and be expected to perform them just like any other member.

-by Leo D. Jenkins
President of the Canon City Jaycees, state chairman of the "Offender-Citizen" program, Senior Parole Officer, Pre-Parole Release Center. He is a graduate of Abbey H.S. and Western State College. Married in 1959 to Yvonne Pinkerton and father of two children.

The Junior Chamber of Commerce, started in St. Louis in the 1930's, has mushroomed into an international organization of young men realizing their energies and creativeness in constructive betterment of their communities. Not affiliated with any other organization, they are active in youth and sports, government, international relations, religious activities, community development and community health, just to mention a few.

In Greeley, for example, the Jaycees saw a need in their town and did something about it. They noticed that the delinquency rate in a certain section of town was rather high and also noted that the youngsters had little to do with their leisure time, so they promoted and sponsored a boy scout troop. When the newly formed troop went to its first scout jamboree, it was selected as the "Honor Troop" for its outstanding achievements. These youngsters had an outlet and they excelled. Another chapter in western Colorado noticed the terrible condition of their cemetery. They organized to burn weeds, dig ditches, install a water tank and plant both grass and trees. Not much it may seem, but the people there now have a nicer appearing burial place.

Other Jaycees from Canon City have held firework displays for the 4th of July, Halloween programs for junior and high school youngsters and a tree planting project in which parolees from the Pre-Parole Release Center participated. One of the better known activities sponsored by the Canon City Jaycees is the music and blossom festival given each May.

The West Virginia Penitentiary has a Jaycee chapter within the confines of the maximum security prison. The Pennsylvania Jaycees help the parole board make decisions on releasees and assist in finding employment for them. In North Carolina the Jaycees work closely both within and out of the institution. And in Chicago they have a prisoner rehabilitation program for men being released from the Cook County Jail.

Mr. Edward W. Grout, the Executive Director of the Colorado Adult Division of Parole, has given his approval to the "Offender-Citizen" proposal and feels that it is one of the most progressive steps any civic organization could undertake.

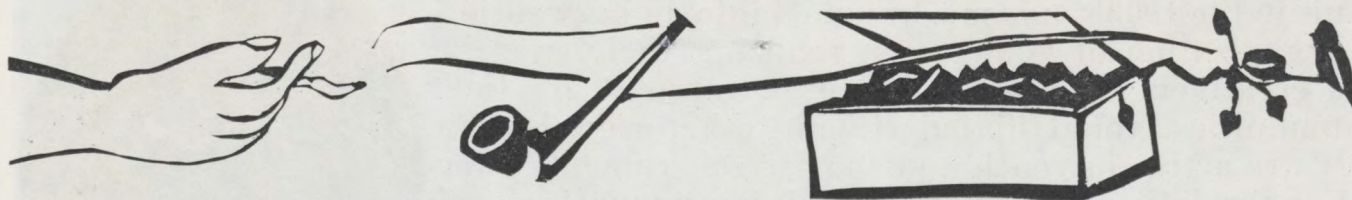
At present, in its pilot stage, the implementation of the program is confined to the Pre-Parole Release Center and only available to the men there. But a high possibility exists that, as it expands, it could also be handled within the walls of the main prison, possibly through the parole department there.

earth's great treasures
lie in human personalities



Faith in God gives meaning and purpose to life. Brotherhood of Man transcends the sovereignty of Nations. Economic justice can be best won by Free Men through Free Enterprise. Governments should be of Laws rather than of men. Service to humanity is the best work in life.

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HOW TO ROLL A STATE



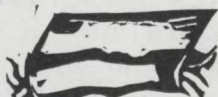
Regular



Queen Size

(see the lovely curves?)

1. Place tobacco in paper
2. Ready, set, Roll!
3. There, isn't that easy
4. Scrape up that mess, boy, and put it in a pipe.



"When you check your poke, and find you're broke, but you need a smoke, or you'll have a stroke, and you burn some bloke who thinks it's a joke, and he tells you to go soak...."
THEN IT'S TIME TO GET STATE!!! (and choke)

In The Streets Did You Sleep



Like a Corpse?



Like a Comic Page?



Like a Doormat?



Like Old Man River?



Did you toss and turn all night?

Did you lose your beauty rest?

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The RECOUNTED is published monthly by the inmates of Coronado State Incarceration and Rehabilitation Complex. Views and opinions expressed herein are in no way to be construed as necessary. Those of state or complex officials, characters and events in fictional stories are to be regarded as strictly fictional.

EDITORIAL

Hi Everybody!!

This is my first issue and as your new Editor-In-Chief I guess I have to write an editorial. After all, that's what an Editor-In-Chief's for (hah,hah). All month long I've been saying to myself; what should I write about? Well, let's see, last month my predecessor, who incidentally is now working on the Quarry Gang, wrote a challenging, thoughtful editorial entitled, "Are Guards Necessary?" and month before last the editor before him, who also is on the Quarry Gang, wrote a well-written and penetrating article "The Maximum Sentence For All Crimes Should Be Six Months", and the fellow before him, who coincidentally is also on the Quarry Gang, wrote a moving study on "How A Resourceful Person Could Escape From Here If He Really Tried". So with all of those excellent examples of journalism to compete with what in the world can I come up with?

Inspite of all of the guys here in the office kidding me about the old Quarry Gang, hah, hah, I realize that as your Editor-In Chief I should editorialize, but instead I am going to use this space to start a worthwhile project. So here goes:

LET'S ALL CONTRIBUTE TO THE FUND FOR THE WARDEN'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT!!!

I have just finished writing a two dollar transfer as the first contribution toward the purchase of a birthday gift for our dear Warden and all of the guys who work on the Recounted staff have promised to act as sort of collectors for this fund. They will be around to your cell house and each man who contributes will have his name placed on a list — with the amount contributed — which will be presented to our precious Warden along with the gift. In order that those guys who cannot contribute can get in on this fine project also. Their names will be placed on another list along with the amount in their account so that our wonderful Warden, who is also the Chairman of the Parole Board, can see how many well wishers he has. So let's all pitch in, fellows, and give until it hurts.

I hope we can get all of the money in before I meet the Parole Board next month because if they release me I would not be here long enough to see this project through to the end.

GUARDS OF THE MONTH

Officer Hiran C. Chaircropper. Officer Chaircropper is something of an institution. He has been here for 76 years, coming when the institution was just a small camp. He is the father of Officer Chauncey T. Chaircropper; the grandfather of Officer Lucius E. Chaircropper; the great-grandfather of Officer Visle L. Chaircropper and the great, great-grandfather of Officer Elmer P. Chaircropper. Officer Chaircropper is proud of his many years of service and had this to say when we interviewed him.

"I've put 55,483 men in the hole, wrote up 138,716 major infractions, 241,658 minor infractions, let 14 men off because I wasn't sure whether they had committed a minor or a major infraction, and shook men down 387,493 times, plus I've reported 71,677 infractions of the rules by my fellow officers — even got my grandson and great-grandson a couple of times."

We know that all of the inmates and officers are happy for Officer Chaircropper and wish him many more years of valuable service.

Captain Malcolm R. Titspittle. Captain Titspittle joined the institution custodial staff just 13 months ago and has had a meteoric rise through the ranks. He is only 23 years old and is considered a hard but fair officer. He is the type of man who shows no favorites to either inmate or officer. Cap' will listen to both sides of the story before he sends you to the hole. He is an able administrator and is expected to go far in prison service. He is also following a family tradition by being employed here. His younger brother is Lieutenant Clarcy Titspittle, and his cousin is the Purchasing Officer. And of course we all know and love his father, Warden Titspittle.

Movies for the Month

"REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM" starring Mary Pickford [*silent*]

"THE SHEIK" starring Rudolph Valentino & Clara Bow [*silent*]

"RANGE WAR RENEGADES" starring Buck Jones & Tom Mix [*talkie*]

"THE WAIF" starring Charlie Chaplin [*silent*]

"ANDY HARDY GOES TO COLLEGE" starring Mickey Rooney [*talkie*]

INMATES OF THE MONTH

Inmate Bertram Snedde, Cellhouse V Clerk. Inmate Snedde is considered by all of the officers who have worked with him in Cellhouse V as an outstanding example of efficiency and cooperation. His detailed knowledge of the cell house activities have been invaluable in helping the officers keep things running smoothly. He is always eager and willing to point out ways to aid the officers. One officer said of him, jokingly, "He picked the wrong field. He should have been an officer." Inmate Snedde has a pleasant personality and is always laughing and kidding and horse-playing with the guards. Keep up the good work, Bert!

Inmate Henry Goodtooth, Inmate Goodtooth has an excellent attitude and has made a perfect institutional adjustment. He is a member of Winos-No-More, The Positive Thinking Club, Self-Help-Through-Speaking-Course, Thursday Afternoon Bible Class, Reformation and Rehabilitation Discussion Forum, Friday Evening Parole-Though-Prayer Group, Precious Heart Society, Goodness Anonymous Group, Warden's Willing Workers, sings in the church choir and is taking 43 correspondence courses. Inmate Goodtooth is doing 140 to 141 years and hopes to see the commutation board soon. Although this is his ninth "fall" Inmate Goodtooth feels that he is completely rehabilitated and as he has said in his numerous letters to the commutation board, "I've seen the light". Good Luck, Inmate Goodtooth!

Prison Press

THE MESS.

Marion, Ill.

See Whiz! You guys have really got a well-rounded magazine. The cover is well-covered, the printing is well-printed, the writing is well-written, the illustrations are well-illustrated and the comments are well-commented. It was awfully sweet of you to say those awful sweet things about us. We'll reprint something by you if you'll reprint something by us, O.K.? Those heady articles of yours are right to the point (hah, hah). Well, by-by until next monthly, when we'll again say something scrumptious about you, that is, if you say something equally scrumptious about us in your next issue. Your mag is the best one on the Prison Press!

THE BALTIMORE CURE-ALL

Baltimore, Md.

Golly Moses and Jumping Jehosaphat!! You have a mag that's out of this world! You got pictures and stories and articles and cartoons and slick paper and type and lotsa people on your staff with snazzy titles and all. Leaping Methusaleh!! Your mag is the best one on the Prison Press!

THE PUNY FISTFUL REVIEW

Puny Fistful, Colo.

O-o-oooooooooooooh!!! We just love your little, bitty, teensy-weensy mag. It's the most to say the least about the worst when we're the best (hah, hah). Your mag is the best one on the Prison Press!

THE GRIPEVINE

Chicago, Ill.

Waltzing Mathilda!!!! Why do you guys let the post office make you send your mag by 3rd class rates? This is clearly an overcharge. Your mag should be required reading in all prisons. That way maybe they would cut out some of the other punishment. Your mag is the best one on the Prison Press!

THE UNCHANNELED NEWS

Santa Fe, N. Mex.

Why, Hi There!!!! Our associate press Editor did a hitch there and wants to say hello to Johnny and Slim and Sam and Mike and Frank, Ron, Ed and Fred and Ned Ted, Jed, Red, Mary and Ken, Willie and Weep, Tom, Dick and Hymie, Phil and Bill Will, Jill, Thelma, Larry and Gary, Berry and Jerry. Jim, Carl and Fats and Barbara, Timmy and all the kids in the hole. Benny, Kenny, Skinny, Lenny and everybody on the disciplinary court. Your mag is the best one on the Prison Press!

YOUR PAROLE PROGRAM

-PAROLE SUPERVISOR

Many of you enter this institution with the idea that parole is automatic once you are eligible. And continue to believe this up until the time you meet the Parole Board. Then to your disappointment you discover it is a fallacy. Parole is not automatic, nor are we obligated in any way to grant it to you, instead it is definitely a privilege. A privilege that you must prove yourself worthy of. Good conduct is not enough in itself to justify a parole, there are many other things to be taken into consideration. Many of you do not realize the expense entailed in running a parole board. Board members have salaries and must be paid, the same is true of Parole Officers, field representatives and investigators. Also there are the expenses of operation and travel, etc. The Board cannot operate efficiently unless these expenses are met. We feel anyone hoping to make parole should help us defray some of this expense.

There are other conditions that must be met also. Those of you that have been on parole before know most of these, but for the majority of the inmates then, here are some of the things you can do to help get a parole.

(1) Don't be intimidated by the other inmates here into refusing to recognize and do your duty as a member of this institution in reporting infractions of the rules.

(2) Get along well with your work assignment supervisor and all the other officers and guards. Report periodically to the warden any of them that show excessive leniency.

(3) Try to take part and star in all of the athletic activities that throw a favorable light on the institution.

(4) Do not cause unnecessary embarrassment or unfavorable publicity by either appealing your case or asking for time cuts, commutes, filing writs, or writing pitiful letters to judges, legislators, district attorneys, legal aid societies, mayors, governors, etc.

(5) You must have an acceptable parole program, giving an exact assessment of the place where you plan to live. Its property value, the neighbors, the amount they have in the bank, where they work, who they voted for, their zip code number.

(6) You must have at least one thousand dollars in your account here to help pay your part of the parole board expense.

(7) You must promise to solicit votes for the present Governor when you are paroled. Signed affidavits from all your relatives stating that they also will vote for the present administration. These affidavits should be brought to the Parole Board in person by the inmate seeking parole thirty days prior to the time he meets the board.

(8) The Parole Board must receive at least two monthly payroll checks from your prospective employer, plus a five-year, uncancellable contract, with a written wage guarantee included.

(9) Your chances for parole are doubled if you are paroling to a detainee.

If all of these conditions are met, you may have a chance of being granted a parole. However, as stated, parole is a privilege, we are not obligated to grant it.

WORK DETAIL of the MONTH

This month the work detail of the month goes to the Rock Quarry, of course. A most important prison industry. Its value as an industry is not determined by what it contributes to the prison alone, but by its vocational and rehabilitational benefit to the inmate. Which is the most important function of this institution.

Many inmates enter this institution with little or no training in any field of skilled labor whatsoever. Or any occupation, for that matter, that will earn them an honest living in society. Therefore, they are forced to turn to crime. Which is their downfall, and eventually they end up here to pay their debt to society and be rehabilitated. The goal then of this institution is the rehabilitation of the inmate. And part of this can be accomplished by teaching him a useful trade.

This is where the Rock Quarry stands out, in offering the inmate unlimited opportunities for developing the skill and experience necessary to hold his own in the skilled labor fields. So he can return to society capable and confident of earning an honest living.

The officers in charge of this detail strive very hard to see to it that every inmate is thoroughly instructed and are given an equal chance to learn every phase of each operation. Each inmate is assigned a set of tools and is allowed to complete each step of the procedure from start to finish. They believe an inmate should learn

the trade from the ground up, starting with the basic fundamentals of pick, shovel, sledge-hammer, and wheelbarrow.

The officers take an active interest in the part they play in the inmates rehabilitation, and are very adept at transferring this interest to the inmate in various ways. This is especially true when the inmate starts to show a lack of ambition. At the first sign of this they promptly try to do everything within their power to encourage him to put forth more effort and arouse his interest again. Some inmates need this arousing quite often and the officers expend every effort in their behalf giving them special attention.

In spite of the fact that production is of secondary importance, the Quarry Gang does remarkably well in this area and has accomplished a tremendous amount of work. They have removed approximately a million tons of rock and almost leveled one whole side of a mountain. Of course this is over a period of years, but Rome wasn't built in a day.

Occasionally an inmate gets transferred to another work assignment, but many of them realizing the valuable training they can get at the Quarry, return to their favorite work detail again and again. Never satisfied anywhere else.

-THE MANAGING EDITOR

SPORTS REKAP

By Clark Kent and Mike Hammer

As you know, every year in conjunction with our annual Sports Rekap of the outstanding games of the year, we also pick the outstanding player of the year and a "Star" of that sport. This year it was necessary to pick two men to share this honor. This was the unanimous decision of the sports staff, who are the ones that make the choices.

BASEBALL GAME OF THE YEAR PEN STATE vs. OUTSIDE JR. HIGH

This game developed into a terrific pitching and hitting duel early in the first inning. With Clark Kent pitching to only 12 batters and allowing only 87 hits. The rest of the team played errorless baseball. Clark had a sore arm and besides that he felt he should take it easy against the O.J.H. kids, as they only brought along three substitutes.

Statistics

	Pen State	Runs
Hits	0	0
	0	0
	1	0
totals	1	0

Outside Jr. High

Hits	Runs
36	35
43	43
8	8
<u>87</u>	<u>86</u>

This game was called after three innings of play because of darkness. Mike Hammer got the only hit for the cons.

BASEBALL "STAR" CLARK KENT AND MIKE HAMMER

OUTSTANDING FOOTBALL GAME YELLOWBELLIES vs. RAIDERS

This was the hardest played "touch football" game of the year. And the first time our team has ever been penalized for unnecessary roughness. We think the referees did a very poor job. They let the other team get away with too much rough play. It was the

toughest game of the season. Both teams showed a lot of enthusiasm. It was the Yellowbellies only defeat of the season, the Raiders finished their season undefeated.

Statistics

YELLOWBELLIES

0-0-0-0

W	L	T
0	1	0

RAIDERS

20-25-14-26-85

W	L	T
1	0	0

Mike Hammer and Clark Kent made the most "tags" with a total of one each. Touchdowns for the Raiders were made by Helen W., Mary S., Susan R., Vivian D., and Margret K. This was the Women Section's first game.

FOOTBALL "STAR" MIKE HAMMER AND CLARK KENT

OUTSTANDING BASKETBALL GAME

INSIDERS vs. DAIRY

This was the closest game of the year, both teams played beautiful defensive basketball. The score while being small was not very large, due to the wind. Those of you that watched the game probably didn't notice the wind very much, that's what made it so tricky. Both teams agreed that it was because of tricky, little gusts of wind that struck whenever a player started to shoot the ball that kept the scoring down. The Dairy didn't play fair. They pulled several underhanded tricks, which the referees pretended not to notice. The game went into a sudden death overtime while the score was tied for 25 minutes. The final score was 6 to 7. Clark Kent and Mike Hammer were high scorers of the game with 3 points apiece.

BASKETBALL "STAR" CLARK KENT AND MIKE HAMMER

"Player of the year" selection was split evenly between Mike Hammer and Clark Kent.

The Roving Reporter

Question: You have been in several other institutions, how would you compare this one with the others you have been in?

Answer: There're more finks here.
(this answer comes from Eshward Cuttlebone who is now in the hole)

Question: Since your arrival what is your opinion of this institution?

Answer: This is the best institution of all the institutions in the country, and our Warden is the best warden of all the wardens anywhere, and our Captain is the best captain possible, and our Lieutenant is a swell guy, and our Sergeant is O. K., too. But our Warden; why he's understanding, kind, decent, nice, strong, sweet, pure, handsome—brave and true. Anybody who doesn't like him ought to be shot.
(this answer comes from Kenny Ealk, the Warden's houseboy.)

Question: What type of entertainment would you like to see come to this institution?

Answer: Strippers.
(this answer comes from "Pop" Crotchet, who has been here 68 years)

Question: Do you have any trouble out of the inmates who work for you?

Answer: No, because I try to treat the inmates who work for me fair and square and I won't put one in the hole unless he gets out of line or disrespectful or disobedient or disorderly. As long as they don't forget their place and address me as "Sir" and keep a respectful distance and keep their eyes lowered when they're talking to me and come on the double when I call and don't make me mad, they won't have no trouble out of me.
(this answer comes from kind old Officer Whiplash)

Question: Do you think the courts gave you too much time?

Answer: Time? Listen, they threw the book at me! Kept bringing up my record and all. Believe you me, they really loaded me up this time. There ought to be some kind of law against giving out too much time.
(this answer comes from Orgell Custard, who is serving 1 to 1½ for coal rustling. This is Orgell's eighth hitch.)

Question: How do you think the inmates could help improve this institution?

Answer: By escaping.
(this answer comes from Salamander Retch, who is in the Maximum Security Section)

Question: Who do you think is responsible for your being here?

Answer: My father, my mother, the doctor who delivered me, my kid brother, my wife, my kids, my boss, society, the President and the Vice President the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, the Governor, the John Birch Society, the NAACP, the UN, the DAR, the Kiwanis, my best friend my neighbors, TV, my scout master, Radio, the newspapers and the NAM the AFL-CIO, my car, the guards, the cops, Lenny Bruce, the judge Mad magazine, Tin Pan Alley, comic books, the DA and my dog and the state legislature-----

(due to a lack of space, we will have to continue the rest of this answer next month)

RECOUNTED'S ANNUAL AWARDS

for

OUTSTANDING INSTITUTION CONTRIBUTION ABOVE AND BEYOND THE CALL OF NATURE

Inmate Jack Swinerine, the cook, for rare display of courage.

"After fixing last Friday's meal of gruel casserole with hog-belly tit bits, Jack showed up on the recreation yard Saturday afternoon inspite of the numerous notes that had been dropped in his cell and the several abortive attempts to set fire to his cell. Such courage is rarely seen and both the Recounted staff and the four officers who accompanied him to the yard wish to add their admiration of his sheer guts."

Officer Milfred A. Kennelclub for exemplary duty.

"After five mis-counts in Honor Dorm Z, during the evening count period of Tuesday, Officer Kennelclub was sent in by the shift captain to give it a whirl. On his very first try he came up with the right count! As a future aid to his brother officers who count this dorm, Officer Kennelclub has modestly suggested that the number of inmates residing there be reduced from 15 to 10."

Judge Maximilian P. Twillup, of the 53rd Judicial District, for extraordinary contributions to penal life.

"Judge Twillup has over the years made many contributions to the population of this institution, both as a defense lawyer and judge. He is affectionately known here as Maximum Max, among other things."

Inmate Herschel Urp for excellent sports participation.

"Inmate Urp refereed the intramural basketball games this past season and did a fine job. Cellhouse F won the championship and presented Inmate Urp with 10 cartons of cigarettes in appreciation for his skillful work. This reporter asked Inmate Urp whether the fact that he lives in Cellhouse F added any extra burden to his attempts to be unbiased, and he replied, "No".

Inmate Billy Joe Jukes for unusually good conduct.

"Inmate Billy Joe has been something of a naughty boy since coming here. He has spent 4 years, 9 months and 23 days of the last five years in the hole. But up to press time he has not been to the hole for 3 weeks. When we asked him about this change in his conduct he said, "The guy what snitched on me got busted and is coming down here any day and I want to be in circulation when he gets here".

Officer Aqueduct M. Greerk for outstanding devotion to duty.

"Acting on a tip from an informant that someone had cached a load of brew in the Assistant Warden's office, Officer Greerk burst into said office and immediately instituted a shake-down. Both the Warden and Assistant Warden, who were in conference with the Director of Corrections at the time, were amazed at this officer's sterling sense of duty. And though nothing was found, Officer Greerk's act was commented upon as an example of extreme zealousness. Recounted wishes to congratulate Officer Greerk and hopes he will continue to show the same dutiful spirit in his new job on Tower 56."

A Stirring, Heart Rending Story of an Ex-Con Who Dared to Care.

GOING STRAIGHT

OR "Has anybody got change for a quarter, I want to make a phone call"

Bobby walked out of the prison and there was his sweet, openhearted, beautiful wife, Gloria, and his pretty, darling, quaint little daughter, George and his cute outspoken dear little son, Velma.

"Oh, Bobby," his wife said, "I am so glad that you have finally been released from prison after spending 30 long, dreary years behind bars and I have waited faithfully for you and now we are here all back together again with our sweet, openhearted, beautiful little family."

"Yes, Gloria, and George, and Velma, I am out of prison at last and I will never do anything wrong again to get me back in there no more."

"Oh, Goodie!" said George.

"Oh, Goodie!" said Velma.

The sweet, openhearted, beautiful family got into their car and drove off. After a few days Bobby got a job driving a Salvation Army pick-up truck and everything was peachy for the sweet, openhearted, beautiful family. Then one day, while sitting in a bar drinking Vodka, Beer, Scotch and Sloe Gin Martinis, Bobby turned to face a man who sat down beside him. It was Frankie, one of his long forgotten cell partners from the state prison.

"Why, it's Frankie, one of my long forgotten cell partners from the state prison! How the hell are ya, fella, don't tell me you just got out?"

"I'm afraid so, Bobby, as a matter of fact I kicked out yesterday, fella." he said out of the side of his mouth.

"Well, what's new, fella?" Bobby asked.

"Look Bobby fella, if you're interested in making some loot, I've got a score in line and there's big loot in it if you're interested in making some big loot."

Bobby was torn between devotion, love, concern, regard, care and duty to his family and his desire for some big loot.

"How soon, Frankie?" he quickly said.

"Tonight. Meet me here at 8."

Bobby returned home and as he walked in the door there was his s., o., b., of a wife sitting before the fireplace knitting socks; while his c., o., d., of a son, Velma and his p., d., q., of a daughter, George were playing at her feet. This was home. This was the thing he had dreamed of for 30 long, dreary years. A tear came to his eyes as he looked upon them. No. He would not do wrong. He could not disappoint his sweet, openhearted, beautiful little family.

Bobby and Frankie met in the bar. After exchanging small talk Bobby said.

"Frankie, I cannot go through with it. I've got a job and a sob of a family. The job doesn't pay much, only 20 dollars a month and tips but it's what I want.----"

"Hey, Bobby, are you trying to say that you want to go straight?"

"That's it, Frankie."

Well for Heaven's Sake, who would have thought it."

"I'd like out of the deal we talked about, Frankie."

"O.K., fella, if you want to go straight, far be it from me to queer it. Don't forget, fella, you want back in at anytime —call me."

"Gee, thanks a million, Frankie fella."

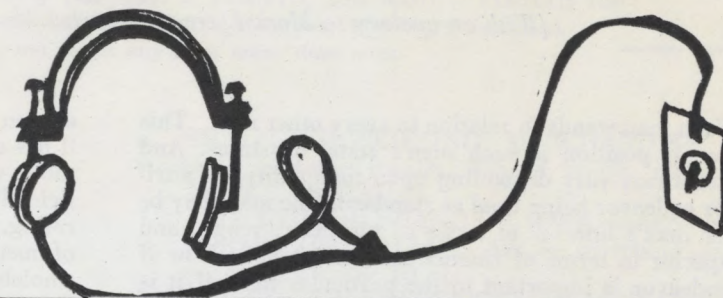
"Think nothing of it, kid fella."

After Frankie left, Bobby went to the pay phone and dropped in a dime.

"Hello, police headquarters? I am Bobby who just got out of the state prison after doing 30 long, dreary years and I want to keep on the straight and narrow from now on, because of my sweet, openhearted, beautiful family. I thought it my duty as a law-abiding citizen to report that Frankie, one of my long forgotten cell partners at the state prison is going to pull a job tonight. He lives at.----"

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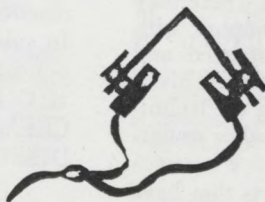
Binaural Speakers come in
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Pointed



Fat



Pin



His masochist's voice



THE MOST TWISTED NAME
 IN SOUND

When your busy day is through and you are ready to relax in the comfort of your tastefully appointed cell, nothing is more soothing than the beautiful, rich, full sounds flowing from your binaural speakers. How comfortably they fit the curves of your head. How gently they caress your ears. Then as the operator playfully changes stations in the middle of your favorite program, and unwittingly brings in three programs at the same time, you will know the joys of a CSP VICTIM.

Do people keep at least 10 feet upwind from you in the yard?

Are there empty seats all around you in the movies?

Do guards refuse to shake you down?

When you come around people do they say:

"Boy, they must be cleaning out the sewers again!"

"Wonder if there's a glue factory burning close by?"

Stop losing friends and



asphyxiating people

"Aren't you glad you use Best Soap, don't you wish your cellie did?"

(Hope you'll use it at the very least once a week. It works best if you use water with it.)

The STATUS INDEX SCALE of NONLEGALITY

[With an apology to Mark Epernay, Herschel McLandress and John Galbreath.]

Each man stands in relation to every other man. This relation or position is each man's state, or status. And this status may vary depending upon the quality, or attribute, or endeavor being used as standard. One man may be another man's inferior in terms of physical strength and his superior in terms of finance and/or intellect. Now if that endeavor is important to the particular man, if it is his life's work, he will and should be concerned with his relative position to others in the same field. In this intensely competitive age those who do not know where they are or where they are going or how they compare with others on the move will be hopelessly outdistanced and finally relegated to the back ranks and junk heap. This is as operative in the field of crime or, permitting the technical phrase, nonlegal activities as it is in any other undertakings.

When I first undertook the research efforts that have led to this publishing of the first installment of the Status Index of Nonlegality I did not foresee the many difficulties, frustrations and failures that would intervene between then and now. Possibly if I had, I would have left this unexplored field to a more sturdy, more intrepid spirit. Even now I wonder was it worth it all. Alas, posterity alone will answer that question, justifying me as a scientific pioneer or a maundering fool.

The need for a scientifically accurate measurement of nonlegality, or criminal, status first appealed to me when at the age of nine after having taken the rent money from my mother's purse and lived it up with a couple of the fast girls down the block, she, my mother, told me that I was a lowdown sneak thief and would end up like Skeeterbritches Moore, a particularly notorious and unsavory 10 year old kid in our neighborhood. Contrary to Mom's intent, I received this news happily because Skeeterbritches was something of a hero to us kids. Would I *really* end up like Skeeter? And what did she mean, *end up*? Skeeter hadn't ended up anywhere except in the reformatory a couple of times where he had learned some better techniques. In fact, his career was still going strong (he eventually went to the chair for multiple homicide). But more importantly, how did I compare right now to the awesome Skeeter? Or for that matter to Dillinger? Or to my Dad, who had just gotten out of the penitentiary? From those infantile wonderings came the STATUS INDEX of NONLEGALITY.

The Status Index of Nonlegality has been devised to remedy the doubts of those who, like myself so many years ago, want to know how they measure up in their

chosen life work. The Status Index of Nonlegality, or as it has come to be known, the SIN index can possibly help those who are floundering around and cluttering up the field. It can help them to realize that because of their low rating, they may be wasting their time or need a change of methods. It can help others to enter the profession wholeheartedly; those who are on the outer fringes of the field and who have not realized the extent of their abilities.

What here follows is only the first section of the far reaching SIN index, THE LARCENY QUOTIENT, or L.Q. In subsequent publications we will present the other components that make up the syndrome of nonlegality—THE HOMICIDE INDICATOR, THE IMMORALITY INCREMENT, THE CRIME PLANNING CAPACITY, THE DISSIMULATIVE FACULTY, *inter alia*.

The L. Q. is not static, nor is any of the other components of the SIN index. The L. Q. tells you where you stand, larcenywise. Your figure can move up or move down, depending on your subsequent activities. It is very easy to compute your L. Q. from the tables below. You add or subtract the points that apply in the first two sections and divide that total by the third section. E. g., if you have stolen or robbed 21 times you get 150 points. If you were caught twice, you would subtract 20 points from the 150, leaving you 130. If you were convicted and jailed once you would subtract 15 points, leaving 115. If you spent the time in a penitentiary for, say, 2½ years, you would get 10 points for being confined and 15 points for the time spent—for each year and fraction of a year 5 points—(the reason for this is that in prison you could have learned new ways and could come out a better larcenist). This makes your total now 140 points. Now let us say you robbed a supermarket for \$2000. Then under NATURE OF ITEMS STOLEN you get 80 points for getting cash between \$1000 and \$50,000 dollars. Let us also say that you once did some shoplifting, stole an auto to go joyriding and snatched a purse. You get 20 points for the shoplifting, 5 points for the car, and 10 points for the purse. You now have 80 plus 20 plus 10 plus 5, or 115 added your 140 for a total of 255. Under PLACE ITEMS STOLEN FROM, you get 80 for the supermarket and shoplifting, 10 for the car and 10 for pursesnatching, or 100 points. You now have 355 points. Under QUALITY DIVIDER, your larceny comes within the heading of AGGRESSION OR STEALTH and so you divide by 3, giving you a L. Q. of 118.3 and placing you in the above average class.

**NO. OF TIMES YOU HAVE
STOLEN (OR ROBBED)**

1 to 10 TIMES *count* 100 POINTS
11 to 100 TIMES *count* 150 POINTS
Over 100 TIMES *count* 200 POINTS

SCORE

**NO. OF TIMES YOU
WERE CAUGHT**

SUBTRACT 10 POINTS for each time

RECOUNT

NO. OF TIMES YOU WERE CONVICTED AND JAILED

SUBTRACT 15 POINTS for each time

If you were convicted and confined in a penitentiary ADD 10 POINTS, and ADD 5 POINTS for each year and fraction of a year you were confined.

If you were convicted and confined in a workhouse or county jail ADD 5 POINTS, and ADD 3 POINTS for each year or fraction of a year you were confined.

Do not count any item more than once

NATURE OF ITEMS

STOLEN

1. CASH MONEY*
 - in excess of \$50,000 count 100 pts.
 - from \$1000 to \$50,000 count 80 pts.
 - from \$1 to \$99 count 50 pts.
 - from 1¢ to 99¢ count 5 pts.
2. JEWELRY (rare gems) count 70 pts.
3. JEWELRY (watches, rings taken from persons or homes) count 25 pts.
4. LARGE MERCHANDISE (e.g., TV's Washing Machines, Cases of cigarettes, furniture, etc.) count 40 pts.
5. INTERMEDIATE MERCHANDISE (e.g., luggage, tires, portable radios, typewriters, etc.) count 30 pts.

6. SMALL, SHOPLIFTING MERCHANDISE (e.g., stockings, costume jewelry, canned goods, etc.) count 20 pts.
 7. ANOTHER'S HUSBAND OR WIFE count 60 pts.
 8. PURSES OR WALLETS (as in snatching or pick pocketing) count 10 pts.
 9. TOWELS, SHEETS, SPOONS, GLASSWARE (from hotel and motel rooms) count 10 pts.
 10. AUTOS (for the purpose of selling) count 30 pts.
 11. AUTOS (for joy-riding) count 5 pts.
 12. PAPER CLIPS, PENCILS, TOOLS, etc. (from your place of employment) count 10 pts.
- * includes monies realized from INCOME TAX EVASIONS, if obtained from checks subtract 10 POINTS.
 KIDNAPPINGS, EMBEZZLEMENTS, EXTORTIONS, ERRORS, IN CHANGE FROM CLERKS, etc.

PLACE ITEMS STOLEN FROM

1. BANKS (National, State, or Piggy) count 100 pts.
2. BUSINESS ESTABLISHMENTS count 80 pts.*
3. PRIVATE HOMES count 50 pts.
4. WAREHOUSES count 50 pts.
5. YOUR PLACE OF EMPLOYMENT count 50 pts.
6. GOVERNMENT (e.g., Income Tax Evasion, Mails, etc.) count 40 pts.

7. POCKETS count 10 pts.
 8. OTHER count 10 pts.
- *if money was taken from, say, a church poor box count under BUSINESS ESTABLISHMENTS.
 if money was realized through checks, count only the points given for place from which checks were taken not place where cashed.

DIVIDE BY 2

THE QUALITY DIVIDER

DIVIDE BY 3

IF YOU OBTAINED MOST OF YOUR BENEFITS BY ARTIFICE

For instance, seduction, clever forgeries, confidence games, stock swindles, embezzlements, account juggling, etc.

IF YOU OBTAINED MOST OF YOUR BENEFITS BY AGGRESSION OR STEALTH

For instance, using guns, knives, bottles of TNT, blackjack, yoking, mugging, creeping, burglary, shoplifting, safecracking, etc.

L.Q. CONVERSION SCALE

- 0 to 50 VERY POOR
(have you ever thought of taking up the cloth?)
- 51 to 80 BELOW AVERAGE
(you may well be in the wrong profession)
- 81 to 110 AVERAGE
(you will never get rich)
- 111 to 140 ABOVE AVERAGE
(you have promise and should go up)
- 141 to 170 SUPERIOR
(you should organize your own little group)
- 171 to 200 GENIUS
(the Mafia and Congress have openings for fellows like you)
- 200 and above MASTERMIND
(HEIL HITLER!!!)

BONUS PRESTIGE POINTS (To be added to L.Q. Score)

- If you are an elected public official add 10 POINTS.
 If you are an appointed public official add 5 POINTS.
 If you are a law enforcement officer add 3 POINTS.
 If you have successfully eluded the FBI for a period of 1 year or more add 15 POINTS.
 If you have been on the FBI's Ten Most Wanted List add 7 POINTS.
 If you have ever successfully bribed a prosecuting attorney or a judge, or rigged a jury add 8 POINTS.
 If you or some member of your family have ever spent time on Alcatraz add 4 POINTS.
 If you have ever turned states evidence on an accomplice or accomplices subtract 15 POINTS.
 If you have ever copped out on yourself subtract 7 POINTS.
 If you have ever been, or are now a police or prison informer subtract 10 POINTS.
 If you have frequent and/or unaccountable pangs of remorse subtract 5 POINTS.

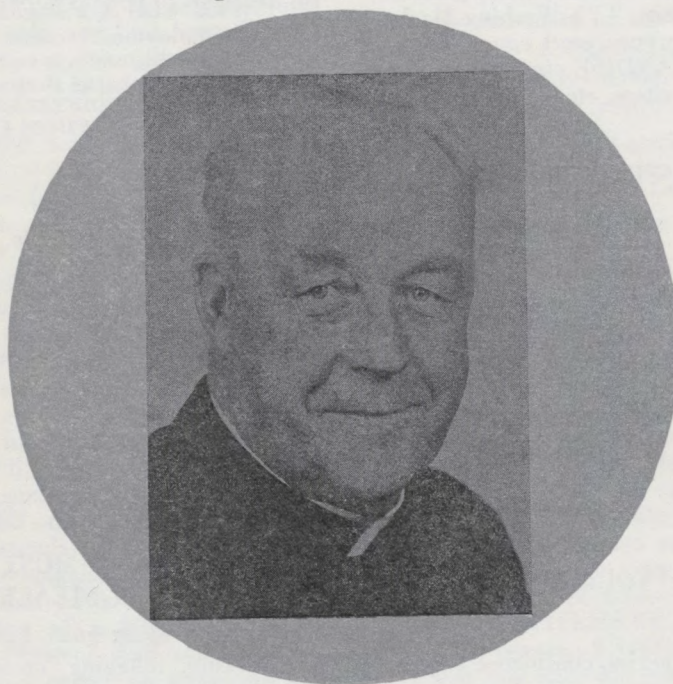
RECOUNT

There is one little word, an Anglo-Saxon word, which has helped to shape the history of the world. Its absence from human relations has often destroyed families, has damaged lives, and has broken human hearts. That word is kindness.

Kindness is a simple word, but it is far from being an ordinary thing. Saint Paul, in his glowing description of charity, in the thirteenth chapter of his Epistle to the Corinthians, tells us that charity is "kind".

Some few years ago I had occasion to write a short note to a former teacher of mine. She had taught, at that time, for more than forty years. In my note I thanked her for the wonderful dedication she had given to her work, and told her that she had been a great inspiration to me. She wrote back an enthusiastic note of thanks, in which she said, "No one ever said that to me before!" I know that there were hundreds of men and women whom she had once taught who thought as I did, and who felt as I did. I wonder why it was that none of them had ever told her so?

Why is it, I wonder, that we are so often reluctant to manifest kindness? Is it because we're afraid that people may think that we're soft, not hard-boiled enough? I suppose that all of us have noticed to what a degree plain, old-fashioned courtesy is disappearing in human relations. It's particularly noticeable in the absence of good manners among the young. A generation ago a young boy would



be taught to stand if a lady entered a room. He might feel awkward and embarrassed, but at least he knew the right things to say, the right motions to be gone through. But now they're apt to remain sprawled out in a chair, and their greeting is apt to be a monosyllabic "Hi", or a grunt.

This, it seems to me, is all part of the same pattern. It reflects the loss of the sense of respect and reverence for the human person.

Human relations today are governed, in great measure, by deference for the "big wheel", the one who can help you to get places. But in the Christian tradition every human being is a "big wheel", every human being is tremendously important. For every human being is a child of God.

Life today is considerably harsher, it's more brittle, it's more cruel. Because there has been a falling off of kindness, a loss of the sense of courtesy.

We're always wondering what we, as individuals, can do to make the world a better place in which to live. In this article I'd like to make two suggestions: one to those who are parents; the other to everybody else. If you are parents, teach your children to have good manners; to know how to behave as refined, civilized human beings, not as little savages. And for the rest of us, let us try, humbly and sincerely, each day, to manifest just a little more genuine kindness to everybody.

It has been said, "you can do anything if you try hard enough". This of course is not absolutely true, for everyone has limits to what they can do.

Nevertheless it is true that people can usually do better if they try harder. You have probably heard the remark, "That's the best I can do, so if they don't like the way it's done, that's too bad". In fact, I have often said the same thing myself. Then one day I asked myself, "But is it really the best I can do? Or could I do my work whether anybody else noticed or not. By doing my best at one small job I was training myself to do my best at other, bigger jobs, and this practice now would benefit me in the future. There is great satisfaction in knowing you are doing your best.

I started asking myself how hard I really tried on other things—how hard did I try to be a good wife, a good mother, a good daughter, sister, friend? Could I do better? Invariably the answer was, "yes". Will I do better if I get another chance? "Yes—if!" If I start now to make myself a better person. But what can we do in here? We have no full-time job to keep us busy, we have no hobby shops, no school, or training to speak of. But we do have a few things—our details, needlework, A.A., books and magazines. We also have our own minds, our own ingenuity—capable of creating new interests. One girl here offered to teach knitting to those who wanted to learn, so now we have a knitting class—but only eight girls signed up. We now have a one-hour-a-week math class—but only eight girls attend. We have books in the library on fashion, decorating, health, history, English, psychology, typing, shorthand, poetry; all of which would develop our minds much better than reading only fiction. Several girls here have talents worth developing. Painting, sketching, play-acting, music, singing, writing, leathercraft. Others have deficiencies that could be improved—math, English penmanship, typing. There is a free Bible course available to anyone who wants it.

Why wait around for someone to teach you? Why not study and teach yourself? Why let this time in here be totally wasted? I have found many stimulating things to learn while I am here; things to occupy my thoughts and hands; things to try to improve myself so that I will leave this place a better person than when I came in. I know I am not so perfect that I don't need improvement, but no one else is going to improve me—I have to improve myself.

How hard do you try?

HOW

HARD

DO

YOU

TRY?

by
Karen
Langerak

TIPS TO

FIRST READ THE RECOUNT—After doing so you will still be just as confused or more so than you were before, but you will at least have had something to do. And who knows, maybe you can accomplish something that even the editor hasn't been able to. That is to make some sense out of all that wasted paper.

POLE VAULTING—Surprisingly enough it is legal. **BUT, ONLY ON LABOR DAY.** Nothing more need be said about that, I hope.

POOLS—Baseball will soon be here. But that's immaterial. I only know of two kinds of pools, the parlay and the swimming types. The parlay type is illegal and the swimming type is nonexistent. So if you hear anyone talking about pools, just ignore them. **ABOVE ALL, DON'T ASK ANYONE WHY YOU WEREN'T ISSUED A SWIMMING SUIT.** This is taboo. And it may lead to long and involved talks with an officer or the prison psychologist.

ORAL ORDERS—When an officer yells "Button up," he means your shirt. Not your lip, that's "Dummy up."

HOSPITAL—Those going to the hospital on **TUESDAY** morning, be a little careful. Normally there are two lines on Tuesdays. One of these is known as the Blood Line, for blood donors. If you make a habit of getting in the wrong line, you may notice frequent fainting, spells of dizziness and an anemic-like pallor. Of course, don't assume that every dizzy person you meet has been getting in the wrong line (I haven't given blood in months). But for your own benefit you don't want to be confused with the other type of dizzy convict.

OF FISH

BIRDS—A word of caution. If you buy a bird be extremely careful, if it is a parakeet or any other type of talking bird, what you say around it. Some of them have been known to suddenly change from good, loyal, loving little creatures to the less popular stool-pigeon.

BIRDS—(different species than the above mentioned) Known to the prison population as **FINK** (obviously mispronounced). The proper name is **FINCH**, as defined in the dictionary: "Any of the numerous singing birds (family Fringillidae) including the sparrows, grosbeaks (bull finch), goldfinches, greenfinches, chaffinches." They are described as having conical heads adapted to crushing. So you may recognize them we will give a brief description of each: The sparrows are the timid ones; the grosbeaks (bullfink) are to be found loitering around the bulls, cheeping constantly; the goldfinks and greenfinks are more apt to be found outside on the streets and may cause you some trouble there, they seem to thrive on money or other considerations and can be found cheeping in the appropriate surroundings. Although they are to be found within the prison walls they are not so common as the other varieties and often change their habits to resemble Bullfinks and are often confused as such. The chaffinks are the easiest to recognize because of their rough looking plumage, which is the result of coming in contact with wild flying knuckles, one of the hazards of their deplorable nature. Finks have to be watched very closely, but at a distance. It could seriously endanger your reputation. So beware.

LANGUAGE—Be a little careful here also. Most of the officers here can recognize most of the Spanish curse words and phrases. And if you do make a "little slip of the tongue," be sure to read our article "We've Heard It Before." Don't use any of these. They didn't even work the first time they were tried.

"We've Heard It Before"



umber 6745 did it. He was after me because he said that I ratted him off on the 'snitch line'. I saw him throw three bottles of lighter fluid in my cell, then a burning rag. He didn't know that I saw him but, I was on the opposite tier snooping, er, I mean looking around...."



can understand the officers confusion. After all no one is perfect. Everyone makes mistakes. My eyes WERE a LITTLE dilated and I might have been staggering some, but I can explain all that. I had something in my eye so I put some Murine in them. I couldn't see too good. Everyone knows Murine dilates the pupils...About the cigarette I was smoking...I just switched brands and starting smoking a mixture of Bull Durham and Rum & Maple. That may account for the 'smell' he reported...."



don't know anything about any lighter fluid. The rat probably fell asleep with a cigarette in his hand, or set fire to his own cell and is trying to 'bum rap' me...."



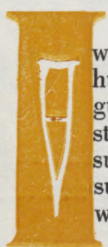
hen that officer heard me say, 'that phoney no-good greenback was queer', I wasn't talking about him, as he thought. I was talking about a counterfeit bill a guy tried to pass me when I was on the streets. He doesn't seem to like me very well for some reason and is taking this way of getting me in trouble...."



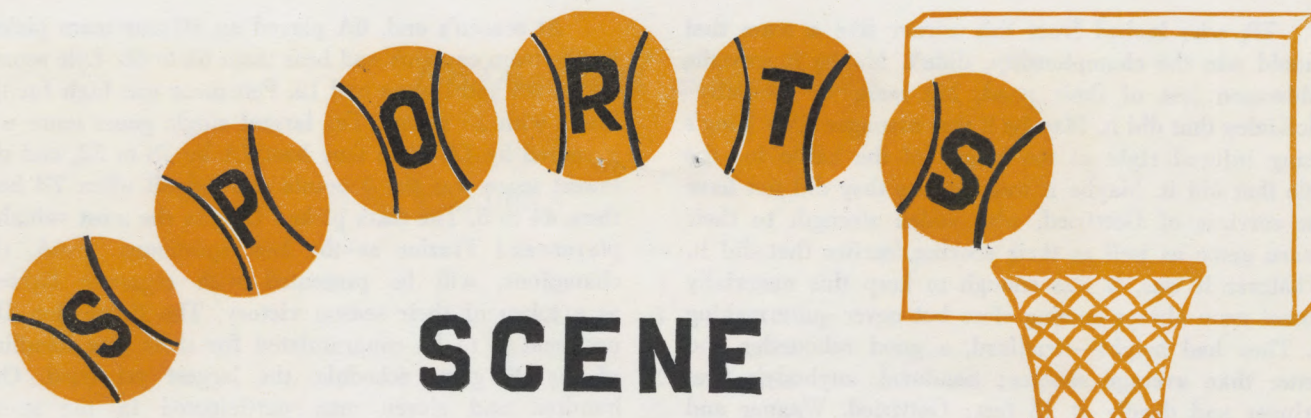
ut, honest, I wasn't drunk. I just gave blood the day before and I was still a little dizzy. The alcohol that the officer said he smelled wasn't from my breath like he thought. It was from the alcohol they put on my arm when they took the blood...."



ou see it was this way...Remember when you gave me permission to paint my cell...? . . . Well I finally got a can of yellow paint from the carpenter shop and was going to the cell-house to get the job done. When this officer wanted to know what I had in the can. It seems that every time he sees me he has to shake me down. Well now, I didn't deliberately throw it on him as he says I did. I was just taking the lid off to show him that I didn't have anything in it but paint, when the can slipped in my hand, and I grabbed at it with my other hand in an attempt to keep it from spilling... And, well, I missed. I hit the bottom instead... And... Well... He was kind of bending over to see in the can when it happened... And..."



was just sitting there telling this guy about a hustler I used to know on the streets, when this guy comes up, listens for a few minutes and starts to ask me questions about her. All of a sudden before I knew it he winds up and 'cops a sunday' on me. How was I to know that she was his wife...?"



The wounds may now begin to heal.

Throats, sore from yelling partisan encouragement, will gradually better; the sharp pain of lost cigarettes, sustained by giving too many points or taking too few, will ease off into a dull, smokeless ache; the flames of anger at the abysmal ignorance and total blindness of the referees, but for whose malice the game would have been won, will ash into a tolerant pity. Rivalries will cool, friends will become friends again. The missed crip, the stupid play, the bad pass, the bitter taste of loss, the sweeter taste of win will gradually fade into a fine or foul memory.

The 1963—64 intramural basketball season is over. And it will go in the record books as mis-spelled names and a jumble of numbers, but it will be remembered by those who participated and witnessed it as one of the most exciting, fiercely contested and hard played seasons in the history of CSP sports.

There was not one of the 90 games played that was not worth seeing, if only for the laughs—and there were plenty of them. What we had, and what provided the excitement, were three evenly matched teams and a fourth team not too far from them. 6A, 7B, and 1A were, particularly at the latter part of the season, as close in caliber of material as you could come. And the battles that ensued as these teams fought for the league title were worth braving the often icy weather to see. When any two of these three teams played each other the game was, well, hell. And then there were upsets. Say, for instance, when cellar-dwelling 7A clipped league-leading 6A, 24 to 19, to the astonishment of not 6A, but 7A as well. For previous to that game, 7A was playing so badly it seemed that their players were in need of a detailed map giving directions to the basket, or better, an instruction book telling them what the basket was for. So even when the last placed teams played one of the top three there was no quarter given and none asked.

The season started with 6A running up a string of 10 or 12 victories and it looked as if that would be that.

And then 7B, who had lost a couple of close ones to 6A, knocked them off. Hard on the heels of 7B's win came 1A up to challenge the vaunted giants from cell house 6. And they too knocked them off. Next it was 7A, and before you knew it cell house 6 had lost three in a row and a two-way tie existed between 7B and 6A. Then 1A started 7B's troubles by clobbering them. In the meantime 6A's manager either noisily quit or was quietly fired and Homer Brown took over the fortunes of the team. 1A, however, returned and did it to 6A again and had visions of the title dancing in their heads. But 6A got down to business and refused to lose anymore, even though 7B and 1A continued to hammer away at them, and at each other. The result was that 6A swept to the championship with the two second place teams hot on their heels. Meanwhile back in the cellar. 1B kept improving and improving but by the time they got respectable the title was out of reach. 7A, after the impetus of their startling win over 6A, lorded it over lower placed 6B, but just barely. And 6B. Well, they played hard, complained little and lost often.

6A won the league championship because they had Lyle, Hanna, a pint-sized sharpshooter named Frazier, the best bench in the league, and that indispensable of indispensables—team spirit. The will to win. They were serious from the moment the ball was tossed up until the final whistle. Now any team that has Ronnie Lyle has got something of an edge. He is tall, husky, mean and one hell of a basketball player. He shoots from the outside, the inside, the underside and the suicide. He can make plays and break up plays. He plays the backboards as if they were willed to him and on top of all that he's got speed. Hanna is another giant. He doesn't maneuver as well as Lyle, but he can murder you under the boards and he is also mean. Outside they had Frazier and Miller, and either L.C. Hurd, Moham or Roybal as fifth man. All five are too good. But it was their supreme belief that they were supposed to win and determination to do it that sealed the championship for them. And manager Brown with a deft use of his bench and a re-ordering of his offense kept it on their minds, as the saying goes.

7B, who looked from this corner like a team that should win the championship, didn't. Maybe it was the midseason loss of their good, big man, "Joe-Baby" McKinley that did it. Maybe it was manager Billy King's being injured right at the height of the battle for the title that did it. Maybe it was because they did not have the services of Gottfried, who added strength to their board game as well as their scoring, earlier that did it. Whatever it was, it was enough to keep this materially potent team always coming close but never quite making it. They had height—Bradford, a good rebounder and better than average shooter; Sandoval, anybody's first stringer and deadly at 15 feet; Gottfried, Wagner and McKinley. They had good ball handlers and play-makers. So what went wrong?

Drive, coordination, speed and uncanny shooting ability seem to be just about the proper ingredients any team needs to win a title. And 1A had these elements in surplus. But they had no height. And in basketball the good tall man nearly always beats the good little man. And so the marvelously machined unit of Lujan, Corwin, Ferchaw and Frank had to settle for second place tie. Yet each of these five was a terror on the courts. Lujan with his almost bewildering accuracy; Corwin with his speed; Jordan, a magician dribbler and the tallest little man in the league; Ferchaw, a corner shot specialist; Frank, slippery, feinting and good under the baskets. The finest games played during the year were played by this team, and but for their lack of height. . . .

1B was the story of one good man and four men who were on the mend. Bob Pettipiece was the backbone of 1B. He does everything well, shoot, play-make, rebound and manage. But his forces were thin. "Tinkerbell" Tinck, his big man came along at the end of the season. He lost Schmidt amidsthips, and though Steele, Cordova and Ukena played hard and well it was not enough to seriously contend for the top spot.

7A was, pardon the expression, to laugh. Now this is not to say that they didn't mean business. They did. It was just that they did their business so amusingly. They fussed at each other, fired each other, bumped into each other and hired each other. But they did it all deadpan. There were two pretty good players on this team. Joe Ferrell, who would shoot at anything that moved, whites of the eyes be damed, and Bell whose high arching shot was a beautiful, dangerous thing to behold. But in the main they were pardon it again, to laugh. They hired any and every body in sight, but to no avail. Yet they did knock off 6A.

6B, managed by one of the best play-makers and toughest competitors in the league—Cox, never had a chance. And it is only because the Associate Editor of this magazine played on the team that we are mentioning them at all. No, that's not quite true. They gave it a good try, but what can you do when you've got polio. Seriously though, Shotwell, Taylor, Hansen, Bland, Cox, Ortiz and Cabral played, if you don't mind using the word *play* loosely, well.

At season's end, 6A played an all star team picked by the team captains and beat them 62 to 48. Lyle scored 20 for 6A and Hanna had 15. Pettipiece was high for the losers with 15 points. The largest single game score was garnered by 1A when they beat 7A by 78 to 52, and the lowest score was the 5 points allowed 6B when 7B beat them 44 to 5. The team picked Lyle as the most valuable player and Frazier as the best sportsman. 6A, the champions, will be presented with cigarette lighters as a token of their season victory. The Recreation Department is to be congratulated for their fine handling of the 90 game schedule, the largest yet tried. One hundred and eleven men participated in the sport, another record, and the spectators were out in droves.

The unsung, unloved and unwanted elements of the season was, of course, the referee. Now hating referees is a healthy, upstanding American pastime, and let us hope that it will not die out during our lifetimes. Aside from being an occasional reminder of the rules, that's what he's there for—to be hated. If you couldn't boo the ref all of the fun would go out of the sport. He is blind, he is stupid, he is cruel. But he is also necessary. So let's all give a rousing boo for "Pudding" Bryant, a blind, cruel, stupid guy, but a necessary one. And maybe after all Pudding was the best sport around, because at times he stood abuse from some poorer sports that would have landed a lesser man in cell house 3, but he stuck it out, throughout the season.

On January 4th, the Recreation Department held its annual weightlifting meet in the inmate gymnasium. A large crowd watched the proceedings and quite a few state records were broken. Another meet will be held in May, with many men coming from the Denver area and also the big man, Wilbur Miller with Bill Clark from the Missouri area will be here some of their teammates.

JANUARY 4TH INVITATIONAL WEIGHTLIFTING MEET

Name	Club	BW	P	S	C&J	Tot.
Philip Hernandez	CSP	121	145	135	185	465
Albert Lucero	CSP	121	145	145	—	—
Tony Martinez	CSP	127	160	150	190	500
Nick Gomez	CSP	148	215	170	215	600
Robin Daly	CSP	148	165	160	205	530
Don Booth	Denver Y	165	340	230	285	755
John Hannah	CSP	162	200	190	250	640
Melvin Clark	CSP	165	205	185	230	620
Robert Hall	Fowler	180	255	220	320*	795
Walter Skeels	CSP	181	255	225	290	770
Ivars Mankows	BAC	181	245	220	295	760
Paul Walcholz	Denver Y	198	270	240	325*	835
Neil Schuyler	CSP	200	185	180	250	615

* new state record

Stan Johnson, AAU Wt—lifting chairman was MC and Referee; Gene Johnson of Denver and Cliff Mattax, CSP Rec. Dir. were judges; Scoreboard, Rueben Scott; Scorer, Leonard Hanna; Loaders, Jack Thornbrugh, Jesse Taylor, Joe Guerrero; Meet Director, Sgt Mattax.

A chess tournament, sponsored by the Recreation Department is in progress and Recount will give the details and outcome of this program in the next issue.

Basketball Statistics

FINAL STANDINGS

team	won	lost	pct.	g.b.
6A	26	4	.867	...
7B	22	8	.733	4
1A	22	8	.733	4
1B	13	17	.433	13
7A	5	25	.167	21
6B	2	28	.067	26

Cell House 6 A,		Won—26	Lost—4			
Name	Games	FG	FT	Fouls	Total	AVG.
Tyler	2	12	2-13	3	26	13.0
Lyle	30	154	51-106	60	359	12.0
Hanna	29	106	49-92	60	261	9.0
Frazier	30	58	15-46	24	131	4.4
Moham	27	48	11-38	53	107	4.0
Hurd	15	17	8-16	40	42	2.8
Lane	13	10	15-25	17	35	2.7
Martinez	25	24	12-33	56	60	2.4
Gonzales	1	1	0-0	1	2	2.0
Miller	23	15	12-20	38	42	1.8
Roybal	20	12	10-20	34	34	1.7
Hamilton	25	16	3-16	15	35	1.4
Scott	7	3	0-8	3	6	0.9
McClendon	6	1	0-5	11	2	0.3
Garcia	1	0	0-0	0	0	0.0
Bell	2	0	0-1	2	0	0.0
Rynn	1	0	0-0	1	0	0.0
TEAM	30	477	188-439	418	1142	38.1
OPPONENTS					821	27.4

Cell House 1 A,		Won—22	Lost—8			
Name	Games	FG	FT	Fouls	Total	AVG.
Lujan	28	140	45-83	57	325	11.6
Corwin	29	134	58-109	45	326	11.2
Ferchaw	26	63	29-44	23	155	6.0
Frank	26	47	23-57	54	117	4.5
Jordon	29	41	19-51	74	101	3.5
Uliberri	15	22	2-12	9	46	3.1
Mares	2	1	2-5	5	5	2.0
Hotopp	22	14	11-24	22	39	1.8
Blan	12	6	2-6	23	14	1.2
Thomas	20	10	1-8	25	21	1.0
Ortiz	5	1	3-4	4	5	1.0
Licon	13	2	0-1	12	4	0.3
Lontine	14	1	1-5	18	3	0.2
TEAM	30	482	196-409	371	1160	35.3
OPPONENTS					944	31.5

Cell House 7 B,		Won—22	Lost—8			
Name	Games	FG	FT	Fouls	Total	AVG.
McKinley	15	73	18-42	27	164	10.9
Sandoval	28	117	20-65	32	254	9.1
Mobley	8	22	9-27	17	53	6.6
Gottfried	11	30	11-25	25	71	6.5
Edwards	24	51	12-48	50	114	4.8
Bradford	30	51	23-77	43	125	4.2
Hunt	29	36	18-44	38	90	3.1
B. King	14	23	7-16	18	53	3.1
Martinez	22	20	2-16	20	42	1.9
Wagner	19	12	2-9	19	26	1.4
F. King	27	5	1-10	14	11	0.4
Davalos	1	0	0-0	1	0	0.0
TEAM	30	495	139-415	341	1129	37.6
OPPONENTS					816	27.2

Cell House 1 B,		Won—13	Lost—17			
Name	Games	FG	FT	Fouls	Total	AVG.
Pettipiece	30	153	42-91	65	348	11.6
Schmidt	22	85	21-47	22	191	8.7
Tinck	29	95	16-82	76	206	7.1
Cordova	29	71	35-86	66	177	6.1
Steele	28	53	23-74	60	129	4.6
Garcia	18	29	3-20	18	61	3.4
Long	1	1	0-0	1	2	2.0
Ukena	25	9	8-26	41	26	1.0
Trujillo	8	3	0-0	6	6	0.8
Harris	8	0	4-4	9	4	0.5
Martinez	5	1	0-0	4	2	0.4
Neal	20	2	0-2	10	4	0.2
TEAM	30	502	152-437	378	1156	38.3
OPPONENTS					1115	37.2

RECOUNT

Cell House 6 B,		Won—2		Lost—28			
Name	Games	FG	FT	Fouls	Total	AVG.	
Tafoya	3	10	2-5	0	22	7.4	
Cox	30	83	34-100	52	200	6.7	
Carwell	5	15	2-12	13	32	6.4	
Ortiz	19	41	14-53	53	96	5.0	
Gottfield	1	2	1-6	2	5	5.0	
Simpson	9	20	3-10	3	43	4.8	
Cabral	12	24	8-23	21	56	4.7	
Hansen	21	39	10-44	12	88	4.2	
Hernandez	3	6	0-2	4	12	4.0	
Simon	7	13	1-11	19	27	3.8	
Shotwell	30	29	11-42	50	69	2.3	
Trujillo	6	5	2-8	3	12	2.0	
Bell	1	1	0-4	5	2	2.0	
Bland	28	12	10-28	43	34	1.2	
Taylor	26	6	0-4	29	12	0.5	
Novasad	5	1	0-5	2	2	0.4	
Norman	6	1	0-0	3	2	0.3	
Geenter	4	0	0-1	5	0	0.0	
Williams	2	0	0-0	5	0	0.0	
Maxwell	1	0	0-0	0	0	0.0	
George	1	0	0-0	0	0	0.0	
Markle	6	0	0-1	1	0	0.0	
Garrier	1	0	0-0	0	0	0.0	
TEAM	30	308	98-359	325	714	23.8	
OPPONENTS					1212	40.4	

Cell House 7 A,		Won—5		Lost—25			
Name	Games	FG	FT	Fouls	Total	AVG.	
Ferrell	21	86	24-67	56	196	9.3	
Bell	27	92	29-88	65	213	7.9	
Edwards	5	14	5-13	14	33	6.6	
Hernandez	4	9	3-8	9	21	5.2	
Normand	14	28	9-33	35	65	4.6	
Sherman	13	20	6-17	29	46	3.5	
Whitney	2	3	0-2	4	6	3.0	
Lane	23	22	17-54	63	61	2.8	
Hannah	21	26	2-15	50	54	2.8	
Sanchez	20	20	10-23	27	50	2.5	
Madison	6	5	3-8	12	13	2.2	
Hall	3	3	0-0	3	6	2.0	
Henderson	2	2	0-1	2	4	2.0	
Hale	1	1	0-0	0	2	2.0	
Garcia	1	1	0-0	3	2	2.0	
Raspberry	14	11	2-8	8	24	1.7	
Litsey	25	16	9-31	16	41	1.6	
Arkadie	4	1	4-11	5	6	1.5	
Mickens	2	1	0-2	4	2	1.0	
Duncan	10	2	0-0	6	4	0.4	
Poinsette	11	1	2-7	15	4	0.4	
Miller	1	0	0-0	0	0	0.0	
Hill	3	0	0-0	1	0	0.0	
Lynch	1	0	0-0	3	0	0.0	
Johnson	1	0	0-0	0	0	0.0	
Valesquez	1	0	0-1	0	0	0.0	
Durns	1	0	0-0	0	0	0.0	
Gallegos	1	0	0-0	0	0	0.0	
Menzer	1	0	0-0	0	0	0.0	
Anderson	1	0	0-1	0	0	0.0	
Shaieb	1	0	0-0	0	0	0.0	
Rice	1	0	0-2	0	0	0.0	
Norris	1	0	0-0	0	0	0.0	
TEAM	30	364	125-392	430	853	28.4	
OPPONENTS					1026	34.2	

THE TOP SCORERS

Name	Total	Average	Name	Total	Average
Lyle, 6 A	359	12.0	Cordova, 1 B	177	6.1
Pettipiece, 1 B	348	11.6	McKinley, 7 B	164	10.9
Corwin, 1 A	326	11.2	Ferchaw, 1 A	155	6.0
Lujan, 1 A	325	11.6	Frazier, 6 A	131	4.4
Hanna, 6 A	261	9.0	Steele, 1 B	129	4.6
Sandoval, 7 B	254	9.1	Bradford, 7 B	125	4.2
Bell, 7 A	213	7.9	Frank, 1 A	117	4.5
Tinck, 1 B	206	7.1	Edwards, 7 B	114	4.8
Cox, 6 B	200	6.7	Moham, 6 A	107	4.0
Ferrell, 7 A	196	9.3	Jordon, 1 A	101	3.5
Schmidt, 1 B	191	8.7			



Professor W. G. Barrett

New Music Director

AT

CSP



Holding an interview with Mr. Barrett, the new CSP music director, takes more than just a reportorial bent. It also requires tip-top physical condition and fleetness of foot. For Mr. Barrett is the closest thing to a perpetual motion machine that can ever be approached in the flesh. Keeping up with him is like trying to tattoo a six day bicycle racer. Indeed it's not so much an interview as it is an exercise in the fundamentals of eel holding. All unsuspecting, you first observe him in his habitat, the CSP Band Room, with instruments and sheets of music and microphones and musicians scattered about in random array. Then you approach, and inform him of your mission. In the warmth of his affable smile and forthright greeting you relax and prepare for a pleasant interlude of information gathering. You poise your pencil, riffle a few blank pages of your notebook, blink your eyes and look around for a comfortable spot in which the two of you can pursue this mistaken idea of yours. You turn again to Mr. Barrett with the beginning of a suggestion on your lips and—poof!—he's gone. He's on the other side of the room, talking earnestly to a trombone player and making notations on the music sheets in front of him. You "heh-heh" a little embarrassedly and try to look casual as you stumble over to him. You clear your throat; he, very graciously, apologizes for having had to leave you so abruptly; your composure starts to return and—rrrfftt!—he's gone again. This time he's on the stage in the company of a tuba, a clarinet and a kettledrum. From there he goes into conference with his recording technicians. Then to several trumpets and a xylophonist. After that to an instrument repairman. All of this takes place as you try to focus him into your blurring vision. By now you have realized that if an interview is to be consummated with the peripatetic professor it will have to be done on the move. Therefore the following sentences were taken down in flight—around and over various musical impedimenta, center stage, upstage, backstage and offstage—*andantino*, *allegretto* and *allegro*!

W.G. Barrett brings impressive credentials to the musical department of this institution. He is the product of a 25 year show business career, during which time he has been associated with some of the legends of the entertainment world. For instance, he was station producer of the Dave Garroway show on which the great Nat King Cole appeared. He played trumpet with Glenn Miller's Overseas Band, played at the old Orpheum Theater in New York, and also did a stint with the New Orleans Rhythm Kings. He is one of the few holders

of a Radio Director's Guild card and has worked in just about every capacity related to the production and musical end of show business. He is married and the father of one child, a son, who attends Canon City High School. And although his presence in this area was made necessary because of an unfortunate sinus condition of his son, it works to the benefit of the CSP music program. Mr. Barrett's love and devotion to music is infectious. When he talks in his rapid-fire manner of his plans for the music department he generates a sense of excitement and anticipation in his listeners. His philosophy of music is equally arresting.

"Music is a therapy of sorts and its place in a prison setting is as vital and necessary as any of the other entertainment arms. Music can be not only a great source of pleasure to listeners and performers, but here it can be a way to release tensions—a catharsis.

It is my intention to probe the whole potential of the band, rather than just concentrate on one particular type of music. Using the concert band as a framework, I hope to cultivate within it, concert, western, jazz and swing groups—each having an appeal for some segment of our population. Also, in this way, the particular ability of each of the musicians in the band can find expression in that area of music he likes. Once these groups are formed and functioning we hope to have a concert, by each in turn, at least once a month. We are also anticipating taping the output of these groups for a radio program. Further, in an attempt to develop complete musicianship in the band members and, incidentally, in order to give them a practical trade in the field, we have hopes of setting up an instrument repair school here. But in the main we want the people here to benefit from the best the band can offer. The talent and facilities are here and available, it will only take work and cooperation to realize these goals. I'm quite certain we will realize them."

The aims of which Mr. Barrett speaks are already bearing fruit, for at this writing the inmates of this institution have been treated to several highly successful concerts.

Under the tutelage and efforts of Mr. Barrett the CSP Band is becoming a source of entertainment and pleasure for the population, and helping to lighten the gray days of the prison calendar.

RECOUNT takes considerable delight in wishing Mr. Barrett and his musicians continuing success in this regard.

Jazz is now respectable and has been accepted uptown by the fancy people. And whenever Miles blows his muted, melancholy patterns they close their eyes and fix an ecstatic smile on their faces, and after he is through they can't for the life of them imagine what he's so angry about and why he sometimes turns his back on them. They talk in polysyllables and awe about the perfection and profundity of Monk's musical concepts and almost give the sign of the cross as they verbally genuflect before the memory of the late Charlie Parker. And this is better than nothing. This is better than nothing because now a jazz musician can make a square meal out of his priceless art. But the square meal wasn't always so. And a lot of the fancy people don't know about it, or if they do they don't like to remember it. They don't like to think about the mess of collar greens boiling in a battered pot on a broken down wood stove in Shreveport, or Natchez, or Chicago. It is embarrassing. But that was what jazz was nourished on, embarrassing or not. Or that entwined in the music of jazz are the sounds that flamed from a rotted wood, store front church that had tambourines and shouting and hand clapping and moaning prayers and a preacher who sweated and hollered and preached the Holy Ghost with his hand cupped to his ear, egged on by Amens! and Hallelujahs! and Preach it, brother! Or that jazz emerged from a jobless ghetto in New Orleans and New York and Birmingham and Kansas City and had the tired, musty smell of chitterlings and the hot pungent odor of barbecue ribs and frying fish about it. Or that jazz grew up finger-popping and laughing loud and playing the numbers and singing the blues and speaking in another tongue and playing a tune with a shoe shine rag and was on relief and the WPA and stood around on the corners of 12th and Vine and 55th and Cottage Grove and wandered up and down Lenox Avenue and pawned everything pawnable and did one night stands with King Kolax and Jay McShann and Fatha' Hines and Professor Jimmie Lunceford and Billy Eckstine and Pres' and slept sitting up in an old sofa chair in a crowded room of a rundown hotel, or on a stool in an all night greasy spoon restaurant and was often hungry for food and even hungrier for something else--and sometimes tried to still the insistence of that hunger with drugs. But if the people who just turned hip day before yesterday would rather not hear about embarrassing beginnings they had best stay off jazz because that is how it was and it is inextricably bound up in the genetics of jazz.



And jazz could have happened only in America. Contradictory, ambivalent, paradoxical America. Only in the crucible of ramshackle houses and second hand opportunity could an art form such as jazz be forged. Only on the outskirts of promise and plenty, where the wry saying "Eat the worst, wear the worst, got to bed last and get up first" was a bittersweet truism could the hungry, ironic poetry of jazz find form.

For jazz is a sometimes wordless shout about the sweet circumvention of custom-blessed phoniness. And sometimes an attempt to communicate the tears and laughter of the success and failure of the circumvention.

Jazz is getting away.

Jazz is a studied revolt against the arbitrary, conventionalized limits of life and song. Jazz is an exploitation of the hitherto unrevealed possibilities of the song. Jazz is improvisation. And to improvise is to take a rummage sale dress and cut it down, patch it up, add a ribbon or a frill, and wear it to a Saturday night fish fry. To improvise is to make something new and even perhaps beautiful out of the castoff and overlooked. Improvisation is Let There Be Light. And to be able to do this, as James Baldwin beautifully says, you've got to pay your dues.

Jazz was already a moving thing when it got respectable and was taken over by the Johnny-come-latelies who also do not like to think about the black-eye peas and misery that is at the soul of the jazz song, and who are sometimes bewildered when they can't understand or make the angry, frustrated, mocking, running, witty, luxuriant, electric, passionate sound that is jazz. They can imitate it, but they can't duplicate it. To duplicate it you've got to have lived it. And cried it. And sat up with it through the long, painful nights. This is the soul they talk about. These are the dues that must be paid.

Homer Brown has paid his dues.

Homer Brown grew up as a man and a musician in those vibrant days when jazz was seething with restlessness and experiment; when new techniques were being tried which together were to crystallize jazz into the art form it is today. He was learning his musical ABC's when Fats Waller and Meade Lux Lewis and Chick Webb were still at the zenith of their celebration. He was playing in the school band at Chicago's DuSable High along side Gene Ammons, Benny Green, Johnny Griffith, Russ Chapell, Paul Serrano and Jay Peters during the days when Basie and Billie Holiday and Lester Young were the toast of the Chicago's southside. He hung around the corners and the penny juke boxes and listened to the lyric phrasing of Lester Young's tenor and fell irretrievably under the spell of the President's style. Although, as often happens, he was at first as much impressed with Lester's stance—the way he stood while he played—as he was with the playing itself.

Homer was born on Chicago's southside and had a musical instrument in his hands before he was out of short pants. His great aunt brought him a clarinet when he was 8 years old and though he replaced it with a tenor sax a few years later, he was as far as music is concerned, hooked for life. During the DuSable years he came into contact with a host of sidemen from bands like McShann's and Kolax's, some of them natives of Chicago, who themselves were destined to become bywords of jazz. There was no celebrity snobism among these men in those days for everybody pretty much knew everybody else when, and so the cats gladly imparted as much of their musical knowledge as they could to the jazz hungry youngsters from DuSable.

From all sides and in all respects Homer was in contact with jazz and the people who were the serious fashioners of it. He knew and consorted with a fantastic alto player by the name of Charlie Parker who used to come through the city on frequent gigs. Everybody around dug him and knew he was doing something exciting, but neither they nor he at that time could articulate exactly what it was. Those were the days when swing and boogie-woogie were the dominant moods of jazz, but already the stirrings and dissatisfactions were being expressed by the styles of many of the young musicians. The "hamfats" were making the money but the young geniuses, hungry, broke and unrecognized, were busy making an enduring artistic statement.

The two major exponents of the tenor sax around then were Coleman Hawkins and Lester. Hawkins represented the more disciplined, academic and highly technical method of playing. Pres, on the other hand, was the embodiment of lyricism and melody, a virtuoso of the relaxed, beautiful phrase. Echoes of Lester Young can today be heard in the horn of Homer Brown. This was his musical inheritance.

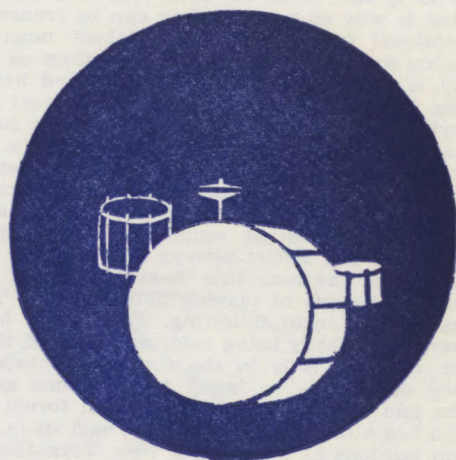
In addition another influence was at work on him. At DuSable the music teacher was a man by the name of Walter Dyett. He required the young jazz men in the band to learn to read and to cultivate a working knowledge of musical theory. He permitted his charges to play music, but in return they had to become accomplished in the standard forms. Here Homer acquired an appreciation of the classical techniques. He furthered this knowledge by attending Howard University School of Music, The National School of Music of Chicago and the Band Training Unit in the army.

Homer emerged from the contacts and conditioning of those days with a faculty for composition and arrangement in addition to his exquisite horn. He subsequently did stints with Earl Bostic, Jimmy Forrest, Gene Ammons, and occasional theater tours with Dinah Washington, playing in the company of Gene Hudson, Clark Terry, Eddie Wilkinson and Tommy Turrentine; plus he had his own group for 2 years prior to the present. He has lived, breathed and sweated jazz. He has paid his dues.

AN AFTERNOON WITH H. B.

Homer, it's been said that the individualism, the uniqueness of jazz lies in the solo. Just what does this mean?

Brown: Well, of course the improvised solo is the very basis and foundation—the reason for jazz, period. The function of the soloist is to create another melody out of, or in distinction to the basic melody of the song being played. Chorus after chorus, as long as he wants to play, he creates variations within and upon the melodic context. This is a spontaneous melody, conceived by the soloist the moment he places his instrument to his lips, and it develops and grows as he plays. Jazz is probably the only art form that carries such an emotional impact as that created by the improvised solo. The musician is, on the spot, searching the whole of his musical ideas and abilities to fashion his



solo. He has no eraser, he can't start over on a new canvas, so to speak. What he does then and there is the story. That is why so much feeling can be transmitted, so much emotional force, because the soloist must rely primarily on his soul, his emotion, rather than on his head, as in, say, a written, pre-arranged piece. And here is something else. The two major requisites for a great solo are a good rhythm section and a good audience. The foundation of the jazz solo, or better, the framework for the solo, is created and laid down by the rhythm section. A receptive audience doesn't have to applaud. Usually at a jam session where people are informed on music some applause is polite, but this has a different sound from the sound of "heart" applause. The soloist always knows when he is communicating—he can hear this "heart" applause. A good listener follows the line of playing note for note. That's why jazz has such a small following. The person has to be in on everything that's being said. Speaking of the jam sessions, the value of it is in the competitive aspect. You know, they don't have as many jam sessions as they used to. The jam session was a sort of open forum where anybody who had a horn and could cook could sit in. It was at the jam sessions at Mintons in New York that Bird and Diz and so many of the others found themselves.

You mentioned the rhythm section being necessary to the soloist's art. Could you give us some detail on the inner workings of the rhythm section?

Brown: Let's take the bass fiddle. The bass is a melodic rhythm instrument and in some cases a percussion instrument. Its major function is time and chord changes. There has been no improvement on any other instrument such as there has been on the bass in the last 20 years. It is the youngest instrument to be incorporated into this new art form. It replaced the bass tuba and in some cases the bass sax. Its first jazz function was to play the same type of lines as the bass tuba, which was playing some interval of the chord, usually the tonic or fifth of the chord on beats one and three. Jazz started out as two beats—The Muskrat Ramble, for example. In the early thirties bands in the southwest, Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, started playing four even beats to the bar (walking bass). The main exponent was Page's Blue Devils, they went to Kansas City and joined Benny Moten's band and it became Benny Moten and his Blue Devils. His harmonic knowledge was limited to exact intervals of the chord as a rule, although he used more fluently the top notes of the chord as 7ths and 9ths, and most bass solos were of the walking variety. He would never break his time. The next and maybe most important exponent was Jimmy Blanton. Duke Ellington was playing at a club in St. Louis in 1939. A couple of his side men went to an after hour club where Blanton, who was only a teen-ager, was playing. These men were so impressed with Blanton's playing that they called Duke up at four in the morning to come and hear him. Duke did and hired him on the spot. Blanton, a virtuoso in both the bow and pizzicato style, most impressed Duke by his harmonic conception of chord changes. He was using progression against chord changes, using two in place of one in the minor 7th variety. Instead of C 7th four beat he would play G minor C 7th—two beats each, giving the soloist wider perceptions. Duke provided him with the proper atmosphere for his talent to grow, however, he died of T.B. at the age of 21. The next main bass player was Oscar Pettiford. He had all of Blanton's qualities, but used the bass as a percussion instrument.

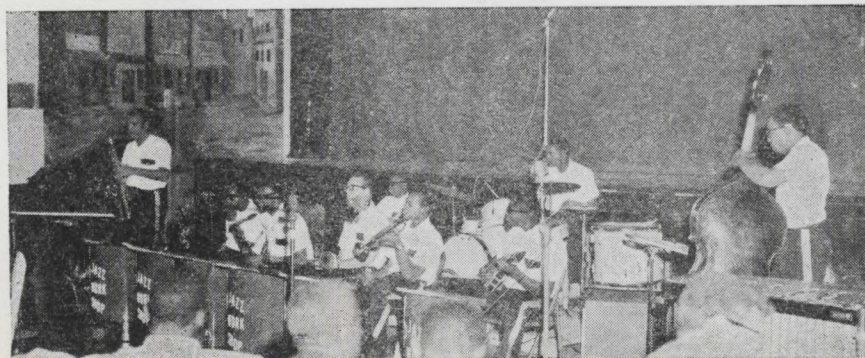
He played rhythmic patterns on chord changes, much like a drummer. He used it as a melodic instrument where it could be used as a voice for the front line horn. He furthered developed Blanton's technique of breaking the rhythm and playing solos like horns do. Pettiford explored the possibilities of the cello in jazz. This was used as a solo instrument only. Pettiford died in 1960. Others developed the bass further—Sam Jones, Paul Chambers, Red Mitchell and Ray Brown. They have become more dexterous than ever, to the point they can compete with horns. But the basic function of the bass remains the foundation of any band. Without it you have a void.

Then there's the piano. The first pianist was Jelly Roll Morton. He played the stride style. This was played with a full chord in the left hand and the melodic line in the right. The left hand dropping chords on one and three with the bass line. This style continued on through Earl Hines, Fats Waller and Art Tatum. Teddy Wilson was the first exponent of lyrical playing, still using the dominant left hand, but not in a stride technique. Next was Bud Powell. He developed the "comping" style. This is explained by leaving the changes to the bass and orchestrating and accompanying the general ensemble. He was also one of the first to develop a method of blowing with the right hand like the sax and trumpets. There is probably no one who has done more on the piano than Bud Powell.

Early drummers used to play four beats to the bar on the bass drum while playing four-four on the cymbals. Chick Webb discovered a new rhythm by having the bass fiddle play four-four in walking pattern. This left the bass drum free for accents—"bombs"—and tone percussion. The sock cymbal keeps a two and four pattern, simulating hand-clapping or finger-popping. This is a timeless pattern. The basic sock cymbal beat has been used since the twenties. Chick took the foot off of the bass drum and gave four beats to the measure to the bass fiddle. Kenny Clark further developed this by using cross rhythms—from bass drum to snare, the left hand playing patterns according to the soloist, the right hand riding the cymbal. The bass drum was used to punctuate, like commas, periods and such punctuate paragraphs in writings. Max Roach introduced colors into drumming. He could change with the soloist. For instance, the trumpet player would have the first solo, and Max would go to his ride cymbal, next the sax, and he would go to the bell of the same cymbal to change the ring of it and with his left hand he would put an accent on four of every measure. At the end of the solo he would press-roll and bring in the next instrument. The drummer's function in modern jazz also is ensemble. He plays with a horn feeling. They used to play drums and now they blow them. Alvin Jones was the last innovator. His style can be compared to a railroad car that moves at a certain tempo, on top of which is an unanchored automobile. And although they are both moving at the same speed the car is moving back and forth. This is the way he got his cross rhythm. Two different times at once.

Brown is continuing his musicianship through his work here with a combo called The Jazz Workshop. Most of the side men in the combo are relative beginners, but under the deft, guiding hand of Brown they are forming into a tight and efficient musical unit. The two concerts they have been heard in thus far attest to this fact.

The Jazz Workshop in concert. Homer Brown on tenor; Nate Whitney on baritone; Hampton on alto; Cal Callicoat and Chuck Ray on trumpets; Mike Caldwell on guitar; School Boy on drums and Ferris Cassius on bass.



SANDY STELTER

INMATE SANTA CLAUS

Sandy Stelter is not to be envied. He is serving a life sentence. And for a man with energies and youth that is no pleasant prospect. With such a future to look forward to he could easily lapse into, first, self-contempt, and then contempt for all others, and at last the dayless, mindless existence of a soured prison vegetable. Many have done so.

Sandy has chosen instead to remain in the human race; and not just as a passive, consuming member but as one who contributes. And so instead of his days being filled by the monochromatic routine of 'just' prison, he has found a way to do something—something human and humane.

In 1958, he joined a group of men who were refurbishing toys to be given at Christmas time to the crippled and mentally retarded children of Fremont county. He has been doing this ever since. And now it has become practically a full time, year round occupation. The toys are collected from the citizens of Canon City and left at the local fire station. They are then brought to the prison and Sandy and two men who are his helpers start from there. Many of the toys must be resanded and repainted; others must be restuffed, or if they are mechanical toys, the mechanisms completely overhauled. Tools, parts and paint are drawn from as many sources as Sandy can gain access—the carpenter shop, the blacksmith shop, the mattress factory. Scooters, fire trucks, dolls, wagons, autos—in such quantity and variety as to make Sandy's working quarters appear like a back room at Santa's.

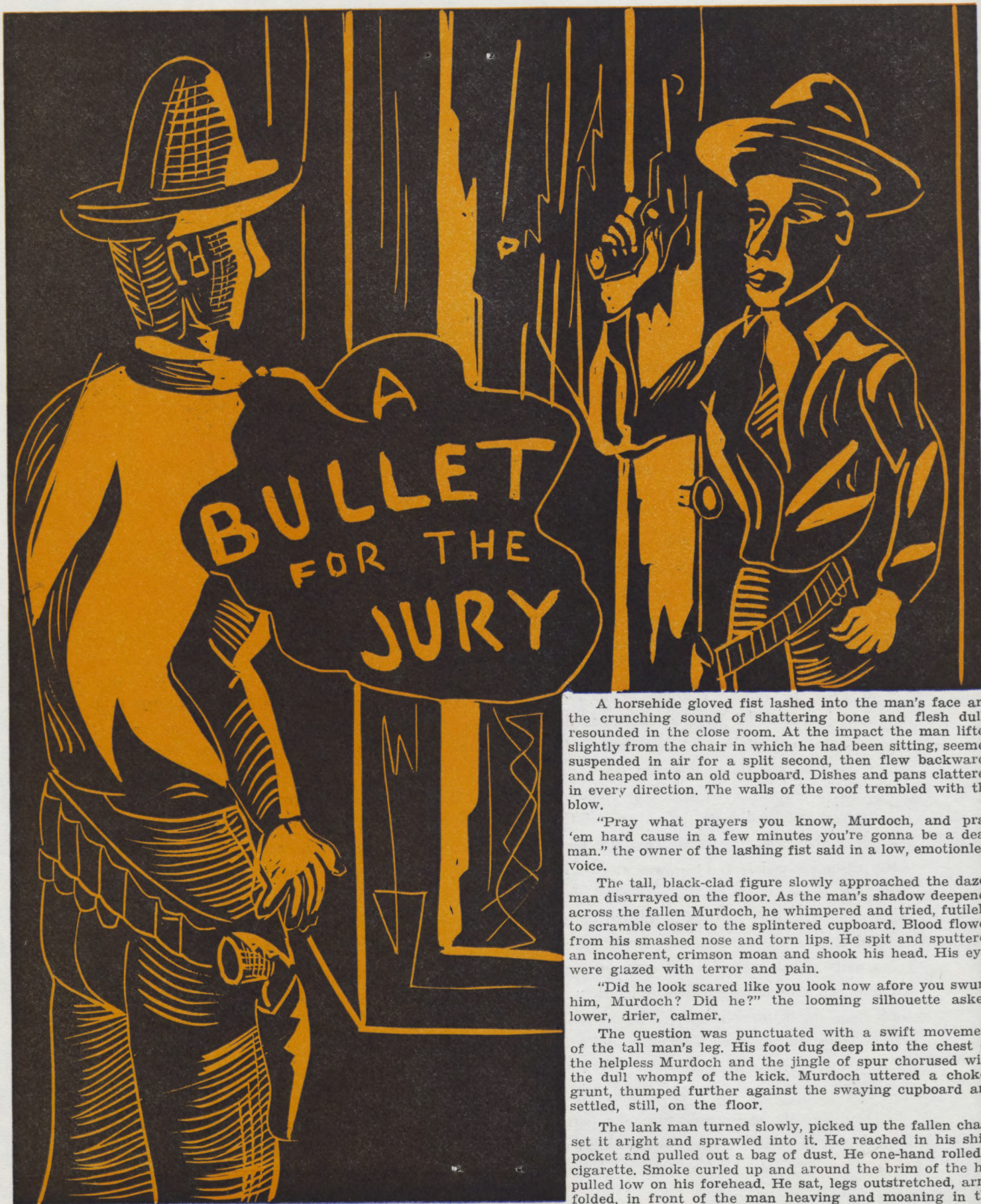
Then when the season rolls around a party is given downtown at the officer's gym for the children. For the last two years Sandy has gone to these parties and,



dressed as a clown, has entertained the happy children as well as seen his handiwork in the toys brighten their faces and hearts.

Something more than just occupying time has benefitted Stelter from these endeavors. Along with the realization that there are those in even less fortunate condition than his own unhappy circumstance, he has also learned that he can be involved in the alleviation of their condition and, as a consequence, in the alleviation of his own. By reaching beyond himself, beyond the isolated confines of his own handicap, to others, he has found purpose for his youth, positive outlets for his energies and a viewpoint that evaluates help above harm. He has done his harm to the world and himself, he is now learning to do his "help"

Sandy Stelter is not to be envied. But he is not to be pitied either. For a life can be as surely wasted on the streets or in a mansion if it is surrounded by indolence, selfishness, ignorance and aimlessness as it can in a motionless prison cell where self-sorrow is the only companion.



A horsehide gloved fist lashed into the man's face and the crunching sound of shattering bone and flesh dully resounded in the close room. At the impact the man lifted slightly from the chair in which he had been sitting, seemed suspended in air for a split second, then flew backwards and heaped into an old cupboard. Dishes and pans clattered in every direction. The walls of the roof trembled with the blow.

"Pray what prayers you know, Murdoch, and pray 'em hard cause in a few minutes you're gonna be a dead man," the owner of the lashing fist said in a low, emotionless voice.

The tall, black-clad figure slowly approached the dazed man disarrayed on the floor. As the man's shadow deepened across the fallen Murdoch, he whimpered and tried, futilely, to scramble closer to the splintered cupboard. Blood flowed from his smashed nose and torn lips. He spit and sputtered an incoherent, crimson moan and shook his head. His eyes were glazed with terror and pain.

"Did he look scared like you look now afore you swung him, Murdoch? Did he?" the looming silhouette asked, lower, drier, calmer.

The question was punctuated with a swift movement of the tall man's leg. His foot dug deep into the chest of the helpless Murdoch and the jingle of spur chorused with the dull whompf of the kick. Murdoch uttered a choked grunt, thumped further against the swaying cupboard and settled, still, on the floor.

The lank man turned slowly, picked up the fallen chair, set it aright and sprawled into it. He reached in his shirt pocket and pulled out a bag of dust. He one-hand rolled a cigarette. Smoke curled up and around the brim of the hat pulled low on his forehead. He sat, legs outstretched, arms folded, in front of the man heaving and moaning in the

"Come To, Murdoch, So You Can See Yourself Die"

debris of pots, pans and broken crockery.

"Come to, Murdoch, so you can see yourself die," he said, matter-of-factly.

Suddenly, he was out of the chair and on his feet in a crouching stance, facing the door in back of him, a cocked six-gun in his hand. Framed in the doorway was a fatty man; his stubbled jaw hung in surprise and his eyes blinking. Halfway out of its holster was a gun that soon slid back into place as the man's hand went limp in agreement with his startled body.

"Come on in, Jebadiah. Me and your paw's holding court."

The heavy man stepped uncertainly into the room, his eyes flicking from the gun hand of the long man to the heap by the cupboard, and back to the threatener. He sought for his voice in a cotton-dry mouth.

"Wh-What the hell's this about? What's happened to paw?" Jebadiah's voice started in a high whine before breaking.

"I'm fixing to kill your pappy in as cold blood as he killed Tippy, that's what this is about. I'm gonna play-act that I'm the jury, just like he play-acted my brother to death. You were there when they strung Tippy up, weren't you Jeb? You watched it, didn't you? Did you have a strong stomach for it? I hope you did 'cause you're gonna need it to watch me blow your pappy's brains out."

The man on the floor coughed and raised himself up by the palms of his hands from his face-down position. Jebadiah stumbled over to him. He dropped on one knee and cradled his father's head in his arms. He looked up at the gun holder.

"Risk, for Gawd's sake, paw here didn't hang your brother!" he said in a half-whisper, half-hiss, "The Law find him guilty. The Law. He got a fair trial and was find guilty."

"The Law! What damned Law!? It wasn't no Law, it was twelve skunk bastards too scared to wear britches! Scared of a lying little slut and her crazy pappy. But the whole corral of you was wrong. It ain't Shipmasters you shoulda been scared of, it's me!"

The gun jumped with three quick explosions and the man's head jerked out of his son's arms as the bullets tore into his skull. The fat man rolled away and at the same time slapped awkwardly at his holster. A fourth shot hit him in the throat. His eyes bucked, a gurgling sound came from the depths of his gaping mouth and he stiffened, still clutching for his gun. He poised in that attitude for a brief second and then toppled over on his side.

II

A horse ambled slowly down the center of the street, the burdens on its back swaying with each step. A man in a leathern apron looked up from his small forge, hammer in hand, and watched the proceeding animal. He put aside his tool and walked quickly out into the street. Another man, coming from the porch of the General Store, approached the horse at the same time. The horse stopped. Strapped across the flanks of the beast were the bodies of Jebadiah Murdoch and his father.

III

"It's Risk Benjamin, the boy's brother. A sorta saddle tramp. Went out Oregon way 'bout a year ago. Usta work for Shipmasters, same as his brother. He and Ship had words, so he up and got. Always was a no-good 'un. You 'member him, don't you Raff?"

The speaker was Deputy Angstrand. Although he had been sheriff for the last 10 years or so, people still called him "Deputy". The man to whom he was speaking was Ralph Mitterman, the undertaker. Mitterman was a porcine-eyed, rotund little man in a frock coat. Also in the room were Childress, the proprietor of the General Store, Fargo Aikens, the smithy who discovered the bodies, and Will Stem, a perennial loafer and Aikens' co-discoverer.

"Reckon we'd better git word out to Shipmasters and

the Jedge and the others. 'Spect we'd best git up a posse too."

Deputy Angstrand turned the piece of paper over and over in his hands. Each man in the room watched him, but each was occupied with private thoughts. For each was named on the piece of paper. Each had been jurymen at the trial of Tippy Benjamin. Each, along with the elder Murdoch, had found Tippy guilty.

IV

The man clawed at his stomach, gasped for breath, the veins at the temple of his head swelled and twitched. His head dropped to his chest and he fell face forward from the small porch into the dusty yard. Risk Benjamin sat impassively on his big sorrel, a brief wisp of smoke curling out of the barrel of the gun in his hand. A woman rushed out onto the porch and screamed. Risk reined his horse around and rode toward the gate of the small homestead. The woman's cries pierced the afternoon stillness.

V

"So this shiftless coyote means to kill us all, eh? One miserable pony tramp sends in a threat and ever'body's lily-white with worry. He bushwacks a couple of you and the rest come running scared. What the hell's the matter with the bunch of you? Instead of gitting out and tracking the varmint down, you come here a-trembling to me. What do you think — that I'm supposed to git the shivers like the pack of you, eh? Listen, Angstrand, you git outta here and git that drifter and don't none of you come back 'til you do. If you need some help, if you're feared that mebbe one man is too much for you, I'll lend you some guns, or even mebbe the passel of you want to hide out here. Git out, ever damned one of you!! Git out and git him!"

Among those standing around the speaker in a loose semi-circle were the same group of men who had been in Deputy Angstrand's office. All were in some attitude of respectful embarrassment before the tirade that had issued forth from the barrel-chested man in the wheel chair. Shipmasters clamped his heavy jaws together and his hard blue eyes danced in contemptuous fury at the circle of men. Feet shuffled, and the group started to leave the big room.

"Angstrand!" the bull voice of Shipmasters arrested the filing group. "Did you have sense enough to tell the others on this stupid list?"

"Yessir, Mr. Shipmasters, I sent riders to the Jedge and all. We'll git out and flush this feller."

"D'you think mebbe you'll need some extra hands? If



"Go On, Pa, Shoot Him Now! Shoot Him!!

you do, see Brettit. He'll have some of the boys saddle up and ride with you." Shipmasters said in a less censoring manner.

After the men had left, the door to Shipmasters' study was opened by a bronze-haired, slender girl. She had a certain prettiness. Her lower lip pouted above a freckled nose and she had the same light blue eyes of Shipmasters.

"What did they want, paw?" she addressed the brooding figure in the chair.

"What did they want? What did they want?" Shipmasters savored the question sarcastically. "Well, now, you can tell me what they wanted, can't you, Missy?"

He looked long at the girl, and she, unflinchingly, returned his gaze.

"I'll tell you what they wanted. Your boy friend's back.

Yep, your boy friend. And he's set to kill off ever'body what had a hand in that boy's trial. Ever'body. He's already shot down old Murdoch and his boy and he's aiming to shoot some more. Mebbe, he'll shoot me too, Missy. And mebbe he'll even shoot you. You most of all. Or better still, mebbe he'll rape you. That's what you'd want him to do ain't it, Missy? 'Course you knew he'd be back, though. That's how you planned it. When he was here you did ever'thing you could to throw yourself at him, but he wasn't having none of it. He knew what ever'body that ever wore a pair of pants around you knew. That is, ever'body but me. He knew you was nothing but a tease and a flirt and that as long as there was a man around, any man, you'd be doing your damndest to tempt him. Probably the only man in the county who turned you down, eh? Rest of 'em was either too low-down to care, or too scared you'd come tell me some lie about 'em. So when he left you went to work on the young 'un to get him in trouble and me up a tree. Oh, you fooled me. I b'lieved you and had the boy strung up. You knew he'd git strung up if you could convince me. If Shipmasters said his daughter's been soiled nobody'd have the guts to let the skunk off that did it, even though they all knew what you was. That's about how it happened ain't it, Missy? How'd I finally figure it out? Well, let's say that them what's playing with lives oughten keep a diary, and least of all leave it where it can be found."

The girl continued to look at her father. Then she rose from the chair in which she was sitting.

"Are you through?" she said.

"You'll probably win, Missy. He wouldn't have a chance if he came here tryna kill us. They'll catch him and string him up. You'll have your revenge." he said in a low voice and turned away from the girl, wheeling himself toward the window. She walked to the door, opened it and left.

VI

"Hey, Deputy, over here!!" one of the riders called.

He was standing his horse at the top of a rise which overlooked a trail a hundred and fifty yards below. The cluster of riders rode over to him. On the trail below a rig was moving slowly. The horse seemed to move along without guidance. They could not see the driver but they knew that the rig belonged to Judge Resnover.

"It's the Jedge!"

"Where's he headed? Does he know about Benjamin?"

"We'd better git down there and tell him in case Slips missed him."

The posse moved down the knoll and onto the trail in back of the rig. They quickly overtook the carriage and pulled alongside. Angstrand looked in at the old judge slumped against the side of the cab. He had been shot between the eyes.

VII

The Shipmasters ranch house was a big two story adobe, centered in a compound enclosed by a five foot wall. A shallow creek coursed along one side of the wall. Several cowpokes armed with rifles kept a desultory watch at each corner of the outside wall. From to time they made a tour of the distance between them, chatted for a moment in the darkness and then sauntered back to their stations.

A dark figure moved cautiously inside the creek close to the edge of its bank. Carefully, in the waist-deep water, the man advanced toward the wall and the guard leaning against the corner of it. The guard lit a cigarette, looked aimlessly about in the dark night and headed toward the center of the wall. The man in the creek moved swiftly, silently, out of the water and onto the bank.

Shipmasters sat, brooding, looking into the large fireplace. His daughter, sitting in a sofa chair across the room, leafed through a catalogue. Neither had spoken to the other since the episode of early afternoon. The lower half of the crippled man's big frame was covered with a flowing buffalo robe.

Shipmasters' head moved almost imperceptibly. One would have had to have been watching him closely to notice the change that came over him. Slowly, one hand went beneath the robe and the other touched the wheel of his chair and turned it to face the door of the study.

"Come in slow, Benjamin." he said.

His daughter's head jerked up. She looked at her father and then at the opening door.

Risk Benjamin, gun in hand, stood in the doorway. Shipmasters had a cocked, double-barrel, sawed-off shot gun trained on him. The girl gasped.

"Shoot him, paw, shoot him!!" she screamed, her hands at her temples. "For God's sake, Kill him!!" her voice was tinged with hysteria.

"Shut up!" Shipmasters roared. His eyes were locked with those of Benjamin.

Both men kept their guns leveled at each other.

"I've come for you and your girl, Shipmasters." Benjamin said.

"I know." the other man replied in controlled tones.

"You killed Tippy. You and her."

"Yep, we killed him, Benjamin. We killed him. You can't git but one shot off — just one — unless you can shoot awful fast. You might not even git it off. These triggers is hair."

"I want you to watch her die, like you watched Tippy die."

"OH-H-H-H-H!! SHOOT HIM! SHOOT HIM!" the terrorized woman wailed, tears streaming down her face.

"Hush, gal!" Shipmasters hissed.

She collapsed into sobs.

"You gonna be cut in half if you shoot her, Benjamin. Your best chance is with me. If your gun inches in her direction, I'll let go."

"She's gotta die."

"Go on paw, shoot him now! PAW! SHOOT HIM! Don't let him kill me, paw, please! No! I didn't do nothing. Risk, Risk, I loved you! Risk, shoot paw, that's it! Shoot paw! Not me." the girl, brokenly, moaned.

Benjamin's gun swung, roared at the girl, and both barrels of Shipmasters' shot gun boomed. The upper half of Benjamin's body disappeared in the cloud of smoke.

The girl sat on the floor, her arms hugging her stomach. Her eyes popped and sweat streamed down her tear-streaked, contorted face. She tried to speak. Blood instead of words came out of her mouth. Shipmasters let the shot gun slide from his lap. He turned his wheel chair to face the fireplace and did not move.

Recount's Basketball Sports Awards for 1963-64

INTRAMURAL BASKETBALL LEAGUE CHAMPIONS - 6A

MOST VALUABLE PLAYER - RONNIE LYLE 6A

"Lyle's rebounding, shooting and team spirit kept 6A battling throughout the season. It was his team spirit perhaps even more than his excellent playing that spelled the difference between collapse and championship. Even when he was off he kept prodding his teammates, who naturally came to depend on his play direction, to hang tough."

BEST SPORTSMAN - "LEFTY" COX 6B

"Lefty Cox was the manager and player on one of the most exasperatingly inept teams in the league; and despite the frustrations a good player goes through when he is playing with scrubs, he mumbled hardly at all. He gave the refs very little "heat" and played hard. In one game his team got beat 44 to 5. Lefty scored all 5 of his team's points and left the court laughing."

BEST ALL AROUND PLAYER (pound for pound) . . . JAMES JORDON, 1 A

"Jordan was the tallest little man in the league. A ball thief par excellence with lightening reflexes. He did not shoot often but when he did it was two points. He spotted most of the rebounders a half foot and still outjumped them. He was as effective on defense as on offense, and murderous on the fast break."

BEST PLAYER ON A SECOND DIVISION TEAM . . . BOB PETTIPIECE, 1 B

"Pettipiece was practically all of the scoring punch of 1B. His long distance bank shots gave many a team the blues. Ball handler, dribbler and driver."

COACH OF THE YEAR . . . HOMER BROWN, 6 A

"Brown took over the reins of 6A after they had lost three in a row and refashioned them into the title winners they became."

MOST IMPROVED PLAYER . . . "TINKERBELL" TINCK, 1 B

"'Tinkerbell' Tinck, who is about 3 stories tall, started the season jumping exactly 1/2 inch off the floor and seemed as if he didn't quite know whether to shoot the ball or peel it. At the end of the season he was making at least an inch and a half and scored quite a few points in the process."

MOST CONSISTENT PLAYER . . . NEAL, 1B

"Neal through no fault of his own is the worst basketball player in the Rocky Mountain area. Nevertheless he showed up every game most of the time sitting on the bench throughout an entire game. When he did see action he played his miserable best."

SHOTGUN OF THE YEAR . . . JOE FERRELL, 7 A

"At every opportunity, in range or out, down court or back, guarded or unguarded, Joe fired away."

SQUABBLER OF THE YEAR . . . JAMES JORDON, 1 A

"Jordan won this award hands down and mouth open."

MOST COLORFUL PLAYER . . . JOHN HANNAH

"John Hannah went his own merry way on the courts and the rules of the game rarely occurred to him. He fussed a little, quit a while, dribbled much, shot from odd angles, fouled out frequently and had a generally fine time."

MOST COLORFUL TEAM . . . 7 A

"This was the recruitingest, losingest, time-out callingest, substitutingest team in the league. They would scream at each other, start arguments among themselves while play was in progress, and, incidentally, upset the league champions!"

BEST FORWARD . . . GORDON CORWIN, 1 A

"Fast, accurate shot; tricky driver."

BEST CENTER . . . RONNIE LYLE, 6 A

"His backboard play, passing, shooting and court savvy were unequalled."

BEST GUARD . . . O. FRAZIER, 6 A

"Good ball handler and play maker. Wonderful shooter."

RECOUNT ALL SCRUB TEAM

Forward—JESS TAYLOR
 Forward — JOE LEWIS
 Center—HARRY HOTOPP
 Guard — MCGILL
 Guard—EDDIE BLAND

ALL STAR TEAM

First Team

Forward—HANNA, 6 A
 Forward — CORWIN, 1 A
 Center — LYLE, 6A
 Guard — FRAZIER, 6A
 Guard—JORDON, 1 A

Second Team

Forward — LUJAN, 1A
 Forward — SANDOVAL, 7B
 Center—GOTTFRIED, 7B
 Guard — PETTIPIECE, 1B
 Guard — COX, 6B

DALE CARNEGIE CLASS NO. 7

GRADUATION PARTY WOW'S 'EM!



Instructor Lynn Hoopes receives award from Milan Hulbert



Justice has been administered, and the victim is hauled off to jail



An eminent "psychologist" holds forth



Instructor Jack Bookman also receives award



A plaintiff taking his case to a higher court



The Doctor, the patient . . . the consulting room?



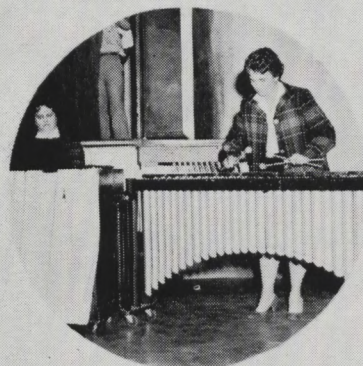
The D.A. drops the case



"Deborah Kerr, Ava Gardner, Liz Taylor, Richard Barton, Sue Lyon, and Emilio Fernandez "flew" in from The Night Of The Iguana set to spice up the show



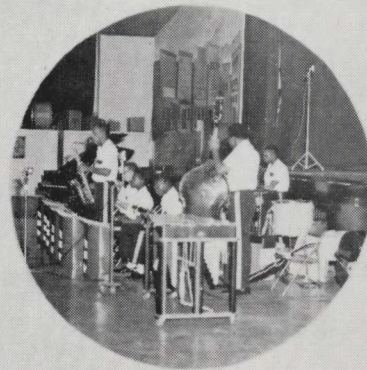
The Judge does a bit of hauling himself



Mrs. Hoopes, xylophonist, is accompanied by unidentified visitor at organ



Graduation Class No. 7 in a tuneful finale



The Jazz Workshop at work

They Liked The Recount

--- And We Like Them For Saying So

Gentlemen:

We appreciate the Recount. The writing is excellent. The art work of the last issue was the best we've seen in many a moon. Keep the Recount coming our way!

Very truly yours,
Eugene Auerbach, Ph.D.
Director of Education
National Systems Corporation
Hollywood, California

Gentlemen:

May I take this opportunity to express to all of you the enjoyment I have gotten from your Christmas issue of the Recount. Have read it over six times and each reading has proven as enjoyable as the first.

All the parts of the magazine were brought into cordial unison to create a real gem. The humor and satire were priceless and the conceiver of the calendar is a genius in the rib-tickling department. I somehow feel a temperamental affinity to him because I feel that humor is an important ingredient in making the vicissitudes of life bearable.

Much vitality of spirit was written into some the articles having to do with a positive approach to the problem of what the men there can do to take themselves in hand and realize that because they have somehow come to prison that their freedom of choice is still inviolate unless they themselves wish it otherwise. I have always taken heart in the fact that man is the only animal, who through conscious effort, can change himself.

Having been a Journalism major in college as well as a lady printer now, I read the Recount in an analytically objective way. Was much impressed with the language and the erudite manner in which the subjects were handled. The gearing to your readers was remarkable and a mark of true journalism. You distilled the essence of life there to those of us who have very little conception of what being in prison means. However, you also showed us that in prison a man can still be free and feel the longings of the spirit. You showed that your whole character structure is on trial there but you also showed us the men still possess a sense of the possible.

Again, thank all of you for a most rewarding and enlightening experience. I look forward to the next edition with keen anticipation.

Thirty,
Mrs. Marjorie H. Clements
Denver, Colorado

Dear Sirs:

I've received a copy of Recount and it has fascinated me from cover to cover. Thank you so much for having it sent to me.

Sincerely,
Larry Merchant
Columnist
Philadelphia Daily News
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

ABOUT THIS ISSUE—There are certain aspects of this issue about which we are quite proud. One of them is the art work. It was all done with linoleum blocks. And our principal linoleum cutter had no previous experience with the medium. Jim Hanson, the nut who performed the delicate cutting in the Special Section and pages 14, 16, 21, 22, 23, 24, 28, 30, 32, 34, plus the endless circles throughout, is something of a Renaissance man of printing. He is a pretty fair compositor, a not bad linotypist, a writer with a perfectly ridiculous sense of humor (he wrote the sports page, parole report and Rock Quarry bit in the "RECOUNTED") and, as you can see, a really fine linoleum cutter. This is his first and last issue as associate editor and, damn it all, we sort of hate to see him go. Also we are understandably proud of the press work supervised by Frank Bartell. You would have to know about the sometime-on, sometime-off equipment that his crew works with to really appreciate the excellence of their labors. Frank, too, is deserting us and we will miss him. Tony and Chuck, the linotypers, did their usually excellent jobs, and Jim Bradford our compositor was invaluable. It's guys like these that make an editor look good.

THE RECOUNT is published quarterly by the inmates of the Colorado State Penitentiary. Views and opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of state or prison officials. Permission is given to use any material, providing proper credit is given. Address all correspondence to: The Editor, % A. L. Blaine, Box 1010, Canon City, Colorado 81212.

Dear Sir:

I am classified advertising manager of the magazine Lab World. In visiting the home office a few days ago I was enjoying a calendar which someone had placed on the wall. I asked about it and they told me it had come out of your magazine Recount.

I glanced through an old issue of Recount while I was in the office and really enjoyed reading a few of the articles.

Sincerely,
Grayce Ross Kennedy
Lab World Magazine
Los Angeles, California

Dear Sir:

I have made new friends by loaning my issues of Recount to them. Also, I will use the December issue in the Sunday School class that I try to teach. "The World's Greatest Christmas Present" will be read to the class.

Recount has been a help to me, and it will be a pleasure for me to be a part of it in the Spring issue.

Sincerely,
Craig Johnson
Staff Field Representative
Colorado State Civil Service
Employees Association
Denver Colorado

Mr. Blaine, Supervisor
Print Shop
Dear Mr. Blaine:

On behalf of the staff of the Colorado State Hospital I wish to express our thanks and sincere appreciation for the most excellent job your printing department recently completed for us.

We are deeply aware of the enormity of the task we asked you to do. Making plates, setting up a letter press for our cover and printing a report of our Hospital Conference held in May 1963 entailed running 217 pages a thousands times. Not only was the quality of your work superb, but also, you worked out the assembly of our report in such a fashion that it is virtually foolproof.

---We realize that the Colorado State Penitentiary print shop cannot get the recognition of imprinting their name on any document. Nevertheless, we want to give you the recognition you so well deserve for a job well done and one which you so willingly accepted. This kind of inter-institutional cooperation reflects the best kind of public service.

Sincerely yours,
Leonardo Garcia-Bunuel, M.D.
Acting Superintendent
Colorado State Hospital
Pueblo, Colorado

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