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RECOUNT

END OF YEAR ISSUE

1964

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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 material, providing proper credit is given. Address all correspondence to: The Editor, % A. L. Blaine, Box 1010, Canon City, Colorado 81212.

Alas, Christmas in prison is still prison. The rather pathetic attempts at decoration---the Christmas trees in the prison yard and mess hall, the papier-mache nativity figures propped on the lawns---do nothing to enhance the forbidding architecture or relieve the atmosphere of gray failure that is endemic to prison. The warden's Christmas package---a bit of candy and fruit, a couple of packs of smokes---given as a well-meaning attempt to cheer the troubled, is a gesture lost amid the sequence of small castrations that occur 365 days a year in prison. Maybe the day should not even be recognized in places such as these. It means so little.

Well, dammit, it's your own fault you're in prison! It's your own fault, so why take out your pessimism on Christmas and everything and everybody? If you'd acted with a little common sense, you wouldn't be there. It's your own fault!"

True, too true.

We acted stupidly.

It's our own fault.

We will not argue there. We are not innocent lambs, nor are we altogether unworthy of penalty. We broke the law and we were caught and we are being punished. And should that be the end of it? Should that be all? Is that the whole extent and whole intent of civilized law and institutionalization with its Christian base? Is it only that the malefactor be brought to brand and punishment?

Hear the words of one alleged to have a direct commission from the Christ:

"Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted."

Ah well, that was said many years ago and, like all such unsophisticated sayings, is open to interpretation---and rejection. And so, the prison remains to give the prisoner his just desserts. And Christmas, the celebration of the birth of a man who embodied the concept of restoration, comes to a place that in de facto operation and maintenance denies such a concept. One is an idea, the other is a hard, practicing fact. And it is facts, not abstractions, that must be lived in this world, isn't it?

So, Christmas in prison is still prison.

Being Something Of A Fond

People who are EDITORS (most of 'em even think in capital letters) have a rather disconcerting habit of snatching up every opportunity that comes along to explain what's wrong with the world and how if everybody faithfully follows their directions the whole ball of wax will immediately improve. It's what they call editorializing—which is another way of saying they've got a lot of opinions which they don't mind fobbing off on you if you'll just hold quiet long enough and listen. And also they don't like back talk. That's mostly why they're EDITORS in the first place and have not got a soap box, standing on it in somebody's park in the second place. You can heckle in a park. You'd look like a fool heckling a newspaper, or a magazine page. The best you can do is tear it up. Or cancel your subscription. Or write a nasty letter, which would end up in the editorial wastebasket.

People who are EDITORS also every once in a while like to set the record straight on how tough it is being an EDITOR and what the hell it is they are trying to do. As if anybody gives a kitty. Particularly do they like to do this when they are about to kick the EDITORING habit. Which leads up to me.

I have been the EDITOR of this not considerable magazine for some 2 years and my time is at hand. Shortly shall I go down from this high place to return to the land of my fathers. Oh, the occasion of my departure will be a sad one. And I do hope the Warden will spare me the rounds of farewell ceremonies and banquets. These would only serve to deepen the sorrow the convict and custodial personnel will no doubt feel at my leaving. Just something simple will do. Possibly the guards drawn up in arrayed ranks below a reviewing stand before which the convict population will pass in review—lockstep, of course. And there I'll stand, with a hint of tears in my eyes, lips a-tremble with emotion, but head high and jaw firm. After the long and glowing recitation of my triumphs and labors as EDITOR, the band will slowly ease into a hushed rendition of "See The Conquering Hero Goeth", and I will clasp the Warden by the shoulders and bid him "Carry on". Muffled sobs will be heard throughout the ranks of the guards. Here and there a convict, overwhelmed with grief, will collapse, to be borne off the field by his fellows. It will all be very moving.

So with this emotion-charged event in the offing, I will spare you, my avid readers, an account of the travails of my EDITORship. In the first place, it is not a tale for the faint of heart and foolish. Which brings us up to the Associate Editor.

It is now his to worry with. And he must not be envied, for this is no happy inheritance. But he is a stout fellow, forged in the crucible of Philadelphia's slummy North-side a veteran of street brawls and tavern squabbles; and a decorated hero of the Battle of Third and Susquehanna. In addition, he turns a competent phrase. I have some private opinions about his sanity, but he is on the largish side and inasmuch as I am an orthodox coward, I will not go into them here.

Now back to me. Even though I promised not to labor you with a swan song. I will note briefly that from the very first my purpose was to mix a smidgin of humor into the generally humorless atmosphere from which this magazine emanates. It was also to do a little honest criticizing here and about of both the kept and the keepers. The idea being that if a laugh or two could be smuggled out of it all, it might help lighten a few of the drearier moments, and that a pin gently pointed in the direction of some the balloons might free a little of the hot air. Whether any of this has worked or not, I do not now care. I've had it. In many respects it has been fun. And so with this issue I terminate my association with RECOUNT and, I hope, prisons.

Jerry Cotton

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And

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*Pat On The
Editor's Back*

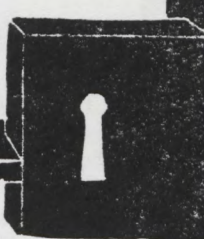
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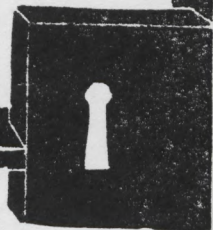
The Editor



Old Nick 50-Life 123



Old Nick 50-Life 123



Hark For Harold Engel's Singing

Hark for Harold Engel's singing
Low is he to link on friends
Twas his statement in your file
Got you sentenced at the trial
Awful information flies
From his tongue on other guys
After Harold cleans the books
Who needs cops to catch the crooks
Hark old Harold's garrulous
Harold, please don't tell on us



Joey Too Is Worried

(Not to be confused with JOY TO THE WORLD)

Joey, too, is worried, the Board has come.
It's doubtful that he'll spring.
Joe's had fifteen paroles, and been in many holes,
From Leavenworth to Sing Sing, From Leavenworth to Sing Sing
From Leaven—From Leaven—Worth—to Sing Sing.

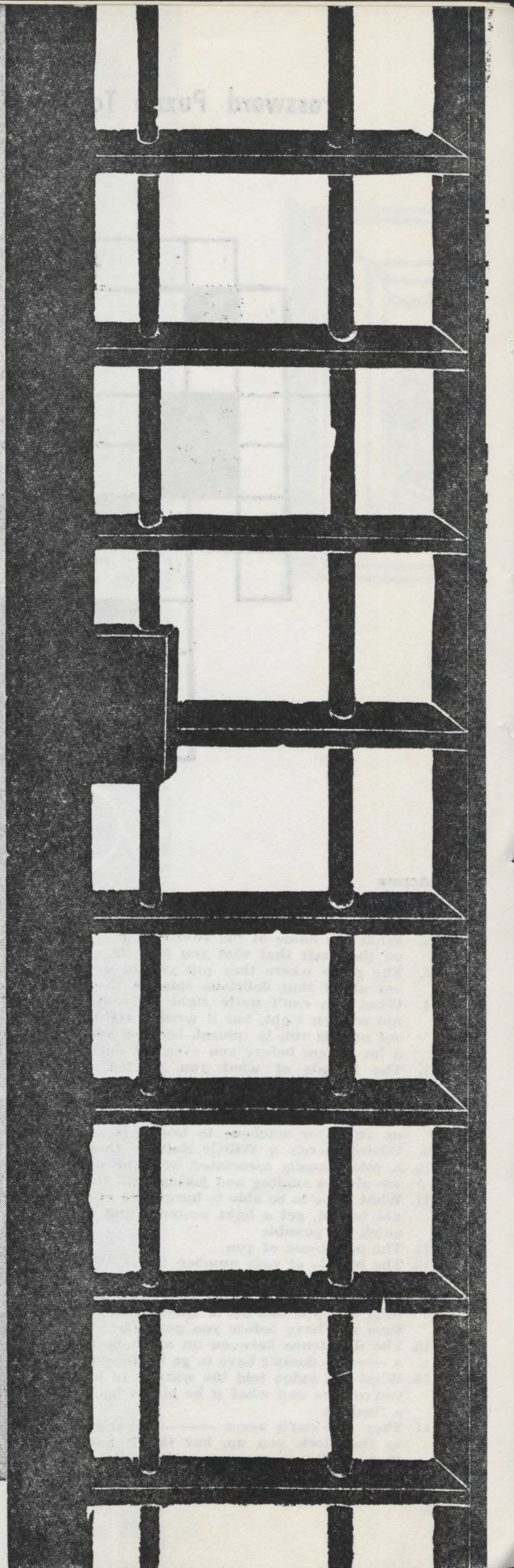
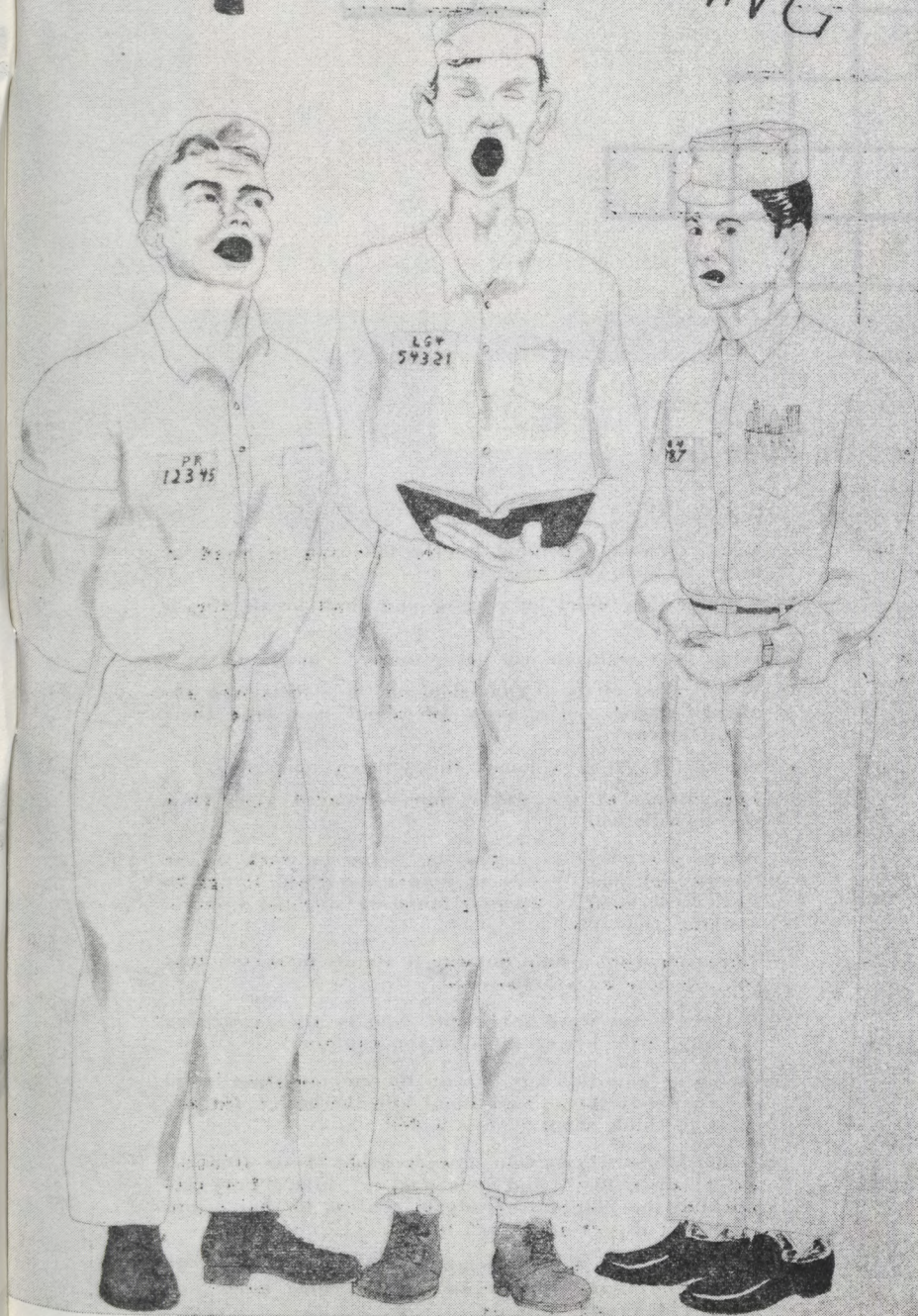
Jim Goes Bail, Jim Goes Bail

(By some strange coincidence JINGLE BELLS has a similar tune)

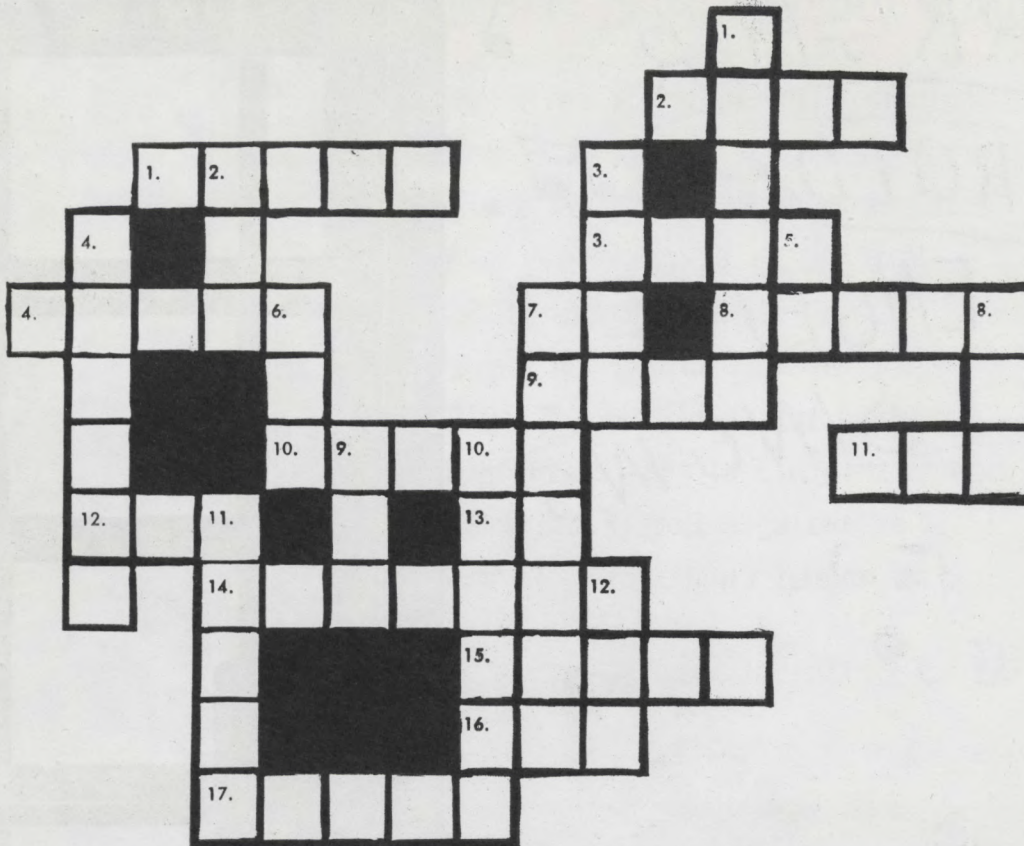
Jim goes bail. Jim goes bail
Jim goes all the way.
He's got funds if it is too high,
The bond courts make you pay — ay.
Jim goes bail. Jim goes bail
Jim goes all the way,
Oh what funds when it's homicide
And a bellicose D.A.
Dashing through the store with a gun of course you say
Gimme the bills, or go — laughing to your grave
Bells in cops cars ring
Sprinting to the spot
Oh what funds old Jim must bring to court
If you get caught.
Old — Jim goes bail, Jim goes bail
Jim goes all the way
All he wants is half the loot
That you've got stashed away — ay
Jim goes bail, Jim goes bail
Jim goes all the way
If he does not get his cut
In Jail you'll have to stay.



HARK FOR
HAROLD
ENGEL'S
SINGING



Crossword Puzzle To Work While Waiting On Santa Or A Parole



Answers On Page 689

Across

1. What a little bit of will go a long way; and what the little bit you got, got you all of this time, is
2. What the name of the twelve pair of hands that were on the shaft that shot you here, is
3. The place where they put you in order that you can eat all of that delicious spinach they can here, is ..
4. What you can't write right by rote and is rotten if not written right, but if written right it may rout you out of this rut, is (plural, because you'll have to write a lot of 'em before you ever get out)
7. The initials of what you did on all of your rap partners-Copped Out
8. Where they always assign the decent guard, the one who doesn't go around harassing people and making up rules for someone to break, is
9. Where there's a Will(ie Sutton) there's a ---
10. A color usually associated with the noses of guys who are always smiling and joking with the screws
11. What to be to be able to burglarize every place in town, get busted, get a light sentence and make a parole as quick as possible
12. The past tense of gun
13. The initials of your number
14. What you pulled your last score in order to have enough money to do and what the judge gave you so much time that you can do, is (passed tense, because a lot of time will have before you get out)
15. The difference between an alcoholic and a _____ is a _____ doesn't have to go to those damn meetings
16. What the judge told the warden to keep on you while you're here and what if he blinks his, you'll be gone in a flash, is
17. They say you'll never _____ that crime doesn't pay so they lock you up, but they'll never _____ that that you'll never _____ that crime doesn't pay because they keep letting you out

DOWN

1. What a court appointed lawyer tells you to plead in order to beat your case, is
2. What if they don't let you, or you don't break, they'll carry you, is
3. What your stomach will never forgive 'em for, is
4. Where most of these guys slept on the streets who are always giving you a snow job about how long their Cadillac was
5. The R-C-UNT is a lousy, fink-written magazine
6. The initials of the judge that sentenced you. They rhyme with bob
7. Where everybody is just dying to go to work in the summer because there's so many wonderful things to learn to do, such as, washing tomatoes, washing spinach, washing peas, etc., is
8. Since you were a bum anyway it stands to reason that you are here on a bum-----
9. A three letter word for a guy who is always writing friendly, little newsy kites to the captain
10. Seeing as how this guy sits on the commutation board the less nasty things said about him the better. In fact, come to think about it, he's a doll
11. The scene where your lawyer said, "Your Honor, we plead guilty," and you said to him, "I'm glad you and the judge are ready to confess to that crime, because I wasn't about to", is
12. What you will be over, unless you can get Joe D. to let your wife promise to let you come home and support her and him, is

The
Guard Room

March In
(Lock Step)



The
Guard Room

March In
(Lock Step)



It Came Upon The Midnight Shift

It came upon the midnight shift
That clangorous gong of old
With convicts clambering o'er the walls
Bent on a rabbit parole
Police on the earth, woods fill with men
All running in wild disarray
The rest in silent cells still lay
And hope their pals get away



Arrest Those Very Drunken Men

(There may be some resemblance to GOD REST YE MERRY GENTLEMEN, but we deny it)

Arrest those very drunken men
Let not one get away
Remember brew's against the rules
Even on Christmas Day
We'll put the screws on he whose booze
Has made these convicts gay
Providing we capture the boy, Capture the boy
Providing we capture the boy.



O little tower, I'll bet thee I'm

(It's kinda like O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHELEHEM)

O little tower, I'll bet thee I'm
Here 'til I quit or die
I'd love to sleep, and dream of sheep
But some con might come by
Upon this dark wall climbing
O ever-searching light
My job, I fear, and my career depend on thee tonight



IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT SHIFT



Faint, illegible text from the reverse side of the page is visible through the paper, appearing as bleed-through.

CHRISTMAS DIRECTIVES

TO: ALL GUARDS

RE: REGULATION CONCERNING SMILES DURING CHRISTMAS SEASON

From December 22 to January 1, the entire guard personnel will be permitted to smile while on duty (smiling off duty is a personal matter and is therefore left to each guard's discretion. However, excessive and indiscriminate off duty smiling is frowned on as unbecoming an officer, See Reg. 30-6 "OFF DUTY DUTIES").

The smile permitted during this period will be confined solely to the lower portion of the face. The eyes must still remain mean, flinty and watchful. The corners of the mouth shall extend upward but one quarter of an inch from the straight position and no more than two creases are allowed at each corner of the lips. The lips may be parted slightly, but no portion of the gums may show. No sound shall be permitted to escape from the mouth during these smiles (this would be laughing and of course Laughing is strictly prohibited as per Reg. 30-7) other than a sucking intake of the breath in order to hold the smile rigid (Quivering smiles could be construed as silent laughter).

The smile shall be held for no longer than 15 seconds, and should not be indulged in more than 10 times during the course of any one working day, other than those times when you are smiling at the Warden, the Captain or other Superior Officers (See Reg. 30-8, SMILES WHEN TALKING TO SUPERIOR OFFICER).

A smile should come either immediately before or immediately after saying "Merry Christmas". Do not try to smile at the same time you are speaking. It looks silly and Silly Looking is unbecoming an officer.

This directive is to be understood as permission for smiling at inmates. However, the smile should be spread out. Therefore do not smile at the same inmate twice during this period. It is better to smile at a group of inmates rather than at one individual inmate. When smiling at groups of inmates keep one hand on your gas gun lest the smile be mistaken for friendliness. Do not smile at an inmate when writing a report on him or when shaking him down or when taking him to the hole. The regulation Smirk will do at these times.

TO: ALL GUARDS

RE: METHOD OF ADDRESSING INMATES DURING CHRISTMAS SEASON

From December 22 to January 1, inmates will be hollered at by their number instead of the customary "Boy".

If the officer is unable to ascertain the inmates' number he may use the term "Hey, You" or "You there, Convict".

No cursing of inmates is allowed during this period except in cases of extreme exasperation (See Reg. 31-1 EXTREME EXASPERATION).

If an inmate gets smart with you or in any way gets out of line and indicates that he does not know his place the gas gun should be used in place of the term "Boy".

TO: ALL GUARDS

RE: SUGGESTIONS CONCERNING THE PART YOU CAN PLAY IN THE REHABILITATION OF THE CONVICT POPULATION DURING THE COMING YEAR

In order that you may better participate in helping the inmate become rehabilitated in 1965, the following attitudes are recommended:

1. Since we have found that there is nothing so conducive to rehabilitating a man as a well-buttoned up shirt (and mouth), you must be as conscientious in seeing that *all* the buttons on the inmate's shirt are buttoned up as you have been during the past year about the top button. Some inmates while observing our rule about the top button have been leaving the rest of the buttons unbuttoned. This must be stopped. Therefore any inmate found with a button unbuttoned should be made to stand on his head for two hours at the place he is apprehended. You need not be concerned about the buttons on that portion of the inmate's shirt that is worn inside the pants, unless of course the pants are also unbuttoned. In that case make him button up his pants also, and as punishment make him run around the recreation yard 50 times screaming at the top of his voice, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I will never have a button unbuttoned again!"
2. Since we realize that our rule book cannot possibly cover all of the situations that arise from day to day, you must be alert and imaginative in these unusual situations and play them by ear, so to speak. In other words, you must make up your own rules as you go along. Do not, however, make up a rule that would conflict with a rule already in the rule book or one already made up by a superior officer, or an officer with more seniority than you. Tower duty awaits such offenses. First, make up your rule then check with the rule book and your immediate superiors and immediate senior and then bust the convict.

Happy hunting!

A SONG OF THANKSGIVING

C - is for the cells we lock him into
O - 's the hole he's put in when he's bad
N - is for the next of kin he's sent to
if we have to execute the lad
V - is for the vice that got him busted
I - the iron-clad rules he must obey
C - is for his chance to get adjusted
by working on a rock pile every day
T - is for his time and we are sure he'll
leave the joint he same old ornery cuss
Put them all together they spell CONVICT
A word that means a job to us

A Christmas Message

From The Warden

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



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

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



By
Harry C. Tinsley
Warden
and
Chief
of
Corrections

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

Pat On The Back

For A MAN

There is an insidious error at the base of our logic system, inherited from past ages, that is so deeply rooted until it is doubtful whether it will pass from us without a total restructuring of our thought processes.

'A' is 'A', 'rose' is 'rose', and 'man' is 'man' so starts the error, and continues, 'A' Number 1 is equal to 'A' Number 2, and 'A'-now is equal to 'A'-later. 'Rose'-here is the same as 'rose'-there, for a rose is a rose is a rose. 'Man' today is the same 'man' tomorrow.

By this reasoning one is led to ignore the differences between objects of the same genre, and to overlook the changes that occur in the same object through the passage of time and events. And what do we, the possessors of this thinking habit, do? We lump all men and all things together and refuse to recognize their useful dissimilarities.

In the matters of prison, the public tends to lump all convicts together, and the convicts tend to lump all of the public together. A convict is a convict, it is said; and the convict retaliates by saying, a cop is a cop, a judge is a judge, a guard is a guard.

But convict (1) is not convict (2), and convict(3) is different from the first two, and convict (4) is unlike the others. Just so is cop (1) not identical to cop (2), and guard-here is not identical to guard-there.

There are some of our readers who will reject this line of reasoning and consequently take offense at this magazine's recognition of services performed for the inmates of this institution by Officer Lonnie Walton. We can only pity their position. We will not cater to it.

Lonnie Walton is a man who loves sports (his son is a professional football player in the Canadian leagues) and it has been this love that has moved him to take a hand in the interest of the athletic program here. He is also a compassionate man, who seems unable to resist the needs of others. This quality has caused him to lend his service and time to several altruistic projects that have involved the inmates and outside groups. Three such instances stand out. It was Mr. Walton who made the initial contacts for the football game last year between Western State College and our Rockbusters which was played in downtown Canon City at Hickey Field for the benefit of the Fremont County Crippled Children Fund. It was Mr. Walton who helped initiate the inmate

donations that were used to transport the crippled children to this year's football game at Hickey Field. It was Mr. Walton who helped in the sponsorship by the inmates of the orphans for the Pueblo Soap Box Derby.

For the inmates of this institution to overlook, and fail to thank, the humane efforts of this fine man, under the argument that he is a "guard", would be the height of ingratitude and an invalidation of our hopes that others will see us as individuals rather than just convicts.

Mr. Walton is, by his actions, a caring, thoughtful man. Being a guard is his job, just as being a convict is our condition. Neither have to stand in the way of a person being a human being.

Some will purposefully and perversely miss the point. We hope that neither Mr. Walton nor the thoughtful among us will.

Thank you Lonnie Walton for being a person. There are too few in the world for us to pass up this opportunity to recognize you.

Christmas



Gifts

THE TIME August 29, 1964

We are honored to have as guest contributor Mrs Catharine Sparks wife of the Rev. Lloyd Sparks Pastor of the First Christian Church of Canon City, Colorado



Mrs Catharine Sparks

The radio was playing loudly when the strains of "Joy to the World, the Lord Has Come" burst forth. The effects was startling on a hot summer day. Then the announcer explained, "We are playing Christmas carols for you now because many of you will not be alive to hear them on Christmas day. Drive carefully and stay alive."

This short pertinent message set my mind whirring, thinking of many things: the importance of careful driving, the fun of family gatherings, only sixteen weeks until Christmas, the puzzle of what to give to whom for Christmas, Christmas gifts! Most of us are on very limited budgets and can't possibly buy all of the nice things we want to give our loved ones so we plan and choose wisely. Just what will be the gift for each?

On another hot August day a frugal farmer took his wife to the county fair. He took her to see all of the free exhibits: the fine pigs, cows, horses and rabbits: the beautiful handiwork booths and prize-winning cooking displays; and the inspiring and magnificent painting of artists. Finally they reached the end of the fairway and came upon a young pilot who was selling short airplane rides. "Say young fellow, how much does it cost to go up in the plane?" inquired the farmer. Five dollars apiece for a half hour ride," was the reply. The farmer shook his head vigorously and took his wife back to see all of the free exhibits. Regularly throughout the day the farmer and his wife returned to ask the pilot, "How much does it cost to go up in the plane?" and always the reply was, "It is still five dollars apiece for a half hour ride." This grieved the old farmer greatly because it was his greatest desire to go up in an airplane, but even greater was his instinct not to spend any money. At the close of the day when the pilot saw the old farmer and his wife returning for one last inquiry as to the cost of an airplane ride, he laughed and said, "I'll tell you what, old man, I'll take you and your wife up in the airplane for nothing if you don't utter a word while we are in the air. The ride will be my gift to you. But, if you make any sound at all, the ride will cost you double."

- - - a multitude of stars pierced the gloomy walls

Without hesitation the farmer said, "That's a deal." Then turning to his wife he said, "Hop in, Honey." The pilot decided this was a good time to teach the stingy man a lesson so he climbed high into the sky and then took a nose-dive, he rolled the plane over and over, then he did loopity-loops. He did every hair-raising stunt he could as he tried to make the farmer cry out, but not one sound came from the passenger's section. Finally the pilot gave up and landed. He turned to the old man and said, "Well, the trip was my gift to you. I've got to hand it to you, I did everything I knew to frighten you, but you didn't utter a sound." The farmer said, "No, Sonny, I didn't, but it sure was hard back up there WHEN THE OLD LADY FELL OUT." The free gift proved costly.

THE TIME: December 8, 1941

In the book *Men As Trees Walking* Margaret Apple-garth relates the true story of an American missionary thrown into solitary confinement in a Japanese prison camp. He was stripped of every possession with the exception of an old rusty screw. Each dawn the prisoner took the screw and scratched off the days on his wall until finally one morning he awoke and realized it was Christmas morning.

He felt completely devoid of any Christmas spirit alone in the prison camp and not having any idea of where his wife and children were. Idly with screw in hand he traced on the prison wall a large Christmas tree, drew in the trunk and noticed that it set firmly on a large stone block. He outlined the block and fancifully imagined it to be the Christmas present he gave to his wife the Christmas before.

Determined to keep himself occupied on this lonely Christmas morning, the missionary decided that each stone block in the prison wall would make a beautiful imaginary Christmas present. He gave great thought as to what he would like to give each member of his family this year and with each decision he scratched the outline of the present and wrote its name on a stone block. When this was done he thought of his deacons, members of his congregation, church school children, and other Japanese friends. One by one he imagined what each one would like to have for Christmas and, since for

once in his life money was no object and he could afford to be a spendthrift, he outlined a present for everyone.

Soon, however, this laborious task came to an end, and all of the blocks had been outlined—all but one long narrow slab extending across the entrance to the door. Who was left that he knew who was worthy to receive such a mammoth gift? Suddenly he thought of the Emperor of Japan. Zealously he thought of what a missionary could give the Emperor and quickly came up with the answer. He moved his bed over beneath the oblong stone climbed onto the bed, stretched on tiptoe, and was barely able to scratch a big "X" for Christ.

Then looking about him at all of the gifts he had wanted to give to his Japanese friends, all the gifts seemed such trifles. His one true desire was to give these enemy people the gift of Christ. Eagerly he went from stone to stone, wetting his finger, erasing the names on the gifts, and scratching now in each square a simple "X" to stand for the Christ child.

When his work was completed, the missionary stood in his prison cell and as he looked about him it seemed as if a multitude of stars had pierced the gloomy walls of his cell. His heart was warm with a sense of the presence of God. In a prison cell on enemy soil this man had caught the Christmas spirit and discovered the greatest Christmas gift that one can give—the love of Christ.

THE TIME: December 1964

Christmas is almost here. There are still last minute gifts to be sent and greetings to write. But in the midst of all the confusion of Christmas, let us stop long enough to catch the Christmas spirit wherever we may be as the message comes to us in those wonderful words of John 3: 16: "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

This free gift, too, proves to be costly. For even though God gave us His only begotten Son so lovingly, in return He wants us to give lives to Him. It takes a great deal of courage to live for Christ, but it is the very greatest Christmas gift that a man can give to his Creator and to his fellow man.

The greatest Christmas Gift is Christ - - -

Prisoners Form Society For Self Examination

Prison provides an excellent opportunity for a man to become that most serene of all life forms—a vegetable. The vegetable, immobile, a “prisoner” of the ground or the vine, has all of its survival decisions made for it. It is unaware, unconcerned and without responsibility. It is “fed” and “clothed”. There is nothing it has to do for itself. There is one hitch in the vegetable’s existence. It is at the mercy of every hungry vegetarian.

A man may come to prison and surrender—resign from the race of men and become brother to the placid potato. He’ll never find an environment so sympathetic or conditions so conducive for so doing.

There is a group of men here who have organized themselves in favor of holding onto membership in the human race. They call themselves the Behavioral Adjustment Research Society, or BARS, and it is their intention to examine human behavior with the aim of discovering what leads men in general and themselves in particular

to crime and prison. This is of course a considerable undertaking, one which has occupied the minds and energies of several generations of social scientists. And for that reason it might seem a bit presumptuous and naive of a handful of prison inmates to believe that they can find answers which have so far eluded the scholars. But is it not better to attempt to swim the turbulent river than die, wringing your hands, on the shore? These men have concluded that they must make the attempt; that they must search among the theories and findings of the scientists and among the debris of their own past lives to see if they can catch the threads of their dilemmas.

Each Wednesday afternoon at 3:30, the society meets in the school. Their organization is open to any who wish to participate in this search for self-knowledge and liberation.

“The unexamined life,” said a wise man, “is not worth living.”

A Thank You To The Inmates Of The Colorado State Prison

From The Fremont County Society For Crippled Children

We are grateful for this timely opportunity to say thank you for the spirit of giving which lives with all you fellows the year round. For the past number of years you have really been solely responsible for the success of our Christmas party for handicapped children. Months are spent repairing and making new toys, and then at the party itself it’s your Santa, your clown and other entertainers which delight the children.

Last year it was your idea to aid our society financially by playing a benefit football game outside the

walls, and when this was done again this year you went all the way through your donations which more than doubled the financial return. We’d like to add that the same spirit prevailed with the team and we were treated to good football—clean, skillful and competitive.

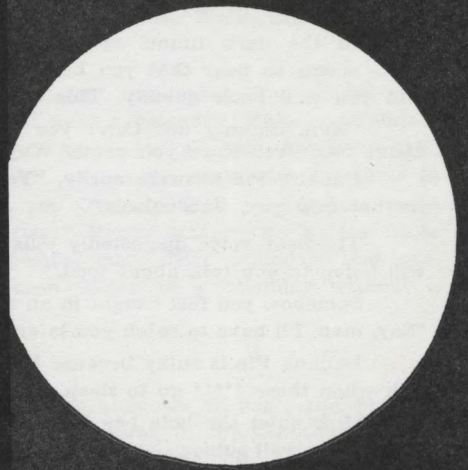
Acting in the same spirit which you have shown we would like to make a pledge that our time, effort and interest will be directed towards helping all needy handicapped people in our county. A blessed and meaningful holiday greeting to each and everyone of you.

A

LETTER

FROM

THE



HOLE

A

LETTER

FROM

Dear Jerry:

If writing this letter is as easy as going to the hole, then it will be a breeze. I am aware of how conditional and subjective this letter is going to be, and at the outset I wish to leave no doubt that these are my personal reflections and memories.

Hunger. I keep thinking of the hole and all that comes to me is the word hunger. It's so hard to describe how utterly delicious a slice of bread tastes in the hole. How did you eat your bread? Did you nibble off the crust first? (Say, how about the bottom of the slice? Isn't it delicious when it still contains some of the lard from the baking pans? And that white center. It almost seems a crime to chew it. It should be treated like a holy wafer and be allowed to melt in your mouth). Or did you bite off a hungry mouthful just any old place? I think you're going to tell me it depends on the length of time you have been in the hole that determines how you eat your bread. But generally didn't you follow an established pattern?

I have had two different cell partners in the hole and one of them provided a memorable experience that is still very sharp. He had already been in there two weeks and had a powerful hunger. Let me tell you about it:

You know how the guard comes around with the spinach and bread in the morning? (I can recreate the vile taste of morning in my mouth and feel the filth on my body and my dirty smell again as I write this. My cell partner smelled so bad that now and then when I see him in the yard all I can think of is how bad he stunk in the hole. I wonder if he thinks the same about me). Well, T---would reach for his share of breakfast, sit on the concrete bunk, and start to eat. He would nibble the crust and chew and and chew. Then he would take a big drink of water. Man, he would eat for a half hour on just one slice of bread. Afterwards he would carefully wrap up the other three slices in toilet paper and put them away. I did the same thing, but only because I wasn't really hungry in the morning. You know, hot spinach juice doesn't taste too bad in the morning. And if he's hungry enough a guy can even manage a few spoons of the greens. But he's got to try hard. It's impossible to describe the taste of that spinach. What nasty adjective could best describe the stuff? ----Ah, well, it was hot and it was food.

By 9 A.M. I would have all my bread eaten. T--would wait until noon and eat another slice. The way he ate that slice of bread was exquisite torture for me. How deliciously deliberate he ate it! Man, I tried not to envy him--I tried not to watch him eat--and I tried not to hope that he would offer me a piece of that bread.

My cellmate ate four slices of bread between 7A.M. and 3:30 P.M. It took him all day to do it. But he wasn't completely cruel. When the evening bread was passed out he would usually eat it all in one sitting.

Human groups are fascinating, aren't they? It seems that you can take any given group of men and isolate them and among them you will always find a comic, a Texan, a square, a kid, a toughie, and a cryer. On any given day you'll probably find at least one of each in the holes. You will probably also find one "old pro". Oh, this guy tells you of the holes in Arizona, Texas, New Hampshire, and Calcutta. The holes in city

jails, county jails, stockades, industrial schools, boys' homes, reformatories and all the other joints. "And this hole is nothing compared to the hole in Meridian, Mississippi," he hollers to you through the ventilator from somewhere up the line. (Do you suppose penal architects had a touch of mercy in their plans when they connected all the holes to one ventilator system? I mean the "modern-type" holes).

"Hey you! Hey, what's your name?"

"Valenzuela," you shout back. "What's yours?"

"Joe," he answers. "Joe Dismas. Where you at?"

"I don't know. I think I'm in Number Six. I can't tell."

"Well, what can you see from there?"

There's a small pane of glass about 6" by 8" in the outer steel door of your cell. You look and check everything in your line of vision and you reply:

"I can see the corner of the hall to my left and the stacked mattresses. There's a pipe running down the wall. It's connected at the floor, but I can't tell where it leads."

The pro digests this information and announces, "Naw, you're not in 6, you're in 5."

Another voice nearby says, "Yeah, he's in 5, he's next to me."

The pro continues, "What'd you get?"

"Twenty-three in here and sixty-seven in Max."

"What'd they bust you for?"

"I had a beef."

"Oh, you and that guy they brought in with you on the same kick?"

"Yeah"

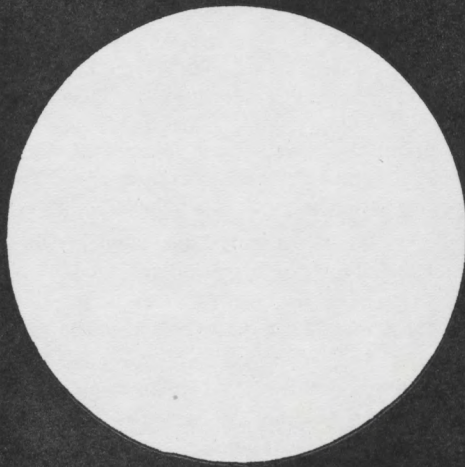
"Yeah---well---it's not too bad; you'll make it back to population in time for Christmas packages."

High at the rear of the cell is another small window that has four small panes painted orange on the outside. Where the specks of paint have flaked off and in the little spots the painter missed with his brush, you can peek out into the hot summer sunlight. You see the fat, green tops of elms stirring slowly beyond the wall. You think, **It's summer, man, what's this cat** talking about Christmas packages? Your mind can't make the jump from hot summer to Christmas packages. How interesting the world looks out there. Funny how much you can see through a pinhole of light--- hundreds and hundreds of interesting little details: a little bird, a rock, the crack in the cement walk, blades of grass---Oh, you can stand there on the edge of the bunk looking through the pinhole and see hundreds and hundreds of interesting things. But your feet soon begin to ache. The cloth slippers you wear seem to draw the hardness of the cement into the soles of your feet and up into the calves of your legs.

Examining the world outside the pinholes, thoughts about the sweetness of life pass through your mind. Those beautiful treetops mean **FREEDOM** and **LIFE**, man. **SWEET CLEAN LIFE**. A line from a poem keeps repeating itself: **I am lost like a beast in an enclosure. I am lost---like a beast---in an enclosure.** And sadness and anger fill you. Then a cocky voice comes down through the ventilator, snatching you back into the hole, and you feel that you have been caught indulging in self-pity. This is a new voice.

"Hey you in Number Five. Hey, guy, whatcha doing?"

THE



HOLE

"Nothing, man, just checking the scene from my window."

"Yeah, it looks like a nice day, doesn't it? How'd you like to be out on the streets, sitting in one of those real crazy restaurants eating a fried chicken ---- a whole chicken, an a salad -- a crazy salad -- and french fries, lots of french fries and ketchup and ice cream, yeah, ice cream, a whole quart of ice cream covered with strawberries and peaches and those little cherries that taste like candy, only they're real cherries. guy. Nuts---all kind of nuts; pecans, walnuts, peanuts. No, no peanuts. Cashews, nigger-toes----'

The voice pauses, self-consciously now. He said a magic word. It just slipped out -- and then in a show of bravado he plunges on:

"--Yeah, those nigger-toes are good, good, good. Man, then have the whole**** mess covered with sweet, thick chocolate syrup."

Now the voice is running away with itself.

"--And milk. No, half and half----or maybe chocolate milk, and coffee with cream, lots of coffee and pie, boy, there are some crazy pies. Bananas! Yeah. You like banana cream pie? Covered with slices of banana, lots of bananas. Yeah, guy, covered with about ten bananas. Hey, you dig banana pie? You dig rhubarb pie?"

You answer: "No, man, I don't dig rhubarb, but I guess I'd like some in here."

The other voice continues: "Rhubarb pie is good if you fix it right." Then defensively, "people just don't know how to fix it good."

"Hey, and then I'd light a smoke, guy." Then, musingly, "You know, I don't really miss smokes in here too much; I think I'll quit when I'm back in population."

This guy keeps going on and on, and you look into the grill of the ventilator and examine the dust and the trash inside the air duct. The ventilator is about 12 by 12 and is directly over the door. The inner door is barred so you can climb the rungs and cling there like an ape, talking and listening through the vent.

The voice in the ventilator continues talking about food and you know that he is obsessed with hunger and his mind is fixed like a toy train running around and around on one track.

In the dark tunnel of the ventilator another voice mutters darkly and this voice seems so near that you hear it breathing. It sounds but inches from your face and you pull back quickly. This new voice says:

"Man, dummy up! Can't you talk about something else? You've been rapping about food ever since you came. Why don't you lay down and go to sleep?"

Banana Pie answers surlily, "Yeah, well, I wasn't talking to you. I was talking to that new guy, Vansooloola."

The near voice disgustedly tells Banana Pie, "Man, you'll hang anybody up that will listen to you talk about food."

Somehow you feel caught in an argument and to ease it a bit, you tell Banana Pie, "Say, man, I'll have to catch you later, I have to get down and take a leak."

Banana Pie is sulky because he's been "called down" and shouts back, "OK, we'll talk when these ***** go to sleep, buddy."

How quiet the hole has become. You look around the cell and the electric light inset in the wall shines sickly from behind its rippled pane. This sick light burns day and night, shining neither bright enough to see clearly, nor weakly enough to forget its existence.

If you are fortunate, sometime during your stay that sick light will burn itself out and the cell is suddenly gone. Blackness. Fresh, cool blackness covers you. The darkness is a jolt because now you remember that it has been years since you have been in total darkness. When was the last time you were caught in blackness, complete blackness? You can't remember and you wonder why citizens equate prison with darkness. Oh, you squares, prison isn't darkness--it's sick, little electric light bulbs burning on forever. Lights haunting and smothering you. But even in the blackness you now notice that you have been cheated--that little window in the outer door palely excretes a faint light on you.

The hole is quiet and you are alone with yourself and even here you must give order to your existence. First dull the hunger with a bowl of water, then urinate. The washbowl and the toilet are built in one unit. An ugly gray metal affair. The washbowl is directly above the toilet bowl, but inclined far enough back so you can sit on the seat. An ugly, evil-smelling thing that you can't clean, because there isn't anything in the cell to clean it with. The ugly thing just squats there under the sick light.

You look away and examine the only thing in the cell--the bunk. Fenologists are like you and me, they must have a sense of humor. They have to have a sense of humor

to build a bunk like that—concrete. Some of the bunks even have concrete pillows. The bunk humps there like a grayish-black coffin. The top has been rubbed a shiny greasy black from the many bodies that have tossed there. You look away from that too. Ah, well you're not here forever and you won't die here.

Sleep, man, sleep away the time. Fold a blanket lengthway to get as many thicknesses from it as possible and still have enough width to rest your body on. Get the toilet paper and rest your head on it. Cover yourself with the other blanket and sleep, man sleep away the time.

Somewhere down the line of the holes is singing. It is a young voice. Why do young cons always sing in the hole, hour after hour? It's some kind of rock and roll song. The holes are so quiet that you strain to hear the words and the faint voice makes you aware of the tons of concrete that have been poured into these holes.

Why do young cons sing so endlessly in the hole? This is an odd age we live in. An aggressively, masculine young man who very often is a bigot, sings like a girl and contrives to mimic Negro inflections. Maybe he wants to sing himself to sleep. He must be afraid or bored or displeased with the thought in his mind. It must be more pleasant to sing than to think.

"It's OK, kid, sing and sing—thinking is a vicious trap anyway. Soon thoughts devour one another in this quiet hole and then the strongest thought has fed on all the others and grows and grows. "Keep singing, kid."

How hard it is to sleep. Some lucky guys can sleep the hole away. Blessed be the sleepers. Don't thoughts rage in their minds? How womblike is their sleep -- there is no rage in the womb, is there?

A drink of water that's what you need and some exercise to make you tired. Ugh, the monster toilet! Walk up and down, one, two, three, turn, up and down, slip, slap, slip, turn. Stop at the door, crane your head and try to see through the little window -- nothing. Quiet in here, sure is quiet. The kid is still singing. Walk -- walk up and down -- stop, extend your arm, touch both walls -- what an ugly narrow little cell. What could have possessed that jail-house architect to tile the lower halves of these walls? Brown tiles, excretia brown tiles. Walk, man, walk. One, two, three, turn, one, two, three, turn, onetwothreeturn.

Stop. How many days of this? Let's see now, one, two, three, four -- six more days and you get to eat. Six more days! Man, you need a calendar. Make a calendar! Thirty days has September, April June and November -- to hell with February. OK, this month has thirty-one days. Scratch the paint, easy now, draw straight lines in it. Make a good calendar. Gregorian; God bless you Gregory. If it was Julian would you know the difference? Would you do less time? You're happy the Aztecs made a calendar—you belong to a calendar-making people, man! Nice calendar, that one, clean functional line and numbers. A motto, man. What is a calendar without a motto. The Chinese one. Yeah, that's the one.

AND THIS TOO SHALL PASS AWAY.

What time can it be? The window...watch the shadows through the pinholes in the orange window. Ask the screws whenever they come in for the time...run to the window and measure the shadows; soon you'll have a sun dial. Boy, you're hungry. Drink water, lie down and try to sleep. Make the "bed", ease yourself down carefully on your "mattress". The air in your mattress-ticking coveralls escapes through the neck and you smell yourself. How badly you smell. Can you remember ever smelling this particular odor? It must be the spinach and bread you eat that makes you smell like this. The lion that eats meat, does he smell better or worse than the sheep that eats grass? Wash yourself! How useless it seems to splash cold water on and rub. Soap, what can you use for soap? Nothing. Coveralls, slippers, blankets, and toilet paper...nothing to make soap with. Scrape the cement and make a grit to wash with. Those rotten bastards will find you here next year trying to scrape enough to wash with!

You smell bad, you are very dirty, your head is shaven, and your beard itches. How quickly they make you look like an animal...a matter of days. Odd how a few simple things seem to account for our modern veneer. Soap, clothes, shoes, food, and a razor. Take these few things from a man and soon you have a sub-human looking creature. Starve him methodically, neither feed his body sufficient food nor his mind sufficient stimuli, and very soon, very quickly the man is animal-like.

Walk, man, walk, think, think—but quit thinking thoughts like this. This is

the way it is. This is the system, here and now. Hang tough. You buck the system and they squash you like a bug. Well, what's the worse they can do? Kill you? I guess under the right circumstances it would be possible. Listen, you buck the system and there is something for you worse than gas. They can conceivably keep you in this hole and methodically break you into an emaciated idiot. Forget it! Don't think thoughts of rebellion. You can't win

Go to sleep, man, don't think anymore. Cover your shaved head. And you doze off.

Keys are sounding, guards are coming! Count time. It's 2:40 P.M. Check the window and fix the shadows' position.

Eyes look in through the small window in the cell door. There is pounding on the outer door.

"All right, Valenzuela, get your butt out of bed. Get up here for count."

And you have to laugh to yourself. The guard thinks the blankets on the bed are you. You stand there in the half light and he can't see you. He doesn't see you because his mind tells him you're in bed, and he's going to shock you awake. It's ridiculous. He keeps banging the door and hollering and finally he sees you. (Be very careful now, you've caught him looking foolish). Somewhere in the building this evening, someone is going to pay for this!! It would be ideal for him if it were you.

The guard looks at you with undisguised hatred and shouts, "You smart son-of-a-bitch, you're looking for thirty-six instead of twenty-three, and I'm the guy that can get it for you."

Don't ask any questions, don't argue, don't answer. Just let him yell and get away from your cell. In your mind you think, **It's OK, hack, we're even. I don't like you either.**

Supper time. One more day has passed. Now you wash again and fold your blankets and wait for that glorious bread. There is a happy feeling communicating from cell to cell. The guys are up at the ventilator talking. This is the best part of the day.

Joe, the old pro, asks the kid that sings rock and roll, "Lee, what did you do today, beside sing?"

Lee seems anxious to talk after a day of singing, "I walked and did some push-ups and I went on a real crazy trip. You want me to tell you about the trip?"

The pro says, "OK," and somehow in that ventilator those two converse solely with each other.

Izzie, the residing comic, is shouting at the guard (not the door-pounder) heating the spinach on a small gas stove. "Hey, Mr. Schlemmer, Hey, tonight you're going to give us an extra slice of bread, remember you said you would. Hey, Mr. Schlemmer, will you give me your supper, you're getting a little heavy."

Tonight, because Mr. Schlemmer laughed, a couple of guys in the hole will get an extra slice of bread. Tonight he might pass seconds on the spinach instead of throwing it away.

Night has come with the freshness of evening and the bread in your belly you begin to feel like a man again. You climb to the ventilator and start talking.

Convicts, soldiers, tramps, and fishermen probably tell each other basically the same lies. Old myths are reinforced or embellished, or a simple truth is adorned by a skillful story-teller until it bears a faint resemblance to the actual event. But the adorned version is so much more fun to listen to, that you encourage fantastic lies. The talking and the laughing grow merrier and louder and soon a voice speaks to you from a speaker next to the light in your cell.

"All right, you guys, dummy up, or we'll turn the fire hose on you. And get away from those ventilators."

You ask a guy, "who was that?"

And the voice from the speaker answers, "It's me, and I heard what you said, Valenzuela, now get down from there and dummy up."

The fact that your cell is bugged for sound fills you with the familiar bitterness.

The voices have stopped, faintly you hear someone singing again. It's very dark outside through the pinholes, and as you peek out you try to remember the second line of the poem, "Somewhere there is freedom, happiness, and light". Those aren't the exact words of the line, but they're your words and your dreams.

I am trapped like a beast in an enclosure.

Somewhere there is freedom, happiness, and light.

Very Sincerely,
Dan Valenzuela

State Prison To Under Go Improvement Of Facilities

The Warden of the State Prison announced today plans to improve the rehabilitational facilities at this institution. "This is going to be one of the most modern and advanced prisons in the country when we're finished" he said.

Here is a list of the improvements planned. First on the list is the construction of a new game room for the officers. Next a swimming pool, new locker room and showers for the officers. Several additions are planned for the guard towers. Air-conditioning, Color TV, wall-to-wall carpeting, and if the money allows, lounge chairs.

How much money is on hand for these improvements is undetermined, but it is expected to be more than ample. The money is being taken from the inmate fund, and our accountant is trying to make a rough estimate now as to how much money is on the books.

Banker Regrets Killing Robber

An alert banker foiled the plans of a robber today.

Raymond Puffcustard, a teller at the First National Bank was ordered by a masked gunman to put all the money in a sack, handed to him by the gunman.

Puffcustard decided to give him more than money and placed a live grenade in the sack with the pin extracted.

The gunman had just reached the door when he was blown to pieces. Puffcustard said. But it never occurred to me that the money would be destroyed. I guess I should have thought of that first. Officials of the bank agreed and stated that Puffcustard would have to pay back all of the money blown up.

Robber Brings Suit Against Store Owner. \$25,000 Asked

Judge I. M. Gooder heard the testimony today of armed robber, Larry Haptrigger.

Haptrigger claims he suffered extreme shock during the robbery he is being tried for. He claims that the victim made a hideous cry for help. Haptrigger, who then shot the victim, claims that while perhaps he was wrong in robbing the establishment, the owner was nevertheless equally wrong for upsetting his, Haptrigger's, nerves.

Haptrigger feels justice will prevail in his case only if the charges against him are dropped and he is awarded \$25,000 damages for the mental injuries he suffered.

Haptrigger plans to visit Miami should he win his case. He said he would like to go in to business there, and the money would be instrumental in influencing the syndicate that controls Miami.

Mother Of Five Protests Jailing Of Hit And Run Driver

A mother of five protested the verdict in the trial of hit and run driver Eustace Brogdingle. Brogdingle was found guilty of manslaughter and was sentenced to 3 to 5 years at Canon City State Penitentiary.

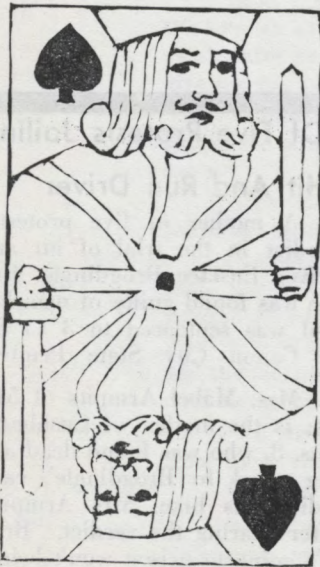
Mrs. Mabel Armpits of 514 Oak St., is the mother of Cushbert Armpits, 8, who was found dead after being struck by Brogdingle's car while riding his bike. Mrs. Armpits said after hearing the verdict, "Brogdingle's going to prison won't bring back that bike!" Since her other children need it to play with Mrs. Armpits thinks Brogdingle should be made to pay for the bike rather than go to prison.

OF



THIEVES

&



KINGS

During my sojourn among these pages I have tried by word and idea to convince my readers that I am the most cynical of cynics. I have scoffed and scorned and sneered and mocked. I have given the back of my hand to all manner of sacred and noble things in the attempt to form my image. I have wanted you at last to think me as hard as the best convict going.

But when one comes to the end of one's days, when the candle flickers and dims and the call is heard from the parole board, truth alone is the balm with which one soothes one's soul— all mask and vain postures lose their appeal. I have reached that point in my career and now am ready to confess myself.

The truth is, I am not at all mean, not at all disbelieving. In fact, I am, beneath my forbidding facade, both wide-eyed and worshipful. I believe unreservedly in the sanctity of Motherhood, the moral dispensation of the Boy Scouts, and the Americanism of Apple Pie. There is also a secret place in my heart for the Salvation Army, the DAR, faith healing and Oral Roberts. I come all over goose pimples when the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" is played, and find it extremely difficult to remain dry-eyed after two choruses of "Mother Machree." I neither greatly care for the cup that cheers nor am at ease in the company of painted women. I believe in the brotherhood of man and the ultimate triumph of the F.B.I. over the Mafia.

So there it is. The truth is out. I have uncovered myself before you. Fraud and imposter you may call me, but at least now my conscience is cleared and I can go up before the parole board, nothing afraid.

Now that that's off my chest I will do a little signifying.

Let's start off by going back to the old "doll" kick.

First there's the Richard Mathes doll. You wind it up and it runs to the nearest door and cuts off its finger in a subconscious symbolic rehearsal of the death drama with emasculatory-punitive overtones and a psychic reimplosion of the impuissance of infancy.

Then there's the Joe Henley doll. You wind it up and it gets kicked off the football team because on the first day of try-outs it tackles Scotty, who happens to be on the same team, and on the next day it tackles the bleachers, and on the final day it tackles Mattax—the coach.

AND MANY THINGS

Also there is the Joe Baby doll. You wind it up and it kicks footballs 50 yards, straight up, and they land four inches from where it kicked them.

The Waggoner doll, when wound up, heads for a basketball court, makes all its shots during warm-up, but when the game starts shoots like its betting on the other team.

Finally there is the Lyle doll, which when wound up, zips up.

Butch goes out out out for a pass, finally decides it isn't coming and turns around and heads back up field. On his way back he sees the ball sailing to where he would have been if he'd kept on going a little further. When the coach asked him what happened, he said, "Well, I was moving pretty fast and then I saw one of the tower guards fingering his rifle so I figured if I went any further or faster this guy may think I'm trying to escape and besides I wanted to get back in time for the huddle." And so ended a budding football career.

Speaking of Joe Baby, we hear that he is the bouncer in the band. His sole function is to watch Homer Brown while the band is playing. If anyone hits a sour note, Homer nods and Joe Baby is supposed to come on stage, pick up the offending musician, chair and all, and rush him off to the wings. And speaking of Homer, he carries more dead weight up there in the band than an Otis elevator. He's trying to teach Cassius to play the bass, and it is enough of a job to teach Cassius which instrument *is* the bass. For left to his own devices, Cassius could conceivably end up plucking the hairs on somebody's chest. Homer is also trying to teach Stick to play the piano and Stick has trouble remembering what a raincoat is for. (He's still wondering how he lost a bet this year when he picked the Celtics to beat the Green Bay Packers in the World Series). Homer is still trying to get Nate Whitney acquainted with which end of the baritone sax to blow in, and is trying to convince Hamp, the alto player, that Paul Whiteman didn't invent jazz, and is trying to convince Callicoat, his trumpet man, that the organ grinder would never quite make it in a jazz combo, no matter how cute the monkey. Poor, patient, messianic Homer.

L. C. is having himself a gorilla warm-up jacket made. He's also soaking his elbows in salt water and practicing crying. He's getting ready for this year's basketball season.

Wouldn't Plummer have made a swinging signal caller on the football team? We'd have never lost a game because it would have taken him all day to call a play.

Can't for the life of me understand why people think there is any comparison between my raggedyness

and Ex-Canteen Slim's (he now wishes to be known as Deep Off in the Coltrane Bag Slim since he is now in the band and has been given a big, silver ax). Slim is so raggedy until bits and pieces of his clothing fall off of him. Also his shoes are a three-thousandth of an inch bigger and floppier than mine.

Poor Danny's been reading too many of the blurbs on the jackets of record albums and too many Downbeats. He informs us that Dizzy Gillespie is the greatest trumpet player in the world, and that Paul Horn is the greatest flute player. If he added "in my opinion" we'd be inclined to let him off, but as his statement stands it should be argued.

Downbeat, Danny, is not the Great Arbiter of What's What and Who's Who in jazz. The music still (and probably always will) belong to the cats on the corner, because that's where it was born and developed and derived its leitmotiv. (This is not to say there's no place for it in the parlor. It's just that it doesn't get its message from the parlor; it brings it there). Downbeat and the downbeat coterie of jargonizers and hip intellectualizers have always had to "follow" jazz, not "lead" it. The downbeaters (or graders) are currently trying to dam the Coltrane-Coleman-Mingus-Taylor-et. al. breakthrough into newer and freer forms by publishing a lot of grumbling and fidgeting and fussing articles by nervous midget-critics who aren't certain but what they'll be left OUT and unhip by its emergence. (Already, though, there are signs that they are ready to hop belatedly on the bandwagon because now they're letting LeRoi Jones do a back page column on it). But back to Dan's original pronouncement about the "greatest". It's like saying that a tomato is the greatest vegetable in the world. Well, a tomato is one thing, and a potato, for instance, is another. They're both vegetables but they're, so to speak, in different grooves and thus cannot be compared sensibly. Diz is in one bag and Nat Adderly, or Carmel Jones, or Miles is in another. So let's not disparage any by comparing all. If you dig a particular bag, swinging. But do not punish us with your inability to distinguish other bags. OK?

Running out of room. Meant to talk about Crawford's belly, Onionhead's obesity, Jeff the Arab trying to learn bridge and defend Yemen at the same time, Billy Shearer and Chicago's generosity, the horrible radio operators and their insane habit of cutting programs off in the middle, the Green Hornet, Lucky Mickens and his no-waste motion card shuffling, and a whole bunch of things. Maybe in another life. *Au revoir, mes amis, c'était plaisir, mais il faut que je m'en vais.*

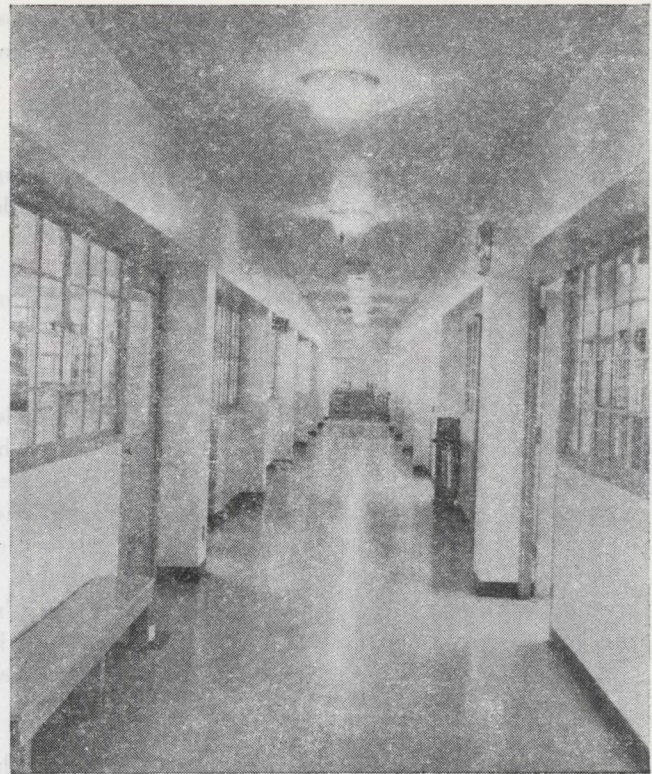
A Salute To The People Of The C. S. P. Hospital

by *Elias Archuleta*

Hospitals are people. Certainly, Certainly there is a physical plant—a building with X-ray machines and operating tables and oxygen tents and medicine and such. But it's the people who administer these apparatuses that are the hospital. The doctors, the nurses, the attendants. Each one is a person who by some peculiarity of chemistry and interest is dedicated to the preservation of that most delicate and complex of organisms, the human body.

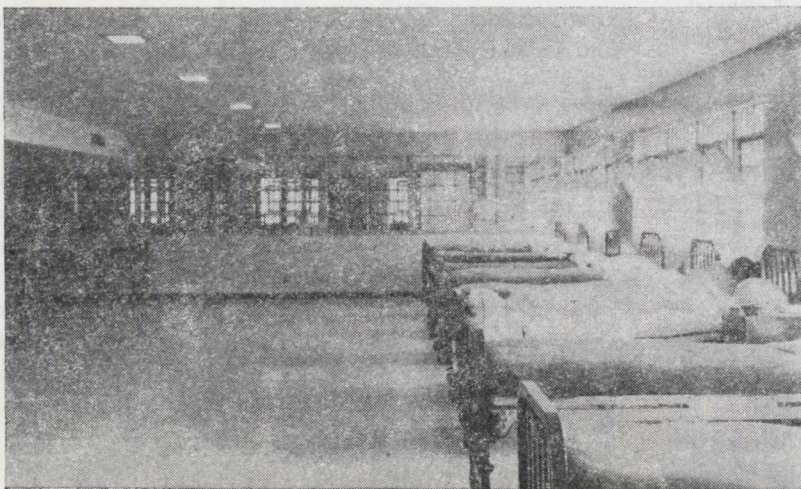
It is very usual for the unsick to think of a hospital as a mysterious, antiseptic, forbidding place—slightly unpleasant, slightly other-worldish. And while it is true that hospital usually connotes distress of some kind, there is another connotation that is often missed. And that is the idea of repair, restoration, care and help. There should also be the connotation of compassion. For those who would staff a hospital, with all of the calls upon their concentration and energy and intellectual resources that such a job constantly makes, must be abundantly equipped with feeling. What can you pay the man or woman who hurries to save your life or works to cure you of some disabling ail or injury? There are no terms of reward that can be struck in the face of so priceless a service. The service cannot be rendered then with the thought of material reward as its sole end. There must be some inner compulsion in the people who run a hospital that calls forth their efforts. Compassion cannot be evaluated, or legislated, or bribed.

Think now of a prison hospital. Below the echelons of civilian doctors and prison guards the staff is made up of "criminals", "convicts" (these are your words, not ours). Murderers, robbers, burglars, forgers—criminals. Now if you have already determined that anyone wearing these labels are less than human—bad, vicious, useless—then you will not be able to reconcile the fact



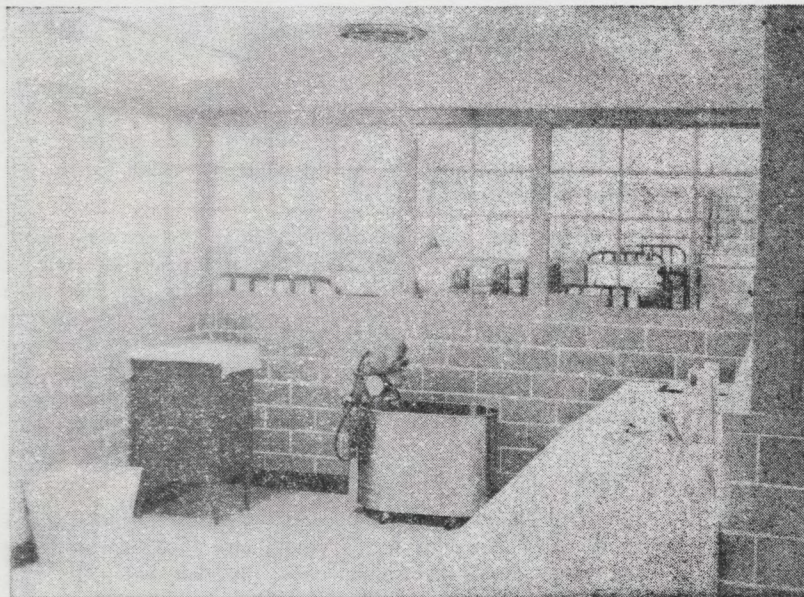
that these same men are hospital nurses, technicians, attendants, committed to a 24-hour-a-day task of saving lives, repairing broken bones, dispelling pain. Tasks of compassion. And what is their material reward? In some cases as little as 15 cents a day. But we have already concluded that material compensations cannot be the criteria for hospital work. So let us not dwell on this aspect of a prison hospital. More important to us is the thought that these men who are considered the offal of society are here involved in the most humanitarian of man's occupations. Men who are, in the limited vocabularies of some courts and some system of psychology, incorrigible.

The hospital here at the Colorado State Penitentiary is manned by a staff who are human beings first, and inmates or convicts, civilians or guards, only incidentally. And each man who works there is due the deepest gratitude and respect that everyone in this institution can give. It goes beyond that, they are an actual credit



One of the wards in the hospital.

Some 1500 inmates a month go to the hospital on the weekly sick lines for minor complaints.



To the left, the hydrotherapy lab. Below the dental lab.

The new hospital plant was started in 1957 and completed in 1960. It is one of the best equipped prison hospitals in the country.

to the entire state. For they are living proof that no matter past action or present circumstances, a human being can still maintain his concern and service to his fellow man.

We are not able to name every one of the men who works or has worked in our hospital, but to all of them, those representatives named below and all their comrades of mercy, this magazine pays the highest of tributes.

When this reporter made a tour of the hospital he was at first impressed by the immaculateness of the place, and the gleam of the intricate-looking equipment in the various labs. His first thought was to deal in this article with the efficient way the place was run, and some of the technical details about the functions of the labs and the equipment used. But after talking to some of the people who make the place what it is he decided that they were actually the most vital part of the hospital and consequently this article is about them.

The present head nurse, Norman Richardson, better known as "Greek", is a quiet, easy-going man of middle years who has worked here for the last eight years. Prior to his incarceration, Greek was a buyer and seller of livestock, an occupation he intends to resume upon his release. He also spent eight years in the U. S. Navy, as a Chief Pharmacists Mate, and served aboard the battleship Juneau. His working day, while supposedly eight hours, usually stretches to twelve, and in addition he is on call at any hour. He assists in surgery, as well as the X-ray lab. In his off time he makes toys for orphans and is currently making a train set for Christmas whose value is around \$160.

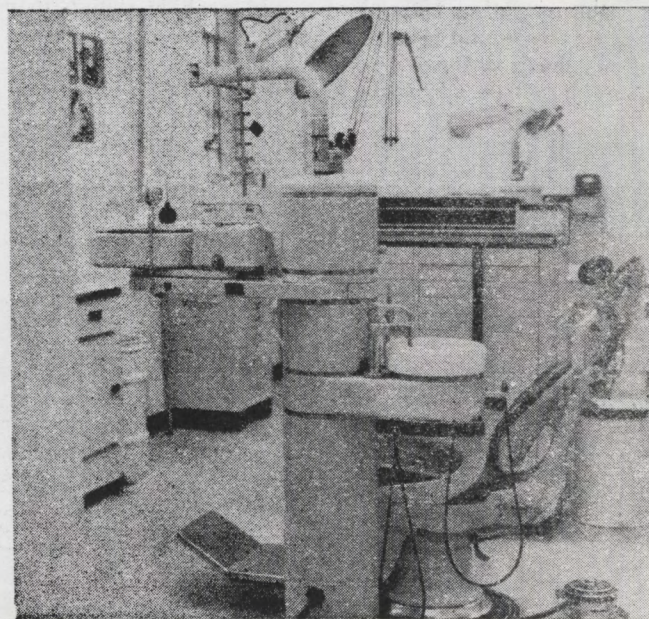
It is no secret that some inmates will take anything in order to get high and some of them land in the hospital, oftentimes at the point of death. We asked Greek about this since he has seen quite a few such cases over the years.

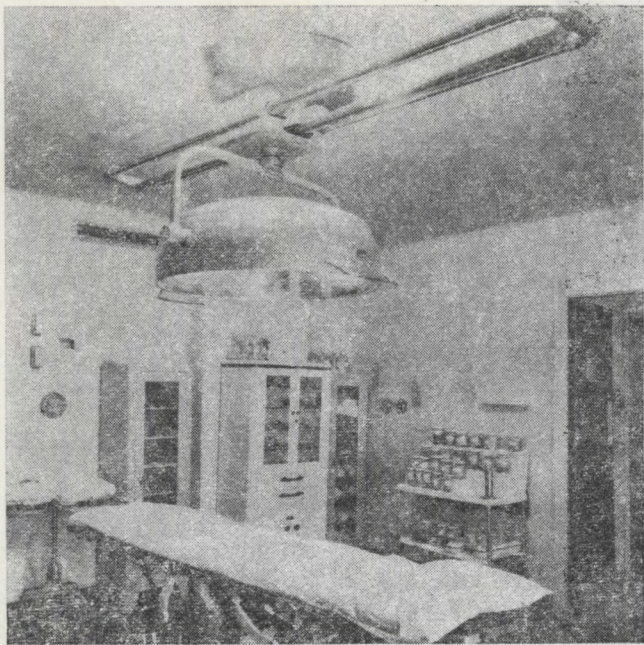
"It's a shame that some of these fellows need to escape so badly that they endanger their lives and health this way. Taking a drug without prescription, or drinking unknown volatile liquids is dangerous. That's not the way to beat a place like this. The harm done is to themselves. But I guess some fellows just give up hope. And

this they shouldn't do. In fact a place like this can be a very useful experience. A man can learn lessons here that if he will remember and use can benefit him the rest of his life. No, a fellow shouldn't give up hope.

Chick Coffey is the man who must see that the hospital is kept as spotless as it now is. He is the head porter, and has 17 helpers. And if anyone does not think that sanitation maintenance is a vital job in a hospital he should have his head examined. Chick puts in a 12 hour day supervising the many cleaning projects that are every day underway in the hospital. His first profession is music and when he is released he plans to go to New York on parole and form his own combo. Chick also had high praises for the present doctor.

"Doctor Townsend is a devoted man and he doesn't look at you as if you're just a convict. He treats you as an individual. There are good relations here between the staff members. The officers are decent people to work for and I must admit the living conditions are good."





This is a part of life—a hard part, maybe, but one that could easily make the rest of life worth living.”

Wayne L. Peters, the present surgical nurse, has been here 15 months and goes home in February. He worked in a federal prison hospital before coming here to enter nursing when he is released. He also served in the Navy as a nurse. Pete says that the CSP hospital compares favorably with the one in the federal prison where he served time. However, he said, some of our equipment is obsolete, though adequate, and that one of our most needed items is a new respirator. He thinks we are very fortunate to have as fine a surgeon and gentleman as Doctor Townsend. Pete is on call all hours of the day and spends his spare time reading and playing sports. We asked him whether the fact that he was an inmate mattered to the other inmate patients whose operations he assists.

“I have found that most inmates actually feel reassured to know that another inmate, like myself, is on the operating team. You would probably think that the reverse would be true. I guess they feel that a fellow pretty much in the same boat as themselves will somehow know how it is and be as helpful as possible. And they

are right. This is an exacting job, but it's one that gives me the most satisfaction. That's why I plan to continue in this work when I get out. And I plan to stay out. I know that to stay out of here a fellow's got to know himself and accept himself. He's got to come to terms with what he is and what he wants to do. I'll make it this time.”

The day nurse is Gene Lewis. Gene has spent 10 years working in the hospital and upon his release he plans to enter administrative nursing. He has seen our hospital plant progressively improve in the time he has been there and thinks that it is on par with most other institutional hospitals. Gene works 7 days a week and is on call 24 hours a day. This is the place where he feels he can be of most service to his fellow man and to himself. Gene admits that his outlook has vastly changed since working here.

Ted Bledsoe of the outpatient department has worked in the CSP hospital for 7 years, and looks forward to his release in the next two years. Ted, too, notes the vast improvement in the hospital facilities in recent years.

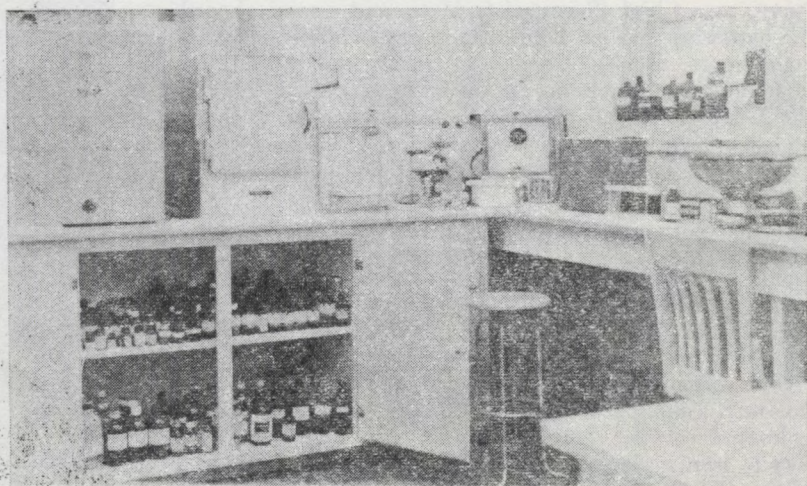
Mr. H. A. Johnson, the chief custodial officer at the hospital, has been in the institution for 30 years and at the hospital for 20 years of that time. In addition to his job here, Mr. Johnson is head of the CSP Employees Relief Association and a board member of the Colorado Civil Service Employees Association. He has a unique hobby, window display decorating, and has won several prizes at it.

Mr. Johnson feels that our hospital here is a very good one and that the present doctor is excellent. However, he thinks that with the population that this institution has we should have a general practitioner on the staff as well. He mentioned the fact that we have a sick line that draws 1500 patients a month, some of whom are in need of attention, and some of whom are goldbricking. He thinks that we are quite fortunate to have a hospital here that offers such wide professional care. He advises the inmates, however, not to abuse these services.

Mr. J. Kimmick, Mr. Johnson's assistant, has been working at the hospital off and on for the past eight years. He thinks that our hospital has come a long way and compliments the good inmate help we have here. His advice to the inmate population is, Let pills alone unless they are prescribed for you. He further advises us all to treat our hospital as we would a hospital on the outside.

Above, one of the operating rooms. To the right, the surgical lab.

Approximately 40 major operations are performed each month. Some of the operations are very delicate. Specialists from all over the state perform the various operations.



DANNY'S RECORD SHOP

- JAZZ
- BLUES
- POP TUNES

RECORDS

ALBUMS

OPEN

SUNDAYS 7:30—10 PM.

WED. 7—9 PM.

COME ON IN

THE JOINT JUMPS



DANNY'S RECORD SHOP

- JAZZ
- BLUES
- POP TUNES

RECORDS

ALBUMS

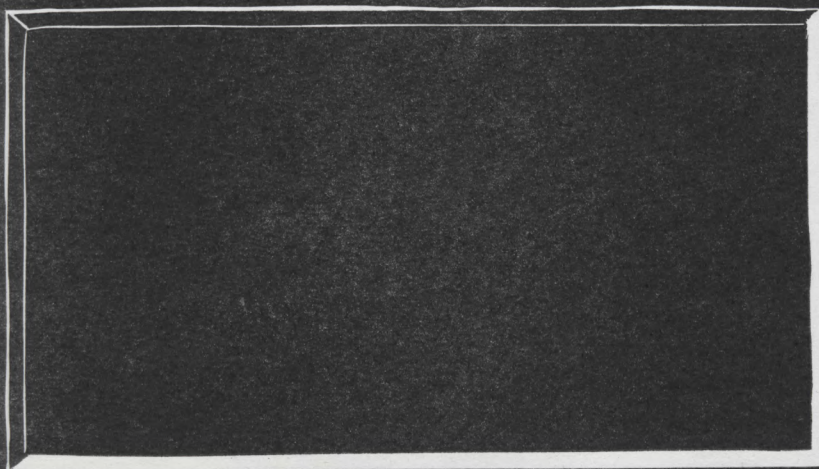
OPEN

SUNDAYS 7:30—10 PM.

WED. 7—9 PM.

COME ON IN

THE JOINT JUMPS



Every Sunday and Wednesday night along about 7 o'clock the people around here who dig jazz get their cigarettes in a handy place, maybe brew up a cup of coffee, prop their pillows in a comfortable position, slip on their earphones and settle back to await the opening strains from a musical program called Danny's Detour.

This (usually) is an all jazz program that emanates from right inside the prison and is beamed to the population. Danny Lujan is the producer, director, record-getter, dee-jay, complaint department, and general factotum for the show and he is wise enough to know that the people you can't please all of more than any other are jazz-lovers, and that a disc jockey's mouth is what jazz-lovers most do not want to hear, but music.

So, here and there his program swings, and even when it doesn't—well, even Bird didn't swing all the time.

It's where Danny gets his records that is enough to hush the hard-core complainers, though Lord knows most of the complaints are based on the fact that some cats want to hear, for instance, Coltrane and nothing but Coltrane, or just music out of one particular bag. But like we said, jazz-lovers are a quarrelsome lot. Danny made this contact with Robert Sandison, a commercial photographer from Denver, who read a sort of ad Danny had put in Molly Mayfield's column in the Rocky Mountain News a couple of years back asking for records. Mr. Sandison wrote to Danny, and started sending him tapes of records. And this has been going on ever since. Every week Sandison buys tapes; begs, borrows and buys records; tapes them and sends them here for the show. So what are you going to do with an all right dude like that! Thank the man, thank the man, already! OK. So, through the good offices of Mr. Sandison, may his pictures develop perfectly and his camera wax strong and prosper, we have a file of about 160 tapes with an average of 18 records per tape. Also there are some hilarious party records, contributed by Mr. S. and fish tank Sergeant Harry Johnson.

Danny pursues a recording policy which we do not damn, but bless. He mixes 'em up. Vocals, instrumentals, hard cookers and 'commercials'. So if you have to wait through George Shearing to get a little Oscar Peterson, what's the pain? Take the bitter with the sweet, baby. The idea is to accommodate the show to a wide listening taste, and that makes sense. A little bit for some of everybody, you dig? Every so often he even whips a shot of gut-bucket on us, and that's all right too. (The finger-poppers have to have their little moments also, you know).

Good old Danny is a quiet-spoken, easy-going type who spans a fairly wide spectrum of jazz in his tastes. He combines a preference for the pre-eminently blue piano of Ray Charles with a delight in the avant-garde sounds of Coltrane's tenor—the restrained drumming of Chico Hamilton with the pyrotechnic trumpet of Diz. And poor fellow, he thinks the Gerry Mulligan Sextet is the best of the combos. But we forgive him (only because we promised ourselves we would write this article without getting into a loud argument about jazz preferences).

Danny compiles his show a couple of days before they are aired and is generally swamped with requests from the estimated 1000 jazz buffs who tune him in here. When he can, he honors these requests and dovetails them in with the numbers scheduled for the program. Also, and this is not always possible, he makes out lists of the selections to be played and passes them among the faithful.

So-o-o-o, there you about have it. Danny's Detour. The efforts of Danny Lujan in bringing a few hours of pleasant escape from these gray environs, with an inestimable assist from an outside angel who supplies the tracks. Without them these would be some awfully long evenings.



JAZZ ALBUMS (Records)

- Where There's Bud - The Bud Poindexter Trio
- Funk Out West - James Scott Quartet
- Roar Show Album - Stan Kenton; June Christy; Four Freshmen
- This Is Me - J.C. Heard Octet
- This Is My Story - Dinah Washington
- But Not For Me - Ahmad Jamal Trio
- Jazz Track - Miles Davis Quintet and Sextet
- Basin Street East - Earl Grant
- Jazz Heat, Congo Beat - Latin All-Stars
- Richard's Almanac - Richard Evans Trio
- Daddy-O Presents M.J.T. 3 - Walter Perkins Quintet
- Kelly Blue - Wynton Kelly Sextet
- Relaxin' With Sandy Mosse - Sandy Mosse Quartet
- Other Voices - Erroll Garner
- I Wanna Be Loved - Dinah Washington
- The Song Is June - June Christy
- Jazz, Red Hot and Cool - Dave Brubeck Quartet
- King Of The Tenors - Ben Webster
- Afro-Cuban Influence - Shorty Rogers
- The Dave Brubeck Trio - (same)
- Paris Impressions - Errol Garner
- Jazz At Newport - Dave Brubeck Quartet with J. J. Johnson & Kai Winding
- The Touch Of Tony Scott - Tony Scott Quartet
- The Ahmad Jamal Trio - (same)
- Shearing On Stage - George Shearing Quintet
- Jamal At The Penthouse - Ahmad Jamal Trio
- Time Out - Dave Brubeck Quartet
- Spring Is Sprung - Gerry Mulligan Quartet
- Count 'Em 88 - Ahmad Jamal Trio
- Mingus, Oh Yeah - Charles Mingus
- The Norman Simmons Trio - (same)



Ole - John Coltrane
 A Touch Of Pepper - John Young Trio
 We Free Kings - Roland Kirk
 Hear Ye, Hear Ye - Red Mitchell-Harold Land Quintet
 For Swingers Only - Lorez Alexandria
 Jazz Poll Winner Album
 The Best Of Argo Jazz
 All Of You - Ahmad Jamal Trio
 Poinciana - Ahmad Jamal Trio
 Jazz - Herb Pilhofer Trio
 Soul Meeting - Ray Charles and Milt Jackson
 More Soul - Hank Crawford Quintet
 Ellington Indigos - Duke Ellington & Orchestra
 Jazztone Society - Medley of Stars
 Lee Konitz and Gerry Mulligan Sextet
 Free - Benny Goulson Quartet
 The Best Of Garner - Errol Garner
 Johannesburg Jazz Festival
 Music From Peter Gunn - Henry Mancini
 Diggin' The Chicks - Bill Leslie
 Liberian Suite - Duke Ellington
 Those Kenton Days - June Christy
 Pike's Peak - Dave Pike Quartet

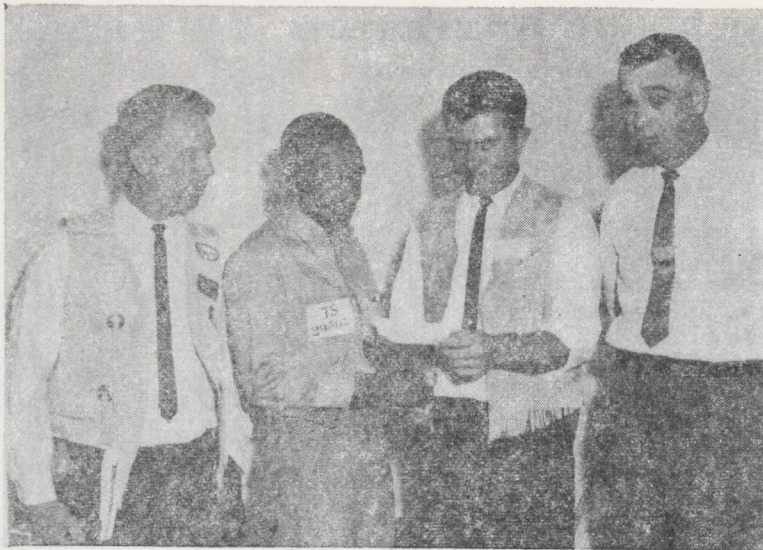
ALBUMS CONSISTING OF CLASSICAL, SEMI-CLASSICAL, POPULAR,
 CALYPSO EXOTIC SOUNDS, BLUES, WEIRDIES, TRASH, AND WHAT
 HAVE YOU

Skins - Les Baxter & Orchestra
 Levant's Favorites - O'scar Levant
 I Love You - Joni James
 Eddie Heywood
 Forbidden Island - Martin Denny
 When We Were Young - Walter Schumann
 Love Is A Gentle Thing - Harry Belefonte
 Belefonte Sings Of The Caribbean - Harry Belefonte
 An Evening With Belefonte - Harry Belefonte
 The Touch Of Eddie Heywood
 The Romantic Music Of Rachmaninoff - Andre Kostelanetz
 Calypso - Harry Belefonte
 Mark Twain & Other Folk Favorites - Harry Belefonte
 Porgy and Bess - Lena Horn & Harry Belefonte
 Exotica (Volume 2) - Martin Denny
 Primitiva - Martin Denny
 Love Poems Of Color - Frank Sinatra Conducts
 Belefonte Sings The Blues - Harry Belefonte
 Reverie - Norman Luboff Choir
 Music For Sleepwalkers Only - Murray McEacher
 Mantovani Musical Modes - Mantovani & Orch.
 Cocktails With Cavallaro - Carmen Cavallaro
 Songs Of The Fabulous Century - Roger Williams
 Music For Dining - Melachrino Strings & Orch.
 The Eyes Of Love - Hugo Winterhalter
 Ravel Bolero - Paul Paray Detroit Symphony Orch.
 The World's Ten Greatest Popular Piano Concertos - George Greeley
 Opera Without Singing - Boston Pops Orch.
 Flower Drum Song - Richard Rodgers
 Perchance To Dream - Symphonies by different Philharmonic Symphonies
 Calypso Holiday - Norman Luboff Choir
 Sleepy and Wide Awake Songs - Norman Luboff Choir
 Near You - Roger Williams
 Rhapsody In Blue - Morton Gould Orch.
 Offenbach - The Philadelphia Orch.
 Levant Plays Gershwin - Rhapsody In Blue - Oscar Levant
 Remembers Eddy Duchin - Carmen Cavallaro
 Dreams - David Carroll & Orch.
 A Star Is Born - Judy Garland
 Almost Paradise - Roger Williams
 Music For Relaxation - Melachrino Strings & Orch.
 Music Of The Masters - Roger Williams

ALBUMS ON TAPES

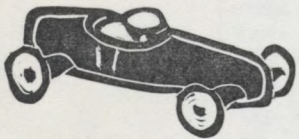
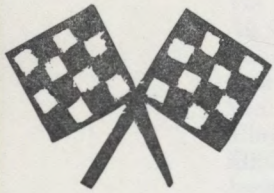
Lanza Sings Christmas Songs - Mario Lanza
Artie Shaw At The Blue Room
Show Hits - 101 Strings
Lonely Girl - Julie London
Golden Hits (Vol. 2) - Brook Benton
Moody Blues - Sonny Thompson
The Girl From Greece Sings - Nina Mouskouri
Patti Page On Stage
Put Your Dreams Away - Frank Sinatra
The Best Of The Kingston Trio
Great Golden Hits - Billy Vaughn & Orch.
The Genius Of Ray Charles
I Remember John Kirby - Dave Pell
Exotica - Martin Denny
Let's Dance To America's Waltz Favorites - David Carroll & Orch.
Twist With Etta James
Doris Day's Greatest Hits
Late Late Show - Dakota Staton
The Unpredictable Jimmy Smith - Jimmy Smith
Golden Hits - Lionel Hampton
A Little Bit Of Stitt - Sonny Stitt
The Artistry Of Pepper - Art Pepper
The Freshmen Year - Four Freshmen
More Than The Most - Dakota Staton
The Essential Charlie Parker - Charlie Parker
Jazz At The Philharmonic - Oscar Peterson Trio
June's Got Rhythm - June Christy
Kurt Weil Music - J. J. Johnson & Andre Previn
South Of The Border (Vol. 1) - Fifty Guitars
Ruth Price With The Johnny Smith Quartet
Sarah Vaughan At Mister Kelly's
Gillespiana - Dizzy Gillespie
Bottoms Up - The Three Sounds
Working Out - Barney Kessel Quartet
The Sounds Of The Johnny Smith Guitar
Rearin' Back - Sonny Stitt
Patterns - Modern Jazz Quartet
Miles Davis In Person - Miles Davis
The Ramsey Lewis Trio In Chicago
Groovin' With Jug - Gene Ammons & Richard Holmes
Boss Tenor - Gene Ammons
Blue Gene Ammons - Gene Ammons
J. J. Johnson, Trombone and Voices
Mainstream Of Jazz - Gerry Mulligan Sextet
The Drum Suite - Ernie Wilkins Orch.
Broadway My Way - Nancy Wilson
Howard Rumsey Lighthouse All-stars
Sketches Of Spain - Miles Davis
Kind Of Blue - Miles Davis
Golden Hits - Sarah Vaughn
Jazz Confidential - Galaxy Of Stars
Belefonte At Carnegie Hall - Harry Belefonte
Two Steps From The Blues - Bobby Bland
Ella In Hollywood - Ella Fitzgerald
Ella In Berlin - Ella Fitzgerald
Paul Desmond Quintet
Gerry Mulligan Quartet
Concert By The Sea - Errol Garner
Lady In Satin - Billie Holiday
Miles Davis All-Stars
Something Else - Miles Davis
Two Of A Mind - Gerry Mulligan & Paul Desmond
Nancy Wilson With The Cannonball Adderley Quintet
PLUS MANY OTHER ALBUMS ON TAPES WHICH ARE UN-NAMED
AND MANY MANY NUMBERS WHICH ARE NOT IN COMPLETED
ALBUMS.

THESE LISTS ARE NOT ENTIRELY COMPLETE!



Tom Whaley, chairman of the Pueblo CC Derby Committee receives \$500 check from Marion Brown. At left is Wayne Riggs, co-chairman, and at right is Warden Harry C. Tinsley.

INMATES SPONSOR ORPHANS IN PUEBLO SOAP BOX DERBY \$500 DONATED



Every summer youngsters from all over the United States set their sights and the noses of their soap box racers toward Akron, Ohio, where the Annual All-American Soap Box Derby is held. This junior Indianapolis 500 has been running since 1934, and over the years more than 1,000,000 boys have taken part in it. Aside from the sheer joy of building the racers and competing them against others, the boys have a chance to win over \$30,000 in college scholarships awards, in addition to local prizes.

In each city that has a Soap Box Derby franchise a local race with no less than 50 entrants is held. The winning boy receives a \$500 saving bond and an all-expense paid trip to Akron for the national event. Specific rules are laid down for the building of the cars and the total cost is around \$40. For many boys without this much money to spend on a racer it is necessary to get assistance from a sponsor or sponsors in the community.

This year the Pueblo, Colorado, Soap Box Derby almost didn't come off because of a lack of sponsors for some of the 62 boys who had entered the race. Half of the entrants were orphans from the Sacred Heart Home and the Pueblo Youth Center, and up to about six weeks before the race these boys were still without funds with which to build their cars.

In the local paper this article appeared:

Soap Box Derby Goes Begging For Sponsors

Thirty-one Pueblo orphans who had hoped desperately to be able to enter the Pueblo Soap Box Derby race July 19, face disappointment because of the lack of public interest. There are not enough spon-

sors. Tom Whaley, Junior Chamber of Commerce Derby chairman, said the tremendous effort of his committee failed to elicit public spirited citizens who could band together to raise the \$40 sponsor fee each of the 31 orphans needed. . . It is particularly disturbing to know that so many boys who are considered by many to be underprivileged and who want so badly to compete will be unable to. . . if these boys had parents most would probably be able to (participate in the Derby.)

Marion Brown was among the many subscribers to the paper who read the article. A very significant difference, however, exists between Brown and the other subscribers. Brown is serving a life sentence at the state prison. But what was more significant, Brown did something about the article. And after he was finished a \$500 check was turned over to the officials of the Pueblo Soap Box Derby.

Brown first spoke to Officer Lonnie Walton, a man who has been responsible for many charitable enterprises at the prison (last year's football game between the prison team and Western State College for the benefit of the Fremont County Crippled Children Fund was initiated by Mr. Walton), who in turn approached the Warden and Associate Warden with Brown's plan to permit interested inmates to donate. They approved of the plan and the donations were set at a minimum of \$5.00. Marion then enlisted the services of Rueben Scott, Lynn Hanna, John Moya and Louis Martinez, among others, to help contact the inmates in various cell houses. From there on the money rolled in, and this article appeared in the Pueblo Chieftain and Star Journal:

Prison Inmates Help Orphans

Prison Inmates Help Orphans

Hearts and purse strings have been opened behind the cold, austere walls of the Colorado State Penitentiary at Canon City and 12 Pueblo orphan boys will experience cherished joys made possible by the toil of 100 benefactors who have no identities other than numbers.

Through the good offices of the 100 prison inmates the 12 youngsters will be entered in the Soap Box Derby here July 19. They will be riding on the good wishes of the 100 sponsors.

Marion Brown, serving a life term, was the man who read that the orphans lacked sponsors and decided to do something about it.

The prisoners raised \$120 (on the first Friday of the appeal) and expressed hope of raising \$400, enough to sponsor 10. They exceeded the goal, raising \$500 to put 12 lads in the derby run.

The prisoners set a minimum contribution of \$5. This sum represents 50 days labor, figuring 10 cents a day wages. Earning power of convicts is from 10 to 30 cents per day in addition to money received from arts and crafts projects. They are required to deposit half of their wages in a savings account and may draw on it only in emergencies.

Brown reasoned that the case of the orphans was an emergency and Warden Harry Tinsley granted a special waiver allowing savings withdrawals for the orphans. Tom Whaley, chairman of the Pueblo Chamber of Commerce Derby Committee, and Wayne Riggs, co-chairman of the committee, went to Canon City and picked up the check for \$500.

Brown, in modest truth, told Whaley and Riggs that his "whole intent was trying to do something to help young boys travel in the right direction."

Riggs said Brown "picked up the ball when he read about the orphans and got the job done with the help of other cell block members."

Brown, Riggs said, doesn't strike one as belonging behind bars. "I was amazed that there is no bitterness in his heart. He gives you a steady look in the eye."

And so on July 19th, the 1964 Pueblo Soap Box Derby was run. And among the 91 entrants these 12 youngsters cruised in racers that bore the following sponsoring inscriptions:

| | |
|----------------------------------|----------------|
| CSP Recount Magazine | Dexter Pickett |
| CSP Hospital | Claude Flakes |
| CSP Band | Richard Hall |
| CSP Cell House No. 1 | Nathan Saenz |
| CSP Cell House No. 5 | Jamie Garcia |
| CSP Cell House No. 6 | Victor Henry |
| CSP Cell House No. 7 | Henry Mals |
| CSP Medium Security Unit..... | Henry Chang |
| CSP Honor Farm | Jerry Williams |
| CSP Rockbusters Football Team .. | John Anderson |
| CSP Rockbusters Baseball Team .. | Joe Vasquez |
| Colorado Prison Inmates | Joe Jubert |

And though none of these youths were among the finalists, each one, to us, was the winner of an affection and concern that is as important as the derby victory itself. Each one rode a racer whose "real" inscription reads, "Give it all you've got, kids, because somebody really cares".

Shortly after the race the following letters were sent here from the Sacred Heart Home of Pueblo.

Dear Sirs,

It has been over two months since the Soap Box Derby contest.

The boys whom you sponsored wrote the following letters shortly afterwards, but due to neglect on my part they were not mailed sooner.

The boys took great interest in building and spent all their spare time in the workshop—for which I was grateful.

Thank you so much for taking an interest in our boys—special thanks to Mr. Brown.

God Bless you.

Gratefully,
Sister M. Doris
Boys Housemother

Continued on page 48

These men got the ball rolling. Left to right, Rueben Scott, Lynn Hanna, Wayne Riggs, Louis Martinez, John Moya, Tom Whaley, and Marion Brown.



SAVE SAVE SAVE SAVE SAVE SAVE SAVE SAVE SAVE SAVE

VALUES GALORE!!!

SALE!

SALE!

SALE!

SALE!

SALE!

SALE!

Look At These Big Values That

Cess, Poole, Sewer & Ulk

Offer You During Their Big

JANUARY CLEARANCE SALE!

1 to 2 for Aggravated Robbery

Was \$500.

NOW 299.95

6 months County Jail for Non-Support

Was \$200.

NOW 99.95

Witness who will swear anything

Was \$300.

NOW 179.95

"Sympathetic" Judge for forgery or burglary cases

(Trial in chambers guaranteed)

Was \$700.

NOW 499.95

These Bargains Only During Month Of January

No Other Law Firm Can Offer Bargains At These Low

Prices

SAVE SAVE SAVE SAVE SAVE SAVE SAVE SAVE SAVE SAVE SAVE

OTHER SPECIALS DURING OUR GIANT SALE !!!!!

Hand-made jurors (specially instructed, guaranteed to hang panel)

\$700 value ————— \$499.95 each

“Special” prosecutor for cop burglars

(Will accept any reasonable deal)

Was \$1500.

NOW 999.95

Traffic tickets “handled”. Groups of five \$19.95

Special rates on 100 or more

Favorable Appeal Rulings

starts as low as

Murder \$999.95

Robbery 799.95

Burglary 599.95

Arson 399.95

Auto Theft 199.95

Low Down Payments !! Easy Credit Terms !!!

SMALL MONTHLY PAYMENTS!

MERCHANDISE ACCEPTED IN LIEU OF CASH!

Cess, Poole, Sewer & Ulk

Your Friendly Cut Rate Lawyers

BIT O'



There's a little bit of everything here at the joint and an ever alert snoop finds it easy to gather gossip. I was walking through the yard when I heard a loud voice saying, "Testing, testing, 1-2-3-4-5, 5-4-3-2-1". I turned around and there was Stick Williams with a megaphone in his hand. I told Stick that it was wonderful, seeing him make like another Rudy Vallee, but then I had to make a hasty departure when he mentioned something about a fight.

I overheard Crow making a statement about our football team. He said we have so many crippled players the spectators just naturally limp from watching them.

I thought I was going to witness a new record being broken during the Labor Day track and field event. The event was the mile run, and at the bang of the starter gun John Conti was off like he was running the 100 yd. dash. As a matter of fact that's all the farther he ran. John walked right up to me and said "You gotta give me credit, I tried. Did you see that start I had?" "Good for you, John," I said, "that was a good start". Perhaps I should have kept my mouth shut though, since John entered the mile relay and did exactly the same thing. The trouble was his teammates saw no heroics in a good start but were highly peeved when John came walking back to them. Bless you, John.

Seismologists reported a small volcanic tremor near Canon City, but could not locate where it originated. I think a little investigation would prove it wasn't a volcanic eruption, but "Glimp" falling out. Here's a man who looks for a crowded section of the yard, finds it, sets his 300-plus pound bulk down, gets comfortable, and then falls out. And it takes the entire crowd to carry him back to his cell house.

My hat is off to Dino Monaghan as the best manager-player among the softball teams. Through the entire season I never once saw him belittle any

B L A R R N E Y

JOE HENLEY
Associate Editor

player while on the field. And only Chicago could have made him break this policy. Chicago came running in from the outfield to argue with a call made by the homeplate umpire, but was quickly enlightened by Dino as to who took care of the disputes for the team. Dino showed a fine display of will power by saving his comments on errors made by his team for the privacy of the sidelines.

Around our shop there's been some new developments. Bill Messenger used to curse his press when it would not run right and sometimes pathetically ask it why it defied him so. When the press is not doing its best, Bill must be handled with kid gloves. But now Bill is repairing the sister press which sits next to the one he now operates, with plans to run them both to catch up on back work. We shudder to think of how Bill's temper will be then. Bill has an eager helper in Wilson. Wilson is more faithful to Bill than "King" was to that damn police feller. As a matter of fact I think Wilson would bite you if you angered Bill.

Bill D. has resolved to quit telling jokes while performing his duties as M.C. for our shows. After seeing Bill as M.C., I know what they mean by stage fright. The microphone even fainted when Bill spoke.

After watching Sandy Stelter play rinky-dink football I thought it might be a good idea to teach our varsity football team how to execute some of the facial expressions Sandy makes. No matter what the turn out of a play, Sandy has a face to fit it.

Keep your eyes on Rabbit for the coming basketball season. His ball stealing is a real art.

Rumor has it that Cookie of the Fingerprint Department is the real mastermind behind the Cosa Nostra. You may recall that in Valachi's testimony he mentioned the Crime Boss as being a shrewd Cookie. I always suspected Cookie's accent was Sicilian.

I can't understand why some people won't admit to their hometowns. Butch, commonly known as The Roadrunner, insists that he's from Cincinnati, Ohio, while his record clearly shows he has lived all of his life in Pushbroom, Arkansas.

At 9:13 A.M., Tuesday, May 20, 1972, the first wave of nuclear-tipped missiles were launched from the People's Republic of China as a declaration of war on the United States. Five minutes later, it being 8:18 P.M., Monday, May 19, 1972, the coming attack was known in Washington. Within the next two minutes a massive retaliatory attack was set in motion there. In the Soviet Union, sixteen minutes after Peking's action, at 3:29 A.M., Tuesday, May 20, 1972, sides having been quickly chosen, an armada of missiles were sent winging toward China's enemy, three minutes behind the missiles already on their way from the United States to the heart of the U.S.S.R. (It is irrelevant in this context, but fourteen minutes after China's attack on the U.S., uncertain of which way Ivan would swing, the Chinese, taking the pessimistic view, loosed a similar assault at Russia).

At 6:00 P.M., on that fateful Monday-Tuesday, just 13 minutes before the bomb, in a Midwestern state prison the last meal of the day had been served and the prisoners were being filed to their cells for the evening lockup and count. Barred doors slid open and tier after tier of men entered the 6 by 10 cubicles that would be their keeping place until the doors opened at 7:30 in the morning. There was the usual cacophony of voices amid the clang of closing doors. At 6:12 P.M. the bell announcing the count was sounded, and in each of three identical buildings that housed 3117 men, things gradually grew quiet. Soon only the slap of the feet of the moving guards could be heard.

At 6:27 P.M., in the central control room of the prison the captain of guards waited for each of the sections of the prison to phone in their totals.

At the same time, the main prison switchboard was being flooded with incoming calls. Two minutes before radios and televisions all over the country had interrupted their programs to warn of the pending disaster. Now the families of the guards were frantically trying to reach their kin at the prison.

At 6:28 P.M., a guard rushed wildly into the central control room, gesticulating with his arms, his face chalk-white, and a gush of words pouring incoherently from his lips. The captain, seated at his desk, phone in hand, irritably looked up at the interruption and continued trying to listen to the phone. Just at this moment, simultaneously, Los Angeles, Chicago, Philadelphia, New York and Washington, D.C. exploded.

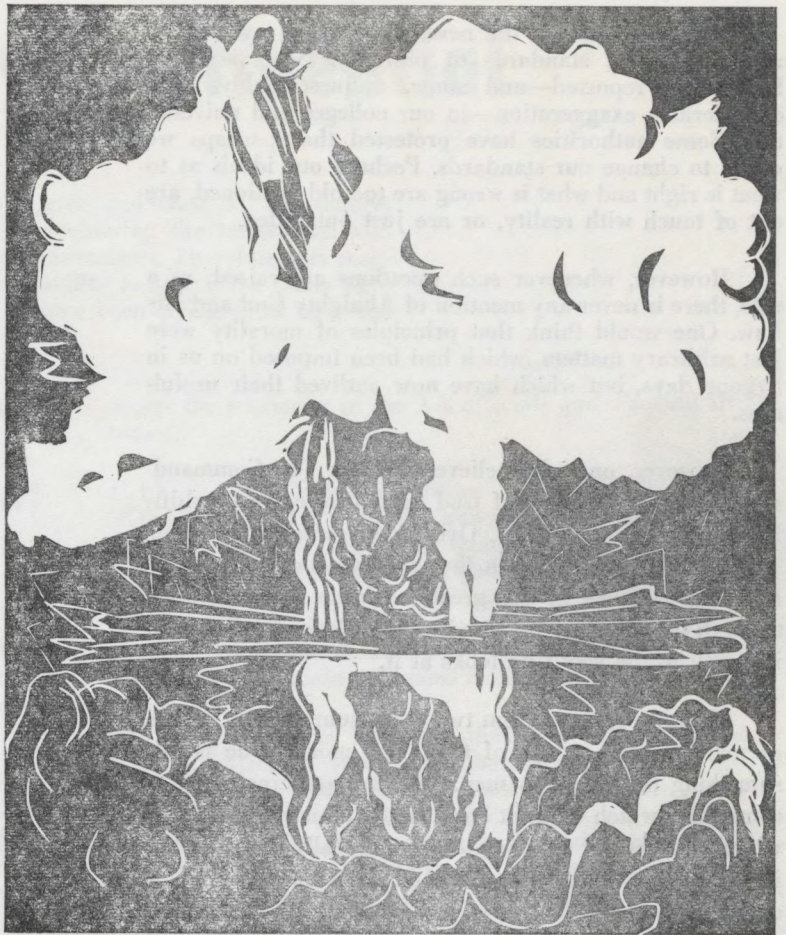
At 6:31 P.M., exactly 1811 of the prisoners in the cell house either had on or had just put on the earphones that connected them to the institution radio. A voice announced continuously, "The United States is under nuclear attack. The United States is under nuclear attack. The United States is under nuclear attack. . . ."

At 6:35 P.M., the panic was complete.

In the courtyard of the prison, guards were rushing towards the administration building and the gates that led from the prison. Others were stumbling, running out of the cell houses that were reverberating with the noise of shaking doors, screams and broken glass.

At 6:40 P.M., the exodus of guard personnel was complete. Only the 3117 remained.

Between 6:40 and 6:44 P.M., prison time, San Francisco, Houston, Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis, Cleveland, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Boston, Atlanta, and Miami were engulfed in mushroom clouds. (As a matter of academic fact, none of the major cities of China and the Soviet Union, as well as all the European countries, were any longer in existence).



The Count

Storms of sound waves were now splitting the air over most of the country. Great fire storms were marshaling their multi-hurricane forces, ready to begin their massive, random sweeps.

3117 screaming, maniacally terrorized men beat, rammed, shook and hurled themselves against the unyielding bars within the prison.

At 6:50 P.M. the first of the gigantic heat winds rolled against the three buildings, shaking them to their foundations. The temperature rose 43 degrees in the first three seconds. And then came the storm of flames.

In the year 2034, late summer, a small band of marauders, each a grotesquerie, clothed in animal skins and armed with crude clubs, came into the dusty, rubble courtyard of what once had been the prison. The three large buildings were crusted and crumbling. A member of the band warily edged up to the debris that surrounded one of the buildings, while his fellows stood back ready for flight or attack. The man climbed over the broken blocks and eventually reached a window. He looked in and then climbed through. The tiers of rusted steel towered darkly above him. His feet sank in the fine dust that flooded the floor. In each of the littered, molded cubicles was a tangle of bones. He walked a little ways in each direction, and then returned and climbed back out of the window. He loped over to his companions, made a few quick signs with his head and hands and the group left, going on their way.

There is much in the news these days, my friends, about changing standards of morality. Some scandals have been reported—and some, unquestionably, with considerable exaggeration—in our colleges and universities. Some authorities have protested that perhaps we ought to change our standards. Perhaps our ideals as to what is right and what is wrong are too old-fashioned, are out of touch with reality, or are just outmoded.

However, whenever such questions are raised, as a rule, there is never any mention of Almighty God and His Law. One would think that principles of morality were just arbitrary matters, which had been imposed on us in bygone days, but which have now outlived their usefulness.

However, one who believes that the Ten Commandments express the Will of God cannot accept such shifting standards of morality. Over and over again we hear it said. "Morality is all in the way you look at it." For one who believes in the great teachings handed down through the centuries by Judaism and Christianity, morality is all in the way God looks at it.

Morality springs from two main sources: the nature of man and the nature of God. The moral code is not something tacked on to man, after he was created. It is something which is built into man's nature; something which is necessary if he is going to be really human. Man is not a horse, or a cow, or a goat. He is human. He is a child of God. And he has an eternal destiny. Morals cannot be predicted on what might make life more convenient and more pleasant here and now. I suppose that every bank robber who ever helped himself to someone else's property, did so because he thought it would make his life more pleasant to have more money—even if it was not his! But because things may be more pleasant, they are not necessarily right.

There are, it is true, certain conventions which are not the same thing as the moral code. Smoking and drinking, for example, are not condemned by the law of God. To use these things in excess, so as to harm oneself or others, is wrong. But in themselves, they are not wrong. But there are other actions and patterns of conduct which are wrong of their very nature, and no amount of crooked thinking can make them right.

That is why the devout Christian and the devout Jew do not look to polls of public opinion to determine their moral code. They look to the law of God. They know that this law is never outmoded, for as long as God is God, and man is man, the basic pattern of human conduct does not change. It is determined not by what is popular, or convenient, or pleasant. It is determined by what is right. To reject these standards of human conduct is to court disaster. It is to wreck and to ruin human lives.

Standards Of Morality

by

Father Justin McKernan, O.S.B.

Catholic Chaplain



Canon City Confidential

by
John Dietz

The RECOUNT is ever dedicated to the highest standards of journalism, eschewing the sensational and all other forms of yellow journalism. Therefore this magazine deems it its responsibility to scotch the many ugly and untrue rumors that have been flying thick and fast here.

MAY 6: One, Milton F. Hatch, was rumored to have paid a debt on this date. When questioned as to the reliability of this rumor, Mr. Hatch refused either to confirm or deny it. He did say, however, that the**** (a—see below) who started this rumor should have their **** (b) cut off.

(a) "cons" (b) "hair"

MAY 8: Mark as completely unfounded the rumor that beer and light wines will be served with meals in the canteen. The officials of this institution stated that no such plan has ever been, nor ever will be, considered.

MAY 12: Another rumor for which there is absolutely no basis is the report that on May 1 a prisoner had been given 120 lashes for talking in the chow line. In the first place, no man could receive this many lashes and live; in the second place, there has never been a man here who was meted out this many lashes for any infraction of the rules.

JUNE 1: Though Ernie Freyta's veracity has many times been under question, he vehemently denies the rumor that he was the bandit who robbed the March of Dimes collection boxes in Denver last year. He refuses to change his story despite repeated questioning and, if for nothing else, is to be commended for his perseverance.

JUNE 2: It is totally untrue that an inmate was sentenced to ten years in the hole today by the disciplinary board because he attempted to have an obscene book smuggled in to him. The rumor had it that the book, *Little Women*, which was thought by the prison censor to be another *LOLITA*, was ruled obscene because on page 96, one of the characters unashamedly says. ***** (C)

(c) "gosh"

JUNE 3: Despite the evidence, one Tiger Miller persists in his denial that he strained his *gluteus maximus* muscles while lifting weights. HIS story, which is too fantastic to be believed, is that he sustained this painful injury in an on-the-job entanglement with the platen press.

JULY 4: During the holiday sporting events in the big yard, and in the presence of hundreds of reliable witnesses, one of the officers was observed to be quite obviously *not* under the influence of liquor.

JULY 6: Even though faced with the testimony of many reliable witnesses, various officials of the local AA group denied that the "coffee" served during the meeting intermissions is spiked with Smirnoff. Even though there is no other way to account for some of the speeches that are made at these meetings, still this reporter prefers to

accept the testimony of the AA officials and discount the rumor.

JULY 7: The Summer edition of the "ANTI-BARS NONEWSLETTER" hit the news stands today to the accompaniment of anguished screams from the Semantics. The factual and unprejudiced "NONEWSLETTER", with its searching and analytical reviews of the meetings of the "Anti-Bars" Society was claimed to have revealed schemes and motives of the "Anti-Bars" which were meant to remain concealed from the innocent public.

AUGUST 2: It is reported that the proposed "Be Kind to Prisoners Week" has the full approval of the officials of this institution. It is not true, however, that due to the demands of Practical Prisonkeeping the time has been limited to fifteen minutes. It is also untrue that these fifteen minutes have to fall between the hours of midnight and 12:15 A.M. on the fifth Sunday in October.

SEPT 6: Despite the most diligent research, this reporter has been unable to unearth sufficient reliable evidence that some of our officers were formerly oven operators at Buchenwald. We therefore urge that no credence be given these reports.

SEPT 30: This reporter cries shame on those evil-minded prisoners who have been claiming that prison psychologists in general are of canine descent on the distaff side. This is an obvious attempt by some dissident elements to displace their frustrations and guilt on a completely innocent group of hard-working, dedicated professional men. Let's hear no more of these statements!!!!

OCT 5: The esteemed coach of the Rockbuster football team terms as outright lies the rumors that he stole the team's plays from the touch football team at Mt. Morrison School for Girls. The coach, when questioned by this reporter, said "***** ***** *** !" When asked to clarify the above he further stated that "***** *** * *" We are forced to agree with the coach, as he is an officer and we all know that an officer is never wrong.

OCT. 29: Harry Hotopp today hotly denied he was called for the football team that his appearance would frighten the opposing linemen, and that his conversation would distract them from their assigned parts in the plays. When asked about the truth of this report, Harry said, "*** you." (d)

(d) "dog-gone"

*Inasmuch As These Are Some Of The Editor's
Cynical, Strong, And Unsavory Opinions It Is
Not Absolutely Necessary That You Read
This Article You Lousy, Communist Coward*

It's a pity everyone doesn't have a column like this in which to shoot off their mouths without worrying about somebody interrupting to tell them how ridiculously wrong they are. What will here follow will be some of this writer's strong opinions—call them biases, or prejudices, if you like. Disagree to your heart's content. Do not even read them, if you like. What is that to a man bent on parading his opinions? That some of them, maybe even all, are dead wrong does not phase the writer in the least. They are his, and you are entitled to yours. It will do absolutely no good to write this magazine about yours, particularly yours that run counter to his. Not only will the writer not print them, being the editor he will not even deign to read them. He will tear them up forthwith and introduce them to his capacious wastebasket.

You are warned. You may now read.

ON A CONSUMMATE KILLER

There will come soft rain and the smell of the ground.
And swallows circling with their shimmering sound.
And wild plum trees, glimmering white;
And frogs singing in the pools at night.
And robins dressed in their feathery fire
Whistling their whims on a low fence wire.
And no one will know of the war, not one
Will care at last when it is done.
No one will care, neither bird nor bee,
If mankind perishes utterly.
And Spring herself when she wakes at dawn
Will scarcely know that we are gone.
Amy Lowell or Willa Cather

(Never could remember which of these fine ladies was the prophetess)

In the mood for some chuckles, chillun?

OK, then, take a gander at that tail-less, talkative, tension-ridden ape called man. But mind you don't get too close, 'cause the blighter's vicious. He'll throw a thermonuclear warhead at you, or pass a law against you, or send a missionary to convert you to something.

Just a day or so ago this mammiferous mockery was shuttling through the trees with nary a thought to his name, bent on extinction either through unadulterated stupidity or through the digestive tract of his bigger and toothier cousins, and, lo, by some freak and unfortunate accident of genes the fat in his peaked head started making thinking noises and he quick hopped down off the limbs, scurried to a cave, found himself some rocks and a big stick and commenced bashing in heads right and left. Soon everything in smelling distance began shying away from him and, horror of horrors, he survived.

And here we see him now, the lucky circumstances of his survival conveniently forgotten. Forgotten also is what he was before; and all along the path of his surviving; and what he still is. An animal. Animal in the veriest sense of the word. Animal like unto a lion or a hippopotamus, or his very close relative, the gorilla—all of the niceties of distinguishing characteristics, notwithstanding Animal. Oh, he's not got a lot of hair hanging on him now, and he's picked up a chin from somewhere, and he isn't all stooped over with his arms dragging to his ankles now. And also his skull's swollen up and inside it he's got a new layer of muscles that clicks and ticks and allows him to put two and two together. But these are only incidental refinements, for animal he was and animal he yet remains. The reason for all of these reminders of his come-from is that lately he's been snubbing all of his monkey kin as if he never heard of them and trying to fool everybody into believing that even though he was made on this planet, his was a special mold. And that the only reason he was born here in the first place instead of in his Pop's house was so he could run things. None of the lowborn, inferior little beasties running around down here have got the sense to.

According to the ludicrous forgeries with which he is currently trying to replace his true identity, he is actually the pampered, spitting-image son of a very wise, very well-to-do Old Man, Who lives in a diamond-studded palace way way way up in the sky and Who any day is going to send him a wire telling him to come on home 'cause things ain't the same without him.

At one point during the concoction of this bushwa, he even had this planet dead in the center of the universe with everything else revolving obediently around it. Supposedly, we can only guess, so the Old Man can keep a loving eye on him. But some wise guys came along and proved that not only is this a fairly insignificant little ball of wax rolling around a fifth rate sun that hasn't got too much longer to shine and seated on the outer edge of a run of the mill galaxy, but that there is a great possibility that there are bigger and better planets out yonder with much more efficient and advanced life forms. Old tail-less is still grumbling over that one.

And here we see him now.

All wrapped up in colored cloths with the skins of other animals on his feet and the tail feathers of birds pinned to the rags he wears on his head, strutting up and down the planet putting things to death. If you want to see him sputter or go into a blank trance, ask him why, for instance, he wears a tie? What function does it serve, other than a purely decorative one? And on the subject of decoration he is the world's champion

hypocrite. On the one hand, he pokes fun at his more primitive brothers for smearing paint all over their bodies and hooking rings in their noses and in their lips and around their necks, and at the same time he sports a tie, wears rings on his fingers, and his women paint their lips and cheeks and eyes and hair and toes and fingers and hang all sorts of bric-a-brac on their arms and legs and ears. Now some of the cleverer ones will tell you things about attracting the opposite sex with these doo-dads, and refer to the peacock and other species who gain the sex attention of their partners with their decorated plumage. But didn't he just tell us he's no kin to the other creatures? Why then does he imitate them?

Up above there somewhere we mentioned him rushing about killing things. That's just what this geek is best suited for. Ever since he swung that first rock at some poor unsuspecting hyena's head he's been building and wielding bigger and more lethal weapons. Killing? He loved it then and he loves it now. Only now he's got it down to a fine art. And he can give you more answers for why he kills than you can ask questions. He kills animals so he can eat and dress and recreate. He kills plants so he can have more room for his cities. He kills mountains and valleys and rivers so he can get to his cities faster. He kills each other because each other is trying to kill him. There's hardly been a year in his history when he hasn't had a big each-other killing spree going on somewhere in the world. He positively loves it. Most of his great heroes, real and legend, were accomplished killers. King David, Genghis Khan, Hannibal, Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne, King Arthur, The Lone Ranger, James Bond, Superman, Mike Hammer. He loves it.

And now he's got himself the creme de creme of weapons. An exquisite little device with which he can wipe out continents. All he needs now is a reason to use it. And, brother, there's never been a single occasion in his past when he's been stumped when it comes to reasons for killing. Just give him time, just a little time.

ON PLAYING GOD

As you have probably already divined, I do not have an awfully high opinion of nature's little darling—man. He's too much the smiling killer for my tastes. You may also have concluded that I do not incline toward his theories of theism. And you are right. It is mainly that with a creature as devoted to the swindle as man, you really cannot afford to invest a lot of credulity in what he says. Particularly when he is reluctant to put up a little proof as collateral. How do you know that when he speaks of Divine Beings he is not up to his old egotistic hoaxes again and is actually talking about himself? If you've been a close observer of his habits you will know by now that aside from killing, his next best love is bossing. In fact, the two sort of tie in. What is the ultimate in bossing but the authority to "let live and make die"?

Boss, Power, Authority are interchangeable terms in man's dream of divinity. And I suspect that the dream is not about a transcendent, wholly other, master force, but rather an ambitious self wish. A prodigious instance of self projection.

Well, what this is to be about is the fun some people seem to have playing God (to put it better, the fun they have playing themselves larger than they really are). Here will be a man who gets aroused by looking at a well turned ankle. And so he will try to outlaw looking at

well turned ankles for everybody else. "It gets people aroused," he'll justify, "And all sorts of lewd and concupiscent thoughts will stir in their heads and before long they will want to go further." Now the fact that people have been going further since the dawn, and that going further is what comes naturally, and is how he got here anyway, and is also what he intends to do at every convenient opportunity he can possibly seize will have little effect on his thinking. He is bent on playing God. (There is little doubt that in the interest of peace, pleasure and order going further should be a mutual consent thing and the participants should understand what it is they are doing). But what this fellow is about is the imposition of his own particular attitude toward life on the world. Well turned ankles bug him, so let's everybody cover them up. And what he succeeds in doing is to actually make the thing as dirty as he supposes it to be. He breeds guilt and fear and perverse, hypocritical stances on the subject.

Here also will be a man in whose hands is some particular authority over your actions. He may be an employer, a traffic cop, a government official, a jailer, or a first sergeant.

Watch how he savors making you sweat. Notice how he swaggers up to you or crooks his finger for you to come running, with that look of "I'm the center of the universe" on his face. He is grave. He is stern. He may, after a bit, permit himself a condescending, little half-smile as he looks down on you from Olympus. "Well, what have you got to say for yourself this time?" he may ask as he toys with your fate. And you'd better be humble! You'd better keep your voice soft and your eyes averted. You'd better stutter and stammer in as much contrite confusion as you can muster. Because, buddy, you're talking to God! What ecstatic juices must flow through his being as he watches you cringe in the effluvium of his authority!! Come on now, you've seen and met plenty of people like this. You know 'em. They may not know themselves because they are usually hypnotized by themselves, but you know 'em.

But why do men like to play Omnipotent? Why do they so tenaciously pursue, more than anything else, a dominant position in the pecking order? Why is it so delicious to have fellow creatures in slapping position? Robert Ardrey, in his book, *African Genesis*, seems to think it is an animal inheritance. He even puts it ahead of man's sex drive. Dominance, Ardrey says, is tied up with the survival instinct. The more items in the environment subjugated to the creature, the less the chance of his destruction. At birth the creature is convinced of his central position. He is all. Everything. There is no Thou or Other, there is only the Me. Then gradually, but painfully, he becomes disillusioned. The breast is not on time. A pin sticks him. A mean old somebody forbids him to play with his feces. A blanket snarls around him and impedes his movements. Soon the indifferent world starts to infringe on him and differentiate into other, disobedient objects. He finds, more and more, that the universe is not bounded by himself, nor cares about him as much as it should. He learns pronouns. Yet all through the rest of his life he is never quite convinced that his original assumption of the Me is not the correct one. And so he pursues a reestablishment, a corroboration of it. If he cannot be the universe, he will command it. If he cannot be Everything, he will be the next best thing, the Ruler of Everything. And failing even that, he will command as much of it or as many of the Enemies who destroyed his original illusion as he can.

What a nut!!

ON MILES DAVIS, GENIUS

I will cop out. I know nothing of the mechanics of music, and have no idea what goes into the making of the Davis sound. But I have ears and a jazz-listening history and, flattering myself, a certain aesthetic perceptivity. If these are not sufficient credentials for a valid musical opinion then I am sorry. But whether valid or invalid I am going to occupy the next few paragraphs with one.

My incompetence aside, I am not very much interested in the techniques that structure Miles' music—the methods of his form—I am, instead, concerned with an aesthetic interpretation of his content. For I seem to hear in his music the knells of grand tragedy, a tolling of ultimate betrayal and defeat. And therefore it seems to me that Miles is attempting to make a philosophical commentary on the status of man in his age, and in a larger sense, man of all ages—for we are ever the accumulation of man—as no other current jazz musician has done or is doing. And in that respect he is classical. For even if you will not allow that jazz is a timeless, universal art form, still the statement that Davis makes through it qualifies as such. Now at the outset let me say that I am not ascribing a conscious calculation of these things to Miles, though I suspect there is method in his melancholy, but whether programmed or not his message seems to me unmistakable and very compelling.

The music of Miles Davis is not very comfortable to listen to. There is very little joy, very little optimism, very little that is euphemistic in him. His aloof, purple, eccentric, melancholy passages seem full of a renunciation of the romantic position that all goes, and is, well with nature's best creature. There are blues bluer than the blues, articulated to an almost cosmic level—a moan in a vast vacuum. There is isolation and disillusionment in the fragmented, faraway wails that seem to fall exhausted from his horn. The sour little ending to the notes, the hints of discord. The occasional tearful phrases that break off in midcry. The clear, pure passages of exquisite and heart-rending beauty. Even when he is cooking one seems to feel that something is amiss. One does not hear the unrestrained bursts of ecstasy of a Diz. Diz kids around and takes you on titillating flights of his humor-ridden and brilliant imagination and seems at the end to say, "Solid, Daddy, it was wonderful having you aboard. Come again sometime when you feel like balling." Miles, on the other hand, is deadly serious. There is little friendly dialogue between him and the listener. He says, "You came here to hear me? Well, this is how I am. This is how I feel things. If you don't know what I'm talking about then that's your problem".

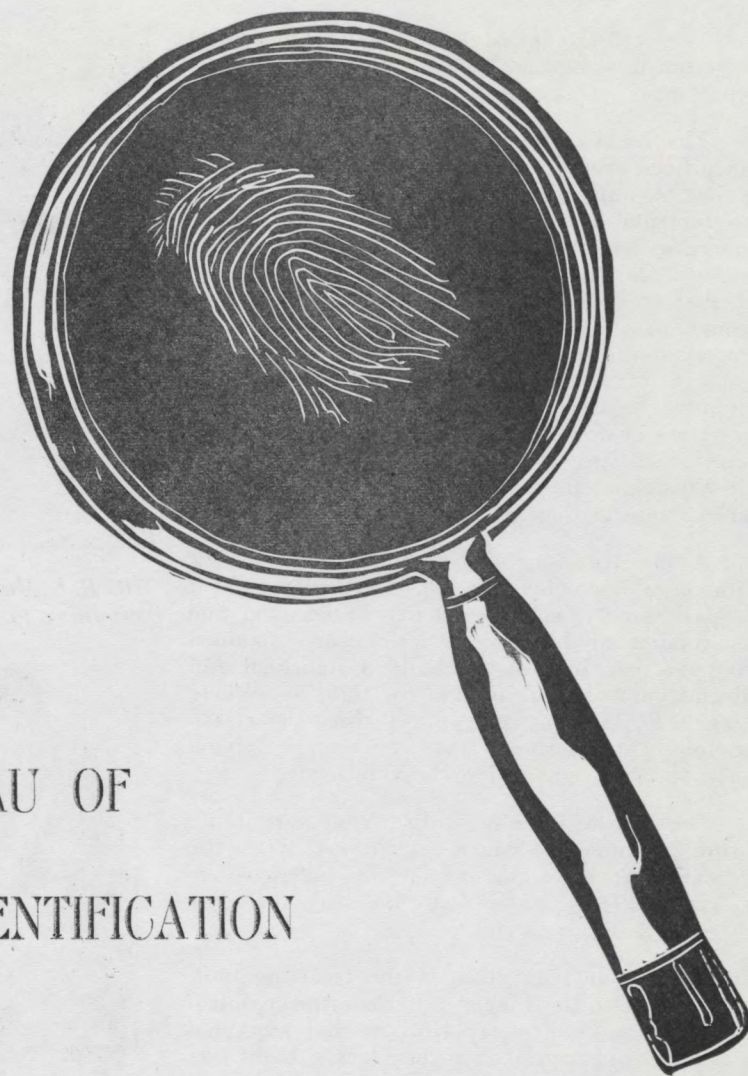
And what Miles is talking about is the inescapable sorrow of betrayed and betraying man. The mean and meaningless existence man is doomed to; the shipwreck of his dreams and the absence of a sympathetic ear to cry on. Man is marooned on an inimical island of existence, Miles seems to say, an island populated with man-hungry creatures who look exactly like himself, but with whom communication is impossible because both his words and their words come out all wrong. Both his gestures and theirs are mutually mistaken for hostility. And so he is betrayed into death on the shore, fighting the men who are himself, or else he must escape to the

certain death of the surrounding seas. There will be no triumph, there will be no relief. The dilemma is complete.

Now there are many who are against this sort of reading of man. They would have us believe, because they themselves want so desperately to believe, against the everyday evidence of life, that everything's swinging. That God's in His heaven and all's right, or soon will be, with the world. That man is a noble creature and is pressing on to a happy ending in this, the best of all possible worlds. And in order for them to maintain this illusion they must have it affirmed daily, and any who dissent from it are disservers. They must have this affirmation in big and constant doses. And so we see the puerile fantasies dished up by television to hypnotize so many for so many endless hours. The flood of ersatz drama that nowhere resembles reality, pouring from the pens of the yea-saying writers, and hastily compressed between paper backs and rushed into the book marts and thence into the hands of the hungry faithful. The Social Acceptance, Wisdom and Happiness with the no down payment product of the advertiser. The movies with all of their barren lies. Each of these and more contribute to misrepresent, distort and refute the evidence that life moment by moment confronts them with. Say it isn't so! they scream, and forward come the dream-confirmers to say it isn't so. With a little press-agentry all becomes glamorous—all, that is, except what is actually happening to them. War is an illustrious and gallant engagement from which emerge the brave and the true, triumphant; and from which is expunged the eviscerating fear and the stinking, rotten, fecal smell of death. The stupidity, the bungling, the self-seeking cowardice; the bestial reduction of men to automated killers; the dry rape, the piles of decomposing flesh, the debris. There is always someone ready to coo away the unpleasanties of reality.

The Miles Davises are an uncomfortable lot. For they refuse to paint pretty pictures and so they are not without their detractors who declaim against their uncooperative art. In Miles case, his off-stage attitude is also under fire. He is too sullen and irritable, they say, too inaccessible. But this is laughable. Didn't they hear his music? Or is it that they heard it but once off-stage they think he was only joshing up there? You cannot separate the artist from his art. For his art is nothing less than the content of his being, his posture in the world, his view. Miles Davis is his music. Does his music clap you jovially on the ear and say swell? Nor more then can or should the man. And who is it who wishes him to do a Louis Armstrong? Is it not those who have always entertained the colossal misconception that jazz has to be all happy and bucktooth grin, and that the purveyors of jazz come from a happy, shuffling, gin-guzzling, hambone-sucking, child-like people? These are the ones whom Miles infuriates. And if there is any fury in him, and it appears so, these are the ones who infuriate him.

THE
FINGERPRINT
DEPARTMENT



THE COLORADO BUREAU OF
FINGERPRINT IDENTIFICATION

The Fingerprint Department of the Colorado State Penitentiary is similar to the memory bank of the human brain. All manner of information about the inhabitants of this institution, both past and present, is collected, correlated and stored there. But unlike the "forgetting" brain, this information is always at the fingertips of the personnel who administer this department, and is available to the various agencies, local, state, and national, who have need of it.

The services rendered by this department transcend the institution. It is something of an information hub for every police department and sheriff's office in the state. Four civilian employees and some 15 inmates perform the intricate duties that compose the workings of this office. It is located in a spacious area on the second floor of the inner-institution administration building and is a very vital, much trafficked portion of the institution. The head of this department is Robert L. Manley, and among his many duties is the notarization of writs and other legal documents.

by
Joe Henley
Associate Editor

The well organized staff of the Fingerprint Department, comprises one of the most intricate departments of the institution.

The many cabinets which line the walls of the offices, would lead you to think of the place as just a warehouse of forms and records. Yet the function of these forms of which there are hundreds, has it's own mission, it's own job to perform. No matter what information is needed, whether a complete check-up on your medical history, or a tracer on relatives whose whereabouts are unknown to you, there is a form that can be sent out to the innumerable agencies available to the Fingerprint Department to gain that information. Any trace of doubt left in the classification officers mind about any inmate can be quickly resolved by dispatching the necessary form to one of the various information sources at his disposal.

A classification officer holds an interview with each incoming inmate. Particulars about his past, family, and community background and his version of his present crime are obtained from the man in order to build a statistical and information "picture" of him for the files. Where there is an information gap or where the classification officer suspects that the man is giving misinformation an outside check is made.

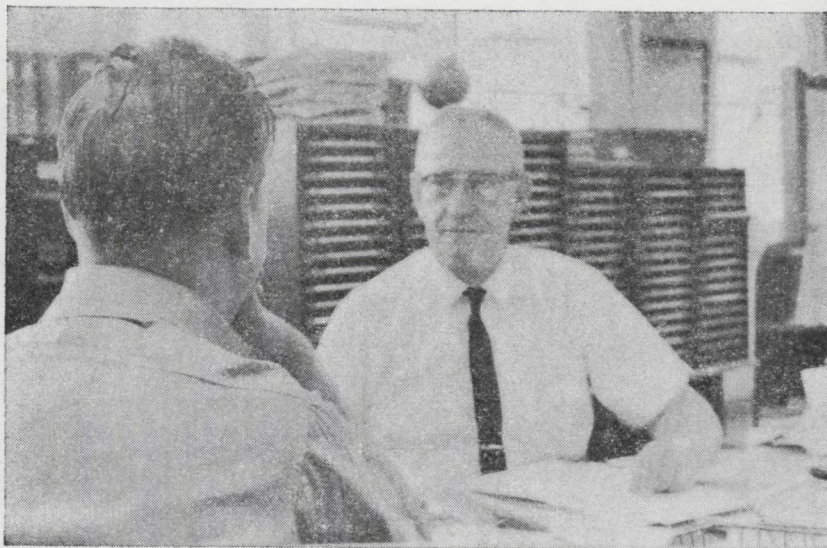
The first evidence to confirm your appearance in the institution, is called a mittimus. When the Warden puts his signature on the mittimus, he is saying, in effect, your body has been delivered and he has received you.

After your first night in the receiving unit, you are sent to the Fingerprint Department, introduced to the Penitentiary Register and requested to sign in. Fingerprints are then taken. Eight sets are made and dispatched to the surrounding states and the F.B.I. Offices in Washington, D.C.

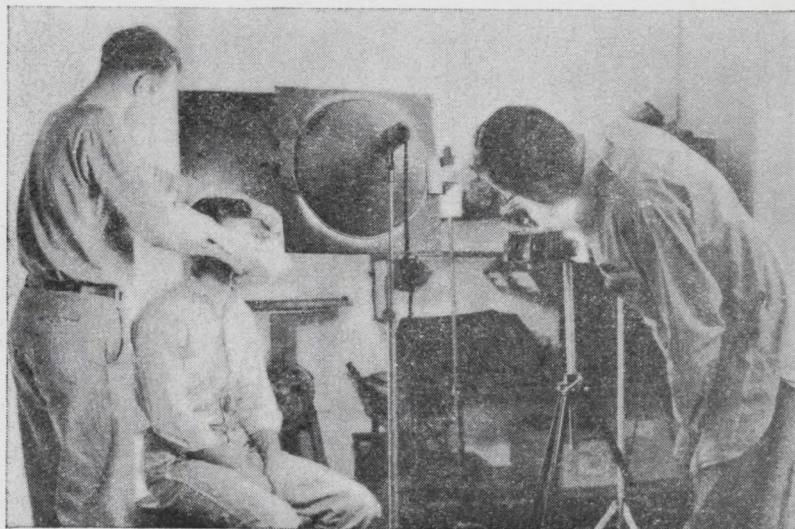
Your job and trustworthiness are decided by your past employment record and the academic and personality tests you are given in the receiving unit by the psychology department.

All this data is compiled in the Fingerprint Department, and the results often mean the difference between a job on the construction crew, or a vocational job in the electronic, plumbing or other such shops.

Your personal records are kept confidential. Even the personnel working in the Fingerprint Department are required to have explicit permission from Mr. Manley, the department supervisor, a valid reason to take such files from the locked cabinets. Inmate personnel working in the department, as well as everyone working in the building, which houses other departments, are prevented from seeing their own files. They are kept in a vault which can only be opened by Mr. Manley. If you are still skeptical about whether or not your personal file is attainable by others, then consider this. Any man working in the Fingerprint Department who violates the privacy of your records is subject to severe disciplinary action. He could lose all chances for parole on his short end sentence and be made to serve his long end.



MR. R. L. Manley, department supervisor, counsels an inmate on matters pertaining to his incarceration.



"Mug shots" are taken of each incoming inmate.



The first of eight sets of fingerprints are taken of a new arrival..

A statistical monthly is assembled by the department, and gives information on parole violations, the number of armed robberies and all other felonies committed on a given date. Also an annual report is made giving the final statistics of crimes for the past year. This book has quite a mailing list—the Governor, the Courts, Attorney General, even the Japanese Ministry of Justice.

Ever wonder what your personal file looks like? Its kept in a jacket which to look at you would imagine you must be about 150 years old and lived in every continent on the earth. Your jacket contains about 150 to 200 sheets of paper, each relating to your history.

Any and every arrest made in Denver, including the smallest misdemeanor, is recorded in the Fingerprint Department. The department is also the Bureau of Fingerprint Identification for the entire state.

When a French leave occurs, (or in con language a "rabbit parole"), a few days are allowed for the local authorities to apprehend the fugitive. When it appears that he will not be apprehended the job is handed over to the Fingerprint Department and immediately flyers are dispatched to every state in the union. These flyers contain a very detailed description of the characteristics of the escapee.

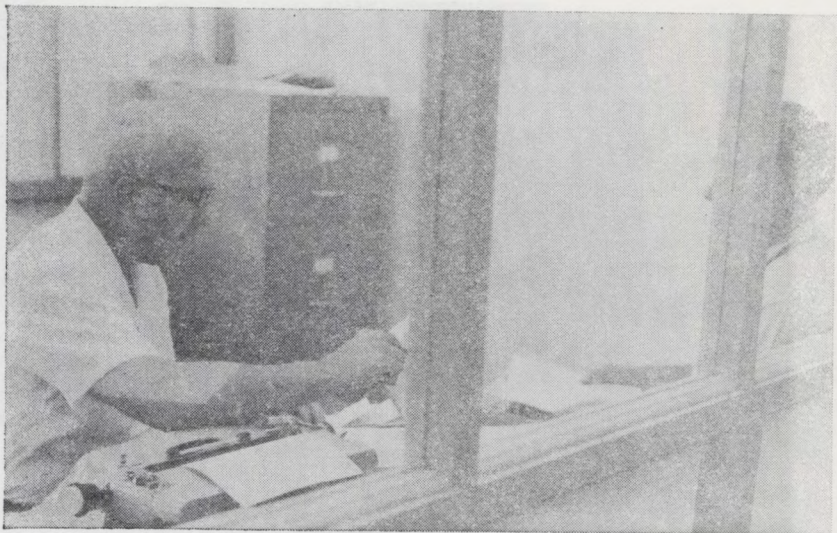
Maintaining daily locator file, each day the correspondence clerk records any and all charges by the population on an individual locator control card. These changes include job changes, cell-house moves, moves to outside units, individuals going out of the institution via parole and/or discharge and blind count, moves to and from the hospital and solitary confinement.

The Department also maintains a misconduct report file on each inmate in the institution. When any inmate is taken before the disciplinary board, a copy of the misconduct report is sent to the Fingerprint Department.

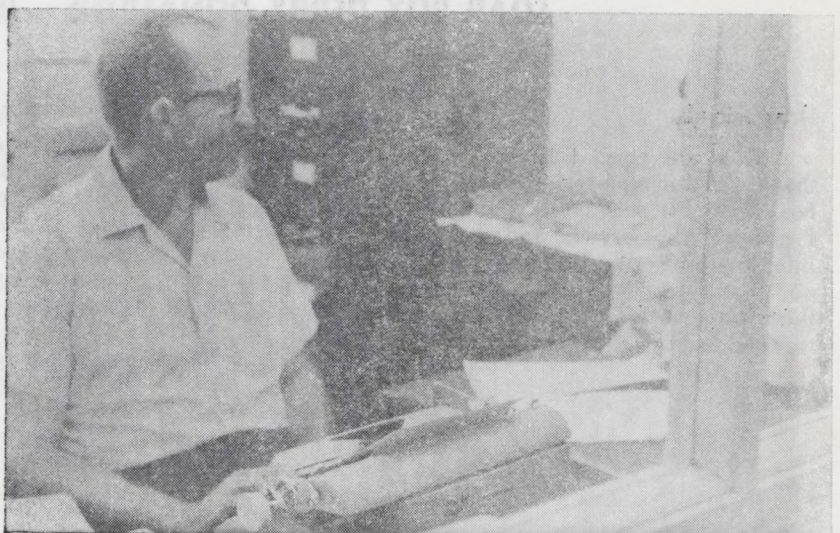
Here a full report is made, including the offense, results of the investigation by board members, and the punishment dealt the offender by the board. This is all recorded verbatim and filed. An entry is also made on the back of the inmate's fingerprint record card indicating the date and type of report. (minor or major).

The three civilian employees on the Fingerprint Department staff, besides Mr. Manley are R. A. Payne, R. W. Adkisson and E. A. Kinney. Each of these gentlemen are classification officers. Mr. Payne has been on the staff for twelve and a half years; Mr. Kinney for eleven years; and Mr. Adkisson for 8 and a half years.

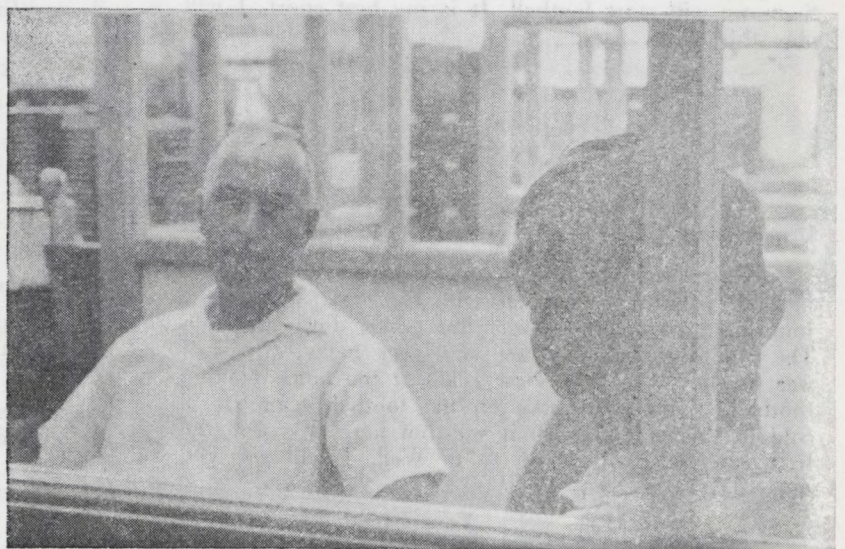
Mr. Manley is nearing his 25th anniversary with C. S. P. He has 23 years of service to his credit.



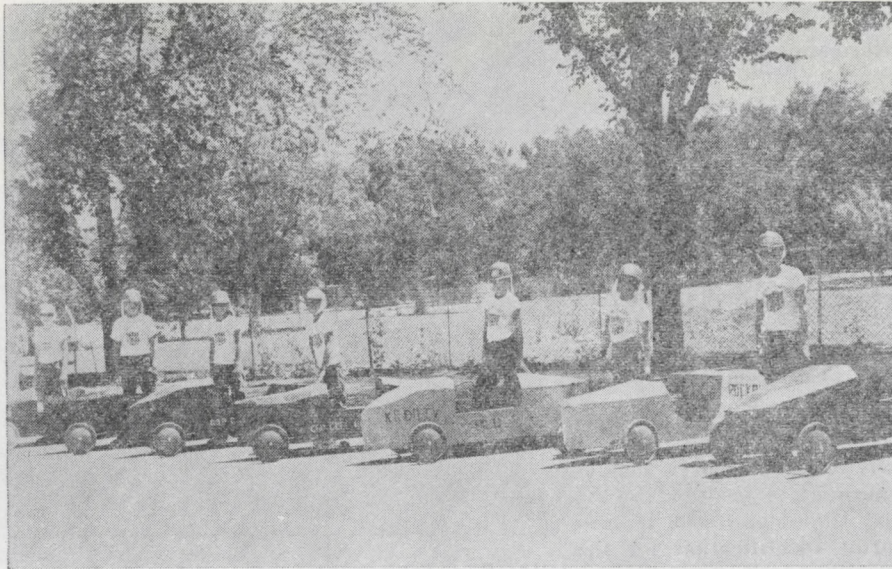
Mr. E. A. Kinney interviews an inmate.



Mr. R. W. Adkisson, classification officer, gets a summary of inmate's past.



Mr. R. A. Payne concludes an interview with a new inmate.



SOAP BOX DERBY DONATIONS (Cont'd) From Page 34

Dear friends,

How are you? I hope you are fine. I wanted to thank you for sponsoring us boys who joined the soap box derby. It was really fun going down the hill but I got a little nervous and excited but I didn't crash into anything. We are starting football and we won our first game. I hope we win them all. The score was thirty-three to six. It wasn't so hard to win them but we tried hard. Well, I don't have much to say, so good-by.

Your friend,

Victor Henry

Sponsored by Cell House 6

Dear friend,

I hope you are fine. Thank you for sponsoring us. We play baseball. We go swimming every day here. Soon we will start football. It is my best sport. I will play this year.

Your friend,

Henry Maes

Sponsored by Cell House 7

Dear Friends,

I hope you are fine. I am fine here at the home. I thank you for helping us with the cars. We hope I join the race again. It was fun going down the hill. The boy who won the race was very lucky. I wish I was the boy who won. Now I am at the home playing football. I am a lineman on the football team. It is cold in Colorado. I wish it was hot here. We won the first game at football 36 to 6. Well, I will see you some day.

Your friend,

Joseph Vasquez

Sponsored by the Rockbusters

Dear friends,

I hope that when you receive this letter you may be fine. I am very thankful for you sponsoring me for the Derby. I had fun making my car and racing it too. We didn't have much time to make our racers but we saved the wheels and other parts so we can make cars next year. I hope next year at least one of us wins.

Here we have two baseball teams. The little team has third place and the big one in second, with 9 won and 2 lost. I play in the big one. I am going to be in the seventh grade.

Sincerely yours,

Jaime Garcia

Sponsored by Cell House 5

Dear Friend,

How are you? I am fine. I was happy to be in the Soap Box Derby, and having you sponsor me. I didn't win my first race, but it was exciting.

I am playing football now. We won one game already, 33 to 6. We have twenty-five boys on the team.

Well it wasn't much to say, but just a thank you.

God Bless You!

Your Friend,

Nathan Saenz

Sponsored by Cell House 1

Dear friends,

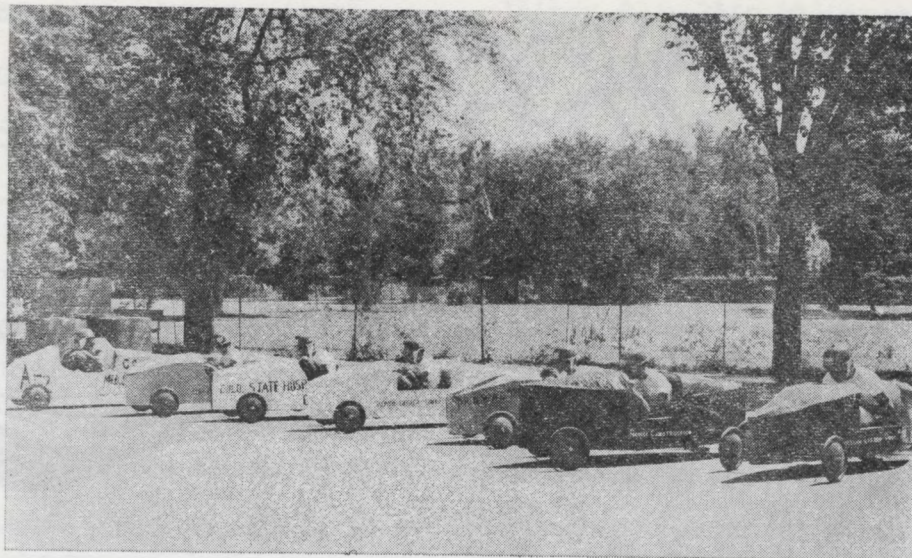
I hope when you receive this few lines you will be fine in God's favor.

Well, I had a lot of fun riding the cars that you bought us. There was a lot of people watching the race. We didn't win anything but we had very much fun. The other day we played football and won 33 to 6. We are very good at football and we enjoy it

Yours friendly,

Enrique Chang

Sponsored by Medium Security Unit



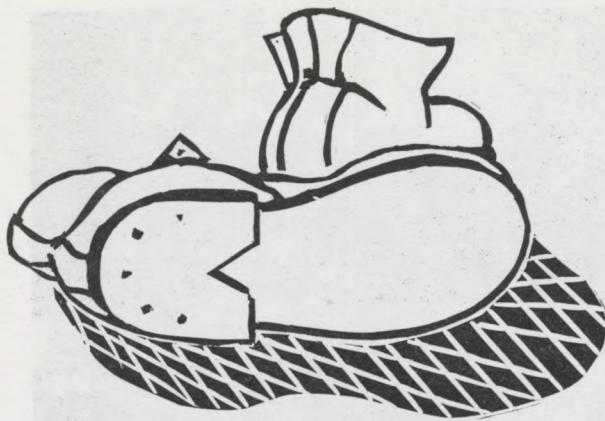
And what shall we say of the Marion Browns of this world?

Before we file away and forget his and his fellows' actions and the resulting momentary happiness of the orphan boys, let us pause for reflection. Marion and his buddies are criminals (whatever that means), but only secondarily. Primarily they are human beings. Prone to error, inclined to pratfalls, subject to mis-steps, capable of compassion, susceptible to love, responsive to kindness. And it is only remembrance of this that one can properly assess and appreciate their deed. It was simply the civilizing act of one human being coming to the aid of another. (And all of the primordial elements of man's survival are tied up in it. For had not prehistoric man learned to come to the aid of his fellows—band together with them—he would never have survived. Indeed he would never have developed that precious brain that sets him at the pinnacle of this earth's creatures).

And what of the boys helped?

No one will ever be able by words or attitude, to convince them that "convict equals hopeless". The testimony of their "rescue", we think, will be able to overwhelm the hearsay of the nay-sayers. Convict may not be the nicest term they remember, but at least it will not be an all-time, all-inclusive one. It will be a secondary term. Human being will be the primary one. Whatever they become, whether, God forbid, some are so unfortunate as to come afoul the law themselves, they will know that convict, criminal, prisoner does not end the description or limit the possibility of being human and doing humane acts.

Marion Brown has done us all, public, prisoners, prison and the orphans, a great service. He has reminded us that we need one another. We cannot divorce ourselves from the needs of any of us inasmuch as our fortunes and destinies are, for good or ill, tied together. No society is any more viable or advanced than its weakest segment. If the orphans are to be forgotten then some fragment of the future of our society is neglected, for these boys represent that future. How appropriate that a man, himself castoff, as it were, should remind us.



Why Are The Yellow Guide Lanes Painted Yellow ?

Why are the yellow guide lanes painted yellow? For a number of years these lanes were painted black and this led to quite a dispute. When an officer would accuse an inmate of stepping on the line, the inmate would always present the same defense and request to be shown where he had stepped on the line. Naturally footprints do not show up well on black and the officer had no actual proof of the infraction. The inmates took full advantage of this line of defense and began stepping on the line at their every opportunity. Yellow paint was introduced by a Mr. Trazum, who at that time was head of the Identification Department. It was agreed by the Disciplinary Board members that yellow paint was the solution to the problem. Yellow paint allows a clear footprint of any inmate violating this rule to be seen by the accusing officer. A cast can be quickly made by the Identification Department for use as evidence in Disciplinary Court, or, if necessary, the section of cement stepped upon can be dug up and brought to court. This eliminates the inmate's excuse of "no proof", for even if the print has been retreaded upon we have the cast as incontrovertible evidence.

Why Are The Cuts In The Heels Of Our Shoes V - Shaped ?

Why are the cuts in the heel of our shoes V shaped? As you know these cuts are tracing aids for the authorities who are pursuing escaping inmates. The V-shaped cut was introduced in 1938. Prior to that time U-shaped cuts were used, but were found inadequate because of their similarity to small horseshoe prints. O-shaped cuts in the center of the heel were then tried, but again the tracks of small animals could be confused with these O-shaped cuts — elephants, for instance. So in 1938, a young officer came up with the V-shaped cut. Careful thought was given to this for no known animals have V-shaped hooves. In addition to this it was found to be easier to trace the direction in which the inmate was fleeing. By a little simple mathematics you could subtract the direction indicated by the V, from the oppsite direction. For example, if the V points Northeast the man is traveling Southwest. Of course it's not completely infallible. Allowances have to be made for wise guys who walk backwards or sideways. But even with these occasional difficulties we think it's a dosh garn good idea.

Why Does The Buzzer That Terminates Each Meal Have To Be Sounded Twice ?

Why does the buzzer that terminates each meal have to be sounded twice?

As you well know, the buzzer creates quite a deafening sound. When we found many inmates becoming deaf we traced the source to the single long buzzer blast that had been in operation before the two-buzzer system. Naturally we had to find a solution to this problem, and it wasn't but a few short years after that we came up with our present system. With the two buzzer system we cut the loud shriek off just at the breaking point, and give your ears a chance to prepare for the second blast. This also remedies day-dreaming. It also has a 10-4 sound to it, and to our knowledge we are the only institution in the country that uses a 10-4 buzzer system. As a matter of fact we are the only institution to our knowledge, period.

Why Are Our Uniforms Gray ?

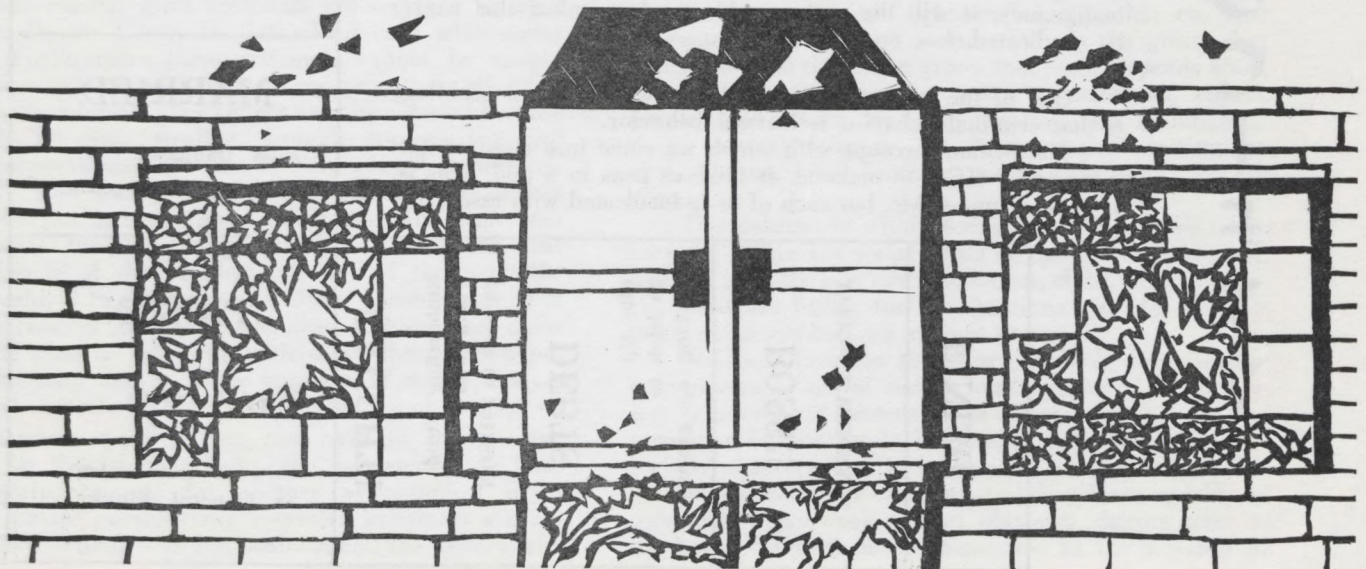
Why are our uniforms gray?

Gray is a dingy color, isn't it? Of course our walls are dingy too. As a matter of fact, everything in the institution is rather dingy. But have you ever considered if everything was of a bright color it would need lots of maintenance. You wouldn't want to wash the walls every week-end, would you? Of course not. The same applies to your uniform. Tattle-tale Gray. Covers the dirt nicely and only needs a couple of washings a week. We're working on a project now to make the inmate's skin gray. Then we can knock off that needless second shower every week. Remember, as we advance you advance. Our next scheduled advancement is in 1980.

Why Are We Allowed To Cuff Our Shirt Sleeves Twice But, etc.

Why are we allowed to cuff our shirt sleeves twice, but restricted from cuffing our pants at all?

In the first place you haven't fully described the rule. It appears in your haste to criticize the administration you completely omitted stating that not all shirts are permitted two cuffs. I will be more explicit in my answer by pointing out that I am not giving permission for only one cuff in shirts, rather I would like to bring out that no short sleeve shirt will be allowed two cuffs, nor will one cuff be considered on short sleeve shirts or long sleeve shirts, even though two cuffs are permitted on long sleeves. Of course two cuffs on long sleeves are eliminated at formal functions. We have deemed this as bad taste. Therefore at all social functions where formal attire is required you shall before entering the premises where the social has been designated to be performed, normally the auditorium, roll down your cuffs and button them. I have undoubtedly caused you to wonder **WHAT FORMAL FUNCTIONS?** We, as well as many other institutions, have toyed with the idea of having more formal type affairs included in our penal programs. I don't mean to imply by saying "more" that we already have some formal affairs here. We haven't. But we may. Especially if one of the other institutions would get the ball rolling, or be the guinea pig, so to speak. We wouldn't want to be the first to experiment with new rehabilitation programs and fall on our face, would we? I think I should remind you that never has the institution even considered the thought of allowing French cuffs. We are well aware that cuff links are a source of inmates income and that many are sold annually in our Curio shop. Still, there will be no French cuffs on long sleeve shirts. Although cuff links will still be sold in the Curio shop, just as many other institutions permit cuff links to be sold in their curio shops. I am not saying that we will only sell cuff links as long as other institutions sell them. We're not copycats or playing follow the leader. It's just that all institutions learn by following the example of other institutions, that is, when one institution finds success in a certain program it informs other institutions, but never have cuff links entered into this subject.



CRIMINAL SOCIETY

| | | | | |
|--------------|--|--|---|--|
| START | CAUGHT! Stealing Cookies Back to START | GRADE SCHOOL move up two squares | CAUGHT! Stealing Hub Caps, Kindling Wood, ect. go to REFORM SCHOOL | REFORM SCHOOL lose two turns then go back to START |
|--------------|--|--|---|--|

by John Smalley

For decades criminologists tried to prove that criminals were somehow different than other members of society. These earlier theories go back to Cesare Lombroso, the Italian anthropologist. He thought that criminals were born, that they were evolutionary throwbacks, that they were physically different and that this difference could be distinguished by the shape of the head, the forehead, the jaw, and the ears. *He even thought that criminals were less sensitive to pain than other people were.*

Old ideas become traditions and die hard. Criticism of our traditional thinking is hard to accept so we resist as though we were defending our very existence. This defensiveness is caused by fear—unreasoning fear of change. Some savages resist change so strongly that they have almost completely static societies. Once we have accepted a belief, we seek evidence to support our belief and ignore everything that does not support it (psychologists call this rationalizing). *Nearly everything we value today came about through questioning traditional thought.*

Society has traditionally thought of criminals as a group apart, as a particularly stubborn and perverse group or appendage attached tenuously to the body of society, but not an actual part of it. It has hacked and cut at this seemingly unwanted appendage, but to no avail. The growth simply keeps getting stronger and larger year by year. Society seems to want to cut it off and shut it up behind prison walls out of sight, but it has all proved to be wasted effort.

Society is treating the symptoms, not the disease. It is the same as treating a cancer with a simple salve while it metastasizes throughout the body of society, and like any human with this malignancy, it will die and crumble to dust unless this cancer is eradicated.

One of the best established principles of modern sociology is that criminal behavior is learned behavior.

The primary groups with which we come into close contact make every effort to make us as alike as peas in a pod. This is, of course, impossible, but each of us is inculcated with essentially

| | | | | |
|---------------|-----------------------------------|--|--|---|
| FINISH | BOSS!! You're a WINNAH! | DEBTS Pile Up go back to sticking up grocery | CAUGHT! Embezzling Funds From Job go back to PRISON | PRISON lose three turns then go back to job as General Flunky |
| | | | | MARRIED Boss' Daughter move up four squares |
| | | | | COLLEGE move up two squares |
| | | | | CAUGHT! Sticking up Grocery Store go to PRISON |
| | | | | JOB as Soda Jerk, Gas Jockey General Flunky |
| | | | | HIGH SCHOOL take extra turn |

| | | | | |
|--|--|--|---|-----------------------------|
| <p>STOCK SWINDLE SUCCESSFUL income tax evasion move up two squares</p> | <p>STOCK SWINDLE income tax evasion UNSUCCESSFUL move up two squares</p> | <p>You Are Rich, Respected And Righteous</p> | <p>You Are A Naughty Boy But Still Kind of Clever</p> | <p>Go Back To Start</p> |
|--|--|--|---|-----------------------------|

the same elements of our culture at our mother's knee, in kindergarden, in church and Sunday school, in the primary grades and beyond. This inculcation takes better with some of us than with others, but any deviation from the approved pattern brings on swift expressions of disapproval by those nearest to us.

The children of our culture are taught to cheat, to lie, and to steal. Some of these cultural traits are included deliberately. Some are included unknowingly or accidentally, but accidentally or not we do teach them. Many times we are at our didactic best when we are not even aware of it.

These traits are taught when we run a stop sign or red light, when we exceed the speed limit, when we fix a parking ticket or perhaps just talk about any of these things. We teach when we drink while driving and/or throw bottles, cans or other trash from the car. We teach when we let Junior eat a candy bar while we shop and then "forget" to pay for it. We teach when we brag about cheating on our income tax, how our corporation breaks the law, or how good we are at stock manipulation.

Children learn especially well by example. The child does not distinguish between misdemeanors and felonies; he only follows the path he has been taught and takes what he wants. When he has been taught that it is smart to break the law, that it is smart to get away with something or when he is taught that it is "good business" to get something for nothing, he can be expected to do likewise. He may not, however, be as discriminating in his lawbreaking as the teacher is.

One of the biggest misconceptions of the general public is that "all" of the criminals of the country are safely hidden away behind iron bars and high walls. Nothing could be farther from the facts. *Most criminals are never caught.* Most criminals are engaged in what the late Doctor Edwin H. Sutherland calls white-collar crime. Furthermore these criminals cannot be caught even though they steal more every year than all other criminals combined. They cannot even be arrested because they do all their stealing through corporations and super-corporations. The law is only geared to deal effectively with the lowest type of criminals. It cannot arrest or put a corporation in prison. The men who manipulate the super-corporations of today are the counterparts of the "robber barons" of the past like Jay Gould, J.P. Morgan, and John Jacob Astor, but today's robbers are much smoother and the vast sums they are able to get away with make their prototypes look like petty thieves. These men are, of course, among the most respected and emulated members of society.

American politics may not have to be crooked, but so far they seem to have been consistently so. Political graft accounts for another astronomical drain on the public purse. Many respected criminals are engaged in this tie-in with big business and the underworld.

Very few are caught, but when they are apprehended they generally get wide publicity and short prison sentences.

Another large group of criminals is the "organized crime" the so-called syndicates like "Cosa Nostra". These criminals are not so respected, but they rarely go to prison. They take the public for an estimated seven billion dollars a year.

Another large group comprises the illegal gamblers who are to a large extent considered respectable. They take the public for twenty billion dollars a year.

Most people think of shoplifting as petty theft and not very important, but a national trade magazine for grocers reported that in 1960, shoplifters stole \$260,000,000.00 from food stores alone. In 1962, one super-market chain reported that they had arrested 152,000 shoplifters. These figures are on food only. The biggest loss is in the department stores. No figures are available but the loss is staggering. These criminals rarely go to prison, and many of them are women from respectable families.

Income tax cheats are still respected even after they are caught and sentenced to prison. No statistics are available, but the grand total of this loss is a tremendous figure.

Finally we come to the smallest group of criminals (Approximately 200,000 are in "correctional" institutions today). This is the group that society considers the "real" criminals. These are the conventional criminals that have not been so intelligent in their depredations, that are generally from the middle and lower classes of society. Conventional in this case means that this is the group out of all groups who commit crimes that society has agreed to call criminals. This is the group that society vents its "righteous" indignation on, that it wants to cut off and isolate. This is the group that steals least, but this is the group that society spends \$500,000,000.00 a year on for police departments, courts, parole departments, and for building and maintaining those colossal failures—the "correctional" institutions of the United States. *Society is treating symptoms, not the disease.*

The sickness is within society. In our culture to be accepted within any social strata except that of the lowest, we must have the symbols (the homes, clubs, cars, jewelry, etc.) that are fitting for our "stations" in life. Without these status symbols we are not accepted.

We look down on the poor; we look down on the conventional criminal, not so much, perhaps, because he is a criminal, but because he is a poor criminal. In our society to be poor is to be stupid; to be poor is to be socially unacceptable; to be poor is to be inferior. This is what we teach our children, and they learn quickly to pass their piggy bank around whenever visitors come to the home. Some dedicate themselves to the worship of

the almighty dollar before they are three years old.

We teach them that money brings power, that everything has its price, that with money one can do anything, that wealth brings happiness. This is the pattern that we give the child to live by. This is what we teach them at their most impressionable age. This constant dinning in their ears makes some of them grasping, greedy "dollar grubbers" and makes thieves of those who cannot get the desired symbols "honestly".

Much of this difficulty is a language problem. The confidence man swindles the widow of her life savings which are in stocks and bonds; the corporation's Chairman of the Board loots the subsidiary of its stock and bonds which include those of the widow. The confidence man is called a thief, convicted and sent to prison. The corporation may, after years of investigation, be fined a very small percentage of the amount taken, and the Chairman of the Board is called a "good business man" or a "shrewd operator" and is respected and looked up to as a leader of our society.

One factor of this language problem is largely a matter of the relationship between the words we use and the world of reality. The major part of our information and our beliefs are given to us in words, and unless we understand that words can be said about words that do not refer to anything in reality, we are apt to take it for granted that "all" words refer to something "real".

Most of this information which flows to us from the incessant hubbub which surrounds us is hearsay. It has passed through many heads, each of which has added or abstracted its share. By far the biggest part is words about words about words about words and it rarely refers back to anything in the world of reality.

Our language is very old, at least one million years. It evolved as we have, but about two thousand years ago this process was to an important degree arrested by Aristotle and the Greek grammarians of the Alexandrian period. They put the language into a mold. It was a remarkable mold for the time, yet it was full of imperfections and defects. Our language still suffers from these built-in defects. The mold was made at a time when the wisest of men were unaware of the process character of reality. To be effective or useful, language structure must be made to correspond in structure to reality. In other words a map has to fit the territory or it is of little value.

If you were a stranger in our country, and you were driving from the West Coast to Chicago, and your map showed that you would reach Omaha before you reached Salt Lake City, you would, no doubt, be surprised to reach Salt Lake City first, but it wouldn't cause you to have a nervous breakdown. You would simply go on and when you found that the map was

definitely in error, you would simply correct the map or throw it away. But suppose you were a savage. A savage thinks of the word as the thing the word refers to. To him the word is the thing it names. When the map is faulty he wants to change the territory instead of the map.

A good example of a map that does not fit the territory is the belief that "correctional" institutions correct or reform criminals. In spite of years and years of repeated and obvious failure, we refuse to do what any sensible person would do when confronted with an erroneous map—that is, change the map or throw it away. Instead we keep on trying to change the territory by building bigger and stronger "penitentiaries" and "reformatories," year after year. *Those who want to change the territory and not the map are still thinking like savages.*

One of the most well established facts in criminology is that there is a sharp rise in criminal behavior in the offspring of the foreign-born. These immigrants from foreign cultures teach their children the culture traits of their home land, largely the same ones their parents taught them. The children accept these traits and follow them until they go to school. At school and in their association with the children from the dominant culture group in this country they find out quickly that the map their parents have given them does not fit the territory. They are frustrated and handicapped in their school work and in their interpersonal relations. They soon rebel against the teaching of their parents and they throw away the map before they fully understand the map of the dominant culture. The first things they do understand of the new culture are rarely the best.

They learn that they must have money to be a success. They generally live in a large city surrounded by corruption and graft. They are generally poor and they feel that they must have the symbols of status so admired by their adopted culture. It is not so surprising that they turn to the kind of crime that marks them as untouchables.

The foreign-born are not the only ones who give their children false maps of the territory. What happens is simply easier to recognize and follow in the offspring of the foreign-born. Most of us give our children false templates to guide them through life. We do this mainly because we fear change. We do not want to change and we do not want to admit that change is taking place around us. We teach our children the same things, the same culture traits that our parents taught us, and we seem, somehow, to think that if we do not do this it is a slight to our parents.

If you are, at all in touch with reality, you won't use a map that is out-dated to train your child—a map that was made for your father or grandfather. If you are really interested in the welfare and stability of

| | | | | |
|--|--|---|--|-----------------------------|
| <p>CAUGHT! Committing Crime move up two squares</p> | <p>CAUGHT! Committing Crime move up two squares</p> | <p>You Have a Lawyer With an "IN" ACQUITTED!</p> | <p>You Have Just Any Old Lawyer go back to PRISON</p> | <p>Go Back To Start</p> |
|--|--|---|--|-----------------------------|

| | | | | |
|--|--|--------------------------------------|------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| <p>CAUGHT! Stealing \$5.00 move up two squares</p> | <p>CAUGHT! Stealing \$500,000.00 move up three squares</p> | <p>Go To Prison For 40 Years</p> | <p>Go to Prison For 1 Year</p> | <p>Go Back To Start</p> |
|--|--|--------------------------------------|------------------------------------|-----------------------------|

The first estimate a child makes of himself must of necessity be a reflected one. He must hear or feel the opinions or feeling of those nearest to him. The mother who thinks of her child as a pain in the neck will involuntarily convey this feeling to the child and he will become a "real" pain in the neck. Psychologists have found that if you put a label on a child, the child will do everything within its power to fulfill the label. If you want your child to be a thief, all you have to do is call him one or tell him he will grow up to be one. If you want your child to be clumsy, just snatch things out of his hands a few times and tell him he is clumsy. If you want your child to be a stutterer just label him one, and start complaining about his speech. There are a few folk sayings that modern scientists are in accord with. One is "If you give a dog a bad name, you'll have to hang him". We label our youngsters with various labels then later when they develop serious disorders because of our thoughtlessness we like to feel that we were justified. We like to say, "I told you so," or, "I knew he'd turn out to be no good."

Legend-maps must be avoided. We think that what was good enough for grandfather is good enough for us and our children, but it is no longer good enough. The technological advancements made today necessitate change and an acute awareness of change. The scientific world we live in is changing so rapidly that we simply your child you will get and use the newest and best map available.

Ancient cartographers drew fearsome dragons in the unexplored areas of their maps. Today we are doing the same thing. We are still teaching our children legends. We are peopling our children's minds with dragons, witches, brownies and the like. Many people of today are still hobbled by the hobgoblins of yesteryear. A child given such a map as this will have great difficulty adjusting to reality; he will be handicapped if he believes you and when he finds out you have lied to him, he will discard all your teachings—"good" and "bad".

You may not think this is important. You may think that legends are harmless, but suppose that you have taught your child his morals, principles and scruples tied to a legend. When he finds out, and most children do, throwing away the legend-map is not really important, but everything else you have taught him will go with it just as it does with the foreign-born offspring.

All legends are false maps that Junior will eventually have to dispose of before he can adjust himself to the world of reality. Even the Easter Bunny, the stork, the Boogey or Cocoman and Santa Claus are harmful. If dear old Santa does not bring Junior everything he asks for, his parents tell him he was a "bad boy". They won't have to tell him that he is "bad" very many times until he will be a very guilt-ridden youngster.

do not have time to read about "all" the advancements made in one generation. By the time we even hear of many things, they are out-moded, and in some cases no longer reality.

Junior begins to form his image of the world within his head about the time he begins to talk. He forms this image through what he observes and the questions he asks about things he does not understand. He learns from whoever answers his questions. His questioning seems endless and is apt to become a "bother", but have a care how you answer him, or do not answer him. This is the crucial time. This is the period in his life in which you can start him on the road to a full life or you can handicap him, narrow his world view and cripple his burgeoning mind. When he asks you, "Who puts the dew on the grass?" don't answer, "The fairies do it, dear".

We really don't have to keep up with the Joneses to be happy, and one of the most fateful maps we can give our children is "Do unto others before they do unto you".

Man(1) can never be man(2), but before a convicted criminal is committed to a "correctional" institution there is no difference that makes a difference between him and anyone else. More and more criminologists are coming to realize that anyone can be a criminal and that many respectable, successful people have at some time during their lives behaved in such a way that if they had been apprehended, (or perhaps they were apprehended, but had the benefit of an adequate counselor) they would now be classed as conventional criminals.

It seems reasonable to assume that there is a reason for society to ignore some kinds of crime and to vigorously prosecute other kinds. What seems to be a reasonable solution to this problem can be found within the pages of most any modern general psychology textbook. Let's look under "Withdrawal reactions" to a sub-heading "Repression", and a definition—Repression is the unconscious process of removing from our conscious awareness an unwanted memory, feeling or thought that causes guilt, shame or pain. Now, under "Reaction formation" we find a solution. When these socially unacceptable desires are repressed it causes guilt feelings and one's reaction to that is to develop attitudes and desires to crusade against those who actually fulfill one's unconscious desires. In plain words those who vigorously and "righteously" insist upon the maintenance of the present "correctional" system with its philosophy of punishment may really want to be criminals themselves, or perhaps they have committed a "real" crime at some time in their past and this is their reaction formation.

This is in no way meant to be a defense or condemnation of the acts of any group. Neither is it intended as a solution. The first step in the scientific method is to state or describe the problem. This is just that—an attempt to describe the situation or problem—an effort toward clarity and understanding—a portrait of several aspects of our culture.

Cream

And

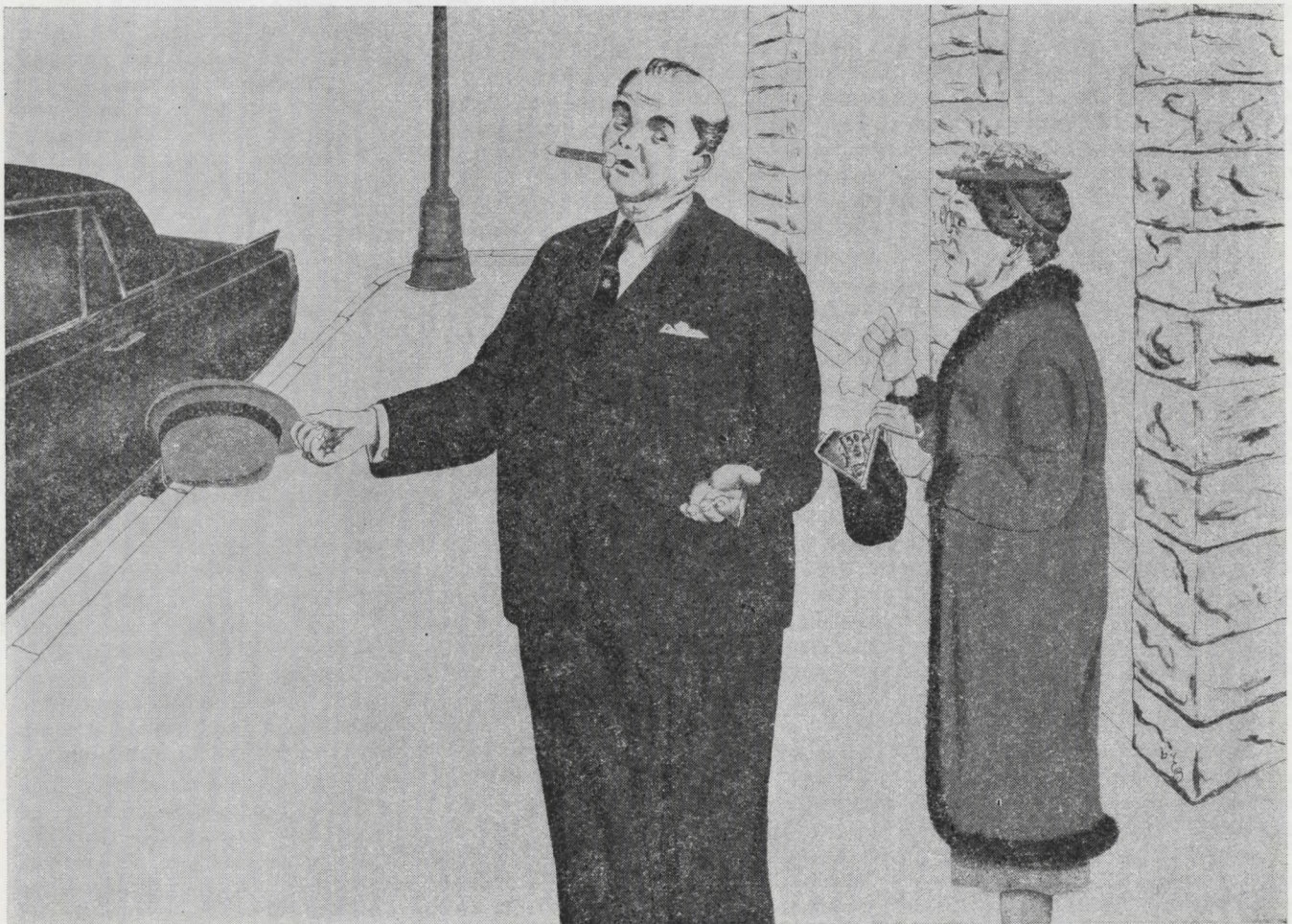
Sugar

Fats

Cream and Sugar Fats,
One of the smoothest of cats,
Liked 20 dollar cravats
And high-crown, soft-felt, ace-deuced, Borsalino hats.

He also mightily dug pearl-gray spats.

His shoes were bench-made--
Alligator and suede,
With eyelets of jade--
And the prices he paid
Would have amply defrayed
The expenses of a royal brigade.



Fats also had a fond affection for imported Japanese silk vines,
At times.
Or cashmere the color of tuna;
Or vicuna.
And he'd sooner
Be caught dead
In bed
With a hole in his head,
Than for it to be said
That his threads weren't Boss or his game wasn't tight.
You see, Cream and Sugar Fats was a **PLAYER**.

With a glib fib, a benign line and slick arithmetic,
He'd pick a thick trick,
Or even a sly chick
Out of their poke quick.

But not long ago
When things got slow
And his dough
Was low,
Friend Fats---
Saw a chance to game
On an elderly dame
Who tottered on a cane
Up to Fats.

"Your pardon, sir,
I'm in quite a stir;
For my chauffeur
Was to meet
Me right near here,
But now I fear
Something's happened to the dear,
Dear sweet.
I'll be quite frank
We were going to the bank
When our front end sank
With a clank.
The car's over there,
But I don't know where
My man went to scare
Up repairs."

She undid the hook
On her fat pocketbook
And reached in and took
Out a rag.
Fats stood in awe;
For that that he saw
Deep in the maw
Of the bag,

WAS SWAG!!

A roll as big

As a healthy pig.

"Now Mother," Fats cooed,
"I'll tell you true
What I'm gonna do
For you.
Do not lament,
But rest content,
This accident that implements
Your predicament
Is an incident I'm confident
Will not prevent
Your intent.
At least not to any extent.
For I'll be frank
I, too, was heading for the bank.

And I'll take you there,
If you don't care.
My car's not far
Just in front of that bar.
But wait! I suggest
It might be best
In your distress
For you to rest
Right here unless
Your man return
From his sojourn
And find you missing.
Listen!
I'll make two trips
With both of our chips
To the vault.
Halt!
You hold my dough,
Just so you'll know
That I won't blow.

Fats took out his dough,
Five hundred or so,
And he pressed it in the old crow's
Fist.
Then he lifted her purse off her wrist.
Well, she didn't resist,
But with eyes filled with mist
She planted a kiss
On Fats.

Fats duffed
With her stuff
In a puff.

Later on when Fats got clear,
He checked the old broad's gear,
And he cried.

And he cried.

Not only was the dough as queer
As a 400 day year,
But it was printed on only one side.

The moral:

The game, like whiskey, is best when it's aged.

ON ESTABLISHING A CREDIT RATING

by Wayne Harvey

Most of us here find ourselves more or less cut off from the normal and proper channels of commerce when we are released to go back into society. Quite often a man will find himself at odds with society, even to the extent of being returned to prison, because he hasn't built up a credit rating acceptable by legitimate banks and loan agencies.

The man who has never built a credit rating, or who has abused his credit, will often fall into the clutches of the so-called "Loan Sharks" who frequently charge as much as 400 to 500 per cent interest annually, and have the "muscle" to make certain that you pay.

The public as a whole signs altogether too many binding contracts without understanding what they are signing. Often they are actually signing themselves into a form of bondage more cruel and hopeless than that caused by the early slave-traders.

From the response and interest in establishing credit, it is apparent that the majority of men here are well aware of the importance of these matters in answering the vital question of whether or not we can join society successfully. It is my intention to try to throw some light on these vital aspects of present day living. But it is not my intention to cast myself in the role of "expert" on them. If, after reading this, you should have further questions, seek the answers to these from your banker, an attorney, an accountant, family guidance services of the state, and from the study of books written on the subject.

Here are five steps in establishing credit:

1. When we are released from here most of us have the barest minimum of cash, but we usually have a job to go to. The first step is to take your first paycheck to a "Commercial" or "Full-Service" bank and deposit it in a checking account and a savings account. After opening these accounts, it is possible to make your deposits by mail, but it would be better to do it in person in order to become acquainted with the people in the bank. Make it a practice to have \$5, \$10, or \$25 of each paycheck deposited in the savings account, depending on the size of your check and the length of your pay periods.

2. After having these accounts for a couple of months, you should have a few dollars in the checking account that

you do not need for current expenses, and you should have in the neighborhood of \$50 in the savings account. At this time, make a point of calling on the Small Loans Officer of the bank and tell him that you are just out of prison and are trying to build a credit rating. Make arrangements to borrow \$50 for 30 days. Deposit this \$50 in your checking account and leave it there. On the day this note is due, not the day before or the day after, pay it. (I advise that you tell the Loan Officer the absolute truth about yourself, your past history, and any abuses of credit in your past. It may be that some of them will turn you down because of this, but look until you find a bank that will try you. It takes a great deal of courage to bare these facts and anyone will recognize this. Even if they feel that they do not want to do business with you, they will admire your courage. Regardless of your trade, at this time you are a salesman, selling yourself. If you are a good product, your presentation will reflect it and someone will take a chance on you. If you are not a good product, you are wasting their time and yours).

3. A few days after paying off this first note, borrow another \$50 or \$100 in the same manner. Your saving account and the balance in your checking account are your collateral for the loan. The bank knows you are trying to build a credit rating because you have told them so. You are doing this in a business-like manner. When you go to a bank to borrow money—honestly, they are not doing you a favor, you are doing them one. They are in the business of "selling money" and you are a prospective customer. Keep this in mind.

4. At the time of taking the first step, you should be getting acquainted with local merchants, such as department stores, service stations, and other merchants whose names carry some weight in the community. Make arrangements to start charge accounts with the merchants you do business with, after telling them of yourself and why you are trying to build a credit rating. Take good care of these accounts, they are part of the basis for your over-all credit rating. If you find it necessary to buy something on time, try to buy it from a reputable merchant. Properly handled, these contacts can add a great deal of weight to your credit rating.

5. The only way to build and maintain a good credit rating is in being completely honest with anyone you deal with. By all means be completely honest with yourself. Too many

people make major purchases simply because they "want" it, or someone else has one. The one phase of credit that I feel you should be warned about is that it is just too easy to obtain. Too many contracts are signed without fully realizing the need of the purchased item and without realizing just how long 36 months can be and how very regularly that next month rolls around.

The steps I have outlined above, if faithfully followed, will give you a credit rating making it possible for you to borrow money at the best possible rates from legitimate sources. It will make it unnecessary for you to deal with the "Loan Sharks" at any time. If all of us used good common sense in our financial affairs this shark would starve to death.

Credit makes it possible for us to make purchases that are necessary right at the time of purchase. It makes it possible for us to enjoy the use of some real, or imagined, necessity while we are paying for it. Your credit will allow you to go into business, purchase machines or supplies or get further education, making it possible for you to increase your income and your standard of living.

Your credit rating is a direct reflection of your reputation with leaders of your community. It is valuable to you and should never be abused.

After you have established yourself in your community and have established your credit you may succumb to the Great American Dream: "going into business for yourself". As a tax consultant, I have helped lots of people "carry-back" their business losses to prior years so that they can get back some of the tax money that they had paid while they were working for someone else. The reason they could claim this refund was that they had succumbed to this dream and went broke.

The best cook in the world is not necessarily fitted to run a restaurant and the best auto mechanic will quite often be a failure at managing his own garage. Before going into business ask yourself: Am I a good book-keeper? Am I willing to be the first person at work and the last to leave? Do I want to be the janitor, the trouble-shooter, the complaint department, and the nursemaid for one or more employees like myself? Am I willing to take home less pay, a lot of months, than the part time errand boy whom I hire? If after taking into consideration all these factors you still want to work for yourself, you may have some of the qualifications necessary to make a go of it.

Taking a hypothetical case, we will assume that you have been working as a roofer for a roofing company and you feel that you can get enough work, hire some help, buy some equipment and make more money working for yourself.

You have been out of prison for 11 months, you have built a credit rating, and you have a pick-up and most of the necessary tools to start small. You have \$300 in your checking account that you don't need for current expenses. You have \$600 in your savings account and your pick-up is free and clear. You have a good second-hand tar pot on wheels that is satisfactory for your work that you can buy for \$965. While making these

decisions and finding out these facts you have talked to three building owners who will give you contracts for doing some roofing work for them.

Should you clean out your checking account, savings account, draw your last paycheck and buy the tar pot and go into business? No! Take all the information you have and talk to your loan officer at your bank. Lay it all out for him and tell him what you have in mind. Ask him to check with those "contracts" you have.

ASK HIM FOR HIS ADVICE AND LISTEN TO IT.

He should know more about the advisability of going into that particular business in that particular area than anyone else. Another roofer may be able to tell you that there is enough business there to keep you busy for a few months, but he is not particularly fitted to tell you what to expect in the months, and years, following.

If your loan officer is favorable to your plan, borrow the money from him to buy the tar pot. Yes, borrow the money from him and pay the interest, even though you have nearly that much in liquid assets. If you should fall off that building and break a leg and can't work for a month, you have enough in reserve to pay your living expenses for that period and not miss a payment. Never clean out your current assets as a down payment on anything!

The importance of making all payments on time cannot be overstressed. Don't go in and make three payments ahead of time unless your contract has an early-pay or no-penalty clause. You are paying for the use of that money so use it. Idle money can bring in interest and you are a fool to throw that income away.

A checking account is a device for convenience, not a device to let you float checks over the neighborhood when you are short of funds.

When you give someone a check, you are telling him that you have money in the bank and that he can get the specified amount of that money when he presents the check at your bank.

When you give a check that is not covered by your funds you are telling the recipient of the check, and your bank, that you are a liar. After a few incidents of this type it is possible that you will have a little trouble getting anyone to honor your check. You might even go to prison for telling this kind of lie.

Doing business by check is almost a necessity now, and this privilege should be guarded just as carefully as you would protect your honor in other matters.

COMMERCIAL or FULL SERVICE BANKS

These banks offer a checking service, savings service, escrow service, depository service, lending service, and many other services.

Check to see that they are insured by F.D.I.C. This protects your deposit to the amount of \$10,000.

SAVINGS AND LOAN BANKS

These banks offer a method of saving and they lend money primarily on mortgages on real estate. Your choice here for your savings and your real estate loans should be protected by F.S.L.I.C., which insures your account against loss up to \$10,000.

1 SPORTS 4

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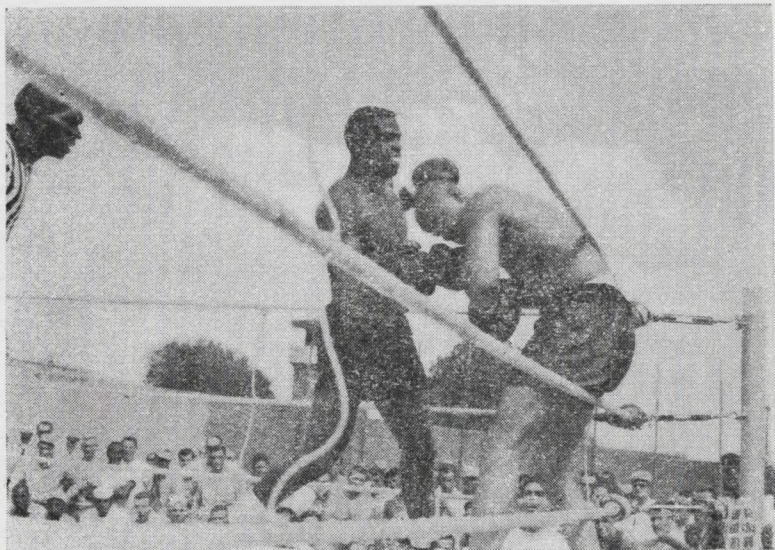
This year's July 4th fight card was in this department's opinion the best athletic event of the year. And RECOUNT magazine hails the inmate gladiators who participated. We wish it were in our power to give some material rewards to each and every one of the fighters. Alas, it is not. Therefore the best this magazine can do is to extend its thanks on behalf of the population for a thrill-packed afternoon.

LYLE, Hvywt. vs ANDERSON, Hvywt.

And so they were saying before the fight that Lyle had no heart and Anderson was a stylish killer. Hah! At the opening bell, Anderson had a confident, pro look about him that seemed to say the fight is over. And then Lyle struck. He showered Anderson with bombs and before long Anderson was listening to the count. Lyle and the crowd momentarily celebrated what they thought was victory, but Anderson came back. And for awhile it looked as if he would turn the tide. But Lyle weathered the brief storm and then went to work on Anderson once more. This time he finished the job and a dazed Anderson was out, but good. Lyle by a K.O.

G. HERNANDEZ, 143 lbs vs T. HERNANDEZ, 141 lbs

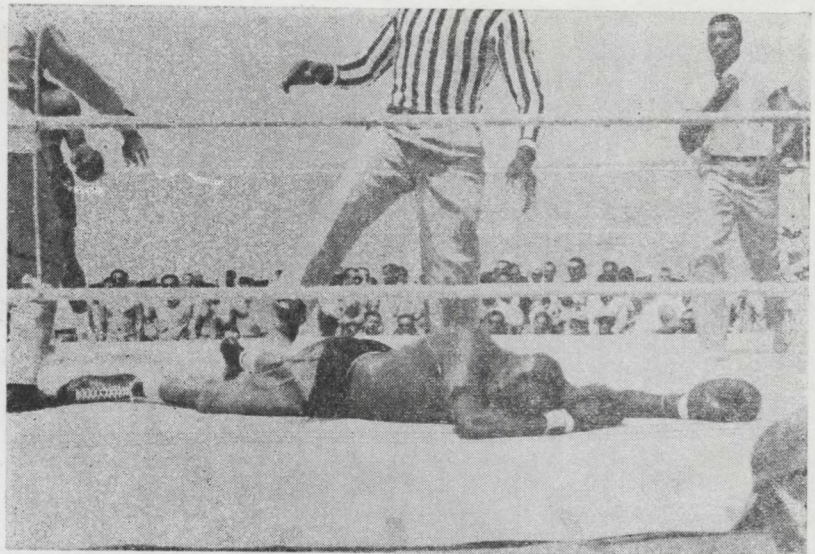
George Hernandez TKO'ed his man in the second after a clear demonstration of the superiority of fast hands and faster style.



Lyle drops the big bombs on Anderson in a prelude to the knockout. This was the main event of the fight card.

MARTIN, Hvywt. vs EATON, Hvywt.

Here was the fancy Dan against the sledgehammer. Sugar Ray danced prettily into the first round to meet a stalking Martin. It took but one blow to convince Ray that he was in the ring with danger, and soon the dancing had a back-stepping quality to it. Back, back, back, into the corner and then, darkness. Martin uncorked an overhand right that Eaton ducked right into. Eaton fell face into the canvas in a paralyzed coma. Martin by a devastating K.O.



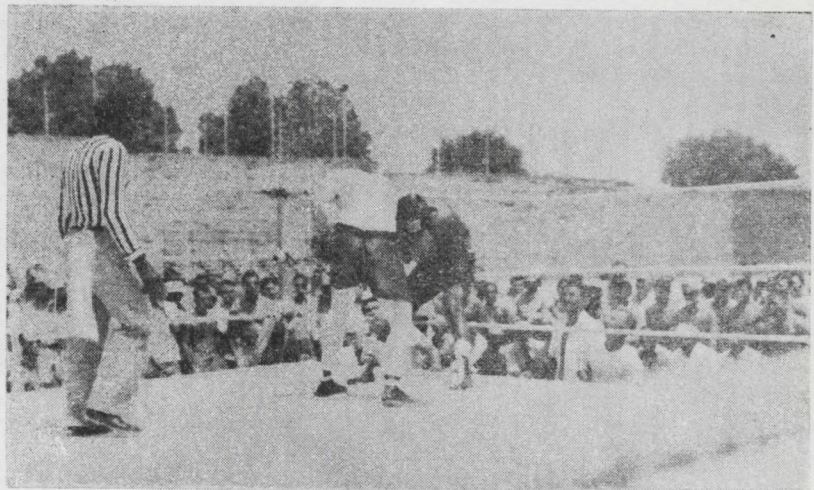
"Sugar Ray" Eaton is down and out, seconds after Martin had delivered his dream inducing right.

DAVALOS, 176 lbs vs CAMPBELL, 175 lbs

Campbell had his work cut out for him just staying on his feet as Davalos threw punches at will. Davalos would guide him into the corners, spank him there and then let him come out. Almost cat and mouse. Each round was taken up by this toying. Campbell's credit is that he was not knocked out, otherwise it was all Davalos.

ORTEGA, 118 lbs vs JARAMILLO, 122 lbs

By bringing the fight to Jaramillo, Ortega gained the edge in the first round. In the second, Ortega was still pushing the fight, but Jaramillo scored heavily, counter-punching. Jaramillo, more confident now, started the third with flurries of punches and decked Ortega for an eight count, and wound up the winner by a decision.



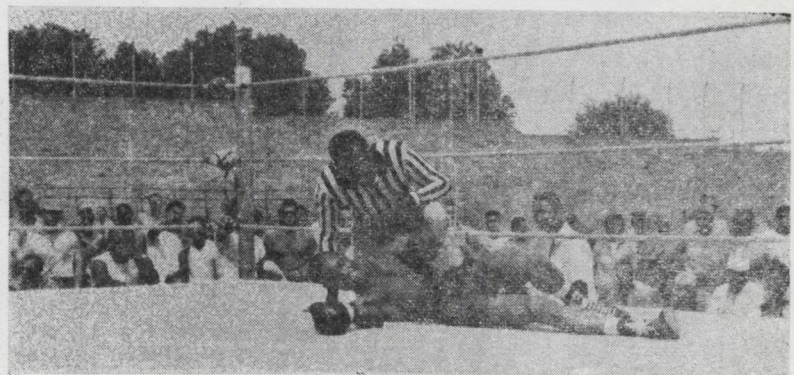
Thompson has Moorer cornered and this is the beginning of the end.

MOORER, 196 lbs vs THOMPSON, 190 lbs

Here was a battle of the dinosaurs. The ring shook as these two, long on muscle and short on science, charged and hammered away at each other. First one and then the other. In the second round, Moorer fairly put his man away with bludgeoning blows. But came the third and Thompson's turn. He battered Moorer into the ropes and once there, systematically pounded him to the canvas and dreamland.

MALDONADO, 150 lbs vs MARTINEZ, 145 lbs

Maldonado got the decision, but this reporter doesn't quite know why. Oh well, why argue with the judges. Both fighters looked good, but from here it looked like Martinez carried most of the action.



Chico Jackson finds it difficult to hoist himself from the canvas.

MARTINEZ, 145 lbs vs JACKSON, 143 lbs

Jackson had leg trouble, among other things (the other things were Martinez' superb boxing and short, hard, jaw-jarring punches, which caused Jackson's leg trouble). A hard right on the tip of Jackson's chin sent him down for a 9 count. He wobbled up with a queer smile on his face only to meet more of the same. Another knockdown. Another wobbly rise. After a bit, Jackson's legs, tired of this foolishness, seemed to give out for good, but Jackson pushed them up for one more shaky stand. The ref, however, came to the rescue and called it off. Martinez showed one of the most lethal and economical fighting styles of any fighter on the card.

SANCHEZ, 115 lbs vs SISNEROS, 117 lbs

The slow first round belonged to Sanchez on the basis of his jabbing. In the second, Sisneros sent Sanchez to the canvas twice and after a waltzing third, won the decision.

ARAGON, 124 lbs vs LANGFORD, 119 lbs

The first two rounds were all Aragon. He out-punched, out-jabbed, out-stepped Langford. But round three was a different matter. Young Freddie Langford unravelled the mystery of Aragon and sent him sprawling with a nice combination. Langford by a K.O.

HATCH, 137 lbs vs VIGIL, 138 lbs

Though this reporter saw a draw in the mainly dull fight the officials gave it to Vigil. There was little action until the third, and not too very much then. Vigil kept Hatch at a distance with his countering jab, and both men gave the air more workout than each other.

LICON, 136 lbs vs PHILLIPS, 137 lbs

The first round was exploratory. Both men, exceptionally fast, probed each other's style. Licon bloodied Phillips in the second and took the round. In the third, Phillips' hurting combinations to the head and body were the factors that won the fight for him.

GONZALES, 142 lbs vs GALLEGOS, 141 lbs

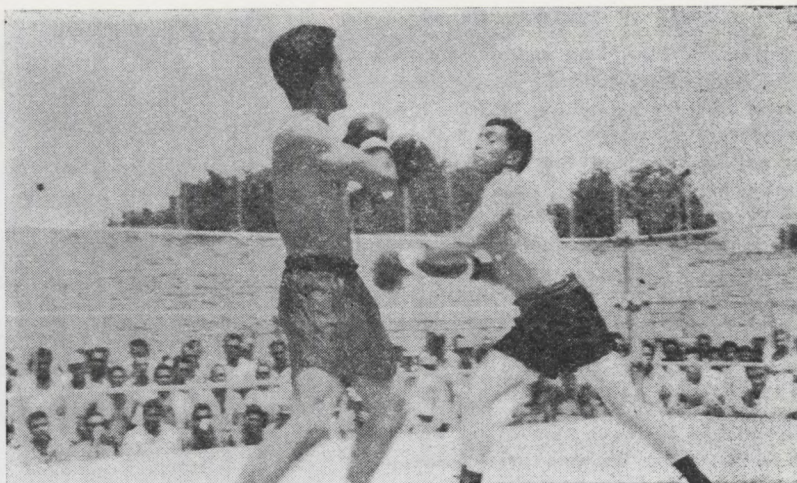
Gonzales had a bad habit of leading with his head, and Gallegos had a cure for it. His remedy was to put Gonzales on the canvas. In the second Gallegos delivered another knock-down punch and soon ended the match with a TKO.

BUENO, 157 lbs vs PIZZALATO, 159 lbs

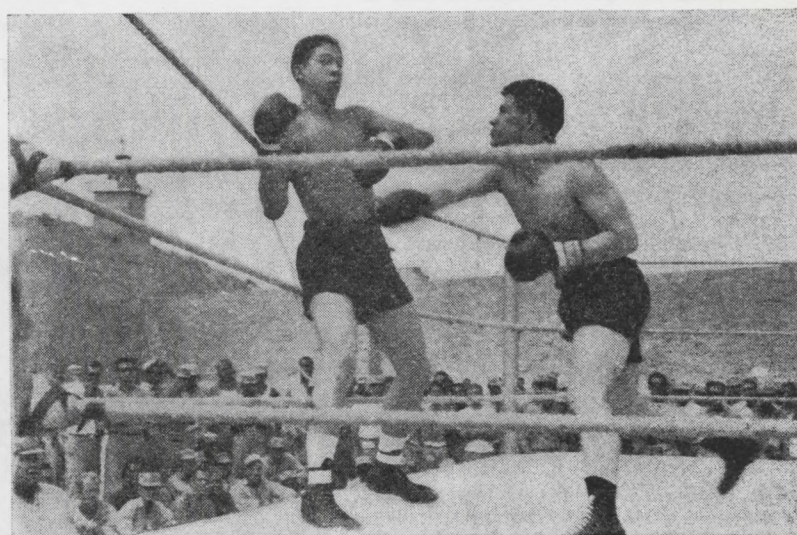
Shades of Tony Galento! Pizzalato bulldozed Bueno throughout the fight with mauling rushes and Heaven knows how many left-field punches. Bueno gamely tried to resist the onslaughts, but by the third he was out on his feet. Pizzalato by a TKO.

MARTINEZ, 151 lbs vs MORA, 154 lbs

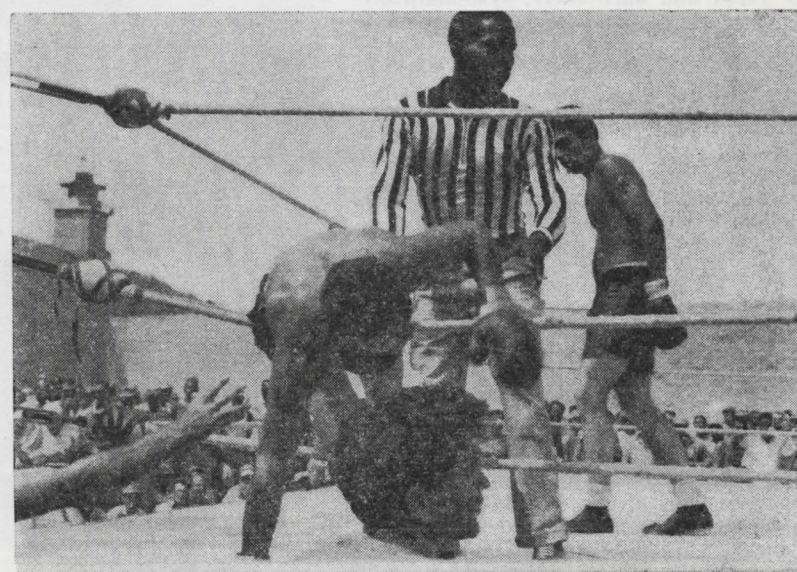
The first round started with plenty of action, as both men stood toe to toe for a good slugfest. Blood flowed from both contestant's noses, but Martinez' durability soon had Mora in a corner absorbing several hard punches. The second saw Martinez still ready to go, and Mora had to retreat. Who knows where Mora got his gas for the third. He came out ready for bear even after the punishment of the previous rounds. He knocked his startled opponent out of the ring four times, and none can dispute that had it not been for losing the first two, he would have won this fight, Martinez by a decision.



Sanchez misses a left in his fight with Sisneros



Gonzales steps away from Gallegos right.



Mora is on the ropes after a free-for-all exchange with Martinez

1963-64 VOLLEYBALL TOURNAMENT FINALS

BLED SOE'S TEAM

Langston
Williams
Busnelli
Porter
Hansen
Shuan
Tucker
Frank
Simmons
Naler

| Team | W | L |
|-----------|----|----|
| Bledsoe | 36 | 12 |
| Williams | 35 | 13 |
| Bogges | 21 | 27 |
| Robertson | 21 | 27 |
| Lincoln | 7 | 41 |

BOG GESS' TEAM

Rodgers
Litsey
Scotty
Williams
Sharp
Creecy
Corwin
Cox
Menzer
Stewart

ROBERTSON'S TEAM

Poinsette
Crabtree
Stelter
Rhodes
Medina
Thomas
Williams
Hutton
Woodall

WILLIAMS' TEAM

Brodrick
Normand
Rice
Zorens
Kusaka
Givens
McKeon
Gurule
Maxwell

LINCOLN'S TEAM

Miller
Peterson
Taylor
Schooley
Simon
Bovee
Crabtree
Lujan
Markle

A Tribute To A Great Athlete

There is nothing that charges a football crowd so much as the electric runner—the guy who at any time may break away into those exciting steps and fakes of the broken field run. The shifty, speed demon who can leave tacklers hanging in the air, who can dance out of the arms of a trap of tacklers and zig-zag all the way to paydirt. This is the guy who brings the stands to their feet and makes the afternoon a memorable one. Why, just knowing that such a player is in the game generates excitement. And since about 1953, or so, the spectators of CSP football have had the pleasure of watching such a runner. But now the ravages of accumulated injuries and that most implacable foe, the calendar, have caught up with him and he has hung up his cleats. And so passes an era.

"Crow" Crawford, for our money is that combination of talent, style and competitive spirit of which professionals are made. Some players make it strickly because of their competence. They do a workmanlike job—nothing fancy, nothing showy—just sheer ability. Others make it because, aside from their competence, they have a tremendous inner drive that compels them to excel. They are hungry and you can sense it. They infect others with this dynamic push of theirs. They always play it hard and vicious, asking no quarters and giving none. And then there's the player who is both competent and competitive, but has a little something extra in addition. He has style. He does what he does with a special flair, a special eclat. He is colorful. there is something of the showman about him. He is the type of guy that draws standing room only crowds, because they know that he will make things hum. Crow was that type of player.

There he would break away with the ball, chattering to his interference or to the upcoming opposition tacklers, and then he would fake with his head or body or his feet or his eyes, let out a grunt or a yell and sprint pass them. Sometimes holding the ball out as if to give it to the tackler or a teammate. Or maybe he would reverse the whole field, dodging around and past the enemy looking for daylight. Thinking, all the time thinking, this guy. Clever, calculating, knowing—a bag full of tricks. And to see him walk back to the huddle you would think he was the slowest, least dangerous man in the world. But aside from all his individuality and pyrotechnics on the field, Crow was first and last a team player of the best sort. He enthused his teammates with that same love of winning that drove him so hard. He didn't play above his team, he played with them. He was concerned and involved in the fortunes of the Rockbusters. He did not spare himself. Last year he broke an ankle, and this year with the injury imperfectly healed he tried to play. But unable to put his full weight on the ankle and consequently unable to run as he used to, Crow reluctantly called it quits.

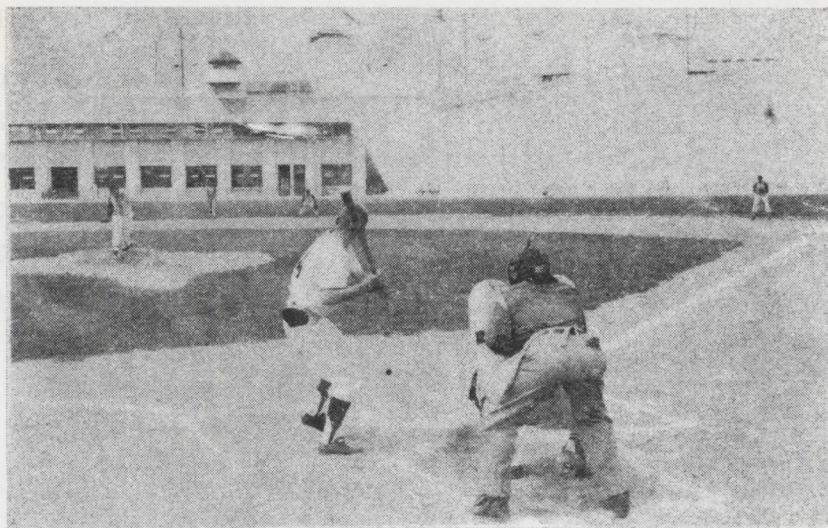
We are not certain whether the present team is fully aware of their loss or fully appreciative of his past services, but those of us who have seen this excellent athlete play realize that something exciting and forceful is gone from our sport scene. And we both thank him for the entertainment he has given us in the past and wish him our very best in his future.

CROW CRAWFORD, AN ATHLETE'S ATHLETE.

Rockbuster's

1964 Baseball Season

Successful



A typical batting situation during the Rockbuster season.

The Rockbusters concluded another winning baseball season with a 20 win, 15 loss record.

The major weakness that plagued the team, pitching, continued throughout the season but this was somewhat offset by the fabulous .315 team batting average.

The big bats of the year were those of Scott, Rodgers, Lyle, Hanna, Steele and Plessinger. These men had a collective batting average of .375 with Scott's .492 leading the parade. Of the 380 hits garnered by the team, 141 were for extra bases. Eighty doubles, twenty-one triples and forty home runs.

In the departments, Scott led in homers, triples, RBI's hits and stolen bases. Rodgers had the most two-base hits, walks and runs. The strikeout king was Lyle with 26, but he also led in putouts—217. Steele made the most fielding errors—17.

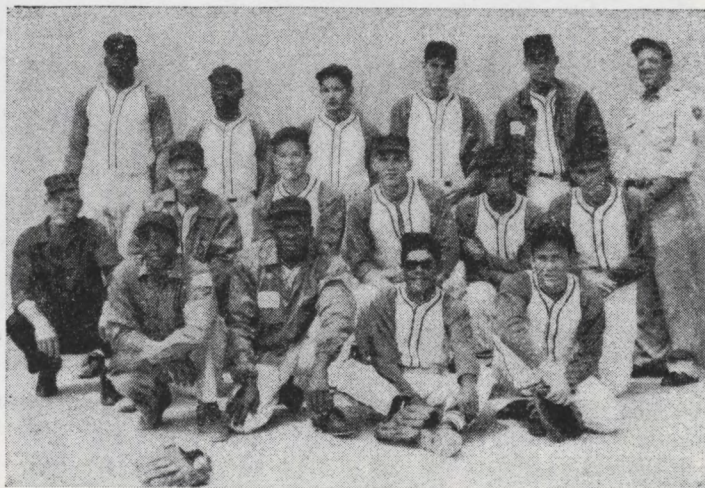
In the pitching department, Ronnie Plessinger, in others seasons a top notch first baseman, carried the brunt of the duties. He pitched 126 innings, giving up 100 hits, striking out 140 and walking 74. He had an ERA of 2.21; won 6 and lost 8.

One of the top games of the year was against the Denver Police team. Sadly enough, the cops won it, but the ribbing they got from the stands more than made up for the Rockbuster loss.



The four leading hitters of the Rockbusters. Scott, Rodgers, Hanna and Lyle.

SEATED, FRONT ROW, left to right: Bryant, umpire; Scott, ss; Martinez, lf; White, batboy. SECOND ROW: Officer Lonnie Walton, assistant coach; Oswald, P; Duncan, cf; Steele, f-c; Lujan, rf; Green, p. STANDING, BACK ROW: Lyle, c; Rodgers, 2b; Jiron, 3b; Plessinger, 1b-p; Hanna, cf; Sgt. Clifford Mattax, coach.



| Player | AB | Hit | 2B | 3B | HR | BB | RBI | SO | E | Avg |
|-------------|-----|-----|----|----|----|----|-----|----|----|-------|
| Scott | 126 | 62 | 9 | 5 | 13 | 11 | 13 | 15 | 13 | .492 |
| Ortega | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1.000 |
| Jones | 3 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | .667 |
| McKinley | 8 | 4 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 4 | 3 | 0 | .500 |
| Rodgers | 135 | 55 | 13 | 3 | 9 | 16 | 39 | 14 | 12 | .407 |
| Lyle | 95 | 38 | 5 | 0 | 7 | 5 | 39 | 26 | 12 | .400 |
| Watson | 41 | 15 | 4 | 1 | 0 | 4 | 8 | 10 | 5 | .366 |
| R. Gonzales | 43 | 15 | 3 | 3 | 0 | 5 | 6 | 12 | 3 | .349 |
| Archuletta | 3 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | .333 |
| Hanna | 121 | 39 | 7 | 2 | 4 | 8 | 30 | 22 | 7 | .322 |
| Jiron | 76 | 24 | 5 | 1 | 1 | 9 | 7 | 12 | 13 | .316 |
| Steele | 89 | 28 | 6 | 1 | 0 | 15 | 19 | 22 | 17 | .315 |
| Plessinger | 123 | 37 | 9 | 2 | 2 | 8 | 30 | 20 | 4 | .301 |
| Duncan | 48 | 14 | 4 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 6 | 10 | 3 | .292 |
| Bowers | 7 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 1 | .286 |
| L. Martinez | 62 | 17 | 6 | 1 | 0 | 10 | 10 | 16 | 5 | .274 |
| Shipp | 4 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 3 | .250 |
| Green | 19 | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 5 | 1 | .211 |
| Osborn | 54 | 11 | 3 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 8 | 13 | 5 | .204 |
| Lujan | 70 | 14 | 3 | 0 | 1 | 6 | 11 | 18 | 5 | .200 |
| Ukena | 5 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 2 | 2 | .200 |
| Corwin | 31 | 6 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 5 | 3 | 8 | 4 | .194 |
| Williams | 8 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | .125 |
| Menzer | 20 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 1 | 4 | 5 | .100 |
| Hernandez | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | .000 |
| White | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | .000 |
| P. Martinez | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | .000 |
| Williams | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | .000 |
| Acosta | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | .000 |
| Langston | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | .000 |
| T. Gonzales | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | .000 |

Pitching Records

| Name | Games | IP | R | ER | Hits | SO | BB | W | L |
|------------|-------|------|----|----|------|-----|----|---|---|
| Scott | 1 | 7 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 11 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Jones | 2 | 10.3 | 10 | 5 | 9 | 10 | 5 | 1 | 0 |
| Corwin | 6 | 38.6 | 33 | 29 | 39 | 41 | 18 | 3 | 1 |
| Osborn | 10 | 61.3 | 54 | 36 | 70 | 53 | 25 | 5 | 3 |
| Green | 10 | 42.6 | 39 | 32 | 48 | 42 | 23 | 4 | 3 |
| Plessinger | 18 | 126 | 87 | 57 | 100 | 140 | 74 | 6 | 8 |
| Hanna | 2 | 6 | 4 | 2 | 8 | 6 | 5 | 0 | 0 |

ONE - B WINS SOFT BALL CHAMPIONSHIP

The 1964 softball league race was a battle between 1B and 7B, which 1B won. It was the booming bats of Pettipiece, Monson, Blan, Moreno, Borela and Ukena, coupled with Moreno's fireball pitching, that carried 1B to the championship. 7B under the astute managership of Dino Monohan, while no less lacking in batting strength than 1B, did not have hurlers to match Moreno. Both teams were favored with good infields, but 1B's defensive play was on the whole more consistent.

| Team | W | L |
|------|----|----|
| 1B | 26 | 4 |
| 7B | 20 | 10 |
| 6B | 16 | 14 |
| 1A | 13 | 17 |
| 6A | 12 | 18 |
| 7A | 10 | 20 |
| HOSP | 8 | 22 |

THE TOP TEN HITTERS (based on 30 AB)

Taylor, 6B — .451
 Pew, Hosp — .451
 Monson, 1B — .439
 Ukena, 1B — .429
 Blan, 1B — .422
 Davalos, 7B — .418
 Clark, 7B — .409
 Monohan, 7B — .406
 Pettipiece, 1B — .403
 Tomsak, 7B — .400

HOME RUN LEADERS

Corwin, 1A and Clark, 7B — 4 each

7A, Won: 10 Lost: 20

Table with columns: Player Name, AB, Hits, HR, B.A. for team 7A.

Table with columns: Player Name, AB, Hits, HR, B.A. for team 6A.

Table with columns: Player Name, AB, Hits, HR, B.A. for team 1B.

6E, Won: 16 Lost: 14

Table with columns: Player Name, AB, Hits, HR, B.A. for team 6E.

Table with columns: Player Name, AB, Hits, HR, B.A. for team 1A.

Table with columns: Player Name, AB, Hits, HR, B.A. for team 7B.

Labor Day Track Winners!!!

Close on the heels of the fight card in terms of high entertainment here were the Labor Day track and field events. The full day's activities of 18 separate events featured some really fine running and jumping efforts. Who will not remember the picture form of Chico Jackson's run on the third leg of the mile relay? He virtually clinched first place for his team by overcoming a 40 yard advantage the lead man had over him at the half-way mark in the lap. Then there was the surprise that everybody got when Duncan blazed across the finish line in the 100 yard dash ahead of several speedsters who had been heavily favored to take the event. And, of course, who would have suspected that phlegmatic heavy-footed Clarence Normand could high jump, and

do so with such litheness and technique? Lastly, there was Jaramillo's thoughtful pacing and driving finish kick in the mile run, an event that provided a piece of humor in the first lap. One of the runners (it's a shame we don't have his name, it really should go down in history) started the race like a house afire. He obviously had never run the grueling distance before because he sprinted ahead as fast as he could, leaving the rest of the field far behind. He won the first lap hands down. But that was all he won. At the end of that lap he was all through. He was so out of breath that he, like the proverbial hare, had to lay on the sidelines while the rest of the "turtles" trotted on by.

LABOR DAY TRACK AND FIELD WINNERS

| EVENTS | 1st Place | 2nd Place | 3rd Place |
|---------------------------|-------------------------------------|--|--------------------|
| 50 yd dash | Trujillo | Landrum | McKinley and Lynch |
| 100 yd dash | Duncan | Frazier | Landrum |
| 220 yd dash | Lynch | Duncan | Landrum |
| 440 yd dash | Landrum | Jaramillo | |
| Mile run | Jaramillo | Langford | Roberson |
| Mile Relay | Lynch Jackson Swazer Moham | Landrum Trujillo Trujillo Frazier | |
| Shotput 42' 10" | McKinley | Martin | Jaramillo |
| Discus 96' 9½" | Cambell | Corwin | Williams |
| Javelin 133' | Schuyler | Polombo | Ruiz |
| Standing broad jump 9' 7" | Perry | Frazier | Cambell |
| Running broad jump 17' 3" | Lynch and Frazier | | Perry |
| Sack race | Corwin and Gonzales | Luna and Polombo | |
| 3 legged race | Corwin Polombo | Langford Ortega | Lincoln Rice |
| Wheelbarrow race | Corwin Polombo | Martinez Archuletta | Keys Martinez |
| High Jump 5' 9" | Normand | McKinley | Landrum |
| Old man's race | Clark | Kelley | Conner |
| Old Timer's race | Haro | Leyva | Medina |

Rockbusters End Football Season With

2 Win 6 Loss Record

It would take a smoother liar than this reporter to say that the 1964 Rockbuster football team was anything other than mediocre, or that their 1964 record was satisfactory. In fact there were times when even the word mediocre became a merciful euphemism.

Now there is no great harm in being mediocre. Some of the very nicest people in this world are mediocrities—and are happy. It's when you have the potential for better things and then end up scrap heap that is tragedy. The Rockbusters had potential. They even had some small pockets of greatness. There was for instance a fullback who would have done credit to just about any college team in the country. There was, for a time, a speedy little halfback who needed only the least bit of daylight to break up a game. There were several linemen who had iron in their back, and there was a second fiddle quarterback who came on late season and engineered the only two wins on the slate. There was, as we say, potential.

But take this potential and dilute it with unimaginative plays, inconsistent, or no, blocking, half-hearted tackling, fitfull pass defense and internecine squabbling and you come up with just what we had—a mediocre football team and a mediocre season.

Early in the season, when we were still winless, we wrote these notes to ourselves as the basis for a critique of our team:

"Blocking. Whatever has befallen this fine, artistic act that it has not been told of to so many Rockbuster footballers? Surely it is still legal, surely. If our boys do not know how to block then why the hell doesn't somebody show them? Of a truth, there should be no more games played until our heroes are outfitted with this lovely, lethal football weapon. We know the RB's will not believe this, but in the larger football world players have been known to throw one block and then get up and look around for chances to throw more. Nothing warms the heart of a running back more than finding a clear shot to the goal line made possible by what he thought was a congenitally stupid teammate who has just cut down a passel of would-be tacklers. Of such stuff are love affairs made."

And further:

"'Blessed are the poor in spirit,' a wise man once said, 'for their's is the kingdom of heaven'. Well, the poor in spirit ought to at least get to heaven because they certainly will not win any football games. That old drive, or gung-ho, or will-to win, or team pride, or love of victory—call it what you will, but don't call the Rockbusters because they just do not seem to have it.

They are much too busy with intra-squad feuds, bickering and jealousies to be concerned with a little thing like winning. Everybody's 'zipped up' at everybody else. This one is mad at that one, and the one over there isn't speaking to the other one. Have watched members of the opposition teams coming off the field receiving praise and back pats from their side lined teammates.

Have watched our boys return to a sullen, muttering, resentful bench. Have heard the visiting team members calling encouragement and 'go-go-go' to each other from the sides, but hear only squabbling and recriminations from our side. Some have complained because the con spectators at times jeer the Rockbusters and root for the outsiders and have sought to use this as an excuse for a lack of team drive. We will not attempt to deny that some of the jeering is from a disgruntled, idiot element with disgruntled, idiot motives. But this is not the whole story. We know far too many people, ourselves included, who put up a cigarette or two on the Rockbusters and want to see them win. A lot of the jeering is because of poor football. And even if it were the reverse, you can root against excellence or ability all you please and it will only serve to make you look foolish. Look at the Yankee haters and all the Yankee wins. Spirit, or the will to win, is an internal thing and is only incidentally subject to external pressures. You can hate us all you want, but we utterly refuse to drop dead."

But let us dwell no longer on the bad aspects of the previous season, but take now a little space to comment on some of the enjoyable individual performances.

The first thing was Ronnie Lyle, the miraculous fullback. We say miraculous because of the almost total metamorphosis he underwent from last season to this. Last year the only thing he had going for him was his bulk. Otherwise he did everything wrong. He had the worse case of fumble-itis we've ever seen and went into the line head high and knees low. He had no sense of direction and seemed the bewildered behemoth. But this year—Good Lord! He was practically unstoppable. He ran low and with power. He moved with thinking precision behind what little interference he could drum up and when none was there he faked and sidestepped like a ballet dancer. When there were no opportunities for this he simply ran over people. It was a common thing to see him staggering forward for precious extra yardage with tacklers clinging to him like barnacles. In short, Lyle was a one man gang.

There was Steele. And Oh what couldn't have happened with this guy if the Rockbusters had been a blocking team! Steele had speed, deception and hands of



It is this type of blackboard practice that was sorely needed by the 1964 Rockbusters. Not only must each player know his positional assignment, but he should also know the duties of every one of his teammates. One missed assignment can often result in the complete collapse of a play. A thorough knowledge of all the plays by all the team members is essential for a winning ball club.

glue. Shame, shame, shame on those who could have sprung him loose with a block or two!

Lefty Corwin was a knee-high to a grasshopper offensive end whose pass catching was reminiscent of Harold Waits. He had an excellent assortment of moves and speed to boot.

In the line there were the vicious Ray Bakker, "Monster man" Moorer, Don Zorens and "Blood" Gardner. Each a student of the terrible tackle, each a lover of bone-jarring contact, each a ball thief.

And then there was an unbelievably tiny linebacker named Danny who played in only a few games toward the season's end, but who made more tackles than many fellows twice his size in twice as many games. In fact, in the Air Force game the first time he went in he was there for only two plays. On the first play he made an unassisted tackle, and on the second play he made a fumble-causing stop that turned the ball over to the Rockbusters.

Melvin Rodgers took over the quarterbacking duties during the two games with School of Mines and crisply guided the team to their lone pair of victories. And while we do not wish to take one thing away from veteran Reuben Scott, who in our opinion has more football savvy, is as hard a runner, as good a passer, and as violent a defensive man as is on the team, Rodgers' fresh approach and masterful handling of the team in these two games was the best generalling of the year.

By the selection of these individuals for praise it is not our intention to relegate the rest of the team to limbo. Many tried hard, played hard and did their best.

Many had the disadvantage of not knowing how to do better. We believe, however, that unless this year's mistakes, which were there for all to see—the lack of knowledge of basic techniques, misused material, Saturday-only footballers, feuds and factions—unless these are corrected, 1965 will be another losing Rockbuster football year.

Endless walk through of the plays on field is another requirement for a "well-educated" team. The walk through helps to impress upon each players memory the course of the play and his assignment in it. Here also is a chance to observe and correct individual technical flaws, such as improper stances and charges, uncoordinated backfield moves, line backing formations, etc. This type of "dry scrimmage", though seemingly unimportant and dull, pays off.



ROCKBUSTERS LOSE OPENER TO COLORADO COLLEGE, 14 to 12

The CSP Rockbusters played winning ball for 3 quarters and then collapsed late in the fourth, permitting the scrappy, never-say-die Tigers from Colorado College to march virtually unopposed to a game winning TD.

ADAMS STATE SPANKS ROCKBUSTERS 22 to 8 IN SEASON'S SECOND

Except for Reuben Scott's first half 15 yard TD pass to Lefty Corwin, the Rockbusters were never really in this contest. Adams State's fleet-footed backs and impenetrable line were too much for the home team.

WESTERN STATE SWAMPS ROCKBUSTERS, 34 to 7

This time it was a Scott to Steele 85 yard pass combination that accounted for the lone RB tally. Otherwise Western State scored at will and allowed little Rockbuster resistance.

ROCKBUSTERS DUMP SCHOOL OF MINES, 26 to 0

The Rockbusters scored in every quarter but the third, completely outclassing an inexperienced School of Mines eleven. Fullback Ronnie Lyle accounted for 20 of the 26 points by running 3 TD's and kicking 2 extra points.

ROCKBUSTERS WIN CHARITY TILT FROM SCHOOL OF MINES, 27 to 20

In a return game with the School of Mines, played for the benefit of the Fremont County Crippled Children Fund, the Rockbusters swept to their second victory of the season. This game was the second "road" game for the cons and was played in downtown Canon City.

SOUTHERN COLORADO STATE COLLEGE ROLLS OVER ROCKBUSTERS, 34 to 0

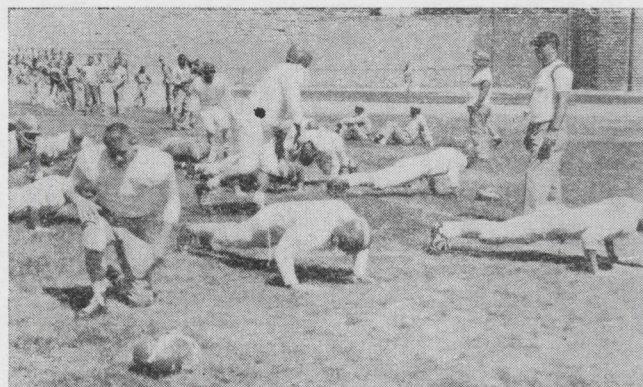
The visitors dominated all areas of play, scoring three of their TD's in the first quarter. Southern Colorado College combined a vicious ground attack with pin point passing to smother the Rockbusters.

COLORADO COLLEGE WHIPS CONS, 21 to 7, IN SECOND MATCH

A fourth quarter, 60 yard play from Scott to Corwin kept Colorado College from white-washing the Rockbusters in this return match. CC rolled up a 21 to 0 score and late in the game Scott found Corwin open to erase the goose eggs from the scoreboard.

AIR FORCE PREP CRUSH ROCKBUSTERS, 42 to 7

Considering that this was the team that beat them 65 to 0 in 1963, the Rockbusters made a respectable showing. They played spirited ball in the face of the superiority of the AF attack. Lyle's 5 yard run was the lone Rockbusters TD, and many instances of alert ball playing kept the Air Force from running up a higher score.



RECEIVED

Another Glaring Example Of Denver Police Brutality

by Joe Henley

In the unyielding tradition of responsible journalism, the RECOUNT fearlessly presents the now-it-can-be-told, true story of the baseball game that occurred here between the CSP Cons and the Denver Police Department Baseball Team.

This story may cost me my parole, but it must be told.

Never has so much sympathy poured out of my heart as did this day when I saw our cleancut, brave, honest and sterling young men put to the abuse of the Denver Police team. At the very first I knew our team would have trouble out of these rough-looking, unshaven, sneaky-eyed villains when they gave the home umpire a small book and said that the game would have to be played by it. "Their rules" they called them. Well, what could the umpire do? The guy who gave him the book had a pistol sticking out of the waistband of his uniform so the ump had to go along with it. The game started and it seemed as if the first inning would never end. The first three batters for the police team all went down swinging, but each one argued with the ump. One insisted that he had only swung twice; another said the pitcher was throwing balls faster than the Baseball Speed Laws allowed; and finally the third batter threw the bat at the pitcher, turned and leaped upon the ump and while striking him about the head and face shouted, "We always play four strikes and three balls!" The Cons Coach sprung to his feet and went dashing towards the scene screaming, "None of that, none of that!" and then in a much more timid tone of voice said, "You'll have to take it easy on the equipment". The poor, innocent, handsome, brave, fearless umpire had a nervous breakdown right there on the spot and to this day has not recovered from it. The Police team brought an extra player from their bench and said he would umpire the rest of the game.

At long last the Cons came to bat, and then the foul play really began. Our star shortstop, a fair-playing, kind-hearted fellow, was at the plate. The first pitch was a tear gas grenade that lodged in his chest. By the time he dug it out the damage was done and he asked for a substitute batter. The cops wouldn't hear of it. They said that their rule book clearly stated no substitution after a man had once taken the field. So our short-stop had to bat with a blindfold over his eyes and to the amazement of everyone he laid down a perfect bunt and was safe on first inspite of the first baseman's attempt to trip him and rabbit punch him.

The Cons unleashed a vicious batting attack and had tallied 14 runs with no outs when the umpire called three outs for delay of inning. It was in their rule book. Anytime an opposing team scored more runs than the cops in any inning they were obviously trying to delay. The cops didn't allow this to upset their clean-cut, easy-going, fair-playing dispositions and uttered not one word

of disagreement but took the field like the sports-loving, fair-minded boys they are.

I will not go through all of the forms of police brutality I witnessed during this game since I know that our inmate readers are easily upset when they are reminded of that heinous day. But by the sixth inning the entire hospital staff was standing by due to so many con players having been hurt. It was a good thing too, for in the bottom of the sixth there was a pop fly going foul into left field (near the wall) and the con left-fielder was charging for it when he was cut down by a volley of bullets from .38's fired by various players on the police team. They claimed he was trying to escape, and they were only doing their duty above and beyond the call. The medics rushed to the scene and while they were administering blood plasma to the leftfielder, who incidentally was old Hanna, he whispered with his dying breath, "Remember fellows, we promised the Warden we would never lose our tempers while playing outside sports. Don't let the Warden down, gang." And then his head went limp and the attending medic pulled the sheet over poor old Hanna's face. Long will the inmates remember Hanna—and how they loved him.

The Denver Police team tried everything they could to win this game, they even used special bats with handles shaped like crow bars so they could get a better and more familiar grip. But since the cons had lost Hanna they had only eight men on the field and were going to try to finish the game with them, but the cops' rule book stated that the opposing teams couldn't play with less than nine men and they wouldn't allow us to draft a player from the stands, so the cops declared themselves the winner by forfeit. Their rule book was the first one I ever saw that was written in long hand with so many erasures.

I don't doubt that the police have been boasting of their victory in Denver, but at least now that you have read this story, you'll know what they mean when they say, "We murdered those convicts."

Yes, they call us many nasty names and we are always the brunt of every politician's calumny when he's seeking office. They say we're hard and cold and unfeeling, but if you could see how these men react to Hanna's name, if you knew how many men wanted to bury Hanna, then you wouldn't judge them all bad.

If you could only hear the sentiment they felt for the coach when they saw him sticking up for the equipment. . . . Why they even told the coach what to do with his equipment, to protect it.

Still, after all we've been through we ask you people outside these walls to be not thee too harsh with thy brethren in blue. One must forgive and forget and learn as we have learned to turn the other cheek, or the other safe to thy brethren in blue.

RECEIVED

AUG 23 2016

A Letter To An Editor

Not long ago, in the Letters To The Editor column of the Colorado Springs Telegraph, this letter appeared from one of that newspaper's readers:
To the Editor:

The Old Testament punishments for crime of murder are found in Exodus 20-12 as follows: "He that smiteth a man, so that he die, shall surely be put to death." "And he that smiteth his father, or his mother, shall surely be put to death." "And if any mischief follow, then thou shalt give life for life." "—Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot."

The Bible is very plain in stating that punishment for murder is warranted and that punishment is death. It has been an established law throughout the ages past that murder, the greatest crime, deserves the greatest punishment. The statement that the death penalty is no deterrent to crime is false. A large per cent of murders are committed by murders for the second or third time—sometimes after acquittal, and often after serving a sentence for previous murder. The death sentence sure stops one dangerous man. And I am sure it causes many others to refrain from murder. If one knows the punishment is sure and certain, he will be less apt to let his anger rule his action.

Our system of softness toward crime is responsible for the continuance of offenses of all kinds, such as the riots that are so common now. The people who criticize the officers for brutality, usually have had no experience with tough men. The officer risks his life in combat with any who resist arrest. He doesn't know what arms the man may have, or how desperate he may be; therefore, severe punishment is necessary until he surrenders. In the case of riots, I think the "shoot to kill" is the only plan to bring things under control. You can't argue with a madman and, if you try to argue, you may be killed. Criminals have no mercy, they hate cops. Save your sympathy for the side of law and order. The criminal will rob and beat you while you are trying to befriend him. Half the riots have been caused by government softness and Supreme Court leniency. Communism is the cause of much crime. Our attorney general never enforces against commies.

A REPLY TO MR.....

To the Editor:

(The Editor printed a lucid and well thought out reply to Mr.....'s letter the same day it was printed in these columns. However since the tirade was directed largely against criminals I think it fitting that a criminal be allowed a rebuttal.)

"...An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," quotes Mr. in the August 29 issue of the Gazette Telegraph. Mr. takes this quote out of context to justify with equal impartiality the death penalty for murder, brutality by arresting police officers, and to advocate "shoot to kill" as an effective means to quell riots.

"In the case of riots, I think the 'shoot to kill' is the only plan to bring things under control." Since Mr..... elsewhere in his letter specifies "the riots that are so common now," one can only assume that he refers to the riots meant to bring attention to certain long-standing racial inequities. Mr. is right: if police shoot into such crowds with intent to kill, fire enough shots and fire them with great enough effect, the riots doubtlessly would be quelled. There'd be no one left to riot and, consequently, no one left to demand racial or any other sort of equality. The Bible-quoting Mr. brings to mind a quotation from Friedrich W. Nietzsche: "After coming in contact with a religious man, I always feel that I must wash my hands." Or, from the Bible, "He multiplieth words without knowledge" (Job 35,16).

Indeed, many of the current crop of rioters do a great amount of looting. They break windows, damage property and steal merchandise. And for that they should be shot and killed, on the spot, Mr. ---? Surely, that would give them racial equality, for nothing is more equal than death.

With a fine disregard for truth, Mr. states that "a large per cent of murders are committed by murderers for the second or third time—sometimes after acquittal, and often after serving a sentence for previous murders." There is absolutely no basis in fact for that statement, unless it is Mr. ---'s intention deliberately to mislead. By far the greater number of murders are committed by those who kill for the first (and last) time. Most murders are committed in the heat of passion, and the knowledge of the supreme penalty is no deterrent when passion places a man beyond the reach of reason. (THESE facts can be verified by anyone who cares enough to seek the truth, rather than allow himself to be ruled by various emotions.)

Some murders are committed during the commission of another crime, usually due to panic or sometimes even due to an insane urge to kill. Some murders are done for profit, but these killers seldom are caught and brought to trial, so who is to say what sort of person committed them. Some murders are committed with full sanction of society and with the blessing of the Churches: these murders are called war, wherein fine Christian people drop bombs upon the civilian population of large, non-military cities. (Praise the Lord, and pass the ammunition!)

"An officer risks his life in combat with any man who resists arrest," states Mr. That is true, IF the man resisting arrest is armed. "Resisting arrest" can consist of being too drunk to understand an order to "get in that wagon, you ---." A great many times resisting arrest consists of the failure to give the desired answer to questions asked in the "interrogation room." There are all too many cases where the "resistance" occurs AFTER a prisoner has been confined in the city jail, or while being questioned in the police station. (And I here include the city police of Colorado Springs.)

"Shoot to kill," cries Mr. ---, and possibly he makes a good point here. Just think of all the money wasted arresting, trying and keeping confined those who break society's laws. It costs great sums of money to arrest and try a criminal, and it cost more than \$1800 each year to keep each of these inhuman beasts confined in prison.

A .45 caliber bullet costs less than twenty-five cents, so plainly it is more economically logical to have the officers of the law shoot to kill each criminal when he is arrested, rather than waste all that money in trials and in confinement. Obviously a crook is guilty, or the upstanding minions of the law would not have arrested him in the first place.

"Communism is the cause of much crime," mouths Mr. ---. Nowhere in his writings does he so state, but one gets the distinct impression that anyone who disagrees with Mr. --- is, ipso facto, a communist. Shades of Senator McCarthy! Most of the men in Colorado's prison are serving time for crimes involving less than one hundred dollars in cash, and I am sure that the Communist Party has far more efficient ways to raise funds, or to disturb the populace. Over the years I have polled a good cross-section of criminal prisoners, and practically none of them have even a faint idea of what communism is. It is illustrative that, when asked to identify the source for the quotation, "...from each according to his ability, to each according to his needs," a large majority of prisoners will identify it as being Biblical.

It is not communism that makes men burglarize, riot, rob, murder or forge checks, but I feel certain that Mr. --- has the answer to this problem which no one else in the history of man, has been able to solve.

In parting, may I offer for Mr. ---'s consideration another quotation from the Old Testament of the Bible:

"BE NOT RIGHTEOUS OVERMUCH" (Ecclesiastes 7, 16).

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