

# Castle Courier



September 1970



# U.S. NAVAL DISCIPLINARY COMMAND PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE

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# THIS MONTH

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This month the CASTLE COURIER staff has come together to bring you a fascinating variety of material. We offer such articles as Black Man-Part 2 by Preacher Freeman and The Game by Robert Webb now departed. Please find inside a dash of humor and a pinch of American History in puzzle form, and, as always, the chicks are here to remind you what the opposite sex looks like.

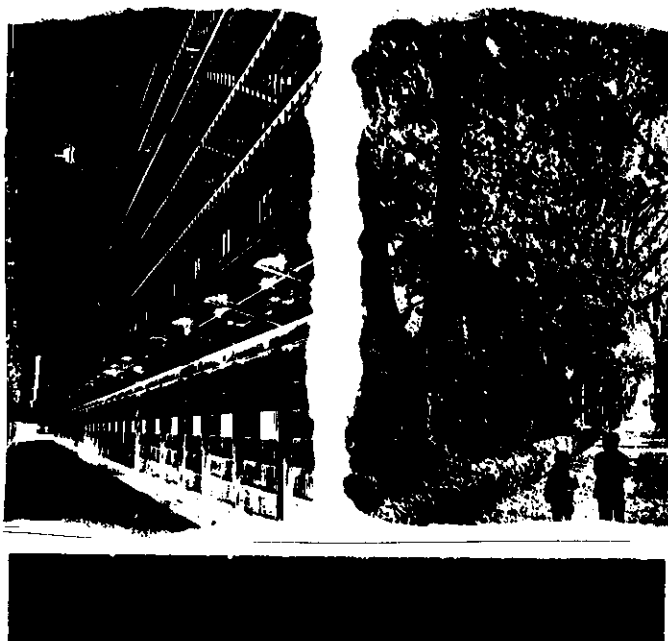
Although we mourn the loss of writer Bob Webb and illustrator John Fant, we are excited over the arrival of Walter Kurylo. "Krisco" as he is better known, has stepped in and removed much of the pressure from our burdened staff. Also thanks go to Bud Dastrup who left his drawing board to come to the Editors desk in an hour of need; much of the quality in this issue can be attributed to his diligent work.

We hope you will enjoy reading this issue as much as we have enjoyed putting it together for you. Happy reading!

CASTLE COURIER STAFF.

The "Castle Courier" is published monthly at the United States Naval Disciplinary Command, Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in compliance with NAVEXOS P-35, RevJul 58 with appropriated funds, and distributed free of charge to the inmates who are encouraged to send it home. The views expressed herein are not necessarily those of any of the Department of the Armed Forces or this institution.

**OUR**



**COVER**

The split photographs of Prison life and the Outside world signal the theme of the September issue of the CASTLE COURIER. Both photos seemingly uncoordinated, are both an integral part of our everyday existence, one in harsh reality and the other in dream. On the left is the highly contrasted negative shot of our Cellblock, completely without tone, a photo of conflicting shadows and lines, competing with harsh light in grotesque forms; A cold negative photo of a cold negative world. How much we can see of our world through a picture!

On the complementing side we see the leave strewn walkway of early autumn and another world of children, football and long strolls. Both worlds exist in the same time frame, but this world is long removed from our day to day existence, although coming alive at the slightest provocation to keep our memories alive.

The placement of the photos form an angle or alternating walkway into different worlds, the observer being at the apex, needing to make a choice of direction. And it is a choice, contrary to most opinions.

We are all standing on the apex of two lives and upon release the decision must be made, to the right or to the left, there is no middle ground. We hope that the cover of this month CASTLE COURIER will remind us that the decision is always ours, we need only to take the first step.

# WILD-FLASHERS

Mike Agee -Editor

If you're ever just sitting around with nothing to do, bored beyond belief, you should try a unique sport that I discovered a few days ago. It's called wild-life watching. What ?? you don't think there's any wildlife in this Institution ? That's what I thought until a few day ago when I discovered that there are at least seven scurrilous breeds of animal that inhabit our home and countless other hybreds and crosses between the basic seven. If you watch closely I'm sure that you can spot several of the shifty seven animals during your regular day.

Of course the first and foremost species of our shifty seven is the dastardly dime-dropper. Im sure that though all our different travels we all have come into contact with at least one of these little jewels. He is the curse of prison life. The dastardly dime-dropper is the dude that runs straight to the man at the first hint of any wrongdoing, willing to deal out his mother for a 2 hour cut. Respected by neither the man nor his fellow inmate, he lives in a dangerous world of in-between, watching your every move, making life just a little bit harder for everyone.

The second on our list of Shifty seven animals is the super hip; better known as Mister

Heavy. This strange breed of prisoner can be distinguished by his brilliant headband worn in the after hours and his constant rap about "I remember when I was stoned out of my mind and.....". His verbal repetoire contains such unique phrases as "F\_\_\_\_\_ the Establishment, No hope without dope and Revolution now!" Without the slightest basis of political science he runs down the structure of a utopian society and the perfect plan for overthrowing the United States Government. Guevara and DeBray could take lessons from these heavy thinkers.

The third variety of wild-life that can be found slinking around is the Hustler. The Hustler is not unique in this environment, he inhabits the outside world also but his scheming and conning against his fellow prisoners only make his actions seem more despicable in prison. The Hustler can be distinguished from the dastardly dime-dropper and the super hip by his constant preatory glance and leering mouth. The Hustler will con you out of your last pair of dirty socks if he gets half a chance. His come on is sweet as a summer breeze but always beware of

Greeks bearing gifts because it will cost you through the teeth.. or elsewhere. The Hustler alone is probably the worst transmitter of paranoiditis in the Institution, making the law of trust no one, a necessity.

Our fourth specimen we examine is the ever popular, super vociferous Bull Shitter, identified by a large open mouth, flapping at a rate. The Bull Shitter is probably the least dangerous of all our wildlife here in the Institution although just probably the most obnoxious. The loud mouth Bull Shitter is a Champion of every feat, master of every skill and never lets anyone

in the Institution so be careful. He can usually be found creeping around the outskirts of every conversation where he's not wanted. His big nose and quiet demeanor are the distinguishing characteristic, enabling him to peep into your lockers as you open it to see what goodies you've got or allowing him to wedge himself into a comfortable position on your rack at just the wrong time. As a matter of fact, I spotted a couple slipping around tonight as I write this article. They were peeping cautiously over my shoulder trying to find out what I was writing. Annoying little creatures to say the least but they're generally



forget for a moment how proficient he is. The flapping mouth Bull Shitter has at least 500,000 dollars in the bank, a black belt in Karate, First place trophy at LeMans, a new Ferrari sports car for 150,000 dollar home and a gold plated bed from his movie actress girl friend. If the Bull Shitter actually did accomplish all he claimed in his speeches of verbal diarrhea he would have died of chronic exhaustion when he was four years old.

harmless.

Our 6th specimen is the always popular Bandit Borrower. The Bandit Borrower is similar to the Loud Mouth Bull Shitter and the Big Nosed Eavesdropper in that he is always near by, within easy range of hearing a candy wrapper crumpled. That is his signal for the move. "Hay man, how about a couple candy bars untill H&C?" Hay man, how about a clean pair of socks?? No? How about denims?? No? How about skivvies??" Nothing is beneath the dignity of the Castle scavenger, denizen of borrowed goods.

The fifth of the shifty seven animals is the slippery footed, big nosed Eavesdropper. This little devil is the sneakest of all the specimens to be found

Continued on Page 37

# Penal Press

is a group of most of the major penal publications in the United States and Canada. Under a agreement that binds the members, each publication is encouraged to: borrow articles from the other papers without fear of copyright reprisal, and to criticize the fellow members in order to raise the standards of penal publications. The "Castle Courier" is proud to be a member of this organization and can only offer these words of encouragement to its brother publications:

## ATTENTION MEMBERS OF THE PENAL PRESS:

Information regarding THE FORTUNE SOCIETY is needed by inmates of this Institution. If you have any information regarding this society please send it to this paper in care of the Editor, or please put us in touch with someone who could help us. Thanks

TIME ILL.

We picture your magazine as a big grandfather clock. Except it hasn't been wound up in a while. With all the material you have to make a fabulous Mag. we still find you slack on the use of a ruler to keep your type square. We can only conclude that if we had your funds for our Magazine it would be a long time before you could compete.

STRAY SHOTS KANSAS

"And all the toy soldiers fall down." Perhaps that line best sums our feelings for the July Issue. I don't really think we expected doggies to have any creative flare, but really, the moon exploration is stale news to the readers of every major Magazine across the country. We definitely hope to see some improvement fellas, but then how could you miss.

NEWS & VIEWS OKLA.

Enjoyed the editorial by Billy Karnes. Mr. Perkins send his regards. Keep up the good work fellas.

RAIFORD RECORD FLA.

Your survey of prison life in your spring issue was great. However we have more respect for penal press publications then to tell you it was all it should have been. In other word we think you could have done better on the print fellas.

by Robert Webb

# Chaplains Page

In the seventh century BC the prophet Elijah confronted the queen of Israel and her 400 prophets of Baal, defeated them in a spiritual dual and had them all killed. In order to save his own life he fled into the wilderness and there at the mouth of a cave he lamented his fate--no one else loved God as he did; he was alone in the battle, he might as well die; "God, why haven't you done something about this sinful, people and this wicked world?"

Suddenly there was a great storm, a hurricane, a fire, and then a terrible silence and in the midst of that silence came the voice of God. It must have had the same effect as that phrase from the psalmist who said, "Be still and know that I am God."

So many times we can never hear that which needs to be heard because we're making so much noise ourselves. Yesterday a young man sat in my office and talked constantly, repeated himself time without end, untill finally I had to almost shout, "Be still a moment and listen." we're so afraid of the silence and what we might hear that we have to make noise--we have to talk, to shout, to turn the radio up to full volume, while all the time the answer we seek is to be found in the silence--in the quietness of our own soul.

It is in the silence that we can contemplate what we really are, in the silence that we approach that which is God, in the silence we see the relationship of the two. We begin to see our place in the cosmos--and because we're afraid of that place we dare look only occasionally. Yet it is in those moments that we are aware of our relationship with God that we really feel that we exist, that we see the reality of things. It is in those moments that we see what we are in the scheme of society around us.

It is in the silence that we hear the sound of our neighbors. In the silence we hear the expressions of frustration, the anger and hope, the silence that we hear the wisdom and the pain of the sages are frequently the children, the young, the old man recounting an old time experience, or the old man making a passing remark. Wisdom comes to us in the silence, the experiences of living we and those about us are able to share. But we need to listen and we can listen and we can do it only if we are silenced.

Be still and the silence may come the song of the sages.

CHAPLAIN STANHOPE



# Black Man Part 2

by Preacher Freeman

Frederick Douglass, Abolitionist, orator, author, journalist was born Frederick Augustus Washington Bailey in the year of 1817 in Tuckahoe, Talbot County, Maryland, a slave, the son of a slave woman, Harriet Bailey, and an unknown white father.

There is no record to my knowledge of Bailey's life up to the age of six. So lets take it for granted that he lived the life of the average young slave of that period. However at the age of seven he was sent to Baltimore, Maryland. There his mistress tried to teach him the alphabet, but his master couldn't see eye to eye with this. "Give a Nigger an inch, "he said" and he will take a mile.....learning would spoil the best nigger in the world." Frederick thought, listened and dreamed of knowledge. He came to the sound conclusion that words were power and that in power was the key to freedom. If by chance he ran across some old school lessons he would take and hide them. And when the opportunity would arise he would take and study these untill he could read and write them backwards.

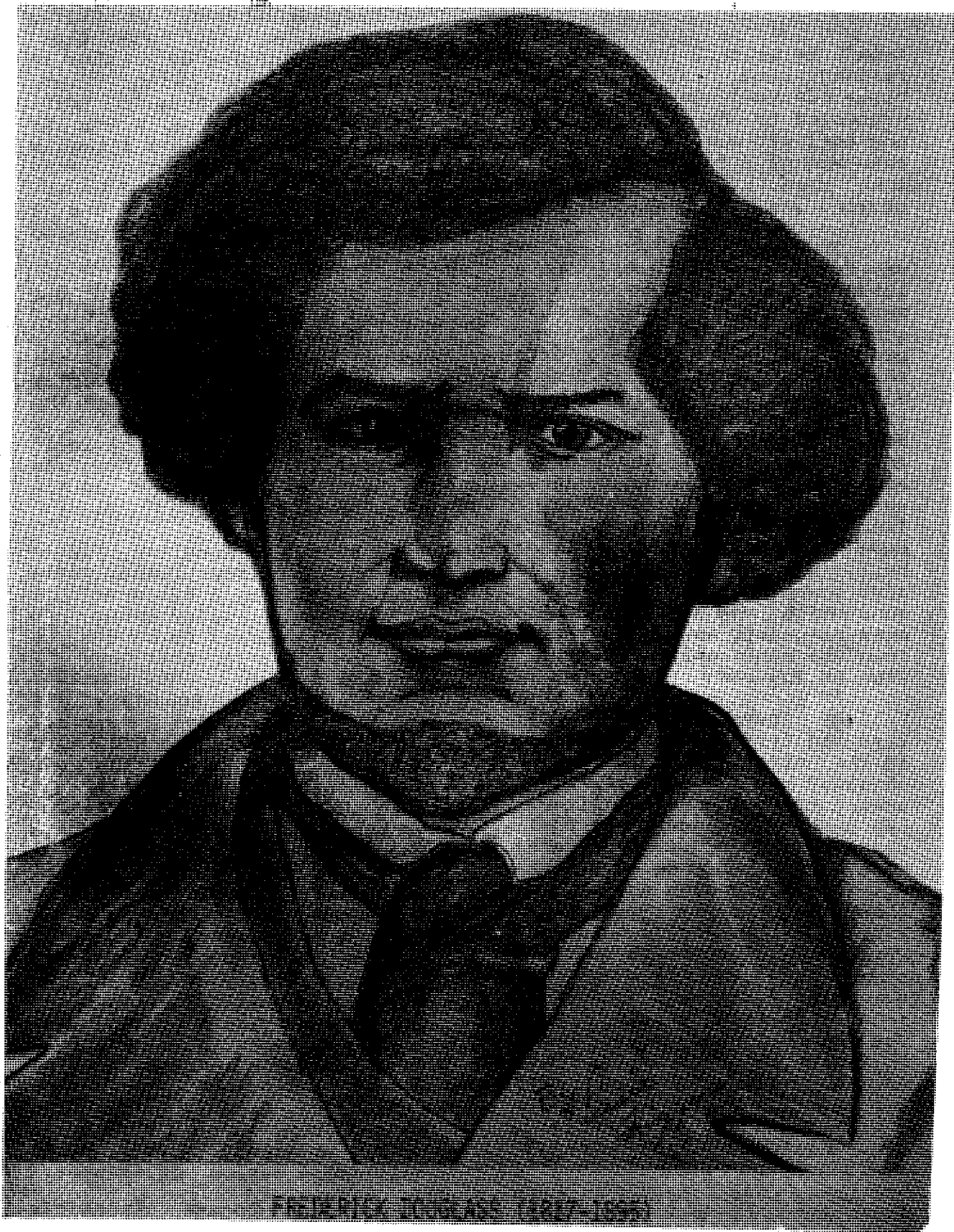
Frederick Augustus Washington Bailey, the giant of giants, graduated from no school except the school of hard knocks. In 1838 he put into effect a brilliant plan for escaping. Young Bailey borrowed a sailor suit and an official looking paper with a big American eagle on it. He caught a train and made it to New York, showing that paper and eagle as he went. Three years later he stood on a platform with a new

name, Douglass, and an old story. But it seemed that no one had ever heard it before. Douglass could make you feel the whip, shame, and degradation of being a slave. He could then gather the humiliation and frustration of slavery and bring forth laughter, telling stories about the "good Christian master."

You felt the rape of black woman at the hands of slaveowners. Blacks and Whites lost their children to slavery, Blacks and Whites shared the tears and joy of it all thanks to Frederick Douglass. He told an old story, but none had ever heard it that way before.

Douglass was hired by a group of abolitionists known as the garrisonians. He was sent on speaking tours throughout the North. Only the strong could survive in that age and Douglass definitely survived. At every gathering white agitators would taunt Douglass and try to destroy him. At times they would charge the platform screaming obscenities and throwing eggs, and rotten fruit. On one occasion he was thrown downstairs and beaten. But he always stood up again and the people kept coming to hear him, and they went away convinced. To Douglass the most important thing was that they went away praising him.

To some of the abolitionists, Douglass was too strong and bold. They wanted him to be a show piece, a front. But he wasn't going to be stereotyped, they hired him to speak against slavery and thats what he was going to do "I could not always follow the injunc-



FREDERICK W. GLASS (1927-1955)

tion", he wrote, " for I was now reading and thinking. New views of the subject were being presented to my mind. It did not entirely satisfy me to narrate wrongs I felt like denouncing them..... Besides, I was growing and I needed room."

The room Douglass needed was found in England. There lords and ladies, down to peasants welcomed Douglass and other Black abolitionists. The populcas of England put forth their best to the oppressed Black man. The Black abolitionists and England were good for each other. It was so good to Douglass that he was compelled to write. I seem to have undergone a transformation, I lived a new life." Tall, well made with an impressive mane of hair (what we would call an afro today), a vibrating baritone voice and a vast forehead over deep set, smoldering eyes, Douglass made quite an impression in England.

He traveled across England and Irland several times in the nineteen months he was abroad, winning a numerous amount of friends and influencing people to join the anti-slavery cause. Everywhere he went he was graciously welcomed. So warm were the people there that he was tempted to stay, but he could hear the cries of his people in America, and he knew that he must return. In a farewell speech in a London tavern he said; " I choose rather to go home; to return to America, I glory in the conflict, that I may hereafter exult in the victory. I know that victory is certain. I go turning my back upon the ease, comfort & respectability which I might maintain even here, ignorant as I am. Still,

I will go back for the sake of my brethen. I must to suffer with them; to toil with them; to endure insults with them to undergo outrage with them; to lift up my voice in their behalf, to speak & write in their vindication, and struggle in their ranks for that emancipation which shall yet be achieved by the power of truth & of principle for that oppressed people.

Upon returning to the United States Douglass decides that he would rather work alone so he said farewell to the garrisonians, in 1847 Frederick Douglass started to publish the North Star in Rodchester, N.Y. from 1847 untill the physical abolition of slavery, Douglass was in the front ranks of the abolitionists.

Listen to Douglass, listen closely! He lives, fellow Citizens, pardon me & allow me to ask, why am I called upon to speak here today? Perhaps you mean to mock, for what have I to do with your Celebration? What to the American slave is your Fourth of July? I answer; a day that reveals to him, more then all other days in the year the injustice & cruelty to which he is a constant victim, to him, your celebration is a sham, your boasted liberty, and unholy license, your national greatness, swelling unity, your sounds of rejoicing are empty & heartless, your denunciation of tyrants, brass fronted impudence, your shouts of liberty & equality, hollow mockery your prayers & hymns, your sermon & thanksgiving, with all your religious parades & solemnity, are to him, mere bombast, fraud, deception, impiety & hypocrisy a thin veil to cover up crimes which would disgrace a nation of savages."

Things became impossible

for the Blacks. Imigrants from Europe & Irland came to America & secured the jobs that were once done only by the Blacks. Black porters, waiters cooks, & barbers found themselves out of jobr. They were actually starving to death in the land they ventured with their blood. Hysteria gripped the black masses. What could they do? Frederick Douglass thought that complete seperation would be the answer & life saver for the people. He proposed that they should go to Haiti he chartered ships & put into effect his plan. But his plans were disrupted, and in this disruption Douglass saw hope & light for the Black masses, the light he saw was the flare of cannon fire on Fort Sumter marking the start of the Civil war.

During the civil war Frederick Douglass was among the

first to suggest the employment of black troops by the U.S. government & two sons of his served in the Union Army. After the war he was for several years a popular public lecturer. In 1871 he was assitant of the Santo Domingo Commission, appointed by President Grant. He was marshal of the District of Columbia from 1877 to 1881 and was the recorder of deeds for the district from 1881 to 1886. From 1889 to 1891 he was the American minister & consul general for the Republic of Haiti. Douglass was widely known for his eloquence & was one of the most effective orator which the black race has produced in America.

In the year of 1895 at the age of 78, on Feb. second Frederick Douglass orator, author, abolitionist died in Anacostia Heights, D.C.

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Hair is a subject on most people's minds these days, both inside and out and pro and con. For the military man, hair may sometimes seem to be a real dilemma: how to be fashionable, yet meet military standards of style, length and neatness?

Back in the fourth century B.C., Alexander the Great directed his troops to trim their hair and be cleanshaven, to prevent the enemy from seizing their heads and giving them a real short trim—right across the shoulders, all the way. Though history does not say so, doubtless there were some who objected that Alexander's order was not "stylish." The beards were shaven, however, and historians do credit some of the success of his victories to the bare faces of his men. Further, what had once been scorned soon became style.

Today's American military man has little to fear from a hair-grabbing enemy, although assuredly such an enemy would probably take advantage of excess hair if it were present. The real purpose of a military haircut is, frankly, appearance—an appearance that portrays reliability and dependability, essential ingredients of any modern military force.

Except for some instances where a "skin-head" haircut is required during basic training and boot camp for the purpose of instilling discipline and morale, the best military haircut is not necessarily an extreme one. Most branches of service, moved by recent tonsorial fads, have spelled out in various directives and regula-

## A Matter of Hair

tions what is an "acceptable" military haircut. By and large, it is the same type of haircut that is worn by many men in business and industry—one that inspires confidence.

There are very few social circles where the military haircut is not looked upon with favor. For the soldier, sailor, airman and Marine who feels that he should wear his hair longer to be accepted by some of the more extreme-appearing groups of people, he can always augment his hairuteness with any one of a number of commercial hairpieces, including moustaches, beards and sideburns, that will give him the off-duty, off-base appearance he wants, and still permit him to meet on-duty, on-base military standards the next day. Indeed, many military men have already done so.

And, for those who may voice exception to such subtle deception, it should be pointed out that similar disguises have been going on since time immemorial. Primitive men and women decorated themselves with all sorts of un-natural paints and fuzzy hairpieces, cosmetics was a thriving industry in the days of the Pharaohs, short Frenchmen wore high heels in the Louis' courts, and men in Washington's day—including Washington himself—wore wigs.

For the American military man, the hair situation is merely one of keeping the pate well-groomed, hair neatly trimmed and tapered, not too long and combed back off the forehead, according to accepted and directed standards. That is both the long and short of it. (AFPS)





# The Game

by Robert Webb

It had to be a beautiful day all over the world because it was beautiful here. The year was 1975. The November day was cold, crisp, and sunny. somewhere in the heartland of the United States 65,000 people were assembled in one of the largest athletic arenas anywhere; Comparable in grandeur to the old Roman amphitheaters.

People gathered for what was now the most popular event in the country; Football. People from every walk of life, from pauper to senator, were dispersed among the box seats and bleachers.

The noise of their anxieties filled the stadium air like the buzz of worker Bees around a honeycomb. These fans were truly united to one common theme to gawk at the contorted physical orgy that would take place on the field, then, from one end of the stadium came a thunderous clapping and it spread like a disease untill it seemed the entire world were on stage. Still the game did not start. People began shouting untill it sounded as though every language was represented. Then there was silence.

The day that was clear and brisk and sunny had now, within seconds, became an overcast, howling, wind storm. Then, as quickly as it came, it ended. Not a sound came from this arena, and it was quiet as a deserted Church. All eyes were on the field as one man, dressed in a hooded robe, walked to the center of the field. Still there was silence.

He had his arms high, saying, "I am the second, I have come." Though he did not speak loudly all could hear, and most people were puzzled as they searched each others faces for answers, again he spoke,

"It is time and the real game is upon you." With this same jargon he spoke to the crowd and gave the instructions for all who had believed in the "First one; To come down with him on the field, for there they would be sacrificed. With this a few came down, but when more got up others also came; these with tears in their eyes. The people who were left seated tried to speak and to explain to one another the stupidity of those going down, but none could speak and their faces wore frozen smiles.

Then the robed man, began pointing to these people who had come, and when one was pointed to he would fall, and a bullet wound would appear over his heart. With this the people in the stands began to laugh and say, I told you so; but no other words could be said. This man again raised his hand when all on the field had fallen, and all was quiet. He said, "you have inherited this so now we will leave it to you; may you serve it well. With these words the clouds rolled away and the robed man and the dead disappeared. Then the sun came out. It was cold, sunny, and brisk once again. Then the noise began, and the game was underway.

# POET

Come lie with me  
In soft simple love  
Together  
On warm green angel hair

Come sleep with me  
Under the powder moon  
As other lovers  
In fitted curves

Come mold on me  
With liquid form  
Thigh to thigh  
In the cloak of warmth  
Til the sun is born  
And we  
Die...

-----  
mike agee

# ORRA

For all I know  
Maybe she was happier than anyone  
That lone crone in the shawl  
On the orange-crate train  
With the tame bird  
In her handkerchief  
Crooning to it all the time  
    " Mia mascotta "  
    " Mia mascotta "  
And none of the Sunday excursionists  
With their bottles  
And their baskets  
Pay any attention  
and the coach  
Creaked on through cornfields  
So slow that  
Butterflies  
Blew, in and out.

-----  
contributed by  
Red Longworth



We live our antiseptic lives in a world that  
Sees no sun,  
Feels no rain or snow or hail.  
We know not day from night;  
We see no trees or flowers or things of green;  
No fishes swim; no lions roar.  
There is no laughter,  
No rapture,  
No tears, no sighs  
In the tomb that holds the living.

-----

F. A. Williams

weary days are here  
but you are not  
love

my life is empty  
without your  
natural beauty  
to comfort me

what I really desire  
is peace without  
loneliness

although there is  
no escape  
from reality

--

George Jerome Jefferson

The wheel of the law turns  
without pause.

After the rain, good weather.  
In the wink of an eye

The universe throws off  
its muddy clothes.

For ten thousand miles  
the landscape

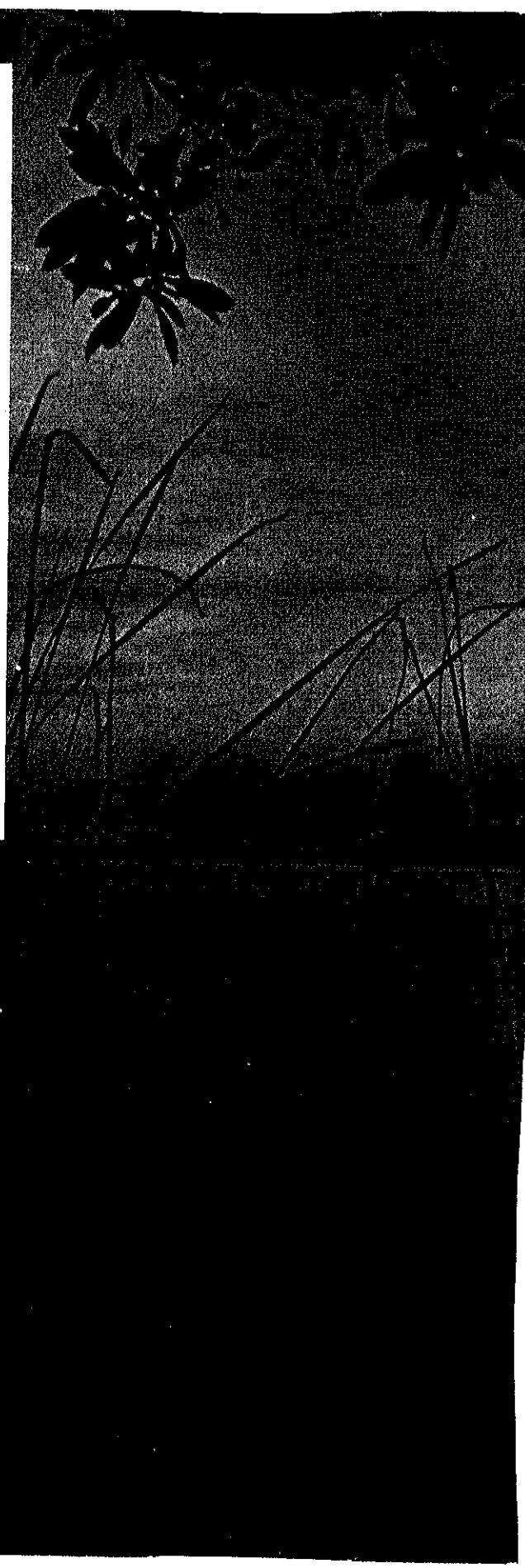
spreads out like a beautiful brocade.  
Light breezes. Smiling flowers.

High in the trees, amongst  
the sparkling leaves

all the birds sing at once.  
Men & animals rise-up reborn.

What could be more natural?  
After sorrow, comes happiness.

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*by Robert Webb*

People are sent to prison to pay for their crimes against society. The time spent in confinement is the criminal's punishment, punishment is not the only purpose of penal Institutions, supposedly, they also serve to rehabilitate the criminal's so that he may take a productive part in the society he returns to. Are the prisons actually rehabilitating their inmates?

Even though the conditions are bad and portions of the prison staff are apathetic, the civilian prisons are trying to help the inmates. Extremely good work and training programs are used in a large number of the civilian institutions today they also realize that the lack

of education is one of the main contributing factors leading to the inmates criminal activities. Again, many institutions are combating this problem with more and better schools and teachers within the prison complex. The civilian prison's work release and parole programs serve to help motivate successful rehabilitation of the prisoners.

This rosy picture of civilian penal institutions is certainly not true in all cases as can be proved by the high percent of inmates who return to prison. For the people who manage not to return, they still carry a stigma with them for the rest of their lives. What is this stigma? The label

of "ex-con" which is so often used in referring to these people. This stigma may ban the individual from certain job opportunities and advancements. It is sometimes a wonder that this prejudice on the part of the general populace doesn't drive the percent of prison returnees even higher. What it does prove is the strong will and determination of the individuals who manage to overcome these prejudices.

What about military penal institutions? What are they doing? In general, I would say that the conditions in a military prison are not as bad as those found in the civilian institutions. Overcrowding is not as severe as it is in many civilian prisons. I think the military prison system of work, training, and education is just as good, if not better, than many of its civilian counterparts. One thing the military system lacks is a parole program. To replace this, they use the clemency and restoration board. These boards shorten the confinement time of some prisoners, but most military inmates serve their entire sentence. The standard parole after serving one third of your sentence used in civilian institutions is unheard of in the military. This certainly doesn't add to the motivation of the prisoners!

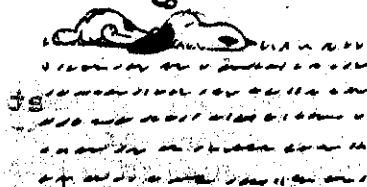
Is there a stigma attached to released military inmates too? What are the prejudices they must face? Personnel released from military institutions are also labeled "ex-con". In addition to this stigma, the military inmates will also carry another stigma, possibly harder to overcome than the first. What is this second stigma? A piece of paper, a punitive discharge, bad conduct or dishonorable. This will be

the source of much prejudice and will certainly limit the individual's opportunities in all walks of life. Many of us in military institutions say we don't care what kind of discharge we get, we just want a piece of paper showing that the military no longer has control of us. This attitude is very understandable, but why should the military do this? Most of us are confined for crimes in civilian life would be insignificant or non-existent, mainly AWOL. If our crimes, in general, are relatively small why should we have "Two Strikes" against us? Isn't the fact that we will be "ex-cons" bad enough? What's the use of elaborate rehabilitation programs, when they're going to stick you with something which will nullify their efforts?

The system definitely needs changing. What changes can be made? Who knows of a realistic program that will work? What are you going to do about it? What can you do about it?

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CONGRATULATIONS  
ON MAKING IT  
THROUGH ANOTHER  
DAY

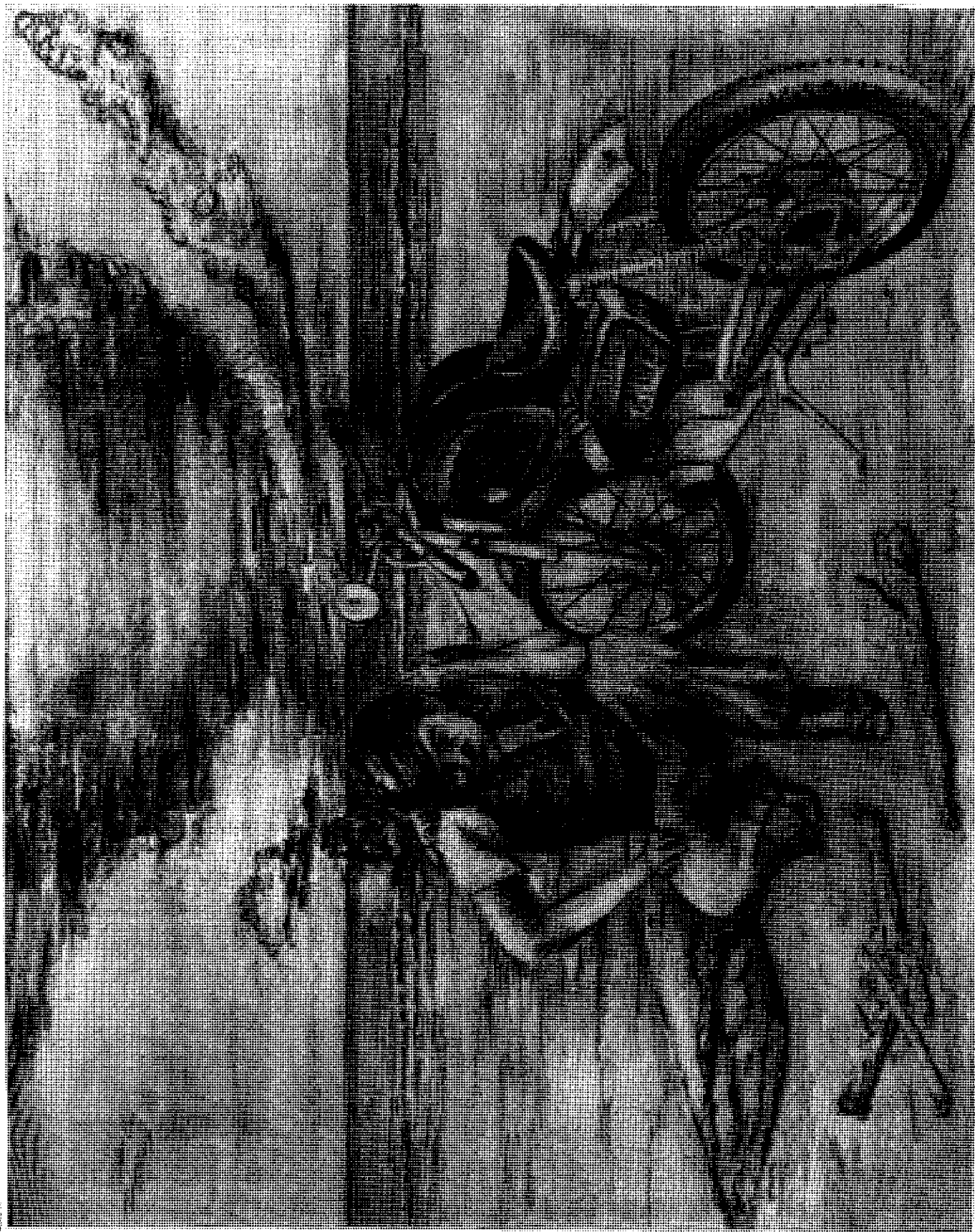




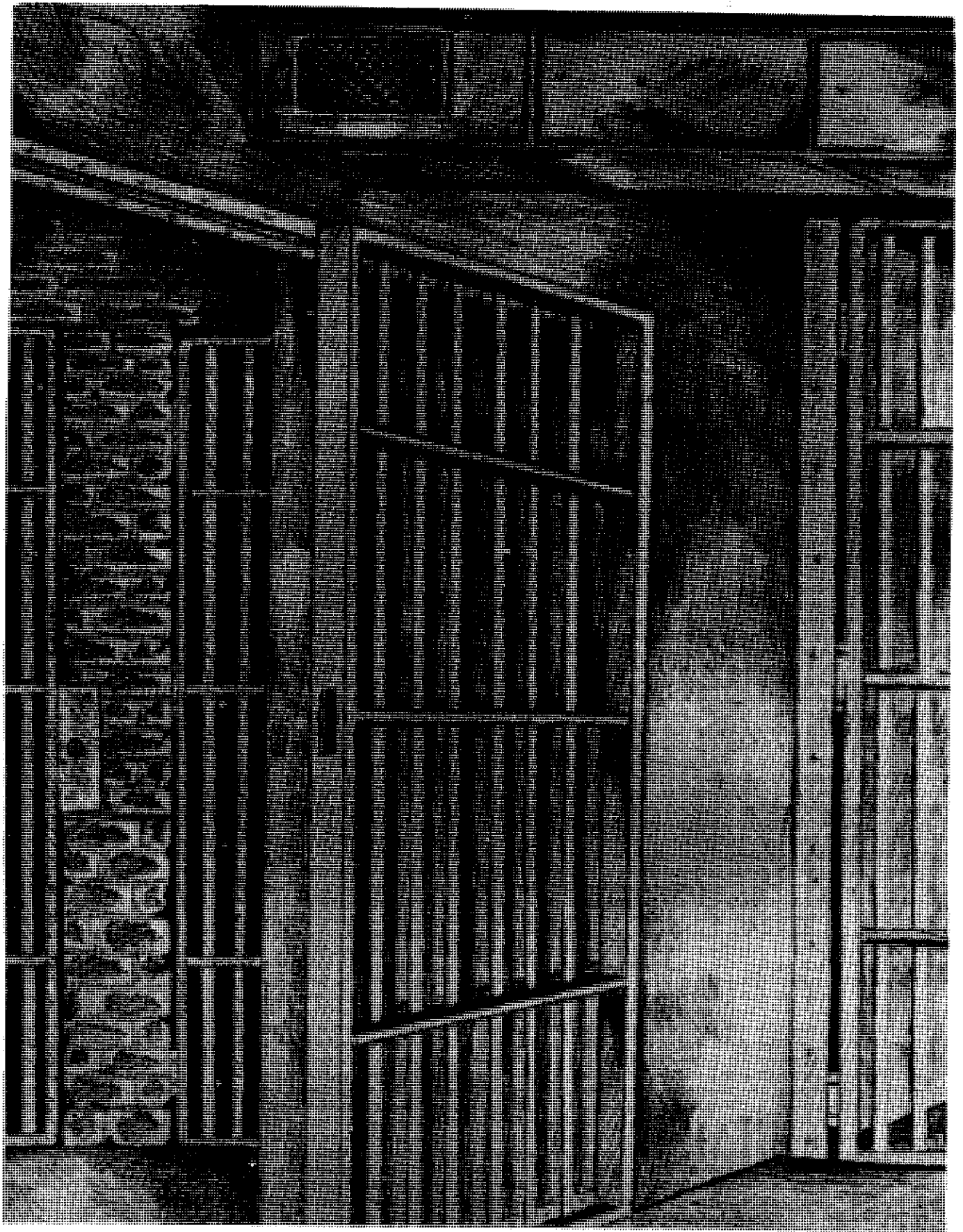
# ART

section











# Prison Is A Place

(Editors Note: Prison Is A Place first appeared in The Prison Mirror in 1966. Later it won an award as the best column in that years press competition. Since then it has been reprinted in almost every major penal publication on the circuit, many times not giving credit to the Author. So for the record, let us thank Mr. Harley Sorensen of The Prison Mirror for his unique insight into prison life.)

PRISON IS A PLACE where the first thing you notice is a very shiny spittoon. You wonder who had to polish that spittoon, and you wonder how much of your life in prison will be spent polishing spittoons. You are later relieved to find that none of it is.

PRISON IS A PLACE where the first prisoner you see looks like an All-American college boy and you're surprised. Later you're disgusted because people on the outside still have the same prejudices about prisoners that you used to have.

PRISON IS A PLACE where you write letters and can't think of anything to say. Where you gradually write fewer and fewer letters and finally stop writing altogether.

PRISON IS A PLACE where hope springs eternal, where each parole board appearance means a chance to get out, even if the odds are hopelessly against you.

PRISON IS A PLACE where the flame in every man burns low. For some it goes out. For most it flickers weakly, sometimes flashes brightly, but never seems to burn as it once did.

PRISON IS A PLACE where you find grey hairs in your head, or where you find your hair starting to disappear. It's a place where you get false teeth, stronger glasses, and aches and pains you never felt before. It's a place where you grow old and worry about it.

PRISON IS A PLACE where you hate through clenched teeth, where you want to beat and choke and kick and scratch. But just as often as not you don't know who you want to do these things to and you wonder if the psychologists know what they're talking about when they say you actually hate yourself.

PRISON IS A PLACE where you learn that nobody needs you, that the outside world goes on without you.

PRISON IS A PLACE where you can go for years without feeling the touch of a human hand, where you can go for months without hearing a kind word. It's a place where your friendships are shallow and you know it.

PRISON IS A PLACE where you hear about a friend's divorce, and you didn't even know he was married. It's a place where you hear

your neighbor's kids graduated from school and you thought they hadn't started yet.

PRISON IS A PLACE where you feel sorry for yourself. Then you get disgusted with yourself for feeling sorry for yourself; then you get mad for feeling disgusted, and then try to mentally change the subject.

PRISON IS A PLACE where you lose respect for the law because you see it raw and naked, twisted and bent and ignored and blown out of proportion by the people who enforce it.

PRISON IS A PLACE where you're smarter than the parole board because you know which guys will go straight and which ones won't. You're wrong as often as the board members are, but you never admit it and neither do they.

PRISON IS A PLACE where you forget the sound of a baby's cry. you forget the sound of a dog's bark or even the sound of the dial tone on the telephone.

PRISON IS A PLACE where you wait for a promised visit. When it doesn't come, you worry about a car accident. Then, when you find out the reason your visitors did not come, you're glad because it wasn't serious and disappointed because such a little thing could keep them from coming to see you.

PRISON IS A PLACE where a letter from home or from a lawyer can be like a telegram from the War Department. When you see it lying on your bed, you're afraid to open it. But you do anyway, and you usually end up disappointed or angry.

PRISON IS A PLACE where you see men you do not admire and you wonder if you are like them. It is a place where you strive to re-

main civilized, but where you lose ground and know it.

PRISON IS A PLACE where you forget what put you there, where you have a vague idea you're being punished but you don't know for what.

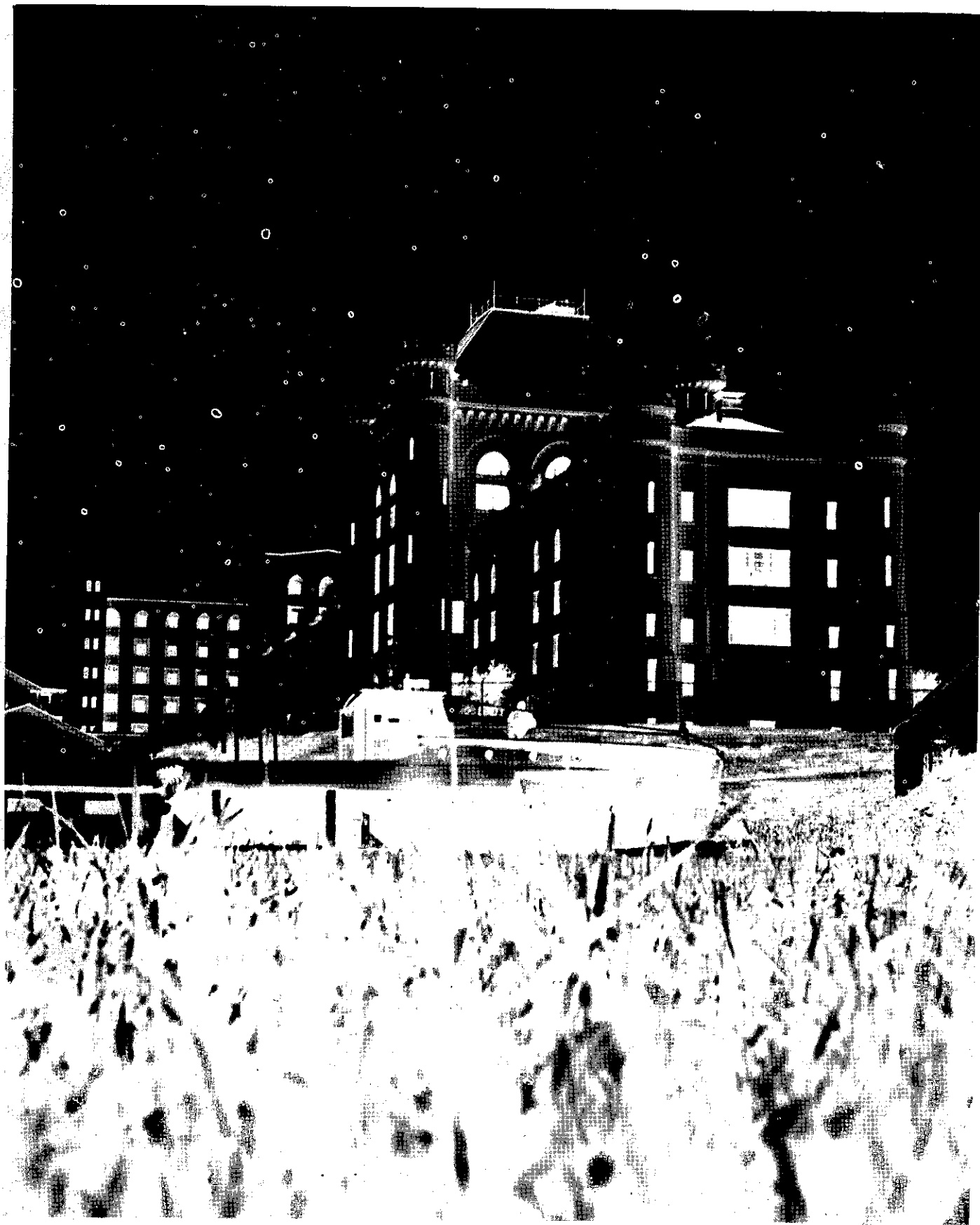
PRISON IS A PLACE where, if you're married, you watch your marriage die. It is a place where you learn that absence does not make the heart grow fonder, and where you stop blaming your wife for wanting a real live man rather than a fading memory of one.

PRISON IS A PLACE where you go to bed before you're tired where you pull the blanket over your head when you're not cold. It is a place where you escape by reading, by playing games, by dreaming or going mad.

PRISON IS A PLACE where you fool yourself, where you promise yourself you'll live a better life when you leave. Sometimes you do, but more often you don't.

PRISON IS A PLACE where you get out some day. When you do you wonder how everyone else can be so calm when you're so excited. When the bus driver goes over 25 miles per hour you want to tell him to slow down, but don't because you know it's foolish.

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# Our Inside World

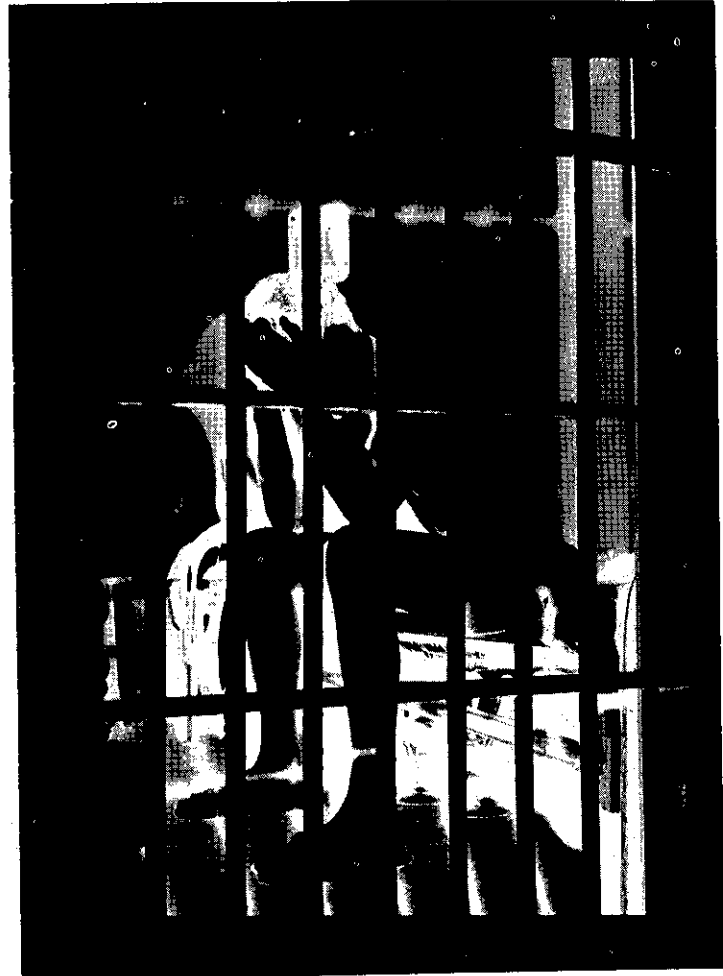
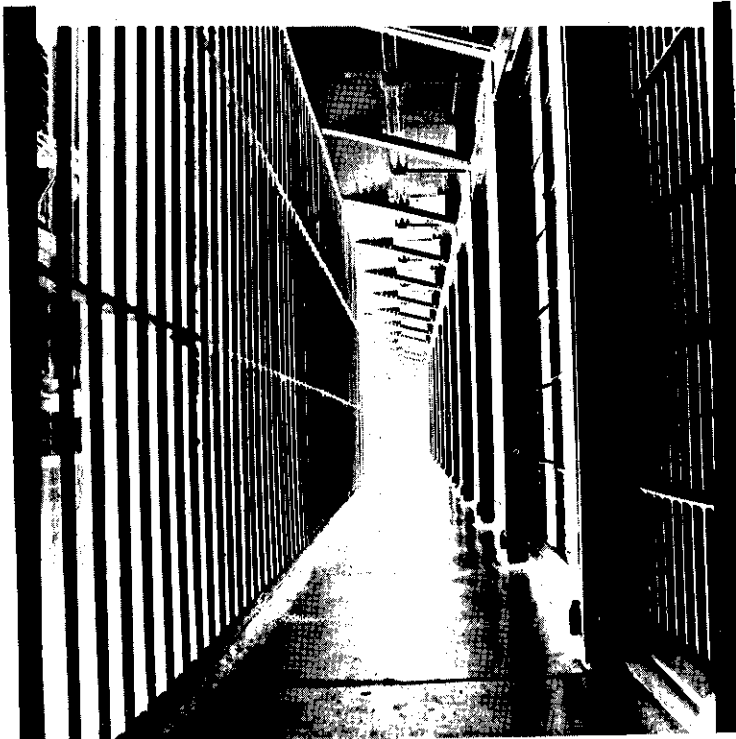
Credit for our pictorial on the Castle must be giving to several parties; To Al Robinson who shot the flicks, to Red Longworth who added the complicated retouching job on the negatives and to Mike Agee who supplied the commentary. Thanks guys.

*There have been a million lines*

*written about it, a billion hours*

*have been spent thinking about it,*

*but you still have to breathe it, smell*

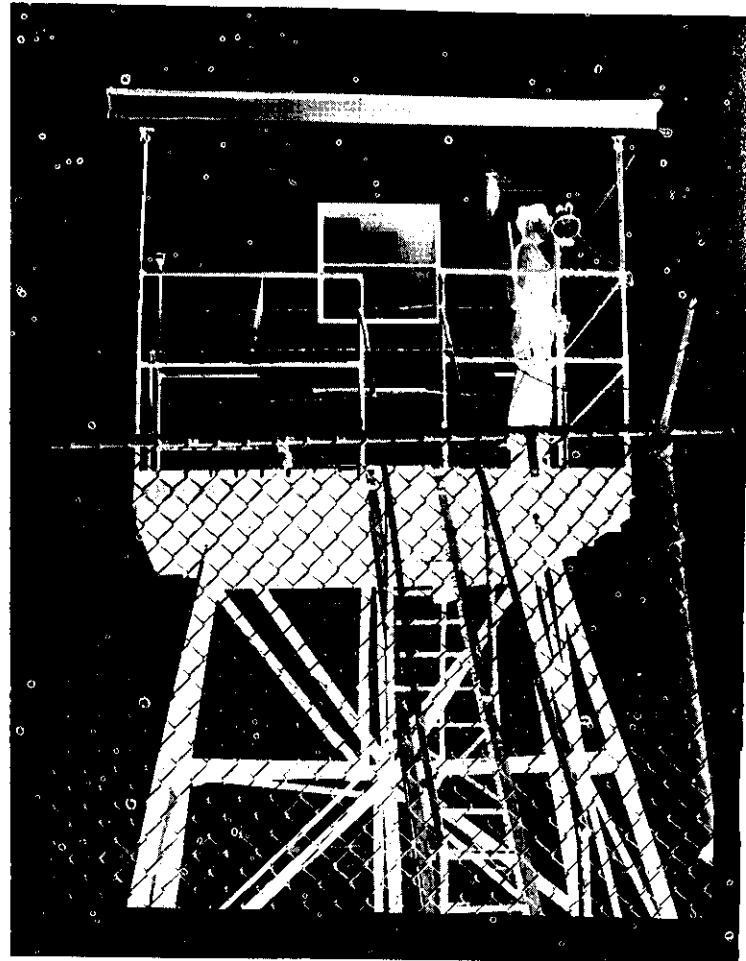


*it, feel it and live it to understand*

*it. And even then you really don't*



*understand it, you only adapt and  
cope as best you can. Once you've  
been in it, once you've been signed*



*institution number and the name  
prisoner.*







The sign, reading no smoking and fasten your seat belts, flashed on in the spacious cabin of the Global Airways, 747, bringing John Paulson out of the future and back into the present. There was no use worrying what the future held until the present was firmly established, he reminded himself. His mind turned to more pleasant thinking as the stewardess Anne, or so her name plaque stated, swayed gracefully down the aisle toward him, reminding delinquent passengers to please heed the warning signs as they were preparing to land.

After the landing, John made his way into the terminal and stood with a hundred passengers awaiting the arrival of the baggage. A feeling of paranoia over came him as he noticed a group of young college girls staring and gesturing at him. But this feeling was soon replaced with one of embarrassment as he realized that they had probably been high-school classmates of his and he should have recognized them but didn't. The baggage came and he claimed his with a smile, waved at the now whispering girls, and walked to the taxi

## JUST PLAIN OFF THE WALL

*and*

*Other Great Tales of Heroism*

*by Red Longworth*

Throughout the flight, he had tried to become friendly with her but each time he talked to her, she seemed a little stand-offish. It was nothing that he could put his finger on but more a feeling of disbelief or shock as if he had pinched her and she had done nothing for fear of causing an embarrassing scene.

She paused momentarily at his seat glancing down to insure that his belt was fastened and with a slightly forced mechanical smile, continued on about her final duties before landing.

stand.

It was a beautiful day and perfect in every way as far as John was concerned. He had just graduated from college in Europe and was now returning home after six years of going away.

Beginning to feel slightly nervous as the taxi stopped in front of the house that held so many fond childhood memories, John paid the driver and carried his luggage to the front door. He hesitated, wondering

*Continued on Page 38*

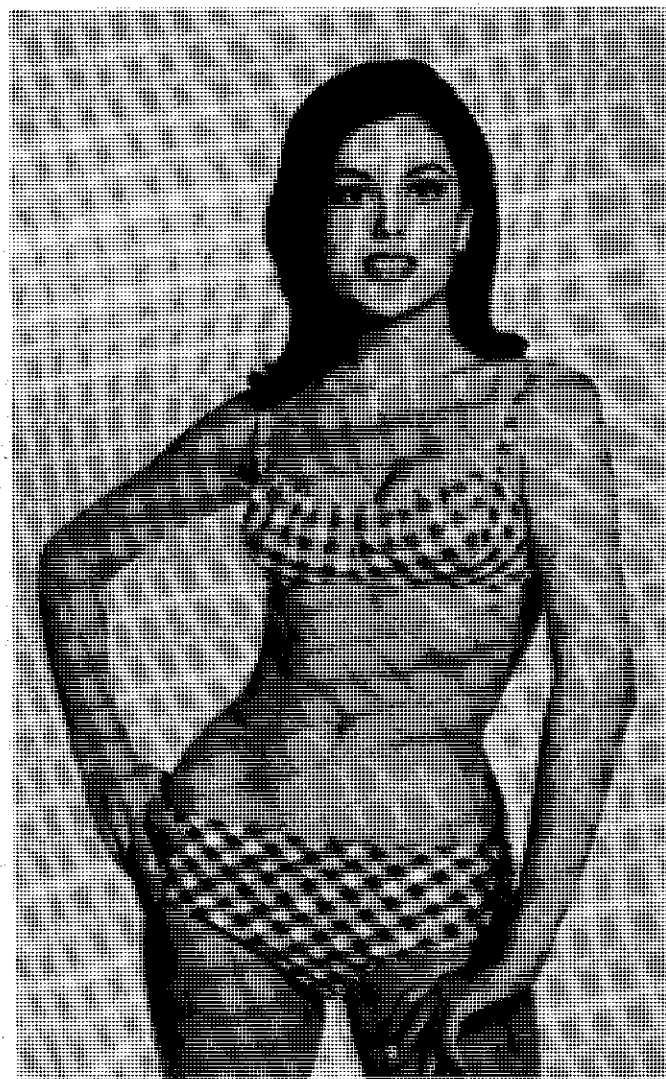




CHI



CKS





"WHAS WORL' COMIN' TO...LEGALIZN' MARIJUANA!"



## The Golden Guinea

I don't know what you, the reader, of this article, might know about boxing, but here is a quote from one of the finest Pro fighters in his weight class.

"Boxing is truly an art, you have to plot and scheme, determine what moves to make, and the precise time to make them," says L. J. Martuccio alias Golden Guinea Nick, who resides in 5A.

Many people can use their hands and win. But in the ring, it's much different. You've got to be thinking all the time, you've got to determine just what your opponent is going to do next and counter it. Just like a chess game. That's what separates the professionals from the amateur. I'm sure you've seen a couple of kids going at it with gloves, or even some 'Golden Gloves Matches', all they try to do is out punch each other. Some of them look like, 'Dutch Windmills', and that's not boxing, it's plain brawling. Then finally, one of them gets a lucky punch, and knocks his opponent down, and the one that's standing is the winner.

But let's talk about the Pro's and I mean Professionals. Sanctioned by the World Boxing Association. To them boxing is their livelihood, not just a passtime. He will pace himself, and set his opponent up for the kill.

In fifteen, or ten rounders, such as Nick has been in, its right there on the line. This is your do or die moment to win, and someday hope for a shot at the crown.

To you or I, as spectators, we may think that the boxers seem to be tiring, don't you believe it, it's all part of their pre-fight plan. He is in full control of his facilities, and knows just what he is trying to do. Fifteen rounds of jabbing, dancing, and clinching takes tremendous stamina and endurance. The punches he throws are calculated to see what his opponents moves are. But when he sees an opening he goes for it. He will use body punches to their full extent and effectiveness. A good boxer is also a smart boxer, he knows his opponent well.

His job can be the most annoying and antagonizing thing in the world that sharp, quick stinging punch that keeps hitting you in the head, can drive you to the point of trying to bulldog your way into your opponent, and that is when you find yourself looking up from the canvas.

Boxers have a million and one tricks to defeat their opponents. Boxers may not be the most academic people in the world, but in the ring they are nothing short of genius.

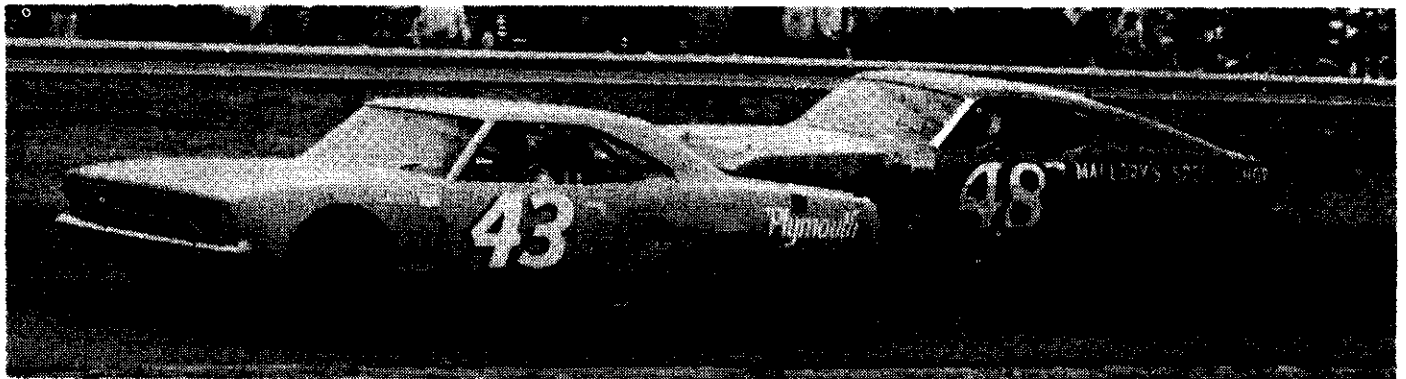
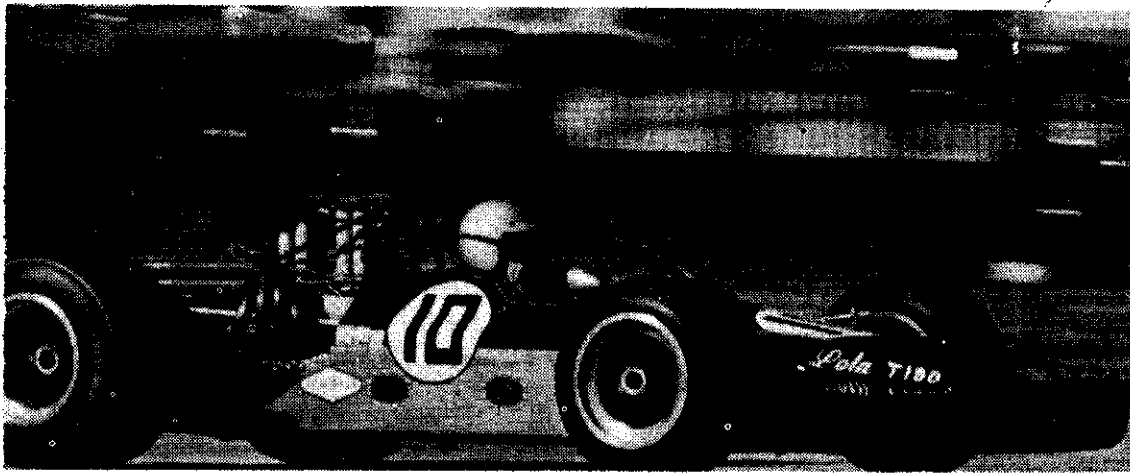
During his career which started in Brooklyn, N. Y. at the age of fourteen, he states, that he was always interested in boxing, and was greatly inspired by his brother, who fought heavyweight for a number of years. Nick, started training in 1956, and was trained in Cooligan, and Reggors gyms in Brooklyn.

Through the span of his career, he had 132 amateur fights before turning Pro. He had 47 fights as a Pro in which he was undefeated, and had a very impressive 36 knockouts.

When Nick entered the service in 1966, he was the East Coast Champ, and was rated 15th best boxer by the World Boxing Association, and 9th by Ring Magazine, in the lightweight division. Upon returning to civilian life, he plans to return to New York, and perhaps to continue his career, but at this time Nick, is still undecided.

-\*\*\*-





## Victory Lane

*by Barney Shibles*

Mario Andretti slows his Hawk Ford going into turn #4, then, like thunder the roar of his sleek, red, STP Special screams past the grandstands of Indianapolis at close to 210 mph., a typical scene of a sporting event that feeds a national mania for speed and draws 41 million paying customers annually; more than any sport except horse racing. The Indy-500 is the biggest, richest one day sporting event in the world yet it is only one race. From the first sign of good weather, usually on the weekend, expertly prepared cars and alert, skillful drivers are racing somewhere: exotic alcohol burners on drag strips, stock car on southern high banked oval tracks, migets, junkers and modifieds on dirt, and sport cars and Grand Prix type in sophisticated settings such as Watkins Glen.

Crowds are drawn to race tracks more than by just speed and competition. Auto racing is still a high-risk sport, regardless of all its safety precautions. Someone has called it America's technological "corrida". As with the bull of Spain and Mexico, the idea of death is always there. Speed is the idea of racing, but it is not measured by a stopwatch. There is a matter of will, too. Certain drivers will rate other drivers on how fast they want to go. Driver Sam Posey, of NASCAR's Grand Touring Division says, "There is no limit to speed. You can go as fast as your mind lets you." No doubt Sam was referring to the drivers reflex reaction to an emergency situation.

A lot of races are decided by Pit Crews. and again, some

by fire or mechanical failure. The car may be running flawlessly, the will and the determination of the driver may be there, but the outcome of the race can still hang on the pit crew. A sleek racing machine looking like the family sedan but will run at 200 mph will drink gas like a sponge soaking up water. The fast pace of a stock car race can only give the driver about 5 miles per gallon. I wonder if platformate would make the difference. In 1969, two of the major 500 mile stock car races were won by less than one car length. Approximately 1/10th of a second separating first and second place. Pit crews like the John Holman- Ralph Moody team are capable of changing fuel and two tires on a stock car in 18 seconds. Try it in your back yard! But in the end, the driver lives by his own experience and wits--and a little bit of luck. Anything can happen, such as a fuel line rupture and the rear end bursting into flames, as happened to George Drolsom during a Can-Am race at St. Jovite. George drove on, unaware of the fire until he was flagged down by frantic officials. He escaped unharmed but the car was out of the race.

Mechanics prepare engines that can range from a 650 hp stock block Ford to the Indy engine with turbocharger. A completely prepared stock car racing engine can run 8,000 and blow in a fraction of a second, scattering parts over an unbelievable amount of space.

More than 70,000 people will jam into Darlington, South Carolina, where the speedway is stock car racings mecca, for a big race. A Woodstock where beer is the common denominator, not pot, and the music is the

sound of Richard Petty and his shark nosed Plymouth Superbird, LeRoy Yarborough in his Holman-Moody Ford Torino, or Bobby Issac and his Dodge moving at full throttle.

At flat out speeds this is racing at its finest. Wherever you go, you will find auto racing of some sort close by. "Gentleman start your engines."

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## HOT FLASHES

*Continued from page 3*

Of course, when H&C day finally arrives, the Bandit Borrower disappears into that hole that all borrowers go when pay back is due. You'll never see the Candy or denims again but this is his trademark. Beware of the Bandit Borrower.

Our last species of wildlife that can be observed in the Castle is the Cronie Complainer, a super pleasant individual with comments that always make life a bit easier for all concerned. The Cronie Complainer is characterised by loud outbursts at the flick such as "lame dude" or "why don't we ever get any good flicks". Besides his running commentary on our movies, the complainer will curse the food, the people who serve the food, the farmer who grew the food. He will swear at getting no mail at mail call, getting only 4 letters at mail call, the mailman and his family and the U.S. Postal Service. His verbal spouting is directed at the C.O., The X.O., the duty man, his bunkie, the military, civilians, hippies, John Birchers, the weather and every other occasional thought that enters his feeble mind. although equipped with considerable vocal apparatus his actions are usually harmless and tend to ripple only the air.



Of course the 7 types of animals that are indigenous to the Castle are only basic breeds, there are many more mixes and hybrids that are not as noticable. The seven creatures that roam the Institution are unusually revolting, more so if you come into direct contact with one. but if you can observe these animals in their natural habitat doing there devious little routine without being detected, it can be an experience. I'm sure that none of you reading this page are guilty of any of these transgressions so look about you, the Castle abounds with many freaky forms of wildlife. It's fun to see and identify them, and it passes time Happy Hunting.!!

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## JUST PLAIN OFF THE WALL

*Continued from page 30*

whether he should knock or walk in. With a feeling of apprehension, he dismissed the idea of knocking, opened the door and walked into the house.

John was prepared for the hearty homecoming but not for the horror that was beginning for him this day. Instead of the warm greeting from his father, he received a "Good God Johnny, what have you done?" his mother screamed once and fainted. Susan, his eighteen year old sister, fled from the room crying, "Oh no, it can't be!"

John stood in the center of the room like a statue and stared at his father, who was running about the room closing the blinds and drawing the curtains.

His father then turned and began firing questions at him so fast that he had scarcely time to answer one before he

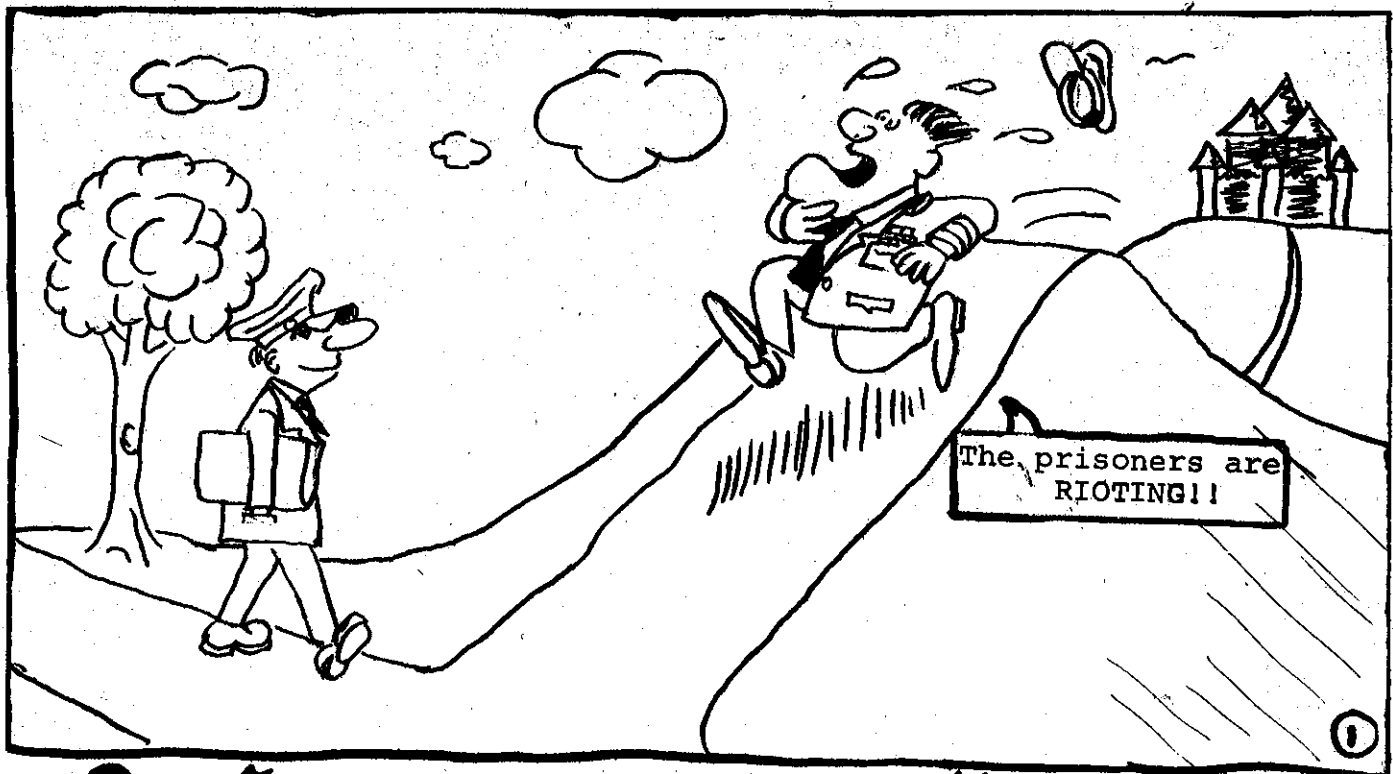
asked another. "How did you get here, did any of the neighbors see you come into the house, did any one recognize you as my son, have you seen anyone that knows you, how could you come home dressed and looking like you do," and finally, "how could you do this to your own family?" Completely shocked by what had happened, John walked hesitantly over to the mirror to see what had thrown the whole household into such an uproar. He stared dully into the mirror and saw his own reflection, the reflection of a short-haired, close shaven, clean cut young man wearing a conservative blue suit flanked by his father, who had long flowing hair, a full bushy beard and wore bell-bottomed trousers and a cut off Levi jacket.

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1. Ain't No Mountain High Enough--Diana Ross
  2. War--Edwin Star
  3. Lookin' Out My Back Door  
Long As I Can See The Light--Creedence C. R.
  4. Patches--Clarence Carter
  5. Julie Do Ya Love Me--Bobby Sherman
  6. 25 Or 6 To 4--Chicago
  7. In The Summertime--Mungo Jerry
  8. (They Long To Be) Close To You--Carpenters
  9. Candida--Dawn
  10. Make It With You--Bread
  11. Don't Play That Song--Aretha Franklin  
(With the Dixie Flyers)
  12. Cracklin' Rosie--Neil Diamond
  13. Snowbird--Anne Murray
  14. (I Know) I'm Losing You--Rare Earth
  15. I (Who Have Nothing)--Tom Jones
  16. Spill The Wine-- Eric Burdon & War
  17. Groovy Situation--Gene Chandler
  18. Rubber Duckie--Ernie
  19. Signed, Sealed, Delivered (I'm Yours)  
by Stevie Wonder
  20. All Right Now--Free

Sounds Compliments of Billboard Magazine

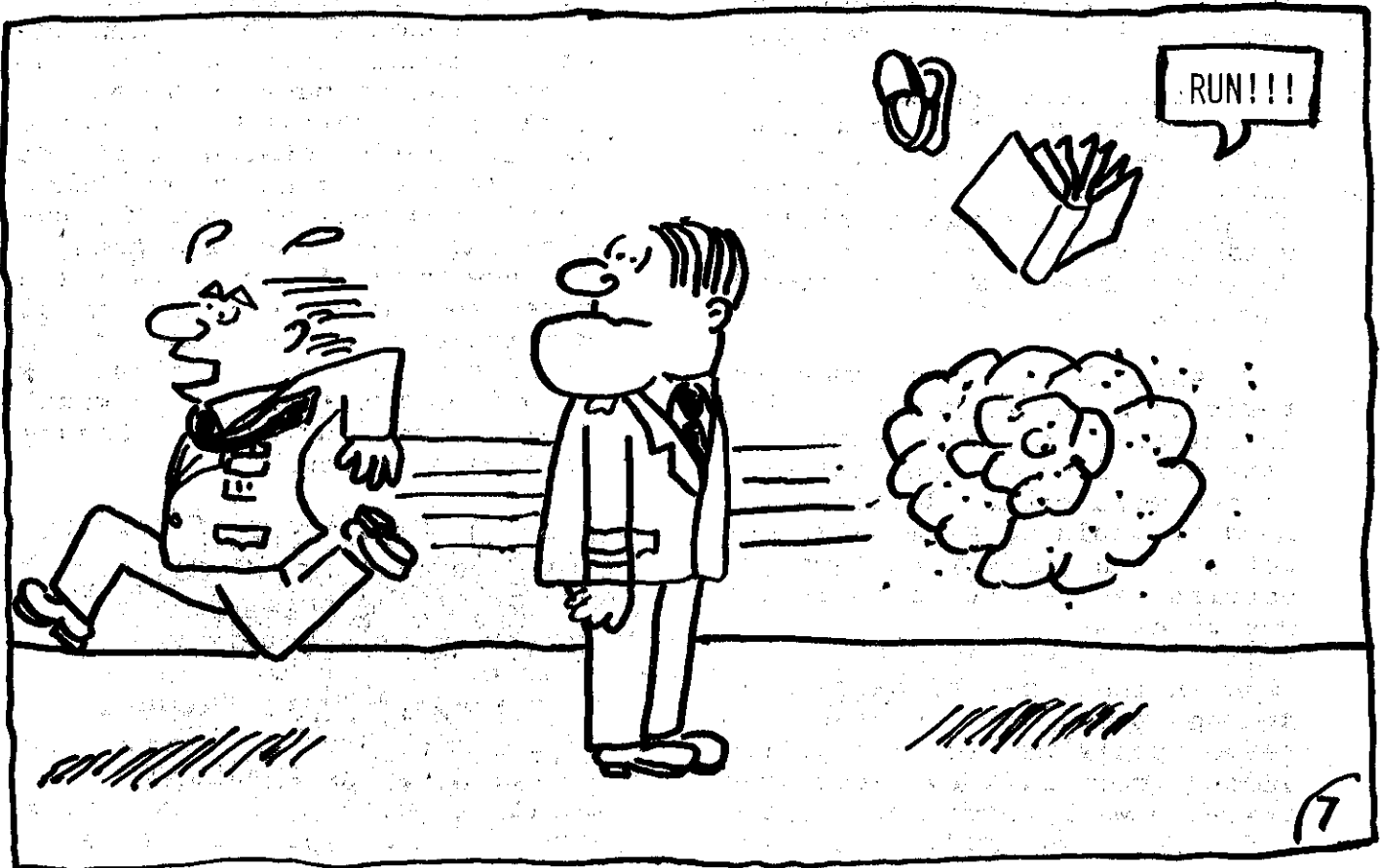


# Life in the Castle





by Ossie Higgins



# New Morality

by Robert Webb

Perhaps the largest majority of the problems and changes facing the United States today are in some way related to the wave of new morality.

It wouldn't be safe to say this new morality affects only the young, simply because it's seeds were planted within their ranks. It would be safer to say it involves everyone in the process of living; taking in every phrase of life from politics to religion and sometimes combining them all together. The belief that only Christian ideals will rise above the problem does not make the issue easier to answer, actually it is quite the contrary.

Since every phase of life confronting us indirectly concerns religion, we base our lives on sets of morals. Morals being defined as distinguishing right from wrong and applying these ideals to everyday life.

What the average American feels is morally right has drastically changed since the post war days of our fathers. If one word could describe the mood it would be permissiveness not only in the way we feel on certain issues, but also in the way we exist.

In the ranks of people who in the past were content to leave politics to the politicians. More is known about the issues now, because more is asked. The news media is more

critical, and this criticism brings truth to the people. Legislation has been passed on the premise that demonstration brings action therefore dissent is the order of the day. Saying morals are not involved in dissent would be an atrocity to the people who have lost their lives in the midst of peaceful demonstration. The question is; is dissent another part of our decaying morality? Is it spawned from hate & boredom, or compassion and concern?

Whether or not a young man will be granted conscientious objector draft status is directly based on his moral attitudes. Recently the Supreme Court ruled that a C.O. no longer has to base his belief totally on religion. It could be logically stated that the new feelings concerning these moral convictions are the underlying cause for this change. The new morality in this issue poses the question; are moral convictions really cause for a young man to leave the country when inducted into the service? Would these convictions change in time of peace?

On the subject of marriage and sexual relationships, this permissiveness is a constant reminder of the transition from established religion.

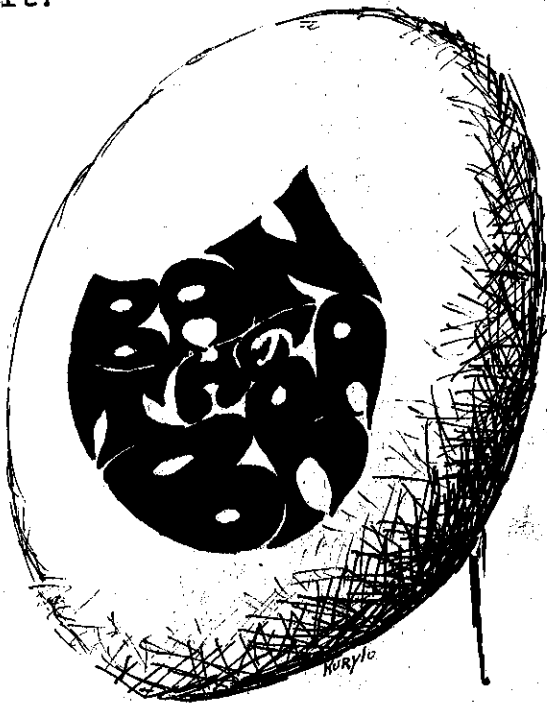
Liberal minded people no longer consider the common law relationship as a crime against society, in fact it is often considered a basis for a last-

ing marriage. Is this the decadence of our Christian upbringing?

The church itself has been forced to become more liberal on issues such as celibacy of priests the traditional dress of nuns. The vatican also concerned with the widespread use of birth control pills among Catholics. To bend religion when it becomes impractical is common practice in our society. New religions and cults are more widely practiced in our age. It is easy to find a religion that fits your needs, instead of one that restricts your actions. Are these events the proof of disrespect for organized religion and the downfall of the church rule?

Throughout this article questions have been posed to evoke your own moral conscience, because therein lies the basis for your decision.

A decision that asks; are you part of this New Morality, or are you basically independent and unable to relate to it?



If honesty prevails, you'll realize that it is very much a part of your everyday life and is intertwined in your basic morals. Knowing these answers will help you understand our society, its problems and yourself better. Then perhaps this new morality can have a real function; to bring us to keen awareness of our already established changes.

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HAPPINESS=SADNESS  
by BUD DASTRUP

HAPPINESS: is when you get to mark off your calendar a bunch of days that you neglected to mark off last week.

SADNESS: is when you don't neglect your calendar.

HAPPINESS: is giving the bed bug you found between your sheets to a bug studying friend and finding out it's a female.

SADNESS: is when your bug studying friend won't give her back

HAPPINESS: is when you see a movie full of shapely young women.

SADNESS: is when you realize how long it will be until you see the real thing.

HAPPINESS: is when you are notified that you are being transferred to a state prison in Fontana California.

SADNESS: is when you find out they build a new prison for men down the street from the Institution for women in Fontana.

HAPPINESS: is when the editor has all of his little empty spaces filled.

SADNESS: is when you have to fill little empty spaces with tired old jokes.

# Do You Know Your States?

by Bud Dastrup

The names of all 50 states of the United States can be found among these letters. The name of the state is read forward, backward, up, down, or diagonally. Draw a line around the name of each state as you find it. The names will be spelled, or abbreviated as shown at bottom of this page.

A I N I G R I V T S E W A T O K A D O S N  
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 ALASKA  
 ARIZONA  
 ARKANSAS  
 CALIFORNIA  
 COLORADO  
 CONNECTICUT  
 DELAWARE  
 FLORIDA  
 GEORGIA  
 HAWAII  
 IDAHO  
 ILLINOIS

INDIANA  
 IOWA  
 KANSAS  
 KENTUCKY  
 LOUISIANA  
 MAINE  
 MASSACHUSETTS  
 MARYLAND  
 MICHIGAN  
 MISSISSIPPI  
 MISSOURI  
 MINNESOTA  
 MONTANA

NEBRASKA  
 NEVADA  
 NEWHAMPSHIRE  
 NEWJERSEY  
 NEWMEXICO  
 NEWYORK  
 NOCAROLINA  
 NODAKOTA  
 OHIO  
 OKLAHOMA  
 OREGAN  
 PENNSYLVANIA  
 RHODEISLAND

SOCAROLINA  
 SODAKOTA  
 TENNESSEE  
 TEXAS  
 UTAH  
 VERMONT  
 VIRGINIA  
 WASHINGTON  
 WESTVIRGINIA  
 WISCONSIN  
 WYOMING

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CAME?  
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PAUL NEWMAN

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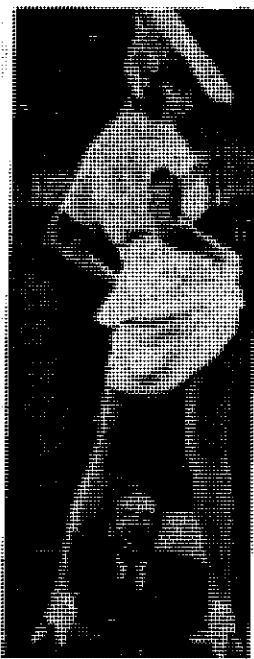
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M.A.S.H.  
DONALD SUTHERLAND

---

19-20  
KREMLIN LETTER  
RICHARD BOONE

---

21  
CACTUS FLOWER  
WALTER MATHEAU

---

22-25  
STERILE CUCKOO  
LIZA MINELLI

---

26-27  
A MAN CALLED HORSE  
RICHARD HARRIS

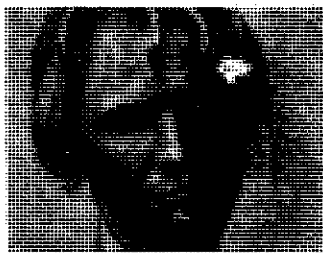
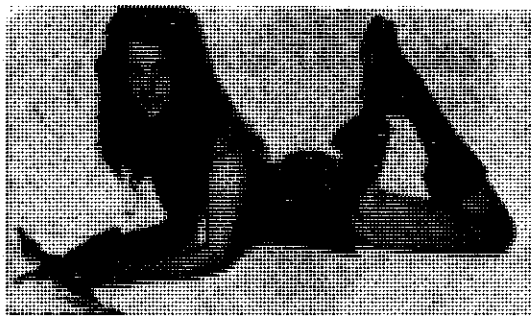
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28  
WHERE EAGLES DARE  
CLINT EASTWOOD

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29-30  
ANNE OF A THOUSAND  
DAYS

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# REFLECTIONS

It is acknowledged that neither convict prison nor any system of hard labor ever cured a criminal.

Fyodor Dostoyevsky

The disease of greed may not be curable but its baneful results may be obliterated by destroying special privileges out of which ensues crime..

Charles Sprading

Every prison that men build is built with bricks of shame and bound with bars lest Christ should see how men treat their brothers man.

Oscar Wilde

Society prepares the crime; The criminal commits it.

Henry Thos. Buckle

Ahhhhhh!

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by Bud

Justice is what is established and thus all our established laws will be regarded as just, without being examined, since they are established.

Blaise Pascal

Let all laws be clear, uniform and precise; to interpret laws is almost always to corrupt them.

Voltaire

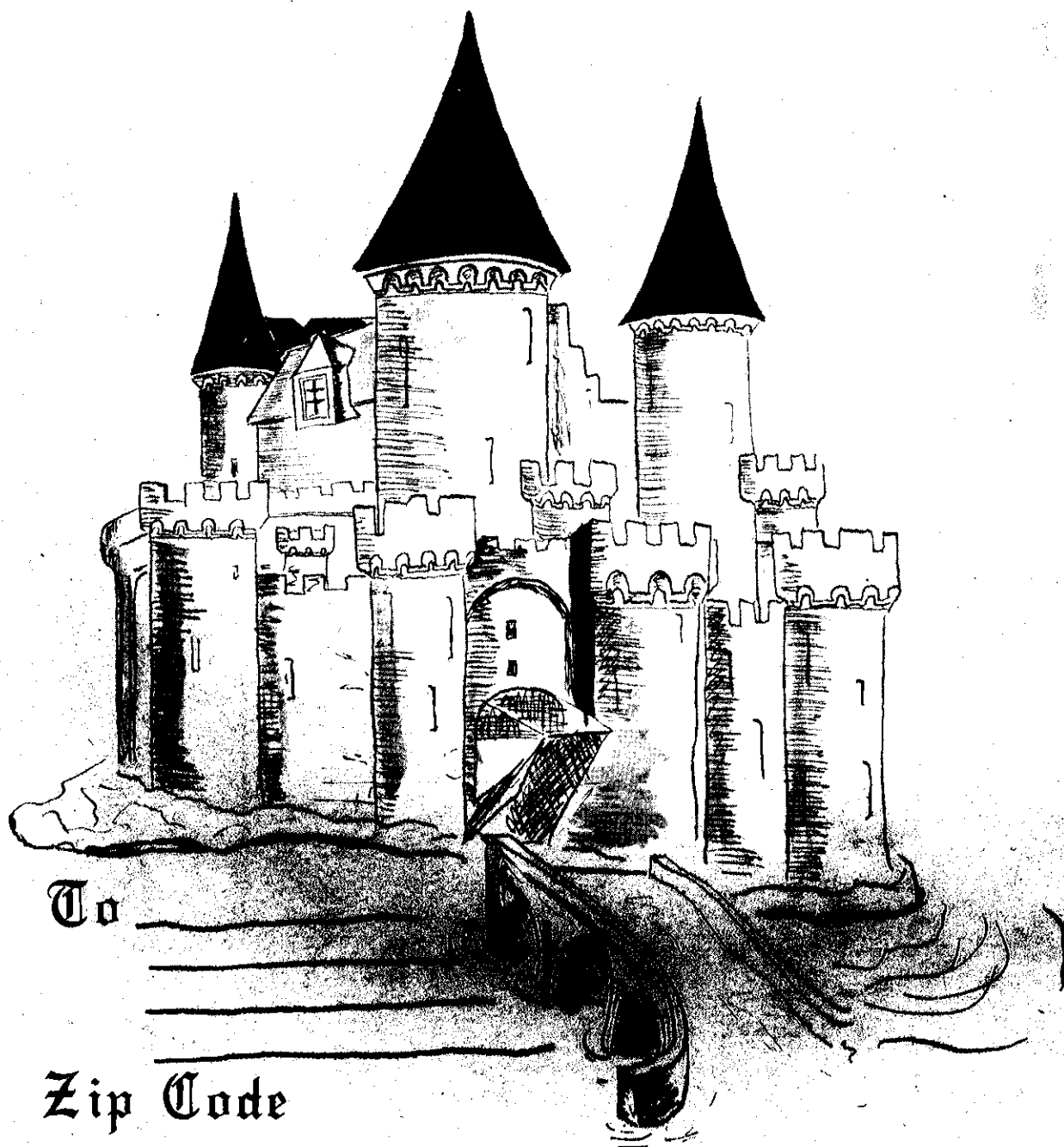
When I was hungry, you gave me food; ... when I was in prison, you visited me.

Jesus Christ



From  
Building 93  
U.S. Naval Activities  
Portsmouth, N.H. 03801

Third Class Mail



To

Zip Code