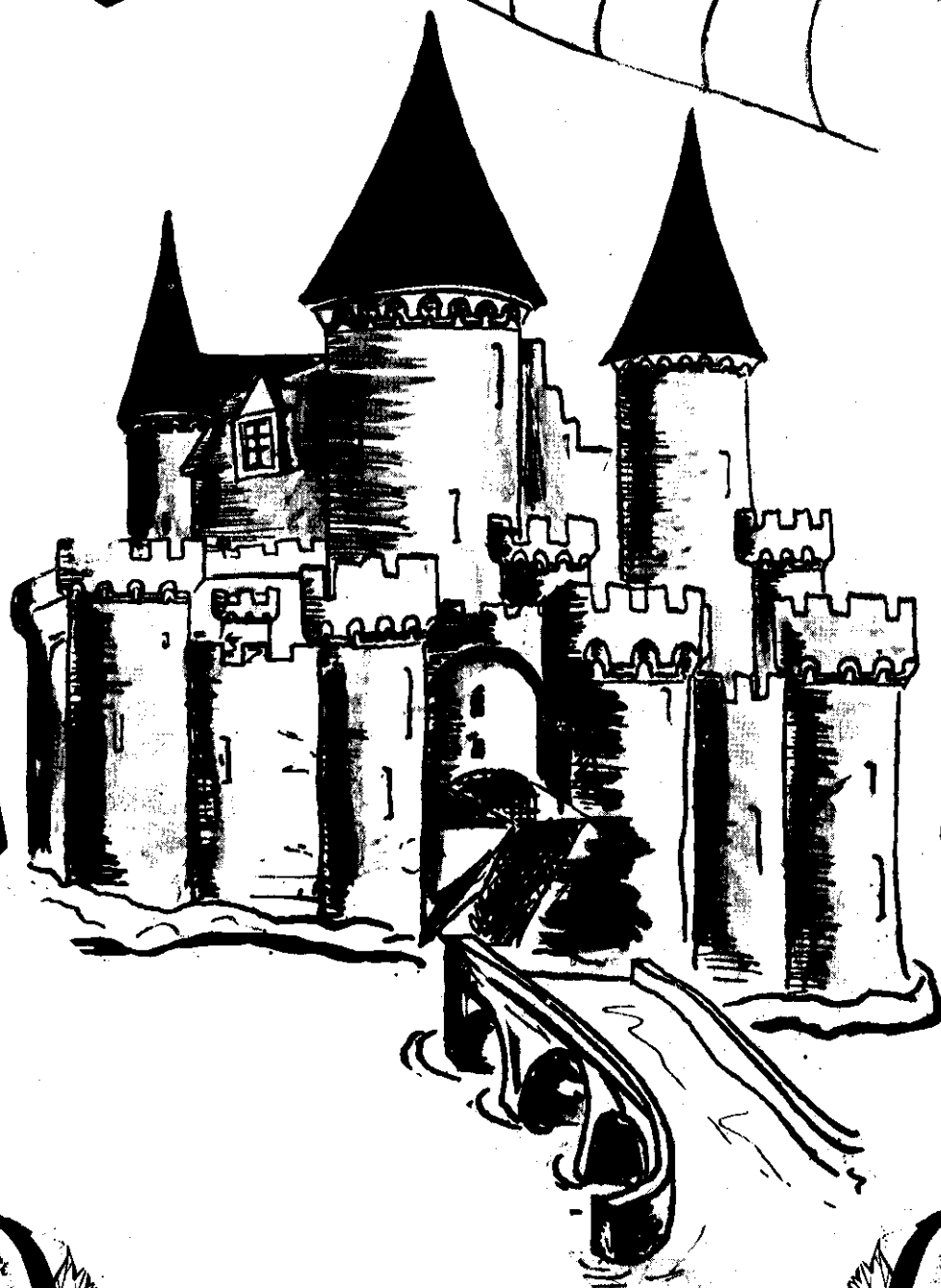


# Castle Courier



OCTOBER 1970



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

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This month we bring you a small but select variety of articles. For the Fantasy nuts we have a "Day In The Night" by George Bush and a thing called "Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow" by a mysterious cat who goes under the pen name, C.W. We also offer an enchanting Poet Tree and our usual Art Section, made up of the Art Contest entries; which is a story in itself, as you will see. Chuck Callahan has come through with an interesting article, "History of Horror", which is co-essential to the Spirit of October.

Preacher Freeman has given us another in his running series of Black Man articles; this month we feature Benjamin Zanneker. And if you're interested, Editor Mike Agee has done a little research and come up with a factual report on why the System of American Corrections is and will always be a failure unless needed reforms are enacted upon.

Last but not least we have taken from the Official Rule Book, the rules for 8-Ball and Basic Pocket Billiards, to settle, we hope, some of the hassles we have over pool games. And of course our regular gigs are included, Chicks, Movies, In Sound, and the editorials. We hope you can and will take the time to dig a little something out of the issue, for we spent much time putting it into code. Hope you enjoy it!

Castle Courier Staff

# CASTLE

Mike Agee

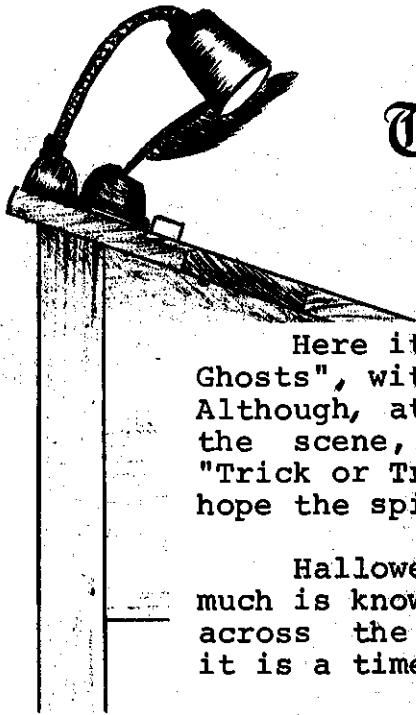
This month I would like to forfeit my usual Editorial ramblings and put this column to constructive use. I would like to pay tribute to two men who recently left the Castle in search of newer horizons. Both men were well known around the Institution and all those CMP's who came into contact with either of them, left smiling a little more or with enough inspiration to make it just one more day.

Father Killian T. Holland left the Castle on the 28th of August for the USS Constellation. Usually known as the "tall, quiet one" by those who did not know him he was a true friend of all CMP's. His way was unassuming and many times in the background, but his reputation was that of a man who could get things done in a hurry. His time belonged to the prisoners here. Many nights he could be seen in the Chaplains office until all hours, trying to place a phone call for a desperate man, or trying to get needed information from Washington. He could not be intimidated, scared or cajoled because he was a Lieutenant Commander. But he could not refuse because he was a priest. He was a man who demanded the truth, one could not lie to him or "get over on him", he could see through you very quickly. He

was a man of authority when he should have been and a man of compassion when he moved to help a prisoner. The Castle and all the men here are much poorer in his absence. With a fond farewell, we bid so long, not to Lieutenant Commander Holland, but to Father Holland, a true friend of the men.

QMI Alain Jousse also left the Castle for a tour in Vietnam late last month. Mr. Jousse took over the COURIER in April 1968 when the COURIER was a composite of Command Bulletins. Mr. Jousse felt that the CASTLE COURIER should and would be an extension of the prisoners thoughts and feelings and the place for Institution Orders should be on the Bulletin Board. Mr. Jousse carried out these feelings. It was Mr. Alain Jousse who transformed the CASTLE COURIER from the old format into the new CASTLE COURIER we see today. It was the policy of Mr. Jousse to allow the man the freedom of expression that he felt was necessary to the integrity of the COURIER. It was also his practice to fight for this right. If one comes into the COURIER office and glances at the walls covered with 2 years of his effort pasted around, it will be easy to see his impact on the

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# The Assistant Editor's Desk

Bud Dastrup

Here it is, the month of "Ghouls, Goblins and Ghosts", with a witch thrown in here and there. Although, at the end of this month Halloween is on the scene, we don't believe there will be much "Trick or Treating" going on at the Castle, but we hope the spirit will be there.

Halloween is widely celebrated, but not very much is known about why we honor it. Many children across the world commemorate the occasion because it is a time for fun, tricks, and candy.

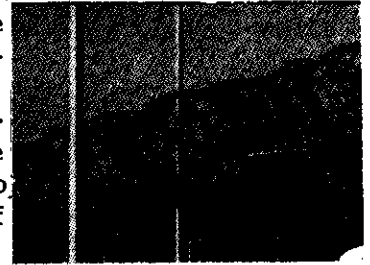
Halloween is actually a Roman Catholic holiday. It is the night before All Saints Day or All-hallows as in the olden days. Set aside for merry-making the world over, All Saints is a holiday with which the church glorifies God for all his saints, known and unknown. Its origin probably lies in the common commemoration of martyrs who died in groups or whose names were not known. In the 7th century, the Pantheon at Rome was dedicated in honor of Our Lady and all martyrs. Before 900 A.D., All Saints was generally celebrated on the 1st of November, the same as we do today.

The vigil (Oct. 31st), Halloween is associated, in countries where Celtic influence is strong, with age-old customs particular to that night. In certain parts of the British Isles, bonfires and fortunetelling continues. Elsewhere, especially in America, masquerading is popular along with the displaying of jack-o'-lanterns. Old tales of witches are told, while in remote areas, ancient superstitions are kept. One of the special games, bobbing for apples, is known to date from the middle ages. These pagan survivals of Halloween probably represent old Celtic practices associated with Nov. 1st, the beginning of winter. Probably All Saints Day rose apart from Celtic influence and the customs of Halloween have survived independently from the Christian feast.

Now that we have clued you on the inside story of Halloween, we want to wish you a Happy Halloween.....and remember that there is no such thing as a ghost. So if you see one, don't let him freak you.

# 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;



Mike Agee

J.S. Time

Illinois

Hey Milani, I have both your June and July issues before me now. I keep trying to pass comment on July but I can't keep my eyes off Peter, Paul, and Mary. Really though Milani, you guys never cease to amaze me; Peter, Paul, and Mary followed by Hugh Hefner the next month. What ya' doing for an encore, the Follies Bergere? Seriously though, I hate to give you guys at TIME a compliment because you're already conceited enough but what can I say besides great! Would also like to give a good word to Jack Vitale on his censorship thing, humorous but how true.

Interpreter

Colorado

Hey, Jerry! How goes it out in Canon City? Due to shortage in personnel I find myself writing to you this month. I have been meaning to answer your beautiful letter for the last month but you know how those things are. Am much impressed with the art displayed in the Art Awards contest. From an overall view, THE INTERPRETER seems to be very much interested in the aesthetic, the art and the sublime and I can dig it. There is a difference between a well put together factual magazine and a tastefully done artistic magazine. Yours falls in to the latter category. One of the few. Thanks for giving us much pleasure in reading it.

T I News

California

My dear Mr. P. Yim. In regards to your presumptuous editorial in the July 1970 issue of the News. It seems to us that you have drawn invalid conclusions from a covey of broad generalizations. It also seems to us that you have found a quiet place to sit while you judge the motives of others, many times incorrectly. I really don't think you know whereof you speak Yim. The seventh paragraph really floored me. Realizing that this is a Navy and Marine Corps Federal Prison, we find ourselves in a much better position to judge and believe me, not 2 out of 10 returned voluntarily. We think you would do well to analyze the situation a little more and not come off the top of your head with such obviously muddled thoughts.



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# History

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Chuck Callahan

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Through the ages in times of anxiety and distress, man has turned from logic and reason of his society, to the illogical and unreasonable.

In the society of today, young people politically involved in student marches and ecology demonstrations, feel themselves to be in control and able to force change. They usually never attempt to achieve the passivistic solutions like Zen or Astrology. These of course are the small percentage of society who have abandoned their inherited religions to seek other horizons. They enter the many realms of the neo-religions, the para-religions, the quasi-religions, and the pseudo-religions. While ministers, priests, and rabbis are trying in vain to protect their aging and dwindling congregations; the young are trying other wafers, other chants, and other moralities at strange altars along the road to salvation of their souls. The now generation is disrobing the traditional instruments of worship and prayer and is influencing it's peers with such contemporary sciences as numerology, graphology, phrenology, palmistry, ouija boards, tarot cards, and the casting of complicated and complex horoscopes. Even the ancient Chinese fortune telling hexagrams of I-CHING are being employed by many of today's youths and communes.

These occultic practices far back into the history of civilized man and possibly before recorded history, and according to many archaeologists, and occultists, in the form of the occult known as the Karmas of

witchcraft. However, witchcraft did not take it's heaviest toll on mankind until the medieval centuries. In the 15th and 16th centuries, the witch mania was

of

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# Horror

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running amok in Southern Europe like that of the black plague. Many, many people were being executed for merely being accused as being a witch. The trials were being conducted with great speed, as to find the unfortunate victim guilty according to the law. The first known execution of an alleged witch occurred at Toulouse in 1275. The accused, Angela, Lady of Labarthe, was executed by burning at the stake. The last known execution of an accused witch was Ruth Osborne and her husband by an angry mob at Tring, Hertfordshire, England on April 22, 1751. They were both beaten and then hanged and their bodies were burned.

The most horrifying of all the witch trials in the centuries was conducted at Bamberg (Germany) in the early 1600's. Verdicts were given with amazing speed, the victims were tortured continually and many of them died under the duress of their torture. The following is a classic example of man's madness when his mind is clouded by an outside influence.

THE TRIAL OF FRAU ANNA HANSEN:  
% (BAMBERG---1623)

June 17: Imprisoned on suspicion of witchcraft.  
June 18: Refused to confess. Scourged.  
June 20: Tortured with thumb-screws; confessed.  
June 28: Her confession read to her.



June 30: Voluntarily confirmed her confession; sentenced.

July 4 : Informed of her date of execution.

July 7 : Beheaded and burned.

Perhaps, the most notable of all the witch trials of the medieval periods of the time was the Salem Witch Trials in Salem, Mass. from 1692-1696. There were 31 persons that were condemned to die various types of deaths for being found guilty of being witches or connected in some way with the occult. Even the legendary figure of Capt. John Alden, of Pilgrim fame, was accused of being a witch and later was to flee Mass. after escaping from prison awaiting trial.

Another common form of the occult in the medieval centuries was lycanthropy or better known as werewolves. The werewolf was believed to have a four stage metamorphosis.

1. Transformation into animal, usually that of a large wolf.
2. Nocturnal excursions through the countryside.
3. Attacks on animals and humans to devour their flesh.
4. Retransformation into human form.

One of the most classic cases of lycanthropy is that of Jacques Roulet. On the night of Sept. 12, 1598, a young lad by the name of Cornier was attacked and killed and his flesh was devoured. Roulet later confess the murder of the Cornier child and also confessed to a number of other macabre killings in the area over a period of time. History has it that Pierre Hernault was the presiding judge for the trial of Roulet. He asked the following questions to Roulet and here are the answers.

Q. What is your name and what is your estate?

A. My name is Jacques Roulet and I am a lowly beggar.

Q. What have you been accused of doing?

A. Of offending God; of being a thief; My parents gave me an ointment, I do know of its composition.

Q. When rubbed with this ointment.....do you become a wolf?

A. No, but for all that, I killed and ate the flesh of the child Cornier.

Q. Were you dressed as a wolf?

A. I was dressed as I am now. I had my hands and face bloody, because I had eaten the flesh of the child.

Q. Does your hands and feet become that of a wolf?

A. Yes they do.

Q. Does your head become that of a wolf?

A. I do not know. I used my teeth. My head was as it is today. I have wounded and eaten many other children. I have also been to the Sabbat.

(The Sabbat is a meeting place for the worship of Satan by witches, etc.....)

Roulet was sentenced by the court to be put to death, but he later appealed the case to the court, and was committed to an asylum for two years.

Another form of the occult, although extremely unusual, is that of Vampirism.

"It leaned to one side, the skin was fresh and ruddy, the nails grown long and evilly crooked, the mouth slobbered with blood from its nights repast. Accordingly a stake was driven through its heart and it uttered a horrifying screech and poured quantities of blood from the wound. Then it was burned to ashes".

Such was the appearance of a vampire in 1732 in Belgrade. To many of the modern readers,

the vampire is a creature brought to mind in the best selling noval, "Dracula", by Bram Stroker, in 1897. However, the first recorded incident of a vampire was in 1196. The creature was in female form and would slit the throats of sleeping infants, and then partake of their innocent blood. John Heinrich Zopft, gives a classic description of the vampire in the "Dissertatio De Vampiris Serveinsbus (1733)".

"Vampires issue forth from their graves in the night, attack people sleeping quietly in their beds, suck out all the blood from their bodies and destroy them. They beset men, women and children alike, sparing neither age nor sex. Those who are under the fatal malignity of their influence, complain of suffocation and a total deficiency of spirits, after which they soon expire".

Beliefs in vampire origins are persons that are outcasts from society while they are living, and remain outcasts after death. Persons excommunicated from the church, those under a curse, perjurers, those buried without proper rites, (omission of sacraments) apostates, all suicides, and lycanthropes.

However, there are other deviations of the occult that are quite rare in comparison to witches, lycanthropes, and vampires. Necrophagists are persons that eat dead corpses. There are very few cases in recorded history of necrophagism. In England in 1717, Jon Earleton was accused of killing and eating the body of his mother. He was later to confess and was sentenced to death. A more recent incident of necrophagism took place in this country in 1932. A man named Albert Fish confessed to the murders of seven small children; after of which he confessed that

he cooked and ate their flesh. He was committed to a mental institution. Necrosadists are persons who mutilate a corpse to induce sexual excitement, thus was the case of the famed London Murderer of the late 1880's, Jack the Ripper. Last of these deviations are the necrophiliacs. These persons are the ones that have sexual relations with a corpse. An English case of necrophilia is that of Henri Blot. On the night of March 25, 1886, Blot had sexual relations with the corpse of an 18 year old ballerina, Fernande M'ery. Again on the night of 12 June 1886, he committed the act for the second time, however, he was soon discovered by the local authorities. On the day of August 27, 1886, he appeared in court. When asked by the judge of the court of what motives did commit the crime, he nonchalantly answered, "Everyone to his taste...mine is for corpses". He was sentenced to two years in prison.

Now you're probably asking the question, "Does the occult actually exist?" To view this question with rational thinking and common logic, we can surmise the following. To read the Bible, we must beyond a shadow of a doubt believe in God, heaven, and all of his heavenly hosts. The Bible also speaks of Satan and his demons. It also states that God entrusts power to his angels and naturally Satan does the same to his demons. The demons then spread havoc upon the world in many, many ways. Cults are only one of the innumerable ways to attempt to corrupt the very souls of mortal man. These cults are a stepping stone on the path of eternal destruction for the unfortunate victim that has become entangled in the constant expanding web of evil. The shrouds of darkness and veils of

(continued on page 39)



## Yesterday Today Tomorrow

C.W.

Why am I here? I guess it all started a long time ago. I really know what excuse they used at the time, although I heard it was once called censorship. But that was a long time ago and I can't be sure now.

I haven't always been here. I once had a very secure job. I am, or was, a writer for The Society. That is probably the best and worst job one can have in this age. Best because what I write is read by everyone in the world. Worst, because my writing, which is my life, must conform to The Society's standards. In fact, everything and everyone must conform to those same standards. That's why I'm here now.

My number is 589-91-1709. I once had a name, but that was before The Great Change. Now, there are no names; in fact the

word name no longer exists. Right now, I am in the House. That is what we call the House of Correction and Readjustment. Those with good records, and only minor infractions against "the people" come here to be re-educated and shown the error in their thinking. Everything is for "the people". We live for "the people", we work for "the people", and we, being "the people", actually work for ourselves. The Society determines what is best for us through it's supreme wisdom, and is chosen to do this because of it's superior knowledge of good and evil. Once, I and my brothers, helped to chose them, but that too was a long time ago and I don't know who chooses them now. Each of us has a job to do for "the people", our jobs being chosen by The Society according to our particular abilities. This brings us back to me, and my

particular problem. I, of course was chosen to be a writer, my ability being verbal expression.

The head of The Society makes our Commandments, which are our written guides to self-perfection. They are, in fact, written to show us the differences between good and evil. Since none ever intentionally breaks a Commandment, the Commandments actually prevent the existence of evil. As you can see, I would never commit evil intentionally, but have broken a Commandment. Through my search for self-perfection, and desire to help "the people", I have caused a small amount of evil by error. My problem is that I can't really believe that I made a mistake, but if so, I will try to learn from it while here.

It might be well to explain what I have done, so you, if you can see my error, may gain an insight to your own self-perfection. My writings are published, as editorials, in The Society News, the singular informational paper in the world today. The purpose of my writing is to expound ideas and theories to aid the people in their search for self-perfection.

I have been working on a new theory of mine for several weeks, and yesterday I put it in writing, I say yesterday, because, time being at a loss here, I can only relate to yesterday, today, and tomorrow. I considered a possible new way of life, the major change being free choice. Being a writer, I was primarily concerned with my own field. I felt, and still do, that one should be able to take whatever he writes directly to "the people". This would have a twofold purpose. First, it would give the writer more freedom, and second, "the people" would be given a chance to decide for

themselves what was good and what was evil. Their learning to make their own choice, I feel, would enlighten them and thereby further them on the road to self-perfection.

At present, all of my writings are read by The Society before being released to "the people". This particular article was no exception. The paper was rejected, and returned to me saying it contained evil and must not be printed. Later, two brothers from The Society came to question me about the paper. I explained that I could not see the evil in it since it would obviously help "the people". They stated that this type of paper would trouble the minds of "the people", and that the choice described was removed a long time ago to protect "the people" from just this type of evil. They ended by saying that my arguments showed an obvious error in my thought pattern and that I should report to The House for re-education. So, here I am, and with a paramount dilemma. I still fail to see the evil in what I have done. Tomorrow, whenever that is, begins my re-education I am vainly trying to find my error to return on the road to self-perfection. The people here will help me, but that takes time, and I want to hurry my return. Perhaps you can help me. If you can, explain my error to me so I can get back to working for "the people".

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BENJAMIN BANNEKER

# Black Man Part 3

Astronomer, clockmaster, mathematician, poet, philosopher, zoologist, a first surveyor of the nation's capital, and a man who dared to challenge Thomas Jefferson about his attitude toward slavery; This was Benjamin Banneker, a Black Man.

Banneker didn't fit into colonial America's widely held view of Black people. Forcibly brought to this country and thrown into an alien culture, Blacks were considered by the majority of White Americans to be mentally and culturally inferior to whites, unable to grasp the "Wonders and Mysteries" of western civilization. But Benjamin Banneker, America's first Black Scholar, proved this not necessarily so.

Born a free Black in the English colony of Maryland in 1731, Banneker early demonstrated an uncommon ability for learning. He attended an integrated Quaker school until he was fifteen, but then had to fall back on his own resources. Most of his white neighbors were illiterate. Books were hard to get, so Banneker made mother nature his classroom. He watched the stars, studied the seasons, observed plants and animals. As the years passed, his interest grew more widespread.

The nearby farmers regarded Banneker with skepticism. They

couldn't understand a man who lay on the ground all night star gazing and making calculations. It was hard for them to believe in the fact of a serious Black Astronomer.

Banneker did much more than watch the skies. He built the first clock made completely in America; he published almanacs of scientific and weather information; he played the violin and flute; he became the first Black to receive a Presidential appointment when George Washington named him part of the team to survey the site for a new national capital.

His life was full and comfortable. With his white hair and pleasant disposition, he rode around his neighborhood telling of his experiences in Washington. But some of his friends saw another side of Banneker's nature: the gentle persuader.

For a long time he had quietly urged friends to support the emancipation of slaves. In the years after the Revolutionary War, the status of the Black in the new nation increasingly disturbed him. He saw that life was becoming more difficult for the average Black Man. Waves of hate and fear were spreading rapidly throughout the colonies, and tighter restrictions were being clamped down on Blacks.

The personal freedoms that colonial America had allowed "Exceptional", Blacks were slowly but surely diminishing. More and still more whites began to look on all Blacks, slave or free, as "Extremely Dangerous".

Just fifteen years earlier, Thomas Jefferson had written, "All men are created equal....", but Thomas Jefferson still owned more than one hundred slaves. So what did he mean by "All" men? Banneker was bothered by this inconsistency on the part of one of the most popular men in all of America. Although a gentle man who recognized the risks involved in Blacks speaking out about such subjects.....Banneker dared to make his feelings known to Jefferson.

He wrote: "Look back, I entreat you.....you were then impressed with proper ideas of the great violations of liberty;.... But sir, how pitiable is it to reflect.....That you at the same time counter-act [ God's] mercies by detaining by fraud and violence so numerous a part of my brethren...That you should at the same time be found guilty of that most criminal act, which you professedly detested in others....."

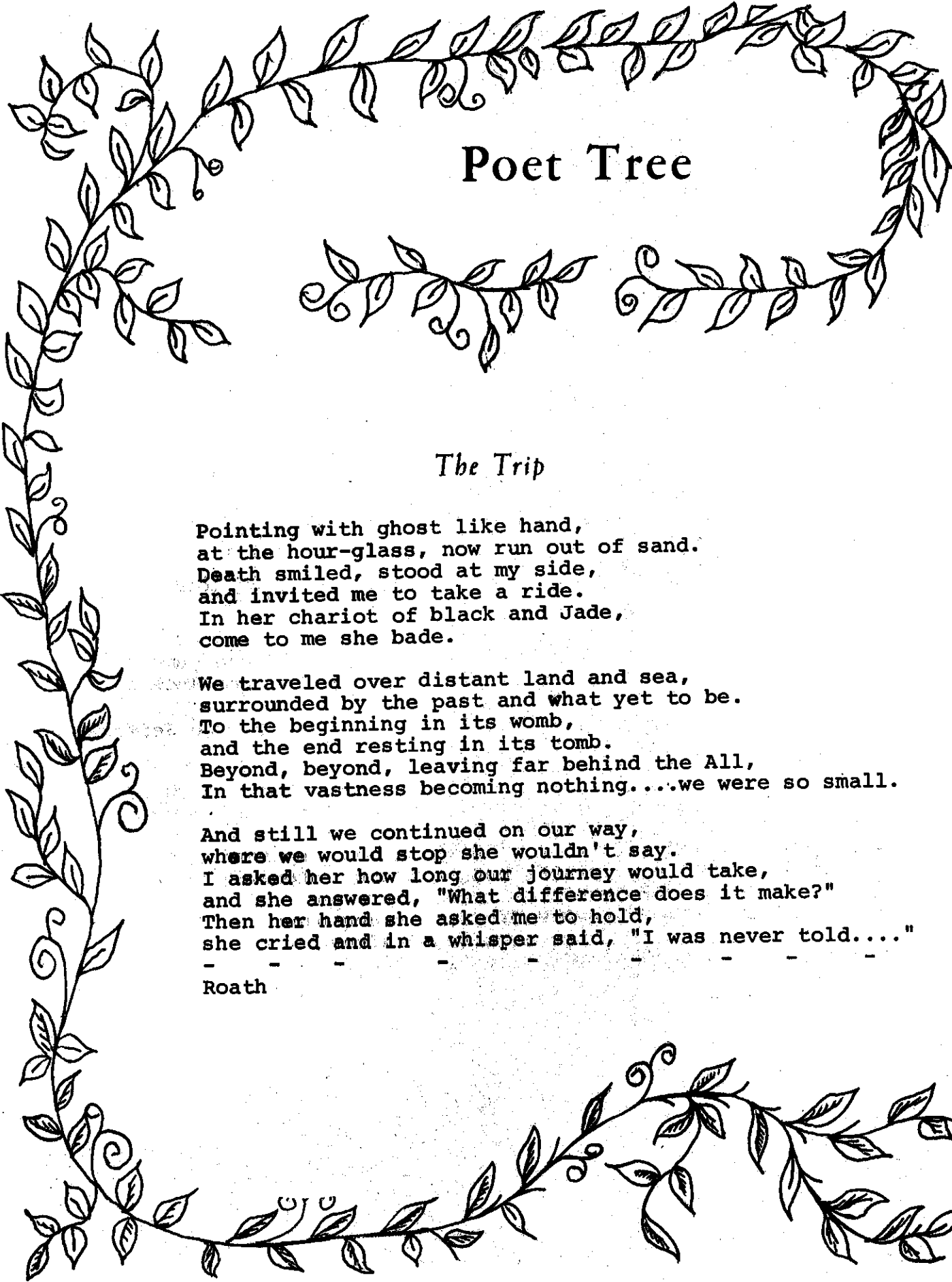
Jefferson replied courteously, but unconvinced, that he wished, "To see such proofs as you exhibit, that nature has given to our Black brethren talents equal to those of the other color of men".

Banneker continued to argue over the years that the popular view of Blacks was unfair. His arguments fell increasingly on deaf ears, as the political and social clamps on Blacks were turned even tighter.

Banneker died in 1806 as restrictive slave codes were being enacted in several states.

He died disheartened about the plight of the Black Man. But his name would be soon heard again. As the country moved towards Civil War, people who opposed slavery often held up Benjamin Banneker as an example of how Blacks could progress without chains. But then again, Banneker came into the world without chains and was given that opportunity to prove himself. The greater majority had to endure many changes to gain something, ...that in reality was nothing.





## Poet Tree

### *The Trip*

Pointing with ghost like hand,  
at the hour-glass, now run out of sand.  
Death smiled, stood at my side,  
and invited me to take a ride.  
In her chariot of black and Jade,  
come to me she bade.

We traveled over distant land and sea,  
surrounded by the past and what yet to be.  
To the beginning in its womb,  
and the end resting in its tomb.  
Beyond, beyond, leaving far behind the All,  
In that vastness becoming nothing....we were so small.

And still we continued on our way,  
where we would stop she wouldn't say.  
I asked her how long our journey would take,  
and she answered, "What difference does it make?"  
Then her hand she asked me to hold,  
she cried and in a whisper said, "I was never told...."

Roath





## Life

For there is no half way mark,  
either you win or lose.  
And to win means nothing; considering.

It was a game, every man must play.  
To those who will win, please remember,  
It won't be a draw.

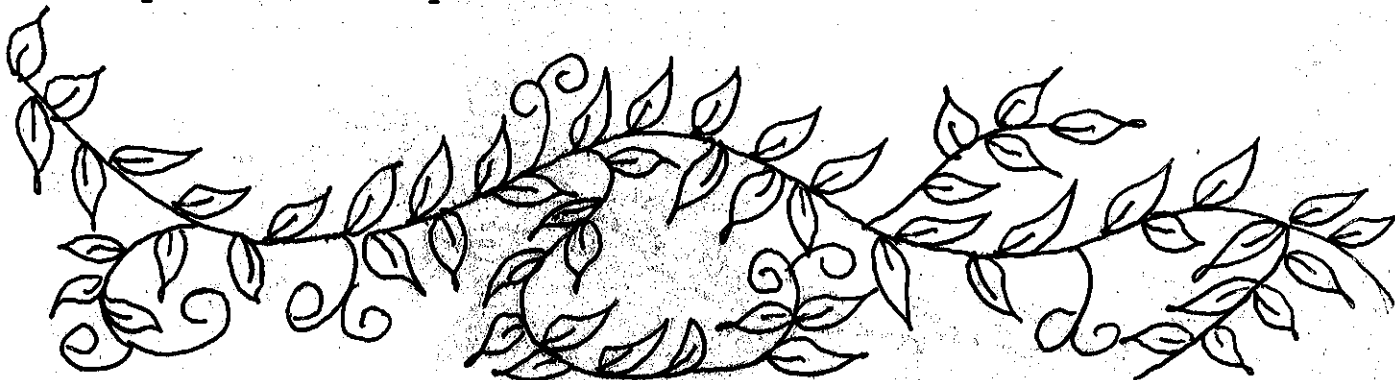
You must play once more,  
with the odds always against you.  
Then how can one win this game,  
which is the game of life,  
Which must be played within limits of love,  
death & hate.

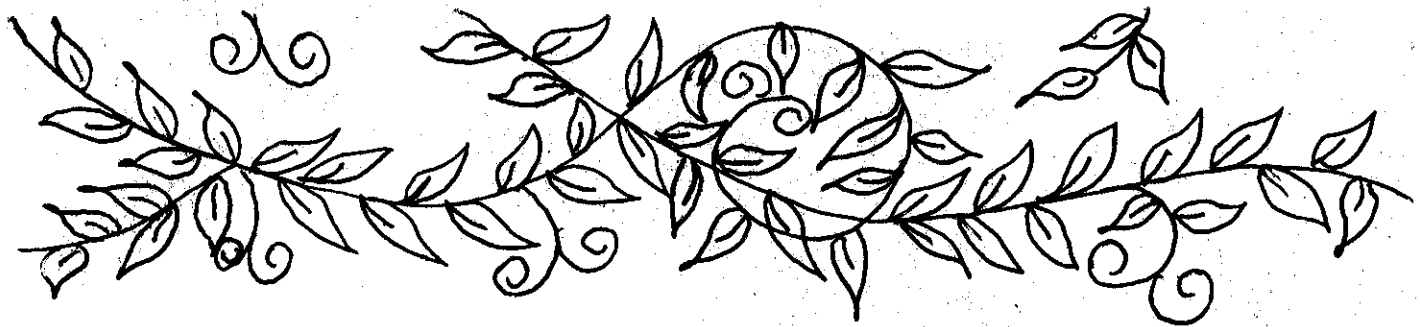
For these are the rules of the game of life.  
And these rules cannot be over looked.

George Jefferson

Black sister of regal splendor,  
with your fro and figure so slender.  
You hold a knowledge deeper than  
the vast regions of space.  
You my black sister prepare my  
children,  
For their rightfull place.

- - -  
Sylvester Hundley





On the morning I went walking,  
Tiny clouds were gently falling,  
And with the rain came longings from before.  
Thinkin' 'bout our times together,  
Of loving real and ending never;  
I remember how I once stood by your side.

To touch your hands of gold,  
So many rainbows I could hold, up to my eyes.

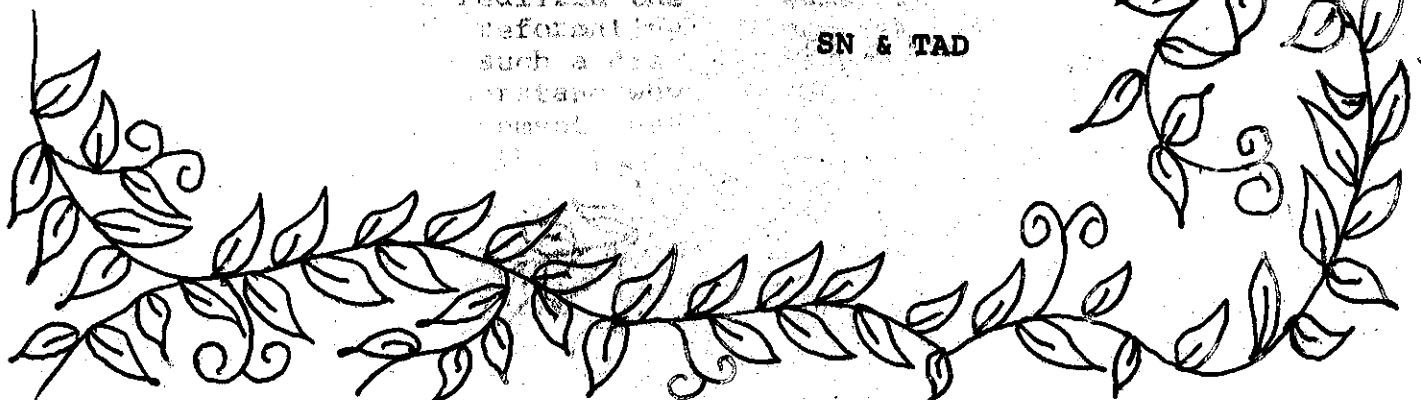
As I walked along the lonely street,  
The city woke and came to greet me,  
Thinking I was happy to be there;  
But their voices did not reach me,  
And their thoughts were far from near me,  
Once again I wish so much to be with you.

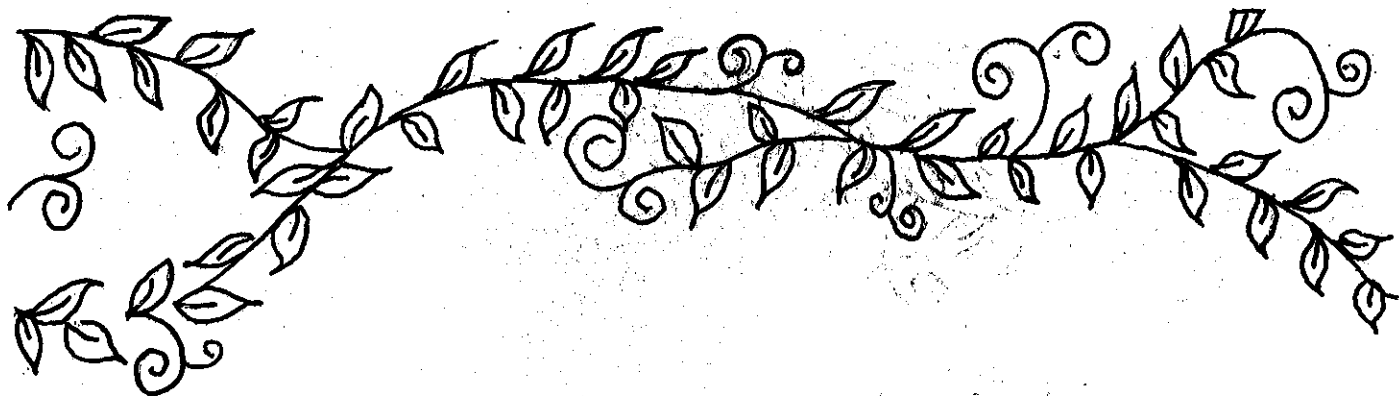
And to touch your hands of gold,  
So many teardrops I could hold, if I will win you.  
This morning has reminded me,  
Of times we lay so peacefully,  
When hearts and souls like roses bloomed each  
other.  
With kisses of no care for time,  
Of leanin' back and laughin' times  
We loved and found why all were once created.

And to touch your hands of gold,  
So many flowers I would hold, in trade for mine.

But oh if I were you,  
Only withered petals could give you.  
All your flowers I would love in trade for mine.

SN & TAD





## Letter of Discontent

You want to leave,  
But you have to stay!  
For Society Demands She get Her away;

You know your mind,  
And what you'll do;  
But you can't fight Society,  
She's bigger than you.

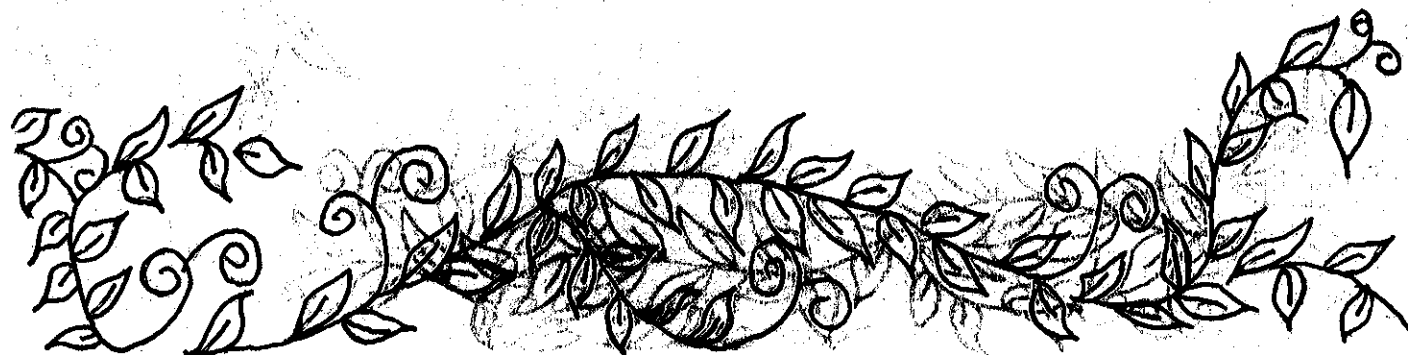
This Country is free,  
And they say the laws are just,  
But look around, just who do you trust?  
You have to work, sweat and slave,  
So your Country can manage to save.

But who will hear these words I say?

"NONE"

If Society can get her way.

Wesley J. O'Brien



# The Rise and Fall of

## American Corrections

Mike Agee

"Let the avenue to this house be rendered difficult and gloomy by mountains and morasses. Let the door be of iron; and let the granting be occasioned by opening and shutting then be increased by an echo from a neighboring mountain that shall extend and continue a sound deeply piercing the soul. Let a guard constantly attend at the gate that shall lead to this place of punishment, to prevent strangers from entering it. Let all the officers of the house be strictly forbidden ever to discover any signs of mirth or even levity in the presence of the criminals. To increase the horror of this abode of discipline and misery, let it be called by some name that shall import its design".

This was a Penitentiary from a description by Mr. Benjamin Rush in the year 1787, a conglomerate of misconceptions, horrors and simple ignorance. After a universal acceptance, immediately, this new concept in Houses of Repentance began to fail after only 30 years when these same pioneer Corrections Officials realized the failures of their reformatory system. Considering such a dismal start we can understand why the same disillusionment has carried through to the Penal System of 1970.

It is amazing to find that after 200 years, men on the moon, houses of plastic and heart transplants we are still enmeshed in many of the miscon-

ceptions and falsehoods that doomed Mr. Rushes' dream to failure.

Indeed we have come a long way from branding, whipping and the pillory and we no longer execute men for theft. Surely this is progress at the grass roots level. But where are the results of these new attitudes and approaches? Where are the figures to prove that now after 100 years of humane treatment, our Penal system works? The truth of the matter is that there are volumes of figures, but none that will prove the effectiveness of our Corrections System. Obviously something is amiss.

The ultimate purpose of our Prisons is to rehabilitate, to transform the convicted criminal to a useful member of society. Anyone can tell you this, and it looks beautiful on paper but does it work? Look at a few figures; of the 200,000 persons now imprisoned across the land, in state and federal institutions, 67% are recidivists or repeaters. Evidently something is missing in our program. What type of progress is being demonstrated when almost 3/4ths of all offenders return to prison, most within 2 years of their release?

Far too long our Prisons have operated on a curious and completely illogical compromise. They have tried to reform and punish at the same time. What has happened of course is a complete failure of both ob-

jectives. How can a man be reformed and punished at the same time, both terms are self canceling.

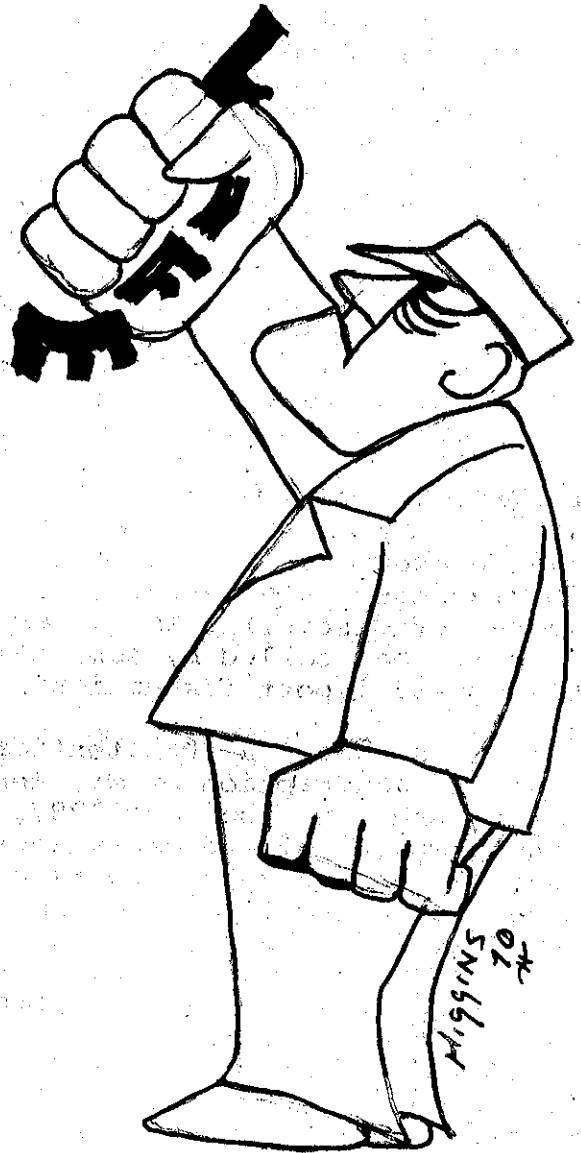
For too many years our Corrections programs have been foundering and growing malignant under their tremendous burden and their dismal failures.

The time is long past to begin the treatment of the festering sore of Penal Institutions in this country.

The first step to enlightened legislation and lowering the towering recidivists rates must be the reversing of public opinion toward the Corrections system and the former criminal. From recent surveys taken by Louis Harris and Associates, it is clear that the average citizen misunderstands the very goals of the Corrections system. A survey taken in March of last year gave results that are shocking but revealing. The cross section of American public when asked what the major thrust of the Penal Institution was, 72% believed that protection of society was the goal. Only 24% believed that rehabilitation was the desirable end while 4% still held the 17th century idea that punishment was the purpose of prison. Besides ignorant of the main goals of the penal system, these same people show very little confidence in the ability of the Corrections Officials in the system itself. Only 5% believed that prisons were "very successful" while 49% said that the system as we know it is "somewhat successful". Neither answer indicates much confidence in the Correctional field, although they support it with millions of tax dollars annually.

It is a mistaken belief that the crime and punishment

problem can be stamped out by law enforcement officials alone. The roots of crime lie in the community and the ultimate resolution must be found there. The genesis of the rising crime rate and consequently the problem of rehabilitation can only be solved by a strong resolution to



attack the causes of crime: poverty, racism, ignorance. Logically, it is easy to see the importance of public opinion, and mature attitudes toward the former offender and the penal system as a whole. It is up to John Q. Public to help in the

rehabilitation of the convicted felon by accepting him and aiding him in the transition back into an open society. All the lip service and sympathy in the world won't help the ex-con when he applies for that job upon release from an Institution. The attitude of "I don't have anything against them, but I wouldn't want one of them marrying my daughter" is doing nothing to alleviate the failures of the Corrections system. We need a John Q. Public who cares enough to take a chance on the former offender.

The entire blame cannot be placed on the shoulders of the citizen however, too much is amiss in our own house. According to Dr. Karl Menninger 79% of the country and city jails in this country are substandard, unfit for human habitation. We must provide modern corrections facilities with trained staff who can treat individual problems and needs. The average prison guard doesn't have a high school diploma and is in no way specially qualified for his job, a job that needs a touch of sociology psychology, theology, philosophy and much common sense. The regimentation that is forced upon a man confined in an Institution is fierce. The strict regulations of time to eat, time to sleep, time to stand in front of your cell for count, time to wake, time for recreation all incline a man toward a robot life. All his movements, and actions are done according to the book, by the numbers. This alone is the main force stifling all initiative and individualism, those same qualities that society demands for a successful man. The words of Winston Churchill seems to be appropriate here. "It is unreasonable to treat a man as an automaton while serving his



sentence and then at the finish of it, appeal to him as a human being to win his rightful place in society." Of course the beatings and whippings went out a few years ago and the cries of brutality were silenced, but still dominant in many of our Institutions around the country is a type of brutality that is more harmful. It is unconscious and without forethought on the part of prison personnel but this type of brutality cuts deepest into the soul of the prisoner, many times leaving a permanent scar. Mental brutality is the culprit. That type of unconscious treatment by prison personnel that reduces the man confined to the rank of caged animal. Constantly being called by the name "Prisoner", you left your given name at the gate, the constant reminder that by being in confinement you're just a little bit less of a man than the one guarding you. These ingrained attitudes all tend to make the man just a little more bitter and a little more vengeful upon release. If we are to combat the recidivist rates, those same rates that are made by the embittered ex-con

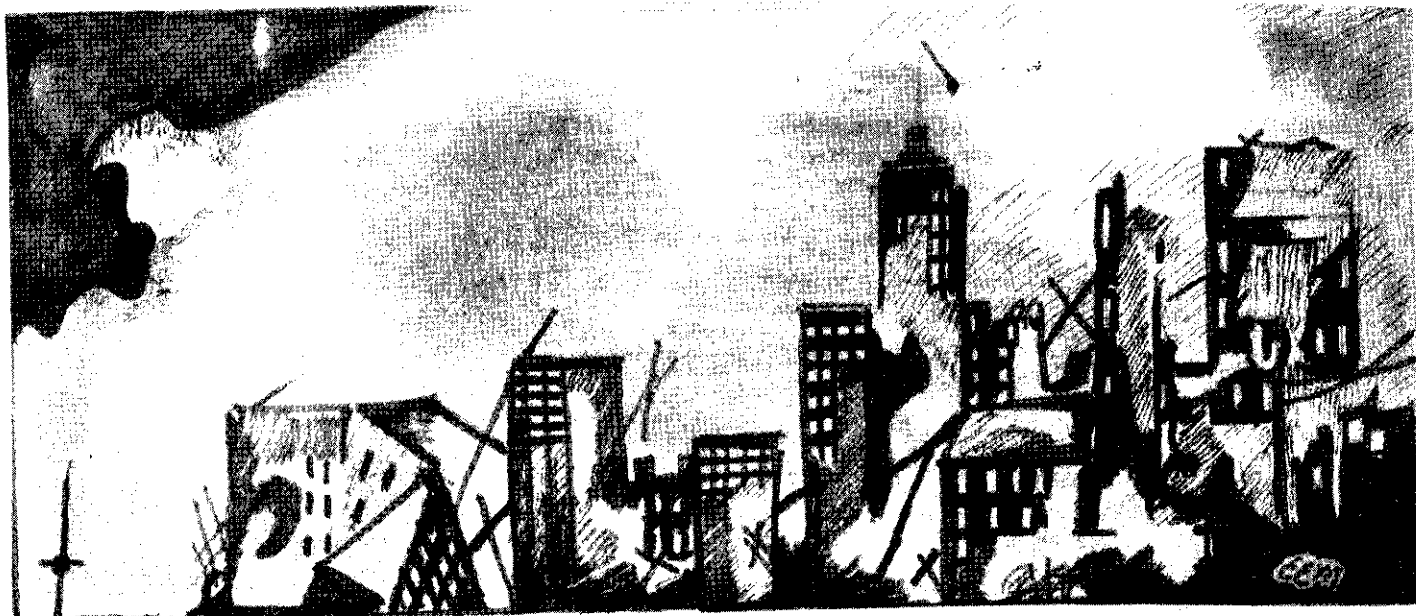
then we must revamp the Prison routine and employ trained staff members. As it is, the jailor and the prisoner neither have an influencing effect on the other. We must realize that the jailor is the man that spends the majority of the day and night with the prisoner, his contact is daily, unlike the Parole Officer or Clemency Officer who may see the man once a month. If there is a way to reach the convicted criminal, it will be through the personal daily contact of the trained duty personnel.

This would also aid the problem of impersonal treatment. Most Institutions work on an assembly line process; in to the screening or quarantine period, to the psych for a quick check up, medical, classification board and out into the prison society to do your time. The only individualized treatment that the prisoner will get is when he goes before someone for a disciplinary matter. There his treatment will be very personal. This entire process, many times necessary due to the tremendous influx of new men, still contributes to the brutalizing of mens minds, giving the attitude of "What do I care, I'm just a number to them". And on it goes, in on the assembly line, through the door, do the time and out and eventually back on the circular assembly line again.

When a man is convicted and sentenced in criminal court the sentence he receives is theoretically the just due to be exacted by society and the estimated amount of time that it will take to rehabilitate the criminal. But who is to judge what length of time and effort it will take for the necessary change of attitudes

in this particular man. Certainly not the prosecution or the sentencing judge, most of whom have never seen the inside of a prison. Is this not the job for counselors and doctors? Do the courts really think that the 20 and 30 year sentences that they are so fond of giving out will rehabilitate a man? Research has shown that prison is the worst method of rehabilitation, indeed it is the best way to insure that criminal ways are continued. 20 years of this should do a great job at exacting punishment but its rehabilitative value is absolutely nil. Our courts must utilize a more realistic solution to the imprisonment and consequent therapy of the convicted criminal. Would not the use of arbitrary sentences rather than long fixed terms do much to aid our dilemma? In other words give the man as much time as it will take to prepare him to reenter society. The sentence of x years or months rather than 30 years without parole would stimulate the man to further his progress along the road to rehabilitation. Give the prisoner an incentive. Why would a lifer or another long timer desire to educate himself or take advantage of group therapy session, regardless of his progress he still won't be released for another 20 years. The use of indeterminate sentences could be the greatest advance in Penology since the outlawing of the rack. Its advantages are limitless. The reduction of the 3,000 to 4,000 dollars annually for the support of each prisoner in a Federal Institution, paid for the almighty tax dollar, definite lowering of the recidivist rate and a decrease in the corps of hardened criminals.

(continued on page 27)



## A Day in the Night

*George Bush*

I awoke. Absolutely no idea where I was or how I got there, a strange bed, a strange room. It was dark. A feeling of fear crept through my mind as I looked around. A nearby window broken and dirty, was now enshrining the first break of dawn. I arose. Walked to a door. Opened it. I found it to be a closet. The clothes that were there seemed old and dead, like the flesh of a long buried corpse. Glancing at a calendar on the inside of the door, the date, "May 2007". I walked to another door which opened to a long hallway. To the right was a kitchen, to the left was a dining room. I entered the kitchen looking and wandering..... cups and dishes, broken, a pot on the stove, burnt, and caked with black crust.....Where were the people that lived here? Or did anyone live here? Still searching my mind for an answer, I walked outside.

The first rays of the sun appeared on the horizon. Puzzled thoughts tortured my mind as I looked out over what appeared to have been green, grazed, fields. Now a deserted waste land.

Walking toward the horizon through foliage of decay, I became aware of the absence of nature, and the unearthly silence around me. As I quickened my pace, I could see in the distance the silhouette of a great city in ruin. Walking towards the city, I passed through the rubble and debris of what had once been the dwellings and structures of man's feeble existence. As I continued walking, I became deeply disturbed at what I had seen. What had caused it?

As I entered the city, I was awed by what had once been a productive metropolis. Now a



skeleton of half torn away buildings, deteriorating vehicles, and a deathly silence. As I walked by, the once great buildings, now only memories in the mind of time....Suddenly there appeared a sign, "Market," a feeling of hunger raced to my stomach. I moved quickly towards it, hoping to find food, yet at the same time fearing not finding it. I was relieved upon finding cans that had not been destroyed. After eating and taking some extra's, I continued along the streets. If only I could find someone. Anyone. As the day grew on, I lost all hope.

The sun was now beginning to fall to the western sky, and my mind raced back in thought.. The room where I had awakened, the calendar, the date, "May 2007". Was this the result of man, and my own existence? What was my past? What was my future? An where would this nightmare end?

The blue sky became a twilight as a cool breeze brushed across my face. I felt a sudden chill, and fear again crossed my mind as the last rays of day surrendered to the night. As the streets grew dark, I could see a church not far away and decided to go there. I walked toward it, entered, and felt a sense of relief. Around me were ornaments of worship, Gold & Silver. I walked to a row of pews and sat facing the altar. Time passed slowly as I started into the darkness.

From nowhere a flash of light so brilliant that my eyes burned with pain, and I fell to the floor. Shaken with fear I looked up, there in a haze of light was the figure of "The Budda!" I started, and wasn't able to move. Soon it faded away, and darkness prevailed

once again. I sat there, motionless, wanting to run, but where? I sat, once again the flash, but this time it was much greater, and again I fell to the floor. When I looked up, I saw The Christ, a smile on his face! I stared, and the vision faded away, and again darkness was about me.

More silence.



With a roar of thunder and a flash of light, I felt a burning pain running through my body. I screamed, and fell to the floor trembling with fright and pain. I looked, and in a vision of light stood a man, dressed in a long white gown, his hair white as snow that fell to his shoulders, a white beard, and his eyes flared out like fire, his hand pointing a finger down at me.

With a loud roaring voice came the words, "That that was shall be no more, but that that is will be again".

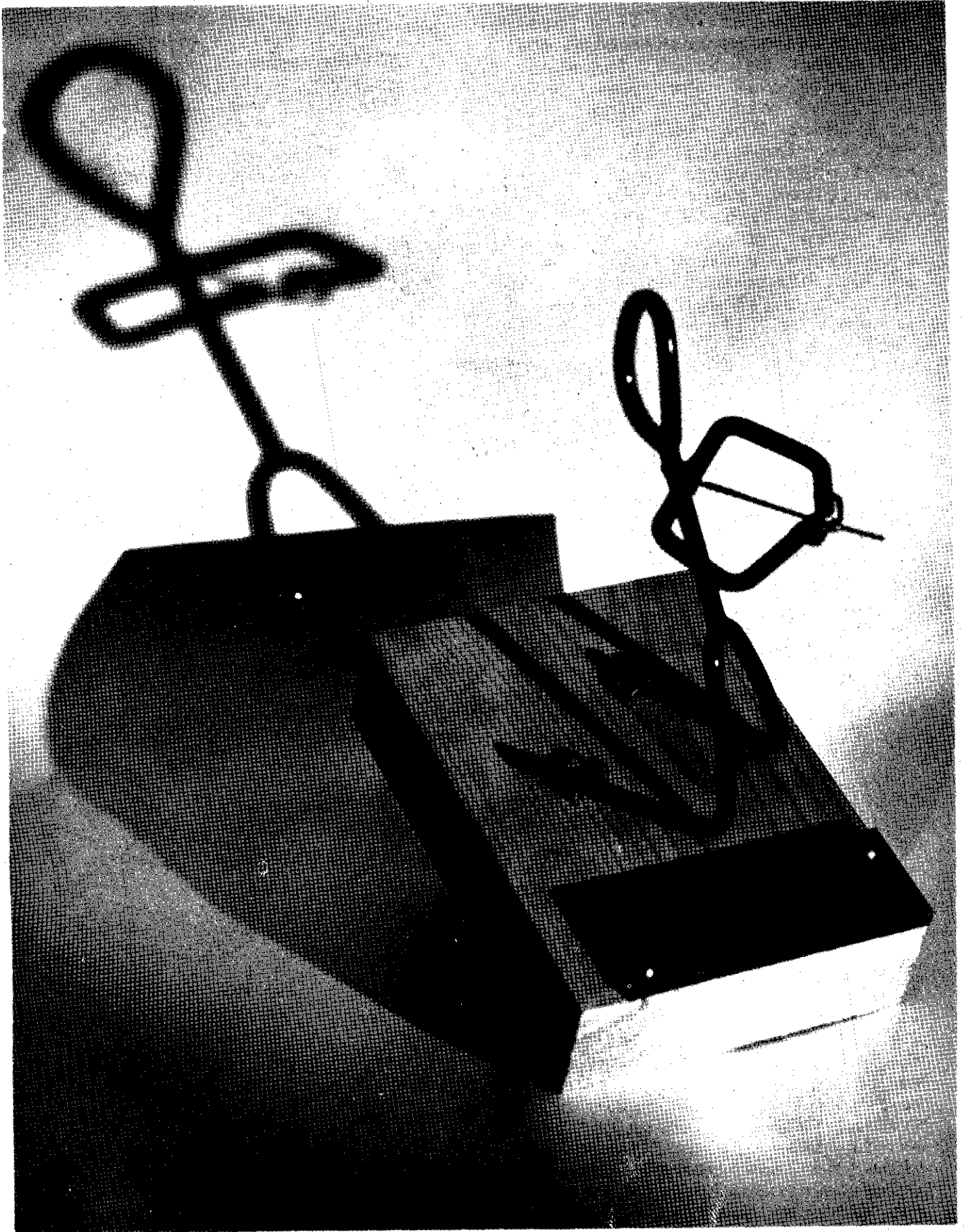
# ART SECTION

In our August issue of the COURIER, we announced an Art Contest being held throughout the Institution. All the particulars were given and considering the large number of men here who draw and sketch, we anticipated a large response. By contest deadline, the 31st of August, we had received an overwhelming 4 entries out of a prisoner population of over 500. There is nothing else to say besides thanks for the enthusiastic reaction.

We would like to give recognition to those four men who did enter, and came up with the beautiful work found in the following several pages. Roberto Vasquez, Jerry Williams, James Outeda, and Luki, we of the Courier sincerely thank you for your interest.

Editor

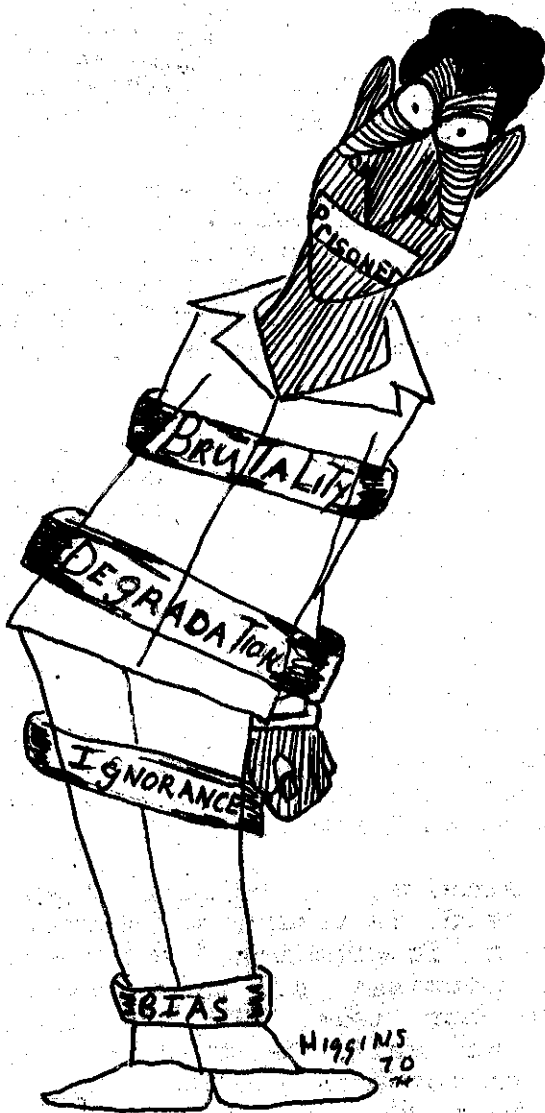






(continued from page 20)

The warden would have the personal authority, under the advice of psychiatrists and counselors of course, to terminate the prisoners sentence at any time it is felt he is ready for release. Under this new system the men who work closest to the convict, those who can best evaluate his pro-



gress will be the ones to decide upon his release, not an impersonal Board of Judges 100 miles away who know the subject only by his record of trial. Writing in Federal Probation, Dr. Karl Menninger believes that this entire rehabilitation process would not take over a year if the use of arbitrary sentences were employed. The obvious advantages of this new sentencing process raises the dignity of the prisoner to a more human personal level, by necessity must provide a more effective means of rehabilitation and it will send the man home when he is ready. If society is truly interested in rehabilitation of the convicted felon rather than revenge, then they must call for a streamlined Court system utilizing to the greatest extent the facet of indeterminate sentencing.

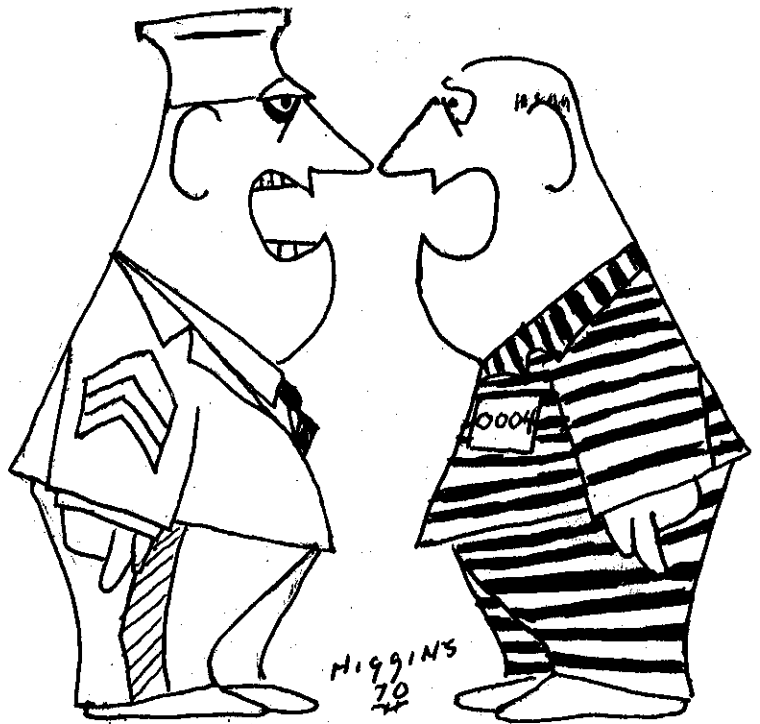
Many institutions around the country provide its inmates with the best Educational Opportunities, recreation and Medical care, and upon release find the man back in the same straits as he was 6 months before, sitting in a cell on A Tier. No one can imagine why. When a man is released from a prison, he has a blue suit on his back, \$25 in his pocket, and the name ex-con. Being a normal man who has been without the comforts of the outside for a long while, he'll probably blow the whole wad on a bottle, a clean bed and a woman which leaves him with about 10¢ in his pocket. To say the very least, this situation is less than ideal. The man needs money until that first paycheck comes in, he needs a place to live and something to eat. If the former Prisoner has a family his needs rise proportionately. So we have a man recently released from jail, trying to

find employment to support either himself or a family. He quickly finds out what Mr. John Citizen thinks of a former convict. Because of the considerable prejudice displayed against men like him, it will be unusual for our man to find any kind of job, no matter how trivial. So now comes the classic situation. Man out of work. Man needs money to support family. Man picks up attitude towards society because of unfair prejudice. Man knocks over store. Man comes back inside the joint. Prison Officials want to know why.

This classic case is repeated time and time again, and people are still asking why. The why of the matter is because the responsibility of the Correctional Program ended at the front gate and neglected the Prisoner when he needed help most; at release.

To combat this common problem, so common infact it is probably responsible for 30% of the repeater rate, we must provide post--release centers or homes such as half way houses under competent supervision to aid the prisoner in his return to a competitive society.

The need for a slow transition into this new experience is obvious. In this post-release center or halfway house, the crucial step of adjustment is eliminated. Through the different Welfare Departments, Placement Bureaus, and the Institution itself, jobs can be found and the prisoner may adapt more gradually to the competitive surroundings of a free society, many worlds apart from the highly regimented life of a Prison. In this way when release time comes, after approximately 6 months in the post-release center, the man is already situated in the community



with a paying job and a place to live. The shock of jumping in without preparation is avoided and the most important step in the making or breaking of a former prisoner is eliminated.

Many of the ideas that have been mentioned have been kicking around for a long time. Indeed the facts of Prison reform have been around quite awhile. These thoughts are not new. The reforms mentioned have been in the minds of Penal authorities for years, but how long will it be before these ideas and thoughts will be galvanized into action? Can we afford to wait any longer?

America, I believe it was once said, is promises. Surely, America is promises, but these same promises are there not to leave but take. But how long must we wait. The time is long past to correct and to transfer the beautiful ideas to the accomplished fact. Now is the time to change the understanding to a sure remedy. We can take no less, we owe ourselves no less.

Last evening this reporter was sitting in his squadbay watching two men shooting it out on the green felt. And it came to pass that stick man number #1 pocketed the 8 ball in the corner hole off his opponents ball. Thereabouts a great controversy arose. "The shot was legal, I win!" said the first. "Nay", said the second, "You lose, the shot was illegal". At which time the first picked up his sturdy cue and shot for his opponents head. With a great display of bottom left English, he spun around and dropped to the floor. Thus it came to be that No #1 player was declared the winner. So it is in the interest of better relations and broken heads that we publish the below rules, excerpt from the Official Rules & Regulations of the Billiard Congress of America. So there never need be another hassel over a pool game, unless, of course, you just want to hassle anyway.

# Pocket Billiards

*Furnished by George Bush*

## EIGHT BALL

**THE GAME:** The game is played with a cue ball and fifteen object balls; numbered from 1 to 15. Balls are racked at the foot spot, with 8-ball in the center of triangle. (See Diagram.)

One player or side must pocket balls numbered from 1 to 7 or from 9 to 15. Opponent pockets group of balls not selected by player with original choice. For example, if the player with the first choice chooses to score balls from 1 to 7, the opponent must pocket balls from 9 to 15. Player or side pocketing numerical group first and then legally pocketing 8-Ball wins the game.

**BREAK:** Order of play can be determined by lagging or lot. Starting player is not compelled to make a choice on

opening shot, nor must he call his shot on the break. If opening player pockets one or more balls on the break, he has his choice of the high or low group. If the breaker fails to pocket a ball on the break, the incoming player accepts ball in position and has his choice of the high or low balls.

**SCORING:** The striker is entitled to all balls legally pocketed, unless he pockets a ball belonging to his opponent in which case, the opponent is credited with that ball. If player pockets only an opponent's ball and none of his own group, it is a miss. Combination shots are allowed at all times, except in an attempt to pocket the 8-Ball. Player may play combination off opponent's ball. The rules of Eight Ball specify that the player pocket-



ing the high numerical group of balls must pocket the 15-ball in the left side pocket, that is, in the side pocket to his left as he stands at the head of the table facing the foot of the table. The player scoring the low numbered balls must pocket the 1-Ball in the right side pocket. If the 1 and 15 balls are not pocketed by the rules, they are spotted and re-spotted until the player is successful in accomplishing this purpose. After a player has pocketed all the balls in his numerical group, he shoots to pocket the 8-Ball, calling his shot. If shooting directly at the 8-Ball (not banking), the player must pocket that ball or cause the 8-Ball or the cue to contact the cushion.

**LOSS OF GAME:** If a player, shooting directly at the 8-Ball fails to cause the cue ball to go to a cushion after hitting 8 ball, or the 8-ball to contact a cushion, he loses the game. If banking the 8-ball, players must hit the 8-ball. If a player accidentally pockets the 8-ball before he pockets all the balls of his numerical group, he loses the game. When playing for the 8-ball, player must hit that ball first. If he pockets the 8-ball on a combination, he loses the game. If he fails to hit 8-ball on bank, he loses game. Since a player is required to call his shot when playing for the 8-ball, he loses the game if the 8-ball drops into a pocket not designated on the call. When player is shooting to make the 8-ball, he loses the game if cue ball scratches in pocket.

**WITHIN THE STRING:** When player has cue ball in hand and object balls rest within the head string, the object ball nearest to the string is spotted on the foot spot. The same is done

when the 8-ball is the object ball and lies within the head string, the object ball nearest to the string is spotted on the foot spot. The same is done when the 8-ball is the object ball and lies within the head string and the player has the cue ball in hand.

## BASIC POCKET BILLIARDS

This game is played with fifteen object balls, numbered from 1 to 15, and a white cue ball. The object ball are racked on the foot spot. Starting player has cue ball in hand.

**PURPOSE OF GAME:** The game can be played by individuals or sides. One individual or side seeks to pocket 8 balls before the opponents. The side pocketing 8 (of the 15) balls first wins.

**START OF PLAY:** Start of play can be determined by lagging or lot. With cue ball in hand, starting player must pocket a ball, or drive two object balls to a cushion. In non title play, incoming player can accept balls in position, if opponents fails to comply with rules for opening shot. In match or tournament play, starting player must pocket a ball or drive two object balls to a cushion. If he fails, opponent can accept balls in position or insist that balls be re-ranked and that opening player continue to break until he complies with the rules. Player does not have to "Call his shot" on opening stroke and is credited with all balls legally pocketed.

**SUBSEQUENT PLAY:** On all strokes following the opening shot, the player must call the ball or balls he intends to

pocket, although he is not compelled to "Call the pocket". If a ball is called, but not pocketed, other balls scored on the stroke do not count. They must be spotted. The player loses his turn at the table. If a player calls more than one ball, he must pocket all balls called. If he fails, no ball is counted. If balls were pocketed, they are spotted. Player loses his turn. Failure to hit a called ball is not an error, provided the cue ball touches another object ball. If a player calls but one ball, which he pockets, he is entitled to all other balls pocketed on the same stroke. After the opening stroke, the player must either pocket a called ball, drive an object ball to a cushion or cause the cue ball to contact a cushion after hitting object ball.

**PENALTIES:** Penalties are imposed by compelling the offending player to forfeit one ball, in addition to those pocketed on the foul stroke. If a player has no balls to his credit at the time of the foul, he owes one to the table, which he must spot when he scores. If a player fouls twice on the same stroke (such as failing to drive two object balls to the cushion on the break shot and scratching the cue ball in a pocket) only one penalty is imposed. Player forfeits one point for;

1. Failing to comply with break shot requirements (losing one point, more for each successive failure on break).
2. Scratching the cue ball in a pocket.
3. Forcing the cue ball off the table.
4. Shooting while balls are in motion.
5. Failure (after the opening stroke) to pocket a ball, cause an object ball to hit a cushion, or cause cue ball to hit

cushion, after hitting object ball.

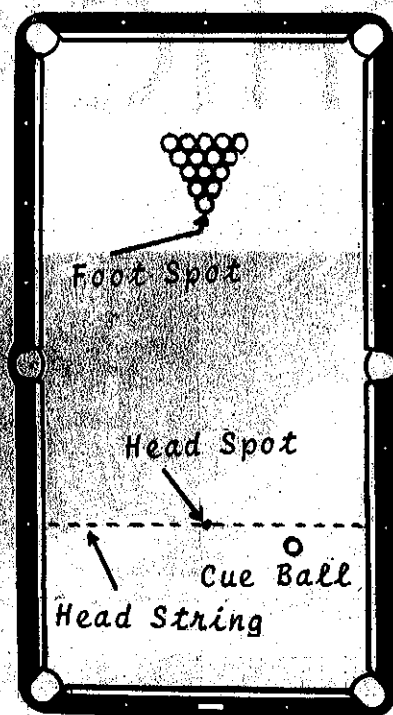
6. For striking cue ball twice on the same stroke.

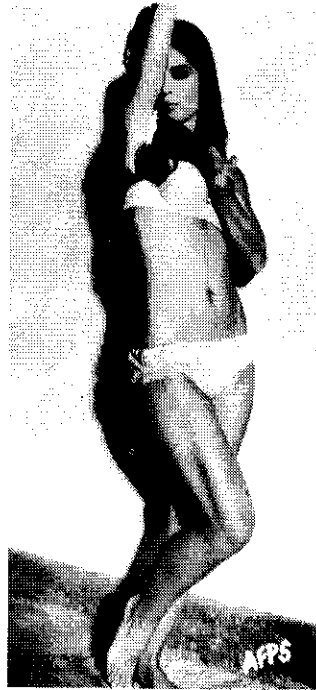
7. Touching cue ball or object balls with hand, cue, clothing, etc....except as on a legal stroke with cue.

**SPOTTING BALLS:** Balls are spotted as outlined in general rules for spotting balls. (see Diagram.)

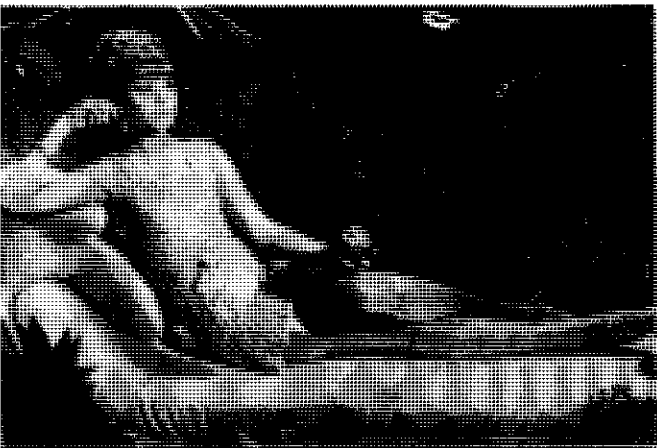
**INTERFERENCE:** If the balls are unlawfully interfered with in any way by the player at the table, incoming player can accept them in position or insist that original position of balls be restored. If non-player interferes with balls, while opponent is shooting, the offending player loses the game. If balls are disturbed by any person or influence other than the player, conditions prior to disturbance, player at table continues his inning.

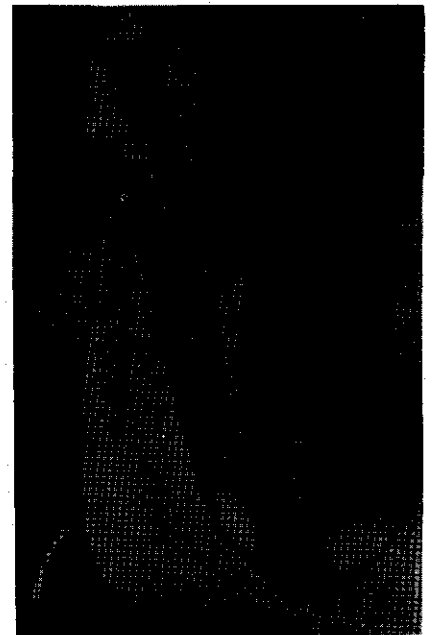
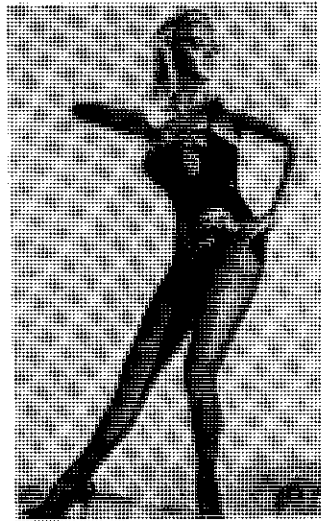
Basic Pocket Billiards





# CHICKS





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# Chaplains' Page

## Does Religion Make Any Difference?

"Why'd the bum call for a bunt, losing by three runs in the seventh? We'd have won if they'd gone for the first down instead of kicking on fourth down in the last quarter". These are the words of a typical baseball grandstand manager and football Monday morning quarterback. Such people have an easy life. They play the game from comfortable seats on the sideline. They do not have to make any split-second decisions or put their plans into action. They do not take any of the rough stuff and they do not have to live with the results of their decisions if they are wrong. They can be critical because they are not involved.

Religion also has its sideline critics; people who criticize without being involved. Some claim they cannot see where religion makes any difference in life. One such critic, a bowery bum, once interrupted a sideline preacher by saying, "Your religion has been around for hundreds of years, but I can't see where it has made much difference". The preacher's answer should be food for thought for all uninvolved critics. He replied, "Soap has been around for a long time too, but I can't see where it has made much difference in your life".

The preacher's point was well taken. The simple fact that soap exists means nothing. One must be involved in its use to know if it makes any difference. Religion is much the same. Only by being involved can one know if it causes any change in life. When you stop and think about it, the amazing thing is not that so much religion has made so little difference, but that so little religion has made so much difference. All to many people have had mild doses of religion making them immune to the real thing.

Does religion make any difference? You will never know from the sideline.

Chaplain W.F. Magor

# OCTOBER FLICKS

1,2  
Ann of A Thousand Days

3,4  
Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here  
Robert Redford

5  
Gypsy Moths  
Burt Lancaster

6,7,8,9  
Latitude Zero  
Joseph Cotton

10,11  
Medium Cool  
Robert Foster

12  
Looking Glass War  
Christopher Jones

13,14,15,16  
The Downhill Racer  
Robert Redford

17,18  
Skullduggery  
Burt Reynolds

19  
The Last Grenade  
Alex Cord

20,21,22,23  
Ring of Bright Water  
Virginia McKenna

24,25  
Let It Be  
The Beatles

26  
Whatever Happened to Aunt Alice  
Geraldine Page

27,28,29,30  
Barquero  
Lee Van Cleef

31, (Nov. 1)  
A Fistfull of Dollars  
Clint Eastwood







# A Prison is Born

At the end of the 18th century the Secretary of War administered the affairs of the Navy. With the rapid development of the Navy as a striking force, however, it was realized that it would function more effectively as a separate unit.

So in 1789, the Navy became a distinct and separate branch of the armed forces and Benjamin Stoddard, the first Secretary of the Navy, began the establishment of government owned shipyards.

The splendid records of the U.S.S. RALEIGH and the U.S.S. RANGER turned his attention to Portsmouth, and in 1800 with the purchase of Dennett's Island, the Portsmouth Naval Shipyard was established.

## Prosperity And Depression

During the Revolutionary War the new yard continued to expand in output and size, but at the war's end, the yard slipped back into comparative obscurity. It was not until the War of 1812 that it finally was revived to play a vital part in the Navy's history.

In the year 1864 there were about 2,500 workmen on the yard payroll, and at this time, Seavey's Island was purchased to further enlarge the yard. The price per acre for the second of the original Puddington Island was \$1,000, exactly ten times what had been paid for the earlier purchase.

The continuous cycle of employment and lay-off, characteristic of nearly all government yards, was evident at

Portsmouth, and within a few years the number of workmen dropped to a skeleton force of 71 employees.

## Spanish-American War

It took the Spanish-American War in 1898 to bring the yard back to its former degree of production.

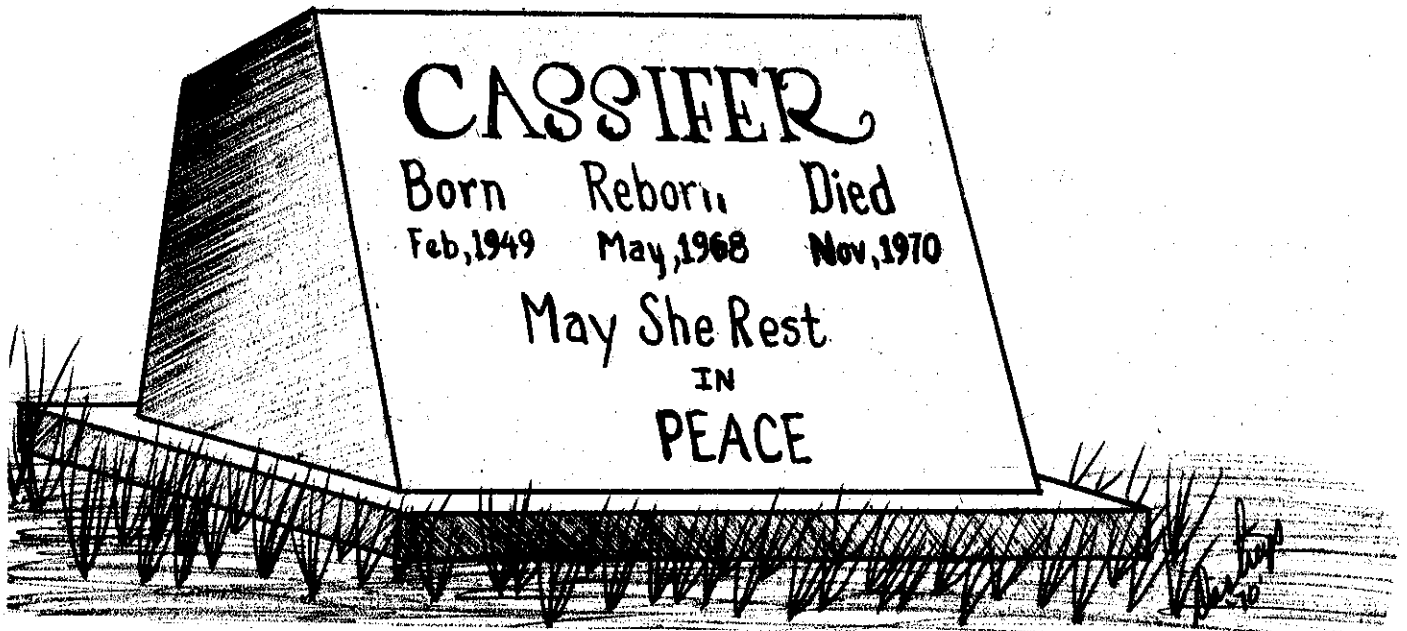
During this year a prison camp was established on Seavey's Island; this Island being the section of land now covered by the U.S. Naval Disciplinary Command (before hand; Naval Retraining Command) and adjacent area.

The camp was named Camp Long for Secretary of the Navy, John D. Long. Since 1812, it was the site of a Marine installation known as Fort General Sullivan.

Originally there was 1612 officers and men of the Spanish Squadron confined here and guarded by a battalion of U.S. Marines. The prisoners were part of the Squadron destroyed by the American Fleet in the Battle of Santiago, July 3, 1898.

The prisoners were released in September of that year, and returned to Spain on board the man-o-war City Of Rome. During their confinement, however, 31 prisoners died of yellow fever and wounds incurred in battle. They were buried in the yard cemetery, and 17 years later, on April 12, 1916, their remains were removed and delivered with ceremony on board a Spanish transport berthed at the Navy Yard. (con'td page 39)





Born a problem child, founded by a photog who never understood, forever asking too much, I say propaganda!

I stood not alone, for there are many of my kind, but one of her.

She stood amidst her loved ones only to face the enemies alone for I could do nothing.

Then came her God Father, her savior to love, to hold, help and guard.

Young and determined with a life of her own, only to find this is not true.

I sing aloud in the glory of her brilliant shine, but the song is sad for I know what lies under her coat of armor.

I reflect upon the pages of her past, I look upon the little truth and many lies.

I cursed, I fought the monthly wars of silencing.

I bore the stain of sweat, tears and blood of those who were at my side in time of war.

I scream at the top of my lungs for the torture of my soul for now we stand alone, her and I once again.

I watch her God Father as he moves on to greater trials and wars across the liquid desert.

Now she and I stand alone, behind a wall of  
impossible blitz.

Give one last battle of all my will and  
for the time is near.

The man approaches. His expressions of hate,  
greed and malice engulf her.

I am lost, I cannot see, I taste of nothing,  
my hands are not there.

There is only one way for her. She and I,  
together we die, one day to be reborn to tell the  
truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth so  
help me.

And I say it to who else but.....

The World

*the CASTLE COURIER staff*

(continued from page 1)

COURIER. His help and inspira-  
tion to all of us on the staff  
along with all the budding writ-  
ters who benefitted by his pres-  
ence cannot gauge the sadness  
that is felt by his loss. Mr.  
Jousse is a man who feels his  
job is important and who works  
at it with a gusto that should  
inspire any Penal Official.

Very sadly we bid farewell  
to two rare men who cared en-  
ough to take a little extra  
time with every man they were  
in contact with. Men like Fa-  
ther Holland and Alain Jousse  
are unique and their passing is  
a loss to all in the Institu-  
tion.

(continued from page 7)

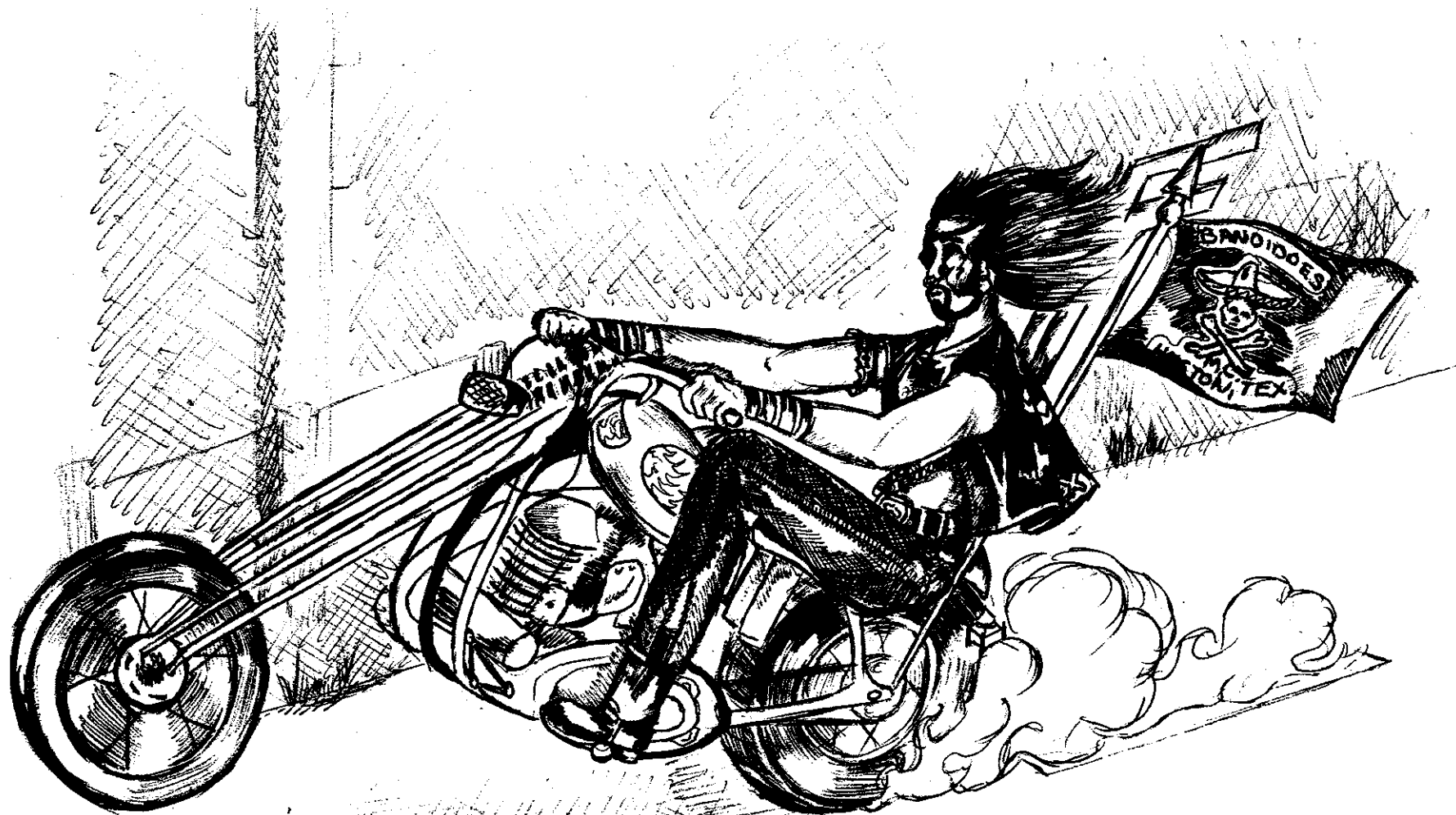
evil are everywhere; BEWARE of  
the Black Arts. At times its sa-  
fer to be in ignorance, then to  
seek knowledge of the unknown,  
and have it transform into a di-  
lemma of madness. The occult

takes many forms and many rites.  
Whether it be Black Magic,  
Witchcraft, voodoo, the undead,  
The Cult of Kali or the ancient  
blood rituals of human sacri-  
fice. The Magicians of Madness  
are upon us. Do not take them  
lightly. For you may in the very  
near future have the opportunity  
to enter the realm of the un-  
known. Therefore it will be your  
choice, and your choice alone to  
venture forth into the planes of  
darkness. SO BE IT.

(continued from page 37)

A small plaque was erected  
and is still standing on the  
spot of the confinement of  
these prisoners.

During this month of Oct-  
ober, be sure to keep an eye  
out for the ghostly souls of  
the Spaniards who died here  
over 70 years ago. A lot of  
rumors have said that the li-  
brary dungeon still holds the  
souls of these men, and that  
every Halloween, you can hear  
the cries of these men each  
hour.



| 1970 September 1970 |    |    |    |    |    |    |
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| 13                  | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 |
| 20                  | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 |
| 27                  | 28 | 29 | 30 |    |    |    |

| 1970 OCTOBER 1970 |    |    |    |    |    |    |
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| 18                | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 |
| 25                | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 |

| 1970 November 1970 |    |    |    |    |    |    |
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| 15                 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 |
| 22                 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 |
| 29                 | 30 |    |    |    |    |    |

# W.S.O.

## Oklahoma City

1. Absolutely Live
2. Groovy Situation
3. That's Where I Went Wrong
4. Get Your Ya Yas Out
5. Yellow Taxi

Doors  
Gene Chandler  
Poppy Family  
Rolling Stones  
Neighborhood

## San Diego

1. Blood, Sweat & Tears-III
2. Get Your Ya Yas Out
3. Absolutely Live
4. Crosby, Stills, and Nash
5. Groovy Situation

Rolling Stones  
Doors  
Gene Chandler

## Boston

1. Stage Fright
2. Fire and Water
3. Crosby, Stills, and Nash
4. Maddogs and Englishman
5. Get Your Ya Yas Out

The Band  
Free  
Joe Cocker  
Rolling Stones

## Chicago

1. Maddogs and Englishman
2. Overdrive
3. Tell It All
4. Blood, Sweat, & Tears-III
5. Absolutely Live

Joe Cocker  
Assembled Multitude  
Kenny Rogers  
Doors

## Baltimore

1. Blood, Sweat, & Tears-III
2. Heathenrthal Man
3. Peace Will Come
4. Maddogs and Englishman
5. Everything Tuesday

Hot Legs  
Melanie  
Joe Cocker  
Chairman

# REFLECTIONS

Do not dream your experiences--experience your dreams. One reality is worth a thousand dreams.

Sunshine Magazine

Not ignorance, but ignorance of ignorance, is the death of knowledge.

Alfred North Whitehead

Defeat should never be a source of discouragement, but rather a fresh stimulus.

Robert South

If a man who, at the risk of being condemned by both his family and society, has the courage to refuse to fight for something he believes is immoral, he is called a coward. But if he, against all his moral beliefs, fights for fear of what people will say or do to him, he is proclaimed a patriot.

Bob Miles

I think we should be man first and subjects later. It is not desirable to cultivate a respect for the law as for the right.

Henry D. Thoreau

Life is like a mule ride,  
along a canyon wall:  
The mule knows where it's going,  
but you're scared it's going to fall.

D.S. Roath

While our social conditions may not permit us to copy the penal treatment devices or institutions of Sweden or many other countries more fortunate than we with respect to crime rates, we would do well to follow more intently the progress of the penology in such countries.

Thorsten Sellin



**FROM-** \_\_\_\_\_

**Building 93**

**U.S. Naval Activities**

**Portsmouth, N. H.**

**03801**

**Third Class Mail**



**TO-** \_\_\_\_\_

**Zip Code**