

Found loose
in this issue.

BASE

with 790934

MILLS' ALL STARS-0

Earl Lawton	2B
Charles Ford	SS
Ernest Roberson	C
Richard Lomax	CF
James Brown	RF
Joseph Johnson	1B
William Bright	3B
Douglas Carter	LF
Joseph Stewart	P

R. Jones; W. Farmer; R. Brady;
J. Lewis; C. Street; J. Wright;
R. Roles; and A. Pearson

The Baseball Association of this community sponsored, with the assistance of the Coordinating Committee and Birds Nest #954, its first Annual All-Star Baseball Game on August 27, 1964. Gryzbowski's All-Stars and Mills' All-Stars were the principals in this initial diamond classic. Because of the time curfew, the game was concluded at the end of six full innings of play. The final score: Gryzbowski's All-Stars - 7; Mills' All-Stars - 0. Charles (Buck) Lowery was the winning pitcher and Joseph Stewart was tagged for the loss.

Officials for the game were William Harris, Boyd Strosnider, Herbert Smallwood, and Chief Umpire John Rojsza.

The game attracted an immense, enthusiastic crowd. Among the spectators were wives and children of many officials employed in the community; the Nursing Staff was represented by Mrs. McKenzie, Mrs. Hogart, and Mrs. Weber; and outside guests included Mr. Jean Letan of Tower Inn Baseball Club and Mr. Pint Isreal of the Bermuda All-Stars. Comfortably seated, munching popcorn, enjoying popsicles or sipping ice cold beverages afforded by the game's sponsors, these visitors watched the progress of the ball game to

its end, and the trophy presentations which followed. For the occasion, the trophies were donated by Mr. Jean Letan.

The beginning of the end for Mills' All-Stars came when Sammy (Hambone) Rogers blasted a triple to deep center field in the bottom half of the second inning and, to the immense delight of the crowd, cake-walked around the base pads, being every inch the clown! Attempting to halt the onslaught initiated by Rogers, Manager Mills used three pitchers -- Joseph Stewart, Roland Roles, and Charles Ford. Charles Ford was by far the most effective of the three pitchers.

Other 'G' Stars who played very decisive roles in the defeat of Mills' All-Stars were Gordon Contee, and Bruce Pratt. But the most outstanding player on the team was Charles (Buck) Lowery. Lowery never looked nor performed better from his mound position. He pitched to a total of 19 batters, struck out 8, walked 1, and forced the other batters to hit the ball on the ground. The only three men to hit safely off Buck were Charles Ford with two hits, Ernest Roberson, and William Bright.

After the commission of the

GRYZBOWSKI'S ALL STARS-7

Stewart Harrod	2B
James Pratt	LF
Charles Lowery	P
John Cribley	SS
Lawrence Jackson	3B
John McLaughlin	CF
Sammy Rogers	C
Gordon Contee	RF
Louis Pennington	1B

R. Cook; R. Calhoun; R. Hunter;
C. McNeil; A. Frazier; L. Green;
Coaches W. Smith and E. Nadreau

game, the judges, Deputy Warden Herbert Powell, Mr. George Henderson, and Mr. Jean Letan -- selected, via ballot, the most valuable player. Charles (Buck) Lowery won unanimously. Deputy Warden Powell made the M.V.P. presentation. In addition to this, every player on Gryzbowski's All-Stars was awarded a trophy for being on the winning team.

Members of the Intramural Baseball Association are Charles C. Lowery, President; Roy Calhoun, Vice President; Charles Ford, Chairman; Stewart Harrod, Treasurer; Robert Winter, Secretary; Richard Hunter; Robert Jones; Douglas Carter; Louis Pennington; Ernest Roberson, William Jones, Richard Lomax, and Wilmont Minnich, Board of Directors.

The Baseball Association extended special acknowledgements to: Mr. V.L. Pepersack, Commissioner of Correction; Mr. F.K. Brough, Warden; Mr. Albert A. Urie, Asst. Warden; Mr. H.W. Powell, Asst. Warden; Mr. James Mills, Correctional Officer II; Mr. Julius A. Gryzbowski, Correctional Officer II; Mr. John Rojsza, Correctional Officer II; Mr. Jean Letan, Tower Inn Baseball Club; and Mr. E.V. Taylor, Supervisor of Recreation.





Ski's All Stars relax in the dugout



W. Thornton heads for bench



Tension starts to mount in 5th inning



Deputy Warden Powell presents All Star MVP Award to winning pitcher, Buck Lowery



Jean Letan, George Henderson and Mr. Powell giving out awards as Stu Harrod looks on



Manager Ski and team pose for victory picture



Visitors watch Charlie Ford reach 1st safely



Catcher Roberson and 3rd baseman Bright combine efforts to get Lowery



Mr. Gryzbowski accepts Winning Manager Award



Lowery and Sammy Rogers, winning battery, reflect their tension



Mgr. Gryzbowski, Umpire Rosjza, and Mgr. Mills



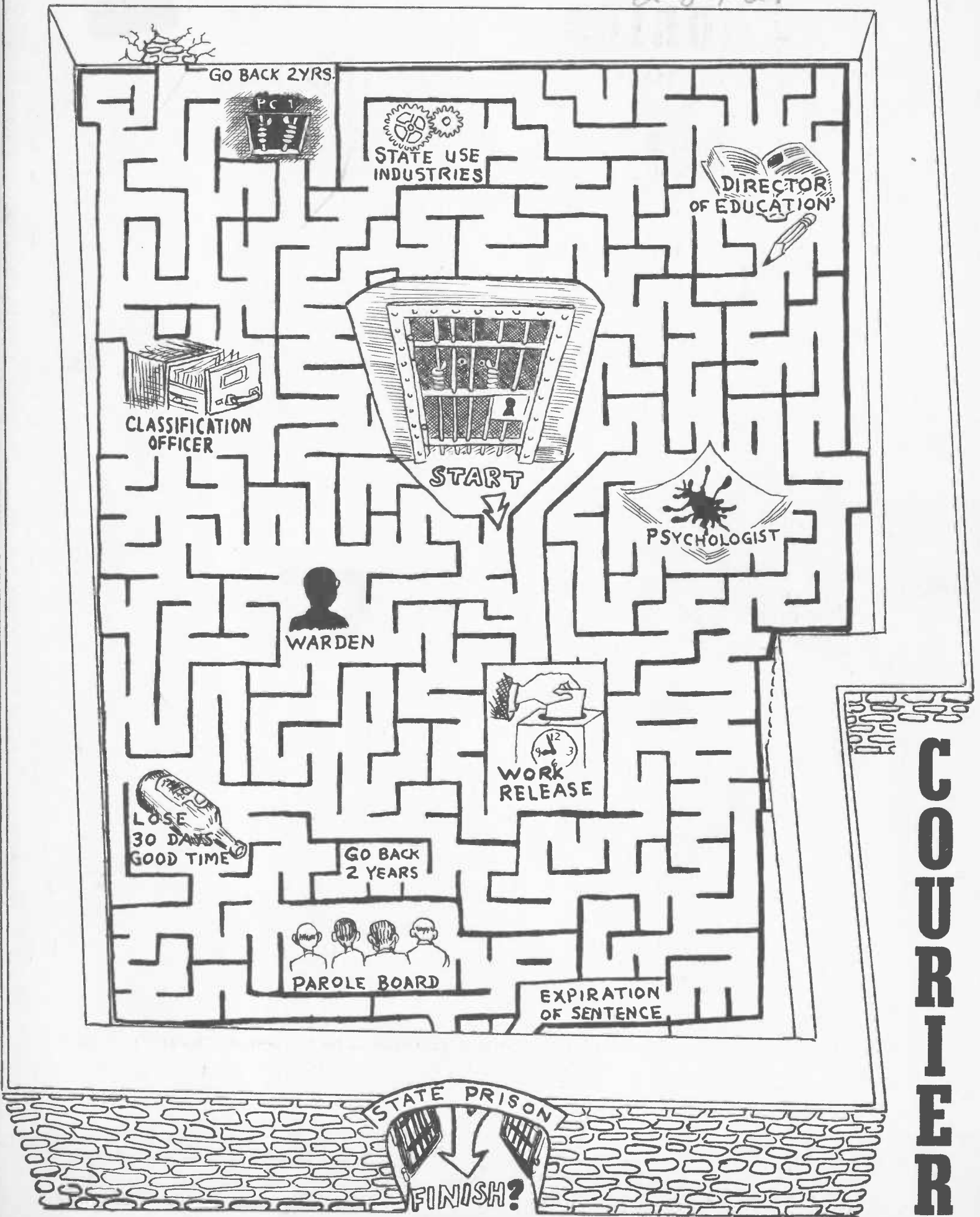
Mills' All Stars starting to feel the pressure

Although not quite as big as the crowds that assemble for the Baltimore Orioles' home games, the turnout for the All Star game was quite impressive. Photos to the right and below show part of the assembled spectators who witnessed the exciting contest.

The photo at the bottom on the far right shows that inevitable moment which comes in all baseball games, the moment following the final out in the final inning, when a host of satisfied fans file happily from the bleachers and head toward their respective homes.



2-8-9-29



Book Shelf

COURIER

STATE OF MARYLAND



NOV 17 1964

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Fall, 1964

No. 6

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CENSUS — September 1, 1964

TOTAL POPULATION	1355
LOW NUMBER	27327
HIGH NUMBER	8377

Letters to the Editor are encouraged and will be welcomed. They must be signed as anonymous communications cannot be published. In the event the author of a letter wishes to withhold his or her name from publication this desire should be indicated in the letter. The letter will then be printed without the signature at the discretion of the Editor if it contains information deemed of sufficient interest to all readers—Editor.

This magazine is published by and for the inmates of the Maryland Penitentiary, under the supervision of Sherman G. Brett, Correctional Educational Supervisor.

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September 15, 1964

Dear Reader:

The Courier is constantly striving for improvement. In the furtherance of this endeavor we, the staff, are asking you, the reader, to comment upon the contents of this issue.

Using the form below, would you please list, in order of your preference, the article, story, or feature you enjoyed the most. Also, your remarks, both critical and laudatory, are welcomed.

If there is some phase of penal life in which you are particularly interested, and which you would like to see featured in the Courier, please let us know and we will attempt to include it in a forthcoming issue.

Thank you for your kind cooperation and attention.

THE COURIER STAFF
Bob Rogers, Editor

Please detach and mail to: COURIER - 954 Forrest Street
Baltimore, Maryland 21202

(1) _____

(2) _____

(3) _____

Remarks: _____

Signed _____



The Eternal Equation
page 6

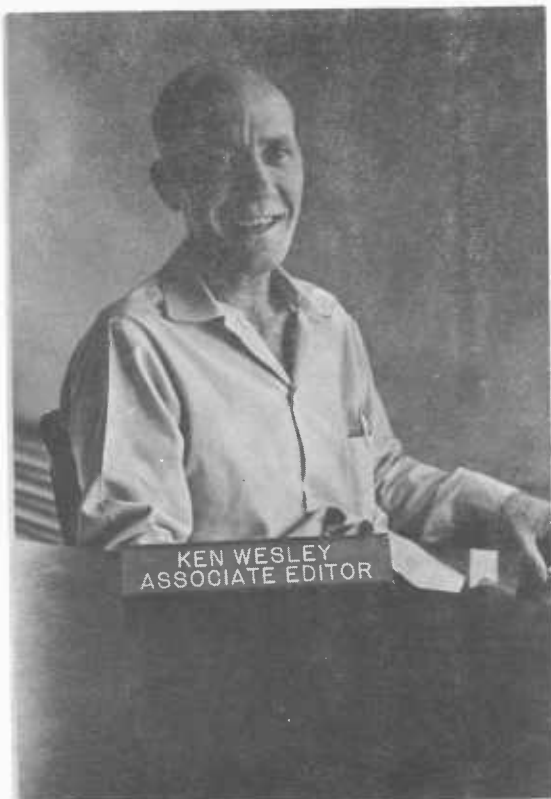
Forty-seven Jr. High School
and thirty-four High School
graduates make the grade.
page 20

'Name the Picture'
Contest Results
page 30



From all over the Eastern
United States to the first open
air A.A.U. Weightlifting meet
they came..... to throw their
weight around.
page 33

Spur of the Moment
page 28



KEN WESLEY
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Ken Wesley

Bob Rogers, hard nosed Editor of the Courier, has fired me! I, of course, appealed to Jimmy Banks, The Courier's level-headed Editorial Manager and he, in turn, fired me.

Later, in force, they informed me that Ken Wesley would be the man who would take over my job and that, purely as a matter of protocol, I would be obliged to write an introduction for him in the Fall Issue.

I thought the matter over briefly, after all, both of them are bigger than I and if any force were required, they'd mash me just to show that there was neither bias on one fist or partiality on the other.

So being of sound mind and body and having an unusual desire to stay that way, I introduce to you 'my successor', Ken Wesley.

Ken's a slightly balding fellow on the lighter side of the middle ages; he is something of a genius for characterization and just plain 'guts'. Those of you who can remember "Danny Had a Dream", "The Diabolical Detainer", "The Ineffectiveness of Rehabilitation", "Asset or Detriment", and "Operation Fando" must certainly have an idea of the type stuff of which this guy is made.

The aforementioned short stories and essays are the man himself in dots and dashes. His ability to 'tell it like it is' is his standard of arms. It isn't to say that Ken doesn't bite his tongue, as the trite saying goes, but rather he sees the world through the eyes of Ken Wesley and merely describes it as such. This, despite its simplicity, is the mark of a good writer.

G A I N?

Ken's joining the Editorial Staff makes for another interesting observation: Bob and Jimmy are both very individualistic in their thinking; Ken is another member of the same breed. They've all reached the point where, so I'm told, 'life just begins'. Now picture this: three 'old' rugged individualists sitting behind typewriters helping to form the opinions of hundreds of people while at the same time Goldwater is running for President; and I, youngest member of the clan have just been removed...

My departure from the staff was a great loss to their efficiency but I am sure that in time Ken will be performing just as well as I. He has all of the talent to become a dynamic editor and his journalistic insight will undoubtedly be an asset to him.

Of course, as I mentioned before, Ken is at that point where life begins and in such a stage of infancy he and his cohorts cannot be held responsible for much of the material that is bound to flow from the staff office in the coming issue of the Courier. To give an idea of what I mean, there's talk of requisitioning three rocking chairs for the 'School'.

Appealing to the more progressive thinkers, after being fired, I went out to the world beyond the walls and found myself a job through the Work-Release-Program.

al rutledge



Al Rutledge

L O S S?

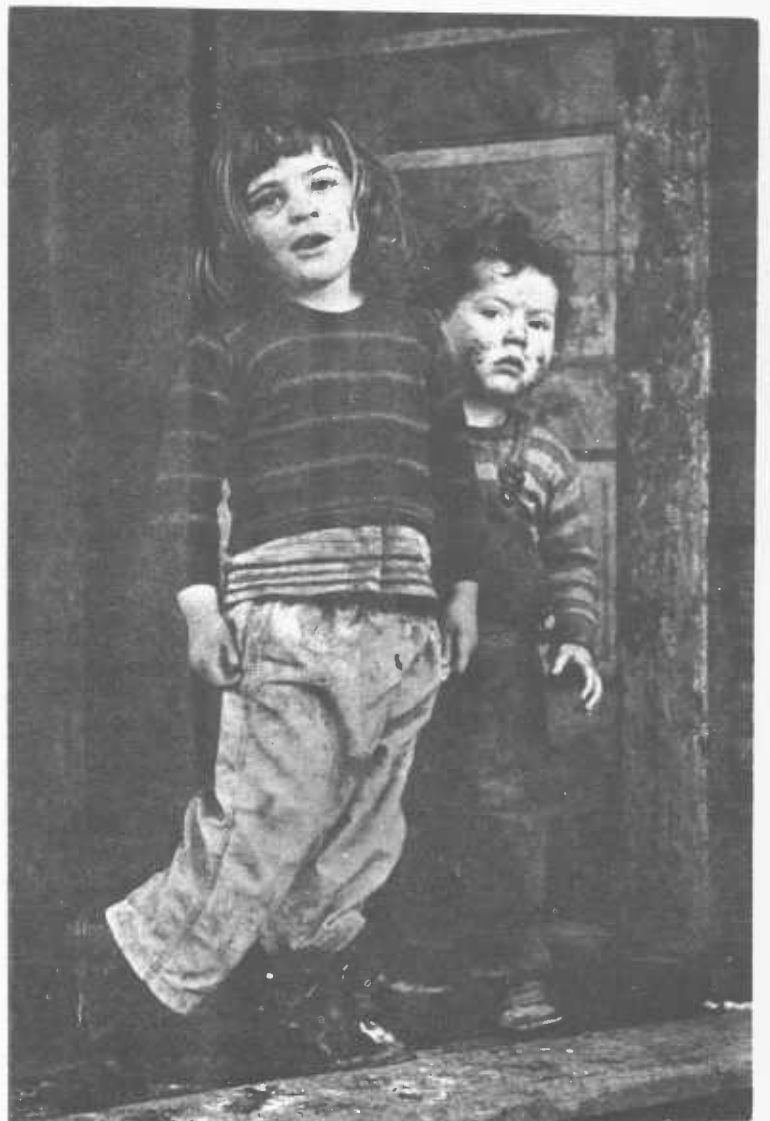
EDITORIAL

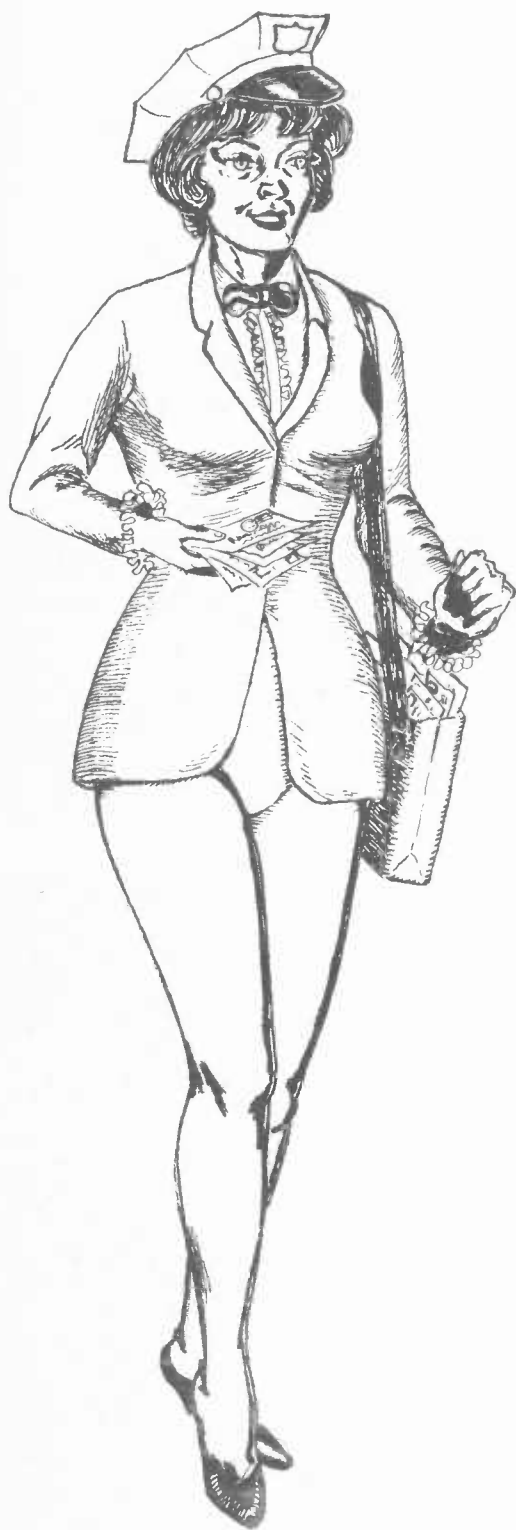


(Time)

...and we continue to weep for ourselves.
bob rogers

(Life)





Editor of the Courier,
Sir:

During the last remaining months of the year 1963, our (former) Warden Pepersack received a letter from one Dieter Paprotka of Berlin, Germany. Mr. Pepersack had a little difficulty in reading the letter because he said that he left his glasses at home, so since I was available and could translate it, he asked me to write it out for him, but only in English this time. The letter was translated, and it turned out that Mr. Paprotka was requesting a photograph of the penitentiary's gas chamber. He got several. However, a second letter appeared later on the Warden's desk, again from Germany and this time requesting photographs of the guards, inmates, areas of interest, programs and any other items pertaining to penal institutions and their functions. Each time, Mr. Paprotka received more than I am sure he expected. This correspondence existed between the two for several months, but after a while, Mr. Pepersack was unable to give his new German friend all of the attention that he would like and so he asked Mr. A. B. Wilson, the institutional Training Officer, to write in his stead. Mr. Wilson eagerly accepted his assignment, and as you guessed, I continued to translate the letters, because Mr. Wilson also had a habit of forgetting his glasses. It turned out that Dieter has the largest collection of penal records, photos relative to institutions, police equipment, capital punishment executions and etc., in the whole of Germany, and is known through his letters, by practically every warden and police chief on the Continent of America and all of Europe as well as most of the rest of the world.

During this time, I was beginning to culture an interest in Mr. Paprotka and could get an illustrative impression of him and his

personality from his letters. As a result, I wanted very badly to write him myself and tell him "my side of the story." Unfortunately this was impossible, because he was not on my mailing list. To ask permission would make me seem like some kind of a nut, besides, how does Mr. Paprotka feel about inmates? More important (and it better be), how would the Warden take it if I requested permission? Rather than risk it, I chose to remain silent and endure my unfulfilled desire.

One day in December and just a couple days before Christmas, Mr. Pepersack paid one of his many visits to the Assistant Warden's Office where I worked, and after shooting the breeze for a while, asked if I would like to write to Dieter! Just like that! It was obvious that I was calling upon my military discipline taught so long ago in the Air Force, in an effort to refrain from bursting forth with joy and singing a German beer song. As it turned out, the Warden was dead serious, and let me go through his personal photo album so that I would have something to send Dieter besides remarks. He even went so far as to authorize the letters to be written in German. In addition I could write anything that my little heart desired. I did. What an opportunity! Of course, the only catch here was that he wanted a translated copy prior to his sending the original letter out. There's always a catch. He even wished me a Merry Christmas.

It has been almost a year since that day, and I have gotten from Dieter, innumerable photos of German Prisons, various forms of capital punishment throughout the world and interesting related subjects. To Dieter, I have sent many photos of this institution, writings on the routine here, life in general and yes, even told him about the chow. All of this from an inmate's point of

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

view, which will always be different from that of the Warden's. (By the way, our side was presented to Dieter in a way that would make you proud). Mr. Paprotka is sincerely interested in any and all inmates, especially we here, as we correspond with him more than any other institution in the world. An inmate to him is still a man.

He now writes to Mr. Wilson and occasionally the new Warden, Mr. Brough, and naturally - me. Maybe later, the Courier will run an article on the material that Dieter has sent me. It would prove fascinating and different in comparison to our own prison systems and way of life. As a matter of fact, the article in this issue on the German-American Festival, is a result of Dieter's interest in us here, and is his way of saying to us, "to all my friends in the Maryland Penitentiary - best wishes from Berlin."

John N. Hyde
Baltimore, Md.

Berlin, 26 July, 1964.

Dear Mr. Rogers,

Enclosed you will find a special report on the 4th German-American Festival to be held in Berlin-Dahlem, from the 25th of July to the 9th of August. Perhaps you will be interested in writing about it in your magazine the Courier. It would not only be refreshing, but would also make us all happy here.

The 4th annual opening of the German-American Festival, can be seen with the sun shining down on the American Military Band, accenting their happy faces and gaily colored costumes. Ten thousand Berliners will be streaming out through the gates at 2:00 pm, to enjoy the event with their American friends. Officials for the Germans will be General Hay and Governor Albertz, who will help all in attendance to enjoy the theme set against a New England

background, honoring old Boston. Some of the sights to be seen are the old Boston City Hall, the Pillars and of course the old Pilgrim Fathers and their courts in action as well. In the City Hall, is an old printing press which prints a daily paper (a sample enclosed). The highlight of the whole affair is the reconstructed Mayflower, as near as possible to the old one. There were so many visitors to the ship that it was necessary to have them stay evenly on board, quite a job for the MP's. Also there was an old time church with its pastors and congregations and with actual services. For entertainment there were Go-Carts and various rides. Following this, the Germans and Americans emphasize their friendship with 1 and 2 litres of beer and a hearty meal of roast beef or hamburgers. The little band supplies music for the singers and dancers, of which there are always about a continuous 300. One can attend the first day and leave with satisfaction. The festival will last until 9 August after its opening and will serve to cement relations with our American friends, and give us an opportunity to thank them for the wonderful job of keeping the peace for us here. Since it will be a while before the next issue of

your magazine, it will give me a chance to have photographs made of which I will send to you; in the hopes that you will use them. Many of my friends here are looking forward to your next issue and maybe our festival therein.

With the best greetings from Berlin; I remain as your

Dieter Paprotka



THE ETERNAL EQUATION:

"WE, IN THE CORRECTIONAL FIELD, HAVE BEEN TRYING FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS TO FIND THE ANSWER, AND TO DATE HAVE FAILED."

This statement was made by a high-ranking correctional official at a recent institutional gathering. "Perhaps," this official continued, "the real answer to the problem of rehabilitation can come from the other side of the fence, from the inmates themselves. The answer is desperately needed, no matter where it originates."

ken wesley

The following is not claimed to be the real answer, but proceeding from the above statement the writer is attempting to throw light upon a darkened situation from a different viewpoint. Realizing that scores of workers in this field have come up with literally hundreds of different answers in the past decades, we can only hope that our "answer" can perhaps serve as a beacon for future researchers in their attempts to find the "true" answer.

Rehabilitation of the prison inmate is not a one-way proposition; there can be no single-lane highway, conveniently marked, culminating in some Utopian goal. It must be a cooperative enterprise between three essential components: "YOU" - the workers in the correctional field, the program-shapers; "WE" - the inmates of the correctional institutions; "THEY" - the members of free society. These three comprise the nebulous equation: $YOU + WE + THEY = US$.

All have a definite role to play, and all must play their part to the utmost to achieve success. If one fails, they all fail. **WHAT "YOU" THE PROGRAM-SHAPERS MUST DO:**

In the formulation of the programs the program-shapers must first decide exactly what is the desired end product of their program -- are they going to produce EX-CONVICTS or EX-CRIMINALS. To many people EX-CONVICT and EX-CRIMINAL appear synonymous. There is a vast difference. Every man who serves time in a penal institution automatically becomes an EX-CONVICT upon his release. Yet, not every man discharged is an EX-CRIMINAL. The prefix 'EX' means no longer being in a previous state. Many ex-convicts are still criminals. All prisons turn out a steady stream of EX-CONVICTS - the ideal of the program-shapers should be to turn out EX-CRIMINALS.

Once it is decided that EX-CRIMINALS are the aim of the program, then the entire system should be geared to the attainment of this end; the accomplishment of this singular goal. Each and every individual cog in this vast complex must operate in unison, or else the entire system will deviate from the precarious razor-edge it must, of necessity, negotiate.

Each day of the year freight carriers disgorge thousands of tons of raw materials at the Ford plant in Detroit. These conglomerate masses of raw material are quickly and efficiently transformed into shiny late model Fords. This isn't accomplished through the occult wizardry of some mystic alchemist; it is accomplished by

the concerted, unified, effort of all Ford employees... marching under the same banner, advancing toward a mutual goal - the production of automobiles.

In like manner, each day of the year, raw material is transported to correctional plants -- this raw material is the human beings who have committed crimes and consequently become convicts. The aim of the rehabilitationists is to transform this raw material into good citizens, in the same manner as the Ford workers. In their aim it becomes all the more apparent that a unity of purpose is necessary -- more especially so inasmuch as the program is concerned not essentially with a mere physical process, such as the production of goods, but with the rehabilitation and reclamation of human personalities and human motives... that is if rehabilitation is to become a concrete reality instead of a vague, wishful-thinking, theory.

Ford Motors utilizes each and every employee in the achievement of its stated purpose, the production of Ford cars. An effective correctional system must also operate along these same lines to accomplish its stated purpose; the reclamation of human beings.

To be effective, there can be no differentiating lines; all are involved in the total effort, and all must work together toward the common goal. To single out one individual and declare: "*He is the rehabilitation officer,*" then further declare: "*My job is so-and-so,*" is pure asininity. If the prime, or even important secondary, purpose of correctional institutions is to be rehabilitation, then all concerned are 'rehabilitation officers'. For one member of the system to be engaged in rehabilitation, while another member of the same system claims to be engaged in "such-and-such" is practically the same as a Ford worker in the Ford plant producing Dodge parts. The entire system wavers, and cannot function properly. Conflicting interests breeds disorganization, and thwarts all hopes of real accomplishment.

Once the program is set up it must progress, build and make changes. Facilities should be obtained for the peak efficiency of the program. It is an acknowledged fact that prisons have an antiquity and survival quotient which far exceeds any other public structure. There is no contemporary counterpart in the field of hospitals, schools, factories that depend upon modern methods to accomplish their objectives which have not been discarded or modernized. The modern system demands modern accommodations. Without these you are fighting a space-age battle from the back of a Missouri mule, and chances are

the program-shapers will wind up as contestants in a Quixotic joust.

Tools necessary for the gargantuan project are at hand: These tools have been at hand for many years, but, in many instances have grown rusty from disuse, or sometimes tragically, misuse. However, before these tools can be taken up and used effectively, elimination of tags and labels should be instituted. Human beings, no matter what their pursuit, have always found labels and categories convenient. The correctionalists even more so. As neat catch-alls they serve as a pre-determined frame of reference by which to judge people and hence as an arbitrary standard by which to direct attitudes and decided actions. Under the cold and callous label system people disappear and only the preconceived, rigid classification remains -- a case number not an individual. Eliminating the labels leaves the raw material of individualized human beings to work with. To this material you may apply your tools.

Of these tools, education is primary, the corner-stone of all building, the nucleus of all structuring. Lack of education has always been a prime factor in criminality. An uneducated person labors under a tremendous handicap. He cannot react in the accepted social manner because he has no knowledge of what comprises the accepted social manner. He cannot adequately judge because his only criterion is ignorance.

So, educate him; teach him what he is; what's expected of him in a civilized society; show him his proper place in the overall scheme of things. Educate, not only in text book knowledge, but in the ethical and moral whys of life. Educate -- then elaborate.

Elaborate into other fields of endeavor -- such as the teaching of the basic fundamentals; personal grooming and hygiene, clean speech and manners, the importance of keeping quarters neat and clean. Lead him to feel the satisfaction to be derived from an honest day's labor. Explain to him the basic reason for accepting authority. This is the tender spot with most inmates.

Inmates as a general rule are inherently hostile to authority in any form, and rebellion against authority, whether parental or general, has played a major role in their present dilemma. However, this can be overcome by patience, tolerance and mutual understanding, and his hostility can be turned into respect. It can readily be seen from the wide range of basics that rehabilitation is a multi-faceted enterprise with all correctional personnel having a part to play in the correlated program, regardless of the position they hold.

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

Once the foundation is laid, the program may be geared to the next steps; vocational and religious training, individual and group counseling, social programming, special activities, such as AA, Dale Carnegie, etc.,

These programs will bring the inmate to the threshold of re-entry into society. Then, comes another very important step -- the helping of the prisoner to resolve some of the problems he will face upon discharge while he is still in the institution. It is at this point the prospective dischargée becomes extremely nervous, anxious and disturbed. It is then he really needs help, advice, and support -- not threats, preachments, or dire predictions.

Many inmates have been in prison a long time and know little, if anything, about the ever-changing scheme of things as concerned with job opportunities, employment agencies, attitudes of labor unions, or community resources. You must impart this knowledge to him, and reconcile him to the acceptance of the handicaps he will meet -- acceptance of these handicaps are of the utmost importance in the prisoner turning into a good, substantial citizen.

If you, the correctional authorities, perform this herculean task, then one-third of the total problem may in some degree be resolved.

WHAT PART "WE" MUST PLAY:

First, and foremost, we must accept the fact that we are "different" from the bulk of society. Yes -- we are different. The old, out-moded cliché, *"He's no different than I, he just didn't get caught,"* is, at best, feeble rationalization. If we weren't different, then it would not be necessary to isolate us from the remainder of society.

By different, the writer doesn't mean to imply that we are some type of gargoyles, or that

convicts are an alien breed divorced from the human race. We are human, of course, with practically the same chemical and emotional make-up of all other homo sapiens. But, we are different in the fact that we are convicted law violators. This makes us different -- yet, strangely enough very few of us ever realize what actually constitutes this difference.

Once we accept the fact we are different from the vast majority, then we must make a personal decision -- whether or not we wish to remain different. Do we wish to continue through life being different -- and convicts; or do we wish to become as the majority of social beings and assimilate ourselves into the organized social structure as a productive component, and enjoy a degree of "sameness".

If we decide to remain different, then we alienate ourselves from all parts of the rehabilitation programs in effect; continuing to rebel, continuing to be criminally-minded, and consequently continuing life as a convict through recidivism.

However, if our personal decision is that we no longer wish to exist in this state of "difference", then we can begin to negotiate a change. To effect this change, we must first find out "why" we are different; why we are at odds with society; why we deviate from the established norm. To do this we must, of necessity, acquire knowledge and understanding. This can be gained in some measure by securing education. Education isn't, of course, the complete answer to our problem; however, it will provide us with a facility with which to explore the many ramifications of our problem more thoroughly. As we acquire more and more knowledge we may gain precious insight, and eventually can perhaps even conceive the deficiency that perpetrated our adversity.

From this point we must be

whole-hearted in our endeavor toward the cooperative goal, availing ourselves to the fullest extent of the many beneficial facets of the rehabilitation program in its entirety. We must learn just what a good citizen is, then do our utmost to re-mold ourselves into that concept.

Only in this manner can we become the "same" to any appreciable degree -- and in by so doing help resolve another one-third of the total problem.

WHAT "THEY" MUST DO:

Society, as a whole, operates on the theory that an unpleasant situation can be erased by ignoring it. Over the years the public has developed an apathetic facade towards the problem; treating it in much the same manner as a skeleton in some one else's family closet. They dismiss it on the precept that *"It's a problem of the Jones'... it can't happen to me and mine!"* It is this social antipathy that hampers the overall program. The public must realize that it CAN happen to them -- that what affects one affects all.

Society must be educated; educated to the fact that they, the public, are footing the bill for the correctional systems; and if they do not perform their proper function to complete the cycle their tax dollars started, then they are squandering their own money. There is, perhaps, no costly waste of public funds than that which results when an offender has, as 'we' phrase it, done *"life on the installment plan."* Therefore, if similar waste of money and effort is to be avoided, and the programs become workable, the acceptance of society must provide the capstone for the training and rehabilitation program which has brought the prisoner to the gateway of the community.

The vast majority of society evidently fails to realize that the rehabilitation programs were originally incepted for the express purpose of protecting the

public. Penologists, knowing that 95% of the men confined in penal institutions eventually gain freedom, instituted the rehabilitation programs. They felt, and rightly so, that it was their duty to protect society from criminal harm -- and what better way could they fulfill this obligation than to return to that society a person who would become another productive, useful member, instead of a repetitive offender.

However, for society to benefit from the program, they must accept the program. Certainly a good deal of the resistance encountered in the attempt to apply the results of programming the rehabilitation of human individuals stems from the wide spread apathy and resistance of the public itself, skeptical and unbelieving, on the one hand, of the effectiveness of modern rehabilitative penology and strongly resistant, on the other, to procedures and methods which seemingly contradict traditional concepts of punishment, restraint, and the long-imbedded assumptions upon which the outmoded socio-ethical conceptions are based.

Many good, workable programs have been stifled at the onset because the public hurls charges of "coddling" at the administrators. The correctionalists know that there is a world of difference between "coddling" and correction. The public must be made to see this difference.

When the public accepts, and learns to adjust to the problem, society will then gain in the overall picture, and the final one-third of the problem begins to emerge as solvable.

Working together, the three factions, "YOU", "WE", and "THEY", may eventually be welded into a single unit, "US". When this comes about, then perhaps this eternal "mystery wrapped in a riddle surrounded by an enigma", will become less opaque, and closer to a working solution. □ □

***Editor's Note: The following article appeared in the Pendleton Reflector, inmate publication of the Indiana Reformatory, Pendleton, Indiana.

Taken from the Hill Top News, Feb. 1964

You, citizen, are paying for my crime! Every day I languish in prison is costing you from three to five dollars cash, which amounts to roughly \$1,000 a year.

Your community, your schools, your streets, the operation of your government, the taxes on your home, your car, bears the burden of my non-taxable, functionless life of laborless ease.

Your charities are without my donations; your civic projects miss my voice, my intelligence, my concern.

Being in prison is no handicap to ME, with you buying my meals, clothing, shelter. While the boy next door - or even your own son lacks college funds, I'm being educated at your expense.

I've never paid taxes or social security, yet you're giving me the benefits of both. My medical bills are your responsibility, my welfare your obligation. You're giving me socialized medicine, social economic and psychological security -- even an "old age pension" if I want it --- all for nothing.

Even with all these gratuitous benefits, though, I still cost you --- when you think about me --- something far beyond money. I cost you your self-esteem.

Because you're not quite sure I'm an animal, your conscience troubles you with visions of my living in a steel cage. Because being human, I mirror your needs: understanding, acceptance, warm heartedness, empathy, love and all the human inter-relationships vital to a man's sanity, you sometimes wonder if you should stand idly by and see me deprived of these human necessities.

I am a prickly, moral burr in your side citizen. I represent, with all the other underfed, underclothed, down-trodden, derelict castoffs, the backside of your culture and your conscience.

QUITE A PRICE, CITIZEN!!!

Reprint from the

Penal Press

TO TAKE A GIANT STEP

bernard diggs

Ron Wilson rubbed a nervous hand across his rather strong chin and gazed apprehensively over the precipitous edge of the parapet on which he had a precarious perch. The seething crowd below frightened him, frightened him almost witless - but yet not with the fear that gnawed at his inner being -- that was REAL fear.

A tremor passed swiftly through Ron's sturdy body, chilling him as a stentorian voice from below bellowed: *"Hey! Son! Come down! Come on down before you hurt yourself."*

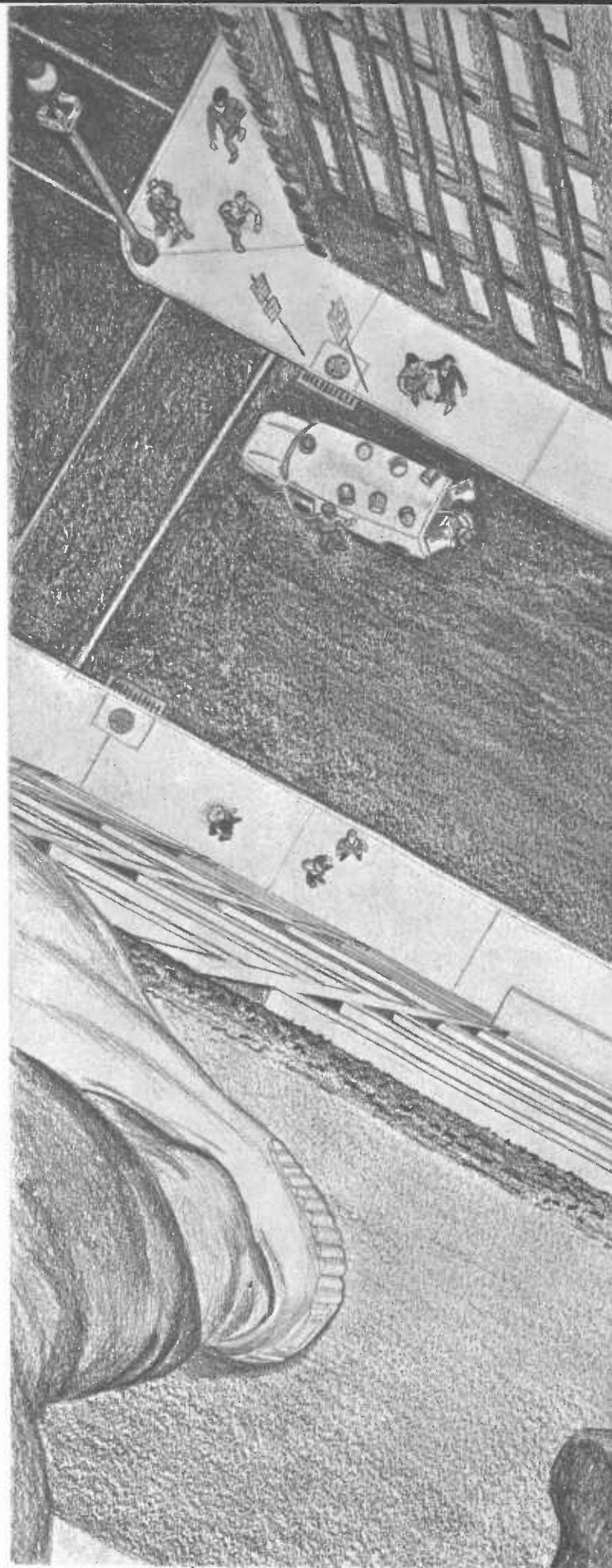
Ron gazed fearfully toward the bellow's source, a blue-coated, squat-muscled hulk far below -- a stinking flatfoot! *"What's eating you, kid?"* the policeman shouted. *"Why do you want to jump? Come on down, you're worrying the daylights out of your parents."*

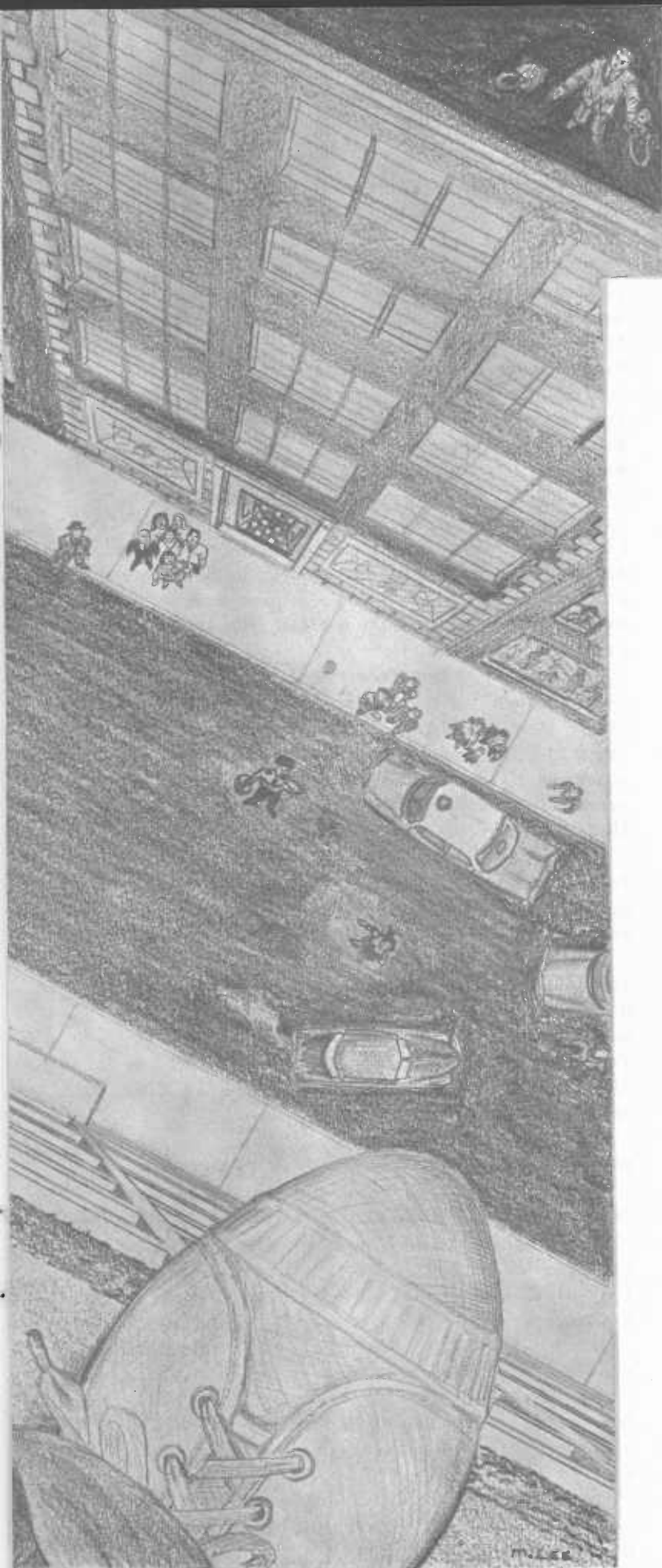
Sobbing softly, Ron asked himself the same question, *"Why do I want to jump? I want to jump,"* he answered his own question, *"because there's nothing else I can do -- now."*

Far below the blue-clothed figure moved quietly and professionally through the gathered watchers -- speaking a soothing word here, and pushing back a reluctant viewer there.

Sergeant Howard Davis was very experienced in handling just this type of crowd -- the morbid curiosity seekers who always gathered to thrill vicariously to some one else's misfortune. He was known at the precinct as "Suicide" Davis due to the fact that for some unknown reason more potential suicides occurred on his beat than anyplace else in the vast city. And, after successfully stopping at least nine would-be suicides, Davis felt he understood the emotional make-up of this type fairly well.

Looking up at the distant figure, he shouted loudly: *"I'm giving you just three minutes to come on down and quit these monkey-shines. Three minutes -- no more. Then, I'm coming up after you. You hear me, son?"*





Ron shuffled his feet, scuffling his white tennis shoes for a firmer footing. He focused on the sea of faces, all indistinguishable in the gathering dusk, an insensate mass. The wind rose and.....

Moving through the ever-thickening crowd, Davis thought to himself: *"They never really want to jump -- to die; they just want someone to listen to their troubles -- help them with their problem. And once they are guaranteed sympathy and understanding, they begin to rationalize a solution, and change their mind - deciding that life is worth living after all."*

Making his way carefully to where Ron's distraught parents were staring anxiously upwards, Sgt. Davis thought: *"Here is where I earn my pay."* The real trouble with these suicide deals is convincing the parents, wives, husbands and other loved ones that there is no reason to panic -- cautioning them to be calm and leave everything to the capable, professional hands of the police. Or, so Sgt. Davis believed.

"Everything's going to be alright," Sgt. Davis assured Ron's parents. *"Just be calm. It's only a matter of time until he decides to come down."*

"I don't know what's got into him," Ron's mother sobbed, *"he never acted like this before. I simply can't understand it."*

"Just take it easy, mam," Davis soothed. *"He'll be okay."*

Directing his attention skyward, he yelled: *"Just three more minutes, son. Then I'm coming up."*

"Three stinking minutes! Three minutes to live," Ron growled. *"They don't believe I'm going to jump. I've got to. I'd rather be dead than have everyone yelling 'thief' at me. And, it's all her fault!"*

"Her" was Shirley, a petite seventeen-year old high-school mate, with whom Ron had fallen madly in love. He leaned backward on the ledge of the twelve-story high insurance building and thought lingeringly of her, and intense sorrow

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

seized him. "She was a dream," he mused, "five-foot-two, jet-black hair and fabulous complexion. My own cover-girl. I loved you, Shirley, you hear me, I really loved you...." he broke off sobbing soundlessly, wracking, muted cries of pure sorrow.

"Why couldn't things have gone on," he self-questioned. "If only Ken and Billy hadn't come along with their souped-up rods and spied her walking along with me, her skirt swishing around her knees, showing off her movie star legs. If only.....but what's the use? It happened. They saw her, and our idyll began to end. I just couldn't compete. They had the money, they had the cars -- I had nothing....nothing but love. And, that, as far as Shirley was concerned soon cooled."

"I didn't know anyone could be so cruel as she when she told me 'come around when you can afford to take me some place.' I couldn't even take her to the corner drug store for a soda. Then, why did I have to make the foolish move I made? Stealing! I made myself a thief for ever. Now, everyone will know I'm a thief. I can't let that happen -- two more minutes and it won't matter."

"It seemed so easy at first," he continued his soliloquy, "breaking into parked cars, stealing little things and selling them at the second hand store -- using the money to buy a date with Shirley....yes, that is what it amounted to -- buying a date with her. Then, graduating to bigger things -- like today when I tried to steal the car. I only wanted it to take Shirley on a date -- but, can you explain that to the police -- to your parents -- and to all the others who trusted you? No! To them you are a thief -- and always will be! Well, not me! This is where I get off!"

A gust of wind caressed the side of the insurance building and Ron swayed a little outward. The watching crowd sighed with the thrill of anticipation, and released their collective breaths when he swayed inward again. Sgt. Davis unclenched his hands. For a moment he thought that perhaps he had figured wrong on this one, that this one was going to jump -- but he relaxed -- everything was going as routine.

Ron, quite unaware of the tension gripping the crowd, continued his lonely retrospection. "If that cop hadn't come along just at the time he did," he if'd, "if he hadn't hollered 'stop thief' and if...." He paused and wiped the profusion of sweat beadlets from his forehead,

gingerly stroking the protruding veins around his temples. "If a lot of things -- but the time for 'ifs' has passed.....one more minute."

On the sidewalk the police had rigged a portable loud-speaker and a fire-crew had hastily spread a net. Sgt. Davis smiled grimly to himself. This was all part of the well-rehearsed save-the-victim routine, but absolutely useless. He had seen the net spread many times, and not once had he seen it put to practical use. And, he assured himself, this case was no exception.

A black-frocked priest pressed through the crowd and approached Ron's mother and father. Placing a comforting hand upon the father's shoulder, he tried to console them. He had known Ron well, had always looked upon him as an exemplary youth who attended Mass regularly. He prayed silently and fervently.

Ron shuffled his feet, scuffling his white tennis shoes for a firmer footing. He focused on the sea of faces, all indistinguishable in the gathering dusk, an insensate mass. The wind rose and it seemed to carry the crowd's shrieking admonition to Ron, blaring the words "Thief, thief, thief!"

"Stop it!" he screamed, "stop it! I'm not a thief -- really. I....." he cried brokenly, huddling to the wall. "....one more minute... maybe thirty seconds."

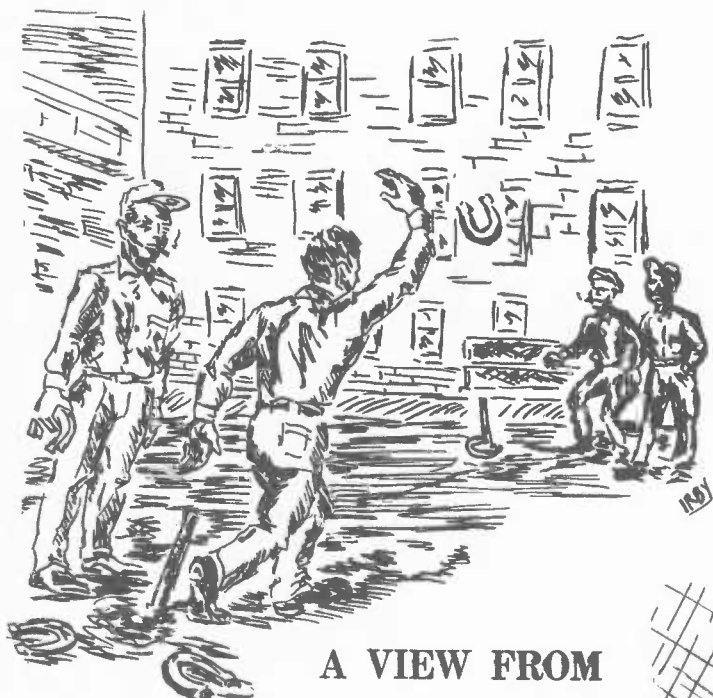
"Padre," Sgt. Davis said, "I'm sure that the lad will come down just as soon as it gets dark. He's made his big, bold bid for attention, and now he's satisfied. When it gets dark he will feel that he can sneak down and no one will be the wiser. So, any minute now he will slip inside off that ledge. Wait and see."

"I hope so," the priest intoned. "I pray you're right."

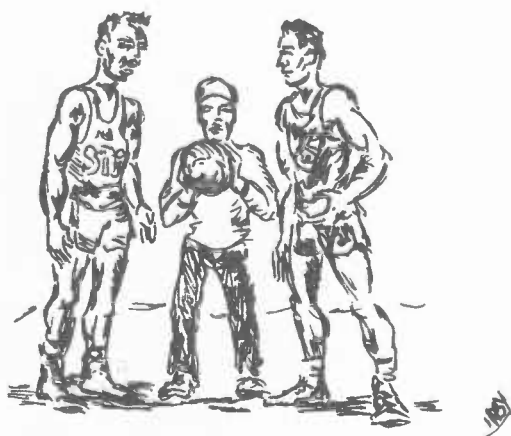
"Sure I am, padre," Davis said confidently. "I never miss on these deals."

Ron hunched himself on the ledge and closed his eyes. "I'm sorry, mother, father, Shirley. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have tried to compete with the others for your affection, Shirley. I just wasn't in their class. And, even though I stole, I am not a thief. That doesn't sound right, does it? But, I'm not a thief, really. But, nobody would understand that -- nobody. I hope that someday you will. That's all I really want -- understanding....."

Sgt. Davis picked up the loud-speaker's mike and opened his mouth to issue his ultimatum. Before he could get a word out a black form came hurtling from the sky..... □ □



A VIEW FROM
THE 'PEN'...



NEWS and VIEWS

June 26, 1964

To the following men:

Mr. Charles Hipp
Mr. Lawrence Wortham
Mr. Lester Grogg
Mr. Tony Losh
Mr. William Willis
Mr. John Trent
Mr. Edgar Dalton
Mr. Joseph McCoy
Mr. William Tibbs
Mr. Victor Whitaker
Mr. Clyde Senate
Mr. Paul Wilhelm

On the evening of June 4, 1964, the above named men voluntarily donated blood to Mr. William F. Mold who was undergoing an open heart operation.

Mr. Mold's fellow workers in the Typographical Union, employed in the Sun-Evening Sun Chapel, were very impressed and appreciative of your blood donation in his behalf. The fact that Bill did not survive the operation is regrettable, but in no way diminishes the sense of gratitude we feel toward you.

In our opinion you cannot put a price on blood but we would like to let you know in a small way that your contribution did not go unnoticed or unappreciated.

Enclosed is \$126.00 to be divided between you and used as you see fit.

The best of luck to you all and many thanks.

From,

The Sun-Evening Sun Chapel
Members of the Typographical Union.

There are 2,598,960 possible poker hands in a standard four suit deck of cards.

Less than one percent of all imported coffee fails to meet testing standards of the U.S. Government.

The eyes of a human being reach full growth at about age nine.

A contribution of \$308.00 was made by the inmates of the Maryland Penitentiary through the sale of Colt Nite tickets to help the Baltimore Police Boys' Clubs. This annual drive, which has raised more than \$1400 for Colt Nite benefits, was conducted by the Vice-President of Colt Corral #954, Bernard Diggs (in photo, right). Receiving



money and checks from Corral President, John Oden, are David Montgomery and Ronnie Mansell of the Police Boys' Clubs.

MARYLAND UNIVERSITY ANNOUNCES

...with the beginning of the school year, Mr. Edward F. Cooper, Director, Baltimore Division of the University of Maryland, assured our Director of Education that college courses will once again be available to prisoner-students.

This year's offering will be a two semester course in American History Five and Six. Each semester will earn three credits for the enrollee.

Professor Lipsky will instruct this class, which will be limited to forty students.

Presented on an at-cost basis,

the only charges to the students will be a \$10.00 matriculation fee and the cost price of the necessary textbooks. Enrollments are still being accepted.

It is possible for the enrolled student to accumulate a total of sixty (60) credits through the various courses offered. These sixty credits makes him eligible for an Associate of Arts degree.

At least two prisoner-students have acquired AA degrees through this medium; and several enrollees have made the Dean's List, an honor avidly sought after by many on-campus students.

Parole Statistics 1964

MONTH	APPEARED	RELEASED	RELEASED PERCENTAGE	
			TO DETAINER	RELEASED
JUNE	25	2	0	8%
JULY	15	6	3	40%
AUGUST	28	8	0	28.6%
TOTAL	68	16	3	23.5%

August - 1 No Decision

Total appeared before Parole Board 1964: 224

Total released on Parole for 1964: 52

Total percentage released not including "To Detainers" is: 23.5%

NEWS and VIEWS

Word reaches my ears that there are two new clubs in our community - the Bugs Bunny and Lone Ranger Fan Clubs... You really missed something if you didn't read the write-up on Slim Butler in the Baltimore Evening Sun... Collections for 'Toys for Tots' will soon be taken up so plan now to give a little something extra this year... The Courier has a new addition to its office staff, Percy 'I Call' Young...

Ron Beaty strutting his new waist line. He lost a few pounds and is now down to an even ton...

Having seen the entries to the Maryland Prisons Art Show, and now knowing for sure that there is much talent within our community; why haven't these men submitted any drawings for publication in their mag?...
the phantom

NEW INSTRUCTORS APPOINTED

The Education Department of the Maryland Penitentiary is pleased to announce the addition of two teachers to its Academic Staff.

In the picture below, on the left, is Mr. Ralph J. Deaton. Mr. Deaton is married and father of five children. He earned his A.B. at Maryland State College. Mr. Deaton will instruct groups 1 through 6 and act as a substitute and supervisor to our inmate teachers.

On the right side of the picture is Mr. Richard Burns, bachelor-at-large. Mr. Burns also lays claim to an A.B. degree which he earned at Morgan State College. Prior to assuming his duties here, Mr. Burns was an academic instructor at the Maryland Correctional Institution, Hagerstown, Maryland. Mr. Burns will instruct groups 7, 8 and 9 and will also substitute for and supervise inmate teachers.

Good luck to you both.



INMATE ART SHOW AT GLEN BURNIE

The Maryland Prisons Art Show Committee announces its First Annual Prisoners Award for Exceptional Talent in Art. The purpose of the Maryland Prisons Art Show Committee is to afford an opportunity for individual expression through creativity.

Contestants are the men and women of the Correctional Institutions in the State of Maryland. The accepted entries are done in all media: charcoal, pencil, oils, water color, etc.... The entries will be on display at Harundale Mall, Glen Burnie, Maryland, from Sept. 28 through Oct. 3, 1964.

All entries will be available for sale to the public.

Hobby Time



Above cabin cruiser was built by Frank Abbott. The boat is thirty inches in length, seven and one half inches in width. Although the boat is seven and one half inches wide it tapers to five and one half inches from amid-ship to stern. This remarkable craft has a removable cabin which affords below deck inspection. All parts were constructed from scrap material.

This spare time project of Frank's was done in his cell at nights and weekends. All parts were made by hand and 'know how' Total time in 'dry-dock: nine weeks.

PERTINENT

william leek

Maryland law is nearly completely changed. Within the last two years there has been more reversals in criminal law than any decade. Our own criminal law and the Maryland Court of Appeals is beginning to blend with the Federal Constitution. Recent divisions by the Federal Court of Appeals and the United States Supreme Court have altered not only individual cases, but have completely changed state law in various jurisdictions.

Every Monday from October to June of last year, the country's nine leading jurists have set countless new precedents. The liberals of our era have paved roads of "due process" from the moment of arrest to the actual time of discharge of incarceration. However, as brilliant as the wording of these precedents seem, one thing remains unclear; these present decisions are not clarifying the retroaction of prior cases. Numerous judges throughout the country, both state and Federal, have rendered conflicting decisions trying to apply the constitutionality of the famous Mapp v. Ohio case in 1961.

Up until the time the Mapp case was decided, the state courts permitted, without limitations, the admission in criminal trials of evidence obtained by police as a result of unreasonable search and seizure. Many state courts felt that it was a matter of discretion whether or not to adopt the "exclusionary rule" as applied in the Federal Courts. The exclusionary rule is the non-admissibility of evidence obtained by an illegal search and seizure. Mapp has now the "exclusionary" rule applicable to all the states via the 14th Amendment.

Many an Appeals Court feels that the impact of the Mapp case is not retroactive in view of the Supreme Court's decision in 1949, which held in *Wolf v. Colorado* that the 4th Amendment is not applicable to the states. The *Wolf* case was an illegal search and seizure case in which the Supreme Court ruled that an illegal search and seizure was not prohibited in the States, and that *Wolf* could not find any protection under the 4th Amendment. Other State Appeals Courts and at least one Federal Court of Appeals have ruled that the protections under the 4th Amendment is directly controlling on the grounds that the Constitution was written nearly 200 years ago, and the Constitution does not spell out that its protections should go into effect in 1961. This question has not yet been settled by the Supreme Court. What the Court will hold when it is presented with a "Question of Retroactive Constitutional Law," will certainly surprise the judges who have been applying erroneous judgments.

Reviewing some of the outstanding precedents of last term, the High Court ruled that every person was entitled to the assistance of counsel regardless of the accusation. The Court reversed a conviction from Florida which held that under the "Habitual Act," counsel is not required. Behind this ruling, the Supreme Court did not open the prison gates to thousands of convicts as most people thought. Instead the men will be "retried according to the modes of due process which our Constitution guarantees."

In a Federal case, the Supreme Court blackjacked government agents for infringing upon a

person's right to privacy. In that case the precedent will always be followed now that the police may not use hidden sounding devices to obtain evidence, even if a suspect is talking about the proceeds of a crime with his co-defendant in a parked car.

Again, the High Court slapped the fingers of federal agents for searching an automobile not incident to an arrest. The Court said a search can be incident to an arrest alone if it is substantially contemporaneous with the arrest and is confined to the immediate vicinity of the arrest. The search cannot be completely unrelated to the arrest, both as to time and place. The Court held that the police may search a person without a warrant, providing there is "reasonable grounds" for an arrest. However, the search must take place "incident" to the arrest. In this case, the officers arrested the suspect, took him to a police station, then they searched the car, after the arrest.

New York law has been changed regarding the jury system in deciding "confessions." The Supreme Court said it was improper for the Court to submit a confession directly to the jury without the trial judge making a primary finding (excluding the presence of the jury) of voluntary giving of the confession might have on the jury.

California has reversed in a criminal case because a hotel clerk allowed police to obtain evidence from a room. The Supreme Court said the evidence was inadmissible for two reasons: One, no Warrant to search or arrest; Two, the evidence was obtained not incident to the arrest. In this case, the suspect was

We Welcomed

arrested in another state.

It is now the law of the land that the police may not deprive a suspect of an attorney during the interrogation stage. The Supreme Court reversed a capital offense case from Illinois, saying that this is a crucial stage, and perhaps the most important stage when the suspect needs a lawyer the most.

Connecticut's rule of law as declared void regarding an illegal search and seizure case. The High Court of that state held that the evidence obtained in an illegal search was not harmless error when presented to the jury. The Supreme Court advanced the State of Connecticut and moved their laws into the atomic age in which we are living. In its opinion, the Court held any evidence coming from an illegal search cannot be called "harmless" when the jury gives weight to such.

Rules of law and precedent are made to follow, and once laid down by the Supreme Court, they are there not as controversies, but certainties the Constitution provides. The precedents set last term are the indisputable evidence of what the Constitution guarantees. Undoubtedly the Supreme Court intends to change any existing case or law in direct conflict with the Constitution. The Supreme Court is not acting as a legislative body, but until the Constitution is changed by the people, the Court will retain its jurisdiction to expound the authority by interpretations of the amendments. Under the new rulings and interpretations of the Constitution all persons suspected of committing a crime will be guaranteed rights of valuable assets both defensive and offensive never enjoyed before. □ □



Miss Ida Mae Johnson, Remedial Reading Specialist from Baltimore City Public Schools. Miss Johnson is flanked by four of our inmate teachers who attended her lectures. L. to R.: John Young; Stewart Harrod; Raymond Lee; and Robert Winters.



A class in Science Instruction was presented to the inmate teachers during the summer recess of our community's school year by four representatives of Baltimore's Public Schools. They are L. to R.: Mr. Parrot; Mr. William Rawlings; Mrs. Carrie Stevens; and Mr. William Pinderhughes, Asst. Supervisor of Elementary Education.

Joe Brown flipped the magazine he was reading onto his bunk with a disgusted gesture: "Ain't that ridiculous," he growled to himself, "ain't that absolutely ridiculous."

Casting a glum look at the opposite cell wall, he reviewed the gist of the magazine article he had just finished -- mentally picking out the salient points that led to his 'ridiculous' labeling.

"Imagine," he mused, "that writer trying to make a reader believe that such a thing could possibly happen -- a guy going to a grocery store with only six dollars in his pocket to buy a whole week's groceries. Hmmp. Ridiculous! And, to top it all off, he has to pay two bucks room rent, his carfare, and his smoke money out of that lousy six bucks! That leaves a measly three skins to live on for a week! Ridiculous!"

Joe lit a butt and flopped over on his bunk and began blowing smoke rings at the dingy ceiling. He chuckled several times, still reviewing the hilarious article. Then, suddenly, he grew serious, and a thoughtful look spread across his homely mug. "Cripes," he exploded, "that ain't so damn ridiculous. I'm living on less than that! Cripes sakes, I'm only getting a lousy fifteen cents a day. That makes about six hogs a month. Maybe that screwy writer knew what he was talking about."

Joe snatched the magazine up and flopped the pages back to the beginning of the article, and began re-reading: "It says here," Joe read aloud to himself, "that this character grabs his shopping guide, loosens up his skinny wallet, and begins bargain-hunting. Almost at once he spies 'This Week's Special - Tomato Sauce - 10-8 oz. cans - \$1.00.' He quickly does a little mental arithmetic and realizes he can glom onto 30 cans of tomato goo for 3 greens. With a little bit of perserverance and belt-tightening he figures he can live out the week on that and a couple loaves of leftover bread at 4¢ a loaf. He has it made for another week. Now, he can afford the luxury of one full pack of King-King-King size weeds. These he can cut three ways, butt twice, and re-roll the ends; and almost make a week with the help of the sand-vase at the local theatre which always abounds in large snipes." This, the writer assures Joe, the character does all in the name of 'diligence, ambition and get-ahead-iness.'

Weird? Way out? Fantastic? - perhaps. Yet, the fact remains that throughout the nation prices have risen and inmate wages here have stagnated. It becomes increasingly difficult to manage the purchase of the few "luxuries" available - including soap, toothpaste, tobacco, and other personal "necessities". Our average inmate realizes approximately \$8.00 per month, after his stipulated deductions have accumulated to the munificent sum of \$20.00. This is by no means adequate. Of course it is realized that this daily wage is almost in the form of gratuity - inasmuch as we are inmates. Yet, no matter the interpretation of this sum - it is becoming increasingly difficult to make ends meet. And, even the magnificent sum of \$20.00 a man receives upon his release, is hardly equal to a trucker's daily wage in the free world... as friend Joe remarked in the beginning, "Ain't that ridiculous!"

ronald beaty

HIGH FINANCE

However, Joe noticed that the date-line on the magazine was 1902, and he realized that the high-cost-of-living hadn't reached the altitude it has accelerated to at the present time. Yet, despite the sixty-some years passage, Joe also realized that the daily stipend he received for his prison labors weren't too much advanced over the stipend received twenty, thirty, or even sixty years ago. This gave him pause for some reflection.

Prices in the penitentiary commissary had steadily risen in keeping with production costs of the material sold - and the prisoner still had the same necessities to purchase. "Maybe," Joe speculated, "I'm worse off than I realized at first."

Laying the out-dated publication aside, Joe fingered a comparatively recent issue of 'Time' from his stash of carefully hoarded magazines and began flipping pages. One of the items catching his attention was the mention of President Lyndon B. Johnson's "War on Poverty" campaign. A cunning light flickered in Joe's eyes, "Ah ha," he told the barred grill, "that's a good idea. Wonder if I qualify? God knows I'm the most poverty-stricken gink in the universe. Think I'll look into the matter - see my classification officer - or sumpin!"

Joe laid the 'Time' down and began pacing the cell floor -- he always did this at this particular time of the evening -- it helped alleviate the stomach cramps that invariably developed after prolonged under-indulgence in the under-abundant, and under-many-other-things fare that proceeded his nightly ration of Bull Durham.

As he strolled his spacious 5 by 9 apartment, he inventoried his luxuries: such as toothpaste, shaving cream, and razor blades - taking note that his toothpaste tube was good for one more squeezing - his shaving bomb good for maybe two more squirts - and with care he possibly could get two more shaves out of his remaining Don Juan blade. "Not too bad off," he assured himself, "only two more weeks until State Pay."

Then a worried look encompassed his face. "What am I going to use for loot when State Pay gets here? I owe Noonie five rocks, and Lonnie a half-rock. Man, I'm hurtin'!"

He flopped-flipped onto his bunk, still muttering about his dire economic situation - the 1902 book no longer 'ridiculous'. □ □

News from the Penal World



INMATES GET CAMPUS DUTY

(Via *OP News*) Twenty-five inmates, trained waiters and kitchen helpers, have been assigned to duty on the campus of Missouri University at Columbia. Inmates will be transported between the Moberly medium security prison and the campus daily by university buses. A fee of \$1.00 per day will be paid the inmates for work in dormitory and student union dining rooms. The project has the endorsement of the state's governor and the director of corrections as a rehabilitation and retraining procedure for qualified prisoners.

LEAVENWORTH PENITENTIARY,

(Federal) Leavenworth, Kansas.

(Via: *The Diamond*)

Inmate commissary at the maximum security federal penitentiary grossed \$279,932, in net sales for the 1962 Fiscal Year.

This was an increase of \$18,715.64 from the previous year -- most of the increase was accounted for by the recent wage increase of inmate industries earnings. Most FPI (Federal Prison Industries) inmates earn, at a minimum, \$30 per month. But many others earn twice and three times this amount.

INMATE PAY IN CALIFORNIA:

(Via: *American Journal of Correction*)

The 1963 Legislature increased the maximum limit of 10 cents per hour on inmate wages to a new

maximum of 35 cents per hour. The Legislation, to accomplished this, was sponsored by the Department of Corrections as part of a plan aimed primarily at upgrading the Correctional work program. Another major benefit is that over 3,000 Correctional Industries inmates will be able to accumulate monies in their trust funds to tide them over the readjustment period after release. An advantage to the state is decreased requirements for state participation in inmate release budgets.

Suggested Pay Increase

Via: *Lake Shore Outlook*

.....it also will be suggested that the prisoner pay scale be revised upwards to provide an incentive for inmates entering the educational program. Workers in some shops and industrial production are paid from 10 to 18 cents a day while students are paid 6 cents a day.....

HELP! HELP!! HELP!
TO ALL PENAL PRESS MEMBERS:

The editor of the *BAY BANNER*, Donald H. Schwannecke, is interested in writing a full length article concerning the social consciousness of inmates in penal or correctional institutions. This article is to be submitted to a leading magazine, hopefully, for publication. The article is being written with the intent to aid the Penal Press destroy Society's existing fallacies attached to incarcerated beings.

To make this article more interesting and factual, Schwannecke is asking for the much needed help of all interested parties on the Penal Press Exchange. Articles and pictures relative to the subject, "goodness preformed by inmates while in prison", accompanied with name, dates, and other pertinent information should be sent to:

"The Felon's Social Conscious"

% Editor, Bay Banner

Box W.R.

Green Bay, Wisconsin 54305

***ED'S NOTE: I would appreciate the reprinting of this notice in all Penal Press Exchanges so that it may reach institutions not on our mailing list.

Thank you,
DHS

SWEDEN

(Via: *The Hill Top News*)

A factory has been designed to produce pre-fabricated houses in prison. This factory-prison will employ 120 prisoners. They will be paid regular industrial wages from \$1400 to as much as \$2,000 annually. Deduction will be made for taxes, room and board and a regular allowance for the support of their families. Prisoners in this factory will be allowed some week-end passes to visit their families. (In this nation, 75% of convicted persons are now serving out their sentences on one type of probation or another.)

47 AWAIT EXECUTION IN CALIFORNIA

(Via: *Presidio*)

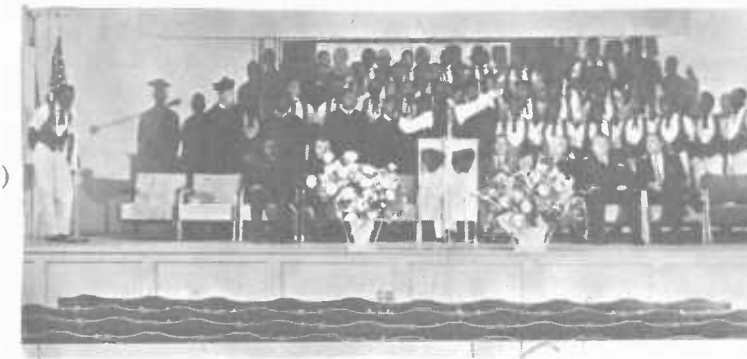
California's condemned population has reached a new high record. The recent addition of a 19-year old youth brought to a total of 47 the number of inmates awaiting execution in the San Quentin Prison's gas chamber.



a)



d)



e)



f)

a) Jose Basque receives his diploma from Mayor Theodore R. McKeldin.
 b) Commissioner Peppersack addresses the graduating class.... *I am very proud.....*
 c) Thomas Strothers accepts 1st annual Achievement in Education Award from Mrs. F. James, member of the Baltimore Grand Jury.
 d) Sherman G. Brett, Correctional Educational Supervisor, announcing the names of the graduates.

TO UNDERSTAND
 AND
 TO BE UNDERSTOOD

e) Glee Club soloist James Palmer, singing "You'll Never Walk Alone." Standing ovation!
 f) Arthur Berry: All smiles.
 g) Valedictorian Jonathan Sellers... praised the inmate teachers, and rightly so.
 h) Jerry Dennis realizes one of his goals.



b)



c)



g)



h)

Graduating Class — 1964

SECOND ANNUAL MARYLAND SCHOOL of ADULT EDUCATION 101

JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATE DIPLOMAS

BALL, Ernest
BRAXTON, George
BREEDING, Clayton
BROOKS, James
BRYANT, Willie
BUSH, Neal
CALLEN, Leroy D.
CANNON, Willard
CARTER, Jessie
COLE, William
DEVINE, John E.
ELMORE, Thomas
FELDER, Johnnie
FREEMAN, James
FRYSON, Jerry
GAULT, Leroy
GREEN, John
HALL, James
HANDY, Vernon
HARRID, Nathan, Sr.
HILL, Benjamin
HITT, Edward
HOWARD, Calvin
HUMPHERYS, Charles L.

JACKSON, James
JACKSON, Lucius M., Jr.
JOHNSON, Frank
JONES, Clarence
JONES, James
LEDBETTER, John F.
MATHIS, Oscar
McGEACHY, Floyd
MORTON, Samuel
RORY, Lester
ROSE, Bernard
SHENBERGER, George
SNEAD, Louis
STROTHERS, Thomas P.
TAYLOR, Cletis
WASHINGTON, James
WHITE, Charles
WHITE, Nathaniel
WHITE, Ronald
WILLS, William
WILLIAMS, Harold
WILLIAMS, Willie
WITHERSPOON, William

HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATE DIPLOMAS

BASQUE, Jose
BATES, Thomas
BERRY, Arthur
CARTER, Calvin
CORBIN, Frederick
CORNELL, James
DENNIS, Jerry
DeSHIELDS, Junior
DOWDY, John
EWELL, George
GAMBLE, Alexander
GARDNER, William
HUNTLEY, Edmond
JENKINS, James
JORDAN, William
JONES, Robert
KING, Joseph

LAMPKINS, Albert
LANDSMAN, Joseph R.
LEHMAN, Herman
LOWERY, Charles
McKEE, William
McNEIL, Cleveland
RENNER, Lester
ROGERS, Sammy
SELLERS, Johnathan
SMITH, Richard
STEVENS, Robert
TURNER, William
VENEY, Robert
WALLER, William
WARRINGTON, Donald
WHITLEY, William
WILLIAMS, Carl

RESPONSIBILITY THROUGH RE-EDUCATION

Processional..... Pomp & Circumstance
Invocation..... Father Francis Tobey, S.J.
Welcome..... Franklin K. Brough
Warden
Valedictorian..... Jonathan Sellers
Glee Club..... Love Is A Many Splendored Thing
Directed by James Richardson
Presentation of Guest Speaker.... Albert A. Urie
Assistant Warden
Guest Speaker..... Vernon L. Pepersack
Commissioner of Correction
Glee Club..... You'll Never Walk Alone
Directed by James Richardson
Teacher Certificates..... Sherman G. Brett
Correctional Educational Supervisor
Presentation of Diplomas.. Hon. Theodore R. McKeldin
Mayor of the City of Baltimore
Remarks..... Hon. Theodore R. McKeldin
Benediction..... Reverend Edward Weglein, D. D.
Recessional..... Pomp & Circumstance
by Sir Edward Elgar

MR. VERNON L. PEPERSACK
*Commissioner of
Correction*

MR. FRANKLIN K. BROUGH
*Warden,
Maryland Penitentiary*

MR. ALBERT A. URIE
*Assistant Warden,
Maryland Penitentiary*

MR. HERBERT W. POWELL
*Assistant Warden,
Maryland Penitentiary*

MR. SHERMAN G. BRET
*Correctional Educational
Supervisor
Maryland Penitentiary*

From the Office of Adult School #101

raymond lee

The March cover of the *Courier* displayed a very intriguing and original art composition: the composition showed only the upper extremities of a human body bound together at the wrist by two formidable strands of forged chain. One of the strands was broken, and from each wrist a shattered link of chain hung loosely. Both of the arms ended in a curled fist, but the left fist was tightly curled around a diploma.

At first glance the drawing seemed to speak of raw, brutal violence. However the interpretation which accompanied and supported the composition revealed that violence was not the story, its theme being the positive power of education.

Who can deny that education can give one the strength and power to break the fetters of ignorance; who can deny that education can give one the skills, abilities, and understandings that will enable one to think, to survive, and to enjoy the living of life; who can deny that education can help one to lead a better moral, self-disciplined social life, and who can deny that academics is the most vital part of education?

Although the work of art was apropos to the educational sphere of this community, readers may have wondered some about the tightly clutched diploma depicted in the cover art; they may have been curious enough to want to know where and how it was obtained, as well as what academic level or levels it represented.

Most of us are aware that diplomas and certificates can be achieved in the community's school, Adult School #101. Adult School #101 is accredited only through Junior High School by Maryland's

State Department of Education. Therefore, it is empowered to issue only eighth grade diplomas. Working in close conjunction with the Maryland Board of Education, Mr. Ronald Gleckler, Director of Education, has made arrangements for capable students to perform for a High School Equivalency Certificate.

Annually the Maryland State Board of Education holds examinations and awards High School Equivalency Certificates to successful applicants. In addition, fully credited off-campus college courses are offered by Baltimore City College and the University of Maryland. Mr. Ronald Gleckler said, "If enough students show sincere interest for any academic course that is not in the curriculum, I will do what is necessary to make the course available for them." On no diploma or certificate is the word penitentiary stamped.

During the recent interview with the Director of Education of Adult School #101, it was revealed that the academic program is geared to embrace every grade -- from the level of the illiterate through the level of the high school graduate -- and that program instruction will be heavily relied upon. In addition to the regular subjects, the following special subjects will be taught:

- American History 5-6
- Business Administration
- Creative Writing
- College English 1-2
- Electronics
- I.C.S.
- Intro. to Theatre and Drama
- Navigation
- Semantics

JUNE 28, 1964 - Forty-seven Jr. High School and thirty-four High School graduates were assembled in our auditorium for this community's second annual commencement exercises. There is no need to heap praise upon praise; for these eighty-one men know what they have accomplished.

Jonathan Sellers, Class Valedictorian, was presented with the first Vernon L. Poppersack Award for Achievement in Education. To substantiate the winning of this award, it must be known that Sellers was a fifth grade student two years ago. Not only was Sellers the Class Valedictorian, but in two years advanced himself from a fifth grade student to high school graduate. This in itself is testimony of what can

be accomplished through one's effort and SELF-determination; and the guidance and support of our inmate teachers.

Twenty-one inmate teachers were finally given the recognition that they so meritoriously deserve. These teachers have sat in the background for the past few years but are now beginning to see the fruits of their plantings finally blossom into substance. For these graduates are the product of their teachers' combined efforts. The Inmate Teachers were awarded certificates; in my opinion for making it possible to have the graduation! Without the teachers, Sellers would still be a fifth grade student and the remaining eighty men would be looking for

someone to write their letters.

Mayor Theodore R. McKeldin made the presentation of diplomas to the graduates and teachers. Following this, in an address to the audience, Mayor McKeldin said it was the duty of all Americans to educate all Americans. He further stated that there was no plausible reason for any American to remain uneducated, regardless of race, creed or color.

The *Courier* extends its congratulations to the Graduating Class, the Inmate Teachers, and to the future graduates who are now attending school. These are the men who are furthering their OWN readiness for the outside world; and have ceased to ask the question, "What are they going to do for me?" bob rogers

TIME IS A RIVER

Time is a river.

Welling forth from the Springs of Innocence, it flows implacably, infinitely, along its predetermined course to disappear into the Sea of Destiny.

We, frail, infinitesimal motes of dust, conceived at the Springs, ride the crashing, bobbing waves, traveling on the ever-flowing River of Time, phantom voyagers creating not a single ripple in the tumultuous pounding surface.

Time, the river, is a ruthless master of all. From the infinite springs of its inception to the infinite vortex where it endlessly whirls, it spews forth other currents that merge, blend and becomes composite parts of the whole of the infinite stream from which they spring, rolling, tossing, forever flowing.

In our callow youth we naively attempt a hastening, urgently spurring the stream to greater speed, spurning the turbulent, frothing waters of adolescence, grasping for the tranquility of adulthood. We pit our puny strength, impatient in our journey; faster, faster, ever faster, we cry.

Time is a river.

It flows at a predetermined speed, heeding not the exhortations of the surface voyagers. It accepts our passage, charts our course, and heeds us not.

Slowly, inexorably, the river winds, and we travel farther and farther from the Springs of Innocence. We pass through the Inlet of Awareness, hardly noticing the passing, and arrive at the Streams of Decision. Here the voyager has the choice. The River of Time splits into many diverse streams, all having different courses, but all traveling at the same rate of speed.

No matter which stream we take, we eventually arrive at the Lake of Adulthood. Here we tarry, blissfully ignoring the river. The current seems abated, we feel marooned. Still the river moves, neither slackening nor quickening. And, in spite of our self-induced delusions we still move with it.

We arrive at the Lake of Adulthood by many different routes, all connected with main stream - The River of Time. Some routes take us past the Shoals of Despair, or the Reefs of Antipathy, making our journey seem long and tiresome. Other routes run blithely along through the Valley of

Serenity or bubble pass the Fountain of Happiness, making our trek into the Lake of Adulthood pleasant and all too swift. No matter which route brings us to our destination in the Lake of Adulthood, we soon pass on.

We no longer urge speed, we no longer exhort the River of Time. But, still it moves, at the same predetermined speed, on the same fore-ordained course. We try to ignore it, but we cannot. We are still voyagers on its ever-moving surface. As it moves, we too must move. It twists and turns, moving. We too are moving -- moving slowly away from the placid Lake of Adulthood.

The river seems to quicken. It is approaching the swirling foaming rapids -- the Rapids of Old Age. We try to hold it back, fearful and afraid. We protest that the river is moving too fast, much, much too fast. We turn, in a vain attempt to fight the current, striving to return to the serenity of the Lake of Adulthood, or better yet, to the Springs of Innocence. We cry, we wail and scream in frustration, for there is no return. We are shackled to the river, slaves to its moving currents. The River of Time, flows in only one direction.

We pass quickly, too quickly, through the Rapids of Old Age. We fight the passage with all our strength, but in vain. We are infinitesimal and our strength is to no avail. We are buffeted and pounded, twirled and tossed, and finally brought to rest in the calm waters of the Lagoon of Dreams. We rest, contemplate, and our minds begin to accept our destiny.

We, some of us, rue the past, see our mistakes and realize the folly of our decisions at the Streams -- others rejoice in the fact of making the right decisions -- but all the decisions are irrevocable here in the Lagoon of Dreams - destiny is at hand. Then slowly, or swiftly, as the case may be, we pass over the Falls of Peace and land at last in the swirling waters of the Sea of Destiny, completing our journey on the River of Time.

Time is a river.

It springs eternally from the Springs of Innocence, disappears eternally into the Sea of Destiny. It is an imperturbable, relentless current, unhampered in its flow by the millions of microscopic voyagers traveling with its flow.

White Tigers

White tigers lined in a row.
Round faces touching,
Blurring words of the world.
And round and round they go.

Lamp black forms
Decorated in gold.
Ohms law is their soul.
And round and round they go.

Frustrated men pulling controls,
Enmeshed with machines,
Humming one song.
And round and round they go.

Golden haired men
Sweating upon the words of the world.
Words they never read.
And round and round they go.

Men dominated by gears,
Calculated ratios
Pulling the wheels.
And round and round they go.

Sanguine words, but lo!
Machines know what men know not.
And round and round they go.
White tigers lined in a row.
ronald beaty

Balinese Dancer

For half a century
Now
Learned archeology
Has
Failed unceasingly to
Prove
At length what you could have
Told
Them by a small hand move-
ment.
roland binau

These Doors

Through these doors
The arrogant have entered
Emerging meek.
The weak have entered
Emerging strong.

What altered the weak?
Made the strong the meek?
What magic power flows
Through these doors?
joe king

Rhonda Liegh

On the island of Isabella,--
Far out on the Caspian Sea,
A maiden there sleeps who used to go
By the name of Rhonda Liegh;--
And this beautiful maiden, she
Died at the age of twenty and three.

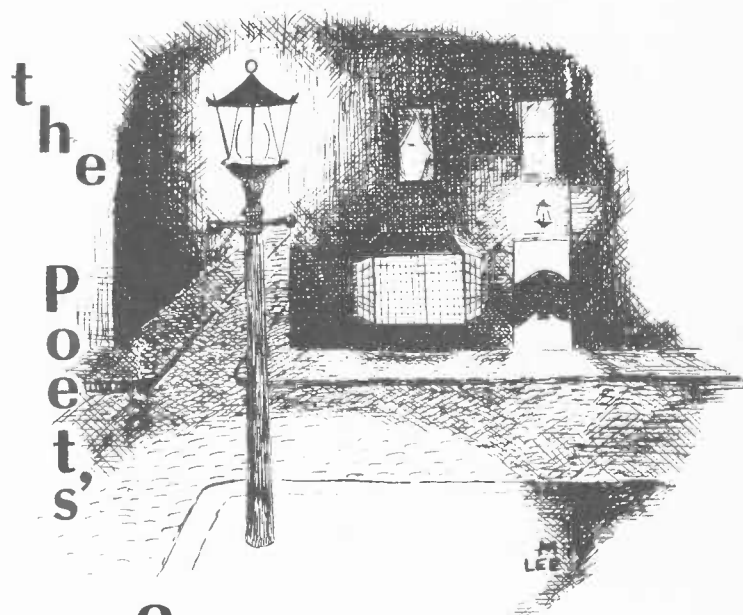
Her hair,-- and oft was it said,
Was golden like the fairy's thread;--
And her eyes,-- o, how I remember!
Shamed the glow of Northern Star,
That gleams in skies December.

Great was the love this maiden and I
Shared by the Caspian shore;--
Many were times my childish rhymes,
With ecstasy o'er-flowed her:

Great grew the size of her soft eyes,
As I my verses narrated;--
Loud in the dark beat her little heart,
Which to me was something sacred.

But angels above, coveting our love,
To earth one night descended;--
And bore her away where eternal day
By night cannot be ended!

And so slumbers she by Caspian Sea,
Where someday from out of this gloom,
I shall go to once more know
Our love;-- within her tomb.
thomas w. davis



Corner

ANSWERS

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE INCREASING NARCOTIC PROBLEM IN THESE UNITED STATES TODAY?



DAVID JACKSON

I feel that we would see a sharp decline in the number of drug addicts in the country if the "British System" were adopted by our government. This system recognizes an addict as a sick person rather than a criminal, and treats him accordingly. Also, this system would eliminate the criminal aspect of the importation, distribution and sales of narcotics. Incidentally, according to recent statistics, "There are less than 500 drug addicts in Great Britain."



GORDON CONTEE

The increase, I believe, is due to the obsolete methods with which we deal with the narcotic offenders. The users should be treated, cured and not punished: incarceration! Incarceration only stops him temporarily; it doesn't solve his problem. We need hospitals and clinics for these people, not prisons!



JOSE BASQUE

The problem is not one to be thought out only, but rather one to be worked out, and the only person who is qualified to work this problem is the addict himself. Only he can stop himself.



EUGENE SKATES

It should be attended to with a much greater outlook; because it is a problem that will last. A disease that is really non-curable through prisons or hospitals; but only through the mind.

Find a way to kill the desire, then you may have a help in controlling the narcotic problem.



JOSEPH LANDSMAN

The narcotic problem in this country will continue to increase until such time as something is done to curtail the "pusher". England is the only country to my knowledge that has put forth a sincere effort to curtail the "drug pusher". Their method which has proven to be both practical and effective, is to allow the drug addict to be treated by the medical profession rather than the correctional body of a state. If the drug addict can go to a physician and get medication for only a few cents per dose, it's very unlikely that he will go to a pusher and pay several dollars for the same medication. With the money eliminated from the illicit drug traffic, the pusher will eventually be eliminated; and without the pusher the percentage of new addicts will have to decrease. And with a decreasing number of new addicts the narcotic problem decreases.



WALLACE MOORE

The physicians and the law enforcement agencies to whom most of the responsibility for rehabilitation has previously been given are actually involved in only a small segment of prolonged rehabilitation and follow up programs. The apprehension, detoxication and limited psychotherapy, correctional parole agencies, as well as established community groups serving to aid other types of inadequate persons, should occupy the most important role; but traditionally they are rarely utilized.

The increasing addiction is also due to the emphasis that has been put on incarceration; surely this is not a deterrent to the problem. What the addict or small time pusher actually needs is treatment for his neurotic condition just as the mentally ill persons need treatment for their condition. The stigma which has been attached to the narcotic addict has made him, to the citizens of the state of Maryland, a notorious criminal! Governor Tawes enacted a bill to treat addicts at Spring Grove State Hospital, but very few addicts confined in Maryland penal institutions have benefited from this program. Finally, treatment for narcotic addiction should be the philosophical basis for attacking the entire problem.

and

OPINIONS

bernard diggs



J. BENJAMIN MCCOY

There are too many misconceptions already about the proper usage of drugs, and like most people, I don't know enough about narcotics to properly discuss pro's and con's. However, I do know that a problem will remain a problem as long as we try to solve it with a one-sided-view.



WARREN DEAN

I think the great increase in the "17 to 22" age bracket, so called "War Babies", is a major factor in the rise of drug addiction. Lack of home supervision and the idleness that unemployment breeds are also, in my opinion, contributing causes.



JAMES FOGLE

I think the situation is getting worse because of the increasing population; not enough jobs to go around, the conditions in which some people have to live; like the slum areas for instance. That is one of the biggest contributors. I think being in such an environment has a lot to do with it.



DONALD YOUNG

I do not think that the narcotic user should be treated as a criminal. I do feel that the supplier and pusher should be treated as criminal offenders.

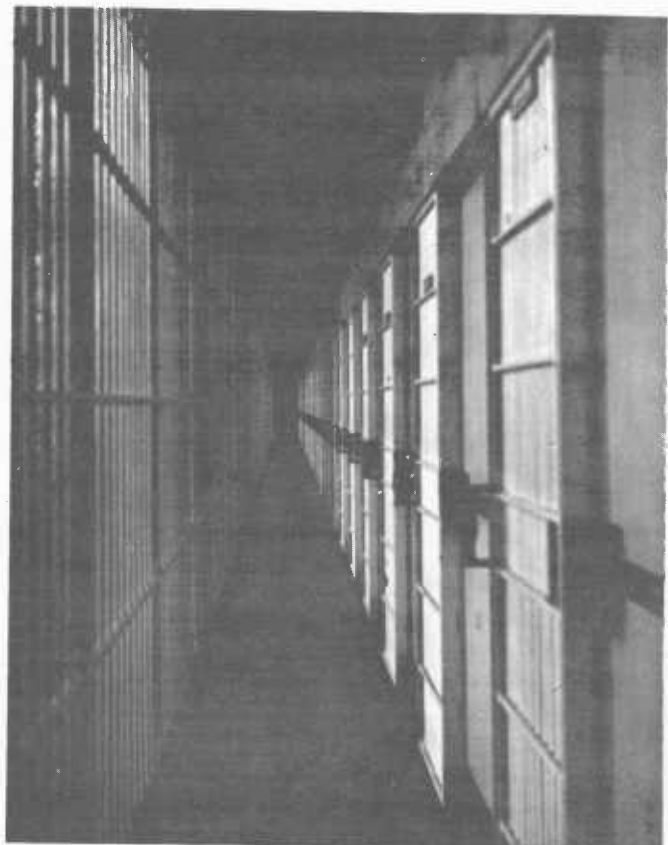
England has a narcotic program, supported by the government, for addicts that should be adopted here in the United States. A licensed doctor of medicine verifies whether or not a person is an addict and determines his daily dosage. He is given a prescription for that daily dosage and pays a nominal fee. The government pays the bulk of the expenses; the business of illegal narcotics is profitless. With no illegitimate suppliers and no pushers, there are no new addicts.



ISAIAH BROWN

I think that the increasing narcotic problem is increasing at a ridiculous pace. The courts continue to send drug addicts to prison when they are aware that prison is not the answer.

One addict in prison will introduce ten other inmates to their dream world of drugs by mere association; so ten new potential addicts are formed. There is something almost magnetic about the drug addict's personality that causes this introduction without the actual use of drugs. The rate of newly discovered addicts that were actually introduced to the idea of using drugs while doing time in prison for another crime is most alarming. And, even more alarming, is how the addict can actually seduce these people who have never really used drugs and will not have a chance to until after they are released to the outside world. So one helpful solution to the problem is to put drug addicts in hospitals, not prisons, where they can't spread their addiction.



SPUR OF THE MOMENT

HEY! HEY THERE! Hold on a minute, will you please? Have you got a few minutes? What I would like to tell you has nothing to do with politics, rehabilitation, religion or, and strange as it seems, women.

It's just something that happened the other night, to me, that I have to tell someone about. Since you have a few minutes to waste until going on to the rest of the magazine, sit back, light up a cigarette - *pardon me, while I light up too* - and I'll get on with this. Just bear in mind that the following is true and doesn't have a thing to do with anything.....

It was on Wednesday night, the 12th to be exact, and four of us were working late on the Courier in order to straighten out two articles that had been giving us a fit. As we were working on into the night and time was approaching when they would come and get us to take back to our cells, one of the guys - *I won't use any names here because you know how some guys are* - handed me his watch and asked me to put it on for awhile.

Right away I can imagine you asking yourself, "*That's ridiculous, why would anyone do a thing like that?*" -- Just sit back and relax. Let me help you waste a few minutes....

Anyway, his reason for giving me the watch was that he can't wear one for any long period of time on account of it irritates his wrist - *so help me, that's what he said*. To keep him from getting upset, or irritated, I put the watch on and was supposed to give it back to him when it was time for lock-up.

Allow me to elaborate a bit: *Before I came in here I was used to wearing a watch all of the time. I was one of those individuals that felt naked without one - you know how it is if you wear a watch and depend on it. But this was the first time that I had a watch on in seventeen months. Sure I felt self-conscious. It was like a long lost friend had come home to roost.*

The time came for lock-up and needless to say, I went to my cell wearing the watch. After I was locked in, I fixed myself a fizzie - *a fizzie is a no calorie, no taste, no nothing drink that does nothing for you...except possibly make one thirstier* - drank it and got undressed. I laid down on my bunk and continued reading the 'Missile Lords' that I lacked finishing by a chapter and a half. I checked the watch and it was 10:24 pm. I also made a mental note to return the watch in the morning. **SUDDENLY** there was a lot of yelling going on out in the wing and I surmised that the lucky Orioles had won another game. I leaned over and put on my earphone and sure enough, there it was: Orioles over the Red Sox, 7 to 0. -- *there went another six packs of cigarettes...I wondered if I'd ever learn that I'm not destined to be lucky....wonder who's pitching tomorrow and can I get any odds?* - back to the book (ies?).

By the time for lights out, I guess I had checked that watch four or five times. I even timed how long it would take me to read a page. The light went out and I lit my lighter and squinted, I guess, to see if they were on time.

11:07! Seven minutes late. All I can say is: they have some nerve demanding exactitude from me when they can't even put the lights out on time.

Then came the moments for decisions...should I wind the watch so it wouldn't stop during the night...or had he wound it that evening? If he had, there was a good chance that I could break it by overwinding it. I figured I'd better wait until morning. Now for some sleep - *or so I thought*.

There I was trying to go to sleep and I still had the watch on. Suppose, just suppose that I rolled over on the watch and it broke! That would really put the icing on the cake. *Off came the watch!*

I have a drawing table in my cell and it was on this that I placed the watch - not taking any chances that it would fall off, I centered it... *the table is three feet long and two feet wide.*

Everything is okay. To sleep.....
tick -- tick - tick-tick-tick-tickTICKTICK
What in the hell is that? It sounds like a trip-hammer on the loose.

Don't interrupt! I'll say it. It was the watch. I never knew they were so loud. Funny though, I never noticed it when I had my own. Do you think they're making them with cheaper materials or parts or something?

Getting out of my bunk I picked up the watch and held it near the door to my cell where the light from the 25 watt bulb outside fights its way between the bars - 11:28 - *a losing fight I might add, but yet it returns to do battle every night.*

Cradling the watch like an infant, I gently swathed it in one of my blankets that is big enough to cover a horse. I wonder if that is why they refer to them as 'horse-blankets'! I don't think they really.....No, that's impossible. They wouldn't really be.....Oh well, who knows how, when or what goes on around here?

Placing the 'lump' in the middle of the table, this time I really went to sleep.

Only thing is though, I woke up four times during the night. And that is something I rarely do. I know I didn't dream it because I was up at 1:41, 2:36, 3:17 and 5:22. When I got up for the day at 6:56:13, my arms were sore and my fingers stiff. You don't think it was from unswathing and re-swathing, do you?

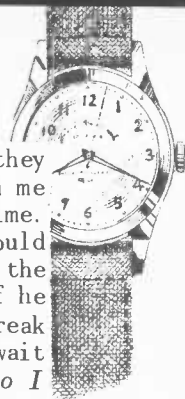
Anyway, here I am at the typewriter putting this down and waiting for him to come get his watch. I sure will be glad to see him so that I don't have to go through another night like last night.

I wonder if he saw me when I ran past where he works?

It's 10:11 now and he's coming down the hall. Well, it's all over and I can relax as soon as I get rid of this damn thing. He can't see me yet and.....

"Jim! Hey, Jim! Anybody asks for me, tell them I escaped or in the hole or something. See you!"

With that thrilling verbal blast, the door slammed shut and I disappeared in a cloud of dust - and I haven't heard from myself since...



jack costello

QUESTION:

The following questions were asked in the last issue of the Courier and as promised, we submitted the questions to the Administrative personnel of our community:

- a) What is the objection to inmates having transistor radios?
- b) Why are we not allowed the use of typewriters in our cells?
- c) Why can't we have a hobbycraft program?
- d) What is the objection to having paid movies?

ANSWER:

Franklin K. Brough
Warden

a & b) *The primary reason for not allowing transistors and typewriters is the disturbance to the other inmates. As far as TV's are concerned, they are controlled. By that I mean their volume, and when they go 'on' and 'off'. Also, the maintenance problem on these articles would be a drain on institution funds.*

c) *This institution has an industrial format that teaches the men, who are willing to learn, a trade that will help them earn a livelihood upon their release. This combined with the extensive educational and recreational programs should prove enough to occupy all their spare time; therefore, we feel that a hobbycraft program is unnecessary in this type of institution.*

d) *The welfare fund supports the recreation program and the movies come under this particular program. We feel that the movie fare offered here is more than enough in regards to scope of selection and adequate in number.*

QUESTION:

How may an injustice done to an inmate by a member of the custodial force be rectified without fear of reprisals?

ANSWER:

Franklin K. Brough
Warden

It is the privilege of all inmates to mail a sealed, uncensored letter to the Commissioner of Correction, Mr. Vernon L. Pepersack.

QUESTION:

Why wouldn't it be feasible to institute a writing program that would enable capable writers to submit their work for outside publication?

... as it
was told
to me.

ANSWER:

Vernon L. Pepersack
Commissioner of Correction

Because of the difficulties arising from litigations connected with contractual arrangements necessary between inmate writers and publishers. However, it is permissible for writers to send their material to members of their families for the purpose of having those members handle the necessary details.

QUESTION:

How are men chosen for the various tests which are conducted periodically in the hospital?

ANSWER:

Miss McKenzie, R.N.
Hospital Staff

These men voluntarily place their names on the list to participate in these tests. When the time comes to begin a new series of tests this list is checked and the number of men needed are chosen according to the chronological seniority of their volunteering. After compiling a list containing the names of the potential participants, the hospital submits said list to the custodial division for approval. Not every name on this list is approved, due to a variety of reasons, and a number of the men do not respond when they are chosen.

QUESTION:

The Art Contest that is currently being conducted for members of Maryland's penal institutions is a great boon to an inmate inasmuch as he is allowed to offer 'for sale' his entries. Do you have any plans that will enable this contest to be conducted annually?

ANSWER:

Mr. Albert A. Urie,
Assistant Warden

The Maryland Prisons Art Show Committee shall become incorporated and will be an annual occasion. Plans are already underway for next year's entries.

The sales of these articles are set as such that 10% of the profits revert back into the organization toward the continuance of this program. ☐ ☐

\$5

Name The Picture Contest



AND THEN . . .

2nd place - "Bring that damn mapmaker up here!"

3rd place - "I don't know either, but it sure as hell ain't Tarzan."

"All right down there! Keep 'em moving!.... And for God's sake, watch out for mice!!"

Congratulations to Clyde Senate for his winning caption. The \$5 commissary book is on the way! Second and third place went to James Cornell and John Garbutt. Their captions are at right. To all those men who entered the contest, the Courier extends its gratitude for their participation.



"Oh please, Throckmorton. Please switch, don't fight!"



*"Won't you come home, Bill Bailey?
Won't you come home?"*

The Myth that Lives as a Truth

james d. banks

The Courier is happy to announce the return to its staff of one of its ablest former members, James D. Banks. Jim, who authored the article "The Myth That Lives As A Truth" which appears on these pages will resume the Managing Editor post which he vacated for a very brief period. Although only absent for an extremely short span, Jim's services were sorely missed by the entire Courier staff.

A story, the origin of which is forgotten, that ostensibly relates historical events, which are usually of such character as to serve to explain some practice, belief, institution, or natural phenomenon is called a myth.

As most other nations, the United States too has its own special crop of myths and legends. At one time or another, what American has not either read or heard of such home-grown products as Johnny Appleseed, Paul Bunyan, Pecos Bill, Mike Fink, or of the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow?" But few Americans are aware of the greatest myth of them all - "The Doubleday Myth." This little known tale was born of the assumptions that Abner Doubleday originated the great game of baseball, planned the diamond-shaped playing field, and drew up the rules which even now suppose to be governing the playing of the game.

The belief that Doubleday pioneered the game of baseball is still prevalent today, especially among the members of this community. The question -- "Who invented baseball?" -- was recently put to a liberal segment of this community's population. More than 65% of the men asked favored Abner Doubleday; some of them named Spalding. One teenager insisted that Casey Stengel invented the national sport! Basically, the citizens of this community do not differ too radically from citizens who dwell in the less circumscribed environments. All are citizens of the United States, and because of this, they share many of the same hurts, joys, beliefs, opinions, and fears.

Perhaps the reason for the widespread belief that Doubleday initiated baseball in this country may be found in an examination of the forces which mold it: the men who helped to perpetuate the belief, the social institutions which provided some basis of truth for it to rest upon, the social character of the nation at the time the myth was fostered on the American people of that era.

From page 172 of "The Growth of America" -- a history book written by Professor Ralph V. Harlow in 1950 -- comes the following paragraph:

"In 1839 Abner Doubleday, a civil engineer of Cooperstown, New York, laid out plans for a diamond-shaped field instead of a square, each side being ninety feet in length. He also proposed rules for the game, which limited the players to eleven men on a side. His rules providing for retiring the side after three outs, and also ended the practice of putting the runner out with a thrown ball. In 1845 some players in New York City organized the Knickerbocker Baseball Club, the first formally recognized team in the United States. They used the Doubleday rules, with one important exception: their team had nine men, stationed as they are at the present time."

Shortly after baseball had attained national status, the question of its origin was raised. Because of baseball's resemblance to an English game called "Rounders", many of the newly crop of critics thought the game of baseball originated in Great Britain. But critics who took the stand that the sport was purely American in origin and design -- along with many of the old-time players who refused to believe that a foreign country had anything to do with "their game of baseball" -- hired or formed investigating units to get the facts. The more famous of the many investigating units was the "Spalding Commission."

The "Spalding Commission" was initiated by A. G. Spalding, a man who made millions out of producing and selling such sports commodities as bats, balls, uniforms, etc. It has been reported that this "Spalding Commission" was not composed of skilled investigators but of baseball men assisted by a United States Senator, appointed ostensibly to investigate the origins of the game but really to prove its exclusively American parentage.

According to page 166f, volume 3 of the 1952 edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, the members of the "Spalding Commission" were: "Morgan G. Bulkeley, first president of the National (Baseball) League and subsequently a United States Senator from Connecticut; A. G.

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

Mills, third president of the National League; Nicholas E. Young, president of the National League from 1885 to 1902; Alfred J. Reach, big league player of the 70's, president of the Philadelphia National League club for 20 years and senior member of the sporting goods firm of A. J. Reach & Co.; George Wright, the greatest player of baseball's earliest days of league organization and head of the Wright and Ditson sporting goods company; Arthur Pue Gorman, U.S. Senator from Maryland; and James E. Sullivan, president of the Amateur Athletic Union."

This commission published its report in the "Baseball Guide of 1908." Its chief findings were two in number: first, that baseball is a distinctly American sport and had no connection with "rounders" or any other foreign game; secondly, that the first rules for playing baseball, according to all evidence obtainable to date, were devised by Abner Doubleday, in Cooperstown, N.Y., in 1839.

To further the Doubleday fable, the Hall of Fame and National Museum of Baseball was dedicated at Cooperstown, N.Y., on June 12, 1939. This was the central ceremony of a nationwide, summerlong celebration of the national game's 100th anniversary. Remember, it was supposed to have been in Cooperstown, N.Y., that Abner Doubleday laid out the first baseball field and conducted the first game of baseball ever played! The players were supposed to have been cadets from a military preparatory school at which Doubleday was stationed as instructor.

Before the 1939 celebration, the New York Supreme Court ordered permanent title to Doubleday Field to the village of Cooperstown. In 1919 the Cooperstown village fathers leased the site of the original playing field supposedly used by the cadets, dedicating it as a permanent memorial under the title Doubleday Field, September 6, 1920.

Perhaps on the basis of what has been said so far it may appear that the myth does have some shreds of truth on its side. But if there is any semblance to truth, it's only illusionary. For the forthcoming facts not only deny conclusively that the game of baseball was originated in America but also refute any and all connections of the game with Abner Doubleday!

Literary sleuths -- sober-minded individuals who were quite skilled in research techniques -- divulged information which conflicted sharply with the findings of pro-Doubleday critics: In "Northanger Abbey", written about 1798, by Jane Austen, remarks of the books heroine, "It was not very wonderful that Catherine, who had by nature

nothing heroic about her, should prefer cricket, baseball, riding on horseback, and running around the country at the age of fourteen, to books."

In 1774 a "Little Pretty Pocket-Book" was published in England. This book was illustrated with crude wood-cuts which pictured and described in doggerel quatrains 26 children's sports -- one for each letter of the alphabet. The letter "B" was represented by the word "Baseball." The text related that the batter hits the ball and runs from base to base. The illustration showed a player at the plate, holding a bat with a curious flat, fanlike end; a catcher behind him; a pitcher preparing to throw a small ball underhanded. This book was printed when Abner Doubleday was 16 years old! There are many references in literature which offer good documentary evidence to baseball's existence before Doubleday. But the most damaging evidence to the Doubleday myth may be found on page 166H, paragraph 2, volume 3 of the Encyclopaedia Britannica which states:

(1) that Abner Doubleday entered West Point in 1838 and was graduated and commissioned in regular order in 1842;

(2) that in that period, as later, a West Point cadet had no leave during his second year and that Abner Doubleday was at Cooperstown in 1839 is therefore improbable;

(3) that Doubleday was instructor in a military school unlikely;

(4) and that Doubleday held the rank of colonel virtually impossible!

The next two paragraphs were selected from the 1964 edition of Compton's Pictured Encyclopaedia and Fact-Index, volume 2, page 81, paragraph three; page 82, paragraph one. Both of the paragraphs are offered because each strengthens the evidence against Doubleday as being the father of American Baseball, and serves to bring this article to a satisfying conclusion.

"It is a matter of record that in the 1700's English boys played a game they called "baseball." Players hit a ball and ran around posts, or bases. Americans have played a kind of baseball since about 1800. At first the American game had different rules and different names in various parts of the country -- town ball, rounders, or one-o-cat. Youngsters today still play some of these simplified forms of the game.

Baseball did not receive a standard set of rules until 1845 when Alexander Cartwright organized the Knickerbocker Baseball Club of New York City. The rules Cartwright set up for this team were widely adopted. They formed the basis of the game as it is played today." □ □

A.A.U. Weightlifting

Sports Feature

EDITORIAL

No Room For Cry-Babies In Sports

Don't weep for the boy who has never learned how to lose. Weep for the natural ability God gave him going to waste - while he cries.

Sports is a hurry-up-ground for growing. The slum kid, the slicker, the hard-loser, all have a thing in common. When they cry they try to justify tears by saying: "I wanted to win." Don't we all? Don't we all want to win in the worst way - in everything we do?

Hard-losers, whether they are slum kids or slickers, are born a dime a dozen. Sport's fields are cluttered with the grief they cause. Not counting the harm they do to the image synonymous with sports - of sportsmanship and fair play.

Hard-losers, are usually athletes of great natural ability, only you would never know it. Because one seldom sees the gifted man at the peak of his power. The big crying face of the baby overshadows it all.

So don't weep for the boy who has never learned how to lose, and don't pity him either. Save your praise and your applause for the deserving few who earn it. Tell him, wherever you find him, tell him in the only way he understands that, "there's No Room for Cry-Babies in Sports."

jerry washington

It would seem that Maryland Penitentiary is continuously setting precedents in progressiveness. Not too long ago the men here sponsored a Little League team -- now we have done it again -- we hosted the first Open Air A.A.U. Pre-Olympic Weightlifting Meet in the Eastern United States and participated in it as well.

The red-letter day was Sunday, July 19, 1984, and a host of dignitaries made it a gala occasion. Among the many World Champions, National Champions, past and present, was Mr. Weightlifter himself, Norbert Schemansky, holder of all United States National Records and three Olympic Gold Medals. Also present was Anthony Garcy, three times National Champion and holder of all U.S. records in his class. Tony, who won the "Best Lifter of the Morning" trophy, is the

originator of the "Garcy Form" which is used all over the country.

The festive air that pervaded the area throughout the day was set early by the prison band with renditions of old favorites. As the melodious notes floated high above Tracy Boulevard, the heralded events got underway.

Jerry Washington, with an able assist from Bob Hoffman, internationally known sports figure, introduced the judges and gave a resume of the background of the various participants. Immediately following this the contestants began giving their all.

With the final lift made, and the judging ended, another sparkling personality grabbed the spotlight -- Miss Eastern. This scintillating beauty presented the various awards and trophies.

Anyone for barbells?

	Name	Team	Class	Press	Snatch	C & J	Total
1.	Dave Moyer	Surf.	123	215	160	225	600
2.	Herbert Banks	Pen.	123	135	145	165	445
1.	Len Falato	Surf.	132	215	200	260	675
2.	C. Simmons	Pen.	132	175	190	235	600
3.	N. Newton	Pen.	132	190	165	215	570
1.	Anthony Garcy	York	148	270	260	320	850
2.	Don Devaul	Surf.	148	210	195	250	655
3.	Wm. Banning	Pen.	148	175	175	240	590
1.	Alfred Jones	Pen.	165	215	215	275	705
2.	Dave Zoltani	Y.M.C.A.	165	200	205	280	685
3.	Louis Martin	Pen.	165	205	180	235	620
1.	Gary Cleveland	York	181	320	285	355	960
2.	Frank Capsouras	Surf.	181	250	235	315	800
3.	Bill Andrews	Y.M.C.A.	181	275	225	280	780
1.	Jenkins Hudson	Pen.	198	300	285	360	945
1.	Norbert Schemansky	York	hvw.	370	325	420	1115



a)



b)



c)



d)



e)



f)



(g)

a) Don Devaul snatching 195 lbs.
 b) Alfred Jones snatching 215 lbs.
 c) Frank Capsouras snatching 285 lbs.
 d) The Pen-Mar Team with three of their staunchest supporters - Asst. Warden Herbert Powell, Lt. Harvey, and Officer Spamer.
 e) Norbert Schemansky, holder of all U.S. Records and three Olympic Gold Medals, Clean & Jerk 420 lbs. with superb form.
 f) Winners of the 148 Class: 1st, Tony Garcy, York; 2nd, Don Devaul, Surf; 3rd, William Banning, Pen.
 g) Winners of the 161 Class: 1st, Alfred Jones, Pen; 2nd, Dave Zoltani, CYMCA; 3rd, Louis Martin, Pen.
 h) Olympic Champion Bill March hoisting 330 lbs.
 i) Tony Garcy, thrice National Champion, holder of every U.S. record in his class - showing form which won him the "Best Lifter of the Morning" trophy.
 j) Miss Eastern United States presents trophy to 3rd place winner Norman Newton, Pen.
 k) Winners of the 123 lb. group: 1st, Dave Moyer, York; 2nd, Herbert Banks, Pen.
 l) Warden Franklin K. Brough welcomes weightlifters and guests.
 m) Winners of 132 Class: 1st, Len Falato, Surf; 2nd, Charles Simmons, Pen; 3rd, Norman Newton, Pen.
 n) Bob Hoffman, President of York Barbell Company and recognized father of weightlifting, making an impromptu speech.



h)



i)



j)



l)



k)



m)



n)

SOFTBALL

ASPS LOSE ARTIS - PENNANT CHANCES DOUBTFUL - -

The race in the American Softball League has turned into a real donnybrook. The Asps--managed by Rudolph Goodman--has led the league thus far. The wins of the Asps were the direct results of the deceptive off-speed pitching of Artis Worthington--the most respected hurler in the league--and the big sticks of Asps players.

Recently, Worthington left for parts unknown, leaving the Asps greatly devitalized in strength and fighting to stay in first place. Now that Artie is no more, the second place Falcons and the third place Spoilers are hotly challenging the first place position of the Asps. The Falcons are managed by Leroy "Mau Mau" Henderson; the Spoilers by John Young.

Robert "Sarge" Thomas--pitching ace for the Spoilers--will have much to say about the final outcome of the league race, supported as he is by Robert "Ham-bone" Rogers, (one of the hottest rookies in the league), James Rhone, Tyson Thomas, Preston Davenport, James Jones, and Freddie Corbin. Should the Asps be knocked out of first place weak pitching will be the cause. James Hazel, the replacement for Worthington, is no 'Arty.'

As it is evident that pitching is going to be the deciding factor in this year's pennant race manager Henderson has put the hopes of the Falcons on Russell Drehoff. If Drehoff cannot carry the load, Henderson will take on the pitching chores. Henderson has the skill and the ability to pitch with the best of them.

The hopes of the Spoilers rest on the right arm of "ole" Sarge Thomas. Sarge is tricky and fast and hard to out guess. He is feared and respected by most of the league players.

Without Sarge the Spoilers would be just another softball team. Now that Artis Worthington is no longer with the Asps and Drehoff of the Falcons reportedly suffering a sore pitching arm, Sarge should have smooth sailing. But the Spoilers must win all their remaining games. Therefore, "ole" Sarge must be trickier and tougher than he has ever been!

The American League Standings To date are:

Team	Won	Lost
Asps	10	3
Falcons	9	3
Spoilers	9	4
Magnificent '9'	5	7
Blackhawks	5	8
Hustlers	3	10

STARS TIGHTEN UP

The Stars look more and more like contenders for the 1964 Softball Championship. Early in the season it was supposed that, the Stars would dominate the National League, and over the period of the first half of the season - they have done just that, behind the strong pitching of Lawrence Cassell, and good defensive play afield.

As we go to press, the Stars, under the managership of Leon "Mule" Logan, has a 2 game advantage over their closest rivals, the Knights, managed by Donald Johnson. Perhaps a 2 game lead doesn't seem like much to the average National League fan; but to the Knights it must seem like an impossible bulge. The Stars play hardnose softball. The steady quality play by the Stars, the tight pitching of Lawrence Cassell, and the great defense, plus the booming bats of Cassell, Campbell, Logan, Hall, and late-comer Charles McKinney, makes the Stars the logical contenders for the 1964 Softball League Championship.

The Knights, a good softball team, met the Stars twice this season, and both times they bowed to the awesome combination of pitching and power. Errors, crucial errors committed by Knight players in the key games, has, perhaps unjustly, given the Knights the reputation of "choking up" in the pinch. A miracle is needed to change this outlook, and this is not the day of miracles. We predict the Stars will win the 1964 National League flag.

The National League standings to Date are:

TEAM	WON	LOST
Stars	12	1
Knights	10	3
Titans	7	6
Big Aces	4	9
Spartans	1	12
Jaguars	1	12



Football

john b. hester



League Managers: (rear) R. Briscoe, Barracudas; S. Rogers, Raiders; J. Anderson, Irish; (front) R. Elliott, Cavaliers; W. Mears, Rams; J. Butler, Eagles. Lots of luck, men!

The Pen Intra-Mural Football League shows no signs of collapsing, although it is still in a state of flux. It is not encouraging to see the league champion Raiders consistently and devastatingly annihilate every team in the league, year after year, by substantial margins.

But there are some encouraging developments in the IFL this season which may prove to be the shot-in-the-arm the league so desperately needs. During my tour of the league, I have found that the teams are shaping up like this:

Coach Junius Butler of the Eagles is stressing the fundamentals and leaving the fancy stuff alone.

John Anderson, coach of the Irish, is planning on using big backs to run over all of the opposition.

The Panthers' boss, Leon Logan, says the club will be a winning one.

Vernon Lightfoot, Barracuda Chief, is working with plays to take advantage of the team's stellar blocking and its speedy wingmen.

The Cowboys and the Colts,

under the tutelage of Richard Hartman and Walter Smith respectively, are in the process of completely reorganizing their aggregations.

On the field, the conference should look like this:

WEST: Raiders - blessed with the best talent of any IFL club - is too much, and should again show the other teams what class football is!

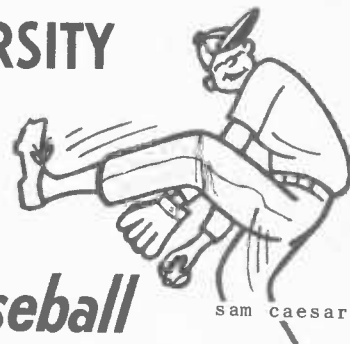
EAST: Eagles should win again if their brilliant quarterback Cleveland McNeil, should escape any serious injury.

The IFL teams will present a brand of football never before witnessed when they begin to play for the enjoyment of the spectators and the record books. This may be the year when the Raiders will face many upset-minded teams in conference play, and a new champion will be crowned. It is a fact: this season will be a banner year for the IFL. See you on the forty.

HOW THEY WILL FINISH

WEST	EAST
Raiders	Eagles
Irish	Rams
Barracudas	Panthers
Colts	Cavaliers

VARSITY



Baseball

This year, the residents of our community are being favored with some entertaining and high classed baseball from the Orioles - last year's Intra-Mural Champs - and the Pen Varsity team. Playing some of the better sandlot teams around the city and state, our players are giving a good account of themselves.

Beginning play against outside competition on May 17th, the Orioles hosted the Pimlico team and walked away with an 8 to 5 win. R. Brady and J. Stewart pitched for the Orioles and struck out 15 of the visitors.

JUNE 13th: Our Varsity swung into action against the Tower Inn baseball team. B. Lowery and R. Roles pitched effectively for the Varsity and held the visitors to 4 runs while the Pen team compiled a total of 10 runs. A seldom seen occurrence was witnessed when 3 homeruns were hit out of the Forrest St. Stadium. D. Prechett and J. Le Jan homered for Tower Inn while O. Carter blasted one for the Pen Mars. Again, final score: Pen Mar 10-Tower Inn 4.

JUNE 20th: The Varsity ran into the Bermuda All-Stars today and found the going just a bit too rough. The Stars pounded out a 9 to 3 win. The big inning for the All-Stars was the 6th in which they scored 6 runs on as many hits.

JUNE 27th: Pen Mar hosted the Tower Inn team again and is well on its way to earning the reputation of being an ungracious host. Again, the guests were rocked by the offensive prowess of the Pen Mars and carried a 7 to 5 defeat home with them. R. Brady and B. Lowery combined for the victory.

JULY 12th: Our Varsity got revenge on those Bermuda All-Stars today as they beat the Montgomery Co. Nine by a score of 7 to 1. However, those All-Stars should leave that guy Lyles home or send him to the major league where he belongs. Of the 11 men Lyles faced 9 struck out, one singled and the other was thrown out by the shortstop. All of the Varsity's runs were scored off of Smith. Final score: Pen Mar 7- Bermuda All-Stars 1. □ □

BASKETBALL

williams
sam
pson

INTRAMURAL BASKETBALL ! The Mets have won fifteen in a row! They show every sign of going undefeated this year, to easily cop their ninth Division Crown. They are led by three 'Eds' of Intramural Basketball: Ed 'Slim' Butler; Ed 'Smooth' McKelvey and Ed 'Stinger' Ray. The very capable defensive playing of Albert Braxton, T. Stokey and Earl Baskerville gives the Met big three more than needed support. With these aggregates, Manager Wade Mear's Mets dominate the league.
Ed Butler - 27.5 points per game
Ed Ray - 14.4 points per game
Ed McKelvey - 13.6 points per game

The Trotters, last year's challengers for the championship, have the only possible chance of handling the Mets on equal terms, but have failed to do so in three contests to date. If ever the label "choke-up" can be put on a team, the Trotters are the likely candidates. This team has more players with natural ability than any other team in the league. Besides having the leading scorer in L. Smith, they have four other players who are high on the points per game list: I. 'Tricky' Brown, Otis Gardner, R. Armwood and E. Gentry Curtiss. Yet this aggregation cannot beat the Mets. Maybe the fact that the Trotters' big man fails to produce, especially when they are playing the Mets, saps the strength of the whole team! The Trotters' new manager, James Evans, who replaced James Washington has stated that "The Trotters will go, go, go, all the way to the top!" I think his first big job will be to convince his big man that he can do better than a mere 4.6 average against the Mets.

I. Brown - 14.7 points per game
O. Gardner - 14 points per game
R. Armwood - 12.6 points per game
E. Curtiss - 11.3 points per game
L. Smith - 19.4 points per game

Robert McDaniels, manager of the Comets, is finding the going a bit tough in his bid to stay in the first division since he lost the talents of Paul Howell. (Paul vacated the community to

go HOME!) McDaniels has reacquired the services of Jesse Armstrong to fill the rebounding space left by Howell's departure. The signing of high scoring Roger Ray may get some of the points that Howell was accustomed to getting. Free agent Melvin Robertson was signed to bolster the Comets in a bid for a sound second half. If the game with the Trotters, July 15th, is an indication, the league shall profit from the resurgence of the Comets. In this game they took the Trotters apart to the tune 108 to 98, bolstering their won-lost record to 6 and 8; thus tying with the Rockets for third place. This game was their best showing since June 8th when they played the Champion Mets to a first half stand-still, only to lose in the end, mainly because of a limited squad. Manager McDaniels leaves one with the impression that his team is trying to establish a new habit, a winning one, after a slow start. He said, *"The team is adjusting very well after having lost a player of Howell's caliber; also they are playing team-ball."* The Big Three of the Comets are: I. 'Groaning' Bullock, P. 'Chilly' Benjamin, and Roger Ray. Center Jesse 'Hooks' Armstrong has been steadily improving and will be a big help in their drive for the top.

I. Bullock - 16.5 points per game
P. Benjamin - 15.2 points per game
R. Ray - 14.7 points per game

The Stars are nine games off the pace, resting in fifth place with a won-lost record of 6 and 9. In D. Scott they have the league's highest scorer, in F. Anderson, the best ball-hawk, and an excellent play maker in V. Nance; yet this team cannot win the big ones. Rounding out the squad are V. Lightfoot, P. McCoy, E. Burroughs, J. Briscoe, L. Watson, N. Bagley, and Van Walker.

D. Scott 19.9 points per game
F. Anderson - 15.4 points per game
V. Nance - 12.2 points per game

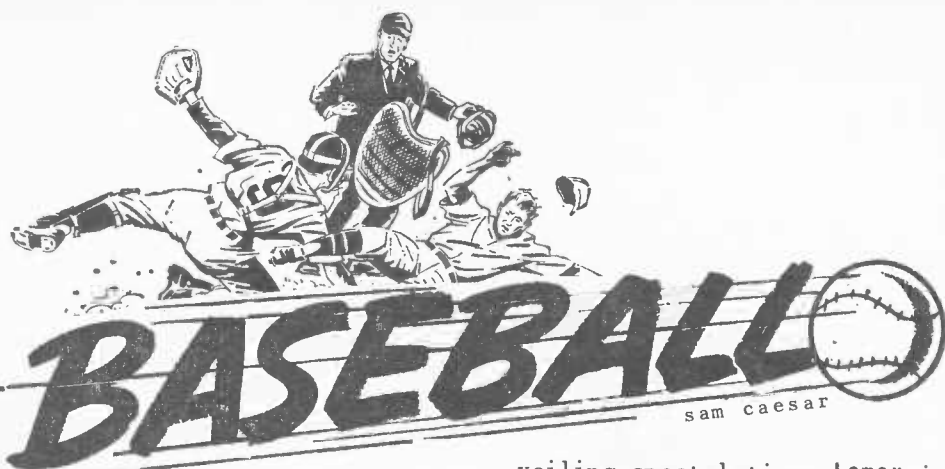
The Rockets, who are tied for third place, are the surprise team of the year! Manager Thomas

Strothers has built this club through careful trades and patient selection of players. He has managed to come up with a top player every year for the past five years. This year he signed Joe Pizza, who has a good chance for rookie of the year honors. The year before last, it was William Bacote who may have won the award had it not been for the fine rookie from the Elites, R. 'Buttercup' Dickerson, who won the honor. In Cleveland McNeil the Rockets have one of the best defensive backcourt men. He will get the nod for M.V.P. These men carry the hopes of the Rockets' crown pretensions on their backs. If the Rockets are to win their backcourt must remain strong! Whereas the Rockets won games with G. Smith's controlling the ball type game, the duo of Pizza and McNeil gives more diversity to the attack, which spreads the offense more. The Rockets' big guns, Bacote, J. Tillman, are just beginning to adjust to the type of game Joe Pizza plays. His is the subtle approach in ball control.
Wm. Bacote - 15.7 points per game
J. Tillman - 12.6 points per game

The Elites are in some type of movement - Manager Paul Williams released high scoring Roger Ray outright. Ray was immediately picked up by the Comets. The only other player of scoring ability on the Comets is J. Trader, who doesn't play enough to help the club. They do have two players who show much promise: they are C. Gilliam and M. Singletary. Williams is pinning his hopes on his big center, Douglas. If this big guy comes through, he feels that his team is bound to become a winner. Their current record is 2 wins and 10 lost.

The league leaders in scoring with 200 or more points are:

NAME	AVE.	PTS.	GAMES
E. Butler	27.5	383	14
D. Scott	19.9	237	12
L. Smith	19.4	251	13
I. Bullock	16.5	213	13
Wm. Bacote	15.7	221	14
R. Ray	14.7	203	14
E. Ray	14.4	200	14



Although noticeably lacking the finesse, dash, and sparkle which characterized them last year, the Orioles, nonetheless, lead the Intramural Baseball League by an appreciable margin. Should the team continue to win as consistently as it has, the other teams -- Cardinals, Giants, and Yankees -- can bid farewell to the '64 Championship.

Ask any of the Orioles' many fans: "What makes the Orioles go?" and he will undoubtedly reply: "Charlie Ford!" Charlie Ford is indeed the motivating force of the Orioles. He is manager, head coach, and captain of the team. And contrary to existing opinions, Ford does an excellent job in each capacity. Proof of Ford's ability may be observed in the overall performance of his team on the diamond.

Compared to the calibre of players on the other clubs, the men who comprise the Orioles are decidedly less than mediocre. Yet, Charlie overcame this handicap and wielded his charges into a formidable ball club. This, of course, means that Charlie not only knows his baseball, but also how to teach it to good advantage to his players. Then, too, what the Orioles lack in skill and ability, they make up in hustle and camaraderie.

Richard Lomax, Oriole first baseman, has shown tremendous strength as a power hitter. The big bat of Lomax has won the affection of Oriole fans and the fear of opposing pitchers. If there is any truth in the pre-

vailing speculation, Lomax is a sure 'in' for the Rookie of the Year Award.

During an interview with this reporter recently, Lomax said, "Man, if Charlie Ford hadn't worked with me to improve my batting between league games, I guess I would still be a good thing for the pitchers on the other teams. Charlie would tell me when I was feeling disgusted and on the verge of quitting, 'try my way, Lomax. If it doesn't work, then we'll try another way. Hell, it is easy to quit'."

The enigma of the league is the Cardinals. Equipped as the club is with the best man-for-man talent, the Cardinals, for reasons still unknown to this reporter, have not lived up to expectations. The fine pitching of Charles Lowery has not been supported by any sustained hitting. Although holding second place at this writing, the team has never demonstrated any concentrated effort to take over the first place Orioles. The club appears to be contented with its second best statistics.

The third place Giants have had their ups and downs. When the club's pitching is good, its hitting is bad. When the hitting is good, the fielding is poor or the pitching is bad. To help him with the pitching chores, manager Richard Hunter now has fastballer John Cribley. Cribley has been good for the team. But pitching, that is 'good pitching', must be supported by good batting if a team is to stay in the win column. And good hitting is something the Giants sorely need! In spite

of the present condition of the Giants you just can't count them out of the race as yet. Anything can happen before the season ends. The same is true of the Cardinals.

For Rookie of the Year Awards, the Giants offer two versatile players: John McLoughlin and Louis Pennington. McLoughlin at the present is hitting well over the 400 mark. In addition, McLoughlin plays several positions on the team.

Louis Pennington of the Giants is the proverbial 'Jack of all trades!' He catches, pitches, and can hold down any position in the infield. His ability has been a valuable asset to the team. Although not as powerful with the bat as McLoughlin, or Lomax of the Orioles, Pennington is nonetheless a good clutch hitter. As spectator interest in baseball is on the decline, the outstanding attributes of Lomax, McLoughlin, and Pennington may help to regain some of what has been lost.

The Yankees just can't seem to get off the ground. Everything the team tries seems to backfire: Pitching, batting and fielding are attributes which the Yankees appear to be without. Then, too, the Yankees seem to be suffering from an acute rash of 'erroritis'. Routine outs, or what should have been routine outs, somehow become egregious boots or miffs when handled by Yankee infielders. Pitchers Roland Roles and Cornelius Himplé are rarely supported by any two consecutive hits. (Roles has been released from the Yankee roster, now plays with the Orioles.)

Yankee manager, Douglas Carter, is vainly trying everything in the book to re-direct the excessive energy of his young team. One big factor which Carter has in his favor is that his men do want to play baseball. However, most of them want to play as individuals and not as a team.

BASEBALL STANDINGS

Team	W	L	T	Pct.
Orioles	12	4	0	.750
Cardinals	9	6	0	.600
Giants	7	8	0	.466
Yankees	3	13	0	.188



Varsity Softball

destroy the team. The best ball player may not always be the best team man. Commando players became involved and embroiled in disputes. The time spent smoothing out these personal conflicts could have been better spent planning team strategy.

Knowing this fact, and not knowing what to do about it; or not knowing this fact, cost the Commando leadership dearly.

The so called 'best players' could not be - and were not played as often, and at the positions where their special talents were most needed, and when they were needed the most.

Player-discipline, like the proverbial closing of the barn door after the cow had gone, was applied too little and too late; and at a time when the team could least afford to lose. As a consequence, the Commandos will close out the 1964 season with a little better than a .500 average.

Considering the quality of the competition, and all the things incident in fielding a rookie team, the Commandos' .500 average doesn't give a fair indication of this team's real potential.

Looking to 1965, the Commandos could win the championship in either league - or both! They are that good. When they want to play as a team. But the 'best players' must want to play as 'a team' in 1965 - without first imposing the additional burden of selfish demands against the team, as was done in 1964.

pete & jerry

Commandos Look to Next Year

For the rookie Commandos, the Big Test terminates with the rapidly closing softball season. Not in the least sweating out or waiting the evaluative results of the test, the team looks toward 65's season, conscious of the mistakes made in 64.

Although 64's season was in the later stages tough and grueling for the Commandos, it was not uneventful. At the top of the season the club looked like a solid winning organization. On the diamond, team members neither looked nor played like the rookies they were. Dressed in snappy blue uniforms with the letters F.K. tacked in front of their team name, The Commandos started the season filled with the belief of having a good first year.

As bigger and better teams came to play, seasonal pressure mounted. From city and town on Tuesday evenings, after regular yard period, and on Saturday mornings, the best local competition came to call: Buck's A.C., North A.C., Club 1214, Rangers A.C., Ramblers A.C., Linge's Cafe, Casey's Pub, C & P telephone, L&L Gents, and WJZ-TV. The Commandos won frequently over these incoming teams.

Then suddenly, as if a giant hand had turned off a switch, the tide turned. The Commandos began to lose. The team started dropping the crucial games. The close one run games. Large holes began pop-

ping up in the once air-tight infield.

The soul rattling chatter that had so rattled the nerves of opposition hitters died to a mere whisper, but still the Commandos looked just as sharp in their blue and gold uniforms, and just as confident in pre-game warm-ups. The meat-part of the team's batting order was still hitting the ball, but not nearly as well or as often as before. Losses continued to pile up.

While the stories of the team's earlier successes were still being circulated in the league, the hottest behind-the-scene story of the season was breaking.....

The Commandos were in trouble!

It seems that the big haste in putting together the club in the beginning, has forced Commando leadership to go after the so called 'Best ball players!' To get the best, Commando leaders had to make concessions. Now these concessions were about to



WJZ-TV TEAM

walls

Let not your eyes rest upon these walls
Behind which you have concealed your shame
The shame of lies and injustice, hypocrisy
That glibly you would deny; but behold!
The sky shall bear witness, and be not daunted
Nor shall the sun refuse to luminate, the cold
Cruel darkness that lurks in the social soul.
Why? Shall you wonder in your whims -
Who - what soulless things have we interred there?

The earth is not forgetful
She shall ever remember, those who are her own.
The human body is not soulless, though some
Have fallen in the race, are beaten and bested.
You have disinherited them, entombed here
Those whom your world no longer mourns
Demurely attired in the black virtue of her
Glorious widow's weed.

This is the hell of Dante's inspiration.
Steel shall be a sacred symbol, of this generation.
But walls, how high, shall not hold back corruption.
The human mind is the monstrosity, it creates
All forms that time and eternity shall wear.
I have learned to live here, and I know
The filthy flow of empty days, how they merge
And sink down into the stench of limbo; I, then
Shall be your convict, and you my Nemesis,
But let us remain quiet, let us not question,
Lest in the fearful silence of our beating heart
Each perceives the other's guilt, and lose
Against our mounting wager.

I do not cry. For tears
Are only dry puffs of dust, rendering our visages
A pale and ghastly green, a nameless ugliness.
Hold, then, the sigh within the throat, though
It makes the words harsh and hoarse with no gentleness
And the prayer shall be too heavy to rise on high
But down into the bowels of earth let the iron balls form.

Stand behind me. I shall not look back.
Let the crepe curtain be drawn, and the years of history
Be dead years, stretching austere, across massive
Frozen meadows; and let nothing be held dear:
Not youth, nor the singing landscape, and placid streams.
Let each shrinking vista, vanish, where manhood died,
Crushed in mortal anguish.

Flagellate me with your taunts and scorn
But still your walls are not high enough, to ostracize
That monster most fearful to your heart. Yes,
How true: my bones shall become brittle with age
And my mind a feeble and impotent thing, and to death
At last I shall succumb; but the wolves within you
Shall not die. What, then, shall you answer
To my query? Can maleness be inverted? Or
Shall the city of Sodom be resurrected?

Shrieks and screams I have heard
Rending my nights asunder, and by my door
I have crouched into the wee hours, wondering:
The child in man is dead, and now, only
In man a howling carcass lives: Fate has etched
Upon this solid figure, brutal lines and deep
Knife wounds that fester, running supuration.
Justice rides my shoulder, and taunts me with
Her howling hideous laughter, and in her cortege
Brutal death wears a general's commission
With shotgun cocked and deadly aimed, at he
Who dares protest her vicious outrage:
Recant! Recant! Recant!

J. Clausell

From:

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To:
