

THE PRESSBUDIC

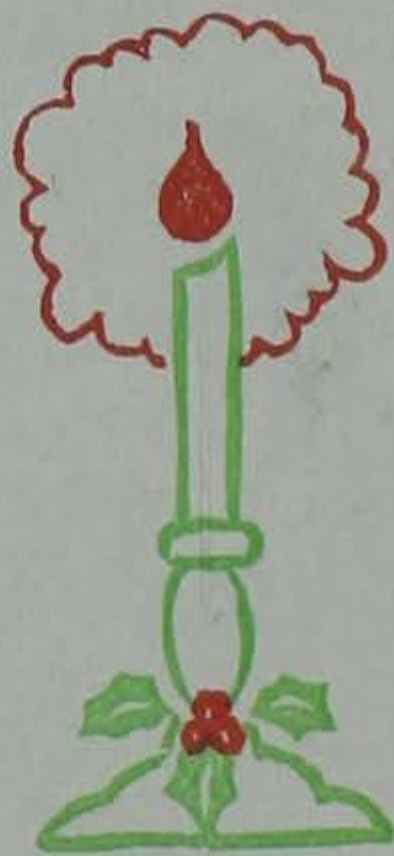


December

1943



“To Christmas and to all Brave Hearts—
Peace.”



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VOL. X

DECEMBER - 1943

NO. 10

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The Purpose of The Presidio is to give the men here an opportunity for self-expression, to provide them with a medium for discussion of public problems and to add to their store of information and inspiration.



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\$1.00 per year, 10 cents per copy.
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Edited and published monthly by and for the men of the State Prison at Fort Madison, Iowa. With the sanction and under the direction of Warden PERCY A. LAINSON.

—PRESIDIANA—

ECHELON

Somewhat belatedly we are able to announce the prisoners' "Buy A Bomber" drive throughout the country exceeded the quota of \$250,000.00; and the final tally showed a million dollars had been raised, or enough to buy three bombers, according to Mr. R. A. Wall, Chairman of the Prison Industries Branch of the War Production Board.

Michigan prisons led with \$170,277.00; California was second with \$115,000.00; Pennsylvania was third with \$72,813.00.

The three men who sent the winning names for the bombers will receive, first

prize, a one hundred dollar bond; second and third, a fifty dollar bond.

The following names were selected from the four hundred and fifty names submitted:

First—"Spirit of St. Germain," submitted by the State Prison Colony at Norfolk, Massachusetts.

Second—"Striped Lady," submitted by the New Hampshire State Prison at Concord.

Third—"Fighting Felon," submitted by San Quentin.

The name "Spirit of St. Germain" is most appropriate as St. Germain was a prisoner in the Norfolk Prison and after volunteering as a human guinea pig gave his life in some important medical tests for the navy. A pardon was issued posthumously.

VISITORS

A delegation of Indiana officials, accompanied by Floyd Cooper, the Director of Prison Industries for Iowa, were guests of Warden Lainson the first part of November and spent two days reviewing the operation of the prison, and were greatly impressed with its functions, especially the industries. The officials included Mr. L. E. Reeves, State Purchasing Agent for Indiana; Mr. Anderson Ketchum, Budget Director for Indiana; and Mr. Clyde T. Fulton, Assistant Purchasing Agent for Indiana.

CLIPPINGS

St. Ansgar, Iowa—Staff Sgt. Reuben (Pooch) Perau, waist gunner on one of the Eighth Air Force Flying Fortresses holds a distinguished Flying Cross and the Air Medal with three Oak Leaf clusters and has participated in some of the Eighth Air Force heavy bombing of recent months, recently completing his twenty-fifth heavy bombing assault on Germany and the occupied countries of Nazi Europe.

Washington, Iowa—Captain Roger

Eicher (former guard) has been awarded the Silver Star for heroism in the African Campaign. The citation said Captain Eicher was in charge of a detachment of military vehicles and while completely exposed to dive-bombing and machine-gunning, kept the vehicles moving through minefields and prevented traffic congestion and additional casualties.

PLAUDITS

To Bob Daseke for his well-directed, well-performed, and well-received show ... to Eddy for his excellent vocal effects in the Finale ... to Weaver and Pote for their masterful solos on the trombone and trumpet... and to all the members of the cast, the orchestra, the stagehands and technicians for combining their efforts to produce the finest show ever put on by men in the prison. . . .

Special recognition and appreciation are given to the men in the Print Shop for their consistently fine work and cooperation in turning out a well-printed magazine each month. Arch Carter of the Printery deserves an additional honorable mention for the grade "A" heads he splashes throughout the magazine, and also for his occasional, well designed covers. A note of commendation and gratitude goes to our capable proof-reader, Harry Marshall, whose professional eye invariably detects the errors and misprints in the proof. We also owe Bradshaw a debt of gratitude for assisting with the December Cover with his silk-screen process—the snow effect.

To Hugh Stump and all his cooks and waiters who worked so hard to make our Thanksgiving dinner a "Spread de Luxe"... but why did Stump dash around the corner of the smokehouse with that kraut barrel when the committee was here?

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

To our readers, contributors, and to everyone whose aid and support make possible

THE PRESIDIO.

THE OTHER SIDE

By

Warden Lainson

THE INTENTION of most men when they come to prison is to obtain their release as quickly as possible, and while a greater part of the men who come to prison THINK about trying to use their time for improving themselves so they will be better men when they leave prison not all of them actually do anything about it.

It is not only possible for a man to pull himself up by his boot-straps and push himself along, but it is the only thing a thinking man will do when he finds himself in prison. There are many men who are doing that now.

One fellow, I recall, came to this institution in nineteen thirty-four with a sentence of forty years for previous convictions, having been in several prisons before, with a long police record of many arrests and a reputation of being a tough customer.

Given a routine work assignment in the shoe shop, it was only a short time before he was rated as one of its best workmen. His work record shows he worked diligently in the shoe shop for seven years without an infraction of the rules and developed into a first class shoe-man.

It was at this point that he learned the prison photographer was to be released. Although he had had no previous experience in photography, he became interested in the job but did not believe he had a chance of getting it. He was both surprised and pleased when the

Deputy Warden called him in and gave him the job.

By again applying the same industry and attention to his duties, and through much study, this man became one of the best photographers the prison has ever had.

He remodeled the photography shop for more efficient operation, supervised the construction of two enlargers, one printing box, a drying cabinet, and several storage cupboards for supplies.

Besides becoming one of the foremost amateur photographers in the state, he also studied and became proficient in the technique of tinting photographs.

A parole has been granted to this man, and with a fine job awaiting his release sometime before Christmas there is every indication he will not return to prison.

It is a remarkable feature that this man has accomplished everything through his own initiative and efforts, and has pointed the way for other men to follow. Naturally, every man cannot be the prison photographer, but this man was not exceptionally gifted. His education was limited to the eighth grade and his intelligence quotient is normal. We hope many men will follow.

We would like to commend the football team for the fine spirit they showed in the game with the much superior Ottumwa Naval Air Station team. Although the score was one-sided it was a good game from the spectator's standpoint and a rare privilege to see such an outstanding team play here at the prison.

Season's
Greetings!



May everyone consider this
a personal and sincere wish
for this Christmas and each
succeeding Christmas to dawn
brighter and happier.

Percy A. Lainson, Warden



No Room in the Inn

—  by James Caldwell  —

The spirit of unselfishness, of generosity, of sacrifice for the happiness of others through gift giving which manifests itself at Yuletide is a poor atonement for a year of selfishness, miserliness, and conceit at the expense of our neighbor. They are the regular guests which occupy the inns which are our various and respective selves. It is usually in the crises that we become benevolent, and even then our devotion is often motivated by some subtle design of the ego. As quickly as life again levels off, we are prone to exercise our natural impulse to withdraw into ourselves. To be sure, we enjoy company, profess interests in social benefits, even take part in promoting them. We may even go so far as to expend ourselves in so doing, but the thrill and the enjoyment of it all lies only in the satisfaction and the glory which the individual derives from it.

The fact that the Inn of Little Bethlehem was sold out may not strike

us as anything unusual in view of Augustus Caesars' edict to have a census taken, with the citizens being enrolled in their various precincts.

The little town was hardly prepared for such an influx of home-comers. Neither was there anything to indicate that the very ordinary couple who that first Christmas night were compelled by circumstances to seek out shelter in a stable were doing something which would have repercussion down through the ages. However reasonable and perfectly natural all the circumstances and events connected with the well-known chronicle may be, it does not seem to strain the accounts if we attach special significance to the words "No Room In The Inn." If we will but change the word Inn to Heart and only superficially indulge in a little examination of ourselves and society about us, we shall find plenty of material for serious meditation.

We all enjoy the spirit of Christmas, and we try to have it and to share it with our fellows. But do we really know what it is? What does it imply? What are the marks of the genuine Christmas Spirit? How may we know its false indications from the true? Do we have the real thing or are we indulging in that little game of acting out of sympathy with the spirit of the season, to act "Christmas" because it is Christmas time?

To catch the real significance of Christmas we shall have to go beyond the Santa Claus plane of thinking. But that does not mean that we are to hurdle the spiritual concepts. We shall miss the point entirely if we do. There is a world of difference between the legendary counterparts of Christmas, like the visits of Old Saint Nick, the use of holly, Christmas trees, and such, and the spiritual values of Christmas.

Christmas is a religious festival with spiritual implication or it is nothing. To go through the motions of observing it on the grounds that it is a good psychological influence, and there is no denying that it is, is not only mental dishonesty but downright hypocrisy, because it implies that the poor, ignorant masses are lured into exercising themselves in something, solely because it is good for them, which would defeat the very psychological basis it seeks to establish.

The true Christmas spirit for which it is so difficult to find room in the human soul represents a frame of mind based on a definite historical occurrence in time, and deemed of essential value to the individual. The need is felt and satisfied by what the historical details present. This realization arouses an emotion of gratitude which has to express itself in acts of charity toward our fellow men. The ancients viewed it as God's love for man, revealing itself in the greatest imaginable gift to man, and thus man's

reaction was to make it a gift-giving festival. This, in brief, states what the true Christmas spirit is, as well as its basis.

The works of the genuine may best be illustrated by a few simple examples. No better can be chosen than those which illustrate the reaction or the spirit of those who first learned the significance of the Christmas story. First there is that of the Shepherds. Their reaction, first one of fear, which when it had been allayed turned to curiosity, certainly implied in their words, "Let us go and see." Satisfied on that score, their only gift to their fellowmen was to spread the good news and its significance to them. Certainly anyone imbued with the true Christmas spirit should, if necessary, be able to tell what it signifies. If otherwise, why not pick July 10th, or any other day, for masquerading one's philanthropy?

Then there were old Simeon and the aged prophetess, Anna, who reacted in much the same way. It is significant in their case that they expressed complete and assured confidence in the gift which had been presented to men. They not only wished it for some people, the good people, the people in good repute, but for all people. The fact that it was a spiritual boon and not a temporal one is emphasized by the fact that Simeon was ready to meet life's most fearful fact—death, now that he had realized the meaning of Christmas. We do not find the small view that characterizes so much of our modern "exchanging presents every year" practice. They viewed matters in terms of all humanity; in terms of ultimates and eternal.

The last illustration which will be cited is that of the Three Wise Men from the East. This is in many ways the most difficult to consider although the story of them is well known. It cannot be determined with certainty just where they went to present their gifts, but it is

generally believed to have been Bethlehem. Scholars are of the opinion that it must have been in the month of February by our calendar. Just how they came by the knowledge is not known, but it is safe to infer they had more knowledge than the words, "We have seen the Star," implies. Many conjectures have been made, some of which are entirely plausible, one of which is, that a brisk commerce was carried on in that part of the world at the time and that it is not at all impossible that the Christmas story had been carried into the East in that way and that the Magi came as the words state, "to worship Him."

There are two very important ingredients of a true Christmas spirit. One has been touched upon repeatedly, but it is important to emphasize another aspect of it. It is not only necessary in observing Christmas properly to be charitable and from gratitude to pour out philanthropy to our fellowmen, but we ought to express our gratitude directly to the giver of the Supreme Gift of Christmas. That means there should be proper religious ceremonies befitting the character of the day. As the Wise Men, we should attend them.

The second ingredient in this connection is that where the Wise Men presented gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh,

we ought to present ourselves, our talents, our material resources, and our time, in a spirit of unselfish charity and service as the true Christmas spirit demands, and not only on December 25, but throughout the whole year.

Yes, we ought to do so. If all men were imbued with the true Yuletide spirit we would have Utopia. There would be no need of prisons. Wars would be wholly unnecessary. None of us is so simple as to believe that what ought to be will eventually come to pass. But it does serve to show us how much is lacking even when we put forth the best that is in us for just the one short day each year.

We should look deeper into the meaning of Christmas, to purge it of all the useless trappings of hypocrisy, commercialism, and rubbish which have cluttered up our Christmases so that there really has not been any room in the Inn of Our Hearts for the true spirit of Christmas; and when we do that we shall find to our amazement that room has been created.

Tribulations and disappointments may not have left those little Inns of ours so well furnished as we would like to have them, but the spirit of Christmas was born in a stable. Amid such humility is where it feels most at home.

To All The Men In The Prison



Best Christmas Wishes

*and appreciation for your cooperation
and goodwill during the past year.*

*John Bennett,
Deputy Warden*



other man's shortcomings? Making a useful adjustment to oneself calls for greater effort than most of us are willing or able to expend. Yet we must do both before we shall be able to build a semblance of order out of our turbulent lives.

Those of us who shout so loudly for tolerance from society are showing, by our own clamor, a lack of it ourselves. But there is no lack of it within these walls. The most convincing proof of that can be found any day, whether we are at work or during recreational hours, by our attitude toward each other. In this particular prison, tolerance among the men has reached a high degree. Seldom do we condemn another prisoner for his sins, past or present, even though they may seem atrocious according to our own standards. While we may not share his habits nor accept his opinions, we do try to understand why he acts as he does. By mentally placing ourselves in the other man's position and attempting to *think* as he does, we usually can find some extenuation for his actions. Because we do not insist on projecting our opinions on other prisoners, we are able to reach a useful understanding by bringing their opinions to us. Due partly to this understanding among us, there is no snarling mad-dog type to be found here.

Since we demonstrate so clearly that we *can* apply tolerance with its true, human-interest meaning, why must we show so much intolerance toward our outside interests such as public officials, law-enforcement groups, parole boards, society in general? We have tried haranguing officials, harassing parole boards, and damning everyone connected with our confinement. We have blasted prosecutors, condemned judges, and berated adverse articles in the press. In general we have given the familiar sign, so graphically illustrated by the erect middle finger, to everyone who has not come to our defense. All of which has accomplished

nothing except to widen the breach between us and the faction we wish to impress favorably.

Let us look at this topic from a practical viewpoint. We have tried to gain public tolerance the rough way and have lost ground. Why not try a different approach? Perhaps we can sell the public on tolerance if we follow the example of a good instructor, who demonstrates clearly how a task is to be done before the student is allowed to handle the job. As a group, the ones we wish to influence must be convinced that we are deserving of their tolerance. They must first be made to realize that we are trying to look at things from their side of these walls; that we are making a positive and cordial effort to understand their beliefs. It is not necessary that we share or accept those beliefs, but it is necessary that we try to think as they do.

Try thinking of ourselves as being on the judge's bench, for instance, with the judge as defendant (we can dream, can't we?). Assume the testimony against him to be the same as that which sent us here, and his record as blemished as perhaps ours was. Is it too difficult to visualize us as sending him to the penitentiary, just as we were sentenced? If the answer is "No," we have acquired tolerance toward him, at least. Then it is but a short step to bring within the range of our understanding, everyone else connected with our internment. Each successive step should become increasingly easy until we stand on the common ground of understanding with those who will be able to help us make that useful adjustment, deemed so necessary.

Perhaps we can hasten that day by applying the well known Christmas spirit throughout the entire year. If we accomplish nothing else, the resultant feeling of benevolence will make of an otherwise dull life a thing of beauty. It is worth the effort to you.

LETTER...

*Continuing a more or less brief account of a
trip in a beach-wagon.*

Chapter 3

Tuesday August 27, 1940
Murray House
St. George, New Brunswick
7 A.M.

Another hectic day gone by. Yesterday morning we continued our way north of Augusta, Maine, under strict orders from Edna not to mention Augusta by name because we had been kidding her about a late boy-friend of hers who she met recently and whose name was August, and he turned out to be a draft-dodger. We had a lot of fun and I laughed so much my sides ached. Mary is good company, and Aunt Etta is a swell sport. Edna has a very dry humor, which neither Mary nor Margie appreciates, but isn't missed at all by Greg and me and Aunt Etta. Margie hasn't much of a sense of humor. Like Gracie Allen she keeps saying, "What is it? I don't get it. Tell me." Which remark in itself is enough to amuse the rest of us.

I wish we could have gone up through Skowhegan to Great Moose and seen those beautiful rolling hills covered with those pine and spruce forests, but I didn't suggest it because everybody would have been agreeable, and we'd never have reached Canada. As it turned out, I think it's wonderful we're so far as we are now.

When we reached Bangor we gave no thought to our McAllister relatives. Or better just say we thought of them but entertained no idea of stopping for a

visit. They're so strait-laced they give me a pain.

I saw a sign pointing the way to the Indian reservation out on Indian Island, in the middle of the Penobscot River; so we decided to go over. It seems strange nobody ever told us it was there before. We were ferried across to the island by an old Indian, who slightly resembled old man Dowley, that vulgar old guy back home, which caused the red man to drop slightly in my estimation. However, once on the island, the others made up for his lack of dignity. We went into the trading post and bought cards and registered and then made a tour of the island, with a little eight-year old guide by the name of Robert Anderson. His mother was Princess something or other, meaning "White-Bird," and his father was a Swede. He looks all Indian, though.

There's a beautiful little Catholic Chapel with the interior walls all covered with religious scenes, painted in 1770—1790 by an Indian artist named Black Bear. Evidently Black Bear knew what he was doing because the colors are as fresh and bright as if newly painted. Robert told us the painter made his own dyes of roots and berries, and the secret of the colors is still kept on the island.

The first Catholic cemetery in New England is also there. The Indians still hold their tribal meetings and govern themselves, although they now call the

Chief "Governor." They are not under the jurisdiction of the state of Maine, but have their own laws. Greg hadn't gone to the island with us because he said he thought he had better stay with the beach-wagon. He told me later in private it was just an excuse because he didn't feel like sight-seeing and was tired of being the lone man with so many females. He said everybody would think he had a harem!

I forgot to say that the island is just outside of Old Town, Maine, several miles above Bangor. We didn't stop at all in Bangor. I thought we were going to spend our whole vacation in Old Town, though. Margie spotted a five and ten cent store just as we drove into town from the reservation. She had some cards to send, we all got out and filed into Woolworth's. I mailed my cards and discovered my husband, Greg, had disappeared. I looked for a bar-room but couldn't find one. None in Maine. When I got back to the car everybody had scattered again. It was one of those times when everybody plays hide and seek. We just couldn't get together. Aunt Etta took a walk and Greg hailed her from a slightly decrepit diner where he was drinking a bottle of beer, imagine? She came back and found me because she said she thought I might like a glass of beer, but I know Aunt Etta. Anyway, between us we had seven bottles of beer—I had two and Greg and Aunt Etta had the rest.

When we reached the car again, Margie had gone looking for a rest room. A policeman saw us running all around and must have thought we were nuts, as he came over and asked us if we were lost. Eventually we got together and started on once more—after about two hours of Old Town.

After we crossed the river into Milford, I began to feel better. The scenery began

to look like something and we were getting into real country. We skirted several marvelous lakes. The water was calm and crystal clear and you could see a perfect reflection of the sky and trees on the water. It was so grand that we stopped and took pictures.

When we left the lakes we went up through Lincoln and then straight east to Topsfield, and then southeast to Calais.

We stopped at a gas station in Calais and cleaned ourselves up again, tanked up with gas and headed for the International Bridge. We had no trouble with either the customs or immigration officials — I think to Margie's disappointment. I guess she had visions of armed soldiers holding us up for hours and searching everything. Margie and Mary are both at the age when uniforms are fascinating.

At St. Stephens we stopped to eat. The rate of exchange is such that when Greg changed a U. S. ten dollar bill they gave him eleven in Canadian money. Greg, incidentally, takes care of all expenditures each day; and at night Edna settles up with him and Mary pays for her meals and lodging. It simplifies things that way.

Needless to say, between Old Town and St. Stephens we stopped several times—owing to the beer, for which Greg and Aunt Etta and me took a lot of chiding.

We had a very good, full course dinner in a nice restaurant for thirty-five cents apiece. It would have cost us at least seventy-five cents each at home. Greg changed the ten dollar bill so actually the meal only cost us less than thirty cents. It was still daylight so we continued on till we reached St. George, New Brunswick.

We stopped at the Murray House, but didn't stay in the Hotel. We preferred the cabins. After we got settled it was early enough to catch the second show

(Concluded on page 19)



In The Bag For Mary

by
 William
 Tappan
 Thompson

*Pineville,
 December 27, 1842*

To Mr. Thompson:- Dear Sir- Crismus is over, and the thing's ded. You know I told you in my last letter I was gwine bring Miss Mary up to the chalk at Crismus. Well, I done it, slick as a whistle, though it come mighty nigh bein a serious undertakin. But I'll tell you all about the whole circumstance.

The fact is, I's made my mind up mor'n twenty times to jest go and come rite out with the whole bisness; but whenever I got whar she was, and whenever she looked at me with her witchin eyes, and kind o' blushed at me, I always felt sort o' skeered and fainty and all what I made up to tell her was forgot, so I couldn't think of it to save me. But you's a married man, Mr. Thompson, so I couldn't tell you nothing about popin the question, as they call it. It's a mighte grate favour to ax of a rite pretty gal, and to people as ain't used to it, it goes monstrous hard, don't it? They say widders don't mind it no more'n nothing. But I'm makin a transgression, as the preacher ses.

Crismus eve I shaved my face slick as a iron, and put on my new suit and went over to old Miss Stallinses. As soon as I went into the parler whar they was all settin round the fire, Miss Carline and Miss Kesiah both laughed rite out.

"There, there," ses they, "I told you so, I knew it would be Joseph."

"What's I done, Miss Carline," ses I.

"You come under little sister's chicken

bone, and I do believe she knew you was comin when she put it over the dore."

"No I didn't—I didn't no such a thing, now," ses Miss Mary, and her face blushed red all over.

"Oh, you needn't deny it," ses Miss Kesiah, "you 'long to Joseph now, jest as sure as ther's any charm in chicken bones."

I knowed that was a first rate chance



to say something, but the dear little creat-shur looked so sorry and kep blushin so, I couldn't say nothin zactly to the pint, so I tuck a chair and reached up and tuck down the bone and put it in my pocket.

"What are you gwine to do with that old bone now, Majer?" ses Miss Mary.

"I'm gwine to keep it as long as I live,"

ses I, "as a Crismus present from the handsomest gal in Georgia."

When I sed that, she blushed worse and worse.

"Ain't you shamed, Majer?" ses she.

"Now you ought to give her a Crismus gift, Joseph, to keep all her life," sed Miss Carline.

"Ah," ses old Miss Stallins, "when I was a gal we used to hang up our stockings—"

"Why, mother!" ses all of 'em, "to say stockins rite afore—"

Then I felt a little streaked too, cause they was all blushin as hard as they could.

"Highty-tity!" ses the old lady, "what monstrous finement. I'd like to know what harm ther is in stockins. People now-a-days is gettin so mealy-mouthed they can't call nothin by its rite name, and I don't see as they's any better than the old time people was. When I was a gal like you, child, I use to hang up my stockins and git 'em full of presents."

The gals kep laughin.

"Never mind," ses Miss Mary, "Majer's got to give me a Crismus gift—won't you, Majer?"

"Oh, yes," ses I, "you know I promised you one."

"But I didn't mean that," ses she.

"I've got one for you, what I want you to keep all your life, but it would take a two bushel bag to hold it," ses I.

"Oh, that's the kind," ses she.

"But will you keep it as long as you live?" ses I.

"Certainly I will, Majer."

"Monstrous finement now-a-days—old people don't know nothin bout perliteness," said old Miss Stallins, jest gwine to sleep with

her nittin in her hand.

"Now you hear that, Miss Carline," ses I. "She ses she'll keep it all her life."

"Yes, I will," ses Miss Mary—"but what is it?"

"Never mind," ses I, "you hang up a bag big enuff to hold it and you'll find out what it is, when you see it in the mornin."

Miss Carline winked at Miss Kesiah, and then whispered to her—then they both laughed and looked at me as mischievous as they could. They spicioned something.

A
Classic
Christmas
Story
of
1842

In The Bag For Mary -

"You'll be sure to give it to me now, if I hang up a bag," ses Miss Mary.

"And promise to keep it," ses I.

"Well, I will, cause I know that you wouldn't give me nothin that wasn't worth keepin."

They all agreed they would hang up a bag for me to put Miss Mary's Crismus present in, in the back porch, and bout nine o'clock I told 'em good evenin and went home.

I sot up till midnight, and when they was all gone to bed I went softly into the back gate and went up to the porch, and thar, shore enuff, was a grate big meal-bag hanging to the jice. It was monstrous unhandy to git to it, but I was tarmined not to back out. So I sot some chairs on top of the bench and got hold of the rope and let myself down into the bag; but jest as I was gittin in, the bag swung agin the chair and down they went with a terrible racket. But nobody didn't wake up but old Miss Stallinses grate big cur dog, and here he cum rippin and tarin through the yard like rath, and round and round he went, tryin to find what was the matter. I sot down in the bag and didn't breathe louder an a kitten, for fear he'd find me out, and after a while he quit his barkin.

The wind begun to blow bominable cold, and the old bag kep turnin round and swinging so it made me seasick as the mischief. I was fraid to move for fear the rope would brake and let me fall and thar I sot with my teeth ratlin like I had a ager. It seemed like it would never come daylight, and I do believe if I didn't love Miss Mary so powerful I would froze to deth; for my hart was the only spot that felt warm, and it didn't beat more'n two licks a minit, only when I thought how she would be sprised in the mornin, and then it went in a canter. Bimeby the cus-

sed old dog come up on the porch and begun to smell about the bag, and then he barked like he thought he'd treed some thing. "Bow! Wow! Wow!" ses he. Then he'd smell again, and try to git up to the bag. "Git out!" ses I, very low, for fear they would hear me. "Bow! Wow! Wow!" ses he. "Be gone! you bominable fool," ses I, and I felt all over in spots, for I spected every minit he'd nip me, and what made it worse, I didn't know whar bouts he'd take hold. "Bow! Wow! Wow!" Then I tried coaxin--"Cum here, good feller," ses I, and whistled a little to him, but it wasn't no use. Thar he stood and kep up his eternal whinin and barkin, all night. I couldn't tell when daylight was breakin, only by the chickens crowin, and I was monstrous glad to here 'em, for if I'd had to stay thar one hour more, I don't believe I'd ever got out of that bag alive.

Old Miss Stallins come out fust, and as soon as she saw the bag, ses she.

"What upon yearth has Joseph went and put in that bag for Mary? I'll lay its a yearlin or some live animal, or Bruin wouldn't bark at it so."

She went to call in the gals, and I sot thar, shiverin all over so I couldn't hardly speak if I tried to--but I didn't say nothin. Bimeby they all come runnin out.

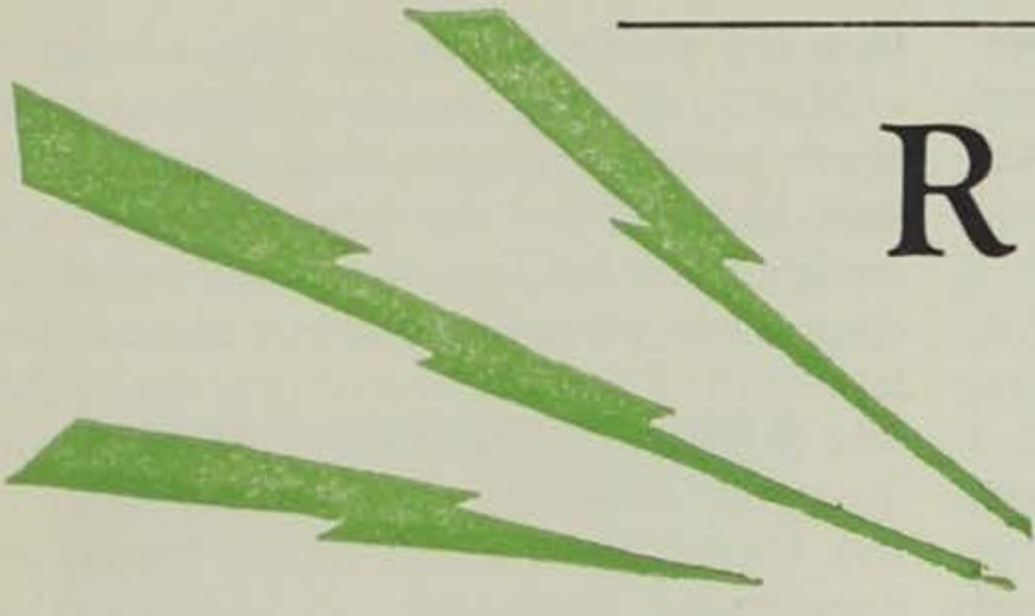
"My Lord, what is it?" ses Miss Mary.

"Oh, it's alive!" ses Miss Kesiah, "I seed it move."

"Call Kato, and make him cut the rope," ses Miss Carline, "and lets see what it is. Come here, Kato, and git this bag down."

"Don't hurt it for the world," ses Miss Mary.

Kato untied the rope that was round the jice, and let the bag down easy on the floor, and I tumbled out all covered with corn-meal, from hed to foot.



Radio is Not New!

by

**"Red" Martin
and
Donald Lamme**

The modern day, as far as historians are concerned, is known as the machine age. To the engineers and men of science who delve into the secrets of nature and bring forth devices on which man is so dependent today, it is the age of electricity and electronics.

Out of these many electrical discoveries and those dealing with electronics, one of the great devices upon which man has become dependent is RADIO. This month's article will dwell mainly with the discovery of the radio principle and subsequent discovery and development of transmission and reception devices.

In the year 1835, an English scientist by the name of Michael Faraday discovered that electricity flowing in one wire caused electricity to flow in a nearby wire without any connection of any kind. Faraday could find no use for his discovery, and neither could he prove anything as a result of the discovery.

Clerk Maxwell, a Scotch mathematician, worked out a theory of energy dealing with the findings of Faraday that has never been changed to this day; but, like Faraday, he found that knowing those things proved nothing.

Maxwell found in mathematical calcu-

lations that light, heat, A. C. electricity, etc., traveled in waves and that the velocity of radiant energy was 186,000 miles per second, and that the only difference between them was the frequency element, viz., the number of vibrations per second. But knowing of no way to put these discoveries to practical use, they were merely oddities of science and became buried in dusty research files.

Some forty years later, Heinrich Hertz made use of induction coils (using Faraday's discoveries) which produced waves by causing high voltage sparks to jump across an air gap. He was able to cause these sparks to jump across an air gap in another circuit some distance away without any physical connection between the two circuits. THIS was the real birth of radio communication, but Hertz didn't know it. Like Faraday and Maxwell, he could find no practical use for his discovery. However, he did manage to measure some of these waves, length and velocity, and proved definitely that their velocity was 186,000 miles per second.

Some years later, another Englishman, Sir William Crookes (The Crookes' Tube, or X-Ray tube, is named after him) did a lot of writing about these Hertzian

waves as they were then called, and predicted that some day they would be used as a means of long distance communication. At about the same time, in fact, the same year, Edward Branly made a device that would detect these waves (enter: the first receiver). This gadget became known as the Branly Coherer and consisted of a glass tube with metal filings in it and an iron plug in each end. But the Coherer didn't function very well and Branly ceased further work on it.

Marconi became interested in radiant waves, and after finding out that the Branly Coherer left a lot to be desired in this line, he dropped it and made a device of his own which was so much better than the Coherer, that he was able to receive messages over a distance of a mile or two.

The rig that Marconi developed was such an improvement over the Coherer that a number of wealthy men in England became interested in this means of communication, and put up enough money so that Marconi was able to continue with his experiments. It wasn't long before the rig made by Marconi was improved to the point where, in the year 1901, a message was sent from Cromwell, England, to St. Johns Newfoundland. Keeping in mind that they still had very crude equipment, this successful experiment was sixty years after the discovery of electro induction, Faraday's discovery, and twenty years after the discovery of radio waves, Hertz's findings.

After the successes of Marconi in his experiments, a great number of men became interested in this field and in a short time there were any number of different fields open to radio communications: Ship to ship, ship to shore, station to station, and other uses in the field of traffic. It was at this period that radio, or wireless telegraphy as it was then called, became very popular and very important, but

here the whole works ran into a snag.

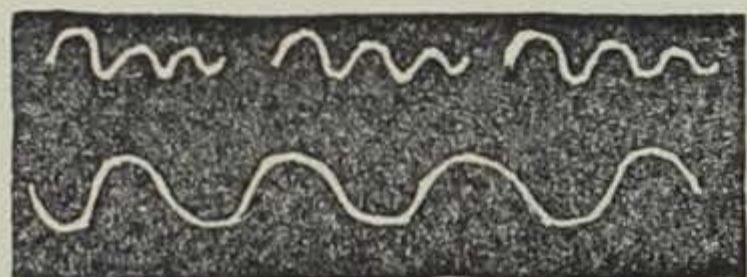
Marconi still used the high voltage spark gap of Hertzian discovery, and it was disclosed that this type of transmitter couldn't be held to a narrow band or channel of wave lengths, but instead the transmitted signal covered practically the whole field of transmission, and while listening to one signal with a receiver it was necessary to listen to all the other signals that were being transmitted at the same time; and as the number of transmitters were increasing all the time, something soon had to be done. It was similar to the present conditions where dozens of stations transmit on the same frequency.

Marconi partly overcame the trouble by tuning the transmitter, but the spark gap transmitter can be tuned but slightly because, as was found before, the spark gap transmitter sent out waves of all frequencies, the same as lightning or static does.

Up until this time, no means had been found to transmit voice or music because of the then impossibility of impressing the frequencies of voice and music upon the spark gap waves.

In 1902, Professor Reginald Fessenden of the University of Pennsylvania in Pittsburgh, however, had an idea that the filament of a light bulb could be made to respond to these frequencies if the filament could be made of fine enough wire. He worked several years on this theory and finally made a radio telephone broadcast on Christmas Eve of 1906. This was the first radio broadcast on record. Ships at sea, some of them several hundred miles away, were able to pick up this broadcast on their wireless telegraph sets. This was also the first type of communication in which continuous waves were used as a carrier. Now the main difference between the spark gap, or damped, waves and the continuous waves is this, the damped waves from a spark gap are sent

out in a series of surges which start at high amplitude, or strength, and gradually fade out to zero, repeating this many times per second, while the continuous wave has a constant amplitude and does not fade out, as illustrated by the cuts.



The wireless telegraph receiver, used to receive this broadcast, was not suitable for receiving continuous waves with very good results; so experiments were started to find a suitable receiver or detector.

Fessenden experimented with light bulbs and found that by using a filament of extremely light wire he could cause the current flowing through it to vary or respond to the voice and music frequencies. This device was called a Hot Wire Barretter. However, it was not much more sensitive than the Coherer, so he continued his experiments.

Fessenden had been using silver coated wire in the filament of his bulbs, and part of the silver had to be removed before the device would work. This was accomplished by dipping them in a solution of nitric acid and applying an electric current to remove the silver.

One day while treating a number of filaments he noticed that one of them was not behaving like the rest, so he investigated and found that the wire was broken and one end was simply dipped into the acid solution.

Looking further into this, Fessenden found that the electrical action between the broken wire and the acid was exactly the action that he was trying to produce. Exit light bulbs. Now using this action, he produced the continuous wave detector De Luxe, which he called the Liquid Barretter. This later became known as the electrolytic detector. This development opened wide the door to full expansion of radio as we know it today.

Continued Next Month

Cop: No Parking. You can't loaf here.
Voice from car: Who's loafing?

—☞—

Tiny has it that in the future, to avoid misunderstanding and embarrassment, pupils in Nazi schools will put their arms down when they wish to leave the room.

—☞—

Mikesh: I paid ten dollars for a canary last week.

Strauser: That's nothing. Many a week I spent as much as fifty dollars on a lark.

—☞—

Rocky: Every night for the past week I've dreamed about a very beautiful girl chasing me. The dream ends the same way every time—with me eluding her clutches.

Doctor: Well, what do you want me to do about it?

Rocky: Can't you give me something to slow me up? I'm tired of escaping.

—☞—

Wife (to husband sneaking in late): Is that you, John?

Husband: It better be.

—☞—

Old Fish: Why don't you attend church services?

New Fish: The first time I went to church they poured water in my face, and the next time they tied me to a woman I've had to support ever since.

Old Fish: I understand. And the chances are the next time they'll throw dirt on you.

A CHRISTMAS TALE

by *S. Vincent de Brissac*

"You may as well lock up and go home, Sheriff; no one gets into trouble on Christmas Eve," young Dr. Addams remarked optimistically.

The rugged, weather-beaten countenance of Sheriff Martin screwed into a frown, and looking first at the beaming young Addams and then to the perpetually pessimistic pan of his chief deputy, the Sheriff remarked cryptically, "He don't know this burg very well, does he, 'Faro'?"

Deputy Sheriff "Faro" McKay spat unerringly at the shiny, brass cuspidor and stated sonorously, "He is young and still retains his faith in his fellow man. Don't disillusion him."

Doc Addams grinned indulgently at the sarcasm and asked cautiously, "What's this? Do I smell a story?"

The old lawman puffed at his battered pipe; then smiling reminiscently he drawled, "Yes, sir; she said that was the best Christmas present she ever got."

"She? Why not start at the beginning, Sheriff?" invited the Doctor.

Sheriff Martin tried hard not to look pleased at the opportunity of spinning a yarn, and consequently there was a note of condescension in his voice as he said, "Well, O. K.; but 'Faro' you let me know if I forget anything, will you?"

Faro nodded silently, and after a brief pause to gain a more comfortable position the Sheriff began:

"It was exactly one year ago tonight, Christmas Eve. Faro had been sayin', just like you did tonight, that my hanging around the office this late was just plain tempting providence. Well I had only finished telling him to relax 'cause nobody would commit murder on Christmas Eve when the phone rang . . . and it was a

murder. I answered the phone and it was young Mrs. Mullins. She and her husband, Captain Mullins and their young son were staying at her father's estate up on the hill. You know the place, "Doc." It's the biggest house in town back there over on the knob across the river. Anyhow, when I answers the phone I hear a woman say, 'Sheriff, this is Mrs. Gerald Mullins. I wish you would come right out. I've just killed my father.' Just like that, but I can tell she's under a big strain, so me and Faro get old Doc Jamison, the coroner, and we all scoot right out there and up the hill.

It's about ten-thirty when their Chinese butler opens the door. He's just a little guy with horn-rimmed specks and a foolish grin. He looks at me and Faro, an' he says, 'Is p'lice men? Is come in pliz.' when we finally shake this character we find the Captain and his wife in the parlor, and I stay with them while Faro and Doc Jamison go to look at the body. Well, I ain't no more than sit down when the Captain jumps up. He's tall and good looking, and was home on a furlough from North Africa. He's a likeable sorta cuss, and had just been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for some fine bit of work in the war. When he starts talking that night, though, he kinda rocks me when he says 'Sheriff, I don't know what my wife told you but there's no point in prolonging this agony. I shot my father-in-law in the head when I lost control of myself after we started quarreling and he threatened to make Mary get a divorce and break up my home. I'm sorry, but I would do the same again.'

"Well, this sorta slows me up. I rubs my chin and digest this new slant and am just about to ask both of 'em a few questions when his wife comes over to her husband and puts her arm around his waist kinda lovey-dovey like; then she smiles pathetically at me and says,

'He's sweet, Sheriff; but it should be quite obvious that he is only trying to protect me. As I told you on the phone, I killed my father. I love my husband and my son, and my father was determined to break up our family or leave me out of his will. I preferred that he did neither; therefore, I killed him.'

"Well, I still ain't making any comments; but at that point there was a lot that I wanted to know first, so I ask Mrs. Mullins what she shot her father with. Before she can answer, we hear a big commotion on the staircase and Faro, here, busts into the parlor pushing the Chinese butler in front of him. Mrs. Mullins let out a squawk, 'Singfu! what on earth?' Singfu grins from ear to ear and lisps to Faro, 'Is to explain to people, now?' Old Faro's pretty excited 'cause he's bellowing like a bull: 'I'll tell 'em all right, you grinning heathen! Sheriff, me and Doc are up there with that poor guy dead and this cross-eyed monkey comes in and smiles, and when I asked who he thought did the job he just kept right on smiling and says, 'Yes, me kill him. Shoot him, boom! Is good and dead, yes?' All the while this butler is grinning and holding out his wrists for the handcuffs.

"Captain Mullins went over and put his hands on the butler's shoulders and says, 'Sing, thank you. You're a man, and I'm proud to have you for a friend. I know you'd be willing to die if necessary for Mary or me, but I have already confessed and you must stay here to look after Mrs. Mullins and little Teddy. Do you understand?'

"The China-boy merely blinked and kept smiling and nodding his head, saying, 'Me do. Shoot him. Boom!'

"At this point Mary Mullins breaks in on that gab: 'Nonsense, Sing; I appreciate your loyalty, but it is only futile for you or Jerry to persist in this foolishness. I killed dad and and I'm willing to accept

the punishment without any fuss.'

"I was watching Mrs. Mullins pretty close and I could see that she was pretty close to hysteria although she had her voice fairly well controlled; so I tell Faro, 'Come on up to the study with me. I want to look things over and talk to Doc Jamison.'

"I asked the Captain and his wife to wait in the parlor for me and to take it easy until we came back.

"When we get upstairs Old Doc has finished his work and is nosing around lampin' the book-lined walls, the portraits over the fireplace, and the antique furniture. To one side of the fireplace is a huge, old fashioned writing desk. Sitting on the desk chair slumped over the desk is Mrs. Mullins' father; his head is all bloody and layin' on the desk, and his arms are hanging limply at his sides.

"'What da'ya' know, Doc?' I asks.

"'Do you know who this fellow is, Jim?' Jamison inquires.

"'Yeah; he's the girl's father,' I told him.

"'No,' says the Doc, 'I mean he's none other than the dough-heavy P. Thurston Beverleigh.'

"I let out a whistle and asked him what else he knew, and he gave me all the dope he was sure of and a lot he wasn't sure of.

"'He's been dead about three hours. Was killed by a .45 caliber gun. Severe powder burns around the wound, indicating the shot was fired at close range. From the course the bullet took, entering in front of the right ear and traveling slighty downward, I would say it's suicide.'

"I looks at him a minute, and then asks, 'If it was suicide, where's the gun? What did he do, kill himself and then hide the gun?'

"Doc threw me a dirty look and added sorta cynically, 'That's your business, to find the gun. I'm tellin' you what I think. Maybe it was murder all right, but it

wouldn't have been necessary if whoever did it would have been a little more patient.'

"I asked him to explain and he did.

"The old duck had a bad liver and a bum ticker that would have got him in a matter of months. See those purple splotches on his face. His condition was becoming critical.'

"After another look around the study, Faro and me go back to the parlor. Captain and Mrs. Mullins and Singfu are all talking excitedly, and when we put in our appearance they all jump up and start singing that 'I'm guilty' song again. After we quiet them down a little, I asked the Captain, 'Who first discovered the body? Who all heard the shot? Will all of you forget the heroics for a moment and answer those questions?'

"Captain Mullins answered, 'I was pretty excited after I shot him, and I returned immediately to my room. Our son, Teddy, was the first one to go into the study after that. He's in bed now.'

"I was thinking how the finding of the bloody corpse must have upset the youngster when we heard a resounding war-whoop and looked out to see a five-year old cyclone sliding down the bannister, dressed in a faded kimono with a toy gun and holster belted around his waist. He galloped right up to Faro, and as he whoaed his imaginary horse he stretched his hand out to Faro and says, 'Howdy, partner; you're a law-dog ain't 'cha?'

Faro always had a way with kids, so he falls right in with the western lingo and finally worms around to ask the kid, 'Say, Pard, who do ya' figure pulled this killin?'

"The kid is solemn as an owl as he bombs us with, 'Why, I killed him; the no-good snake was rustlin' my cattle!'

"Captain Mullins and his wife firmly took the youthful 'killer' in hand, and he quieted down. Me an' Faro then got on

with the questions.

"Mrs. Mullins, since you say you killed your father, will you give me the murder gun, please,' I asked.

"Of course, Sheriff,' she agreed readily, 'it's on the night-stand in my bedroom.'

"I told them we would all go up and get it, and after we had tripped up the stairs and into her blue and white boudoir we found exactly what I had expected, nothing. Mrs. Mullins couldn't explain its disappearance. Then Jerry Mullins interrupted, 'Sheriff, if I produce the gun it will prove beyond doubt that I am guilty. Will it not?'

"It would be pretty conclusive, all right,' I admitted.

"Very well, then, if you will follow me to my room I'll give you the gun,' he assured me, and we all filed behind him to his room. He walked straight to a huge bureau and rummaged around for a moment before saying in a bewildered tone, 'Why, it's gone! It was right here in the top drawer.'

"I ignored him and asked the bland Singfu, 'Maybe you know where it is?'

"He grinned widely, and reaching inside his starched waist-coat he handed me a heavy .45 caliber automatic pistol, regulation army issue, obviously belonging to Captain Mullins. Jerry and his wife began at the same time accusing Singfu of stealing the gun from their bedrooms. Singfu continued to smile broadly, saying, 'Me shoot! Bang! Good and dead!'

"I held up my hand for silence and, surprisingly enough, got it. I lifted five-year old Teddy, alias 'The Mysterious Rider,' up on a chair and asked him straight out: 'When you first entered the study, Teddy, and saw your grandpa dead, did you see the gun near him?'

"Yes, I shoot it then mama come in and took it and made me go to bed.'

"Mrs. Mullins rushed over and hugged

Teddy to her and broke down completely, sobbing between her tears, 'It must have been an accident. He didn't shoot him intentionally.'

"Captain Mullins comforted his wife, saying soothingly, 'Darling, Darling; and I thought you had killed him; that's why I took the gun when I found it on your table. Teddy is so young. They won't do anything to him. There's nothing to worry about.'

"Taking all this in, I turned to Singfu, 'You found the gun in the Captain's room, and thinking he had killed Mr. Beverleigh you took it preferring to take the blame rather than have him and Mrs. Mullins suffer. Right?'

"'Is all right. Is all right.' He asked beamingly. I told him it was.

"Suddenly remembering the position of the body and what Doc Jamison had said about suicide, I asked little Teddy quietly, 'How tall are you, son?'

"He drew himself up to his full height and said soberly, 'I'm three feet and three inches tall.'

"I saw it all then. I turned to Captain and Mrs. Mullins and explained to them: 'Teddy is only three feet, three inches tall. You father, Mrs. Mullins, was a tall man. Sitting in that huge chair his head

would still be a good four feet above the floor. The coroner says the course of the bullet was downward. It would have been physically impossible for a five-year old child to hold that gun that high and pull the trigger. You father was evidently in bad health and didn't want to worry you. He preferred suicide to prolonged agony. Teddy had simply gone in and picked up the gun when you saw him. You have nothing to worry about. The coroner will take care of the body, and will notify you folks to appear at the inquest, but it will just be routine.'

"Just as I finished talking that night, the clock struck twelve and I shook hands with Captain and Mrs. Mullins and wished them a Merry Christmas. And right away she throws her arms around my neck, hugged me and told me, 'This is the nicest Christmas present I ever received.' Then they all started gettin' sloppy over Faro and me, so we pulled out and went home.

"Well, that's the story, and I see it's past midnight, so let me be the first to wish you all a Merry Christmas. And ya' see, Faro, it's like I told ya', nobody ever commits murder on Christmas Eve."

Prohibition Lecturer: If I should lead a jackass up to a pail of water and a pail of beer, which would he drink?

Wise Con: Water.

P. L.: That's right; why?

Con: You said jackass, didn't you?

—☞—

Teacher: Do you want to leave the room, Johnny?

Johnny: You don't think I'm hitchhiking, do you?

—☞—

A fool and his money are soon parted, they say; what puzzles us is how they ever got together.

Flop: Say what's your name?

Fish: I don't know.

Flop: You don't know!

Fish: No, I'm not myself today.

—☞—

Lefty Wilson thinks a boycott is a male davenport.

—☞—

Spike: What's the odor I smell?

Jake: That's fertilizer.

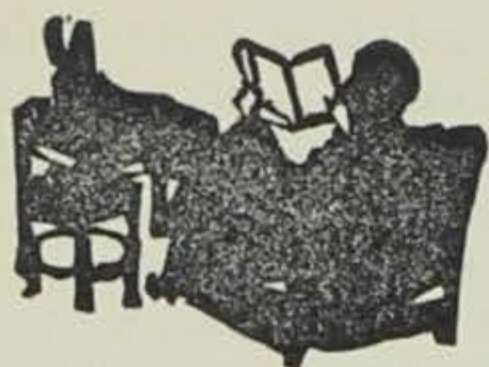
Spike: For the land's sake!

Jake: Yep.

—☞—

Modern He: Can I take you home?

Modern She: Sure, where do you live?



Books . . .

Between the Lines

By Lee Z. Williams

WHEN THE WHIPPOORWILL

By Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings

No. R-199-W

A group of short stories about the Florida backwoods and its people—by one of America's most talented writers. They are filled with the earthy humor, the danger, pathos and beauty of wilderness living in the hard and colorful Florida scrub. Those who read Miss Rawling's "The Yearling" and "Golden Apples" will find in these shorter pieces the same deep understanding, tenderness and love of nature.

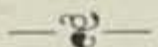


EXIT LAUGHING

By Irvin S. Cobb

No. 92-C-633

The autobiography of a writing man—reporter, humorist, war correspondent, short story writer and novelist. Mr. Cobb's work brought him into contact with the great and near-great of this century, and he reveals a number of heretofore untold "inside stories" on important events. The chapters on his early life in Kentucky are written with a mature and typically American humor reminiscent of Mark Twain.



I MARRIED ADVENTURE

By Osa Johnson (Mrs. Martin Johnson)

No. 92 J-635

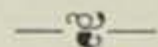
The colorful and engaging story of a small-town girl who married an explorer. This book covers the careers of Osa and Martin Johnson from their childhood and courtship, up to their first exploring trips together to South Sea cannibal isles and to Africa.

NATURE ENCYCLOPEDIA

Edited by G. Clyde Fisher

No. 503-F-533

This book has been described as "a complete nature library in one volume." It covers the whole range of nature: birds, mammals, insects, reptiles and wild flowers, giving the habits, distribution and description of each species. There are over 900 pages of text written by recognized nature authorities, and hundreds of full-color reproductions, photos and drawings.



QUIETLY MY CAPTAIN WAITS

By Evelyn Eaton

No. Ea-83-Q

Evelyn Eaton has here turned into exciting romance an authentic story of the long struggle between France and England for possession of Canada. Against a vividly-drawn background of early Acadian life, we follow the adventures and tempestuous love affairs of Madame Louise de Freneuse and her lover, a Fleet Captain in the French Navy.



THE BIG BARN

By Walter D. Edmonds

No. Ed-58-B

Old Ralph Wilder, owner of thousands of acres, wants to do everything in a big way—and control everything. He tries to bring the Erie Canal within reach of his farms, to hold a stag captive in his back yard, and decides to build the biggest barn ever seen in the East. The Big Barn is a striking story of a father and his sons, of domination and young love, of violence tempered by suffering.

. . . Greeting . . .

Dear Friends:

The Editor of The Presidio has graciously invited me to express my reaction to my work as the new Catholic Chaplain here. I think I can sum it up by saying that I have enjoyed these first weeks here very much. Both the officials and the men have been very cordial and courteous toward me.

I wish it known that I want to be a friend of all the men here, regardless of their race, color, or creed. Our Divine Savior, whose birth we celebrate on Christmas, has conferred on me the privilege of being one of His priests. I have become a priest for the sole purpose of helping my fellowmen. You happen to be the particular group of my fellowmen that I have been given to serve. I am glad for the opportunity.

A priest looks on every man, regardless of his record, as a child of God with an eternal destiny. That destiny is happiness with God forever. On the first Christmas the Son of God Himself was born on this earth to show us how to gain happiness here and eternal happiness in Heaven when this life is over. He taught us a way of life which, if we follow it, will bring us to the goal for which we are in the world. I know that way of life and I offer it to you.

Don't let your past life deter you from approaching me. Remember that of all the persons that Christ met during his stay on earth, He guaranteed everlasting happiness to only one man—and he was a convict: the "Good Thief." I hope you will regard me as your friend and that you will say of this young priest what they said of the Great High Priest: "He went about doing good."

Father Shepler



Lutheran Services

Every Saturday afternoon at 1:15 Lutheran Services are held in the Chapel at the north end of the dining room. The pastor extends to all a cordial invitation to attend these services.

Immediately after services there is a Bible Hour -- devoted to study of the Bible. Following the Bible Study, the pastor will hold personal interviews.

Services conducted by—

Rev. H. J. Eggold, Burlington, Iowa

Catholic Chapel

MASS immediately after breakfast each Sunday morning in the Catholic Chapel, located above the library. A cordial welcome to all.

Confessions the Saturday morning before the first Sunday of each month. Holy Communion the first Sunday of each month.

—**Rev. Charles C. Shepler, Chaplain**

Protestant Chapel

Services are held in the Protestant Chapel each Sunday morning.

Those wishing to attend may go to the Chapel from the dining room immediately after breakfast.

Special music, congregational singing and added features are arranged for these services and all are invited to attend.

—**Rev. John E. Rees, Chaplain**

THE SPORT-STIR

Confined To Sports For Confined Sports

By Don Thomas

Speed Markham, writing in the November issue of the *Presidio*, tossed a touchdown pass with the article, *Recreation*. His critique of the I.S.P. sports program gets our vote for honest, forthright reporting of the situation as was.

In substance, the 1943 sports program was identical with other years (the single exception being 1940 when the duly selected athletic committee held sway) in here. The same guys in the same roles did the same things to achieve the same purpose. They smeared, maneuvered, manipulated, bought, begged, and lied to get their way. The results are in the record books in thirty and thirty-five to nothing scores. And yet this is no reflection on any official or any one man in the prison.

In the first paragraph we said, "—the situation as was," and we meant just that. Not for one minute should a man be denied a place on an intra-mural team because he supposedly lacks ability. Natural athletic talent is rare; and those having it are stars on any team. Most of us must work hard to attain even the small amount of ability that is ours. Thus it is up to us—you and you and you—to see that all be allowed to play if they want to when next season rolls around.

It is your sports program; your money that purchases the equipment; you do the playing; so it is useless for any of you to give voice to that trite, spineless phrase, "What can I do about it?" You can do plenty—but not by sitting along the side-

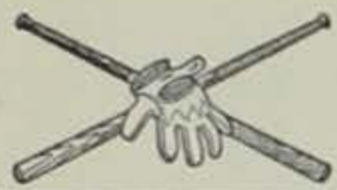
lines on your you-know-what baying at the moon.

The remedy for the patient is a liberal dosing with new participants in all sports, and by everyone going onto the field of play not only to win, but to learn that co-operation, one with another, is a lesson in strength worthy of learning and one that will pay dividends.

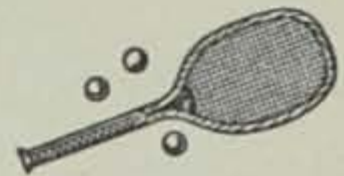
The way is open for us in 1944. We can make it, athletically, what we will—a dismal repeat of this year, or a rousing success. The Warden and Deputy Warden will not put any stumbling blocks along the path. They, in fact, want and will help develop a better sports program in every way possible.

So—what do you say to a few constructive suggestions for '44? From these suggestions of yours on how to doctor the program may come the answer that will be of mutual benefit to all of us. And then, again, the suggestions might even provide a cure for the Stumbling Chiefs, The Toothless Bulldogs, and the Ladderless Porch Climbers.





"Sports Pourri"



by "KNOT-HAID"

The 1943 parade of I.S.P. pigskin stars is over, and since our bid for the Rose Bowl appearance has not only been rejected, but good, we can now settle down to a winter of basketball with a zest. But before debarking on new subjects it might be well to drop a few comments on the way the lads of Hill-top Manor conducted themselves with the pig's epidermis.

From the standpoint of evenly matched teams, the 43 intramural league was a LULU. Not until the final whistle had sounded was any one game decided, so closely were the teams matched. Nor were there any teams overloaded with exceptional talent, talent that could have been better employed in strengthening some other club. And it wasn't because there wasn't any exceptional talent that this was so... there were plenty of good football players scattered around who showed themselves at the proper time.

The season was somewhat shortened, due to a breakdown in the transformer on the hot fence. There were some beefs on the subject, too. But any real complaint will, in justice, have to be posted with A. Schicklegruber, for present address contact the 8th A.A.F. Nevertheless, short season and all it was one thoroughly enjoyed by both the spectators and players.

As a sample of how the Hilltop Manor boys played... the league schedule was completed the 31st of October, with managers Al Miles' and Guy Ramsey's teams being pitted against each other. The game wound up in a nothing to nothing tie. It was a corking good game

and if there are any Donny-Brook Fairs played without the fisticuffs that a Donny-Brook implies, this was it. Right down to the wire the game belonged to first one and then the other... the boys hit hard but clean. And mud! the field was a sea of it.

In picking out individual stars in the future, that is out, with a capital O, beginning as of now. And yet, we owe a vote of thanks to those who so gladly gave of their time and efforts to make football a success this year, anyway. Warren Bianco, L.E., Jack Bruett, Bill Cooper, Fred Jewell, and the others who namelessly assisted, deserve much credit and have a million thanks from the sports department of The Presidio.



Department of Appreciation

Thanks, Herbie, for chasing foul balls all through the baseball season. Thanks, Stanley Shepard, for giving your time and efforts to help out our athletic program whenever you could.

Thanks, Jack "Jesse James" McClanahan for your umpiring—and also for giving us something to rave about, you robber.

A merry Xmas to you all and the luckiest of New Years.

Sea-Flyers Rout Bulldogs 54 to 0

Ottumwa Team Best Ever To Appear Here

Nov. 14 ---

The Ottumwa naval pre-flight school from up Ottumwa-way, paid a visit to the I.S.P. Bulldog football team. The navy lads launched a versatile attack at an all but helpless bunch of Bulldogs who had little except courage with which to fight back. Courage, as has been proven so many, many times on battle-fields and the friendly fields of sports, wasn't enough. But no one of the Bulldogs need feel the least bit ashamed of his part in this the most disasterous defeat ever suffered by their team. Nor does the 54 to 0 score depict, in its entirety, any shame.

These navy lads were coached by one of America's big-time football coaches. A man able to coach in the Southwestern conference and have his teams feared. But there was no fear in the Bulldogs for the naval school, even though the backs of Lt. Kitts ran through the Bulldog line like water through a sieve. There was no fear when they tried the staunch defense; or when they kicked; or passed.

Any praise for individual stardom must of necessity go to the Bulldogs—the navy had so much and they so little. Flop Bennett at 50 years of age played opposite a youngster of 25, and that boy knew he had been in a football game. Happy Shade sifted through the Flyers stout defenses to block the only punt the Flyers had to try; not only blocked the punt, but recovered it. Bennie Keturokis, time and again brought down ball carriers when it looked as if they were away for pay dirt. Al Miles, who says he weighs 155, but who will most likely hit 145 soaking wet, gave lessons in how to play guard. These fellows can play

the game of football against any club, on any team with the knowledge that they shan't be outclassed.

Outstanding for the visitors were Francis Lynch, Bill Mottram, Bob Oberlies, Norman Belt, and Bob Miller, backs. Our pick for the best lineman on the Sea-Flyers is Lt. George Martin, but he has to share honors with Ensign Schmidt.

| Flyers | Line Up | Bulldogs |
|----------|---------|-----------|
| Toepfer | LE | Cooper |
| Bakos | LT | Parrick |
| Martin | LG | Keturokis |
| Schmidt | C | Bennett |
| Coppel | RG | Miles |
| Scurry | RT | Quinn |
| H.Cooper | RE | Davis |
| Lynch | QB | Quigley |
| Oberlies | LHB | Bruett |
| Reynolds | RHB | McGraw |
| Miller | FB | Rollin |

Because of limited space we must forego listing substitutions. All men of the Naval school, and all of the Bulldogs, but two, were in the game. Referee; Stan Shepard. Umpire; McClanahan. Head Linesman; Branson. Timer; O'Laughlin.

| | Skyers | Bulldogs |
|---------------------------------|--------|----------|
| First Downs | 10 | 1 |
| Yards gained from scrimmage | 551 | 23 |
| Passes attempted | 18 | 18 |
| Passes completed | 10 | 3 |
| Yards gained passing | 138 | 21 |
| Passes intercepted | 3 | 0 |
| Yards gained intercepted passes | 87 | 0 |
| Punting average | 0 | 25 |
| Yards penalized | 35 | 0 |
| Fumbles | 2 | 1 |
| Yards loss on fumbles | 7 | 8 |
| Yard kickoffs returned | 33 | 141 |
| Yards lost from scrimmage | 48 | 19 |
| Total yardage gained | 621 | 25 |

VITAL STATISTICS

(Oct. 1 to 31, inclusive)

| | |
|--|-------|
| Total Population | 1124 |
| White Population | 1035 |
| Colored Population | 89 |
| First Grade Inmates | 1109 |
| Second Grade Inmates | 15 |
| Life Inmates | 175 |
| Men Under Sentence of Death | 0 |
| High Register Number | 20118 |
| Low Register Number | 9028 |
| Expiration of Sentence | 15 |
| Released by Suspended Sentence | 0 |
| Pardoned | 0 |
| Paroled | 13 |
| Released by Writ of Habeas Corpus | 1 |
| Released by Court Order | 0 |
| Deaths | 1 |
| Transferred to Anamosa | 5 |
| Transferred from Anamosa | 0 |
| Escaped | 0 |
| Returned from Escape | 0 |
| Received by Court Conviction | 30 |
| Returned by Court Order | 0 |
| Received by Revocation of Suspended Sentence | 0 |
| Parole Violators Returned | 4 |

Christmas Packages

INMATES will be allowed to receive Christmas packages again this year, deliveries to be made only on December 24, and Christmas Day. Friends and relatives may send the following:

Tobacco—Cigars, cigarettes, smoking and chewing tobacco and snuff.

Eatables—Candy, *nut meats only, not in shells*; cakes, cookies, doughnuts, etc. Apples, oranges, figs, dates and other fruits. *Eatables in glass or tin containers will not be permitted.*

Cooked meats only if delivered in person on December 24 and 25.

Presents—Photographs, socks, underwear, pajamas, bathrobes, handkerchiefs, gloves, *watches costing less than \$10.00*, rings, pipes, belts, cigarette cases and lighters.

ARTICLES SENT HERE WHICH ARE NOT INCLUDED ON THE ABOVE LIST WILL NEITHER BE DELIVERED NOR RETURNED TO SENDER.

In sending money to inmates use **Draft** or **Money Order**, made payable to the Warden, Iowa State Penitentiary. *Do not send cash in letters.*

PERCY A. LAINSON, Warden

Warning to relatives and friends of prisoners—In order that packages containing perishable food may reach those for whom they are intended in the very best condition *do not send your packages too early*. Packages arriving before December 24 must be stored for future delivery, and although every possible effort will be made to protect foodstuffs from deterioration this cannot be accomplished over a period of several days.

DO NOT MAIL PERISHABLE FOOD PACKAGES TOO EARLY