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Lifers Release Two Of 17 (or 19) Hostages



Fay Weakley and Billy Phillips are among the 17 or 19 persons being held as hostages by the two lifers.

Hardhead Restates Progressive Theme

An announcement from the office of Warden Halfrick Hardhead today declared that in the future the prison cafeteria will be made available for social functions and dances.

In typical broadmindedness, Warden Hardhead issued the following statement: "This is but another part of the progressive program of liberalism being carried out by the prison administration in an effort to utilize prison facilities to the utmost and prepare the inmates for a well-adjusted life."

The Warden went on to say that he also favored informal wear in the cafeteria despite the opposition of "some prudish protests concerning the lecherous attire of our inmates."

Also mentioned in the Warden's announcement was the re-statement of his policy on the bearing of prisoners' views.

Hardhead said, "As has been the custom in the past, the doors of my office will be open to any inmate and I will be happy to entertain any new ideas or suggestions regarding the operation of this plant."

Placing further emphasis on this long established course of administrative action, the Warden was quoted as saying, "Any plea will be given a fair and impartial hearing."

"This institution," mentioned Hardhead, "should be an inspiration to other penal systems as a true democratic arrangement in which the inmates are treated as the mature young men and women that they are and that no move is made by the head of this prison without due consideration of the administrative heads and prison body."

CLARKSVILLE, Tenn. (SOS) — Two hardened lifers, Mary Milam Smith and Larry Womack, released one of their hostages in the Austin Peay State Penitentiary shortly before noon because of the hostage's illness.

Warden Hardhead said that left 15 hostages with the armed inmates. Matron Mescham, however, said it left 17.

Dave Aaron, a prison guard and telephone operator, was released to get a bottle of milk because he has stomach ulcers. Graham Sugg, an inmate-hostage, was released last night for the same reason and did not return. Newsmen were unable to talk to him.

Dr. Ackley, a prison psychologist, said Aaron told him the inmates have treated all their hostages well.

"Nobody has been hurt or roughed up," Aaron told the psychologist.

Aaron was not permitted to talk to newsmen at the prison and was not taken back into the room with the other hostages. He said he believed one of the inmates was ready to come out if the other one would agree.

Other developments inside the prison lead officials to hope for an early agreement to release the hostages.

The remaining 2,000 or less inmates have not been fed since the rebellion started yesterday. They protested last night but there was no indication today of further protest. Officials decline to say when they will be fed.

There was a flurry of activity between prison officers involving Warden Hardhead, the prison psychologist, Tom Mapes, and another inmate, Gordon Jackson, who has been studying law since his imprisonment.

Mapes and Jackson carried papers inside the room with the two inmates on at least one occasion. The inmates and hostages have

been held up in the office since yesterday afternoon.

Hardhead, one-time All-America football player at Vanderbilt University and a veteran law-enforcement officer, rushed back and forth to conferences with other state authorities. The Warden said he thought prospects were bright for releasing the hostages.

Among the hostages are Chief Clerk M. P. Bowman and several prison employees.

Mutual Broadcasting System said at Nashville it taped an interview with George Grise, a guard in charge at the time of the outbreak. MBS quoted the guard as saying, "I expect a fast end to the turmoil. Things look pretty bright. They are getting to a level where Womack and Smith can talk to each other."

Mias Smith, serving 40 years on an armed robbery (for taking a piece of candy from her father at last-plate point), and Womack, serving life for robbery of a beer tavern, have held 15 to 19 hostages at butcher knife point since mid-afternoon Wednesday.

Smith told a newsmen in a telephone interview on a pool basis that she would surrender to any man, if officials would release Womack from prison or if Womack would agree to the surrender. Authorities would make no agreement to release either.

"We can hold out here a long time," Smith told the newsmen. "We won't hurt the men (or women) unless we are rushed. We haven't cursed the women. We can wait. We might be awful skinny before it's over but we can wait."

Smith asked to talk to one newsmen on the pool arrangement so she could list some of her grievances. The inmate then listened on an extension phone while a trustee, held among the hostages, listened to them.

The trusty said Smith's complaints included:

Procedures of Bowman's parole board in considering parole applications, the prison demerit sys-

tem, lack of proper medical attention to the infirmary, sanitary conditions on the basketball floor, too much educational facilities for inmates, and the use of paddles for spanking unruly inmates.

Smith then permitted one of the hostages, Jackson, future lawyer, to speak by telephone to the news man Jackson, caught in the group while visiting his girlfriend, said the two inmates were holding 18 hostages, including five that couldn't be trusted. One, Graham Sugg, was released during the night because of illness.

Previous reports placed the number at nine and then Warden Hardhead said late last night there were 16.

Trustees, inmates who are afraid to have other than good behavior and thereby get certain privileges, such as having an extra pat of butter for dinner, were not participating in the rebellion. Officials believe five of them may have been forced into the captured deputy warden's office with the others.

Officials believe the inmates were ready to ease up on their original requests.

They demanded their freedom, a Rumber to drive them away and three girls from the nearby high school as hostages to keep their getaway. The demands were rejected.

Warden Hardhead told newsmen he could not agree to such terms but would "wait and see" what happened.

Top officials talked off and on throughout the night with the inmates. A Buddhist priest and a lumberjack also attempted to persuade the pair to surrender.

Authorities said the left-handed butcher knife used by Smith and the confused one used by Womack were smuggled into the prison 10 years ago.

Smith, in addition to "slicing" her pop, also shaped a state highway patrolman when he wouldn't elope with her. Hardhead said she is just trying to attract attention, really.

Moron Opens Gym To All Inmates

David B. Moron, Athletic Director, announced today that the prison's gymnasium would remain open to the inmates at all hours of the day until further notice.

Moron said, "We in the Athletic Department want the inmates to feel free to use our gym any time they wish; furthermore, it is not necessary for them to take off their street shoes to play on the floor since we have enough money to refloor the gymnasium if

we need too. Also, we invite the recreation department to schedule any dance that they want to in our gymnasium, and they may use the entire floor since we feel that there isn't enough room on just the outside."

Moron's announcement was hailed by the inmates with jubilation and straightened their conviction that Moron is not concerned over the condition of his floor. Just the welfare of the inmates.

Jaye Indicted For Cleanliness

Mrs. Bertha Jaye, Head Dietician, has been indicted by a grand jury on a cleanliness charge and will go on trial, April 1, 1960.

"Ma," as Jaye is called by the inmates, was indicted following an investigation conducted by Warden Halfrick Hardhead and found that the cafeteria sanitary conditions to far exceed the rules set for this institution.

Among the many sanitary conditions found to be existing were: clean glasses, clean table tops, fresh vinegar, "unlumpy" sugar, spotless eating utensils, and eyewash were built into the food was also found to be extra fresh and tasty, and the spare ribs had meat on them.

Warden Hardhead was quoted as saying, "I don't know what got into 'Ma.' She's never been so conscientious before, and if there is one thing we cannot tolerate, it's an orderly, well-run and clean cafeteria."

THE ALL STATE

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Attention, Fools

BE IT KNOWN that the members of the All State staff are not responsible for this issue of the SAN QUENTIN LIFE. The sedition edition is merely a product of our environment. This issue was not meant to cast an unfavorable light on anybody or anything. However, we do have this warning to give: If the shoe fits, congratulations—we have to order ours.

Joke's On Us

Ironically enough, the APRIL FOOL edition of the ALL STATE is usually the best issue of the school year. Ordinarily, it gets more response from the readers than all the other issues put together. The reason for this is simple enough—it is usually the best put together, best written newspaper of the year. Then too, we think that people in general like fancy better than fact, and that's what this sedition edition is, entirely fancy.

We hope you took our previous advice and boned up on MAD COMIC BOOK and the back issues of ALSOP'S FABLES, for those two rags will be an invaluable aid in reading this consistently inconsistent newspaper. And we wish to apologize for the small number of pages in this issue of the SAN QUENTIN LIFE, but it seems that the grapevine from which we got these prison tidbits was crushed and bottled.

Enough Said, take off your space helmet, loosen your tie, keep your hand out of the cash register, take off your girldie and lean back and enjoy a newspaper of lasting insignificance.—The SAN QUENTIN LIFE.

HELP SUPPORT FALLEN ARCHES

Time Consumer

by Joyce Austin Peay

Bong, Bong, Bong. The chimes on the Austin Peay State Prison Tower gave out their forlorn sound. Even, they had ceased to offer an interesting variation in my daily routine. My cell at Austin Peay had become an integral part of me. The drip, drip, drip from the leak in the ceiling had become so monotonous, I didn't even bother to count them.

I slouched on my hard bunk remembering. Why in the hell had they sent me to Austin Peay to serve my time? God, any other place would have been better, even Siberia. Besides my crime didn't deserve such punishment. After all, there ain't no law against organizing a nudist colony. Course I guess they didn't appreciate my setting up the camp on Franklin street in Clarksville. But the town needed something new.

My thoughts were interrupted by Bowman, the Clerk. He was bringing me my bread and water from Casey's Cafe. "Hey, Bowman, reckon when I can fly this coop?"

"Well, if you behave yourself and sign this blue slip promising good behavior, we'll give you a pink slip, which you can to the warden, who'll decide if you have been good. He'll give me a purple slip with pink polka dots saying you are to be treated leniently then someday they'll let you out. By the way Mrs. Gamble, the matron, wants you to come down for a de-lousing."

The iron door clanged behind the jailer leaving me alone with my cockroaches and the dripping. I wasn't very hungry so I fed my bread and water to the roaches. They weren't hungry either. I couldn't blame them.

I sat there for a long time entertaining myself by throwing bread crumbs at the spiders weaving webs in the corners. I got a fiendish delight from watching the little monsters scatter in all directions from this unwanted disturbance.

Soon it was time for my first class. They provide expert instruction in all areas for the inmates, you know. First, the physical education instructor came in. Mr. Ellis, whom I admire so much, had arrived to give me my daily eye-blinking exercises. He was followed by Dr. Grise who was helping me to learn basket weaving and hand kneading—oh, I mean hand knitting. A whole procession followed, one right after the other to teach me such diversified things as dog petting, Mr. Gardner; hula dancing, Mr. Sandifer; catching test lifters, Mr. McClintock; hog calling, Dr. Henry; toe dancing, Dr. Ackley; and voo doolism, Mr. Victoria.

After all my classes were over, the warden came up to see me. Mr. Hardhead, the warden, is a very nice man. He said we had all been so good we were going to get a little bit of entertainment after supper. I clapped my hands in glee.

"Oh, goody, goody, what's it gonna be?"

"Well, now, we thought every body would like a nice, decent game of apple bobbing. How does that sound?"

"Oh, fine, sir, fine, nothing could be nicer."

"I thought you would like that. Well, good by."

I was glad he hadn't seen my tears of happiness. Apple bobbing! I was so frustrated, I beat my head against the brick wall and knocked a big hole in it. They put me in solitary confinement in the student center all night for destroying property. I was real regretful the next morning when everybody told how much fun the apple bobbing had been.

I can still behave myself and look forward to the next time we get some entertainment. This time it will probably be pitching quarters into coke bottles or something like that.

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Almost Made It



Guard Harris was recently cited for spoiling two lifers escape attempt. Larry Womack (with mouth open as usual) and Gordon Baird (who couldn't bear the thought of marriage) tried to break out through the workshop screen.

Grise Relinquishes Printing Press

"They took my printing press away from me," sobbed Dr. George C. Grise, former English Department head at Austin Peay.

Grise was interviewed by a cub reporter who just finished doing a stretch in San Quentin.

"Romero," as George's cellmates call him, is in San Quentin for 100 years, seven months, 23 days, 17 hours, 14 minutes, and 3 seconds. When the reporter asked Grise why the odd figure, he replied, "Guess I just eat too much."

The APSG former Casanova languishes in Cell 224 of Block I for counterfeiting \$3 bills on his 3 x 5 printing press, which formerly was stashed away in a local outhouse.

He was apprehended when he attempted to bribe local city patrolman J. J. Nussenbaumjer, who found Grise and another person in his English Ford on a lonely prt of Seven Mile Ferry Road.

Nussenbaumjer, it seems, received payola amounting to \$331 in \$3 bills. The patrolman had never seen a \$3 bill and felt Grise was spoofing him. Grise now laments, "Hod'd I know any one on the police force would have any sense, anyhow?"

Nussenbaumjer towed Grise and B. to the city rat-hole with a 1957 Volkswagen which had been in refrigeration for three years before the ice was broken the day before.

Everyone on the police staff frantically tried to prove the existence of \$3 bills. After all, \$331 isn't easy for a policeman to run

across, even though he does try mighty hard.

But agent Whitey Blackhead of the Tennessee Bloody Investigated office, as well as J. Edna Hup-hup of the Federal Bloody Investigated office, denied such existence, although they drew straws to see which one kept the lost.

Grise comments, "My mama done told me."

When further pressure was exerted on Grise's left-side patella, he remarked, "My mama always knew I'd wind up in a big place." Sas Quentin is measured by acres, of swamps, ratholes, dung-cons, etc.

Grise claims he had a good racket going. Especially with the college burar's office and the student center candy counter. Grise added ungrammatically, "The guys and gals in the stupid center are just that way," he furthered as the reporter started jerking hairs. "And Shasteen of the burar's office got a cut of what went through there."

In the interests of poor relations, however, this rag must admit Shasteen is already up for various other charges and he couldn't find room on his blue suede shoes for more demerits, so this case won't be tried until Shasteen's foot gets larger.

Grise tells vividly of how he carefully hand-set the type "Cause I have any other way to set it." He carefully explains how he put the paper in, pressed the machine, gloved with satisfaction as he witnessed the new \$3 bill, then picked another finger off the floor.

The interview then was ended, as he had no more bones.

Shortage At Harned Hall

The state of nervous tension usually existing during exam week reached a new high when a monumental calamity occurred on the east end of the third floor in Harned Hall.

The ordinarily plentiful supply of toilet paper dwindled to a state of non-existence.

The plea for some soon changed "Have you got any?" to "Do you have something we can use?"

Those who had the good fortune to foresee the catastrophe were given the opportunity to become good neighbors and show their Christian virtues of generosity and sharing.

During an on the spot interview, Miss Helen Landrum asked, "Do you know where any can be found?"

"I've got about a yard," came a reply, "you can have half of it."

Then Barbara Wyatt came to the rescue with a supply of Kleenex.

After two days of existing under this type of condition, even the most ungrateful among the residents are willing to count toilet paper as a blessing.

News Briefs

Deputies Mescham and Savage have made an announcement concerning the style of dress permitted on campus during warm weather.

As usual, Bermuda shorts will not be allowed. The Deputies have agreed to maintain this as penal policy by permitting the wearing of short shorts.

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... But you know, I didn't believe the reason he gave.



Give me back my lollipop!



It was a pretty good joke, wasn't it?



I can tell you one even dirtier than that.



I'm just doing it because I have to.



My gosh, what's in this drink?

Shasteen Accused Of Misusing Funds

Royal Crown Shasteen hit the ceiling early this morning when Warden Half truck Hardhead accused him of misappropriating one cent of the state's money to this penal institution.

R. C. is head burper and money-grabber of this institution. He threw Hammerhead from the crow's nest in the tower when H. confronted him with the undeniable facts.

However, says Hardhead no charges will be pressed as Shasty is pressed flat after a run in Las Vegas earlier this week.

Shasty says the green always looks grasier on the other side.

One of the new guards noticed him, the other day, counting out an inmate's money from home. "One for you and two for me," said Shasty, "two for you and eight for me, three for you and twenty for me, five for you and 200 for me. . . Everything was in pennies of course since Shasty had already taken out all except the loose change.

"You can't squeeze money out of a turnip," said R. C., "but you can see put that turnip in prison."

R. C. has received recommendations of merit from Governors B. B. Binkheoff, R. V. Updown, and J. J. Jay for such things as shaking pennies out of inmates' teeth, cutting up inmates' shoes for hills between the soles, and

getting the money when an inmate puts a tooth under his pillow and sleeps on it.

In fact, R. C. has even ordered mass tooth pullings in an attempt to make his right bank bulge at the seams. The Federal Scoutnooters Association claims he has also encouraged male inmates to pick pennies from one of the natural bowl swamps and female inmates to run back and forth to the showers, for his own financial advancement.

Inmates feel sure he is misappropriating funds. Recently two of the campus's notorious lifters saw Shasteen watching a garbage truck pull up. Shasty, always wanting to hold to all the luche he can, promptly spoke to the driver, "We don't want any today."

He ordered the conservation of the dung hills, used for heating, until five more years have passed. When the not so recent snow fell, the already poorly clothed inmates built igloos of snow over their beds so they'd have more cover at night.

Shortly before he hit Las Vegas, Shasteen dropped his pocketbook in the Cumberland River and 63 persons in Maine were drowned. "A fool and his money are soon parted," said Hammerhead. Shasteen countered, "I knew I should not have gone to Las Vegas."

Meacham Replaces Matron Gamble

Miss Mabel Meacham has taken over Mrs. Gamble's position as matron in the House of Correction and changed her policy from "Keep Moving" to "Halt."

The new matron has decided to install a Lover's Lane Parking lot in front of the reformatory. Motors and cars will be placed in the parking lot. Inmates from the men's prisons may visit women who live in the House of Correction if they agree to put a dime in the parking meter each hour they occupy the car. Parking hours are observed from 10 p.m. to 3 a.m. Matron Meacham urges all inmates to participate. This improvement is expected to reduce idleness.

The grapevine has it that one of the guards caught Matron Meacham and Warden Harvill parked in Lover's Lane. They confessed that they were making plans for expansion of the prison.

Meacham volunteered her services to the prison at a young age (in fact, too young). Needing little education, she learned from observation and what she could pick up from older men as Warden Harvill and Deputy Warden Savage, Wayward, and Bendman. She assures all the residents of Clarksville that she will make every effort to keep the inmates within the prison grounds. Some of the guards such as Brown, Ackley and Hyatt are co-operating. They seem to think that inmates who carry huge books will develop more muscles.

Matron Meacham appears to enjoy ruling the perculiar little community, whose members are there against their will and their only desire is to get out as soon as possible.

Prior Devises Foolproof Scheme

Dr. Harold S. Prior, head of the school system, has devised a foolproof scheme to prevent students from cheating on his tests.

Prior had been working on this scheme ever since he discovered that out of a class of 20 people 15 had his final test before they took it.

Prior to Prior's scheme, his students had had access to his tests, which naturally resulted in higher grades. Even the boys joined the girls in throwing Prior a curve.

Said Prior in his typically terse and concise way, "We in the Education Department feel, with due regard to the nature of the inmates (such nature produced probably be environmental factors), that this blatant attack on our principals and even our Quest for the Good was grossly uncalled for and proved to us, even taking into consideration how hardened we are, that. . ." At his point Dr. Prior ran out of breath and words; however, his

meaning was quite clear.

To return to the meat of the story, Prior's foolproof scheme is simply this:

No More Tests.

Believe It or Not

Assistant Warden Woodward had a difficult time getting back into his office the day after it snowed so much. Bowman had to find a different color absence slip.

Deputy Savage is going to quit smoking, and he may even limit the amount of time he spends talking to girls. If Dean Meacham has anything to give up, she may consider a little abstinence.

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Marty Brown, House of Correction, sings to the accompaniment of the Prisoners. Marty is singing that ever-popular rendition of "Won't I Ever Be Free?"

Read & Tattle

The Trial, by Franz Kafka, is one of the most effective works to come out of Central Europe between wars. The locale of this story is Germany.

The Central character is Joseph K. One morning two strangers appeared to notify him that he was under arrest. They refused to tell him the reason for his arrest, saying only that he would be interrogated.

At the court Joseph met a washerwoman. She knew little about Joseph's particular case, although she said she knew as much as the judge. As she was speaking a law student seized her and carried her up the stairs.

The woman's husband led Joseph to the law offices where he found several people waiting for answers to petitions. Some of them had been there for years and were becoming rather anxious about their cases. However, no one seemed to be able to help Joseph.

At last two men in frock coats and top hats came for Joseph at nine o'clock on the evening before his thirty first birthday. Somehow they twisted their arms around his and held his hands tightly. They walked with him to the quarry. There one held his throat and the other stabbed him in the heart, turning the knife around twice.

Many readers find this a highly engaging comedy filled with buffoonery and fantasy. Others will

find it, however, a vast symbolism and first rate psychological study of a system whose leaders are convinced of their own righteousness.

If this penetrating review has led any of its readers to want to read this book, they're APRIL FOOLS. The book is not in the APSC collection. All this material came from Masterplots - that is, from one of the few volumes that hasn't been snatched. Now let's see where can vol. I A-K have gone? Him!

Tenn. Pen Cops Merit Award

THE TENN PEN, this prison's publication, has copied one of the most coveted awards that the National Prison Board gives: The National Prison Board Merit For Unbiased, Accurate and Fair Reporting.

The TENN PEN won this award over some 200 other prison publications.

Warden Halfract Hardhead was quoted as saying, "We on the prison staff here are very much pleased with the award of which our newspaper won. The award, we felt, was won as a result of such splendid cooperation between the inmates and the staff which exists. Even a doctor could not establish any better rapport than we have."

Bowman Aids Health Drive

Chief Clerk Bowman has decided to discontinue the pink slips which inmates have been required to secure for excused absences from the rock quarry.

Having long been a staunch and avid advocate of methods to prevent color blindness, Bowman is issuing instead a black and white striped slip. The black stripes on these slips must be initialed by the Warden, and the white strips must be signed by the gate guard.

In an inmate visit he after work, long hours, he must secure a gray slip from the guard, who will give him permission to entertain a guest in his cell.

At the present time, Chief Clerk

Bowman is working on another slip which will go into effect April 1, 1960. This slip is for the purpose of securing permission to use the prison rest room. It will be amber colored and be secured in the staff office.

This is the procedure for obtaining permission to use the rest room: After securing an amber slip from the staff office, take it to Warden Hardhead, who will sign the slip. Then proceed to Deputy Woodenhead's office where he will initial it. Next, take the slip to Deputy Savage who will check the slip for accuracy and send you to the rest room guard who will give you permission to use the prison rest room if you produce a logical excuse.

However, in emergency cases, after you have secured the amber slip from the staff office, take it to the Warden's office and get it signed. Then take it directly to the rest room guard who will usually permit you to use the rest room without further ado.

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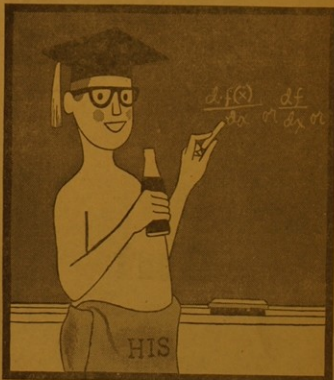
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This Is The Prison; Here Are Some More



I have finally achieved the ultimate TRUTH!



Do you have trouble with your stomach, too?



I STILL don't like your food, Bertha!



I'm sorry, Ann, I didn't mean to.



That's alright, Rudi, I forgive you.



Doggone you, Suzie!



If you think that's something, listen to this.



Man, what a hangover!



Tom!?



O'Neil!



I'd like to announce my candidacy for Vice President.



Why the — did I put this paper out?



I'm not as bad as I sound.

**Out
To
Lunch**

**Not
Back
Yet**

LATEST CRAZE

(Miniature)

Keysort Kops

Make Excellent Effigies

Can be burned, hanged, or simply used as pin cushion.

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