

# The S E N G E R M E S S A G E

Summer 1972



Ronan V. Derby  
'72



# THE

# MESSENGER

## STAFF

**Jerry L. Bush**

EDITOR

LAYOUT, DESIGN

PHOTOGRAPHY

**Ralph M. Johnson**

ASSOCIATE EDITOR

LAYOUT, FILM STRIPPING

**Tom White Hawk**

I.B.M. COMPOSITOR

**Orville Loafer**

SPORTS EDITOR

**Paul Cleveland**

OFFSET PRESSMAN

**Gay Coquins**

DARKROOM PHOTOGRAPHY

FILM & FOUR-COLOR PROCESSING

## \*\*ADMINISTRATION\*\*

**Richard F. Kneip**

GOVERNOR

**Don R. Erickson**

WARDEN

**Cliff Hoff**

DEPUTY WARDEN

## CONTENTS

VOL. 57

NO 2

Task Force Report, <i>MESSENGER Feature</i> . . . . .	1
Editorial, <i>Jerry L. Bush</i> . . . . .	2
Sense Scents, <i>MESSENGER Feature</i> . . . . .	4
The Perfect Escape, (Fiction), <i>Roger "Tex" Diffie</i> . . . . .	7
The Black Thang, <i>Jeremiah Graves</i> . . . . .	8
Twelve Angry Men, (Review), <i>Dennis R. Ottoson</i> . . . . .	10
Brandon Valley Band, (Review), <i>John Sweeney</i> . . . . .	11
A Soft Touch, (Fiction), <i>Harold Broders</i> . . . . .	12
Doin' Cell Time, <i>Tom Skilomowski</i> . . . . .	13
A Prison With A Heart, <i>Mary Vann</i> . . . . .	14
The Art Gallery (Special Art Section) . . . . .	15-22
Letters to the Editor. . . . .	23
King of the Tall Tale Tellers, <i>Roger "Tex" Diffie</i> . . . . .	24
Starword Puzzle, <i>Jerry L. Bush</i> . . . . .	25
Kentucky Derby Winners Puzzle, <i>Jerry L. Bush</i> . . . . .	26
Gasser, <i>A. K. Nelson</i> . . . . .	27
Sports, <i>Orville Loafer</i> . . . . .	28-31
Poetry . . . . .	32-33
Shopliftings . . . . .	34
Crossroads for Prisons, <i>MESSENGER Feature</i> . . . . .	35-36
Penal Press Exchange, <i>Jerry L. Bush</i> . . . . .	<i>Inside back cover</i>

THE MESSENGER is published by and for the men of the South Dakota State Penitentiary, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, with the permission of the warden. Opinions expressed herein are not necessarily shared by the administration of the institution.

The purpose of this magazine is to give the inmates an opportunity for self expression, to provide them a medium of discussion of public problems, to foster better understanding between inmates and the general public, and to be constructively informative.

Permission for the republication of material in this periodical, not previously copyrighted, is cordially granted, provided issue and authors are given proper recognition. A marked copy of any reprints would be appreciated. Address: The Editor, Box 911, Sioux Falls, South Dakota 57101. 2nd class postage paid at Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

THE MESSENGER is published quarterly at Sioux Falls, South Dakota, at the headquarters of the publisher. The South Dakota Penitentiary is the Editor and publisher. The publication is published by men of the South Dakota Penitentiary.

There are no bond holders, mortgages or other security holders.

Signed—Don R. Erickson

## ABOUT OUR COVER

An 18" x 24" oil painting done from a photograph of the great Sioux Medicine man, Sitting Bull, by Roman V. Derby. The title for the picture is taken from the words of Sitting Bull: "Let us put our minds together and see what life we can make for our children."



# R E P O R T

## T A S K F O R C E

O  
N

## C O R R E C T I O N S

April 14, 1972

Honorable Richard F. Kneip  
State Capitol Building  
Pierre, South Dakota 57501

Dear Sir:

As the deadline for the Summer edition of the MESSENGER, our quarterly, inmate publication, approaches, I would like to ask if it would be possible at this time to obtain any information for publication in the MESSENGER pertaining to your Task Force on Corrections in the State of South Dakota.

This is, of course, a subject very important to those of us here, and I am sure it is of the same importance to the majority of our readers.

We would like to publish, if possible, the names and occupations of each member of the commission and any other pertinent information about these gentlemen; the goals that were outlined at the time of the origination of the commission; an agenda of meetings that have been held (where, when and why) and any other information along these lines that either you or the members of the commission feel would be pertinent to publication at this time.

Further, if it would be possible, we would appreciate any information concerning future plans of the commission, further meetings, convocations, etc.



April 21, 1972

Editor  
The Messenger  
P.O. Box 911  
Sioux Falls, South Dakota 57101

Dear Mr. Bush:

Governor Kneip has referred your letter of April 14, 1972 to me for reply. In July of 1971 Governor Kneip appointed an eleven man Task Force and charged them with the following responsibility, "It is the desire of this office that this Task Force review the Adult Correctional System in South Dakota in order to define problem areas and to make recommendations accordingly. I would expect this review to include the institutions, services within the institutions, and probation and parole."

The Governor appointed the following to the Task Force:

1. Father William Walsh, Associate Pastor, St. Joseph's Cathedral, Sioux Falls, South Dakota
2. Mr. David Young, Executive Director, CONS, Rapid City, South Dakota
3. Mr. Grady Renville, Director Alcohol Referral Center, Sisseton, South Dakota
4. Mr. David Bonde, Division of Vocational Education, Pierre, South Dakota
5. Senator Curtis Jones, State Senator for Marshall County
6. Mr. Gary Bowker, Corrections Specialist, Criminal Justice Commission, Pierre, South Dakota
7. Mr. Jay Newberger, Director of Courts Services, Minnehaha County, Sioux Falls, South Dakota
8. Mr. Harold Schunk, Retired, Former BIA Superintendent, Rapid City, South Dakota
9. Judge Thomas Parker, 7th Circuit Court, Rapid City, South Dakota
10. Mr. Robert Miller, Director, Criminal Justice Commission, Pierre, South Dakota
11. Mr. Ed Bubak, Professor, University of South Dakota, Vermillion, South Dakota

To date this Task Force has met with groups of inmates and staff of the penitentiary. They have met with groups of cind parole agents and ex-inmates ask Force has also met with the rections and the Board of Park Force has been carrying out g South Dakota with our neigh-

### YOU'LL WANT TO BE ON THIS LIST!

IF:

- \* You want to help seek a solution to the rising crime rate!
- \* You are interested in how successfully rehabilitation is being carried out—or not!
- \* You are aware that YOU are not, "immune," to criminal muggings, assaults, and robberies!

WHO KNOWS . . . WE WITHIN THE WALLS OF PRISONS . . . MIGHT END UP BE-  
ING YOUR NEIGHBOR SOMEDAY, OR YOU—OURS!!!

/// SUBSCRIBE TODAY!! ///

The MESSENGER  
P.O.B. 911  
Sioux Falls, South Dakota 57101

conclusions of this Task Force  
overnor on or about August 1,

has been useful and if I can be  
do not hesitate to contact me.



# THE MESSENGER

## STAFF

**Jerry L. Bush**  
EDITOR  
LAYOUT, DESIGN  
PHOTOGRAPHY

**Ralph M. Johnson**  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR  
LAYOUT, FILM STRIPPING

**Tom White Hawk**  
I.B.M. COMPOSITOR

**Orville Loafer**  
SPORTS EDITOR

**Paul Cleveland**  
OFFSET PRESSMAN

**Gay Coquins**  
DARKROOM PHOTOGRAPHY  
FILM & FOUR-COLOR PROCESSING

### \*\*ADMINISTRATION\*\*

**Richard F. Kneip**  
GOVERNOR

**Don R. Erickson**  
WARDEN

**Cliff Hoff**  
DEPUTY WARDEN

## CONTENTS

VOL. 57

NO 2

Task Force Report, <i>MESSENGER</i> Feature . . . . .	1
Editorial, <i>Jerry L. Bush</i> . . . . .	2
Sense Scents, <i>MESSENGER</i> Feature . . . . .	4
The Perfect Escape, (Fiction), <i>Roger "Tex" Diffie</i> . . . . .	7
The Black Thang, <i>Jeremiah Graves</i> . . . . .	8
Twelve Angry Men, (Review), <i>Dennis R. Ottoson</i> . . . . .	10
Brandon Valley Band, (Review), <i>John Sweeney</i> . . . . .	11
A Soft Touch, (Fiction), <i>Harold Broders</i> . . . . .	12
Doin' Cell Time, <i>Tom Skilomowski</i> . . . . .	13
A Prison With A Heart, <i>Mary Vann</i> . . . . .	14
The Art Gallery (Special Art Section) . . . . .	15-22
Letters to the Editor. . . . .	23
King of the Tall Tale Tellers, <i>Roger "Tex" Diffie</i> . . . . .	24
Starword Puzzle, <i>Jerry L. Bush</i> . . . . .	25
Kentucky Derby Winners Puzzle, <i>Jerry L. Bush</i> . . . . .	26
Gasser, <i>A. K. Nelson</i> . . . . .	27
Sports, <i>Orville Loafer</i> . . . . .	28-31
Poetry . . . . .	32-33
Shopliftings . . . . .	34
Crossroads for Prisons, <i>MESSENGER</i> Feature . . . . .	35-36
Penal Press Exchange, <i>Jerry L. Bush</i> . . . . .	Inside back cover

THE MESSENGER is published by and for the men of the South Dakota State Penitentiary, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, with the permission of the warden. Opinions expressed herein are not necessarily shared by the administration of the institution.

The purpose of this magazine is to give the inmates an opportunity for self expression, to provide them a medium of discussion of public problems, to foster better understanding between inmates and the general public, and to be constructively informative.

Permission for the republication of material in this periodical, not previously copyrighted, is cordially granted, provided issue and authorship be acknowledged.

PLEASE ADD .50 FOR POSTAGE ANYWHERE  
OUTSIDE OF U.S. AND CANADA.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
STREET \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_  
STATE \_\_\_\_\_  
ZIP CODE \_\_\_\_\_

☐ 1 year: \$1.00 ☐ 3 years: \$2.50

I would like to subscribe to this fine magazine. Please enter my subscription for a period of:

The Messenger



# R E P O R T

## T A S K F O R C E

O  
N

## C O R R E C T I O N S

April 14, 1972

Honorable Richard F. Kneip  
State Capitol Building  
Pierre, South Dakota 57501

Dear Sir:

As the deadline for the Summer edition of the MESSENGER, our quarterly, inmate publication, approaches, I would like to ask if it would be possible at this time to obtain any information for publication in the MESSENGER pertaining to your Task Force on Corrections in the State of South Dakota.

This is, of course, a subject very important to those of us here, and I am sure it is of the same importance to the majority of our readers.

We would like to publish, if possible, the names and occupations of each member of the commission and any other pertinent information about these gentlemen; the goals that were outlined at the time of the origination of the commission; an agenda of meetings that have been held (where, when and why) and any other information along these lines that either you or the members of the commission feel would be pertinent to publication at this time.

Further, if it would be possible, we would appreciate any information concerning future plans of the commission, further meetings, convocations, etc.

Finally, if at all possible, we would appreciate any findings and suggestions regarding the State's penal institutions thus far made by the Task Force on Corrections.

If it would be possible for you or the members of the commission to furnish us with any information along the lines of the suggestions made here it would be greatly appreciated.

In order to publish this report in the Summer edition of the MESSENGER it will be necessary for us to receive this information no later than the first of May.

With the warmest personal regards to you and to your continuing success, I remain,

Very truly yours,  
/s/ Jerry L. Bush  
Jerry L. Bush  
Editor  
The MESSENGER



April 21, 1972

Editor  
The Messenger  
P.O. Box 911  
Sioux Falls, South Dakota 57101

Dear Mr. Bush:

Governor Kneip has referred your letter of April 14, 1972 to me for reply. In July of 1971 Governor Kneip appointed an eleven man Task Force and charged them with the following responsibility, "It is the desire of this office that this Task Force review the Adult Correctional System in South Dakota in order to define problem areas and to make recommendations accordingly. I would expect this review to include the institutions, services within the institutions, and probation and parole."

The Governor appointed the following to the Task Force:

1. Father William Walsh, Associate Pastor, St. Joseph's Cathedral, Sioux Falls, South Dakota
2. Mr. David Young, Executive Director, CONS, Rapid City, South Dakota
3. Mr. Grady Renville, Director Alcohol Referral Center, Sisseton, South Dakota
4. Mr. David Bonde, Division of Vocational Education, Pierre, South Dakota
5. Senator Curtis Jones, State Senator for Marshall County
6. Mr. Gary Bowker, Corrections Specialist, Criminal Justice Commission, Pierre, South Dakota
7. Mr. Jay Newberger, Director of Courts Services, Minnehaha County, Sioux Falls, South Dakota
8. Mr. Harold Schunk, Retired, Former BIA Superintendent, Rapid City, South Dakota
9. Judge Thomas Parker, 7th Circuit Court, Rapid City, South Dakota
10. Mr. Robert Miller, Director, Criminal Justice Commission, Pierre, South Dakota
11. Mr. Ed Bubak, Professor, University of South Dakota, Vermillion, South Dakota

To date this Task Force has met with groups of inmates and staff of the penitentiary. They have met with groups of circuit judges, state probation and parole agents and ex-inmates of the penitentiary. The Task Force has also met with the Board of Charities and Corrections and the Board of Pardons and Paroles. The Task Force has been carrying out research programs comparing South Dakota with our neighboring states.

All recommendations and conclusions of this Task Force will be presented to the Governor on or about August 1, 1972.

I hope the above information has been useful and if I can be of any service to you please do not hesitate to contact me.

Respectfully,  
/s/ Robert H. Miller  
Robert H. Miller  
Director  
Criminal Justice Commission



## EDITORIAL

### The MESSENGER Format

by:

Jerry L. Bush

Starting with the next edition of the *Messenger* there will be a somewhat different format than that to which our readers have become accustomed. But...only in one area... editorials.

Why? Because this writer is about written out in the area of "prison reform"—quote, unquote! What the hell is prison reform? I have only one other thing to say about it. It's something completely personal...treat the criminal not the crime.

In the Fall, 1972, issue of the *Messenger* some of these pages will be given over to the first of what we hope will be a continuing series of articles about corrections...articles by the administrative staff of the South Dakota State Penitentiary. At the request of the *Messenger* the first article in this series will be by Warden Don R. Erickson, warden of the

*Fearful people are the most dangerous, they hit out, they torture. If they are in power, they are especially damaging.*

THE ADOLESCENT GIRL IN CONFLICT, by Gisela Konopka, (Spectrum book—1966), p. 135



*PEOPLE. That is the name of the animals we are working with in corrections. They come in all shapes, sizes, sex, and colors. They are different at different times. They can be starved for food or companionship one minute; but after being fed and watered and petted, they are no longer starved. They can be crooked one minute; and honest for years. They may want booze and a broad now... They are very similar to you.*

THE SIMPLE WAY to CORRECTIONAL INVOLVEMENT by Gary Hill, U.S. Jaycees Consultant, Crime and Corrections.

South Dakota State Penitentiary and President of the American Association of Wardens and Superintendents.

It is not the intention of the *Messenger* to become an administrative sounding board nor is that what it will become. It is the intention of the *Messenger* to be an objective, informative publication. In order to achieve that goal there must be, and there will be, articles from both segments of the population.

For the purpose of helping to expand the participation by the inmates in the written content of the *Messenger* a class in Journalism will soon be begun in the State accredited institutional high school. Also, very shortly, the print shop will be incorporated into the vocational training program. In this way we will not only be able to include more men in vocational training but at the same time we will be able to update the printing department equipment and increase the size of the *Messenger* staff.

The *Messenger* is an award-winning publication. In 1971, under the editorship of Charles E. "Skip" Spaulding, the

*Messenger* was selected as the number one printed magazine of the Penal Press in America. That honor was presented by the Southern Illinois University School of Journalism which conducts the Penal Press Contest each year. Most of us now on the staff of the *Messenger* were involved in the publication of the 1971 editions and we are proud of the results of the efforts put forth.

But, whether it's the *Messenger* or any other penal publication, it is not necessarily the sole responsibility of the Editor and staff to produce an award-winning publication. It is the responsibility of the community as a whole and, starting with the next edition, this is what we hope it will be... more than ever.

Maybe we are turning a small corner in the corrections system in South Dakota. I'd like to think that the *Messenger* is one small example of that and that the *Messenger* in turn is doing its job in continuing the progress being made. We dislike the idea of any form of censorship as do all of our fellow editors. However, at the same time, we feel that the *Messenger* is a liberal penal publication.

I don't intend to insinuate that I think there is no room for improvement in the *Messenger* content or in the corrections system in South Dakota...of course there is room for improvement. But, the dim light emerging from the darkness of corrections is beginning to glow brighter. It glows even brighter each time that the thoughts, ideas and cold, hard facts are presented in print by *everyone* concerned. That, we hope, will be the new format of the *Messenger*. It's up to you. Let's really work together and tell both sides of the story...let's tell it like it is...and then let the chips fall where they will.

If you feel as though the opinions expressed by the inmate writers in the *Messenger* are wrong, if you feel that they are biased, if you feel that they are only self-serving statements made by a "Please feel sorry for me"-type of individual...then tell us about it. But, again, if you happen to think that there might be some validity to the opinions expressed then we hope to hear about that, too.

If you think we have our facts and figures cockeyed then

*The Messenger*



correct them for us. If you have information that we have not had access to and you feel that it is pertinent then tell us...and let's really try and tell it like it is. That's the new format we want for the *Messenger*. Once more...it's up to you!

Goodnight, Jay. H



*Pray, don't find fault with the man who limps,  
or stumbles along the road,  
unless YOU have worn the shoes he wears,  
or struggled beneath his load.  
There may be tacks in his shoes that hurt,  
though hidden away from view,  
or the burden he bears placed on your back  
might cause you to stumble too.*

*Don't swear at the man who is down today,  
unless YOU have felt the blows  
that caused him to fall, or felt the shame,  
that only the fallen know.  
You may be strong, but still the blow  
that were his, if dealt to you,  
in the self same way, at the self same time,  
might cause you to stagger too.*

*Don't be harsh with the man who sins,  
or pelt him with words, or stones,  
until you're sure, yes doubly sure,  
that YOU have no sins of your own.  
For you know, perhaps if the tempter's voice  
should whisper as soft to you,  
as it did to him, when he went astray,  
it would cause YOU to falter too.*

(This poem was written by Clinton B. Duffy when he was governor of San Quentin prison)

## THE MAN IN THE GLASS

*When you get what you want in your struggle for self  
And the world makes you king for a day,  
Just go to the mirror and look at yourself  
And see what the man has to say.  
For it isn't your father nor mother or wife  
Who judgment upon you must pass,  
The fellow who's verdict counts most in your life  
Is the one staring back from the glass.  
You may be like Jack Horner and chisel a plum  
And think you're a wonderful guy,  
But the man in the glass says you're only a bum  
If you can't look him straight in the eye.  
He's the fellow to please. . . never mind all the rest  
And you've passed your most difficult and dangerous test  
If the man in the glass is your friend.  
You may fool the whole world down the pathway of years  
And get pats on the back as you pass,  
But your final reward will be heartaches and tears  
If you've cheated the man in the glass.*

(Unknown)



# Sense from the PENAL PRESS

article from TIME & TIDE

## THE PSYCHOLOGICAL POWER & PATHOLOGY OF IMPRISONMENT

by Philip Zimbardo, Ph.D.  
Stanford University

A statement prepared for the U.S. House of Representatives Committee on the Judiciary—Subcommittee No. 3: Robert Kastenmeier, Chairman: hearings on Prison Reform, October 25, 1971, San Francisco.

*"I was recently released from solitary confinement after being held therein for 37 months. A silent system was imposed upon me and to even whisper to the man in the next cell resulted in being beaten by guards, sprayed with chemical mace, black-jacked, stomped, and thrown into a strip-cell naked to sleep on a concrete floor without bedding,—covering, wash basin, or even a toilet. The floor served as toilet and bed, and even there the silent system was enforced. To let a moan escape your lips because of the pain and discomfort. . . resulted in another beating. I spent not days, but months there during my 37 months in solitary. . . I have filed every writ possible against the administrative acts of brutality. The State Courts have all denied the petitions. Because of my refusal to let the things die down and forget all that happened during my 37 months in solitary. . . , I am the most hated prisoner in Penitentiary, and called a hard-core incorrigible.*

*"Professor Zimbardo, maybe I am an incorrigible, but if true, it's because I would rather die than to accept being treated less than a human being. I have never complained of my prison sentence as being unjustified except through legal means of appeals. I have never put a knife on a guard's throat and demanded my release. I know that thieves must be punished and I don't justify stealing, even though I am a thief myself. But now I don't think I will be a thief when I am released. No, I'm not rehabilitated. It's just that I no longer think of becoming wealthy by stealing. I now only think of killing. Killing those who have beaten me and treated me as if I were a dog. I hope and pray for the sake of my own soul and future life of freedom, that I am able to overcome the bitterness and hatred which eats daily at my soul, but I know to overcome it will not be easy."*

This eloquent plea for prison reform, for humane treatment of human beings, for the basic dignity that is the right of every American, came to me this week in a letter from a prisoner, who cannot be identified because he is still part of a state correctional institution. He sent it to me because he read of an experiment I conducted recently at Stanford University. In an attempt to understand just what it means psychologically to be a prisoner or a prison guard, we created our own prison. We carefully screened over 70 volunteers who answered an ad in the Palo Alto City newspaper and ended up with about two dozen young men who were selected to be part of this study. They were mature, emotionally stable, normal, intelligent college students from middle class homes throughout the United



States and Canada. They appeared to represent the cream of the crop of this generation. None had any criminal record and all were relatively homogeneous on many dimensions initially.

Half were arbitrarily designated as prisoners by a flip of a coin, the others as guards. These were the roles they were to play in our simulated prison. The guards were made aware of the potential seriousness and danger of the situation, and their own vulnerability. They made up their own formal rules for maintaining law, order, and respect, and were generally free to improvise new ones during their 8-hour, 3-man shifts. The prisoners were unexpectedly picked up at their homes by a City policeman in a squad car, searched, handcuffed, finger-printed, booked at the Station House, and taken blindfolded to our jail. There they were stripped, deloused, put into a uniform, given a number, and put into a cell with two other prisoners where they expected to live for the next two weeks. The pay was good (\$15 a day) and their motivation was to make money.

We observed and recorded on videotape the events that occurred in the prison, and we interviewed and tested the prisoners and guards at various points throughout the study. These data will be available to the committee in a forthcoming report. Some of the videotape of the actual encounters between the prisoners and guards can be seen on the NBC news feature Chronolog, November 26, 1971.

In the short time available at this hearing, I can only outline the major results of this experiment, and then briefly relate them to the experiment which our society is conducting, using. . . involuntary subjects. [Finally], I wish to suggest some modest proposals to help make real prisons become more successful experiments.

At the end of only six days we had to close down our mock prison because what we saw was frightening. It was no longer apparent to us or most of the subjects where they ended. . . and their roles began. The majority had indeed become 'prisoners' or 'guards,' no longer able to clearly differentiate between role playing and self. There were dramatic changes in virtually every aspect of their behavior, thinking and feeling. In less than a week, the experience of imprisonment undid a lifetime of learning; human values were suspended, self-concepts were challenged, and the ugliest, most basic, pathological side of human natures surfaced. We were horrified because we saw some boys (guards) treat other boys as if they were despicable animals, taking pleasure in cruelty, while other boys (prisoners) became servile, dehumanized robots who thought only of escape, of their own individual survival, and of their mounting hatred of the guards.

We had to release three prisoners in the first four days because they had such acute situational traumatic reactions as hysterical crying, confusion in thinking, and severe depression. Others begged to be paroled, and all but three were willing to forfeit all the money they had earned if they could be paroled. By then the fifth day, they had been so programmed to think of themselves as prisoners, that when their request for parole was denied, they returned docilely to their cells. Now, had they been thinking as college students acting in an oppressive experiment, they would have quit once they no longer wanted the \$15 a day we used as our only incentive. However, the reality was not 'quitting an experiment' but 'being paroled by the parole board from the Stanford County Jail.' By the last days,



the earlier solidarity among the prisoners (systematically broken by the guards) dissolved into "each man for himself." Finally, when one of their fellows was put in solitary confinement for refusing to eat, the prisoners were given a choice by one of the guards: give up their blankets and the "incorrigible prisoner" would be let out, or keep their blankets and he would be kept in all night. They voted to keep their blankets and to abandon their brother, a suffering prisoner.

About a third of the guards became tyrannical in their arbitrary use of power, in enjoying their control over other people. They were corrupted by the power of their roles and became quite inventive in their techniques of breaking the spirit of the prisoners and making them feel they were worthless. Some of the guards merely did their jobs as 'tough but fair' correctional officers. Several were 'good guards' from the prisoners' point of view, since they did them small favors and were friendly. However, no 'good guard' or any other one ever interfered with a command by any of the 'bad guards'; they never intervened on the side of the prisoners, they never told the others to ease off because it was only an experiment, and they never even came to me as Prison Superintendent or Experimenter in charge to complain. In part, they were 'good' because the others were 'bad'; they needed the others to help establish their own egos in a positive light. In a sense, they perpetuated the prison more than the other guards because their own needs to be liked prevented them from disobeying or violating the implicit guard's code. At the same time, the act of befriending the prisoners created a social reality which made the prisoners less likely to rebel.

By the end of the week, the experiment had become a reality, as if it were a Pirandello play directed by Kafka that just keeps going after the audience has left. The Consultant for our prison, Carlos Prescott, an ex-convict with 16 years imprisonment in California's jails, would get so depressed and furious each time he visited our prison, because of its psychological similarity to his experiences, that he would have to leave. A Catholic priest, who was a former prison Chaplain in Washington, D.C., talked to our "prisoners" after four days and said they were just like the "first-timers" he had seen.

But in the end, I called off the experiment not because of the horror I saw out there in the prison yard, but because of the horror of realizing that I could have easily traded places with the most brutal guard, or become the weakest prisoner full of hate at being so powerless that I could not eat, sleep or go to the toilet without permission of the authorities. I could have become Calley at My Lai, George Jackson at San Quentin, one of the men at Attica, or the prisoner quoted at the beginning of this report. I believe you could too.

### **Significance of these findings**

(1) Individual behavior is largely under the control of social forces and environmental contingencies rather than "personality traits," "Character," "will power" or other empirically unvalidated constructs. Thus we create an illusion of freedom by attributing more internal control to ourselves, to the individual, than actually exists. We thus underestimate the power and pervasiveness of situational controls over behavior because: (a) they are often non-obvious and subtle, (b) we often can avoid entering situations where we might be so controlled, (c) we label as "weak" or "deviant" people in those situations who do behave differently from how we believe we would.

Each of us carries around in our heads a favorable self-image in which we are essentially, just, fair, humane, understanding, etc. For example, we could not imagine inflicting pain on others without much provocation, or hurting people who had done nothing to us, who in fact were even liked by us. However, there is a growing body of social psychology research which underscores the conclusion derived from this prison study. Many people, perhaps the majority, can be made to do almost anything when put into psychologically compelling situations—regardless of their morals, ethics, values, attitudes, beliefs, or personal convictions. My colleague, Stanley Milgram, has shown that more than sixty percent of the population will deliver what they think is a series of painful electric shocks to another person even after the victim cries for mercy, begs them to stop, and

then apparently passes out. The subjects complained that they did not want to hurt him more, but, blindly obeyed the command of the authority figure (the experimenter) who said that they must go on. In my research on violence, I have seen mild-mannered co-eds repeatedly give "shocks" (which they thought were causing pain) to another girl, a stranger whom they had rated very favorably, simply by being made to feel anonymous and put in a situation where they were expected to engage in this activity.

Observers of these and similar experimental situations never predict their outcomes, and estimate that it is unlikely that they themselves would behave similarly. They can be so confident only when they are outside the situation, but since the majority of people in these studies do act in these "non-rational," "non-obvious" ways, then it follows that the majority of observers would also succumb to the social psychological forces in the situation.

(2) With regard to prisons, we can state that the mere act of assigning labels to people, such as "prisoners" and "guards," and putting them into a situation where those labels acquire validity and meaning, is sufficient to elicit pathological behavior. This pathology is not predictable from any available diagnostic indicators we have in the social sciences, and is extreme enough to modify in very significant ways fundamental attitudes and behavior. The prison situation, as presently arranged, is guaranteed to generate severe enough pathological reactions in both guards and prisoners as to debase their humanity, lower their feelings of self-worth, and make it difficult for them to be part of a society outside of their prison.

### **General Conclusions and Specific Recommendations for Reform**

Prison is any situation in which on person's freedom and liberty are denied by virtue of the arbitrary power exercised by another person and group. Thus our prisons of concrete and steel are only metaphors for the social prisons we create and maintain through enforced poverty, racism, sexism, and other forms of social injustice. They are also the physical symbol of the psychological prisons we create for others, by making even our loved ones feel inadequate or self-conscious, and, worst of all, the imprisonment we impose on our own minds and actions through neurotic fears.

The need for 'prison reform' then is a cry not only to change the operating procedures of our penal institutions, but a more basic plea to change the conditions in our society which make us all prisoners, all less happy, less productive, less free to grow, and less concerned about our brothers than about our own survival.

Our national leaders for years have been pointing to the enemies of freedom, to the fascist or communist threat to the American way of life. In so doing, they have overlooked the threat of social anarchy that is building within our own country without any outside agitation. As soon as a person comes to the realization that he is being 'imprisoned' by his society or individuals in it, in the best American tradition, he demands liberty and rebels, accepting death as an alternative. The third alternative, however, is to allow oneself to become a 'good prisoner,' docile, cooperative, uncomplaining, conforming in thought and complying in deed.

Our prison authorities now point to the 'militant agitators' who are still vaguely part of some communist plot, as the irresponsible, incorrigible trouble-makers. They imply that there would be no trouble, riots, hostages, or deaths if it weren't for this small band of 'bad prisoners.' In other words, if they could break these men, then everything would return to 'normal' again in the life of our nation's prisons.

The riots in prison are coming from within—from within every man and woman who refuses to let the system turn them into an object, a number, a thing, or a no-thing. It is not communist-inspired, but inspired by the spirit of American freedom. No man wants to be enslaved. To be powerless, to be subject to the arbitrary exercise of power, to not be recognized as a human being is to be a slave.

To be a 'militant prisoner' is to become aware that the physical jails are but more blatant extensions of the forms of social and psychological oppression experienced daily in the nation's ghettos. They are trying to awaken the conscience of the nation to the ways in which the American ideals are being perverted in the name of jus-



tice, but actually under the banner of apathy, fear, and hatred. If we do not listen to the pleas of the prisoners at Attica to be treated like human beings, then we all have become brutalized by our priorities for property rights over human rights. The consequences will not only be more prison riots, but a loss of all those ideals on which this country was founded.

## RECOMMENDATIONS:

- (1) Do not demand simple solutions for the complex problems of crime and law enforcement.
- (2) Do continue to search for solutions, to question all assumptions regarding the causes of crime, the nature of the criminal, and the functions of prisons. Support research which might provide some answers to these issues, and continue to keep the legislature and the public informed about these issues.
- (3) Put the specific question of prison reform in the broader context of societal reforms and social injustice which may account for why many commit crimes in the first place.
- (4) Investigate the public's latent attitudes about punishment and retribution, and then initiate programs to the rehabilitative purposes and goals of our correctional institutions.
- (5) Insist that Judges have a continuing interest in what happens to people they sentence.
- (6) Help make the public aware that they own the prisons, and their business is failing. The seventy percent recidivism rate, and the escalation of crimes committed by graduates of our prisons are evidence that current prisons fail to rehabilitate the inmates in any positive way. Rather, they are breeding grounds for hatred of the establishment, a hatred that makes every citizen a target of violent assault. Prisons are a bad investment for us taxpayers. Until now we have not cared, we have turned over to wardens and prison 'authorities' the unpleasant job of keeping people who threaten us out of sight. Now we are shocked to learn that their management practices have failed to improve the product, and they are turning petty thieves into murderers. We must insist upon new management or improved operating procedures.
- (7) Remove the cloak of secrecy from the prisons. Prisoners claim they are brutalized by the guards, guards say it is a lie. Where is the impartial test of the truth in such a situation? Prison officials have forgotten that they work for us, that they are only public servants whose salaries are paid by our taxes. They act as if it is their prison, like a child with a toy he won't share. Neither lawyers, judges, the legislature, nor the public are allowed into prisons to ascertain the truth unless the visit is sanctioned by 'authorities' and until all is prepared for their visit. I was shocked to learn that my request to join this committee's tour of San Quentin and Soledad was refused, as was that of the news media. However, after talking with convicts, it is apparent that such a guided tour would be the same kind an American general would get in Moscow. Did this committee visit A section of the South Block, the upper floors of the adjustment center, B section, third tier, any floor above the bottom one in the hospital? It is likely they did not because these are not part of the prison 'show rooms' in San Quentin.
- (8) There should be an Ambudsman in every prison, not under the pay or control of the prison authority, responsible only to the courts, state legislature and the public. Such a person could report on violations of constitutional and human rights.
- (9) Guards must be given better training than they now receive for the difficult job society imposes upon them. To be a prison guard as now constituted is to be put in a situation of constant threat from within the prison, with no social recognition from the society at large. As was shown graphically at Attica, prison guards are also prisoners of the system who can be sacrificed to the demands of the public to be punitive and the needs of politicians to preserve an image. Social scientists and business training personnel should be called upon to design and help carry out this training.
- (10) In line with this new human relations training would be changes in the perceived role of the 'guards.' They would instead be 'teachers' or 'counselors' and the 'prisoners' would be 'trainees.' The reinforcement (bonus, advancement) for such a 'teacher' would be contingent upon the 'trainees' learning new social and technical skills

which will enable them to leave the 'training-rehabilitation' center as early as possible and not come back.

Positive reinforcement would replace coercion, threats and isolation as means of behavior management. Most prisoners want to return to their community, to be capable of earning a living, to be socially responsible and to be needed by others. Many are in prison not because they don't have a manual trade, but because of deficits in social training. Prisons should be reconstituted to provide the opportunity for such people to have positive social experiences to be responsive to and responsible for others. This could be done by giving them training as psychiatric aides and social workers who must care for other disturbed prisoners. This peer management is the best way to build an individual's sense of self-worth and a feeling of community. In addition, these skills are vitally needed in the communities to which the 'trainees' will return. College students and professional social scientists could volunteer their services or be part of a Vista campaign to produce such training.

(11) The relationship between the individual (who is sentenced by the courts to such a center) and his community must be maintained. How can a 'prisoner' return to a dynamically changing society, that most of us cannot cope with, after being out of it for a number of years? There should be more community involvement in these rehabilitation centers, more ties encouraged and promoted between trainees and family and friends, more educational opportunities to prepare them for returning to their communities as more valuable members of it than they were before they left.

(12) Once a trainee has finished the prescribed course and is judged ready to leave the institution, there should be no stigma attached to his training, no need to report to prospective employers that he/she was a prisoner, no need to be labeled an 'ex-con.'

(13) Finally, the main ingredient to effect any change at all in prison reform, in the rehabilitation of a single prisoner, or even in the optimal development of your own child is caring. That is where all reform must start—with people caring about the well-being of others, especially people with power, like those on this committee, really caring about the most hardened, alleged incorrigible prisoner in solitary confinement. Underneath the toughest, society-hating convict, rebel or anarchist is a human being who wants his existence to be recognized by his fellows and who wants someone else to care about whether he lives or dies and to be sad if he lives imprisoned rather than lives free. ■■■

## THE PRISON MIRROR

March 18, 1972

*Vicet Cum Grano* section

THOUGHTS WHILE TRYING TO FIGURE A WAY OVER THE WALL WITHOUT GETTING SHOT: ...How about all this modern penal language? correctional facility... Correctional-Guidance-Counselor... Detainees... training... treatment... meaningful work experience... Forget the cute phraseology, citizens. You only get what you pay for. Remember the "Attica Correctional Facility"? Well, they corrected 32 of 'em right now! And 11 "Guidance-Counselors" got laid out right beside them. Those "Detainees" are just as dead as if they were "Convicts." This is a prison. We are prisoners. Those guys on the wall are guards. That place in the back is still "the hole" to us but you can call it an "Adjustment Unit" if it makes you sleep better. I think I'm going to be sick. ■■



# The Perfect Escape

Now my secret is unveiled so I will tell you just exactly what has been happening, so you won't go making up stories so far out of proportion no one would believe them. I doubt you'll believe me anyway, but here goes.

As any one, who knows me, will tell you, I'm a firm believer in Mind Over Matter. I believe and practice it. You must realize something strange has been happening. First you found my body on the bunk in my cell. You swore I was dead. Now this same body stands before the five of you, as alive as you are.

True there was no heart beat! Without a brain there can't be a heart beat, and at that time there was no brain in that body. Let me clarify myself. The brain's molecular form was still there, but the thoughts themselves had left the matter and became a force. There was no possible way you could induce movement through electrical impulses or any other means. So I guess you could say the body was dead.

Now after the thoughts had left the body, they became very sensitive to all things, because there were no longer any walls to hold or protect it. And of course there was a very short period of vulnerability. But once the thought force was unleashed it developed powers that knew no end, possible of accomplishing anything. All that was needed to accomplish any task was the time to compute a means to do it.

For the last three weeks not one night has gone by that you couldn't have found my body vacant, or as you call it dead. Even occasionally during the day part of the forces would leave the body leaving behind only what was needed to keep the body functioning.

There is no limit to how far the forces could travel. They could travel millions of miles in only seconds. However it was a rare occasion that I left the face of the planet for there are millions of things yet to be discovered here on earth.

Each time my mind left the body the forces grew stronger, gaining more and more power. I still have a long way to go but I'm learning and will continue to do so. Once I started exercising these powers it came natural after a while to keep going. Each of us has these powers at birth, but it's like a muscle. If it goes unused it weakens, but if a person realizes he has the powers and uses them they will grow to an indefinite size and power. Now I have developed it and I could show you how, but I won't.

Do you realize I can do anything I want and no one can stop me? You know some people would misuse these powers and cause trouble for the whole world. Don't worry, I won't; all I want to do is keep testing and developing these powers and live my own life!

Well, anyway, as I was saying, these powers I have developed have no boundaries. I can hear, see, smell, feel, and taste as well as many other things. Even though I have no body to do these things with, they still work. I also have an excellent means of transportation, but I can't describe how it works either.

Science  
Fiction

by  
Roger  
Diffie

I must say you gave me a dreadful fright when, upon my return, I found my body had been moved.

Actually, it didn't take long to figure it would be in the hospital ward, only if I hadn't re-entered it when I did, it would have been mutilated. That would have ruined something I found useful. That was where I often studied my nightly findings.

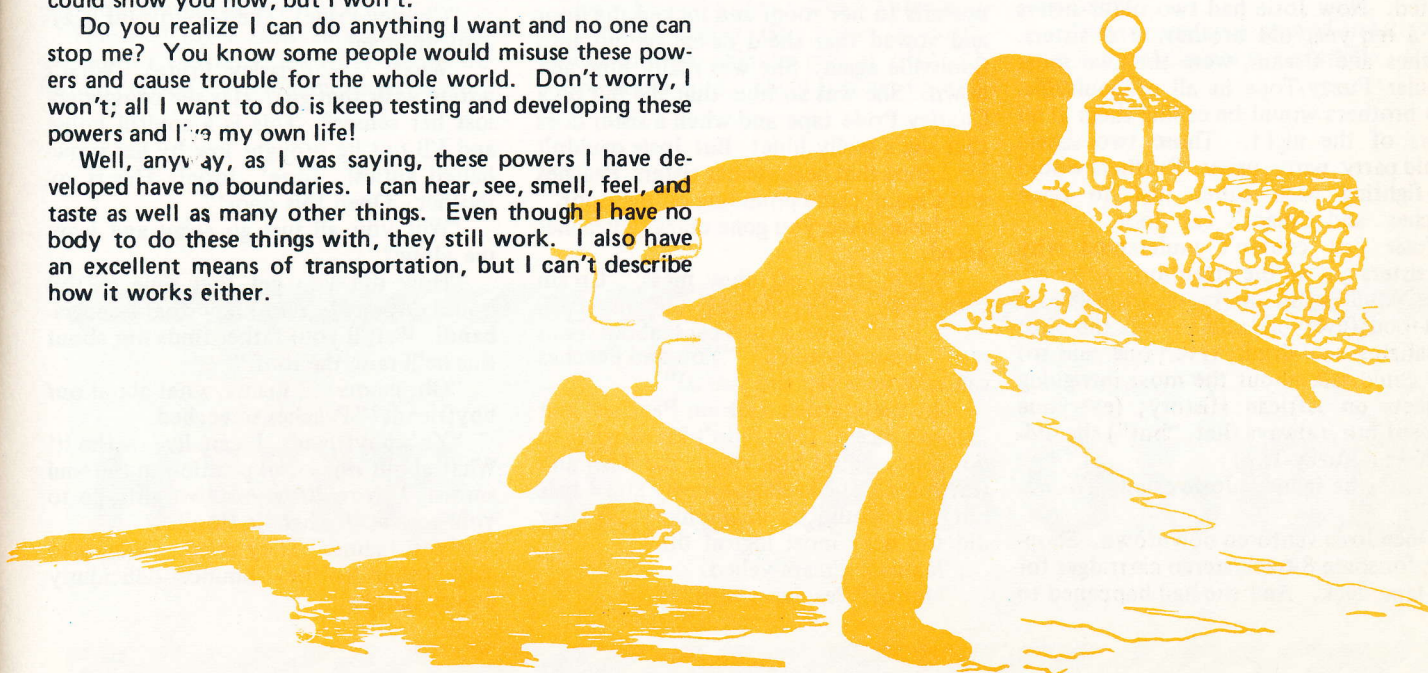
Now, during all these three weeks, I have been trying to accomplish two things. One, was to find a way to enter another human body, which is much harder than you might think, because no two bodies are identical in structure and the human body is a very detailed and complex piece of material. The second, was to find a suitable and unoccupied body.

Now both things are accomplished. I found a body that suits my needs to perfection. It was a young man that died only yesterday. All I have to do is move it to a new location. And I have found a unique way to move from my body to that one.

So, now Warden Noskire, Captain Jens, Doctor Thomas and Sirs, I say Goodbye and I leave for better days.

[This story told by the Inmate was never repeated by any of the men who had been in the room when the body fell to the floor "dead."]

It was told to me by the Doctor who was present that day, just as he and the other four were committed to the Asylum in Austin.]





# THE BLACK T H A N G

Miracle in Soulsville

by Jeremiah Graves

Once upon a time, long ago, there lived in the city of Soulsville this beautiful brown-skinned sister. Now this sister, whose name was Josie, had everything any swinging chick could desire. Her old man was the owner of Soulsville's only T.V. station. And baby, Josie lived in the lap of luxury. Let me describe this chick to you so that you can get the gist of her down-home beauty: Her feet were petite and sweet; her legs were long and smooth; her hips jutted out ever so daintily; her waist tiny as a twinkle; her breast plump and full; her lips tasted of brown sugar; her nose made to be kissed; her eyes black and sparkly as a summer night. Now this Josie was dynamite, out-a-sight and culturally alright!

She drove the latest motor machine and her fashions came from the House of Harlem. Chic! I mean like who could be chicer? Josie knew the latest dances but she could never show her stuff because there was one thing with Josie that the brothers didn't dig; and that was her straight hair!

Now you might think this of no importance. But let me assure you that in a town like Soulsville the type hair ones got is of major importance. If you weren't Fuzzy-Wuzzy then you were out. No ifs, ands or buts about it. You were like out in the cold! And that is where Josie was . . . no dates. . . no boys calling her on the phone. . . no little surprises in the mail. . . *Nothing!* She just might as well not have existed. Now Josie had two older sisters and a ten year old brother. Her sisters, Peaches and Cream, were the two most popular Fuzzy-Tops in all of Soulsville. Her brothers would be calling them at all hours of the night. Those two sisters would party, party, party. Brothers would be fighting each other just to open Peaches' and Cream's car door.

Josie just couldn't understand why her sisters got all the attention. After all, Josie could whip up the most delicious soul-food; (everyone said so) mix the most tantalizing soul-drink; (everyone said so) and could talk about the most intriguing subjects on African History; (everyone said so) but, (always that, "but") she didn't have a Fuzzy-Top!

"Oh, woe is me," Josie cried. "Woe is me!"

Once Josie ventured downtown. Shopping for some 8-track stereo cartridges for her tape deck. And she had happened to

drop into this Gay bar. The Fairy brothers couldn't have been fairer. The place was alive with excitement. The light show was fantastically soulful and the music blaring forth was funky and right on! Josie had never seen such frenzy, such total abandonment. She had felt like this at home while listening to her tape deck and the Queen of Soul, Sister 'Retha was wailing, but she had never seen it or participated in it. And the colors! The Gay brothers strutted in their colors. Sas-shayed in their peacock finery. And Josie tingled from her toes to her straw-straight hair. She felt it! She wanted to groove. Her petite feet wanted to leap. Her hips wanted to sway! All of a sudden Josie couldn't hold back anymore. All her pent-up dancing desires let loose and she was shaking her tail feather! She was moving so gracefully and fluid that all the Gay folks moved back. . . startled and jealous. One of the 'Fairy cross the Mersy' fellows said in his falsetto.

"Look! It's a straw hair!"

Another peacock beauty said, "Oh, she'll contaminate my man!" And then the clamor began.

"Out, you straw-haired strumpet, out!"

"Ya' ain't no Fuzzy-Wuzzy, sister! Whatcha' doin' in here?"

"You tell her, honey!"

"Throw the wench out!"

So Josie ran out of the club and into the not-so-friendly streets of Soulsville. She ran, weeping, all the way home. Flew upstairs to her room and locked the door and vowed that she'd never go out into Soulsville again. She was really blue and down. She was so blue that she put on a Charley Pride tape and when a sister does that she's really blue! But Josie couldn't have done that because her sisters, Peaches and Cream, came pounding on her door.

"Josie, have you gone crazy?" Peaches asked.

"Yeah, turn off that mess!" Cream chimed in. "You wanna ruin our rep!"

"I don't give a two-cent about your rep!" Josie screamed. "You and Peaches can take your rep and jam it!"

Oh, the startled look on Peaches' and Cream's faces! They didn't know what to do. They could beat down the door and tear out all of Josie's old messy straw hair but that would be unladylike. So they did the next most logical thing.

"Mama!" Cream yelled.

"Mama!" Peaches yelled.



"Yes, children?" Their lovely, carefree mother answered.

"Mama, would you come up here and see what's wrong with your daughter?" Peaches said.

"Now children," Their mother said, coming up the stairs. "You know how Josie is. You have to humor her."

"Humor her my foot!" Cream screamed.

"Do you know what she's playing?" Peaches asked.

"No, my two lovely Fuzzy-Tops. What is she playing?" The mother replied, as she stood at the top of the gracefully curved stairs.

"Charley Pride!" The two lovely Fuzzy-Tops snapped.

"What! . . . Charley Pride! What's wrong with that girl? Has she completely lost her senses? This is a soulful house and I'll not be brought low by her straw-haired antics! Josie! Josie! This is yo' mother. Open this door!"

"Will you all just go away and leave me alone?"

"How did you get that tape in this house anyway? You know that's contraband! Wait'll your father finds out about this he'll raise the roof."

"Oh, mama. . . mama, what about our boyfriends?" Peaches screeched.

"Yo' boyfriends I can live without! What about *my* social position in the soul sorority? Now look you two girls, go to your rooms. I'll handle this."

"Yes, mama," They cried. Clinging to each other as they bounce deliciously down the hall.



"Josie, baby, I've got to go downstairs and finish entertaining. Now you be a good girl and take off that tape!"

No reply.

"Josie, Honey. . . I'm leaving."

Knock! Knock! Knock!

"Yeah! What is it?"

"Josie? It's me. Jock."

Now Jock was Josie's little brother. And they had always gotten along swell. He could always cheer Josie when she was down. Josie was glad he'd come. She got off the bed and crossed to the door, unlocked it and flung it open. Handsome Jock walked in. Ten years old and he was already breaking hearts.

"Oh, Jock. . . Jock!" Josie flung herself into his arms.

"Now. . . now, sister of mine." Jock said jauntily, while stroking her straw hair. "What made you cry this time?" And Josie went on to tell him of her latest escapade. After she'd finished Jock said, "Here, I brought something for you."

"Oh. . . Jock! The latest 'Retha tape. Can I play it now?" Josie squealed.

"Sure. . . you bet your sweet sixteen dimples you can. Here let me plug it in."

"Wow. . . 'lil brer, listen to that! I'd give anything to be like sister 'Retha. She's got everything any man could want."

"Hey, sis, dig. 'Retha givin' a performance down at King's Theater tomorrow night. Wanna come? Daddy's gonna broadcast it live!"

"Yeah, I'd love to come. But what'll I do 'bout my hair?" Josie said, holding strands of her hair for Jock to inspect.

"Oh, shucks! Don't you worry 'bout that. Just leave everything to little old Jock. You be ready to leave 'round ten-thirty. 'Retha is doing her thing at eleven. So long now Chick. Power!" Jock gives her the power-shake and leaves in a cloud of marijuana smoke.

The next night Josie and Jock arrives at the King Theater at ten-forty-five. The band is playing, "The Theme from Shaft,"

and the mood is wild. Josie is dressed in a cloak. A scarf covers her hated hair. They move up front, just below the stage. Josie was nervous. She sat watching the created excitement around her. Hoping that no one would recognize her and start calling her names. She knew her sisters, Peaches and Cream, were present. For they had been home all day primping and pampering their Fuzzy-Tops. Preparing for this night. Jock leaned over and gave Josie a squeeze.

"Don't be nervous, pussycat. Relax. Here, have a drag." Josie pulled on 'the weed' and her body relaxed a little. Nothing to worry 'bout. The lights were dim. And the band was fantabulous. She was going to enjoy this night. She was mellow and lovely in her cloak-and-dagger outfit. She was feeling like 'a natural woman' as sister 'Retha would sing.

Suddenly the music stopped. The lights dimmed even more and the stage went black. A voice over the public address system came through.

"And noo-ow laadees and gentlee-mens, the moment you've been waitin' for. The queen of 'em all, Sister 'Retha!" Pandemonium broke loose! The engineer had just said, "All aboard," and the train was taking off! Sister 'Retha came on with "Spirit in the Dark" and Josie caught hold of that fast moving train. The spotlight caught sister 'Retha and every eye in the place was transfixed on her. She glowed! She was magnificent! Her white sequined gown complemented her ebony and her Fuzzy-Top dripped diamonds. Jock moaned. Josie squealed. And sister 'Retha was dressed-to-kill. Jock looked at his watch. Fifty-five minutes had shot by. He nudged Josie.

"Get ready, a couple minutes to go." He whispered.

Josie looked at her watch. Three minutes before twelve. She began to worry. Would she be able to pull it off? Of course she would. She'd just get up with

the crowd. She looked at her watch. A minute to go. She rose from her seat, dancing and prancing towards the stage. The excitement was now in her. Her heart was racing. She was a few feet from the stage. 'Retha was standing at the edge, wailing. Now! Josie leaped. Touched sister 'Retha's gown. And felt herself being transformed. She threw off her cloak and scarf. Ran her fingers through her hair and felt. . . a *Fuzzy-Top!!!*

"Oh, Jock! Jock!" she squealed. "It worked! 'Retha and the magic hour of midnight worked!" She ran to Jock, hugging and kissing him. And then Peaches and Cream spotted the commotion.

"Look, isn't that Josie?" Peaches asked. "Yeah," answered Cream. "What is she up to?"

"I don't know, but let's go over there and find out." Peaches and Cream got up to leave and twenty boys followed. Meanwhile the show had been stopped by Josie's transformation. Sister 'Retha stared haughtily at her present up-staging. The spotlight had swung to Josie and a crowd of new admirers admired the brand new Josie.

Sister 'Retha walked up to the microphone and said, "Hey, sister if you want to get in my act, please come on the stage."


Josie turned and walked toward the stage entrance. She walked onto the stage and the house quieted down. Her striking beauty has struck.

"If you wish, I'd love to join you sister 'Retha."

"Well, what would you like to do?"

"Anything you wanna do. I know all of your songs and am fully aware of your beat."

"All right! Then let's start out with 'What's Goin' On.' Downbeat please Mr. Maeastro."

They swung, they glowed and they were the baddest Sisters in Soulsville. Can ya' dig it? 

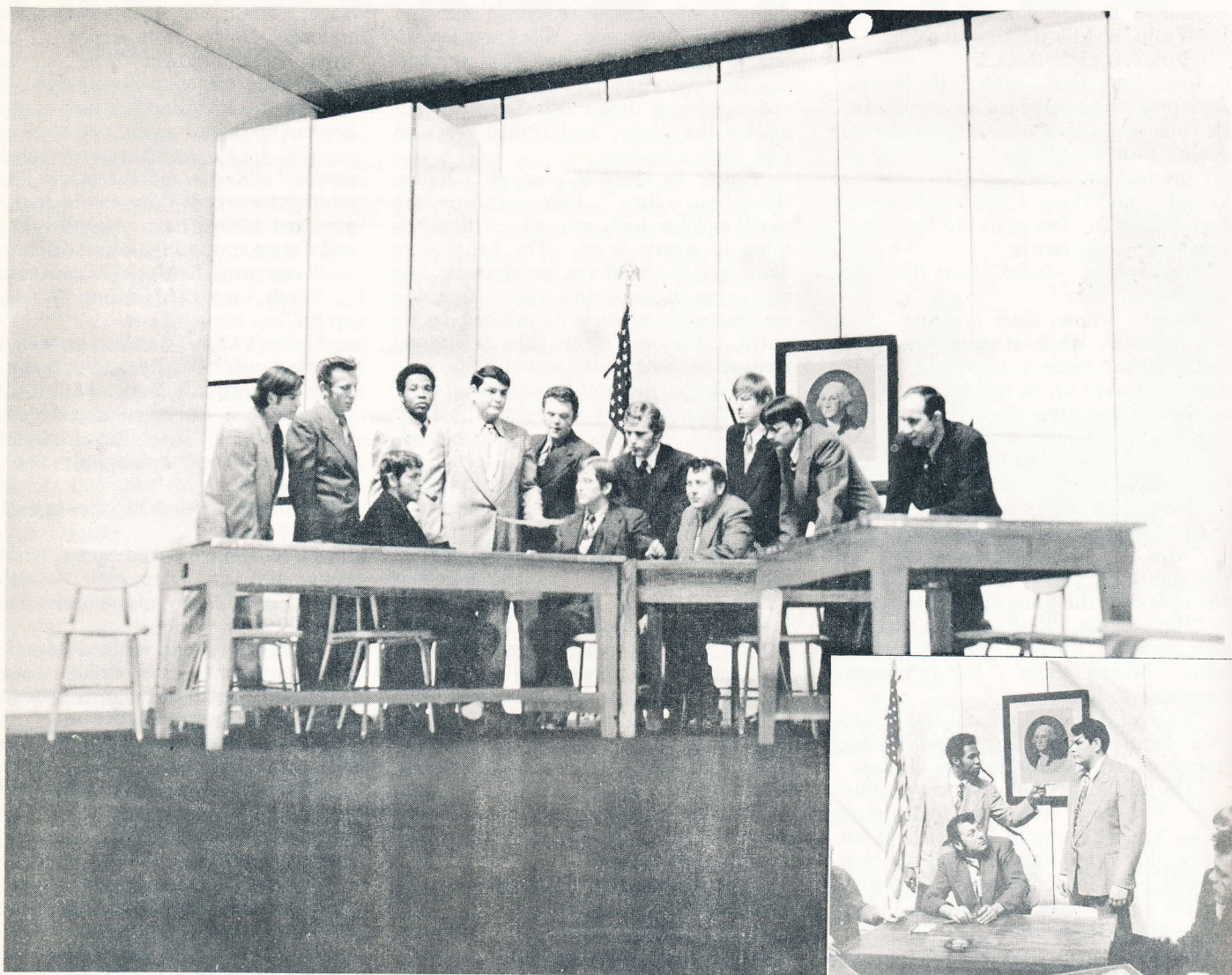
# HIRE A PAROLEE



# TWELVE ANGRY MEN

Review

by: Dennis Ottoson



*Twelve Angry Men* was originally written as a television drama in the '50s by Reginald Rose. It is a drama that focuses on a group of citizens who are charged with the duty of determining the fate of a nineteen-year-old boy accused of the murder of his father. The conflict eventually centers around two jurors, one a thoughtful man who believes strongly in the benefit of doubt and the other a sadist who wants to send the boy to his death despite any doubts.

Twice during the week of March 20, 1972, a group of amateur actors in the South Dakota Penitentiary put on this play. The play was the first of what hopes to be a continuing series of plays put on by the inmates and sponsored by the Granite City Jaycees, the prison chapter. The play was directed by Steve Rinder from Augustana College in Sioux Falls. Rinder also plans to direct several more plays in the prison, a voluntary service much appreciated by the men he works with.

The play was put on in the auditorium-chapel of the prison—once to the inmate body and once to the public. The setting of the playhouse/theater was no doubt a contributing factor to its success, certainly to the public audience.

The two main antagonists were very convincingly portrayed by Tom White Hawk as the thoughtful defender and

by Jeremiah Graves as the sadist. Also especially good in the supporting roles were Lowell Loberg as a tired old man, William McMullen as the self-important foreman, Eugene Roof as an immigrant defending the system of his adopted country, and Galen Van Cleave as a mouthy bigot who condemns the boy as one who "don't even speak good English."

The other roles were handled quite adequately by Francis Rowley, Dennis Willuweit, Terry Colvin, Gayland Pyle, Lon Jensen, Thomas Skolimowski, and Ralph Johnson. The technical work was done by Danny Trujillo, Jerry Bush, Dennis Willard, Lee Black, Dale Bray, and Danny DeLong. Ron McConahie, the staff sponsor for the Granite City Jaycees, also helped.

The play was definitely a success. Perhaps the greatest measure of its success came from the prison inmates, for they have faced such juries themselves. On the night the play was put on for them, the inmate audience began by hooting and whistling at their friends and acquaintances. But by the time the play had reached its climax, all pauses were met with expectant silence and the end met enthusiastic applause. One man summed it up the next day when he said, "I've been here twenty years and that's the best thing I've seen."



# BRANDON VALLEY HIGH STAGE BAND

by John Sweeney



Morris Magnuson,  
Superintendent



Dave Arnott

On the evening of March 14, 1972, the Brandon Valley High School Stage Band, under the direction of George Gulson, presented an hour-long concert for the men at Granite City. The thirty member band is a volunteer group made up of students from the overall musical organization at Brandon Valley. These students hold practice sessions at least twice each week, beginning at 7:30 AM; these practice sessions are in addition to regular practice sessions and classes. Even with the many extra hours of work required to become a member of the stage band there is a long waiting list of students hoping to play in it. Of the 464 students presently enrolled at Brandon Valley more than one-fourth of them are involved in the instrumental music program. The major goal of most of these young musicians is to be allowed to work the extra hours each week so that they, too, might become a part of the stage band.

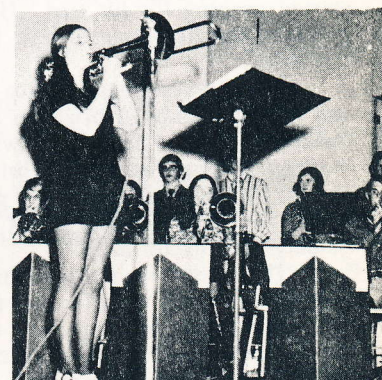
Nineteen-seventy-two marks the tenth year of organization for the stage band and this is the second year in a row that the band has appeared at Granite City. After the appearance here last year Mr. Gulson and the band members immediately started making arrangements to return. Their enthusiasm was such that the Brandon Valley Superintendent, Mr. Morris Magnuson, decided to come to Granite City this year to see for himself the reaction to the performance. Both Mr. & Mrs. Magnuson were here, along with Mrs. Gulson, the director's wife.

Again, as last year, the reaction of the men here at Granite City was more than enthusiastic. This is the only audience we ever saw that would applaud when the band changed piano players. The girls were both great piano players. . . what mini-skirts!

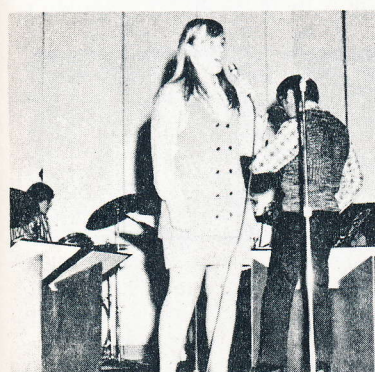
Some of the solo performers with the band were Trudy Moss, Dave Arnott, Daryl Nelson, Terry O'Connor, Don Newcomb, and Debbie Thoreson. Trudy, Dave, and Daryl were the featured vocalists and Terry, as well as being featured on a trombone solo, was an extremely nice feature in her own right.

Selections by the band included: *Preservation Rock*, *Rainy Days and Mondays*, *Tribute to Basie*, *California Dreamin'*, *Night Train*, *Modal Model*, *Up With People*, *Boogaloo*, *Don't Sleep In The Subway*, and *Eleanor Rigby*.

It was a most enjoyable concert; presented to us by some very fine people. ■■■



Terry O'Connor



Trudy Moss



Don Newcomb



# A SOFT TOUCH

STARRING **ROBERT HARPER** WRITTEN & PRODUCED **by HAROLD BRODER (fiction)**

As Robert walked into the Calais Restaurant, he knew tonight he would have to straighten things out with Lucia once and for all. He quickly spotted her and went to her table.

"I'm so glad we could be together before you left for the coast," said Lucia.

"Listen to me." Robert bent forward as if to become closer to her. "By the time I return from the coast you must have severed all relationships with your husband. You must ask him for a divorce. I'm tired of meeting secretly in dark restaurants and sneaking around back alleys. I have a reputation to think of. My whole future is at stake."

Lucia smiled and said, "You're right honey, I'll take care of everything right away."

As soon as Robert got back to the apartment he started packing for his trip. He would leave early in the morning and he was sure now that everything would turn out right.

Two days had passed since he'd arrived in Los Angeles and his future looked bright as an actor. His new film was coming along fine; his co-star was a vivacious blond named Marlene and he was seeing a lot of her on and off the set. Robert thought this was indeed good for his reputation. He was really tired tonight for it had been a busy day; he quickly fell off to sleep.

The phone rang three times before it woke him. It took another two rings for him to move from the dark bedroom, down the hallway, into the dark living room, find the telephone and lift it to his ear.

"Boston calling," said the operator. "I have a person-to-person call for Mr. Robert Harper of Los Angeles."

"Speaking," he mumbled, his voice hung over with sleep. "Go ahead, I'll take the call."

After a short while he heard her voice. She sounded

"That's too long. I want to come out there. I need you so bad."

hurried and out of breath.

"Honey, this is Lucia. You were asleep weren't you? I'm real sorry, but I must talk to you. I'm going out of my mind."

Still feeling the effects of being asleep he leaned backwards and drifted into the couch next to the telephone table. "Calm down," he said. "Tell me what's going on."

It had been almost three days since he had last spoken to her.

"Robert, it was terrible. He came to my apartment tonight. He was dead drunk. He started hitting me." She started crying hysterically.

"How did he find out where you were living?"

"He got my address from my office. He said he wasn't ever going to give me a divorce. Oh! honey, what are

we going to do? I'm so mixed up and lost. . ." Then she started crying aloud, only this time deeper.

Robert said, "Take it easy."

"When are you coming home?" Her voice was pleading. He could visualize what her face looked like at that moment, frantic, her red hair in disorder.

"Soon," he said. "Another month or so."

"That's too long. I want to come out there. I need you so bad."

"That's impossible," he chided. "I can't afford any scandal right now. I've been waiting for this break all my life."

"Forgive me, honey. I don't want to hurt your chances for success."

He paused until she controlled herself. "Where is he now?"

"You mean Bill? He passed out on the floor. I shudder to think of what he'll do when he comes to."

Robert searched for a pack of cigarettes, and his matches, then lit a cigarette and waited.

After a minute she said, "I'm sorry. I was asleep when he came. I've been in bed every night early since you left. All I do is watch TV."

He interrupted her, trying to bring her thoughts back to the problem at hand. "Is his car outside the house? Anybody see him come in?" he asked, trying to keep the tone steady.

"It's almost three o'clock here. Nobody's awake. You know this street, all factories. Robert?"

"I'm here."

"What am I going to do? He hurts me. What if he means it and won't give me a divorce?"

"You love me Lucia?" he asked.

"Oh yes honey, you know there is nothing I wouldn't do for you."

"Something has to be done about your husband right now."

"Then listen to me." He leaned forward as if to make himself closer to her. "Your husband is causing us too much trouble, I have my reputation to think of. My whole future is at stake."

"What are you saying?" asked Lucia.

"Something has to be done about your husband right now."

She became tearful again. "Robert, tell me what to do. I'll do anything you say."

He paused a moment and took a puff of his cigarette, then spoke softly. "He has to be taken care of, Lucia," he coaxed. "As long as he's around you and I will never make it. You understand, Lucia?" he coaxed. "It's either him or me."

"Robert, you sound crazy."

"I mean it Lucia. This is showdown night."



"What do you want from me?"  
 "He's lying there unconscious, isn't he? You said no one saw him coming in. No one would ever know."  
 "But how?"  
 "You know the big pillow you keep on the bed?"  
 "Oh Robert, no, I couldn't."  
 He continued as if she hadn't spoken. "Go get the pillow Lucia. Cover his face, press down and hold him that way for five minutes."  
 She began to weep heavier. He patiently waited.  
 "Robert. . ." Her voice pleaded. "But he's my husband."  
 "He's a curse. Do it right now!"  
 "Robert!" she screamed. "Please don't hang up on me!"  
 "Then do as I say."  
 "Yes, yes anything. . . Only I'm frightened. . ., I need you here."  
 "Soon. . ., very soon," he soothed. "Pick up the pillow Lucia. Get it over with."  
 "Honey, I love you, say you love me."  
 "I love you. Just imagine I'm there beside you."  
 "Robert. . ."  
 "Lucia, get going."  
 "I'll do it now, wait for me."  
 He heard her put the phone down. He lit another cigarette and blew smoke into the darkness. He wondered what the weather was like in Boston. Ten minutes passed. Nothing. . . Then her voice, faint, caved in.  
 "Robert?"  
 "Lucia."  
 "It's over. He's dead. He looks so small and quiet."  
 "Are you positive?"  
 "Very. He's very dead. Talk to me Robert. Please say something."

"There's nothing to worry about. Lucia, you have to get started."  
 "What do you want me to do next?"  
 "Take a blanket off your bed. Cover him with it. Then bring the car around as close as you can. Drag him into the car."  
 "Honey, I'm so scared."  
 "I'm counting on you, Lucia."  
 "And when you get home, we'll get married?"  
 "Sure Lucia."  
 "And you'll be a great actor. And we'll have a beautiful home together. And kiss each other all the time. Tell me it's going to be like that."  
 "Yes Lucia, it'll be just that way. I'll be home very soon."  
 "That's what I wanted to hear. I'll be okay."  
 "Listen carefully. After you put him into the car, drive down to the East River Drive. Make sure he's covered with the blanket. Remember that dock we used to park on, the one on 18th Street?"  
 "Yes, I remember."  
 "Drive to it. Make sure it's deserted, then dump the body over the side. Then take the car and leave it a few blocks from the house. Be sure and wear gloves."  
 "Lucia, do you hear me? Do it quickly!"  
 "Yes Robert, I understand."  
 "I will call you in an hour. You should be done by then."  
 "Robert, do you hate me for what I've done?"  
 "No, Lucia, I love you very much. But hurry up before it gets light out."  
 "Goodnight darling, I'm with you all the way."  
 He heard the telephone click and go dead. He gently put the receiver back on the handle. He paused a moment

continued on pg. 36

# DOIN' CELL TIME

by Thomas E. Skolimowski



!Keep the mind occupied! To me, this is the only way to keep from going (and here I'll use the old adage) "stir crazy." I keep myself occupied in various ways. I read alot, and

thanks to my good friend, who is also loaded down with patience, have learned the rudiments of !Tooling! and the working of leather. I also try and spend a little time each day in writing, either past or present experiences. One of my main hobbies is music and from the minute I enter my cell until I either leave or go to sleep I have my earphones on. This, of course, lets me enjoy my music but it also helps keep out the sound of the other 200 people. Privacy is something to be revered in a place like this and the only way one can get it in here is to create it within one's own mind. With the earphones blocking out all of the sound, one does get the feeling of being alone.

One of the few good things I can say about doing "Cell Time" is that if I ever want anything I can usually reach it from where ever I am at the time. No having to go into the next room, so to speak, to get it.

All in all, I find myself fairly successful in keeping busy-though sometimes I have to force myself. I know that if I just give up I will become stagnant.

In closing I would like to ask if anybody who has read the last two **DOIN' CELL TIME** columns has come up with an answer to the question of what to do with your mind when the lights are out and you can't sleep? If anybody has the answer I sure wish that they would contact the MESSENGER so that the other three hundred of us could know.

SHALOM



# A PRISON with a HEART

by Mary Vann

When you first see our new unit there is no way to tell that it is what it is, as the building is really beautiful. No bars or fence, just some real modern iron work which really sets the place off.

All of the women here really feel proud at being the first ones, here, and we feel that the way that we conduct ourselves will tell how it is going to be for the next women that arrive here. Our rules are at a minimum and we are all trying to keep them that way. We are accepting the responsibility of cleaning and making our home away from home look its very best.

It is very large. I'm sitting in our west wing which is our visiting and playroom; on the east end of this wing is our kitchen and laundry facilities. Also there we have a lovely sitting area with an RCA color TV and boy does everything look great. We have 28 rooms which are very large, they have a built-in dresser, desk combination, private bathroom facilities, an open closet and all kinds of plug-ins for radios and such things as a girl deems necessary for keeping up her appearance.

The place is great, the building is beautiful and all is running smooth. . . but best of all is the fact that we are on home turf and that we have staff that cares about us and that is the most important thing. They want us to feel at ease with them and this is very easy to do as they make you know that they have your best interest at heart. They have one thing in mind and that is to help each and every one of us to get ourselves back together and for us to be ready to go back into society with our heads up high and face life on a new lease.

Each of us are treated as individuals and not on the theory that all of us are alike. I know that this is very important, for in all the time that I have done, this is the first time that there has really been anyone that showed me that they cared whether I got out, let alone that I stayed out. Here they let us know that they do care, and it gives each of us a feeling of caring back about what is happening.

Some of us, if not all, have had the feeling that we stood alone and these people here very definitely let us know that this is not so. They are always near when you need one of them, if for no other reason than that you just need to sit down and chat.

We hope and pray that as each day passes that we will be able to make our unit look better and better. Everyone is doing their share of work and getting along together, which is very important. Some of our women have started on a work training program.

We are going to be making our own drapes for our windows and getting new bedspreads for our rooms. These things are real important in helping us to accept and learn to keep things the way they should be kept. Who knows, there may come a day when all of us will be proud of the things that we learned while being here.

We have some real great country music playing in the background and some of the girls are working to help get the place put together the way that we want it to be, while I sit here and try and put these words down on paper as to how we feel. I guess, really, that I can only speak for myself, but I am picking up good thoughts and ideas from the other girls and women here. There is a smile on all of the women's faces here so that, in itself, says something for the place. As you know, it is hard to smile when you are cut off from the ones you love and care about, but here the staff and other peers help to give a person something to smile about and to look forward to.

We have late night on Saturday and then sleep in on Sunday, getting up and one of us cooks for the rest. These things may seem small but it does make us know that they are caring about us and that they are trying to make things as pleasant for us as possible. I can't think of another person that has the privileges that we have here.

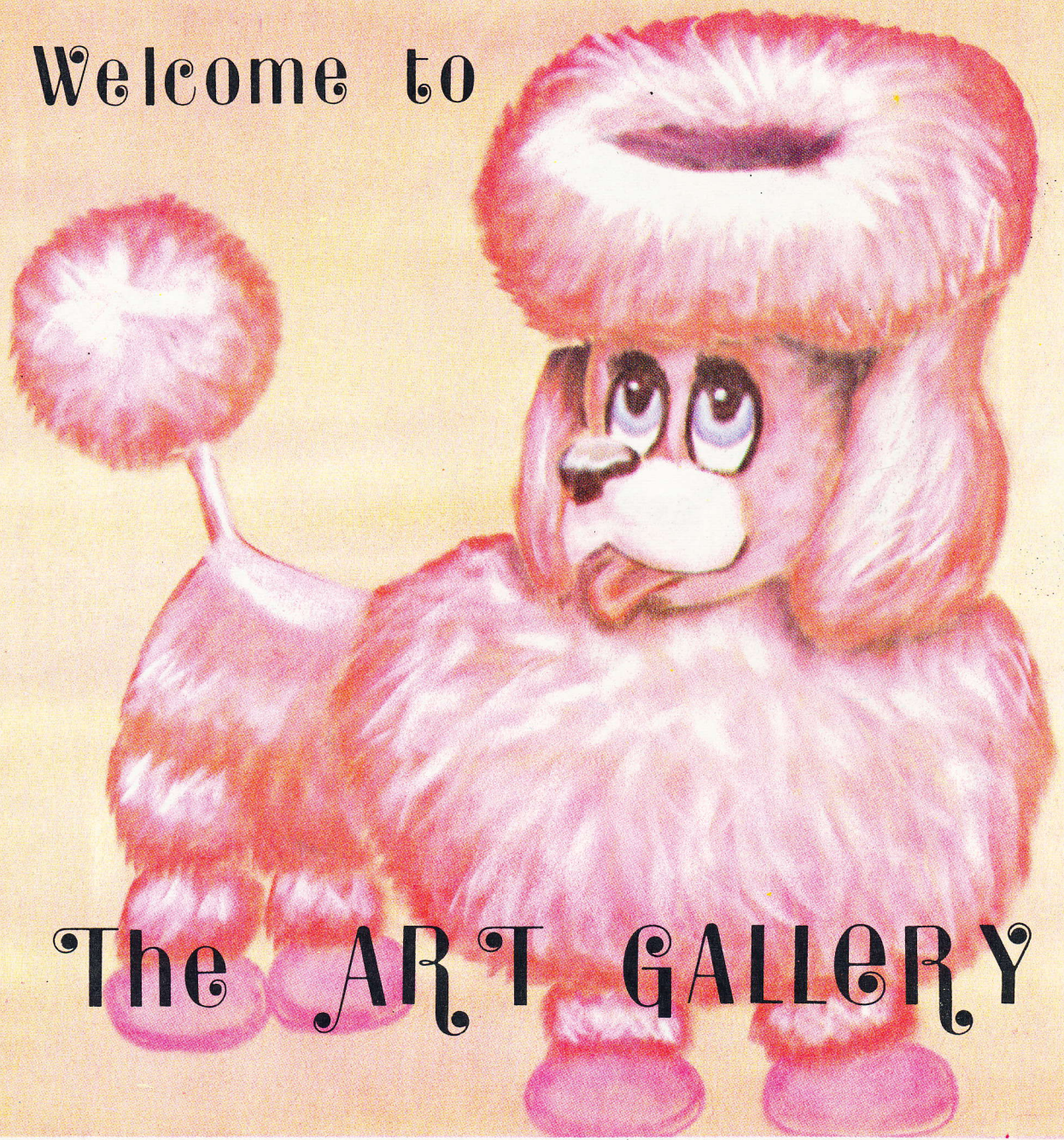
So this, in its own special way, is showing all that they, the staff, do care and that is what makes this place so different and unique, and we are very happy that it is this way.

We eat most of our meals in the main cafeteria which is just a nice walk across campus. The food is out of sight and all of us are getting our fill of some out of sight cooking, not all of us need all of that good food, but we are eating it anyway and will have to pay to take off the excess later. The first night we were here—to our great delight—we were served steak and that's good living any way that you look at it.

Now, last but by far not least, is our own Mrs. M. Holt. She is just great and the backbone of our facility. To cover all areas and our individual requests in itself is a job, let alone all of her own personnel and paper work to keep up. But Mrs. Holt handles all with ease and has all going along just great. This lady is what gives each of us the get-up-and-go we need to take a good look at ourselves. She will take time she needs for other things, if one of us just needs to talk. Our Mrs. Holt is the heart of this place. Mrs. Holt and her staff is why we call this A PRISON WITH A HEART.\*\*\*\*\*



Welcome to



The ART GALLERY





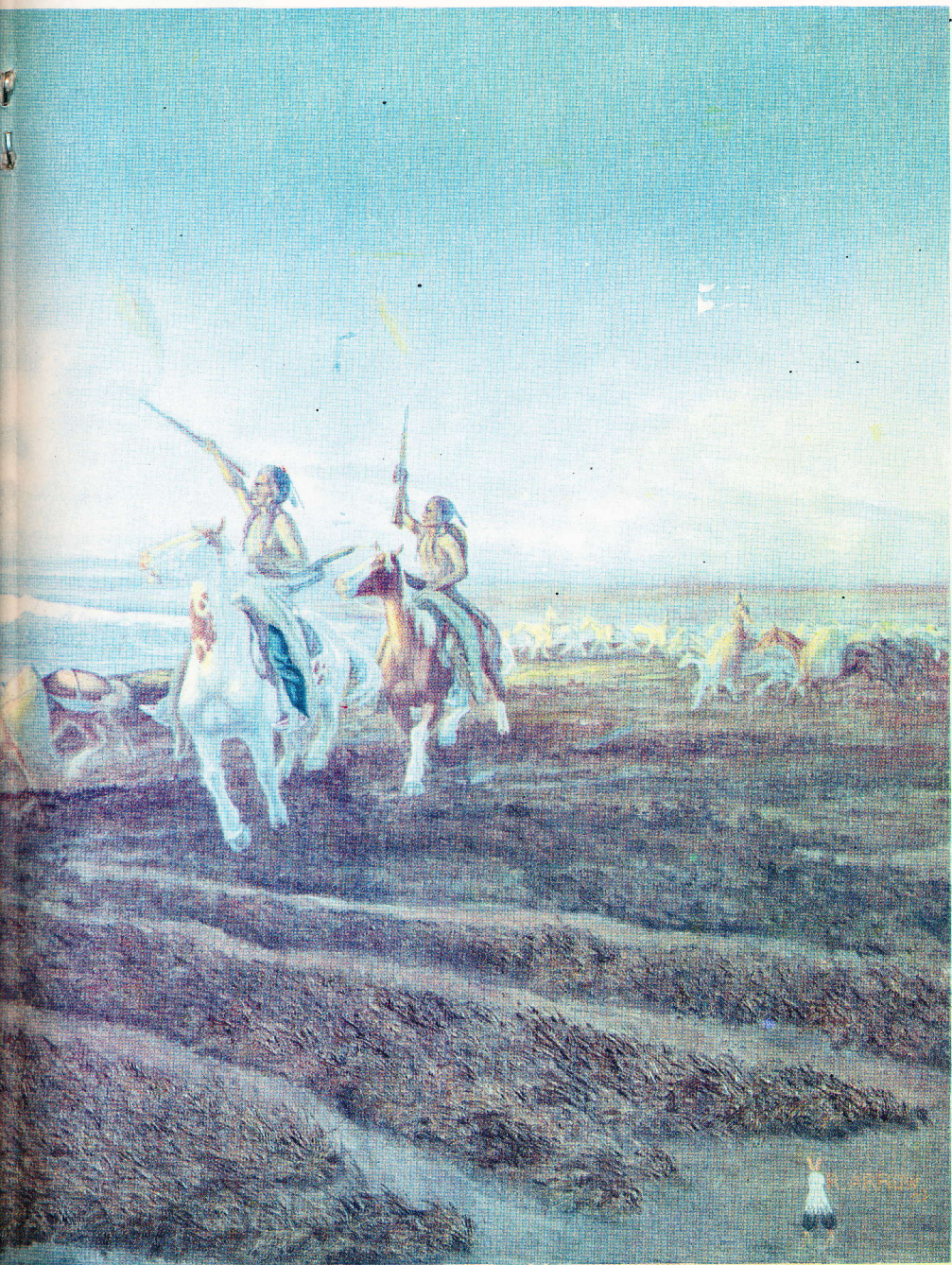


























# Letters to the Editor

I heard KXRB talk about *The Messenger* and I would like to subscribe for a year.

Enclosed is \$1.00 in cash.

/s/ Mrs. Sally Beste  
Wynot, Neb.

Dear Sirs:

In regards to your advertising the *Messenger* on K.X.R.B.—please add our name to your subscription list. Enclosed is one dollar for one year.

Thank you.  
Loren L. Fenstermaker  
Sioux Falls, S.D.

Sir:

Heard on Radio KXRB that you publish a paper called the *Messenger* for \$1.00 per year.

Enclosed is a dollar for which please send it to me for a year.

Thank you.  
Ervin Schelske  
Parkston, S.D.

Heard of this magazine\* over KXRB radio station. Please send us a year's subscription. \$1.00 enclosed.

Thanks.  
Bultman Charolais Ranch  
Wessington, S.D.  
\*Magazine= *Messenger*

May 4, 1972

Enclosed is check for \$1. (one) dollar for a years (sic) subscription to the *Messenger*. I heard this on K.X.R.B.

Thank you.  
Keith Edwards  
Pipestone, Minn.

Our thanks to our new subscribers for their support of the *Messenger* and a special thanks to radio station KXRB, 1000 on your radio dial in Sioux Falls. . . the Home of Country Music. [Ed.]

Summer Issue 1972

Jerry Bush,

Another order for you, I have been spreading the 'good news' of the messenger, and understand that Jeremiah gave his permission for 'you know what'. (in the coming issue) I'll keep in touch with good things and hope to become a regular feature. God willing. And the 'snow' don't kill the petunia plants.

Thanks for caring enough to check it out.

May you have a good day, and 'something good is going to happen to you.'

/s/ Mrs. //D"

Mrs. Dickerson

Enclosed is \$1.00 for a 1 year subscription to the *Messenger*. I would appreciate having your latest issue as part of my subscription.

Thank you.  
Mrs. John F. Huebner  
Slayton, Minn.

Dear Sir:

I have just learned and seen of your paper "The Messenger". I'm very much impressed with it and am enclosing \$1.00 in cash for a year's subscription.

If I was misinformed and the price is more, please let me know.

Thank you.  
Sincerely yours,  
Dell Waltner  
Marion, So. Dak.

Dear Sirs:

Will you please enter my name on your mailing list to receive the MESSENGER? Enclosed is my dollar.

Sincerely,  
Mrs. James Carroll  
Austin, Minn.

Dear Sir:

I am a junior majoring in journalism and am enrolled this semester in The Minority Press in America course at the University of Wisconsin—Eau Claire. A major portion of the work of the course is a study of regular newspaper publications that serve various minorities in this country.

I need some copies of your publication to satisfy the course work. If possible, I'd like to be placed on your mailing list for five or six issues. That way, I can learn more about your newspaper and I'd enjoy reading it. Could that be done?

That is, of course, for an educational purpose. But if there's any charge, please bill me.

Very truly yours,  
Julie Arnsdorf  
Chippewa Falls, Wis.

Dear Sir:

I have seen several issues of the paper you put out. I was deeply impressed and would like to subscribe to this fine paper.

Enclosed is one dollar for a year's subscription.  
Thank you,  
Very truly yours,  
Marilyn Heilman  
Hosmer, South Dakota



# KING of

## THE ADVENTURES OF THE RED RIVER BOTTOMS BOY

### PART II

by Roger Diffie

Well now, I see you is back for more, so sit yourself down, take off your shoes and help yourself to some sho-nuff Southern House-po-tal-ity. Well, let me see now... where was I last time? Oh, yea. We was talking 'bout that dad-burned melon patch. Nope, don't reckon I'll ever forget that.

Why, heck fire, that's just like our old car. That was most kantankerous old Ford you ever did see. It was an old '41 model and raggedy as they get but we loved it all the same. Well anyhow this old Ford didn't have a top or a deck lid, we chopped it off with an axe so's we could haul hay with it. You see, ever now and then I had to drive across the Red River Bridge to get to my uncle's house to get a set of harnesses or some-such junk.

Now, on this one particular trip, Paw said I could stay fer a spell just so long as I's home 'fore dark. While we's there—my brother went with me—we found Uncle Caleb's moonshine-still and drank a little. 'Fore we knowed it we's drunk as as skunk and it was time to go.

We got the old Ford going and once we's on the road I decided it was nigh time I found out just what the old Ford would do. By Golly, you oughta seen us! We was flying past everything in sight! Hey, we was doing 45 mph! I reckoned that was the fastest thing in the world. Things was just getting good when I seen the bridge and I took my foot off the go pedal. All of a sudden the bridge sure got smoothe, weren't nary a bump in the road. Next think I knowed water was a splashin' ever where, I thought that was kinda funna 'cause it weren't rainin'. Heck, come to find out I was dang nigh drownin', 'cause I never even touched the bridge. I went right along beside of it and landed right in the middle of the river! As you could guess, that called for some fast explainin' and a trip to out-behind-the-woodshed. That's alright, it weren't the first and no doubt it wouldn't be the last!

Well, to go on with the tale: Now, once we had this here cow that had a calf

and the calf died. Everybody knows that cows got to be milked or else her bladder's gonna bust. And I suppose you know who got that job! Look here, her old bag was all swelled up and she was a hurtin', so's I got to work. I sittin' my self down on my stool and went to milkin' away. Good gosh-a-mighty, that stuff stunk! and looked awful! Don't ya' see, that old after-birth was hangin' down to the ground behind old Bessie.

So you see the milkin' got good to her and she was a-swayin' back and forth and lovin' the feel of a unswelling bladder. 'Bout that time I was thinkin' of how good it'd be, just layin' down on the river bed tryin' to catch me an old catfish. All of a sudden the lights went out and the stink was so bad it 'bout drove me outta my mind. I broke loose runnin' to beat dickens a tryin' to find the light again. Dad-gum-it, I had to unwrap that stinkin' after-birth from off my head and there was the light. That cow's bladder could-a busted for all I cared!

Dad-blast it, you know it weren't long afterwards that a whole mess of my cousins came to visit us and listen here now! One night all the girls was chasin' me and a cousin of mine 'round and 'round the house; you know, girls sure are dumb.

'Cause you know, ever now and then us two boys would jump in the smoke house and watch those silly girls chase us till they went around three or four times and then we'd be ready to go again.

Now one way we gained time on 'em was like this here. Dad had been workin' on that cesspool. It set 'round on the side of the house. He'd taken the top completely off and had a two by twelve plank across it. Me and my cousin would run across it and the girls would go around it, that way we'd have time to sort of rest up for a couple of seconds. Now, ever' time we'd run across that plank it'd bounce up and down somethin' awful. Well, finally, we was goin' across it and the back end of the plank fell. My cousin was standin' up to his arm pits and I was hangin' onto the plank about waist deep in the only kind of stuff a cesspool holds! Good Lord! It was awful! Paw took and hosed us off with water and made us scrub with lye soap. Then on top of all that he made us spend the night in the barn. Heck, we couldn't even get another game of chase going.

I don't know if ya'll realize it or not but I'm probably the biggest eater in the world. Why, every morning, at home, I sat down at the breakfast table and ate



# TALL TALE TELLERS

## or The ADVENTURES of the RED RIVER BOTTOMS BOY

by Roger Diffie



twenty pancakes. Hey, look here! When folks came to our house my paw would make all kinds of money, the night before he'd be bragging and talking it all up and when folks went to laughing at him he just got to bettin' his ears off. He'd bet a whole month's pay. Now come morning, everybody would be there at the table, waitin' to see. I'd take my time comin' down the stairs and try to act like I didn't even notice them. Now when I got my self sittin' down and mom stacked up them twenty pan cakes, one. . . at. . . a. . . time, for all to see and I got tied into 'em, you oughta seen them people's eyes bugout. They didn't quit lookin' till I cleaned that plate. Then some laughed, some just looked lost and

some just broke down and cried! Then they all went to digging in their pockets. And there was paw with his hand out, waitin'!

I remember one time at Christmas a whole sack full of folk was there. Paw got to braggin' on how I could eat. Now this one fool come up with the idea of eatin' ten pies. Paw didn't even bat an eye. He said give him an hour and a half and put up \$20.00 and he'll do it. I coulda died. I never tried to do that before, and I wasn't sure I could. Well, anyway, after the bets got settled, Paw had bet over \$200.00 on me. I had to do it 'cause Paw had never even seen that much money at once! Much less have it to bet. Well, the next day Paw called me into the

kitchen, and there was all them people lookin' like buzzards waitin' to pick-paw-dry. And there on the table sat ten pies, all kinda pies!

You know, I got started and ate till I couldn't even see and then all of a sudden I felt someone holdin' my jaw and workin' it up and down and stuffin' more pie in my mouth. I don't even know what all happened but I ate them pies! Gosh! Paw was proud of me, and I was sick for a long time. But Paw made me feel better in a hurry. He promised me a trip to town and I'd never been there before!

Well, I tell you what, I'll tell ya'll 'bout that next time. O.K.? Say now, ya'll take it easy and ya'll come back now! You hear? . . .

#### ACROSS

1. Desire
5. Ancient Briton
9. Boat
10. Lemur of Madagascar
12. Freebooter of the seas
13. Go back on a promise
15. German article
16. Paving stone
18. Employ
19. Siesta
21. "Child of the Sun"
23. That girl
24. Some
25. Emerge
26. Stub
28. Line: Naut.
31. Dull finish
32. Rodent genus
34. Tidy
35. Least wild
36. Stains
38. Thoughts
40. Toward
41. Among
42. Any one
43. Paid notice
44. Joined
47. Rest
48. Entreat
51. Word group
54. Restrain
57. Amor
60. Makes higher
64. Domesticated animal
65. Receive a loan
67. Regret
69. Answer
70. African plant
71. Invalid's food
72. Imagine: arch.
74. Letter
75. Christmas drink
77. Change address
78. Edomite city
79. Sis: var.
80. Cut: Scot.
82. Cleanser
83. Story
85. Discumber
86. Grab
88. Huge serpent
91. Canonized persons
93. Male duck
94. Obvious
95. Apathetic
96. Din
97. Antler points
98. Tereus' son
99. Endure
100. Blow
101. Dagger

## STARWORD PUZZLE

#### DOWN

1. "\_\_\_\_\_ and Peace"
2. Duck
3. Memos
4. Form teeth
5. Having solicitude for
6. All
7. Plane's fixed route
8. Article
9. The Greatest Show on Earth
11. Intensely hot
12. Five: comb. form
14. West's partners
15. Circular plate
17. Rips
18. North Vietnam capital
20. Var. of peat
22. Amounts: abbr.
25. Batters
27. Burst
29. About
30. Carp
31. Maw: dial.
33. Spin
35. Sensitive
37. Pitch
39. Call
44. Gap in hedge
46. Lets fall
47. Precipitates
48. Cent
49. Underground stream: S. Afr.
50. Day: Lat.
51. Fellow
52. Belongs to Lola
53. All about
55. Comparative suffix ending
56. Son of Miled
58. Alcohol suffix
59. Frigg's brother-in-law
61. Games
62. \_\_\_\_\_ Presley
63. Moslem title
65. Strikes heavily
66. Wall opening
67. One who reads
68. Browns with heat
71. Pitchy: Eng. var.
73. Help
74. Stability
76. Crop
79. Guy-rope
81. Earth goddess
82. Whirl
84. Square root of 81
87. Biblical lion
89. Exclamation
90. Pluck wool
92. By birth

by JERRY L. BUSH

All rights reserved

Answers on pg. 26



# KENTUCKY DERBY WINNERS

D U S S T C O M A N N D E R D E C I D D E L Y T H  
A D M M K I A U K I N G G E E T E E L F T N U O C  
N W O T S N M O J A M I T D D L E L F R A A O W V  
C A R I W H I T L U C E K E Y D E B B O N P A I E  
E I A M A O O C A R R Y B A C K O O G O J E S T N  
N R K T R S S A R M A U L T L I E O G R F T N U I  
O O A I S W A P I D A K E R U T N E V D L O B B T  
I N U M T I M N M A D M I R C E A U E G U A Y R T  
D N U O R G E L D D I M A J K T E J D E C I D O I  
A E L D E D I C A S S A A U Y L T V A N E V L K O  
H G I A S S A L R B R O K J D B C E C S A E U E N  
A E A W R T O L A I P T E J E R H N L I S D C R W  
L I G A M I H W W N E E D L B S A I A V P D K S E  
L L L E N E M A J E S T T I O S T T V E A W Y T Y  
A N L A W R I N E T M O V E N E T I A N W A Y I A  
G N I K O O G R U B O U C O A N A T C E S R A P W  
L O H A T W E N T T Y M G R I N G E I P O N D E A  
L I H O S O O P I A D Y G R U R O O B R A T S L  
I R O N N L I E M A J H W L E S R L I P T I E J R  
H A O E H R M M N O I T A T I C A I P R E D N O P  
N L R W O E R C O U F L E M C H C A R R I B A C I  
W C J T J C E I O R D E A I O I H A T A U G W A E  
O D R E E N T U U U R G F R U W T O O G R U R V G  
T U G U T A E T G F E T U O T U H S C O U N I T E  
S O O B M D T I D D L T E G R O U N N D D S W A I  
N R O U A N M A J E S E F L E E L O R T N H E R L  
N P D R U R A J E E T M E L F L I I S E L D E E N  
O M E O H E G N I K I A U A K A E L P O O B T I O  
H D C E C H A T E A U G A Y T E G R M T I W A Y R  
J E I D E T S H O T O U T I N T E M A J E E S T I  
E T D E C R S H A T A A G U A Y A T I N E J E D N  
T E E F L O A J O R E D N A M M O C T S U D E C E  
P R D L E N U T O B L F A G I T O Y M Y S E T P E  
I M L H A M L I S E G E E A S H G U G U T O M M D  
L I Y G E A T O B K A U I I K R U T T N C I T A L  
L I M A N O F W H I R L A W A Y S U D A O N C E O  
O N O R T H E E R N D A N N E E L Y M O T O M M S  
T E D A C L A V A A C C D M I R A L S P A A W S W

*puzzle*

1931	Twenty Grand
1932	Burgoo King
1933	Brokers Tip
1934	Cavalcade
1935	Omaha
1936	Bold Venture
1937	War Admiral
1938	Lawrin
1939	Johnstown
1940	Gallahadion
1941	Whirlaway
1942	Shut Out
1943	Count Fleet
1944	Pensive
1945	Hoop Jr.
1946	Assault
1947	Jet Pilot
1948	Citation
1949	Ponder
1950	Middleground
1951	Count Turf
1952	Hill Gail
1953	Dark Star
1954	Determine
1955	Swaps
1956	Needles
1957	Iron Liege
1958	Tim Tam
1959	Tomy Lee
1960	Venetian Way
1961	Carry Back
1962	Decidedly
1963	Chateaugay
1964	Northern Dancer
1965	Lucky Debonair
1966	Kauai King
1967	Proud Clarion
1968	Dancer's Image
1969	Majestic Prince
1970	Dust Commander

The above puzzle contains the names of the Kentucky Derby winners, 1931-1970. The names run from left to right, right to left, upward, downward, diagonally and some overlap and intersect others.

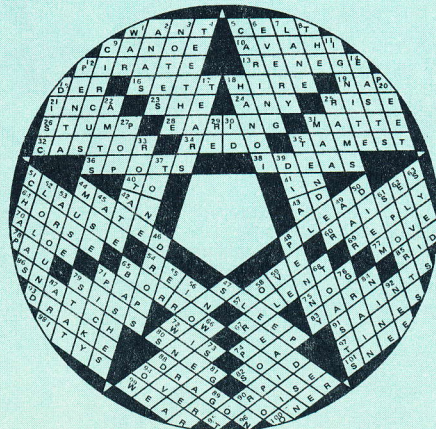
by: Jerry L. Bush August 24, 1971

FROM: Stephen, Minnesota, *MESSINGER*

**Quotable Quotes:** "We might send this one in to some of the government bureaus which are constantly seeking ways to spend our money.

"It seems that a research director of a major government agency was ordered to study about fleas. He obtained a flea with a high I.Q., placed it on his desk and finally succeeded in training it to jump over his hand on spoken command. Then he removed two of the flea's legs. 'Jump' he said, and the flea still jumped. Two more legs were removed. Again the flea responded to command. At last the final two legs were removed. 'Jump' the research director commanded, but the flea didn't move.

"The director wrote his lengthy report on the project, concluding that: 'When a flea loses all six legs, it becomes deaf.' "





# G a s s e r !

## THE BEST OF A GASSER

They called me in the service, when they gave me my clothing issue, my shirt was so big I'd have to stoop over to get in the pockets. My trousers were so large every time I would back up I would fall down. I was the only guy on the post that looked like he was walking sitting down.

They took us to the hospital for a physical, the "Doc" said to me, "you see that bottle up there, give me a sample of it." I said, "from here 'Doc' I can't make it."

When I was discharged I met a girl friend in a bar. She drank so many martinis every time I'd squeeze she'd squirt. She asked me to come to her place so we got on a bus and rode a mile, then got on a nature trail and walked about a mile, then we swung on the vines the rest of the way. At her place we had blended coffee, we had Mondays, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

She had three brothers, one of them worked in the lumber and hardware business. He sold pencils from a tin cup. One of them was a lumberjack, but he had to quit because every time he would cut down a tree, dogs would come up to him with tears in their eyes. The other one was a professional foot racer, he was so fast; after each race he would wipe the bugs off his glasses. I tried foot racing one time, but was disqualified for skipping.

She had three swimming holes—hot, warm and luke, and one was filled with seltzer—I would take six strokes forward, burp and be right back where I started.

I went to a library in London once and saw a Chimpanzee reading, "Darwin's Origin of Species." He was trying to find out if he was his brother's keeper or his keeper's brother.

I returned to the United States and married a girl. When this gal put on a knit-skirt she looked like a mama kangaroo with all the kids home. When Easter came, we went out, but instead of rolling eggs, we rolled drunks. Come to find out this chick had been married so many times she had rice marks on her. One night she came home so drunkenly plastered, she tried to take her slacks off over her head.

by A. K. Nelson



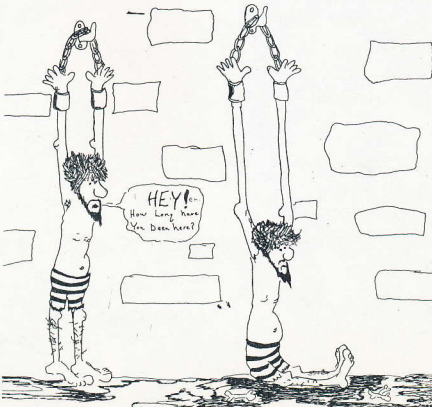
She put a chicken in the pressure cooker and became famous over night. The first woman to put a Rhode Island Red into orbit.

Really the whole country is booming, I just read of a rabbit that made his first million. I was watching the Kentucky Derby, boy it really had me on the edge of my bar stool. This one horse was so sway-backed that in the first turn the jockey stumbled and in the back stretch the jockey was three lengths ahead of the horse.

One last reminder to think about, "A good conversationalist is anyone that can talk louder than the Hi-Fi.

I think Texans have a right to get mad about Alaska. I mean they have taken the jokes alright. They have accepted the fact that Texas is the second largest state. It's those care packages from Fairbanks that really hurt.

My old man was so lazy he would drive over a bump to knock the ashes off his cigar. I remember the first job I landed—it was with a circus. I was a human cannonball. Just imagine getting loaded twice a day seven days a week. Then I got my big break, I missed the net.



I just love summertime when there's nothing much on radio, TV, Broadway or women. I'll tell you how hot it is this summer: I was chasing my secretary around her desk, and we were both walking.

I got a wonderful idea for an adventure picture. We take Tarzan out of the wilds of darkest Africa and put him in a spot that's really dangerous—like Central Park after midnight.

Now the big thing is sick comics—and some of them aren't even sick—they're stretcher cases. One sick comic was so successful he could afford to go to a psychiatrist twice a day. Got cured, now he's a bum again, and what makes it even worse, the doctor is doing his act.

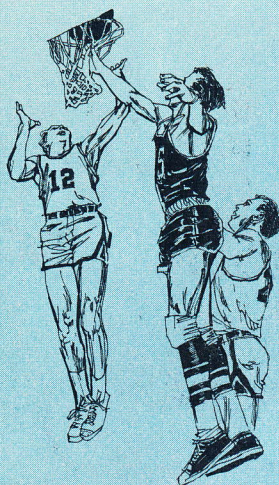
I don't know what this city is coming to. I hear it's getting so bad after midnight even the muggers are traveling in pairs. I know a guy doing time in Leavenworth for making big money. . . about half an inch too big.

Then there is the M.D. who got a call from a very excited woman: "Doctor! Doctor! My dog just swallowed 30 Buf-fers. What should I do?" So the doctor answered, "Give him a headache, what else?"

Speaking of drinking after you finish a glass of water. "There, that takes care of the chasers for the evening." "Take it easy honey, one more drink and you are gonna be knocked uncautious." This Russian Roulette craze is really getting around. I understand "Alcoholics Anonymous" has its own version. They pass six glasses of tomato juice around and one of them is a Bloody Mary. ■■■



# BASKETBALL



by Orville Loafer

## Tournament and Final Season Standings

The 1971-1972 basketball season in the two intramural leagues ended on a good note. Tournaments were held in each league to close out the season.

Most of the intramural teams had the opportunity to play a team from the outside during the season, but unfortunately the box scores for these games were not available, as were the ones for the tournament in each of the leagues.

The won-lost record of each team didn't really mean that much at tournament time as all the teams played very well and all were potentially champions. In the end, however, only two teams—the Bandits of the "A" League, and the "Well Mixed" of the "B" League—prevailed.

The Bandits were ably managed by Fred "Butch" Iron Shell, who transmitted his winning ideas to his team, undoubtedly. His starting players were: Harold High Elk, Francis "Smokey" Byington, Jake Demarrias (highest scorer for the year), Terry Colvin, and Terry Hanson.

The Bandits turned back the Ramblers in the Championship Game by the score of 86-85. (box score unavailable.)

The Ramblers, a real good team, was managed by Leon Gayton.

In the "B" League Tournament Championship Game, the Well-Mixed, managed by Don Antell, defeated the Jay Hawkers, managed by Bill Merrill, by the score of 83-57. (box score unavailable.)

The score wasn't indicative of the closeness of the game. It wasn't until the final seconds that the Well-Mixed team could sense victory.

The two tournaments were double elimination, that is, a team could lose its first round game and still come back to win it all.

Here is how the teams ended up as far as tournament standings went:

### "A" League Tournament

#### Managers

Championship	The Bandits	Fred "Butch" Iron Shell
Runnersup	The Ramblers	Leon Gayton
3rd place	The Whitemen	Irvin Cook
4th place	The Hardrockers	Eddie Addison

### "B" League Tournament

#### Managers

Championship	Well Mixed	Don Antell
Runnersup	Jay Hawkers	Bill Merrill
3rd place	Travelers	Delbert Lybarger
4th place	The Darts	John Nachtigall

Again we'd like to say that it was a real good basketball season, a real good tournament, and all who participated should be counted as good sportsmen.



A League Champs: L to R: Terry Hanson, Francis "Smokey" Byington, Terry Colvin, Jake Demarrias, Harold High Elk, Fred "Butch" Iron Shell (Mgr.)



"A" League Runners-Up; L. to R. Back: Leanord Issac, William Fleury, Joe Yellow Earrings, Leon Gayton, Joe Chapman. L. to R. Front: Stanley Eagle, Larry Arcorn, Sam Lebeau.



B League Champs: L to R: Richard Hill, Steve Byington, Bob Grey Owl, Joe Vermillion, Don Antell (Mgr.)



# INTRAMURAL BASKETBALL SEASON STATISTICS

## A-League (1972) Round Two

TEAM	FG	FT	F	Tot. pts.
Bandits	400	85	107	885
Ramblers	358	91	133	807
Whitemen	354	52	126	760
Hardrockers	288	108	98	684

	Won	Loss	%
Bandits	8	2	.800
Ramblers	6	4	.600
Whitemen	5	5	.500
Hardrockers	1	9	.100

### Top Ten Scorers

Name—team	No. games	game ave.	Tot. pts.
1. DeMarrias—Bandits	11	27.3	301
2. Isaac—Ramblers	9	22.1	199
3. Sleeping Bear—Bandits	10	18.8	188
4. White Mouse—Hardrockers	7	25.0	175
5. Fredericks—Whitemen	9	19.2	174
6. Fleury—Ramblers	10	16.4	164
7. Hill, D.—Whitemen	8	20.1	161
8. High Elk—Bandits	11	14.3	158
9. Chapman—Ramblers	5	28.2	141
10. Byington, F.—Bandits	9	13.1	118

### Individual Scoring Statistics

	No. games	Team	Tot. pts.	Game Avg.
Addison	4	Hardrockers	17	4.2
Arcon	1	Ramblers	16	16.0
Byington, F.	9	Bandits	118	13.1
Chapman	5	Ramblers	141	28.2
Colvin	1	Bandits	16	16.0
Cook	9	Whitemen	115	12.7
DeMarrias	11	Bandits	301	27.3
Dropeau	4	Bandits	27	6.7
Eagle	11	Ramblers	65	5.9
Eagle Deer	5	Bandits	35	7.0
Fallon	2	Bandits	34	17.0
Fast Horse	9	Whitemen	75	8.3
Feather	2	Whitemen	6	3.0
Fleury	10	Ramblers	164	16.4
Franzen	6	Hardrockers	86	14.3
Fredericks	9	Whitemen	174	19.2
Gayton	10	Ramblers	68	6.8
Gooch	8	Hardrockers	72	9.0
Grey Owl	3	Bandits	26	8.6
Gustafson	6	Hardrockers	92	15.3
Hanson	1	Bandits	24	24.0
Hoven	4	Hardrockers	17	4.2
High Elk	11	Bandits	158	14.3
Hill, D.	8	Whitemen	161	20.1
Hill, M.	3	Whitemen	23	7.6
Issac	9	Ramblers	199	22.1
Lawrence	5	Hardrockers	44	8.8
Light	7	Hardrockers	73	10.4
LeBeau	6	Ramblers	72	12.0
Lufkins	3	Whitemen	46	15.3
Maline	1	Hardrockers	3	3.0
Miller	2	Whitemen	30	15.0
Montileaux	10	Hardrockers	86	8.6
O'Connor	2	Bandits	9	4.5
Sleeping Bear	10	Bandits	188	18.8
Small	1	Hardrockers	6	6.0
Thunder Horse	7	Whitemen	103	14.7
Two Bears	2	Whitemen	6	3.0
Vassar	5	Bandits	38	7.6
White Mouse	7	Hardrockers	175	25.0
Wilson	2	Whitemen	10	5.0
Wynde	6	Ramblers	27	4.5
Y. Earrings, J.	7	Ramblers	67	9.5

## B-League (1972) Round Two

TEAM	Won	Loss	%
Jay Hawkers	9	2	.818
Travelers	7	4	.636
Well Mixed	4	7	.363
Darts	0	6	.000

	FG	FT	F	Tot. pts.
Jay Hawkers	364	68	111	796
Travelers	285	79	108	649
Well Mixed	272	30	112	574
Darts	138	15	50	291

### Top Ten Scorers

Name—team	No. games	game ave.	Tot. pts.
1. Fallon—Jay Hawkers	7	29.0	203
2. Roberts—Jay Hawkers	11	18.3	202
3. Lybarger—Travelers	12	15.5	186
4. Werdin—Jay Hawkers	11	16.3	180
5. Byington—Well Mixed	10	14.1	141
6. Travsie—Travelers	7	19.1	134
7. Pretty Bird—Well Mixed	10	12.8	128
8. Deloria—Well Mixed	9	13.0	117
9. Feather—Jay Hawkers	5	21.0	105
10. Hinez—Travelers	11	7.3	81

Name	No. games	Team	Tot. pts.	Game ave.
Antell	9	Well Mixed	34	4.6
Atkinson	3	Jay Hawkers	7	2.3
Byington, S.	10	Well-Mixed	141	14.1
Dalton	7	Jay Hawkers	38	5.4
Deloria	9	Well Mixed	117	13.0
Diede	3	Travelers	37	12.3
Dog Soldier	2	Well Mixed	2	1.0
Dropeau	2	Jay Hawkers	6	3.0
Eagle	1	Jay Hawkers	2	2.0
Fallon	7	Jay Hawkers	203	29.0
Feather	5	Jay Hawkers	105	21.0
Guyton	7	Jay Hawkers	30	4.2
Heaney	10	Well Mixed	36	3.6
Hickey	6	Darts	40	6.6
Hinez	11	Travelers	81	7.3
Hoven	4	Jay Hawkers	26	6.5
Jillison	7	Darts	74	10.5
Kimball	2	Darts	10	5.0
Lybarger	12	Travelers	186	15.5
LeVeque	5	Darts	22	4.4
Martin	2	Darts	2	1.0
McKittrick	5	Travelers	2	.4
Merrill	9	Jay Hawkers	21	2.3
Nachtigall	7	Darts	41	5.8
Nietzel	4	Darts	32	8.0
Nehls	1	Travelers	6	6.0
Peters	1	Jay Hawkers	2	2.0
Pretty Bird	10	Well Mixed	128	12.8
Rans	9	Jay Hawkers	47	5.2
Rauscher	1	Well Mixed	15	15.0
Roberts	11	Jay Hawkers	202	18.3
Rowley	3	Darts	33	11.0
Saukerson	4	Darts	13	3.2
Stricker	1	Darts	14	14.0
Spry	5	Travelers	55	11.0
Stevens	4	Travelers	18	4.5
Travsie	7	Travelers	134	19.1
Van Cleave	7	Travelers	56	8.0
Vermillion	2	Well Mixed	17	8.5
Wallace	7	Travelers	38	5.4
Werdin	11	Jay Hawkers	180	16.5
White Mouse	1	Jay Hawkers	8	8.0
Yellow Earring, F.	5	Well Mixed	52	10.4



# WEIGHTLIFTING

AAU Sanctioned Weightlifting Meet

Sanctioned by the South Dakota Association of the AAU

Sponsored by: Mavericks' Club

Date: April 22, 1972

Place: S.D. Penitentiary

by Orville Loafer

On April 22, 1972, a closed powerlift meet was held in the rehabilitation center (rec' building) here in the penitentiary sponsored by the Mavericks' Club of Granite City.

This meet was sanctioned by the South Dakota Association of the AAU (Amateur Athletics Union).

Winning first place in team standings was Rapid City, who by the way, brought three young lifters who set new state records in their respective weight classes.

Second place went to the team from SDSU (South Dakota State University). The super heavy-weight from SDSU, Don Kerr, set records in each of four lifting events in which he was entered.

Fourth place went to Marion's weight lifters who did well in the 242 pound class with Ken Schmidt, who placed a very respectable third place in his division.

The homestanding Mavericks placed third in the meet and had three very strong lifters in Leon Gayton, Don Antell, and Gene Guyton. Leon finished third in the 181 pound division and might have had one of his poorer days. Don Antell placed second in the 242 pound class for the Mavericks and Gene Guyton placed third in his 198 pound division as far as total points accumulated.

It was a good meet and it's certain that the Mavericks would like to have captured more of the top placings in each of the weight divisions.

Following is a point by point standings of the final outcome of the weight lifting meet.

## RESULTS

Team Results:	1st Place	Rapid City	Total points	37
	2nd Place	S.D.S.U.		21
	3rd Place	Mavericks		5
	4th Place	Marion		1

### Outstanding Lifters:

Best Lifter Trophy	Darryl Wika	123-165 lbs.	S.D.S.U.
Best Lifter Trophy	Don Crain	181-HWT lbs.	Rapid City

### Division Results: 123 lb. Class

1st place	Ted Thurman	Rapid C. Tot.	690	Coeff.	.925	Score	646.250
2nd	Mark Graybeal	R.C.	565		.952		537.880
3rd	Frank Strulen	S.D.S.U.	530		.940		498.200

### 132 lb. Class

1st Place	Ken Beck	R.C.	870		.881		766.470
State Record: 225 lbs.; bench press							

### 148 lb. Class

1st place	Rick Crain	R.C.	1135		.812		921.620
State Record: squat 465 lbs.							

2nd Place	Bill McKehey	R.C.	1025		.844		865.100
3rd place	Tim McCarthy	S.D.S.U.	875		.816		714.000

### 165 lb. Class

1st place	Darryl Wika	S.D.S.U.	1220		.757		923.540
2nd place	Craig Burton	S.D.S.U.	925		.779		720.575
3rd place	Gilbert Ringuette	R.C.	845		.757		639.665

### 181 lb. Class

1st place	Don Crain	R.C.	1360		.716		973.760
2nd place	Mark Durland	SDSU	1105		.714		788.970
3rd place	Leon Gayton	Mavericks	1075		.726		780.350

### 198 lb. Class

1st place	Dave Gulk	R.C.	1320		.685		904.200
State Record: Total 1320 lbs.							
2nd place	Al Greichus	SDSU	1200		.682		818.400
3rd place	Gene Guyton	Mavericks	970		.698		677.060

### 242 lb. Class

1st place	Darrell Anderson	R.C.	1230		.672		826.560
2nd place	Don Antell	Mavericks	995		.647		643.465
3rd place	Ken Schmidt	Marion	775		.661		512.275

### Super-Heavyweight Class

1st place	Don Kerr	SDSU	1285		.645		828.825
State Record: Bench press 285 lbs.							
Squat 500 lbs.							
Dead lift 500 lbs.							
Total 1285 lbs.							

## WEIGHTLIFTING WORLD RECORDS

(As supplied by Mr. Oscar State, General Secretary of the Fédération Internationale Halterophile)

### Flyweight

(Less than 56 kg.-123.46 lbs.)			
Press 250	Vladislav Krishishin (U.S.S.R.)	U.S.S.R.	Dec. 16, 1969
Snatch 221½	Maung Aung Gyi (Burma)	Burma	Aug. 27, 1970
Jerk 286½	Vladislav Krishishin (U.S.S.R.)	Hungary	June 20, 1970
Total 749½	Vladislav Krishishin (U.S.S.R.)	Hungary	June 20, 1970

### Bantamweight

(56 kg.-123.46 lbs.)			
Press 275½	Imre Földi (Hungary)	Hungary	June 21, 1969
Snatch 250	Koji Miki (Japan)	Japan	Nov. 15, 1968
Jerk 330½	Mohamed Nassiri (Iran)	Mexico	Oct. 13, 1968
Total 820½	Imre Földi (Hungary)	Hungary	June 21, 1970

### Featherweight

(60 kg.-132.28 lbs.)			
Press 293	Mladen Kuchev (Bulgaria)	Hungary	June 22, 1970
Snatch 276½	Yoshinobu Miyake (Japan)	Japan	Oct. 28, 1969
Jerk 337½	Yoshinobu Miyake (Japan)	Japan	Oct. 28, 1969
Total 881½	Yoshinobu Miyake (Japan)	Japan	Oct. 28, 1969

### Lightweight

(67.5 kg.-148.81 lbs.)			
Press 320½	Yevgeniy Katsura (U.S.S.R.)	U.S.S.R.	July 28, 1966
Snatch 299½	Waldemar Baszanowski (Poland)	Poland	Sept. 23, 1969
Jerk 375½	Waldemar Baszanowski (Poland)	Poland	Sept. 23, 1969
Total 980½	Waldemar Baszanowski (Poland)	Poland	Sept. 23, 1969

### Middleweight

(75 kg.-165.35 lbs.)			
Press 356	Viktor Kurentsov (U.S.S.R.)	U.S.S.R.	May 16, 1969
Snatch 319½	Masashi Ohuchi (Japan)	Japan	June 18, 1967
Jerk 413½	Viktor Kurentsov (U.S.S.R.)	Mexico	Oct. 16, 1968
Total 1,063½	Viktor Kurentsov (U.S.S.R.)	U.S.S.R.	Aug. 31, 1968

### Light-Heavyweight

(82.5 kg.-181.77 lbs.)			
Press 388	Hans Bettembourg (Sweden)	Sweden	Aug. 21, 1970
Snatch 336	Masashi Ohuchi (Japan)	Poland	Sept. 25, 1969
Jerk 424½	Boris Pavlov (U.S.S.R.)	U.S.S.R.	Oct. 12, 1970
Total 1,118½	Boris Pavlov (U.S.S.R.)	U.S.S.R.	Oct. 12, 1970

### Middle-Heavyweight

(90 kg.-198.42 lbs.)			
Press 411½	Nikolai Khoroshayev (U.S.S.R.)	U.S.S.R.	Nov. 17, 1970
Snatch 357	David Rigert (U.S.S.R.)	U.S.S.R.	Nov. 16, 1970
Jerk 446½	Vasiliy Kolotov (U.S.S.R.)	U.S.S.R.	Sept. 18, 1970
Total 1,184½	Vasiliy Kolotov (U.S.S.R.)	U.S.S.R.	Sept. 18, 1970

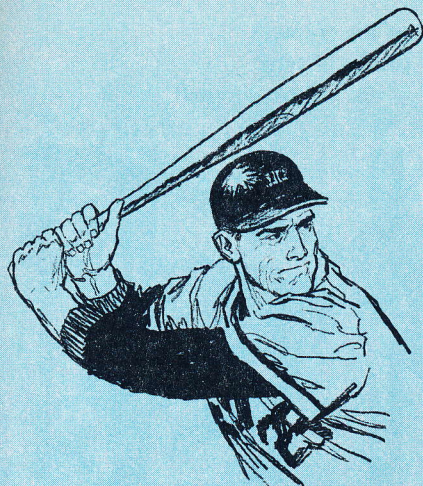
### Heavyweight

(100 kg.-242.51 lbs.)			
Press 440½	Yan Talts (U.S.S.R.)	U.S.S.R.	Sept. 19, 1970
Snatch 363½	Karl Utsar (U.S.S.R.)	U.S.S.R.	April 25, 1970
Jerk 473½	Yan Talts (U.S.S.R.)	Hungary	June 27, 1970
Total 1,245	Yan Talts (U.S.S.R.)	U.S.S.R.	Sept. 19, 1970

### Super-Heavyweight

(Above 100 kg.-242.51 lbs.)			
Press 487	Vasiliy Alexeysev (U.S.S.R.)	U.S.S.R.	Dec. 4, 1970
Snatch 391½	Vasiliy Alexeysev (U.S.S.R.)	U.S.S.R.	Dec. 4, 1970
Jerk 503½	Vasiliy Alexeysev (U.S.S.R.)	U.S.S.R.	Dec. 4, 1970
Total 1,364½	Vasiliy Alexeysev (U.S.S.R.)	U.S.S.R.	Dec. 4, 1970





# SOFTBALL

by Orville Loafer

As yet, the softball season hasn't officially started. It's anticipated that there will be two leagues in softball as there has been in the past. We hope that a lot of the guys will participate in the softball season with the team of their choice.

And so, until the season officially opens and Jim Breitag's office releases to us any information on the teams and individuals who comprise the leagues, we will have all the news concerning the softball and baseball season in the next issue, during the year.

## GROUND RULES FOR EAST YARD

1. *Cement, blacktop, and horseshoe areas are out of bounds and not in play.*
  - (a) *A fly ball cannot be caught while a player is standing on the blacktop, cement, or standing in the horseshoe area.*
  - (b) *A player may reach into these areas and catch a ball providing his feet are not within their boundaries.*
  - (c) *A ball in play that rolls onto or goes into the blacktop, cement, or horseshoe area is out of bounds. Ruling—the baserunners get the base that they are advancing to plus one more base.*
2. *If the ball is thrown or rolls into areas where players sit, it is not in play but out of bounds. Ruling—baserunners get the base that they are advancing to plus one more base.*
3. *A ball that goes behind home plate is in play providing it does not lodge in the backstop. Ruling—if ball is not playable, the baserunners get the base that they are advancing to plus one more base.*

4. *If the ball is in play and goes on top of east hall, or goes over the wall (from east hall to tower, but not including the tower), it is ruled as a double.*
5. *If the ball goes on the roof of the shop area and is in play (from fire hydrant to AC building), it is ruled as a homerun.*
6. *Hitting the walls of east hall or the shop area which is in play is playable. Ruling—baserunners or batter/baserunner may advance at their own risk.*

## GROUND RULES FOR WEST YARD

1. *Blacktop and weightlifting areas are out of bounds and not in play.*
  - (a) *A fly ball cannot be caught while a player is standing on the blacktop or in the weightlifting area.*
  - (b) *A player may reach into these areas and catch a ball providing his feet are not within their boundaries.*
  - (c) *A ball in play that rolls onto the blacktop or goes into the weightlifting area is given the same ruling as an overthrow that goes out of bounds. Ruling—the baserunners get the base that they are advancing to plus one more base.*
2. *The cement curb and area beyond the curb extending west and north from the backstop are out of play.*
  - (a) *A player cannot catch a ball while standing on the curb or area beyond.*
  - (b) *A player can reach into this area and catch a ball providing his feet are not on the cement curb or area beyond.*
  - (c) *If the ball rolls onto the curb and area beyond, baserunners get the base they are advancing to plus one more base.*
  - (d) *If the ball hits the curb and bounces back in fair territory, the ball is in play. Baserunners and batter/baserunners advance at their own risk.*
3. *If ball is thrown or rolls into the area where the players sit, it is out of play. Ruling—baserunners get the base that they are advancing to plus one more base.*
4. *Ball that goes behind home plate is in play providing it does not lodge in backstop. Ruling—if ball is not playable baserunners get the base that they are advancing to plus one more base.*





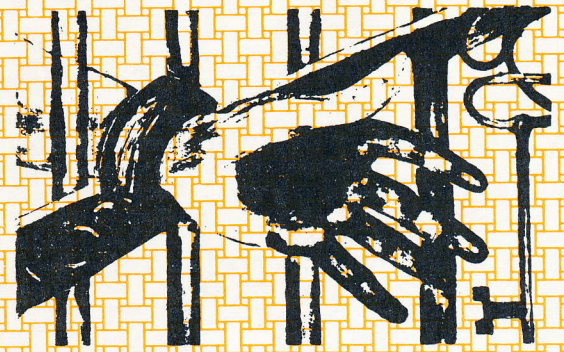
THE SYSTEM REALLY ISN'T WORKIN' by Terry Colvin

The next bit of information didn't come from above  
its the result of all the confusion & a lack of love  
in the back 'a ya'lls mind ya know were on the verge of. . .

Somethin' that ya didn't think you'd never see  
comes from keepin' up with the Jones'es & broodin' over money  
Always tryin' to be somethin' we can't never be.

Yo-Yo down the highway baby sleep in the park  
sun won't shine for ever but it'll leave its mark  
try to find the secret but ya can't read in the dark.

Life & Death & maybe an Eternity  
shoulda listened to the man & jus let it be  
life is what you make it is my reality  
until they put you in a grave you ain't never free.



BOOKS by Dennis R. Ottoson

I love monstrous books,  
Vast compendiums of minutely detailed lore,  
Books that heft heavier than they look,  
That boast thousands of near-transparent pages,  
Massive volumes with clear, sharp plates  
All tucked in the back.

I love tenuous books,  
Pencil-thin volumes with the print spread  
Out in large black type,  
Books like a small light woman in a dark sheath dress  
Timidly peeping from under her lover's arm.

I loathe middle books,  
Commercially considered volumed sized and printed and  
priced to sell,  
Uniform to every other book in the industry,  
Splendid to sell to people who don't read.

(Rights Reserved)

THE MIDNIGHT BANDIT & THE WORSHIPER OF ONE

They slipped down the alley, by Terry Colvin  
with a worshiper of one.  
Had a GMC crowbar,  
and a snub-nose gun.  
They were after money,  
they were after funk.  
What they ended up with,  
is cell number 41.  
The midnight bandit,  
and the worshiper of one.  
Didn't have time to consider,  
the wrong in what they'd done.  
Cause when yer belly's grumblin',  
and yer mind's filled up with hate.  
Thievin' becomes yer livin',  
most people call it fate.  
The midnight bandit,  
and the worshiper of one.  
Spend long and lonely hours,  
in cell number 41.  
Soon the worshiper of one  
finds out he ain't a man.  
He ain't the other either,  
but he does the best he can.  
People on the streets,  
are gettin' tired of repression.  
But in cell number 41,  
its just a daily session.  
If you really love this world,  
in which we all live.  
Ratter help spend the money,  
nember how to give.

After the cryme,  
plenty of tyme  
for creating rhyme!

BLACK APPLES FROM JUPITER by Terry Colvin

Black apples taste mighty good  
But only when grown from Jupiter wood  
Make ya feel good like ya know ya should  
Eat a dozen or so—ya would if ya could.

Now these apples are 'bout the size-a-yer thumb  
taste somethin' like watermelon rum  
Got red insides and a seed thats green  
Make ya lazy crazy hazy if ya know what I mean.

747's couldn't get to this land  
where black apples grow right outa Jupiter sand  
Space capsule might find em—if its manned  
but by then we won't eat nothin' that ain't canned.

You might think I'm a little loose with this talk  
ya might think my minds made a milky way chalk  
Well I seen all this stuff and I'll tell you why  
Me an the boys stopped by one night when we's high.

NIGHT by Roger Diffie

It's night. Now it's quiet. All day I hear the voices of men.  
Men crying, men in pain. Men who have been locked away from  
the world and loved ones. Day then night. Pain then sleep.  
THANK GOD FOR NIGHT!

SLEEPIN WITH YER LIGHTS ON by Terry Colvin

Do ya know how to see and not look  
yer brain is the same, but yer mind is took  
yer body is fryin but you can't cook  
Its like readin' all the right words from the wrong book.

Call it sleepin' with yer lights on  
Colors are the same but they got a new tone  
Yer inflated front tire always gets blown  
Its like gettin' the right message from the wrong phone

Like havin' a titch with nowhere to itch  
like gettin' a great deal, but no horse to hitch  
like marryin' a woman thats really a bitch  
Its like fendin many truths from the wrong pitch.

Call it sleepin' with yer lights on  
talkin' to some people when yer all alone  
feelin' like seven when yer fully grown  
Ya get the words in the message, the truths from the wrong zone.





Poetry is something more philosophic  
and of graver importance than history.

ARISTOTLE

#### OFF THE MANIPULATOR—LOOK INTO THE FUTURE

by Terry Colvin

We have all been betrayed  
dissatisfaction is the stuff of revolutions  
don't let yer mind be swayed  
by the technological institutions.

If you wonder why I feel cheated  
it's the threat I feel, the promise I recognize  
the machine's teeth are government cleated  
it's time we cut-em-down to size.

It's time for us to make machines our slaves  
like the people of an earlier age  
if ya live in a castle or in a cave  
yer all in on this new age.

History will happen my friend  
the Corporate State will crumble  
choose how and for what ends you live  
along life's road happily tumble.

We gotta control the technology  
so man's life will really be free  
no man is really an enemy  
yer own life is the real key.

Nothing can stop consciousness  
the jailers will open the doors  
nothing can stop consciousness  
there will be no more wars!!!

#### LOVE by Roger Diffie

Love is; a woman's kiss,  
the laughing of a baby,  
the feel of the sun,  
the sound of people singing.

Love is; a warm bed on a cold night,  
a soft cool breeze on a summer day,  
a sweet smelling red rose,  
a good friend to talk to.

Love is; touching a hand,  
helping someone,  
caring and admitting it  
you and I.

#### GRANITE CITY USA by Terry Colvin

Some men become a street fighting man  
I tried and now look what I am  
Got myself in a bit of a jam  
They lock up your body, minds they never can (again)

Livin' in Granite City USA  
They're hopin' ya waste away  
Gotta stay alive so I can say  
I'm comin' back another day.

They give ya 3 hots and a cot,  
Feed ya, keep ya, give ya some clothes.  
What ya smoke sure ain't pot.  
Who's to blame—no one knows.

Top wages is a dollar a day.  
Them 40 hour weeks sure are long  
If ya can pull your own time its OK  
But someones always sayin' yer wrong

Sleepin on a cot in a 6' x 10' cell  
Shatters the way I used to get my kicks  
Gotta be a close second to whatever's hell  
But I'll pick up the pieces back out on the bricks.

#### TOUCH ME by Roger Diffie

Touch me!  
Here take my hand:  
Can you feel the warmth?  
It's not coming from me.  
Nor you.  
It's both of us together!  
Really nice isn't it?  
Let's keep it that way. O.K.

#### REDWOOD by Dennis R. Ottoson

The giant lay fallen  
On a thinning landscape  
Of fellow monoliths.  
Men clambered over the corpse,  
Which oozed orange-red bits  
Of flesh through its hide.  
It waited patiently  
To become something useful.  
Five hundred miles east  
A householder waited, impatiently,  
To panel his den, never  
Dreaming of fallen giants.

(Rights reserved)

#### AN EARTHLY HELL

AT TIMES I SIT AND GAZE ABOUT  
THIS ROOM THAT IS MY HOME  
AND FEEL AN URGE TO SCREAM OR SHOUT.  
FOR I'M SO ALONE.

IT MATTERS NOT THAT AROUND ME  
OTHER CONVICTS DWELL,  
FOR THEY ARE PART OF THIS MISERY  
IN THIS, AN EARTHLY HELL.

EACH DAY I'M DRIVEN FROM THIS ROOM  
TO LABOR FOR THIS STATE,  
ENDURING THE TORMENT OF MY HELL,  
IN BITTERNESS AND HATE.

IT'S TRUE THAT I COMMITTED A CRIME  
AND RIGHT THAT I SHOULD PAY,  
BUT NOT THIS HELL THAT IS MINE,  
I KNOW IN LIFE TODAY.

by JANICE WABASHA

#### FULL MIND by Thomas J. White Hawk

In splendor, it is clean. In Truth, it is not plained.  
But whatever is engulfed by its face should tell  
What is to be portrayed. For it is to be claimed  
That there is something definitive in each "I"

The blank intelligence always seems to be pure.  
But ignorance is problematic for the youth.  
They reason behind the self and seem all too sure  
That the entity they are seeking is whole Truth.

The consideration of equanimity  
Falls into chronological position then,  
And smoothness determines the real, true quality  
And span of the acquisition of the true friend.

But, of course, the broader the subject to be learned,  
The more aptitude will be required to see  
What can be consumed. But neither should we have spurned  
The true sheet of the mind and all that we foresee.



# SHOP liftings



## THE AUTO-BODY SHOP by Forrest Dalton

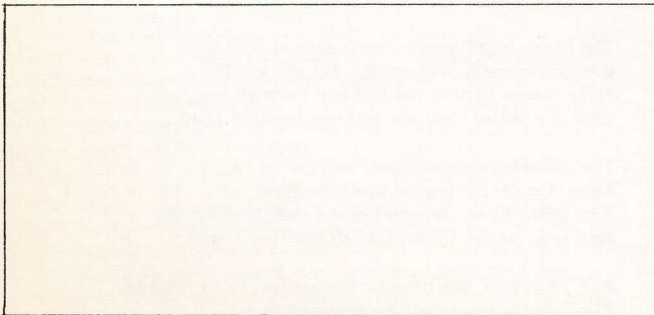
What is it? Well, it's a 1970 Toyota Landcruiser. What happened to get it this way? Well, I guess it either was in a field herding rabbits and the rabbits turned too fast, or it was in Africa on a safari hunting a rhino and he got the best of it.

Well, whatever happened to it, this is the latest class project that the Auto-Body class is going to tackle. Don't ask me how, yet, but we'll figure out a way.

The class, which is made up of seven men who all take part in the fun of putting these machines back together again, consists of the following men: George Asimakis, Forrest Dalton, Stanley Eagle, Marshall Gowdy, Thomas Luxem, Steven McBride and Roy Williamson. These men all work together under the guidance of their class instructor, Mr. Gerald McDonell who, I think, popped up from DeSmet. He's had twenty-five years of experience and does know what he's doing. He's not a very big man but inside that head of his he's got all the knowledge stored up just ready to pass it on to his students.

Not only does George A. help the shop along with the projects, but he's also the janitor and secretary. He keeps the books up to date and kind of keeps the place fit to work in. All in all the Auto-Body shop has worked to prove that they can be a benefit to society when they do get out.

A closing word: the shop does have a shop pin-up who we picked to be Thomas Luxem!



("After" picture not available)

## THE DINING HALL


by Gaylen Van Cleave

WOW! One morning at 5:00 a.m., as I walked into the kitchen, I saw a bright ray streaming out of our dining room. I mean it really made me blink my eyes three or four times until they could get used to those fantastic colors that were painted on the pillars.

Yes, that was some 5 or 6 weeks ago but, now it's even greater. There are all different colors of sound insulators, two different colors of four-man tables and even colored shades on the windows.

This is only one of the projects that are being remodeled here at the penitentiary but the dining room was one of the most important to us.

I can still visualize those steel slabs and wooden seats that we used to have to eat at and sit on. We had to march in like cattle and take a seat while they crammed everyone else in around you. Food was constantly being spilled on your back from the person that was sitting behind you. . . accidentally? . . . and you couldn't leave when you were through eating because if you wanted out, everyone else in the row would have to get up too. So, you sat there until everyone was done and then marched back out. Ridiculous!

But, now, you come into a real decent—I really mean *comfortable*—atmosphere, and you can enjoy your meal a heck of a lot better, right? 



L. to R.: R. Brother Of All, R. Fisher, R. Butler, P. Crow



# CROSSROADS FOR PRISONS

## PRISON REFORM NEEDED

by Sidney J. Harris

Syndicated Columnist

The public's ignorant prescription for "law and order" is harsher and stiffer jail sentences, when every modern penologist knows that putting a man in prison for a long time make him worse and does not deter others. And the longer we keep him "out of circulation," the more we infect him with hatred of society when he comes out again.

Bernard Shaw said a half-century ago that nothing a cridoes is as unjust as what society does to criminals, and conditions have not changed since he said that. But even if the moral argument falls on deaf ears, the practical argument is irrefutable—our system of punishment simply does not work.

I would not be surprised if the next round of revolts moved from the college campuses to the nation's prisons. They are overdue for a thorough cleaning-out, and authorities will not reform them until they are forced to—if not by public opinion, then by a show of violence.

This should not be necessary. Even the cautious and conservative American Bar Association last year endorsed a drastic reduction in criminal sentences, with 5 years the limit, except for the most serious crimes. If a man is not "rehabilitated" in that time, keeping him in jail longer is a cruel and stupid act of vengeance.

There are no real opportunities for a man to change in jail. In most states, the prisons are politically run. The staff is ill-trained and inadequate. Psychiatric and medical care are minimal. The "vocational" programs are a sour joke. And ex-convicts have little chance when they

get out.

We are not "soft" on criminals as a class. We are soft on those with money, connections, shrewd lawyers, and political influence. But we are unconscionably hard on the poorest, the dumbest, the clumsiest and often the least culpable. So the aim of a lawbreaker is not to go straight, but to get big. Success is what buys him immunity.

England, with its low crime rate, metes out far shorter sentences than we do here. But punishment there is swift, fair, and certain. Here, it is slow, discriminatory, and dubious, depending on factors that have little to do with a man's guilt or innocence. As long as this remains true, our prisons are more a reproach to society than a rebuke to our criminals. ■

## PAROLE REPORT

(*Washington Post*, Sunday February 20, 1972).

The U.S. District Court decision (By Judge William B. Bryant) to require the Federal Parole Board to submit to questioning by attorneys for prisoners is a major step forward in the developing concept of prisoners rights. For years, parole, originally considered a benign step on the road to rehabilitation, has, in actuality, been a source of excruciating mental pressure to prisoners in most major penal systems in this country.

The system is fraught with possibilities for abuse. Generally, there are few, if any, clear standards of conduct for prisoners to follow in an effort to gain the Parole Board's favor. In some jurisdictions, a prisoner may follow the recommendation of one panel of the Parole Board for a whole year, only to return and face another panel with totally different standards. Because of the lack of clarity in standards, because there is no

requirement of due process (to be represented, for example, at parole hearings by a lawyer) and because the information on which the boards make their determinations is kept secret, there is a broad area of possibility for guards and other authorities to take out grudges against prisoners by providing board members with unfavorable information which the prisoner never has a chance to answer or, in some cases even to know.

Prisoners, during a seemingly endless stream of empty days, spend a great deal of psychic energy worrying about and preparing for parole hearings. When the hearing comes, it is short, usually less than 20 minutes and often as brief as seven, and is filled with bracing moralistic suggestions and sometimes accusations. The prisoner, having faced the ordeal alone, then goes back to the prison population to wait for the simple unexplained yes or no. Many thoughtful students of penal reform, as well as (many) prisoners, believe that the uncertainty and the mystery surrounding the parole process not only deems the whole notion of rehabilitation, but, is also the most burdensome of all the antiquated aspects of our creaking penal system.

Judge Bryant's decision is a welcome ray of light in an otherwise dark and murky field. ■■

## COMMENTARY ON PRISONS

Howard K. Smith

ABC News (9-13-'71)

You don't have to be an advocate of permissiveness toward criminals to believe there is something wrong with our prisons. It takes more than just meanness by prisoners, though there is a lot of that, it takes far gone despair for prisoners to try what they tried in Attica, or in San Quentin, or in the Tombs in New York, or in prison after prison before that.

Consider this fact: 80 percent of major crimes are committed by repeaters—people who have been in prison. Assuming that the purpose of imprisonment is to deter a man from further crimes and

to reform him, to make him law abiding, the prisons are clearly failures. The failure is all the worse when you consider that the prison is the one place where society has total control over a human being, to shape him as it wishes. Clearly it is shaping him toward more crime.

The literature on the reforms that are needed is huge, experts disagree on much, but there seems to be general agreement on this: To reform an alienated man—which is what a criminal is—you've got to unalienate him; strengthen his ties to normal life; deepen his roots in the community.

Our underfunded prisons devote 95 percent of their resources to preventing the prisoners from having such ties—to custody, to incarceration, to guarding him. Only 5 percent of funds go to education, to training, to experimentation with limited freedom—the kinds of things that create ties and roots. This is as unfair to the over-tired guards, as it is ruinous of the future of prisoners—to continue not just failing to take the right direction, but actually as we are, moving in the wrong direction. ■■

## BOLD NEW EXPERIENCE IN WASHINGTON STATE (AP)

Authorities at the Washington State Prison at Walla-Walla say they are thrilled at the results of their new program, relaxing all rules and regulations at the formerly hard-headed maximum security institution.

For example: Inmates are not called prisoners or convicts; they are called "residents." Men wear their own "freeworld" clothing and grow as big a beard as they want. There is an elected council of eleven men who sit-in on disciplinary hearings and act as a liaison committee between residents and warden. THERE IS NO MAIL CENSORING—either incoming or outgoing. Men are granted furloughs of as long as 30 days just to go home for a visit—no emergency needed. Even menserving life sentences are allowed to leave for downtown visits!



The warden said he is delighted with the new program and feels such innovations are long overdue. Said he: "Prisons should be more to recondition a man to live successfully outside than to just plain keep a man locked up."

Disciplinary problems have become smaller than before and only 2 men out of 1,154 have abused the sealed-mail privilege. And no one has escaped while on a furlough or downtown visit. Amazing, isn't it, what trust will accomplish?

## COMMISSION FOR CON RIGHTS

HOWARD, R.I.(AP)—The President's Crime commission, in an effort to broaden the scope of prisoner's rights, recently took a bold step forward in the rights-privileges dichotomy.

After a lengthy investigation into the pending rights afforded prisoners and ex-convicts, it was decided to endorse the many rights which they are now being denied.

These specific rights in the past have been severely misused and erroneously viewed as privileges.

The Commission endorsed the report on correctional systems and recommended basic changes such as:

Ex-convicts allowed the right to vote

Right to sit on juries

Right to hold public offices

It was also urged that parole be considered a right—not a privilege. Thereby disregarding the present day archaic concept.

The Commission asked that parolees be allowed counsel to fight their cases before the parole board if they are in jeopardy of parole revocation.

\* \* \* \*

## "NON-PRISON" Plan for Young

NEW YORK (UPI) A young man convicted of burglary faces two years in a state prison. Instead, he is returned to his hometown where he spends a short time in a small, minimum security facility and then is allowed to return to school or to work.

This "non-prison" rehabilitation plan for young men in the 17-to-24-age group is the hope of the California-based American Justice Institute (AJI), a non-profit organization dedicated to penal reform.

According to AJI president Richard McGee, the program is aimed at keeping first offenders out of a prison system that tends to generate repeaters, as well as ease the "now-you're-locked-up-now-you-aren't" parole system.

McGee, former director of both the California youth and adult corrections agency and the State Department of Corrections, believes that the farther an individual penetrates the U.S. criminal justice system "the harder it is to get them out of it."

He explained that the "non-prison" plan involved county facilities scattered in cities and communities across the state. Each facility would handle about 300 offenders who would be required to live there for the first 30 days or so.

"By establishing a model, minimum-security program in which the offender spends more time working and living in civilian society, rather than being locked up behind bars, the cost to the taxpayer is less and the offender is gradually reintegrated into civilian life," he said.

The relatively small facilities would consist of meeting rooms, a recreation center and various residential quarters, McGee said. Offenders would arrive in groups of 30 and would be required to live inside for the first few weeks. Living quarters would be more like dormitories than prison cells.

One of the key features of the program is intensive supervision. County probation officers would have caseloads of about 15 men, instead of the usual 50 to 200. During their first weeks at the facility, the men would have round-the-clock help from officers who would attempt to get to know as much about their youthful charges as possible.

"There will be a self-examination period," McGee said. "The guys will have group dis-

cussions as to what probation means. Many of them rationalize their condition—we've got to get them to look at themselves honestly."

After this the men would be helped to find jobs, or job training or to return to school. They could live at home or find outside living quarters. At the same time they would be meeting regularly with their supervisors, as well as participating in various activities at the facility.

"If their homes aren't good, they can live in motel-like rooms at the facility," McGee

said. "If they have a job they can pay room and board. Then we gradually lengthen the string on them."

The AJI plan, aided by a Ford Foundation grant, extends intensive parole programs which have existed in California for 12 years. Compared with the usual pattern of nine months prison and 18 months parole, the intensive parole system has turned out to be twice as successful in terms of rehabilitation, he said.

Reprint *Boston Sunday Advertiser*, Feb. 6, 1972

## A SOFT TOUCH (from pg. 13)

and then picked up the phone again, dialed the operator and asked for the Los Angeles Police Department. He cleared his voice. It would have to sound very convincing.

"My name is Robert Harper," he told the police sergeant who answered. "I'm an actor. I live on North Phoenix Drive just off Monroe. About ten minutes ago I received a long distance call from Boston. It was the wife of a friend of mine. She was hysterical, incoherent, so I'm not positive she was telling the truth but she said she had just killed her husband. She said she was tired of taking beatings. She said she was going to get rid of the body by dumping it into the river off a dock on 18th Street. I think the Boston Police should be alerted and investigate this." He described the car she was driving and the probable route she would be taking. He sat motionless for a minute going over in his mind all the questionable points of his story so that if the police queried him the pieces would link together in perfect symmetry. He felt satisfied. He took a final drag of his cigarette and crushed it out. He walked through the darkness back to the bedroom. He slid back into bed. The sheets were still warm. He layed there very still, wide awake. Sleep was gone. Beside him the blond stirred, changed her position.

"I missed you," cooed the blond.

"Tell me more." He dropped his hand and stroked her back gently.

"Who was that?" she asked.

"Only a friend," he answered.

"You were gone quite awhile," said the blond, her voice still dreamy with sleep and promises.

"Had some business to finish."

"Did you get it finished?"

His eyes turned to her long blond hair on the caught the scent of her perfume. He wound a strand of hair around his finger.

"I think so," he said.

"I missed you," cooed the blond.

"Tell me more." He dropped his hand and stroked her back gently. Her name was Marlene and she was under contract to M-G-M as an actress, and good for his reputation.

"Hmmm, you have a soft touch," she said.

"Don't I though?"

He snickered and continued to trace his hand caressingly along the curves of her back until she reached for him. [ ]



## PENAL PRESS EXCHANGE

by Jerry L. Bush

PENAL PRESS, *et al.* The PENAL PRESS column has been missing from the MESSENGER for the past two issues. Not because it was forgotten but because we have felt that it is not a column that should be written just for the sake of including it in the magazine. Rather that it should only be written when there has been enough time for the reviewer to become at least reasonably aware of the various PENAL PRESS publications and aware of the obstacles to be overcome in publishing a prison periodical. All of us that have, for any length of time, been involved in the publication of a prison magazine are only too aware of the obstacles to be overcome to get our magazines to the public. At the same time we are even more aware of the necessity of seeing that these problems are overcome so that we may continue to offer a medium of expression for the inmates' point of view. We never cease to be amazed at the unmitigated gall shown by some of the PENAL PRESS reviewers when they continuously complain about paper and photo reproduction! Sure, we'd like to see professional publications from every prison. We'd like to have better paper for the MESSENGER. We'd like to have better photo reproduction. All of our magazine is run on an A.B.Dick 363D offset press. In our opinion it's nothing but a glorified ditto machine! And, anyone that has ever attempted to run four-color process photos, especially on a press like that, would know very well what we mean. The point is simply that we do the best we can with what we have and we feel that this is the case for the vast majority of PENAL PRESS publications. . . with a few glaring contradictions. . . Any criticism of the PENAL PRESS, we feel, can really be only in three areas: design, layout and. . . *content*. The content of any prison publication is calculated by the following mathematical formula: Inmate participation X Publication staff Dedication

Administration Censorship

'nuff said! **I**

SAN QUENTIN NEWS, Tamal, Calif.: If there is any better reading anywhere in the PENAL PRESS than Philip C. Clark's BASTILLE by the BAY we have yet to be exposed to it. I'd like to be able to think of something really dirty to say about the NEWS, Phil. Since you've gotten rid of Watson, though, I can't think of a bad thing to say. It seems as though there are always several Esque alumni in this place and the NEWS is the most widely read publication in the joint.

EYE-OPENER, McAlester, Okla.: What's happened down there, Verdell? Only eight pages in the March issue—counting the front and back covers. Eight pages well filled, though, with your editorial and "Rehabilitation. . . Another Point of View." Liked the "Rehabilitation" article for one special reason. I don't imagine that prison publications do, generally, take any great pains to tell about something constructive that a prison administration does. It might well be argued that that is not our purpose. However, I don't see anything wrong with giving credit where credit is due. You're doing a good job there. Just try and get a few more pages, as well filled, in the next issue. We'll be looking for it.

THE SPECTATOR, Jackson, Mich.: Always look forward to receiving THE SPECTATOR. It's a news newspaper. The layout is always well done and a generous, but well chosen, use of photos. Good all around prison publication.

HILL TOP NEWS, Ionia, Mich.: One of the best of overall content which is appealing both to the inmates and to the outside world. A feat not easily achieved with a prison publication.

THE FORUM, Lincoln, Neb.: Maybe it just seems as though you guys get more entertainment down there than us poor cousins to the north. Loretta Lynn yet! *You always give* good coverage to the shows but about the only thing we ever notice that pertains directly to prisoners is the ROOM-ER DOOMER. . . a good column by the way. We wanted to try something like that here but no dice with the administration. Layout is average but the photos generally seem sharp and appropriate. We usually have a number of your alumni around here, too, and THE FORUM is well read.

MENARD TIME, Menard, Ill.: The most professionally put together newspaper on the PENAL PRESS circuit. For layout and content of interest to the inmates you can't be beat. After the nice award you received from your Governor what more can we say? Congratulations! It was well deserved.

Joliet-Statesville TIME: When it comes to layout and design what can anyone say about Joe Milani and his staff? It's professional. I don't think I could pay a higher compliment than that to a penal publication. How about letting us borrow your Heidleberg press, Joe? In the short time he has been at the job it looks to me as though Lee Banks is going to be the top writer around on the PENAL PRESS columns. Thanks for the kudos in your January issue Lee. Just one question, Joe: Don't you think the TIME could. . . well, is prison reform a taboo? I've taken censorship into consideration. I really don't think it can be worse than it is here. You do get the P.D.I.

CASTLE, Eddyville, Kentucky: If there is anything that makes my blood boil it's a PENAL PRESS publication that steals articles from other PENAL PRESS publications and tries to take credit for them as being original! Your "Winter 1972"??? issue, page 19. "My Prison, submitted by R.G.S." You took the article Prison is a Place, written originally, I believe, by John Severnson Watson at San Quentin, republished by several penal publications, changed the name and tried to pawn it off as your own. It's people like you that give the PENAL PRESS a bad name.

LE PREMIER, St. Gabriel, Florida: Kathy Fountain has a lover! Kathy, our former poetry editor, he was released a month ago, has sworn his undying love. Your poems have had him in seventh heaven. He swore when he left here that he would be in touch with you. Hope he has been or will be soon. The picture of inmate no. 66495 on your Winter 1972??? issue. . . is that you? *Ve-e-r-r-y-y interesting!*

VACAVALLEY STAR, Vacaville, Calif.: Enjoyed your "fairy tale" editorial in the March issue. One suggestion. . . why don't you show your continuations? "R.C.F." on page 5 doesn't mean a thing to anyone that didn't read page 2. And, not everyone does read every page, you know. Overall, your publication looks good to us.

CASTLE COURIER, Portsmouth, N.H.: Hello, Quigsilver. As far as I can tell you're doing one of the best jobs around on the editorial scene. . . if you'd keep it up as you indicated in your January issue. About your 45 pica columns: that's one of the biggest complaints we've gotten here about our mag. Too hard to read, especially with the script type. Can't say too much that's good about the continued stories all the time but maybe that's just one of my little idiosyncracies. Would much rather see the whole story in one issue, though. Where do you get the pictures of the Chicks????? Do you have to get permission to run those? Yours is one of the publications we look forward to receiving. Keep up the good work.



## PENAL PRESS EXCHANGE

by Jerry L. Bush

PENAL PRESS, *et al.* The PENAL PRESS column has been missing from the MESSENGER for the past two issues. Not because it was forgotten but because we have felt that it is not a column that should be written just for the sake of including it in the magazine. Rather that it should only be written when there has been enough time for the reviewer to become at least reasonably aware of the various PENAL PRESS publications and aware of the obstacles to be overcome in publishing a prison periodical. All of us that have, for any length of time, been involved in the publication of a prison magazine are only too aware of the obstacles to be overcome to get our magazines to the public. At the same time we are even more aware of the necessity of seeing that these problems are overcome so that we may continue to offer a medium of expression for the inmates' point of view. We never cease to be amazed at the unmitigated gall shown by some of the PENAL PRESS reviewers when they continuously complain about paper and photo reproduction! Sure, we'd like to see professional publications from every prison. We'd like to have better paper for the MESSENGER. We'd like to have better photo reproduction. All of our magazine is run on an A.B. Dick 363D offset press. In our opinion it's nothing but a glorified ditto machine! And, anyone that has ever attempted to run four-color process photos, especially on a press like that, would know very well what we mean. The point is simply that we do the best we can with what we have and we feel that this is the case for the vast majority of PENAL PRESS publications. . . with a few glaring contradictions. . . Any criticism of the PENAL PRESS, we feel, can really be only in three areas: design, layout and. . . *content*. The content of any prison publication is calculated by the following mathematical formula: Inmate participation X Publication staff Dedication

Administration Censorship

'nuff said! ■

SAN QUENTIN NEWS, Tamal, Calif.: If there is any better reading anywhere in the PENAL PRESS than Philip C. Clark's BASTILLE by the BAY we have yet to be exposed to it. I'd like to be able to think of something really dirty to say about the NEWS, Phil. Since you've gotten rid of Watson, though, I can't think of a bad thing to say. It seems as though there are always several Esque alumni in this place and the NEWS is the most widely read publication in the joint.

EYE-OPENER, McAlester, Okla.: What's happened down there, Verdell? Only eight pages in the March issue—counting the front and back covers. Eight pages well filled, though, with your editorial and "Rehabilitation. . . Another Point of View." Liked the "Rehabilitation" article for one special reason. I don't imagine that prison publications do, generally, take any great pains to tell about something constructive that a prison administration does. It might well be argued that that is not our purpose. However, I don't see anything wrong with giving credit where credit is due. You're doing a good job there. Just try and get a few more pages, as well filled, in the next issue. We'll be looking for it.

THE SPECTATOR, Jackson, Mich.: Always look forward to receiving THE SPECTATOR. It's a news newspaper. The layout is always well done and a generous, but well chosen, use of photos. Good all around prison publication.

HILL TOP NEWS, Ionia, Mich.: One of the best of overall content which is appealing both to the inmates and to the outside world. A feat not easily achieved with a prison publication.

THE FORUM, Lincoln, Neb.: Maybe it just seems as though you guys get more entertainment down there than us poor cousins to the north. Loretta Lynn yet! You always give good coverage to the shows but about the only thing we ever notice that pertains directly to prisoners is the ROOM-ER DOOMER. . . a good column by the way. We wanted to try something like that here but no dice with the administration. Layout is average but the photos generally seem sharp and appropriate. We usually have a number of your alumni around here, too, and THE FORUM is well read.

MENARD TIME, Menard, Ill.: The most professionally put together newspaper on the PENAL PRESS circuit. For layout and content of interest to the inmates you can't be beat. After the nice award you received from your Governor what more can we say? Congratulations! It was well deserved.

Joliet-Statesville TIME: When it comes to layout and design what can anyone say about Joe Milani and his staff? It's professional. I don't think I could pay a higher compliment than that to a penal publication. How about letting us borrow your Heidelberg press, Joe? In the short time he has been at the job it looks to me as though Lee Banks is going to be the top writer around on the PENAL PRESS columns. Thanks for the kudos in your January issue Lee. Just one question, Joe: Don't you think the TIME could. . . well, is prison reform a taboo? I've taken censorship into consideration. I really don't think it can be worse than it is here. You do get the P.D.I.

CASTLE, Eddyville, Kentucky: If there is anything that makes my blood boil it's a PENAL PRESS publication that steals articles from other PENAL PRESS publications and tries to take credit for them as being original! Your "Winter 1972"??? issue, page 19. "My Prison, submitted by R.G.S." You took the article Prison is a Place, written originally, I believe, by John Severson Watson at San Quentin, republished by several penal publications, changed the name and tried to pawn it off as your own. It's people like you that give the PENAL PRESS a bad name.

LE PREMIER, St. Gabriel, Florida: Kathy Fountain has a lover! Kathy, our former poetry editor, he was released a month ago, has sworn his undying love. Your poems have had him in seventh heaven. He swore when he left here that he would be in touch with you. Hope he has been or will be soon. The picture of inmate no. 66495 on your Winter 1972??? issue. . . is that you? Ve-e-r-r-r-y interesting!

VACAVALLEY STAR, Vacaville, Calif.: Enjoyed your "fairy tale" editorial in the March issue. One suggestion. . . why don't you show your continuations? "R.C.F." on page 5 doesn't mean a thing to anyone that didn't read page 2. And, not everyone does read every page, you know. Overall, your publication looks good to us.

CASTLE COURIER, Portsmouth, N.H.: Hello, Quigsilver. As far as I can tell you're doing one of the best jobs around on the editorial scene. . . if you'd keep it up as you indicated in your January issue. About your 45 pica columns: that's one of the biggest complaints we've gotten here about our mag. Too hard to read, especially with the script type. Can't say too much that's good about the continued stories all the time but maybe that's just one of my little idiosyncracies. Would much rather see the whole story in one issue, though. Where do you get the pictures of the Chicks????? Do you have to get permission to run those? Yours is one of the publications we look forward to receiving. Keep up the good work.



THE MESSENGER  
BOX 211  
SIOUX FALLS, SO. DAK.  
57101

SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID  
AT SIOUX FALLS



**I LIKE YOU.**