### CONTENTS

**VOL. 57 NO 2**

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

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

Signed—Don R. Erickson

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**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."
April 14, 1972

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

Dear Sir:

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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:

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Conclusions of this Task Force will be submitted to the Governor on or about August 1, 1972.

I hope this information has been useful and if I can be of further assistance do not hesitate to contact me.

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THE MESSENGER

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CONTENTS

VOL. 57

NO 2

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

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Name
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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

Summer issue 1972

April 21, 1972
Editor
The Messenger
P.O. Box 911
Sioux Falls, South Dakota 57101

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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

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.

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

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

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


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.

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.

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)
**Scenes 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 700 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 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.

Observes 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.
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 I’m 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.
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, careful 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 foot!" Cream screamed. "Do you know what she's playing?" Peaches asked.

"No, my two lovely Fuzzy-Tops. What is she playing?" They 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 society? 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 well. 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 laades and gentle-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 eboneness 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 hutily 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. Maaestro."

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

Summer Issue 1972
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 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. He 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. No one would ever know.”
“But how?”
“You know the big pillow you keep on the bed?”
“Uh 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 hus-
band.”
“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 in-
to 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 beau-
tiful 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 be-
fore 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

thanks to my good friend, who is also loaded down with
patience, have learned the rudiments of Tcoolling 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

!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 a lot, and

Summer Issue 1972
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(28,142),(973,871) 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.**********

The Messenger
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. Fenstremaker
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.]

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 Walther
Marion, So. Dak.

Dear Sirs:
Will you please enter my name on your mailing list to receive the MESSENER? 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
THE ADVENTURES OF THE RED RIVER BOTTOMS BOY

PART II
by Roger Diffre

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-pot-a-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 knewed it we's drunk 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 smooth, weren't nary a bump in the road. Next think I knowed water was a splashin' ever where, I thought that was kinda funny 'cause it weren't rainin'. Heck, come to find out I was dang nigh drown-in', '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 I got to work. I sittin' myself 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 brand 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 unswellin' 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...
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 sitted 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 diggin' 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 paw 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? . . . .
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, MESSENGER

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.'"
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 squeezer 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 lake, 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.

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 Buffetins. 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.
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 Demarias (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 Hawks, 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
Runners-up: 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
Runners-up: Jay Hawks 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.
## INTRAMURAL BASKETBALL SEASON STATISTICS

### A League (1972) Round Two

<table>
<thead>
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<th>TEAM</th>
<th>FG</th>
<th>FT</th>
<th>F</th>
<th>Tot. pts.</th>
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<td>Bandits</td>
<td>409</td>
<td>85</td>
<td>507</td>
<td>888</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rammers</td>
<td>358</td>
<td>91</td>
<td>449</td>
<td>897</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whitemen</td>
<td>354</td>
<td>52</td>
<td>406</td>
<td>760</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hardrockers</td>
<td>288</td>
<td>108</td>
<td>396</td>
<td>684</td>
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### B League (1972) Round Two

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<th>TEAM</th>
<th>Won</th>
<th>Loss</th>
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<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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</tr>
<tr>
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<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hardrockers</td>
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<td>9</td>
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</table>

### Top Ten Scorers

*Name* - *Team* | No. games | game ave. | Tot. pts. |
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. DeMorris - Bandits</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>27.3</td>
<td>301</td>
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<tr>
<td>2. Isaac - Rammers</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>22.1</td>
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<tr>
<td>3. Sleeping Bear - Bandits</td>
<td>10</td>
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<td>188</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. White Mouse - Hardrockers</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>25.0</td>
<td>175</td>
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<tr>
<td>5. Frecklers - Whitemen</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>19.2</td>
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<tr>
<td>6. Fleury - Rammers</td>
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<td>7. Hill, D. - Whitemen</td>
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<td>9. Chapman - Rammers</td>
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### Individual Scoring Statistics

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>No. games</th>
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<th>Tot. pts.</th>
<th>Game Avg.</th>
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### Summer Issue 1972
WEIGHTLIFTING

by Orville Loafer

On April 22, 1972, a closed powerlift meet was held in the rehabilitated center (re-6 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 Athletes 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 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 places in each of the weight divisions. Following is a point by point standings of the final outcome of the weight lift meet.

WEIGHTLIFTING WORLD RECORDS

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

**Flyweight (Less than 56 kg—123.46 lbs.)**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Team</th>
<th>Record</th>
<th>Weight</th>
<th>Lift</th>
<th>Total</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Snatch</td>
<td>Yujiro Sato (Japan)</td>
<td>Japan</td>
<td>Nov. 1968</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Jerk</td>
<td>Vladimir Krushkov (U.S.S.R.)</td>
<td>Hungary</td>
<td>June 20, 1970</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Total</td>
<td>Vladimir Krushkov (U.S.S.R.)</td>
<td>Hungary</td>
<td>June 20, 1970</td>
</tr>
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</table>

**Bantamweight (56 kg—123.46 lbs.)**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Team</th>
<th>Record</th>
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<th>Lift</th>
<th>Total</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Press</td>
<td>Imre Földi (Hungary)</td>
<td>Hungary</td>
<td>June 21, 1969</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Snatch</td>
<td>Koji McI (Japan)</td>
<td>Japan</td>
<td>Nov. 1968</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Total</td>
<td>Imre Földi (Hungary)</td>
<td>Hungary</td>
<td>June 21, 1970</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

**Featherweight (60 kg—132.25 lbs.)**

<table>
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<tr>
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<th>Record</th>
<th>Weight</th>
<th>Lift</th>
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</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Press</td>
<td>Mladen Kuchev (Bulgaria)</td>
<td>Bulgaria</td>
<td>June 22, 1970</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Snatch</td>
<td>Yoshinobu Maki (Japan)</td>
<td>Japan</td>
<td>Oct. 28, 1969</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Total</td>
<td>Yoshinobu Maki (Japan)</td>
<td>Japan</td>
<td>Oct. 28, 1969</td>
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**Lightweight (67.5 kg—141.81 lbs.)**

<table>
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<th>Lift</th>
<th>Total</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Snatch</td>
<td>Waldemar Baszanski (Poland)</td>
<td>Poland</td>
<td>Sept. 23, 1969</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Jerk</td>
<td>Waldemar Baszanski (Poland)</td>
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<td>Sept. 23, 1969</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Total</td>
<td>Waldemar Baszanski (Poland)</td>
<td>Poland</td>
<td>Sept. 23, 1969</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

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

**RESULTS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Team</th>
<th>Record</th>
<th>Weight</th>
<th>Lift</th>
<th>Total</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Snatch</td>
<td>Masashi Ouchi (Japan)</td>
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<td>June 16, 1967</td>
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**Light-Heavyweight (67.5—122 lbs.)**

<table>
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</thead>
<tbody>
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<td>Press</td>
<td>Hans Bettenburg (Sweden)</td>
<td>Sweden</td>
<td>Aug. 21, 1970</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Snatch</td>
<td>David Puij (U.S.S.R.)</td>
<td>U.S.S.R.</td>
<td>Nov. 16, 1970</td>
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**Middle-Heavyweight (90—132 lbs.)**

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<th>Weight</th>
<th>Lift</th>
<th>Total</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Snatch</td>
<td>David Puij (U.S.S.R.)</td>
<td>U.S.S.R.</td>
<td>Nov. 16, 1970</td>
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**Heavyweight (100—141 lbs.)**

<table>
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<tr>
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<th>Lift</th>
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<td></td>
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<td>Yan Taits (U.S.S.R.)</td>
<td>Hungary</td>
<td>June 27, 1970</td>
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**Super-Heavyweight (Above 100—242 lbs.)**

<table>
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The Messenger
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/baseman 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/baseman 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
It was the result of all the confusion & a lack of love
in the back ya'lls mind ya know were on the verge of.

Somethin' ya'd think ya'd never see
comes from keepin' up with the Joneses & brookin' over money
Always tryin' to be somethin' we can never be

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

Life & Death & maybe an eternity
should a listened to the man & just 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. Ottosen

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

I love tawdry 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 love middle books,
Commercially considered volumes sized and printed and priced to sell,
Uniform to every other book in the industry.
Splodged to sell to people who don't read.

(Rights Reserved)

THE MIDNIGHT BANDIT & THE WORSHIPER OF ONE
by Terry Colvin

They opposed down the alley
with a worshiper of one,
Had a GMC broked
and a stub nose gun.
They were after money,
they were after funk.
What they ended up with,
was cell number 41.

The midnight bandit,
and the worshiper of one.
Don'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.
Slept long and lonely hours
in cell number 41.

Slept the worshiper of one
folds 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 death.
But in cell number 41,
its just a daily lesson.
It's probably the only world
in which we all live.
Better help spend the money
member how to give

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'd wish ya could.

Now these apples are 'bout the size a yer thumb
But only when grown from Jupiter wood
Make ya feel good like ya know ya should.
Eat a dozen or so ya'd wish ya could.

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

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

NIGHT
by Roger Dispee

It's night. Now it's quiet. All day they 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 look
Yer body is tryin' but you can't look.
It's 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 get's blown.
It's like gettin' that right message from the wrong phone.

Like havin' a itch with nowhere to scratch
Like gettin' a great deal but no horse to hitch
Like havin' a woman that's really a bitch
It's like listenin' to many crap from the wrong pitch.

Call it sleepin' with yer lights on
Revolution some people when yer all alone.
Feelin' like seven women but fully grown.
Ya got the words in the message the truths from the wrong zone.
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 dealt.
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 like.
Along life's road happily stumble.

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!!!

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.

Living 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 1 hot & 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 am long.
If ya can pull your own time it's OK.
But sometimes always sayin' yer wrong.

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

TOUCH ME
by Roger Differe

Touch me!
Here take my hand.
Can you feel the warmth?
It's not coming from me.
Now your.
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 chambersed 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, impatient.
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 URGENCE 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 clear. In Truth, it is not planned.
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 sure.
But ignorance is problematic for the youth.
They reason behind the self and see all too sure.
That the entity they are seeking is whole

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

Summer Issue '72
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!
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 makes 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 criminal does 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 incontestable—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, meets 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 denies the whole notion of rehabilitation, but, is also the most burdensome of all the antiquated aspects of our crumbling 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 menservant life sentences are allowed to leave for downtown visits!
The wardens 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-privileged 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 parole 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 discussions as to what probation means. Many of them rationalize their condition—we’ve got to get them to look at themselves honestly.”

At this time 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 lay 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 blonde 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 a contract to M-G-M as an actress, and good for his rep.

“Hmmm, you have a soft touch,” she said.

“Don’t I think?”

He snickered and continued to trace his hand caressingly along the curves of her back until she and reached for him. [11]
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’nuff said!  

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by Jerr L. Bush

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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-rr-r-y interesting!

VACALLEY 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.
I LIKE YOU.