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Weekly Scene.....



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ASST. WARDEN
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This is a weekly publication printed by the inmates of the Connecticut Correctional Institution at Somers, Connecticut.

The views are intended to reflect the sentiments of the contributors with the supervision of a Staff Advisory Board, and aren't to be construed as those of the Prison Administration.

WEEKLY SCENE

P.O. BOX 100

SOMERS, CONN.
06071

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JOHN DILLINGER
MAY STILL BE ALIVE

Dillinger Public Enemy No. 1 of the 1930's, I should say from 1932 to 1934, is a mystery to the American public, why? Read on and you shall find out. In a book called the Bad One's, Lew Louderback, it states that FBI agent Melvin Pervis said that he called out something like, "Stick'em Up, Johnnie," and that Dillinger pulled a gun and ran into an alley. But Mrs. Esther Gousinow and eyewitness had, well seen something different. She had been sitting at her second-story window looking out into the street. She noticed several men(FBI) standing around the Biograph Theater. "She said I saw a young man come out of the Theater, accompanied by two girls. They were only about ten feet from the alley and I was looking right down at them when I saw three men walk up behind them. I heard two shots, and the man with the two girls fell to the side walk. I thought at first it was robbery and the victim was killed. Then I thought immediately that the victim was-----Dillinger. Now a Virginia newspaper said that it was the work of cowards, The editorial read in 1934, "Any brave man would have walked down the aisle and arrested Dillinger. Why were there so many cowards afraid of this one man? The next day after the shooting an anonymous scribbler wrote on the alley wall; "Stranger stop and wish me well, say a prayer for my soul in hell, I was a good fellow, most people said. Betrayed by a woman all dressed in red. "This is puzzling, Anna Sage went to the movies with Dillinger, and Polly Hamilton Keele was Dillingers girlfriend. Who told the FBI that she only knew the man shot at the Biograph, as "James Lawrence" then she disappeared for thirty-five years. Was James Lawrence involved in an under world scheme to get Dillinger off the hook, I am sure. Lets go on to something more puzzling, both Dillinger and Homer Van Meter had plastic surgery done, Dillinger and Meter didn't like the results and Dillinger complained that he looked like he was in a dogfight. The FBI, on a mandatory move stated since the man shot outside the Biograph did not look like John Dillinger. Plastic surgery was not, in 1934 Dr. Wilhelm Leesser, performed the plastic surgery on Dillinger in May and June of that year. Dr. Leesser testified at trial (Dillingers Lawyers Att. Piquett's trial) that to change Dillingers face he "cut the cheeks along the ear and the edge of the jaw...we tightened up the cheeks with kangaroo tendons. (Kangaroo tendons are rejected by the body within a few weeks) the end of the trial went like this the man he had worked on was John Dillinger, the man he worked on was not the man killed at the Biograph, and no gun was ever produced by the FBI as the one James Lawrence allegedly drew before his execution outside the Biograph. In 1970 a woman that ran a walk down poolroom in the alley where the shooting occurred said that James Lawrence, the man who was killed, had frequented her poolroom as early as the fall of 1931, while John Dillinger was inmate No. 13225 at Michigan City -Ind.- State Prison. She also said that Martin Zarkovich was the man who performed the shooting, after knocking Lawrence to the ground. A careful study of the entry of the bullet that killed Lawrence as described in a very elusive autopsy made by Dr. J.J. Kearns in 1934, proves, indeed, that Lawrence, who could not be identified by Dillinger's father, sister, or brother after the shooting as their own bandit boy, was buried in Crown Hill Cemetary in Indianapolis, Ind. on July 25, 1934 under a slab naming him Dillinger. Two days later, the grave was re-opened and concrete mixed with scrap iron was poured in that completely surrounded the casket, the grave was then partially closed, and then four giant concrete slabs reinforced with chicken wire were placed in staggered gradations above the casket, obstacles weighing two and a half tons. To me I think that something was very fishy around there, for one, Dillinger's father ordered this odd operation performed, which was very costly, and he did not even have the fifty dollar embalming fee, the whole Dillinger family was broke, except for John, of course, who had robbed close to 1 million dollars within the space of a year. The dead man didn't pay for it because when murdered he only had \$7.70 cent in his pocket. Let me end it here, the whole affair was worth it to a much relieved John Dillinger. James Lawrences body could never be exhumed.

SUBMITTED BY: Andrew D'Ambrosia Jr.

Tourists on the Rock

Twelve acres of bare stone and gray concrete, ALCATRAZ sits like a war-torn battleship in the treacherous tides of San Francisco Bay. In its 29 years as a Federal Prison, "The Rock" was home to such big-league convicts as mobster Al Capone, murderer Robert Stroud ("The Birdman of Alcatraz") and kidnaper George (Machine Gun) Kelly. After the prison closed down in 1963, the island was abandoned for six years while a suitable use was sought for it. Ideas ranged from opening a nudist colony or bird sanctuary to building a Statue of Liberty West or a park commemorating the U.S. space program. Finally, in 1972, after a year and a half of occupation by militant Indians trying to claim the island as their own, the National Park Service took Alcatraz under its wing.



James D. Wilson—Newsweek

Visitors and guide at Alcatraz

The former prison with its crumbling walls and rusting catwalks, has since become San Francisco's No.1 tourist attraction. For \$2.00 a visitor gets a round-trip boat ride and a guided tour of the Rock. Park rangers lead solemn groups through the inmates' exercise yards and the stillforbidding cellblocks. The tour includes a stop at the visiting-room wall, where, says the guide, "Al Capone used to talk so fast and loud to Mamma Capone that all the other prisoners used to shout at him to shut up." There is also a quick trip to solitary confinement, where some of the cells have steel walls, steel floors and no lights.

The tourists' reactions are mixed; some of the visitors come away shocked and repelled by the whole idea of a prison, but others say that an Alcatraz is just what criminals deserve. One recent tourist was a salesman named Clarence Carnes, an Alcatraz alumnus on a nostalgia trip. He recalled a 1946 escape attempt in which he was recaptured, hustled back to his cell and told by a warden: "Well, there you are and there you will die." Now the warden is dead and Carnes is free on parole. "I thought as I came back that I had outlived the institution," He said. "The Rock has died, instead of me."

Submitted By: Carl Wescott

MOVIES FOR THE WEEK OF

DECEMBER 14th

December 14th

THE OUTSIDE MAN Rated "PG" 104mins.

December 15th

BEN Rated "PG" 95mins.

Third Letter to Prisoners

by Karl Menninger, M.D.

My letter, to prisoners, twenty years ago, went also to many wardens and other prison people. In it I said that there were three groups of people who knew from experience that the system is a failure—the wardens, the parole officers, and the prisoners. I said that they would probably all agree with me, too, that most prisoners are not crazy nor sick, but discouraged and angry and unable to get any benefit whatsoever from being confined in prison. Yet, at enormous expense, we crowd them in, there to learn the untruth of the statement that "crime does not pay."

Of course, crime pays, providing you can get away with it, as most people try it do. The 2% of offenders who are in prison are the ones that got caught, and this 2% is doomed. Prison, instead of reforming men, embitters them, teaches them new criminal tricks, ruins, or impairs their chances to get jobs, and inflicts a great deal of cruel and useless pain upon them and their families. That's what society gets for its money and large parts of society don't want that. Now how can we change it?

The law enforcement people know the present system isn't working and they'd like to see it improved but they don't know what to do about it. They are hounded by a public that does not really know their problems nor those of prisoners or the wardens. It constantly watches the wardens to see if they are being tough enough.

Much of the improvement in the care and treatment of the mentally ill in hospitals came from the suggestions and recommendations of patients. The prisoners know most about what prisons need and they ought to be able to come up with some of the best ideas for changing them. It will be a magnificent life-expression for some of those who have suffered.

There are a number of ex-prisoners now trying to do this—some in practice and some in writings. Lou Torok, formerly at the Chillicothe Correctional Institute where he wrote articles and book reviews for various newspapers about life in prison, has written of the changes that needed to be made by the correctional system, by the public and their legislators, and by men in prison in themselves. An enlightened prison administration enabled Mr. Torok to go and speak of these problems to various groups of citizens while he was still "serving time." Now on parole, he is

continuing this same concern as well as carrying on a huge correspondence with his friends in and out of prison. He hasn't turned his back on his old colleagues. He used his prison time well—studying, learning, writing. Besides writing a regular newspaper column, Lou Torok completed a book and planned a film on prison conditions. Instead of allowing bitterness to poison his mind and defeat his purposes, he channeled his energies into something constructive for himself and others.

Not only he. All over the country men have shared their analysis of prison experience and are joining together in groups to help each other while they are in prison and after they are released. For example, I am a great admirer of Delancey Street Foundation at 3001 Pacific Avenue, San Francisco, California 94115 and of their leader, John Maher. Borrowing some techniques from Synanon and adding a number of ingenious amendments of their own, they have now become an influential force in San Francisco. Imagine a group of several hundred ex-prisoners (I don't like the term "ex-con") living communally without any State supervision (except to members now on parole) which not only gets along with the police but upon occasion helps the police and is appreciated by them! Nobody gets any pay; if anyone earns anything, he turns it in to a central treasurer. After two years, one can leave with a check and a car and help in getting a job. But for two years after their initiation haircut and indoctrination, they work together as brothers and sisters and go wherever they are sent. Not reporting a dereliction, either by oneself or by someone else, is a pretty serious breach which doesn't happen often. Sure, they lose some members but the project is going great guns. They are respected by the police, the city officials, welfare organizations and, I would suspect, by anyone who takes the trouble to visit them and see what they are doing.

Whether you are served dinner at their restaurant or are taken to their business places or get taxied around by one of their drivers to see some of their beautiful apartments converted into dormitories—in some of the best locations in San Francisco—whatever aspect of their work you get to see, you will come away wondering at the marvelous spirit that gets infused into a group like this and produces such results with what some might think was the poorest material in the world.

Well, I know John Maher and his wonderful secretary, Barbara Stern, and I know what they believe and what they do, so I am not surprised that ex-prisoners who haven't been totally ruined flock to the doors of Delancey Street in droves and get on the job.

Another great leader—never himself imprisoned but acquainted with thousands who were (and are)—is David Rothenberg who established the remarkable, successful, progressive Fortune Society in New York at 29 East 22nd Street. This group of ex-prisoners sends members out daily in response to requests and invitations for speakers—churches, chambers of commerce, youth groups, and all sorts of audiences who want to hear them. I have heard them several times and I can say that the effect is tremendous. These audiences get told, "like it really is," and they can follow up by reading the FORTUNE NEWS (subscription free to prisoners)—send your name and address.

Taken From
"The Weekly
Progress"
Marquette, Mich.

I read every issue
of your publication
and I find it most
interesting, so I
decided to share it
with our population
here at Somers.

Keep up the good
work and keep 'em
coming.

Robert Carr

None of us is a stranger to failure and disappointment. Every day, in some degree, we wryly renew our acquaintance with each.

As for failure, something we attempt comes off badly. Something we propose to do, we do not, in fact, carry out. Something we decide to get eludes us.

Failure is at times our own fault; we were over-ambitious, or we miscalculated, or we did not prepare properly, or we did not give it the effort required. At other times, it is not our fault; circumstances beyond our control caused the fiasco, or someone intervened to abort our plan.

The sting of failure is generally twofold. First, there is the pain resulting from our not accomplishing what we purposed. Secondly there is the pain resulting from others' witnessing our falling short.

In any case, no point in brooding over failure. If it is culpable, we should learn from it. If it is inculpable, we have nothing to reproach ourselves for.

Failure can be taken as penance, and can be so used as to yield the merit of penance. We can on the one hand, accept our limitations as demonstrated by failure. We can on the other, accept the chastening which a failure not solely attributable to us inflicts. Bitter medicine failure may be, but it is beneficial medicine.

The failure which probably concern us least, but should concern us most, are those in prayer and in charity.

When we resolve to give a certain time to prayer, and then do not, even though no obstacle arises save our own sloth, then there is reason for compunction and concern. And so is there when we yield to every temptation against charity.

One single small success in the matter of charity is far more important than a dozen inculpable failures at work. It is such successes that we should chiefly prize, and on achieving which we should chiefly concentrate.

As for disappointment, how familiar we are with that! We had hope for recognition of the conscientious performance of our job; it does not come. We had hoped that your sons report card would be better; it isn't. We had hoped to solve the problem of where a cantankerous relative is to live; we haven't. Hence we are downhearted, self-pitying. We whine, "Everything goes wrong for you or me!"

An exaggeration, surely. But with a grain of turth in it. There is no perfect fulfillment, no hundred per cent success, no final solution on earth. We are made for more than can be here attained. Our spirits will be content only with heaven. Here and now, disappointment is as inevitable as death, and as with death, a little of it comes to us each day.

"THE FOLLOWING HAVE WON THE LOTTERY"

- Daniel Marquez #22505 Q-2-19
- Herbert Wallace #24233 H-25
- Terry O'Brien #50501 JDB-5
- William Ford #51720 H-108

A CASE OF FEELING

So you want to be a censor when you grow up! Well hold off a minute, kid. I know what you're thinking. You'll get to see a lot of "dirty" movies and read a lot of "smutty" books. That's true. But you'll find out that it's a lousy, thankless job. It leads nowhere. And the pay stinks.

Mere titillation is meager compensation. Even when added to the satisfaction of saving others from the effects thereof.

Besides, how do you know you've got the qualifications? Nobody knows what they are. How do you prepare for the job? There are no courses available, either in the vocational schools or the colleges. And there are no textbooks on how to be a censor. I once thought of writing one, but I realized it would never get past the censors, so I gave up.

All right so you're not interested in my advice and you still want to be a censor. And you want to know how one goes about getting chosen. Well, maybe you will find the story of Clarkstown, New York, instructive if not inspirational.

Clarkstown is a bit northwest of New York City proper. Only it's probably a little more proper. The township includes such hamlets as Nanuet, New City, West Nyack, Congers and Upper Nyack. Last fall, following the Supreme Court decision that left the definition of obscenity up to the local communities, the five-member town board decided that Clarkstown should be the first place in the nation to determine officially what its standards were, if any.

Now, if it had been a question of building and construction standards, the job would have been pretty simple. They'd just hire some expert consultants--architect, engineers and the like. A report would be turned in and eventually voted up or down. And that would be that. But finding experts on obscenity among "decent" people is somewhat stickier wicket. We know that anyone who has been exposed to dirty stuff for any length of time is bound to have been hopelessly corrupted by it. And anyone who has not can't claim to know much about it. The town board knew it had to find some ingenious way around the dilemma.

They decided to establish a nine-member "obscenity committee." It would be empowered to screen films, cabaret acts, and printed matter. And it would also be empowered to conduct a survey among adult residents of the community to determine whether the people wanted a committee to be doing that job for them. Each town-board member appointed one member to the committee, and the other four were chosen from a surprisingly large number of volunteers. Each volunteer was from a different township, to assure good geographical balance. The committee then elected a chairman. Of course, the chairman would have to be the one most qualified among them to head up this great endeavor. And that turned out to be Marty Snyder.

You don't remember Marty Snyder? Too young, I guess. Mr. Snyder gained national recognition back in World War II days as General Eisenhower's mess sergeant. On the strength of the popularity achieved in that post, he later opened a restaurant. And on the strength of that experience as a business man, Snyder was made a member of the advisory board of the Small Business Administration when Ike entered the White House.

Snyder had also been active politically. During Eisenhower's presidential campaign--and later during Mr. Nixon's campaigns--he made a practice of calling the local phone-in radio shows to act as a one-man truth squad, using the nickname he claimed was given him by the radio station: Mr. Truth.

continued;

"They chose me to head the committee," Snyder told us, "because of my organizational ability." And he says the first thing he organized was a postcard poll--he mailed out 20,000 questionnaires to taxpayers and registered voters--to determine whether the community really wanted an obscenity committee. "For all I know, he added, "they might very well vote us out of business."

Among the responses was a lawsuit filed by six local families in federal district court in New York City, challenging the committee's authority and aimed at putting it out of business. One of the plaintiffs, Stanford A. Chalson, suggested the committee itself is an obscenity.

Mr. Truth detected some bias on the part of his challengers. They were, he said, a bunch of "jerk-knee (sic) liberals." Their attorney, moreover, was a publicity-seeking civil-libertarian lawyer" whose counter-questionnaire he had filed "right in the garbage."

Even one of the volunteers, a woman, turned out to be a ringer. Mrs. Jean K. Bauman, he revealed, "has already declared openly that she is a member of the American Civil Liberties Union and is opposed to closing down X-rated films..."

"How could she serve on the committee," he asked, "if she's not open-minded?"

Mr. Truth, of course, admits to no countervailing bias of his own. He agreed with a judge who had recently ordered the film *The Devil in Miss Jones* removed from the local screens, because it was strictly a commercial operation (unlike his restaurant). People were so disgusted by the movie that they come from as far away as Connecticut and New Jersey, and paid double in our minds to see it. Snyder left little doubt in our minds how he would vote when such a movie came before his committee for approval.

Obviously disturbed by the filing of the lawsuit against his committee, told us, "First these people argued on the basis of the First Amendment. But the Court ruled obscenity is not protected by that. Now they're using the Fourteenth Amendment. Next I guess they'll try the Fifth."

Mrs. Bauman told us he was wrong on all three counts. She referred us to Article I, Section 8 of the New York State Constitution, which says in part, "Every citizen may freely speak, write and publish his sentiments on all subjects . . . and no law shall be passed to restrain or abridge the liberty of speech or of the press." Mrs. Bauman, who began her "admitted" A.C.L.U. activity twenty years ago with a paper condemning McCarthyism, said she had never actually seen an X-rated film. Not that she wouldn't like to, but a bad back made it hard to travel. She just felt that those who could, and wanted to, should not be prevented from seeing them just because someone else didn't like them.

As to Marty Snyder's qualifications to screen films for his community, there's one other problem. Nothing he should have to answer for, but it might serve some indication of the kind of thinking that motivates the appointers of our would-be censors. Mr. Snyder has been blind for four years. He has to depend on what other board members tell him is going on up there on the screen. Then he'll vote based on how he feels about it.

"Pornography," he told us, "isn't a case of seeing. It's a case of feeling." Sure. But it's stretching things a bit, I'd say, to have those who do his seeing for him also do our feeling for us.

CALENDARS: 1801-2000

Select the desired year from the table below. The number shown with each year tells you the calendar to use for that year.

Table of years 1801-1900 with corresponding calendar numbers. Columns are labeled with years and the number of the calendar to use.

Table of years 1901-2000 with corresponding calendar numbers. Columns are labeled with years and the number of the calendar to use.

Table of years 1801-1900 with corresponding calendar numbers. Columns are labeled with years and the number of the calendar to use.

Calendar grid for year 1 (1801). Months: JANUARY, FEBRUARY, MARCH, APRIL, MAY, JUNE, JULY, AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER, NOVEMBER, DECEMBER.

Calendar grid for year 2 (1802). Months: JANUARY, FEBRUARY, MARCH, APRIL, MAY, JUNE, JULY, AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER, NOVEMBER, DECEMBER.

Calendar grid for year 3 (1803). Months: JANUARY, FEBRUARY, MARCH, APRIL, MAY, JUNE, JULY, AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER, NOVEMBER, DECEMBER.

Calendar grid for year 4 (1804). Months: JANUARY, FEBRUARY, MARCH, APRIL, MAY, JUNE, JULY, AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER, NOVEMBER, DECEMBER.

Calendar grid for year 5 (1805). Months: JANUARY, FEBRUARY, MARCH, APRIL, MAY, JUNE, JULY, AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER, NOVEMBER, DECEMBER.

Calendar grid for year 6 (1806). Months: JANUARY, FEBRUARY, MARCH, APRIL, MAY, JUNE, JULY, AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER, NOVEMBER, DECEMBER.

Calendar grid for year 7 (1807). Months: JANUARY, FEBRUARY, MARCH, APRIL, MAY, JUNE, JULY, AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER, NOVEMBER, DECEMBER.

Calendar grid for year 8 (1808). Months: JANUARY, FEBRUARY, MARCH, APRIL, MAY, JUNE, JULY, AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER, NOVEMBER, DECEMBER.

Calendar grid for year 9 (1809). Months: JANUARY, FEBRUARY, MARCH, APRIL, MAY, JUNE, JULY, AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER, NOVEMBER, DECEMBER.

Calendar grid for year 10 (1810). Months: JANUARY, FEBRUARY, MARCH, APRIL, MAY, JUNE, JULY, AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER, NOVEMBER, DECEMBER.

Calendar grid for year 11 (1811). Months: JANUARY, FEBRUARY, MARCH, APRIL, MAY, JUNE, JULY, AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER, NOVEMBER, DECEMBER.

Calendar grid for year 12 (1812). Months: JANUARY, FEBRUARY, MARCH, APRIL, MAY, JUNE, JULY, AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER, NOVEMBER, DECEMBER.

ATTENTION WEIGHT LITERS

1. Do not bang weights together because the plates are made of cast iron and will crack or break. Misuse and abuse of weight machines will result in suspension of lifting privileges for 90 days or more after the 3rd warning.
2. Absolutely NO smoking or drinking of coffee allowed. Only weight room commissioners are permitted to have coffee & smoking.
3. Do not loaf around; work steadily without long resting periods so that others waiting can use the station after you do.
4. Do not apply for a weight lifting pass unless you plan to use it on a regular basis otherwise, you will lose your weight lifting privileges for 90 days if you miss 5 consecutive workouts.

**Mr. David Musco
Recreation Director**

POETS.....WRITERS

"STEEL BARS, CLANGING DOORS," A VOLUME OF COLLECTED POETRY AND SHORT STORIES, WRITTEN, EDITED, AND PRINTED BY THE MEN OF SOMERS.

We are putting together a volume of poetry and short stories, of material written by the men of the population here at Somers. It is our hope to print this volume here at Somers. The details are as follows:

1. Each contributor is asked to submit not more than five(5) pieces of material. The material submitted should be in good taste, and of reasonable length.
2. All material will be acknowledged. The original manuscripts will be returned to the contributor after a copy has been made. Please make sure that your name and number is on each piece of material submitted.
3. All material should be sent to INDUSTRIES OFFICE, and marked "BOOK PROJECT" on the outside of the enveloped used.
4. No changes will be amde in any writer's material.
5. Each contributor will recieve two (2) free copies of this volume.
6. The volume will include artwork by a member of the project's staff, and shall have ample room for many forms of expressions to show their artistic and their meaningful content.
7. If possible, please submit material typewritten for readability.
8. All material submitted will be screened by a three-man committee. It will be their responsibility to decide on which materials shall be utilized in this first volume. The volume will have staff approval prior consideration for any type of reproduction.
9. It might be possible to publish outside of the institution. That brings on legal hassels. We will cross those bridges when we feel we have something of merit to publish.
10. All submitted material must be sent in by no later than December 31, 1974.
11. Materials may be published in the WEEKLY SCENE, items previously submitted to the Weekly Scene, may be resubmitted.

It is our project. From the material submitted, to the lay-out, artwork, printing, and the publishing. It's up to us to make it something meaningful for all concerned. We all have something to say, and many have the abilities to say it artistically, and clearly. This project is open to the entire population. So send in your poetry, prose, and short stories, and let's try to all build some bridges of communications, together.

BOOK PROJECT COMMITTEE

by Carlos Moran
Taken from The Grape Vine, Central
State Hospital, Waupun, Wisconsin

Not all of us can triumph,
Or rise to heights of fame.
And many times what should be ours,
Goes to another name.



The Praying Hands

The "Praying Hands" are much more
 than just a work of art.
 They are the "soul's creation"
 of a deeply thankful heart.

They are a priceless Masterpiece,
 That love alone could paint.
 And they reveal the selflessness,
 Of an unheralded saint.

These hands so scarred and toilworn,
 Tell the story of a man.
 Who sacrificed his talent
 In accordance with God's plan.

For in God's plan are many things,
 Man cannot understand.
 But we must trust God's judgement,
 And be guided by his hand.

Sometimes He asks us to give up
 Our dreams of happiness
 Sometimes we must forego
 Our hopes of fortunes and success.

Not all of us can triumph,
 Or rise to heights of fame.
 And many times what should be ours,
 Goes to another name.

But he who makes a sacrifice,
 So another may succeed,
 Is indeed a true disciple,
 Of our blessed Savior's creed.

For when we "give ourselves away"
 in sacrifice and love,
 We are laying up our treasures,
 In God's Kingdom up above.

And hidden in gnarled, toilworn hands,
 Is the truest art of living.
 Achieved alone by those who've learned,
 The "Victory of Giving."

For any sacrifice on earth,
 Made in the Lord's name.
 Assures the Giver of a piece,
 In heaven's Hall of Fame.

And who can say with certainty,
 Where the greatest talent lies.
 Or who will be the greatest,
 In our Heavenly Father's eyes!

- by Carlos Moran

Taken from The Grape Vine, Central
 State Hospital, Waupun, Wisconsin



My Thoughts

My Thoughts

My thoughts travel.....like the speed of the humbird
Searching for the essence of you
Through clouded yesterdays....I seek a true love.

The warmth of your body, is like a touch of the summer
breeze....Putting your being, in a dreamlike existence.

My ebony goddess....Woman of my soul
Proud to be apart....Of what is to be
A oneness with the "Tao" and the world, before us.

With a childish heart....I've Transcended my thoughts
too you....My emotions for you, Are beyond the stars.

While here, weakening in body and mind for you, My love
haven given me strenght to make me, see reality as it is.

My Black Goddess, without you
I would still have a Revolution, of the mind with your
warm embrace, your tender smile
Black Woman, You are...My Life!

By: Ronald Walker

MY JAN

Good father, since I am now broken down, no leader
of the borning world, no saint for those in pain,
no singer, no musician, no master of anything, no
friend to my friends, no lover to those who love me

Only greed remains to me, biting into every
minute that has not come with my insane triumph

Show me the way now, tonight, to possess what
I long for, to ensnare, to tame, to love and be loved
by Jan in the passion which I cannot ignore despite
your teachings

Give her to me and let me be for a moment in this
miserable and bewildering wretchedness, a happy
animal

By: Donald LaReau

(Last week the Poem "MY JAN" was Translated in Spanish, and it was by: D. LaReau)

EMPATHY UPFRONT

EXPERIENCES

On November 14, 1974 brothers in Empathy House had a very enjoyable and stimulating afternoon. This special occasion brought forth two admirers of Empathy House from the outside world.

The visitors were in the persons of Ms. Connie Luciano, Administrative Assistant and Mr. Larry Mayer, Assistant Director of Addiction Services. Mr. Mayer presented us with a test which actually takes place in the outside world. The test consist of efforts being made to save lives which is somewhat similar to what Empathy House is all about. The difference being the methods used. An impromptu situation was established as brothers were made up into a mock panel and had to select three people from a group of seven who would be placed on the life saving kidney machine. The group was made up from a multi colored cross section. One individual supported the John Birch Society. One young Black Lady was devoted to helping her people. A college student was involved with the world's problems. There was no criteria as to who would be chosen, and money was of no help. The most deciding factor was age as the machine worked better on younger people. After a very long and energetic debate among ourselves, three people were finally chosen. Some very strong compromising had to be done because once the selection had been made, a one hundred percent approval was required. If there was one opposing vote, we could not move on until the opposing view point had been changed to that of the majority. From an over all standpoint, it was a very good experience as we were forced to become more aware of our own personal feelings which is what Empathy House is all about.

By: Frank Atkinson Jr.

REGISTER*****NOW

ASNUNTUCK COMMUNITY COLLEGE WINTER TERM COURSES

The winter term of Asnuntuck Community College here at CCIS will begin Monday, January 6. This will be a nine (9) week term, each class meeting twice a week. You must have a high school diploma or have passed the high school GED test in order to enroll in a course. Complete the following registration form and return it to the Education Department before Friday, December 20, 1974.

TO: Mr. Charles J. Jones, Education Department.

I wish to register for the following college courses;

(Check)
one

Business 101: Principals of Business Management _____
Mon & Wed 6:00 -- 8:40 p.m. 3credits

Spanish 102: Spanish II _____
Mon & Wed 6:00 -- 8:40 p.m. 3credits

Ecol. 200: Energy and Enviroument _____
Tues & Thurs 6:00 -- 8:40 p.m. 3credits

(This course will satisfy the Science/Math requirement in every program.)

NAME: _____ NUMBER: _____

WORK AREA: _____ HOUSING: _____

Signature: _____

NEW CLASS in AUTO MECHANICS

A new class in Auto Mechanics will be formed in January. This is an apprenticeship program in conjunction with the State Labor Department. All time spent in the course goes toward completion of the apprenticeship. We have a brand new classroom with the best audio visual aids along with a complete shop. This can be the beginning of a new future for you. If you are interested and meet the following requirements, send an inmate request to Mr. McCune - School.

1. Have a grade placement of at least 9.0
2. Can you make the medium security reduction
3. Have very close to a year or more remaining on your sentence.

AUTO BODY REPAIR

A new course in Auto Body Repair is about to start. The new facility just about finished, has been added to the administration garage. A new classroom for related classroom instruction is now available to both this class and the Auto Mechanic program.

The instructor will be here on December 6th. Shortly after this date we expect to form a class in Auto Body Repair. If you are interested in this program and can meet the following requirements send an inmate request form to Mr. McCune-School.

1. Can make medium security reduction
2. "Pass aptitude test"
3. Must have a grade placement of 9.0
4. Should have a year remaining on sentence.

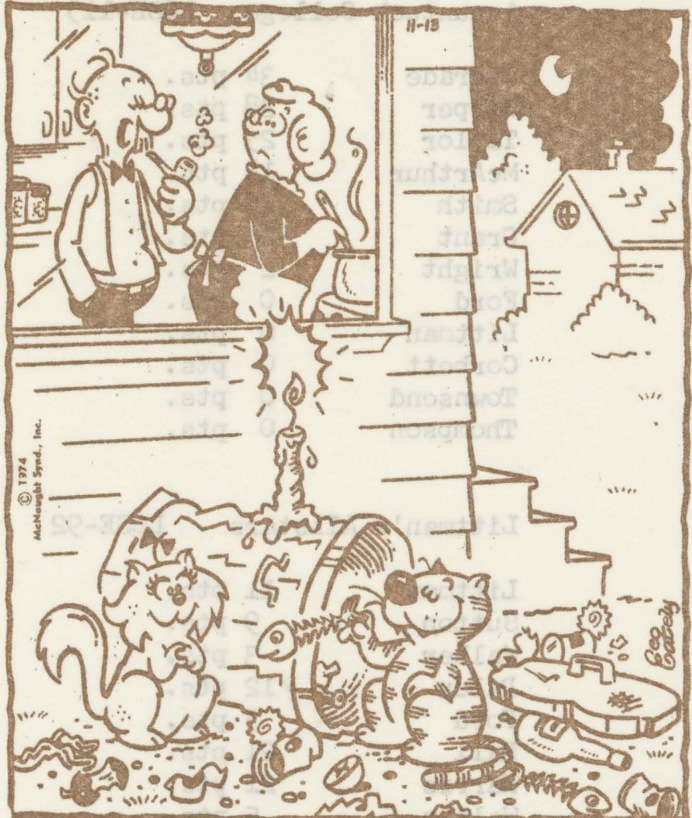


"Frankly, Buck, I like you better in your football uniform."



WALT CAPR

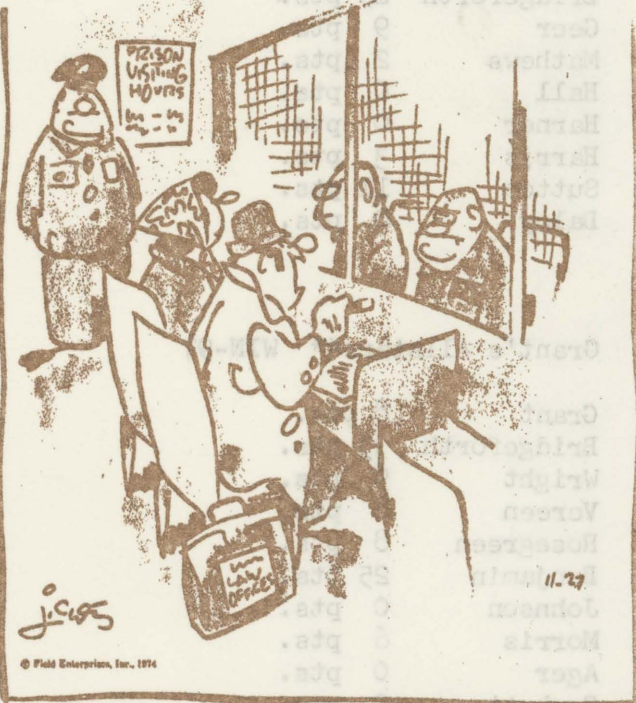
"She claims they were doing a dance called 'the bump.'"



© 1974 MacNaughton Synd., Inc.

Bob Carney

"THEY'RE DINING BY CANDLELIGHT."



J. G. S.

© Field Enterprises, Inc., 1974

"At least you're innocent until proven guilty, Slug . . . and that'll be a few years until I've exhausted every appeal."

Conn. law system is very slow

BASKETBALL

BY: H. LITTMAN

This past weekend saw two very well played games, Face's allstars edging Asnuntuck college team, and Grant's allstars defeating Littman's allstars. Face's allstars being led by Clemons (Face) with 30 points and 18 rebounds, and Bridgeforth's 25, Armstrong's 19, and Gordon's 18 points to lead the allstars to a 117 to 115 victory. Smooth and quick Andrade was'nt enough for the college team's debute in the exhibition. Andrade led the college scores with 34 points, with leaping Sly Harper and Gary Taylor contributing 28 and 25 points respectively between the two, with both pulling down their share in rebounds, Harper 18 and Taylor 21. Still it wasn't enough as they lost a close one.

In the Saturday's game it was Grant's team out for a little revenge from the setback Littman's allstars gave them a week ago. A satisfying win it was as Grant's team put a little hustle and team play to come out on top. Bridgeforth's 35 points and 27 rebounds proved to much for the dishearted Littman allstars. Bridgeforth also had a hand in fast rising little Benjamin, as he contributed 25 points mostly cn devastating jump-shots, to lead Grant's allstars to victory. Littman's allstars were led by John Harris with 21 and Hall also with 21, Hall also contributed 24 rebounds. But it was'nt enough as Littman dropped this one with the final score being 97-92.

Face's Allstars** WIN-117

Clemons	30 pts.
Gordon	18 pts.
Armstrong	19 pts.
Bridgeforth	25 pts.
Geer	9 pts.
Mathews	2 pts.
Hall	0 pts.
Harner	0 pts.
Harris	3 pts.
Sutton	11 pts.
Daley	0 pts.

Asnuntuck College LOSE-115

Andrade	34 pts.
Harper	28 pts.
Taylor	25 pts.
McArthur	14 pts.
Smith	10 pts.
Grant	2 pts.
Wright	2 pts.
Ford	0 pts.
Littman	0 pts.
Corbett	0 pts.
Townsend	0 pts.
Thompson	0 pts.

Grant's Allstars** WIN-97

Grant	8 pts.
Bridgeforth	35 pts.
Wright	9 pts.
Vereen	8 pts.
Rosegreen	8 pts.
Benjamin	25 pts.
Johnson	0 pts.
Morris	6 pts.
Ager	0 pts.
Corbett	0 pts.

Littman's Allstars LOSE-92

Littman	11 pts.
Sutton	9 pts.
Walker	3 pts.
Daley	12 pts.
Ford	5 pts.
Hall	21 pts.
Harris	21 pts.
Walton	5 pts.
Smith	2 pts.

PUZZLE NO. 43

Answer on Page 91

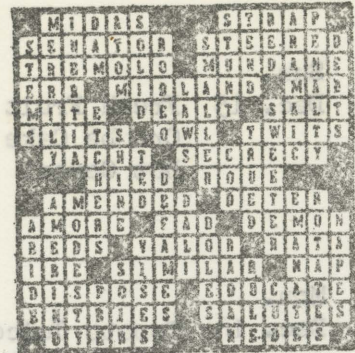
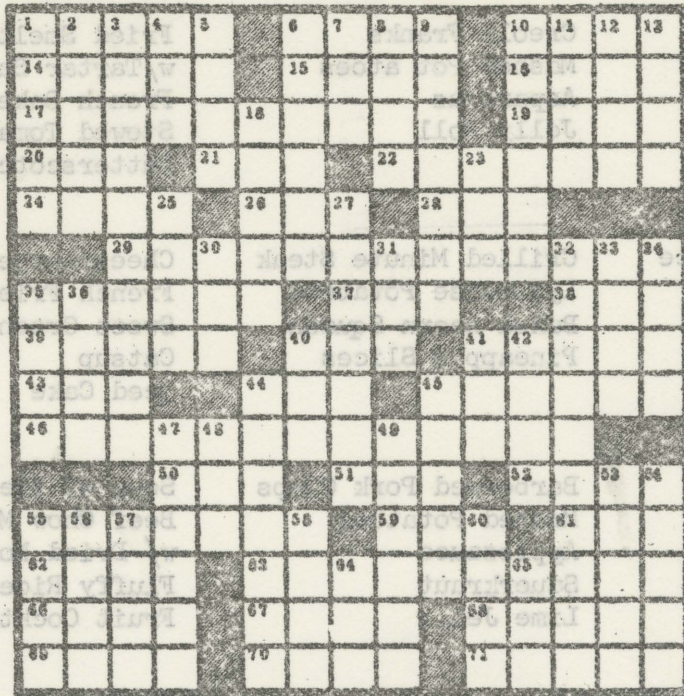
ACROSS

- 1 Chasms.
- 6 Bristle.
- 10 Behind time.
- 14 Junction.
- 15 In addition to.
- 16 Epochal.
- 17 Book custodians.
- 19 Moral offenses.
- 20 Corroded.
- 21 Buddy.
- 22 Salami.
- 24 Slave.
- 26 Indisposed.
- 28 Avall.
- 29 Across an ocean.
- 35 Aviators.
- 37 Apt.
- 38 Top-notch.
- 39 Hindu queen.
- 40 Squat.
- 41 Ultimate end.
- 43 United.
- 44 The sun.
- 45 Country galants.
- 46 They talk with their hands.
- 50 A cheer.
- 51 Man's name.
- 52 Struck.
- 55 Places of worship.

- 59 Inside information.
- 61 Literary scraps.
- 62 Circle.
- 63 Southern.
- 66 Bad.
- 67 God of love.
- 68 Complain: colloq.
- 69 Erase.
- 70 Obligation.
- 71 Denominations.

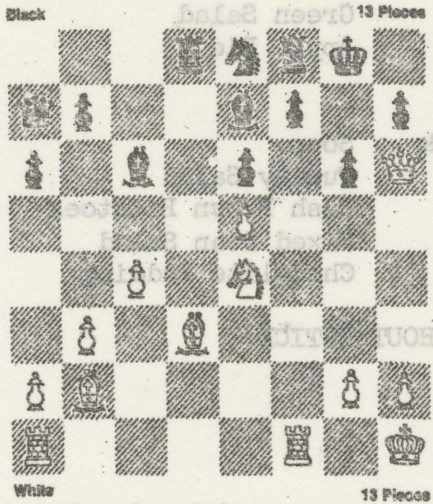
DOWN

- 1 Upper throats.
- 2 Combine.
- 3 Dissolute ones.
- 4 Pro.
- 5 An easy job.
- 6 Divulges: sl.
- 7 Anything high flown.
- 8 Large barrels.
- 9 Attack.
- 10 Abate.
- 11 Opera selection.
- 12 Strong taste.
- 13 Otherwise.
- 18 Showers.
- 23 Established in 1789.
- 25 Gratis.
- 27 Volcanic pebbles.
- 30 Exist.
- 31 Tit for _____.
- 32 Magical.
- 33 Sacred image.
- 34 Tax.
- 35 Amphibian.
- 36 Path.
- 40 French coin.
- 41 Numeral.
- 42 Front-page weather boxes.
- 44 Flotted.
- 45 Sober.
- 47 Threefold.
- 48 Gaelic John.
- 49 Painter.
- 53 Not suitable.
- 54 Anecdotes.
- 55 Molt.
- 56 Hoisted.
- 57 Disturb.
- 58 Withered.
- 60 Porkers.
- 64 Filch.
- 65 Native mineral.

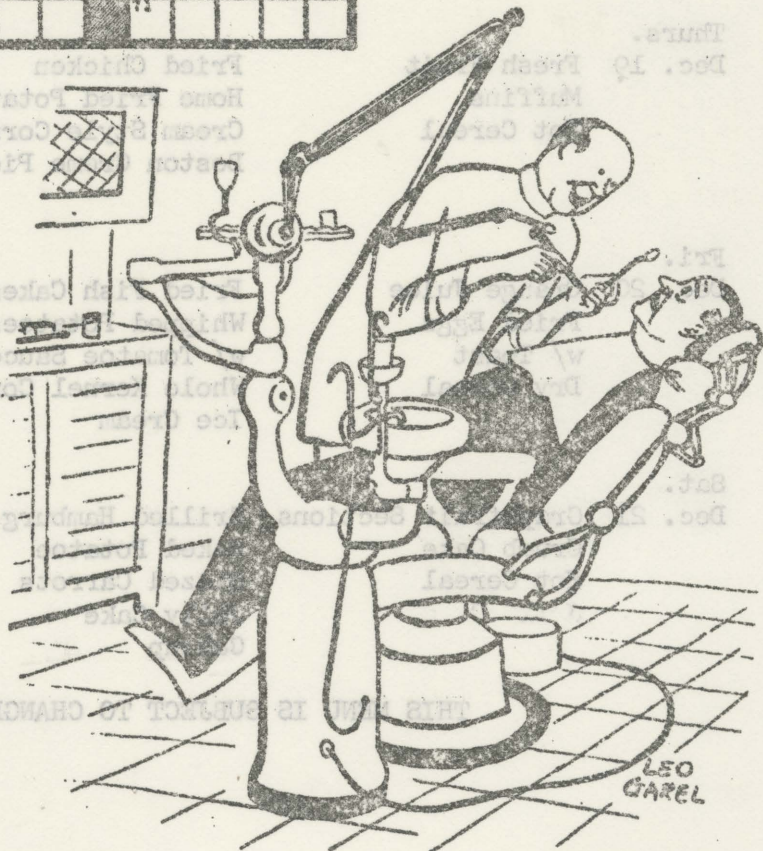


**ANSWER TO
LAST WEEK'S
CHESS PROBLEM**

No. 6600. 1 R-QK3, P-R3/K1; 2 R-QB3
If 1... P-R8/Q; 2 B-R5ch
If 1... KxK1; 2 R-Q3



White to play and win
(Sweschnikov-Gortschakov, Kiev 1973.)



"Just let me know when it gets excruciating."

PUZZLE NO. 43
Answers on Page 21

MENU FOR THE WEEK OF DECEMBER 15, 1974

Sun.
Dec. 15 Fresh Fruit
Crumbe Cake
Hot Cereal

Roast Beef w/Gravy
Whipped Potatoes
Cut Green Beans
Ice Cream

Soup of the Day
Baked Macaroni
w/ Hamburg & Cheese
Beet & Onion Salad
Chilled Apricots

Mon.
Dec. 16 Tomato Juice
Scrambled Eggs
w/ Toast
Dry Cereal

Creole Franks
Mashed Potatoes
Asparagus
Jelly Roll

Fried Smelts
w/Tartar Sauce
French Baked Potatoes
Stewed Tomatoes
Butterscotch Pudding

Tues.
Dec. 17 Grapefruit Juice
Sweet Rolls
Hot Cereal

Grilled Minute Steak
Lyonnaise Potatoes
Baked Acorn Squash
Pineapple Slices

Cheeseburgers
French Fried Potatoes
Sweet Green Peas
Catsup
Iced Cake

Wed.
Dec. 18 Blended Juice
Griddle Cakes
w/ Syrup
Dry Cereal

Barbecued Pork Chops
Mashed Potatoes
Applesauce
Sauerkraut
Lime Jello

Soup of the Day
Beef Chow Mein
w/ Dried Noodles
Fluffy Rice
Fruit Cocktail

Thurs.
Dec. 19 Fresh Fruit
Muffins
Hot Cereal

Fried Chicken
Home Fried Potatoes
Cream Style Corn
Boston Creme Pie

Minestrone Soup
Italian Grinders
Potatoes Chips
Cole Slaw
Chilled Sliced Peaches

Fri.
Dec. 20 Orange Juice
Fried Eggs
w/ Toast
Dry Cereal

Fried Fish Cakes
Whipped Potatoes
w/ Tomato Sauce
Whole Kernel Corn
Ice Cream

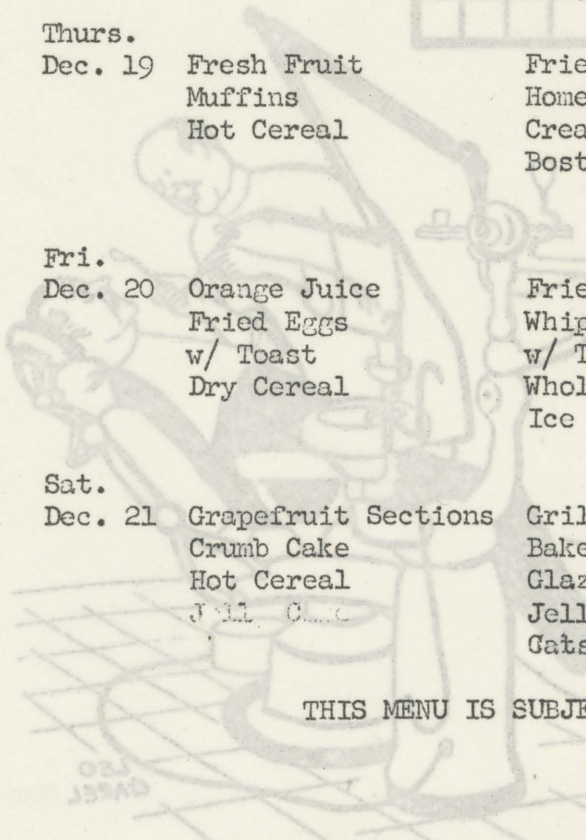
Shells & Sausage
w/ Yomatoe Sauce
Grated Cheese
Green Salad
Apple Pie

Sat.
Dec. 21 Grapefruit Sections
Crumb Cake
Hot Cereal
Jelly Cake

Grilled Hamburg Steak
Baked Potatoe
Glazed Carrots
Jelly Cake
Gatsup

Soup
Turkey Salad
Hash Brown Potatoes
Mixed Bean Salad
Chocolate Pudding

THIS MENU IS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE



023
J550

"Just for me know when it gets exciting"

Write to play and win
Sweepstake-Governor, Kiev 1973