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The
Weekly
SCENE

peace must begin in the minds of men

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APR 16 1975

HARTFORD,
CONNECTICUT



by CARR

ESTABLISHED 1955

ASST. EDITOR R. LEMOINE

ARTIST H. LITTMAN

TYPIST C. WRIGHT

OFFSET PRESS T. HERNANDEZ

EDITOR L. OLIVER

SPORTS EDITOR H. LITTMAN

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INSTITUTION

ADMINISTRATION

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OPERATIONS

A. CYBULSKI

MAILING ADDRESS
WEEKLY SCENE
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CIRCULATION 1,525

EDITOR'S CORNER

THE CHAMPIONSHIP PHILOSOPHY

OF

* JOE LOUIS *

* MUHAMMED ALI *

INSIDE THE RING

He can run

I'm gonna float like a
Butterfly.....

but he can't hide! And sting like a Bee!

OUTSIDE THE RING

We'll win 'cause God's
on our side.

Wars on Nations are for
changing maps. War on
poverty is for mapping
change.

Submitted by: McClain

STAFF ADVISORS

CHARLES JONES

JERRY SMITH

JOHN REARDON

THIS IS A WEEKLY PUBLICATION PRINTED
BY THE INMATES OF THE CONNECTICUT
CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTION AT SOMERS

THE VIEWS ARE INTENDED TO REFLECT
THE SENTIMENT OF THE CONTRIBUTORS
WITH THE SUPERVISION OF A STAFF
ADVISORY BOARD, AND ARE NOT TO BE
CONSTRUED AS THOSE OF THE INSTITU-
TION ADMINISTRATION.

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SCENE STAFF

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THE JAYCEE SPOTLIGHT

THE JAYCEE MEMBERSHIP OF THE CONNECTICUT CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTION AT SOMERS

WISHES TO TURN THE SPOTLIGHT ON THE BELOW NAMED MEN FOR THEIR FINE EFFORTS IN THE C.C.I.S. JAYCEES. FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH, 1975 THESE MEN HAVE EARNED SPECIAL RECOGNITION.

*******JAYCEE OF THE MONTH*******

Mr. Harvey Lerner

For his efforts, and willingness to work, and share in many areas.

*******JAYCEE OF THE QUARTER*******

Mr. William Leach

State Director, and one of the finest examples of a Jaycee in Action. For continuing to help build this Chapter into one of the most alive and effective Chapters in the State.

*******CHAIRMAN OF THE MONTH*******

Mr. Tony Hernandez

For his excellent efforts as Chairman of the T.V. Guide Committee, and his meeting with all the responsibilities and problems in such a manner as to bring about the best results possible.

*******COMMITTEE OF THE MONTH*******

THE PRINTING COMMITTEE

Under the Chairmanship of Mr. Robert Lemoine, this Committee has been able to meet with the many demands made upon it, and produce some of the finest work we have ever seen turned out. From Inmate Stationary, to The Other Society, to the many tasks it has been called on to do, The Printing Committee has shown the Jaycee Spirit in serving both the Community, and the needs of the C.C.I.S. Jaycees. Thus, it is with a deep appreciation that this Committee has been chosen to receive the Committee of the Month Award. From all the membership, we extend our deep "Thanks" for the Time, Efforts and Concern.

*******CERTIFICATES OF MERIT*******

Mr. Benton Pierce

For his fine efforts as Internal Director, and his concern in all of the C.C.I.S. Jaycees Projects and Programs.

*****CERTIFICATES OF APPRECIATION*****

Mr. Angel M. Machado, Chairman of the Spanish Community Relations Committee, and the C.C.I.S. Jaycee Secretary, for his excellent and constructive efforts in all areas of Jaycee Activities.

Mr. George Fileberty, for his adding in many possitive ways to all of the efforts of this Jaycee Chapter.

"WEDDING BELLS AT C.C.I.S."

A bride, a groom, a prison; what do they all have in common? Well, the first two are obvious and on this occasion, unfortunately, there has to be a prison to separate them.

I'm speaking of Edward Evans and his pretty bride, Ann Gauthier, who were married in the "Chapel of St. Dismas" by Father Matthew Shanley this morning here at Somers.

Evans, who is serving a 3 to 10 year sentence in prison, and his bride kneeled before the alter to say those all so important words, "I do" and one could not help but wonder what was going through their minds and hearts during this time knowing that, in just minutes, they would have to say their good-byes.

Well, as strange as it may seem, there was joy and happiness in their faces and the faces of the Grooms family who looked on during the ceremony. The only tears were those of happiness for the future to come; the kind that only hope and deep love can bring to one's eyes.

For those of us who have known Edward Evans here in the institution, we know him to be a pleasant, always smiling, person who is trying to better himself in every way possible. He is a very active Secretary in the A.A. Group and he is constantly placing the needs of others ahead of his own needs to the end that, hopefully, he could contribute something to the lives of others.

So, Eddie and Ann, from all of us here at the Weekly Scene and I'm sure everyone here at the institution, "CONGRATULATIONS" and since we understand that Eddie will be appearing before the Board of Parole on June 17 we wish you both the very best of luck and may your future hold every happiness.

"Wherefore they are no more twain, but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

MATTHEW 19:6

By Bob Carr



This is to certify that

EDWARD EVANS

PLAINFIELD, CONNECTICUT - Dec. 25, 1950

PLACE OF BIRTH

DATE OF BIRTH

and

ANN GAUTHIER

PLAINFIELD, CONNECTICUT -- Nov. 4, 1954

PLACE OF BIRTH

DATE OF BIRTH

WERE JOINED TOGETHER IN THE BONDS OF

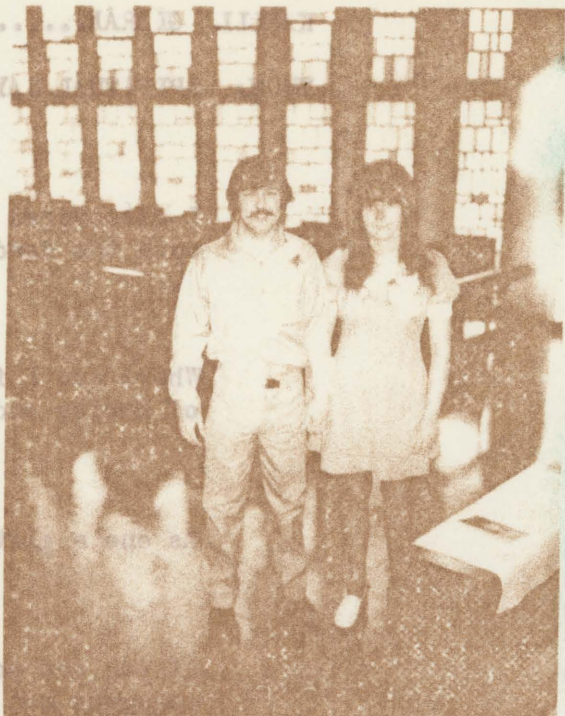
Holy Matrimony

At Somers, Conn. on the 5 day of

April in the year of our Lord 1975

CLERGYMAN

WITNESSES



KAHLIL GIBRAN.....PART III...

FROM: SPIRITUAL SAYINGS OF KAHLIL GIBRAN.....

I discovered the secret of the sea in meditation
upon the dewdrop.

Where can I find a man governed by reason instead
of habits and urges?

As one's gifts increase, his friends decrease.

If you are poor, shun association with him who
measures men with the yardstick of riches.

I prefer to be a dreamer among the humblest, with
visions to be realized, than lord among those
without dreams and desires.

Of life's two chief prizes, beauty and truth, I
found the first in a loving heart and the second
in a laborer's hand.

People speak of plague with fear and tremor, yet
of destroyers like Alexander and Napoleon they
speak with ecstatic reverence.

Thrift is being generous, to all except the misers.

I saw them eating and I knew who they were.

No lower can man descend than to interpret his
dreams into gold and silver.

Loneliness

by

Harvey Lerner

Speaking to the raindrops
 And faded photographs
 Reaching out for shadows
 And weeping in the dark
 Writing love-filled letters
 That have no place to go
 And talking to a Cricket
 That will not answer back.

Writing poems and lyrics
 That no one ever shares
 Clutching at some yesterdays
 That seem just out of reach
 Looking out from windows
 And seeing Greystone Walls
 Praying to a Savior
 That never seems to hear.

Searching through old letters
 And knowing they are gone
 Yearning to hear someone
 But knowing no one's near
 Waking up from wet dreams
 That you cannot recall
 And looking in the Mirror
 And seeing no one there

Getting dressed each morning
 Without a place to go
 Eating food that's tasteless
 And never knowing why
 Having many questions
 That stay locked up inside
 Hearing no child's laughter
 And touching nothing real.

Never growing older
 Just blending with all Time
 Feeling no hand touch you
 To tell you Someone Cares
 Speaking to a Robin
 That lands upon your sill
 And never tasting flowers
 That grow to be your friend.

Hungering for sharing
 Yet never knowing how
 Seeing faceless people
 That never stop to talk
 Passing someone daily
 Yet never saying, "HI"
 Walking empty hallways
 Where no one seems to live.

Wrapping little gifts
 Then giving them to Self
 Opening a closed door
 And knowing no one's knocked
 Sending out vibrations
 That have no place to land
 Making cups of coffee
 Then drinking them alone.

Watching minutes passing
 When each one seems the same
 Feeling no emotions
 As Time is passing by
 Seeming calm on surface
 Yet screaming deep within
 Reaching to do something
 When there's nothing there to do.

Whispering to a night breeze
 Then listening for its words
 Waiting for some letters
 That never do arrive
 Pretending you are someone
 Yet knowing you are not
 Having pen and paper
 Without a soul to write.

Seeking for some freedom
 Yet never knowing why
 Looking for some answers
 You know shall never be
 Sitting at a table
 With no one facing you
 And sleeping in an empty bed
 That never brings you Peace.

Reading something funny
 Without a friend to tell
 Watching Flies on ceilings
 That have a better life
 Waiting for the ending
 That never seems to come
 Hoping it will rain again
 So you can feel alive.

FOETRY*****VOICES FROM THE SHADOWS*****PROSE

Short Story

Herion in my veins,
I never thought about the "PAIN"
The pain of waking up sick
Hoping and praying that someday I
would "KICK"

I never thought about the money I
would spend
Buying Herion, and shooting up
again.

When you are Herion
You are a whore and it is your
Pimp
While it's laying back getting fat
You have to make that money to buy
One,
Two,
or Three sacks.

You have to Buy,
Plea,
And Cry.

If you want to survive
If not you can go somewhere
very near,
And die.....

By: Leo Ducas

I. Who have Nothing

I who have nothing
Nothing but green grass beneath my feet
Blue skies over my head
And Birds singing in my ears.

My only gold, the golden sunsets
My only silver, silvered Rivers
Running through the meadows of dawn.

I, who have nothing
Am most richly blessed among men.....

Submitted By: Lawrence Oliver

Dessert Dramas

A clump of lupines
Background the road
On a rugged boulder
A horned toad
A chaparral cock
Biding his time
The Dessert awaits
Stark pantomime.

Painted.....
Oceans
Of sand crest high
In dunes more colorful
Than any beach or tide pool
Reveals.....

Night songs.....
These are two songs
To be heard without singing
A fox shivering
In an overcoat wearing him inside
A river gnaeing at its banks
Word of mouth.....

Nice Vice

The best of men, and women too
May sometime say what isn't true
A noble virtue if designed
To keep from being too unkind.

Sweet Parting

Like silence, we parted
Into the dark streams of night
Each of us looking back
Until the other was out of sight.

Submitted by: Lawrence Oliver

POESIAS

SOL

Nacio,
 no Ha muerto,
 Como puede ser,
 que brille,
 sin cesar,
 Esa luz brillante,
 que nos brinda energia,
 Nos da calor, calor,
 Intimo eres para mi,
 dando tu esplendor,
 Visto por mis ojos,
 imagenes lindos, feos,
 Nunca te odio, eres
 Sol,
 Luz de la vida,
 Creo que si vida nos da,
 vida nos quitara,
 Por ahora vivo contigo,
 Vives en mi cantar,
 en mi mente,
 Y en mi corazon.
 Sol, brilla en las
 que te ven y las
 que no te ven,
 Si mueres, muere la
 Humanidad,
 Brilla Sol, con
 Tu Lindo Esplendor.....



DES FLOR

La Luna...
 se intero...
 las estrellas...
 brillaban en...
 tus ojos...
 que feliz...
 que ternura...
 En mis brazos...
 tengo tu hermosura...
 y pensar que tu...
 seras mia...
 que dichoso soy...
 Ven mi amor..
sigueme.....
 quiero seguir besando...
 tus labios...
 Vente conmigo....
hasta el final.....
 Llename
 y
 te...
 llenare con mi amor..



DULCES DIEZISEIS

Pensar.....
 que solo ayer.....
 eras una nina,
 Pensar que hoy.....
 ese capullo de rosa,
 Se siente ser una flor,
 hoy si que es.....
 Tu dia,

Eres diferente...
 te imaginas...
 Mas hermosa...
 mas candelosa...
 Hoy cumles...
 Dieziseis.....
 que.....
 Maravilloso.



Sometidos y escritos por:

Louis Rosa

LA CARTA DE UN PRESO

DESDE UNA CELDA SOMBRÍA, DE UNA MALDITA PRISION,
COMO AHOGANDO UNA AFLICION, QUE SU CORAZON PARTÍA,
UN PRESIDARIO ESCRIBÍA, ENTRE GRUESO LAGRIMONES,
UNOS SENTIDOS VARONES, QUE QUEDARON IMPRENADOS,
EN AUDITA VENDICIONES.

AQUELLA CARTA QUE HASTA MI CELDA LLEGÓ, LA LEÍ
CON ATENCION, DE UN BUEN CURA ANTE SU CONFESOR,
QUE VIENDO A UN HUMILDE PRESO, DESPUÉS DE LA CONFESION,
DECIA ASI LA AFLICION, FRUTO DEL REMORDIMIENTO.....

MADRE COMO ME AREPIENPO, POR LO QUE POR MI HAS
LLORADO, TENGO EL PECHO DESTROSADO, DE DOLOR Y
SENTIMIENTO....

MAS NO CREA QUE SUFRO, TAN CRUEL Y AMARGO DOLOR,
SOY HOMBRE Y TENGO VALOR, PARA JUSGARME LA VIDA,
PERO PARA VERTE HERIDA, SOY MAS DÉBIL QUE UNA
FLOR.....

MAS NO CREA QUE AUN SOY, AQUEL NIÑO INOCENTE,
QUE EN TUS BRASOS SE DORMIA, OYENDO UNA MELODÍA,
QUE ESTÁ GRABADA EN MI MENTE.....

HOY SOY TAN SOLO UN DELINCUENTE, QUE SE HUNDE EN
EL DOLOR, POR MI LOCO PROCEDER, YA QUE NO QUISE
ENTENDER, TUS CONSEJOS MADRECITA.....

SI AL MENOS YO TE ESTUVIERA, DE MIS REJAS MUY CER-
QUITA, YO TE JURO MADRE MIA, QUE TANTO MI DOLOR NO
FUERA, HASLO POR LA VIRGENCITA, DE TU ALTAR SANTO Y SAGRADO,
SABRÉ SI ME HAS PERDONADO.....

GUARDE LA CARTA EN ESPERA, QUE ALGIEN LA RECLAMARA,
O QUE UN JARA LA HECHARA, TAL VEZ SOBRE UNA HOGERA,
MAS TARDE SUPE QUE ERA, OYENDO CONTAR UN CUENTO.....
QUE AQUELLA CARTA, QUE HASTA MI CELDA LLEGO.....
FUE DE UN PRESO QUE MURIO, DE PENA Y REMORDIMIENTO..

SOMETIDO POR:

JOSE

"CHEITO"

CAEZ

Her skin glows under the touch of an attentive lover. She is vibrant, each part of her has something special to say, with her someone special. She is always trying to show she Cares, always showing needs and hungers that are personal, and private, only to be shared with her own love, her own lover, her man and friend. She has a way of moving when she walks, that speaks of pleasures and sensations that are rarely found. The taste of her is special and beautiful. Her fragrances are an ever-alive garden of blooming flowers. Her whispers are commands that bring total pleasures when they are obeyed.

She is a Sister, walking Proudly beside you, and a Friend that weeps in the night as she feels your pains. She is a picture often looked at, and talked to; and a vibrating thought that flows though you as you seek for expressions. She is Tenderness, Understanding, Hope, Dreams, Wetness and warmth. She wears a smile that can banish a world of troubles, and is filled with rich laughter that creates worlds of aliveness within you. She is a little girl, and a full and total Woman. She is part Teacher, Guide, Nurse-maid, Bitch, Wife, and a thousand and one endless reflections of answers to you.

When no one else seems to Care and Share, she does. When nothing else in this screwball world makes sense, she does; and sometimes in the most senseless ways. When walls close in, pressures start laying their heavy hand on you, and tears fill your mind, she whispers kisses within you, and in the touch of her hand she tells you that always, for you, Somebody Cares.

She can turn the simplest act into a world of beauty, just by sharing it. She demands that you be you, and share that you with her. She is part warrior, and part a place to find inner peace and belonging. She is often the only meaning and purpose that can be found in life. And through her, you seek and see better worlds in the tomorrows yet to be.

She is Woman. Your Woman. The one who has the guts to keep her head held high when she speaks of you. The one who walks with stooped shoulders from the many heavy loads she carries, yet picks her head up, pulls those shoulders back, and brushes away her tears, to offer a smile and love-filled greeting when she walks into the visiting room to see and touch you. She puts aside the indignities and the fears she suffers, to pack into a few fleeting minutes, a lifetime of love to share with you. She never speaks to you of her having to serve your sentence with you, minute, by long pain-filled minute. Yet, if you look deep into her eyes, and see beyond the love, you would soon see the shadows of prison marking her too. She too is Guilty, Guilty of Loving, of Caring, and of demanding a real place by your side. And for this, she pays, and pays, and pays.

Sometimes her letters don't arrive, but then again, it rips her apart each time she wants to pour out so much love and needs with you, and feels herself locked within the confines of a letter. Each letter you send her is read and re-read over and over, each word accepted and cherished privately and totally. From a whisper of love, she grows alive, from a concerned touch, she feeds her soul.

She is a very special person. Your very special person.

What gifts are you sharing with her? What are you building for her tomorrows? Are you bringing her You? Or are you bringing her masks and fears, shadows and shallow images? Which do you think she deserves? Would you cheat both of you out of Love and Life, or will you dare reach out, and dare to BE for you both?

The pen traces patterns of love on the virgin pages as you start to write, My Precious Love.....

MUSIC IS THE UNIVERSAL THING

Music, Ah! such a sweet sounding creation. Music is such a profound exclamation. I heard a racist say, "I hate the Blacks, but wouldn't it be a wonderful thing if Billy Eckstine made a come back. People across the world differ in their thoughts, but they all seem to be able to agree with the love and understanding that old "Duke Ellington brought.

The old timers remember Bill Haley when he rocked around the clock, people danced for hours, they just could n't stop. Then came Elvis wild like a young bat in the night, he had the young and old screaming and many a heart attack was in sight.

Then came the new breed. The James Brown the Little Richards, ah, it's out of sight. They sang, they danced, they acted out their lives on stage, and crowns they did adorne, and after people heard this brand new thing, a brand new style was born.

Arethea said, "I never Loved a Man the way I love you" and she sang about the truth in Love, and the pain of love, the power and glory of Love, and by far she became a star (super-star). Marvin Gaye, Stevie Wonder, Diana Ross, The O'Jays, Harold Melvin & the Blue Notes, Santana, Malo, Ester Phillips, Freda Payne, Issac Hayes, Barry White, Traffic, Jose Feliciano, The Rolling Stones, Billy Preston, Arthur Prysok, Billie Holiday, Al Green, Smoky Robinson, Curtis Mayfield, The Miracles, The Impressions, Anthony and the Imperials, The Ebonys, Minnie Riperton, The Temptations, Mary Wells, Tower of Power, Cold Blood, The Bad Funkadelics, Gutbucket, Hot Property, Adams Apple, Kool and the Gang, The Commandoes Average White Band, Jackson Five, Three Degrees, Tavares, Billy Paul, Joe Simon, The Rascals, Marshall Tucker Band, Brian Augers Oblivion Express, and Me, Master D. These are just a few of the greats that have donated their works to the music industry. The people go to see them

all because they make you feel good inside, and love is the message.

It's a wonderful sight to see Red, and Yellow, Black and White sitting down to get there and not being uptight, and all because music is universal Understanding and it brings us all together in peace & harmony.

NEXT WEEK:

JAZZ

JAZZ

JAZZ

by.....Dwain R. Johnson



***** NOTICE ***** NOTICE ***** NOTICE*****

The G.E.D. Test is given three times a year for the men in Somers.

You should have a grade placement of 9.5 and be in a study-program. Many men applying for this test have not been studying properly.

If you take the test and score below (200) Standard Total Score - you must enroll in a Program of Study, preferably full time .

A Pre-test was given in February for men planning to take the test in April.

The G.E.D. test will be given the week of April 14th. If you qualify according to the above guidelines.

Complete the form below:

.....

I WISH TO TAKE THE G.E.D. TEST

I WISH TO RETAKE

I TOOK THE TEST IN.....MONTH.....YEAR.....

NAME.....NUMBER.....

WORK.....UNIT.....

OPENINGS

OPENINGS

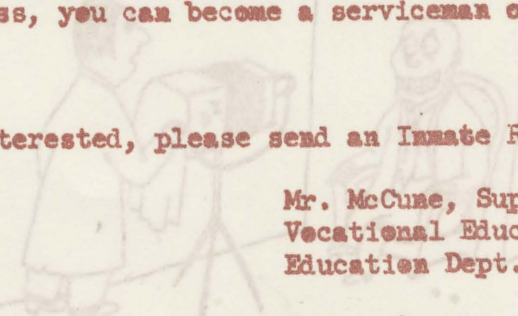
TYPEWRITER REPAIR APPRENTICESHIP

There are several openings in the Typewriter Repair Shop for apprentices. You can get a good insight of what the office machine business is all about. By learning the repair business, you can become a serviceman or possibly start your own business in a small way.

If you are interested, please send an Inmate Request to:

Mr. McCune, Supervisor
Vocational Education
Education Dept.

If you have up to a year remaining or longer, It will be necessary that you be tested for your aptitude in this particular job skill_----



*** NOTICIA ***** NOTICIA ***** NOTICIA

Hay un examen llamado el G.E.D. que es para obtener el diploma de cuarto ano y lo estan dando en Espanol.

Se compone de varias partes que tratan con Ingles, Estudios Sociales, Ciencia, Literatura y Comprension de Lectura. La Comprension de Lectura es en INGLES, las otras partes en ESPANOL.

Debe de saber leer el Espanol bien, saber las reglas de Gramatica (capitalizacion, signos de puntuacion y deletrear) para pasar el examen.

Si Ud. siente que puede meter mano y sacar un grado que pase, pues llene la siguiente planilla y mandela ala Escuela. Al la escuela recibirla le mandaran aviso de la fecha en cual van a dar el examen.

DESEO COJER EL EXAMEN DEL G.E.D.

NOMBRE.....NUMERO.....

SITIO DE TRABAJO.....SITIO DE VIVIENDA.....

INCOME TAX

Anyone wishing assistence in making out their Income Tax return or needing forms for filing are asked to contact Mr. Healey at the Education Department.

NOTE: IF YOU HAVE ANY PROBLEMS AT ALL CONCERNING YOUR INCOME TAX, THIS IS THE LAST WEEK THAT YOU HAVE TO GET HELP IN RESOLVING THEM. DEADLINE: APRIL 15, 1975

INCOME TAX

Cualquiera que necesite ayuda para llenar las planillas del Income Tax o que necesite las planillas se puede poner en contacto con Mr. Healey en la escuela.

NOTA: ESTA ES LA ULTIMA SEMANA EN QUE SE PUEDEN LLENAR Y MANDAR LAS PLANILLAS, ABRIL 15, 1975 ES EL ULTIMO DIA QUE TIENEN PARA HACERLO.

PHOTOS***PHOTOS***PHOTOS

Si ud. desea tirarse par de retratos para mandar a su familia o a quien quiera. Llene una de las planillas que hay en los bloques y echela en el buzón de los Jaycees que esta situado en el corredor al lado de la Estacion de Radio. Entonces se le mandara una nota avisandole cuando ir a sacar los retratos. Sin esa nota no se los sacaran.

Gracias



"Perdón, creo será mejor sin sonreir."

INCOME TAX

Anyone wishing assistance in making out thier Income Tax return or needing forms for filing are asked to contact Mr. Healey at the Education Department.

NOTE: Income Tax Deadline is April 15th

NOTICE

In order to avoid possible accident on the movie bleachers, at the end of the movie all men will please remain seated until released by the officers on duty, and then preceed off row by row as directed.

Para evitar un accident, despues que se termine la pelicula en los fines, de semana, por favor quedesen sentados hasta que los guardias le digau que se paren y bajen linea por linea como el guardia le diga.

TV GUIDE NOTICE

Those of you who wish to get the TV Guide please submit your name to the Jaycee Box in the hall way.



NAME.....

NUMBER.....

CELL.....

BLOCK.....

THANK YOU
THE WEEKLY SCENE STAFF

AND THE JAYCEE'S

LOTTERY

MITCHELL ROBLES #51749 JD2-88

BRUCE EVANS #24629 Q-1-36

HENRY HORTON #44978 Q-3-57

JOHN D. JOHNSON #50904 H-71

LOTERIA

FOR YOUR ENTERTAINMENT



SATURDAY APRIL 12, 1975
THE RA EXPEDITION (G) 93 MINUTES

Thor Heyerdahl in 1947, sailed on a raft across the Pacific Ocean to prove his theory that the Polynesian Islands were populated from Peru rather than from the West as previously believed. In 1970, Heyerdahl undertook yet another voyage from North Africa to the Barbados Isls. to prove that the ancient Egyptians, could have made that trip 3,000 years ago. The RA Expedition is the fascinating photographic record of that Adventure and as Playboy described it....."A contemporary movie about heroic adventure and travels.

SABADO ABRIL 12, 1975
THE RA EXPEDITION (G) 93 MINUTOS

Esta es de un tipo que en el 1947 hizo un viaje cruzando el Oceano Pacifico para probar su teoria que las islas Polinesianas fueron pobladas desde el Peru en vez de el Oeste como era creido anteriormente. De las aventuras y fugilatos que le pasaron a este tipo es de lo que se trata esta pelicula.



M O V I E S

SUNDAY APRIL 13, 1975
S*P*Y*S (PG) 87 MINUTES

If the stars and title of this spy spoof bring M*A*S*H to mind, the coincidence is purely intentional. Donald Sutherland and Elliott Gould deserve most of the credit, the former as a dedicated member of the CIA who thinks that his superiors can do no wrong and the latter again as the cynic, rightly suspecting that he's a target for all factions. Remy Jullien and his crew are credited with the chases, a staple ingredient of any action film, and Gerry Goldsmith composed a great part of the score.

****ACTION COMEDY****

DOMINGO ABRIL 13, 1975
S*P*Y*S 87 MINUTOS

Esta es dos tipos que trabajan de espias y todo siempre le sale mal. Contiene mucha accion y comedia lo mejor y lo que tiene mucha accion son las carreras que le dan a ellos. Asi es que ya saben que esta semana no hay pele para nadie! Aunque siempre hay la esperanza que se vea algo.....Quien sabe??

P E L I C U L A S

EUROPEAN TOUR



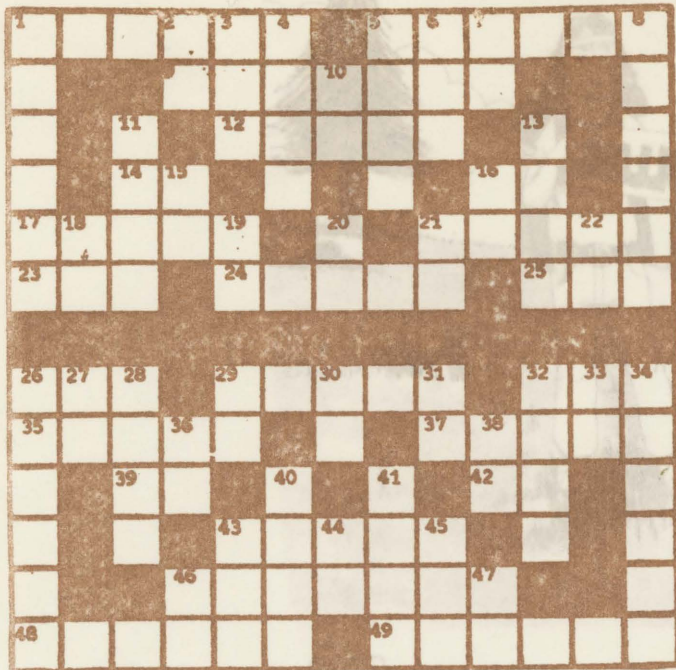
HITCH-HIKING IS A GOOD WAY TO GET TO KNOW PEOPLE. BUT SOMETIMES, IF YOU DON'T USE YOUR HEAD ALONG WITH YOUR THUMB, IT CAN HAVE ITS PROBLEMS. THE WORDS IN THE GRID ALL RELATE TO A EUROPEAN HOLIDAY.

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

- GENOA
- GUIDE (BOOK)
- HOSTEL
- HOTEL
- LA SCALA
- LIRE
- LONDON
- LOUVRE
- MADRID
- MARKETS
- MARKS
- MUSEUMS
- NAPLES
- PARIS
- ALPS
- ANTIQUITIES
- ATHENS
- BASEL
- BONN
- BORDER
- CAFES
- CASTLES
- CHURCHES
- CUSTOMS
- EIFFEL (TOWER)
- FORUM (ROMAN)
- FRANC
- GALLERIES
- PASSPORT
- PHRASE (BOOK)
- PISA
- RATES (OF EXCHANGE)
- REIMS
- RIVIERA
- ROME
- RUIN (S)
- SCULPTURE
- TRAVEL AGENT
- TURIN
- VACCINATION
- VENICE
- VIENNA
- WALES



CRUCIGRAMA



HORIZONTAL

1. Gorro de los cardenales
2. Orilla embaldosada de la calle (Pl)
3. Flojo, perezoso (Pl)
4. A ras
5. Contracción
6. Proposición
7. Pieza de barro cocido que sirve para techumbres (Pl)
8. Inclinación del paramento
9. Metal precioso
10. Demente
11. Terminación de participio
12. Tranquilidad
13. Guarida de las fieras
14. Ciudad de Irán
15. Arbol salicáceo
16. Conejillo de las Indias
17. Nota musical
18. Aumentativo
19. Avariento
20. Félido
21. Placenteras
22. Sosegado
23. Cuatro, en números romanos
24. Río de España y Portugal
25. Peladura
26. Artículo
27. Otorga
28. Terminación verbal
29. Suroeste (Abrev.)
30. Del verbo ir
31. Infusión
32. Usted (Abrev.)
33. República centroamericana
34. Contracción
35. Maíz
36. Preposición inseparable
37. Prefijo que indica duplicidad
38. Nota musical
39. Espejo
40. Terminación verbal
41. Cuento, narración
42. Pronombre
43. Preposición inseparable
44. Oca (Pl)
45. Dios del amor
46. Aquí
47. Contracción
48. Aumentativo
49. Aumentativo
50. Terminación verbal

VERTICAL

1. Lindo, mono
2. Terminación verbal
3. Del verbo tener
4. Amir
5. Limpieza
6. Repollo
7. Existe
8. Concilio

5	3	6	4	7	2	8	3	5	4	2	6	4
4	7	3	6	2	4	8	4	6	5	5	4	2
6	8	2	7	5	8	4	3	2	8	7	6	6
4	2	7	4	8	4	7	5	4	2	2	6	3
3	8	6	4	2	7	5	3	5	7	4	2	2
1	8	6	4	2	7	5	3	5	7	4	2	2
5	7	3	6	4	8	5	2	7	2	6	8	7
7	4	2	8	3	5	3	6	3	5	1	8	4
D	O	A	E	R	S	O	M	O	R	A	T	S



EL POZO

DE LA

DICHA

He aquí un interesante entretenimiento que traerá a Ud. un mensaje diario. Se trata de un rompe-cabezas numérico que deletreará su fortuna. Cuento las letras de su nombre. Si el número de letras es de seis o más, quitele cuatro. Si el nombre es menos de seis, añádale tres. El resultado será su número-clave. Entonces anote en un papel todas las letras bajo su número-clave, de izquierda a derecha y aparecerá el mensaje diario que le trae "El Pozo de la Dicha."



MENU FOR THE WEEK OF APRIL 13, 1975

SUN.

APR. 13 Fresh Fruit
Hot Cereal
Coffee-Cake
Milk-Coffee

Roast Beef-Gravy
French Baked Potato
Green Beans
Ice Cream

Chili Con Carne
Mashed Potato
Hot Corn Bread
Lettuce Salad
Pineapple Slices

MON.

APR. 14 Orange Juice
Cold Cereal
Scrambled Eggs-Toast
Milk-Coffee

Spaghetti & Meat Balls
Grated Cheese
Tossed Salad
Butterscotch Pudding

Breaded Fish Sticks
Tartar Sauce
Home Fried Potatoes
Mixed Vegetables
Marble Cake

TUES.

APR. 15 Pineapple Juice
Hot Cereal
Sweet Rolls
Milk-Coffee

Veal Patty-Gravy
Paprika Potatoes
Wax Beans
Raspberry Jello

Cheeseburgers-Catsup
Shoestring Potatoes
Buttered Corn
Mixed Fruit Compote

WED.

APR. 16 Grapefruit Juice
Cold Cereal
Griddle Cakes-Syrup
Milk-Coffee

Grilled Franks
Whipped Potatoes
Lima Beans
Cole Slaw
Purple Plums

Roast Chicken-Gravy
Mashed Potatoes
Peas & Carrots
Vanilla Pudding

THURS.

APR. 17 Fresh Fruit
Hot Cereal
Coffee Cake
Milk-Coffee

Minestrone Soup
Italian Submarine
Potato Chips
Dill Pickles
Fruit Cocktail

Spanish Meat Loaf
Spanish Rice
Cream Style Corn
Iced Cake

FRI.

APR. 18 Tomato Juice
Cold Cereal
Fried Eggs-Toast
Milk-Coffee

Soup of the Day
Fried Fish Cakes
Boston Baked Beans
Beet & Onion Salad
Ice Cream

Baked Ham Slices
Lyonnais Potatoes
Fresh Carrots
Chilled Pudding (Choc)

SAT.

APR. 19 Blended Juice
Hot Cereal
Sweet Rolls
Milk-Coffee

Vegetable Soup
Baked Macaroni & Cheese
Stewed Tomatoes
Tossed Salad
Chilled Pears

Grilled Hamburg Steak
w/brown gravy
Whipped Potatoes
Green Peas
Apple Turnover