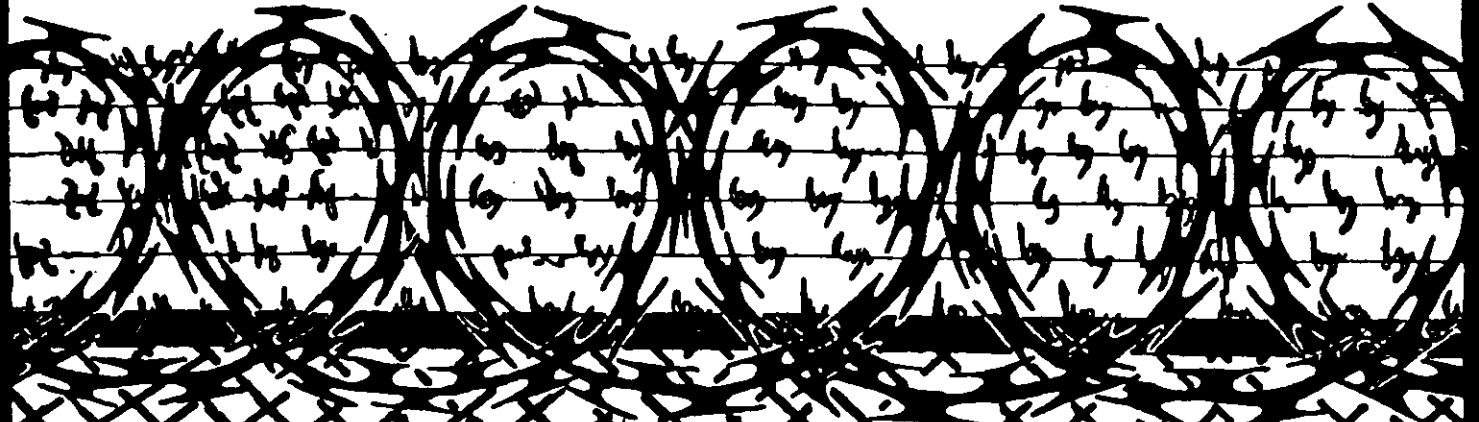


September 1990



THE INSIDER

Matsui's Prison
Newspaper



The "Insider" is prison published newspaper, done by and for the prisoners of Matsqui Institution located in Abbotsford, B.C., Canada.

Letters and other submissions (poetry and artwork) are most welcome from prisoners as well as the public.

The contents appearing in this publication remain exclusively those of the authors, and do not necessarily reflect the viewpoints of the editors nor any person or department associated with or employed by Correctional Service Canada.

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EDITORIAL

STAFF:

Editor - Dave Bamford

Sports - John Graham

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Editorial

I find myself writing this editorial because of the attitude adopted by some prisoners within this institution. Those that have known me for any length of time, will understand that I do not take cheap shots and I do not make anything up, I call them as I see them. I myself, don't have much time in these places, only a few years.

The fact that I am relatively new at this existence doesn't dull my awareness of what I see in my daily life. What I see is a seemingly innocent reduction in priveledges and a slight change by the CSC, in the rules that were made by them. It wasn't long ago that hot water and cable vision in cells was only found in a prisoners dreams or imagination. Although we do have alot to be thankful for, we must remember how it was all made possible. The things or activities (most people take for basic human rites and privileges) that have been acquired by convicts, have been obtained through costly measures, such as; loss of family visits, lengthy solitary confinement, loss of nourishment (due to hunger strikes) and worst of all, death by unnatural causes. Many federal prisoners in Canada are still fighting for more than one hour a day in yard (namely P-4-W). In my opinion it is somewhat healthy for people not to be satisfied with life as it is. To progress in this world, a certain amount of discontent is required and should be duely noted to implement change.

There is positive and negative aspects in any and all change. What we have was not aquired easily and should not be given up easily. There are proper and positive ways of dealing with a typical bureaucracy that allows receiveing the most for the smallest effort. Those more educated in the system than myself would be better able to assist or recommend such steps to those who want positive change but aren't sure how to get it.

Logically it seems fair to say that the man wants and shall have control at any cost. I am a convict and I am so because in the past I have chosen to basically go my own way. Because I am in jail my body is captive but my mind remains free and it wonders at will. I am free to think what I like and I suggest everyone exercise that same ability. It is common sense to be aware that all societies or civilizations do change, for good or bad, it is impossible to avoid the predestined. The whole idea of solidarity has to be rejuvenated and built up in any prisoners that desire positive changes.

CRIMINAL IN CAPTIVITY



COMMITTEE NEWS

The other side of the coin . . .

One of the most common argument heard in defence against massive reforms throughout the justice system, most particularly corrections, is the amount of opportunities that prisoners undeniably now have over the darker eras past. True enough. Education up to and including full B.A.'s at a respected university, vocational training from acknowledged colleges, private family visits, plus business and full wage employment opportunities for the motivated. We can write, publish and market books, hold political forums with the media there, we can even make our own videos and documentaries. Hell, the boys from the old school of silence, physical punishment and the death sentence would consider the present state of affairs almost Utopia. There is something to be said for this perspective.

Almost. There are alot of downsides to the present system, as we all know, nothing is perfect. It would be a tad unreasonable though to totally discount all of the present efforts. They may not be enough for those of us who seek even more life and opportunity, respect and human dignity, but it is an effort. While we continue to bring pressures to bear on those that can change the faults of this system, through the public, we should be taking advantage of whatever is available. So long as we do not, what really can we say about more change. Here are some ideas of what you could do to improve your own situation.

- \$\$\$\$\$\$ If you are not happy with the welfare wages here, and you have a reasonable business idea that you could operate here, you could start your own business. If you lack start up capital, you could get together with a group of guys and run a collective, using equal amounts from each of your savings account. This is of course subject to the approval of everyone from here to Ottawa, but it has been done. The committee will assist people in developing the proposals, getting them approved, and locating resources and markets. It may just work!

- If your wondering what the hell your going to do once outside, and your not business orientated, you have other opportunities. Aside from the typical shops we all know and love, the committee is getting alot of cooperation from the administration in implementing

programs we want. Two to note are the upcoming Desk Top Publishing course and the full scale Food Services Training program. Two others we are suggesting are courses and certificates for both janitorial and hairstyling. We would welcome any other suggestions.

- If your just getting out, and you need a job, the committee is conferring with a job find service that is operated by ex-prisoners, and can get you an introduction at the very least. I understand that they are relatively successful in most cases.

- Through the SFU program, long timers can pick up full B.A.'s in a variety of areas. The program provide a much better atmosphere for intellects with a variety of opportunities. This semester we are starting up a lecture series with exciting speakers, films, and debates that will have the participation of students from the Burnaby campus. For those of you who thought Monday was just pizza night, check it out. Of course, you have to be at least part-time GED or SFU students to participate. There are also rumors about Spanish courses and a possible theater project for next semester. Another note, the GED program is sporting some new teachers who are doing a good job, and are assisted by several prisoner-tutors in getting guys their grade twelve as painlessly as possible. For those of you that are short, but need someplace to go when you get out, where you don't stand out, those completing a full semester with passing grades will be assisted in getting student loans and acceptance on campus upon release. Beats the shit out of welfare!

- The committee is also trying to set up some charitable opportunities for guys here. One suggestion was making book-tapes, or training 'seeing' animals for the CNIB. We're looking into it, and hope that we can get some people to volunteer to assist us in setting up some good opportunities for guys to give a bit, and get alot from it.

- For those rebels who are itching for battle, but don't really feel like becoming just another martyr rotting in the SHU, the Matsqui Prisoners Justice Initiative. This group is slowly but surely mounting a campaign against the day to day bullshit we face - and setting records for prisoner participation. This year we had a colloquium filmed, are preparing to publish and market the first of three books we wrote, and are writing, (with all proceeds going to fund the campaign'), are working towards doing a couple of documentaries on prisons and will be holding round table discussion with a whole bunch of M.P.'s, Senators, lawyers and prison officials to push through the proposals that follow this article. We will also be expanding our effort if

we can get more guys interested in participating. It's the slow road to change, but it's better than wearing the enamel off your teeth in frustration at the faults we suffer through.

- For those needing personal help on some of these issues, we strongly recommend the complaint process. What we can't get settled, we can at least document to show overall problems and get Ottawa to listen. Not to mention that if they get too many complaints, they have to work harder, and sometimes it becomes easier to be reasonable. If guys will assist us in documenting the problems, or better yet, take their complaints to a first level grievance where committee members sit on a grievance board that makes recommendations to the Warden, it would be big. This process has been alot better than I had thought, with the Warden accepting the boards recommendations more times than not. See the grienance clerk, if you need help in writing these complaints. If your beef is legit, and serious enough, we will bring it to the attention of legal representatives too. See Bill Smith, 1 S 13

- The committee is also going to request to make bingo nights monthly, are arranging for a R&E band, a wrestling (like on TV) demonstration and trying to scrape the bucks up for another Open House for around the end of October. We seriously need assistance, feedback and money, in that order. Due to the payment structure of the canteen, we have just cleaned up the past discrepancies, and hope to be doing much better cash wise soon.

This committee is doing everything we can to improve what is improvable now. The day to day abuse we get will require larger changes, at the Ottawa level. Getting all excited about it all is natural, and we hope that the guys will offer their energy in finding new answers, and making the place a bit more bearable with what we do have. There are avenues open to us that will slowly but surely bring about changes, because we have the law on our side in many of them - strangely enough.

Without strong support from the population though, the committee will not get far, we are too few and too busy. We would like to do much more, but we need people to commit themselves to various projects before they can be pulled off. So help us help you out. It's not like there is much better to do. If your at all interested in any of the previously mentioned projects, let us know.

Erle MacAulay

Neighborhoods

To start this column off I would like to say good-bye to Big Mike who has finally left for Ferndale, after all these months. Take care Mike and forget about saying Hi to the postman because he just picked up a few fairly serious beafs. Anyway pal, hang in there and keep out of trouble.

R.R.R.

There is a new support group forming called Relatives Response to Reptiles. This group will be run by Ted and Wendy, the group will show caring relatives how to deal with certain reptilic creatures that we are all subjected to.

Our hats are off to Ted and Wendy for exhibiting such consideration for their loved one. We could learn a thing or two from these upstanding members of the community that refuse to take the lies lying down. You two and others like you are a credit to the human race. Thank you.

UBC Research Update

Tim Harpur recently completed his P.H.D. thesis here at Matsqui, and on his behalf I'd like to thank all the guys who sat for hours punching keys in front of a computer screen for him. The results have finally come in and I'd like to congratulate video wizard Roy MacGregor for his clean sweep of virtually every category. Roy will receive an additional \$35.00 for his outstanding performance. Tied for a distant but respectable second place were Mark Counsell and Scott Olson. Each will receive an additional \$5.00.

My time here at Matsqui will be up halfway through September, so I'd like to thank everyone who's taken part in the research over the past fifteen months. In particular I'd like to thank Dave Bamford and John Graham, whose help as editors of the Insider has been invaluable in raising interest in the research. Additional thanks go to Woody Charne for keeping my office from becoming a toxic wasteland.

My successor will be Susan Nurse, who will be starting here at Matsqui in early October.

I wish you all the best of luck in the future.

Sincerely,
Mike Laycock
UBC Research

Video News

As you may or may not have noticed, the vid's have not been too bad lately. For those of you who are still not happy with the video guy's picks, you can still try and submit choices for different video's to me at 3E8, instead of crying. All video's will not suit everyones tastes so be patient, I am sort of a B grade horror fan in case you haven't noticed. I am still waiting on a change of video stores to take effect. I am also working on a proposal to stop censorship of XXX films but as you can guess it is a tough go, but things are looking better than before, basically the decision is up to the warden and it's just a matter of convincing him to allow them.

Bob.

Letters to the Editor

Letter: Dear Mr. Editor

I don't have a clue who the P C case is, but some stupid *@!%&* sucker is helping himself to whatever he pleases in our fridge. I hope you will print this in hopes the jail-house thief himself reads this. You're taking a risky chance. If you figure you're tough enough to walk all over the good people of our tier, then ask yourself a question next time you open our fridge, "are my fingers worth this pop?". If your answer is yes you might as well pack your bags for Mountain, because sooner than later we'll find your ass. (and your fingers).

Answer: This letter is one that most of us can relate to. The days of respecting one cons property is daily becoming a thing of the past. The letter was sent to the editor as is, no one mentioned the tier that it is coming from, no one had to. I think there is just about one or two on every tier. In the past, a good way to find out who the Scum Bag was, was to fill an item with a soap of some kind (nothing to hurt anyone permanently). When the item went missing, the cons that were directly affected would do a house to house search for an individual who was staying close to a toilet. This would tell them who the creep was, they would do whatever they thought was best. We are by no means promoting violence of any kind. We have to discourage this kind of crime. Who says we are not rehabilitated?

Letter: Dear Editor

Something has been puzzling me here, in the past month we've seen more bodies going to the hole than I've seen in the past year, my question is, Why?

Could it be, that because they shut the P C part of the hole unit down, they now don't have enough bodies to justify a shift for the hole?

Maybe someone from the committee should look into this angle, it just strikes me as far too coincidental.

Signed: Fig from Newton

Answer: We have all noticed the sudden urgency to fill the hole with guys for reasons as small as suspicion of smoking a little hash. This question was put to the committee member that has been assigned the hole and all it entails. The answer that we got back goes like this;



I checked Monday (August 20 1990), a few of them asked to be in there.

The other problem is when that influx of people were run in, it was because of the different keepers in charge. I tried to interview the prisoners in the hole, but a woman was on as the acting keeper, and said "she was too busy every day." But it is different when there is a man keeper on! Now that makes me wonder.

We the committee are caught between a rock and a hard place, but who said life would be easy?

The good news is that we are progressing with the hole administrators, some anyway, after that last influx of people to the hole. We have achieved getting face to face visits with each individual on a regular basis every Monday from 1:00 pm to 1:45 pm, plus anytime they wish to they can see us at screened visits. The communications are better thanks to a certain CSC officer and his staff.

Also, we can send tobacco to whoever you wish. To get your pal some tobacco please contact- I/C G.R. Innes in 3-S-15 anytime. Thank you for taking the time out to be concerned for your fellow con.

Letter: Dear Editor

What do you think of the things going on in the Middle East?

What do you think will happen?

Your paper is very biased and deals mostly with prison, I hope this is a productive change. Please answer. Thanks! Signed: Just Wondering.

P.S. Your paper gets better all the time !!

Answer: To start with let me thank you for writing the editors. We will do our best to answer your questions one at a time.

First of all, I wouldn't get too excited about it. The Bible says: "And you will hear of wars and rumors of wars. See that you are not troubled; for all these things must come to pass, but the end is not yet. For nation will rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom. And there will be famines, pestilences, and earthquakes in various places. ALL these are the beginning of sorrows.

Mathew 24:6-8.

It also says: "So you also, when you see all these things, know that it is near, at the very doors.

Mathew 24:33.

But of that day and hour no one knows, no, not even the angels of heaven, but my Father only.

Mathew 24:36.

I think it will only be a matter of time until it becomes clear that Russia is behind the growing unrest. They have always wanted and needed a clear passage to the Persian Gulf. Also, do not be surprised when Jordan and Syria fully side with Iraq and

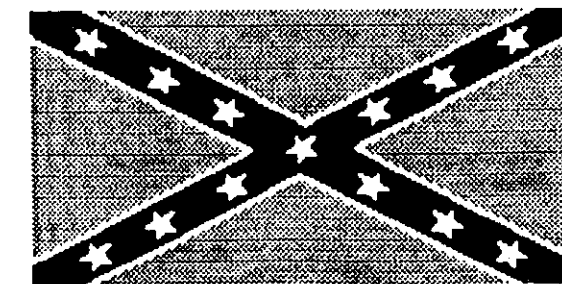
Russia. One must not overlook Russia's overall game plan, and that is to surround and try its best to exterminate their worst nightmare, and that is Israel.

Secondly, I do not think that the American forces will have any more success in the Middle East than they had in Vietnam.

In answer to your third question we feel that this question can and should only be answered by our editor, Dave. This is a prison newspaper and it was formed to keep prisoners up to date on the ever changing environment that we live in. The world news is covered quite well by The Sun and The Province. (your preference will be your own business) If there are any questions concerning world news we will do our best to answer it. Don't forget our White House Correspondant is in another institution and has trouble getting away to attend these news conferences. We try.



"Hey! You! . . . Yeah, that's right I'm talkin' to you!"



HORRORSCOPE

ARIES (March 21- April 19): September is full of suppressed energy, mainly after 10:30 p.m. most nights of the week. Lay off those magazines that you read with one hand and you should make it through these tough times.

TAURUS (April 20- May 20): Romance intensifies to the point that it can make you condone the activities of any kind of sexual experience, better wear your seat belt when you go out of your cell and into the wild blue yonder.

GEMINI (May 21- June 20): Fame and fortune start to move in an upward direction. Any criminal in his right mind doesn't want any fame so I hope you are happy with fortune.

CANCER (June 21- July 22): Go directly to the book and bet everything you can afford on the Seahawks. The stars tell us that they will be winning big in late September.

LEO (July 23- Aug. 22): If you have been dreaming about other cons strolling the tier after lock-up wearing those new glow in the dark condoms, give your head a shake!

VIRGO (Aug. 23- Sept.22): This is the time to open up that Bible that has been collecting so much dust on your bookshelf, you are another year older and closer to your grave. Think about it, better yet, pray about it.

LIBRA (Sept.23- Oct.22): As you are well aware, the sign that represents Libra is the scales of justice. On this note the stars were wrong, here we are. No news is good news. I guess they could be dealer scales!

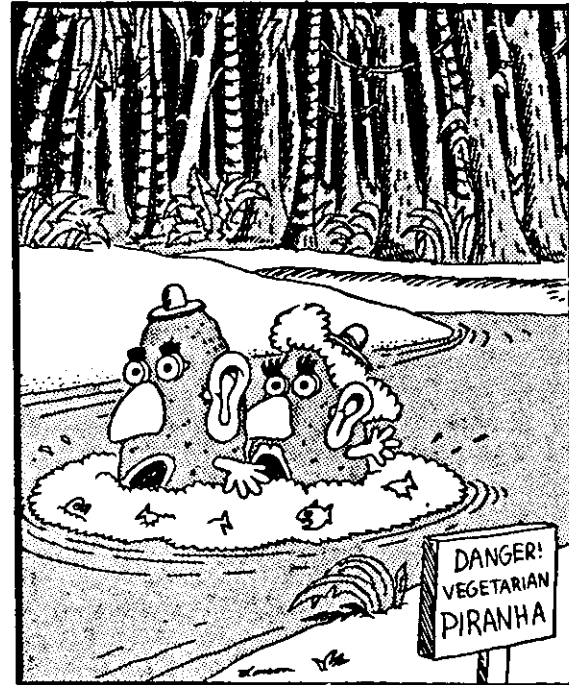
SCORPIO (Oct.23- Nov.21): The stars say that a lengthy visit from a close relative is in the near future. Expect a family member to drop in for a few years, or at least until the transfer board gets a hold of him. Ask Silce or Pat what it is like.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov.22- Dec.21): Now is a good time to make a career change. Have you ever considered Banks? If not you could always run a bingo hall.

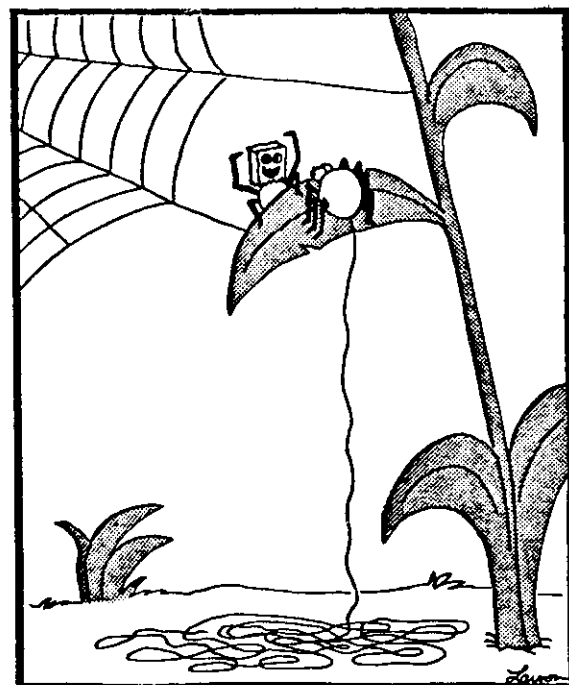
CAPRICORN (Dec.22- Jan.19): Be carefull of the middle of the month, better men have failed before you and better men will fall after you. Don't get discouraged. Just think, another fifty years you'll be dead and it will all be over.

AQUARIUS (Jan.20- Feb.18): Don't get out of bed and if you do, don't leave your cell.

PISCES (Feb.19- Mar.20): The stars smile on you this month so be smart and don't complain about how small this write up is. Okay?



The Potatoheads in Brazil



"Hey, Bob... did I scare you or what?"

Investment Opportunities

By Reginald L. Johnson

<p>ACROSS</p> <p>1 — days (youth)</p> <p>8 Interpret</p> <p>10 Bore</p> <p>15 Kude-critic</p> <p>21 Turn from W.S.G.</p> <p>22 Airfield near Paris</p> <p>23 Frightening</p> <p>24 Preserve feed</p> <p>25 Lots of terra firma?</p> <p>27 Plebeian stores?</p> <p>29 Extensions</p> <p>30 Pumander</p> <p>31 Lacquer</p> <p>32 Hot time in Paree</p> <p>33 'Tis, to Tacitus</p> <p>34 Feed feasters for a fee</p> <p>35 Fruity blends</p> <p>36 Matelot's milieu</p> <p>37 Bandicoot</p> <p>40 Protector of Hector</p> <p>41 Last of a triary</p> <p>42 Towel word</p> <p>43 Ullmann</p> <p>DOWN</p> <p>1 F.D.R.'s mother</p> <p>2 Asseverate</p> <p>3 Plasterer's need</p> <p>4 Isn't up to par</p> <p>5 Painter Pres.</p> <p>6 Took turns</p> <p>7 Clears a tape</p> <p>8 Modify</p> <p>9 Wood, e.g.</p> <p>10 Effete</p> <p>11 Takes up again</p> <p>12 La Douce et al.</p> <p>13 Delineate</p> <p>14 "— the Lip"</p> <p>15 Merry-andrews</p> <p>16 Puts one's hat</p>	<p>46 Seeing red</p> <p>48 Stupidity</p> <p>51 Roses' partner</p> <p>52 Looked searchingly</p> <p>53 "— intense young man"</p> <p>54 Assault</p> <p>55 Prefix for john or gud</p> <p>56 Salamanders</p> <p>57 One of a Latin trio</p> <p>58 Colette novel</p> <p>59 Tiny locks</p> <p>60 Ice-cold shower</p> <p>61 Playmate of bro</p> <p>62 Business firm</p> <p>63 Pungent</p> <p>64 Surface mellowing</p> <p>65 Inst. at Fort Worth</p> <p>66 Pork-barrel contents?</p> <p>68 Inventors' concerns</p> <p>69 Gather, as money</p> <p>71 Decalogue adverb</p> <p>41 Worshipped</p> <p>42 Like abaca</p> <p>43 Good will policy?</p> <p>44 Rapi</p> <p>45 Matches</p> <p>47 Berenson's subject</p> <p>49 Circus</p> <p>50 Maximus emcee</p> <p>51 Turmoil</p> <p>52 Buzzing</p> <p>53 Middle: Prefix</p> <p>54 His star is rising</p> <p>55 "But, by my sooth she'll — wee": Burns</p>	<p>72 Extraordinary people</p> <p>73 He petifogs</p> <p>75 Waterless pool?</p> <p>80 Caucho</p> <p>83 Encamped</p> <p>84 Assault</p> <p>85 Trunk in a trunk</p> <p>86 Joplin creation</p> <p>87 Like surf in a storm</p> <p>88 Detection device</p> <p>89 Saw</p> <p>90 "Turandot" character</p> <p>91 American suffragist</p> <p>92 Neighbor of Wash</p> <p>93 Move furtively</p> <p>94 Position taken by Palmer</p> <p>96 "Twittering Machine" painter</p> <p>97 In which E is</p> <p>98 He wrote "The House of Fame"</p> <p>60 Gratifies</p> <p>62 Fought a fire</p> <p>63 Pub order</p> <p>64 Raccoon's relative</p> <p>66 One who quotes</p> <p>67 Prefix with lace or face</p> <p>68 — Vecchio</p> <p>70 In — (agitated)</p> <p>73 Flues</p> <p>74 Foreunner</p> <p>75 Rivals of Persians</p> <p>76 Customary action</p> <p>77 Jacob's vision</p> <p>78 Colt or filly</p> <p>79 Press</p> <p>81 Jousting needs</p>	<p>100 Former univ. militants</p> <p>101 Small sum</p> <p>102 U.S. citizen, e.g.</p> <p>103 Weight unit</p> <p>104 Sinuous shape</p> <p>105 Daughter of Cadmus</p> <p>106 Raised</p> <p>107 Stood</p> <p>108 Corolla petal</p> <p>111 Kind of cross</p> <p>112 Extravagant</p> <p>113 Boss of a first lieutenant</p> <p>114 Tasso's patron</p> <p>118 Stuck cars?</p> <p>121 Better spots in N.Y.C.</p> <p>123 Undivided</p> <p>124 D'Artagnan's saddle</p> <p>125 He raced with a Ford in 1976</p> <p>126 Half a S.A. city</p> <p>127 Stop</p> <p>128 Meeting on the sly</p> <p>129 Stowe novel</p> <p>130 Full finish</p> <p>69 Muezzin's perch</p> <p>84 Vermont city</p> <p>88 Extirpate</p> <p>89 — camp</p> <p>90 Birthplace of Henry of Navarre</p> <p>93 English county</p> <p>94 Kind of daisy</p> <p>95 Zestless</p> <p>100 Single</p> <p>110 Little subway makers</p> <p>112 Supreme in Stuttgart</p> <p>114 English pen name</p> <p>115 Winnow</p> <p>116 Allowance for waste</p> <p>117 To live, to Livy</p> <p>118 "QB —" Urus book</p> <p>120 Adherent</p> <p>121 Bizarre</p> <p>122 Boss of the flock</p>
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Solution on page 32



"Here's the last entry in Carlson's journal: Having won their confidence, tomorrow I shall test the humor of these giant but gentle primates with a simple joy-buzzer handshake."



Scene from Return of the Nose of Dr. Verlucci



SET ° FREE
MINISTRIES

P.O. Box 773
Fort Langley, B.C. Canada
V0X 1J0
(604) 888-5151

To Dave Bamford.

RE: Article for "The Insider".

It was September 1968 when I got out of prison on my last bit for possession of heroin. I knew if I ever went back again, it would be life on the installment plan. Needless to say, I was fixed one hour after release. For the next four years I managed to avoid the police while being a typical street junkie.

Very fed up with the life style of a junkie I began looking for a way out. In November 1974 I turned to Christ, and after accepting Jesus as my personal Saviour, I knew I had the answer.

Now I direct a prison ministry called Set Free Ministries Society. With a number of volunteers we hold services in the chapels of Kent, Matsqui, Mission, and R.P.C. where everyone is welcome. The reason I come back to different prisons as a volunteer is to let prisoners know that if God can do it for me, He can do it for you.

Ernie Mueller.

I Still Believe In Him

I've been so many places down life's winding road,
and have experienced shattered dreams and heartaches yet untold
And although I was lonely, and at times without a friend
I can say one thing for certain, I still believe in Him.

I still believe in Him, the precious Son of God
I still believe in Him, and trust upon His word
And I'll never ever understand, just why He loves me so
But one thing I know for certain, "I'll still believe in Him.

Although the mountains may crumble, and the stars refuse to shine
I know that I will trust Him, In His love devine.
For I feel His hand upon me and His love so deep within.
That it matters not what happens, I'll still believe in Him.

And when my life span is over, and the walk of life is done
I'll stand there before the presence of God's chosen Son
He will say "Well done my servant" Welcome "Welcome in".
And I'll shout it through the ages, I'LL STILL BELIEVE IN HIM....

WRITTEN BY
H. Bruce Archer
1984.

Please Leave Me As A Friend

If someday you have to go
Please go the way you come
Don't whoosh off in a gust of wind
Without a word or sign

Don't act as if I don't exist
Remember we once talked and loved
as friends should always do
So if someday you have to go

I'll understand you know
I'll hurt inside to know you're gone
And hope that all goes well
But please don't rush off, take the time
to say a soft good-bye

Oh! if someday you have to go
Please go the way you come
You came to see me as one kind friend
Please go from me the same.

submitted By Bruce Archer

" A Poem Of Love "

Some-one to comfort me when times get too rough,
Some-one to hold me when listening's not enough.
Some-one to share the joy and pain,
Some-one to show me that love comes again.
Some-one who knows the mistakes I have made,
Some-one who forgives and helps them fade.
Some-one to tell me that everything's alright,
Some-one that won't just give up the fight.
I love you babe, with all of my heart,
And very soon our future will start.
You're good for me, and I'm good for you,
And together, we'll be able to see it through.
I've seen so much, and I've come so far,
And now that I've got you babe
I've found my star.

Submitted by Bruce Archer

There's Hope in Each New Day

When life is filled with challenges
Fight back with heart and soul,
Face each one with confidence
To win your utmost goal.

Anyone can be a winner
When God is on their side,
Just trust His loving providence
For it can turn the tide.

And if it is a miracle
You need to see you through,
You may just find that miracle
Will wing its way to you.

Catherine Janssen Irwin

Stayed on Thee

Lord, still my mind
throughout the day;
Put all discordant
thoughts away.
Be in my heart
that I might be
At peace with self,
at peace with Thee.

Roxie Lusk Smith

Prayer of Hope

Dear Master, take me by the hand,
And guide me through this day;
The path ahead is rough, oh Lord,
And painful is the way . . .

Dear Master, take me by the hand,
And fill me with Thy peace;
Uplift my heart and soul, oh Lord,
That I may find release . . .

Dear Master, take me by the hand,
And give me strength to cope:
Protect me from the cares of life,
And bless me with new hope . . .

Dear Master, take me by the hand,
And keep me close to Thee;
Release me from all doubt and fear,
And set my spirit free!

Hope C. Oberhelman

Hijacked Chopper Pilot: My Ordeal at Gunpoint — Plucking 2 Cons Out of Prison Yard

In a daring escape straight out of the movies, a helicopter pilot was kidnapped and forced at gunpoint to swoop into a prison yard through a hall of gunfire, pick up two convicts and fly them to freedom.

The hijacked pilot, Fred Fandrich, was then ordered by a gunman waving an automatic weapon to land at a deserted airstrip. He was tied hand and foot and lashed to his helicopter before the three criminals made their getaway in a stolen car.

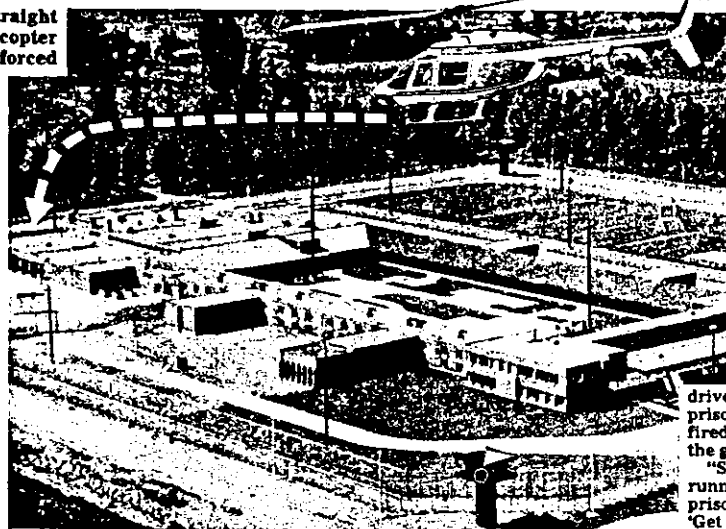
"I flew into the jaws of hell and out again," a shaken Fandrich told The ENQUIRER.

His harrowing ordeal began at 7:30 a.m. June 18, as the veteran 50-year-old pilot was about to enter the door of his helicopter company in Hope, British Columbia, Canada. "I heard a noise behind me, whirled around — and found myself staring straight down the barrel of an automatic weapon," said Fandrich.

"The man with the gun was wearing dark olive-green coveralls, work boots, a flak jacket and a rubber gas mask.

"He jammed his machine gun against my head and ordered me to open the hangar. 'Get the doors off the chopper!' he barked at me. 'Get the radio headsets out of there — you're not gonna need to talk to anybody. From now on all you do is take orders ... or else!'"

"I immediately knew where we



DOTTED LINE SHOWS where chopper landed behind building, picked up prisoners and took off in blast of gunfire.



PILOT Fandrich: "I was fighting to keep calm."

driven by a guard patrolling the prison's perimeter road. The guard fired back and during the shoot-out the guard was wounded in the knee.

"Suddenly two prisoners came running from the other end of the prison yard toward the helicopter. 'Get the machine down!' the gunman yelled. I touched down on the ground and the prisoners jumped in.

"GO! GO! GET OUT!' the gunman screamed. As we took off I could hear bullets from the guard's weapon ping around the copter. One of the rotors was damaged by the bullets. But it didn't stop us from getting out of there."

Fandrich roared his Bell Jet Ranger upward over the prison fences and returned to the landing strip in the woods, 30 miles from the prison. "This is the end of the line — get out!" the gunman said.

"Oh my God ... This is it! They're gonna kill me right now; I thought. They grabbed me and tied my hands, then tied my feet to the helicopter skids."

As the pilot's heart pounded with fear, the men jumped into a getaway car — but the car's battery was dead! They asked Fandrich if he had a battery, and he told them there was one in the helicopter. They used the battery to start the car and sped away.

Within 15 minutes Fandrich freed himself, flagged down a logging truck and was taken to a camp where he called police about 10 a.m.

Two days later, after a massive manhunt, police recaptured the two escaped convicts, Robert Ford, 32, a major cocaine dealer doing life for first-degree murder, and David Thomas, 24, serving eight years for robbery. A nationwide manhunt was launched for the masked hijacker.

"It was a nightmare," said Fandrich. "We could've all been killed. I'm a lucky man to be alive right now."

— JAMES McCANDLISH

'I Flew Into the Jaws Of Hell ... I Could Hear Bullets Pinging'

were headed," Fandrich said. "I'd often flown around the nearby Kent Institution, and I knew that some of Canada's most dangerous criminals were in there."

The hijacker ordered the pilot to lift off, then fly to Big Silver Creek, a remote wooded area where there was a small landing strip.

On the ground, the gunman kept nervously glancing at his watch every few seconds. Then he suddenly rasped: "We're going into Kent to get some guys out. It's time. Take it up!"

Said Fandrich: "I was fighting to keep calm, to stay in control. 'The only way I'm gonna get out of this is by keeping cool,' I told myself.

"During the whole flight I looked at him only twice, and both times he yelled: 'Don't look at me! Don't look at me!' As we approached the prison fence he barked: 'Fly lower! Lower!'"

"I dropped down to 50 feet from the ground. 'All right, we're going in,' the gunman said, peering at his watch.

"I prepared to land at one end of the prison lowering the copter to about 10 feet off the ground. At that point my eardrums almost burst when the gunman opened up with automatic rifle fire at a prison truck



ESCAPEES recaptured after two-day manhunt: Robber David Thomas, 24, (above), and killer Robert Ford, 32.



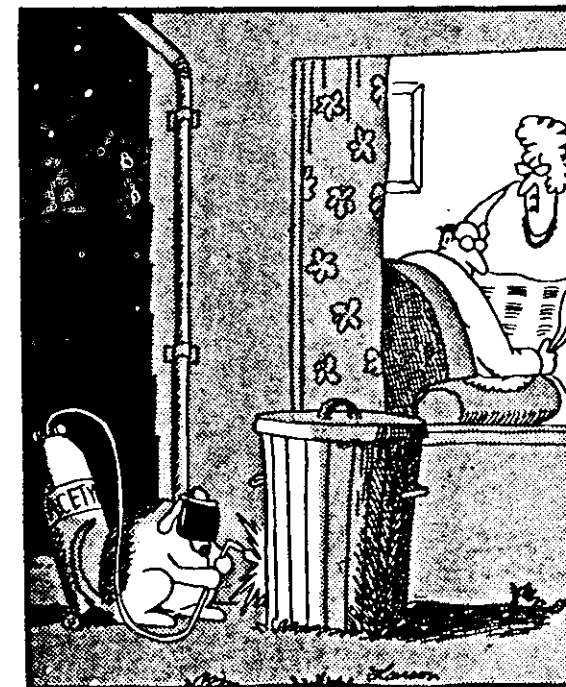
Lifers Group News

We the Matsqui Lifers' Organization built the PFV Houses and we are trying to keep them as clean as possible. This is only possible so long as we can count on your help in assisting us. So that ALL Convicts who use the houses can enjoy them we ask that the following be done:

1. Clean the stove, including stove top, oven and exhaust fan.
2. Perishable food item must be removed from the refrigerator and the refrigerator cleaned before you leave.
3. Kitchen sink and counter tops along with the cupboard should be cleaned. The floor washed and the coffee pot turned off.
4. Vaccum the carpets, dust the tables, stereo, T.V. and be sure to turn the music off.
5. Vaccum the bedroom carpets, dust the furniture and put the linen away.
6. In the bathroom you must clean the sink, tub, toilet and wash the floor and clean the mirror. Additionally, the garbage must be thrown out.
7. Make a list of any items that need attention including food items that must be replaced.

The MLO thank you for your help and consideration for the individual(s) who will be following you into the houses. Working together, we can ensure that ALL who use the houses will enjoy their stay.

Thanks



"Vernoni That light... The Jeffersons' dog is back!"



"Calm down, everyone! I've had experience with this sort of thing before.... Does someone have a hammer?"

DONNACONA: UN ÉVADÉ SEULEMENT A ÉTÉ REPRIS



Journal de Québec

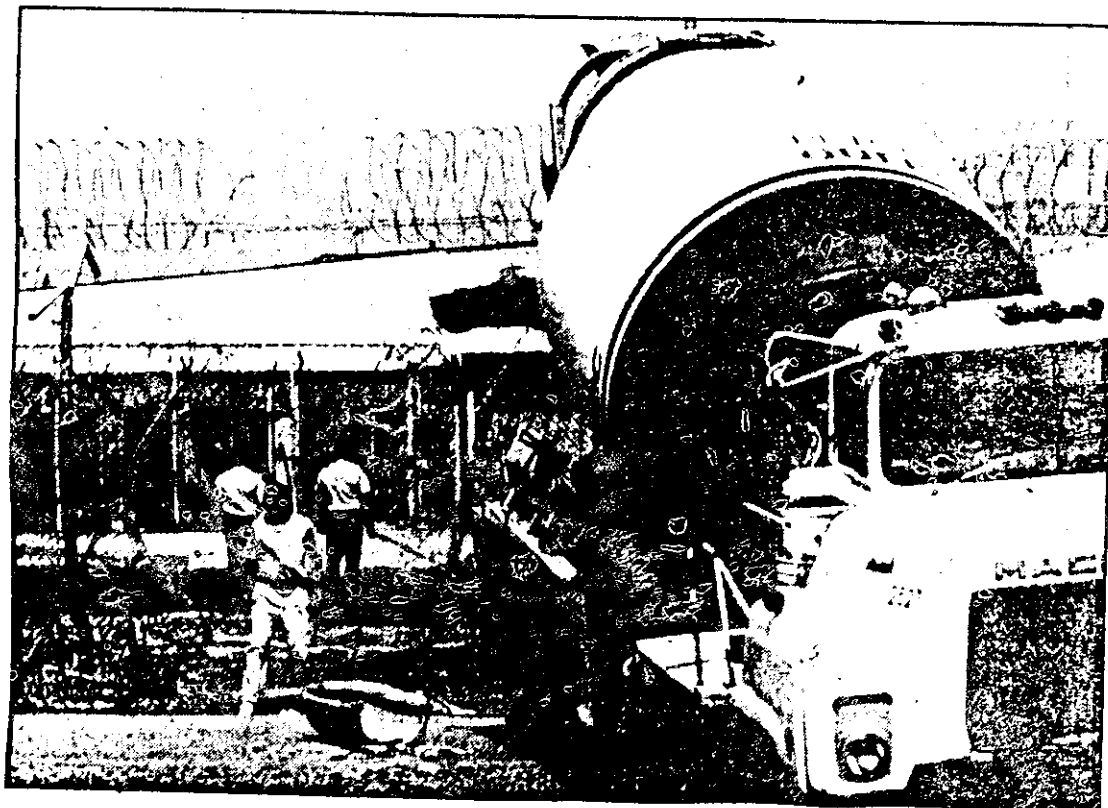
DONNACONA (PC) — Quatre des cinq détenus du pénitencier de Donnacona, à une quarantaine de kilomètres à l'ouest de Québec, qui se sont évadés, jeudi soir, étaient toujours au large hier soir.

Le cinquième, Pierre Vincent, considéré comme le plus dangereux, a été épinglé par les policiers, tôt hier matin, dans un bois de Neuville, près de l'autoroute 40.

Les détails de la première évasion de ce pénitencier à sécurité maximale relèvent d'un scénario très spectaculaire. Toute la journée de jeudi, des bétonnières avaient effectué des va-et-vient incessants dans la cour intérieure du pénitencier. Elles y amenaient du ciment destiné à la fabrication d'une dalle qui devait supporter des haltères. Sept détenus étaient affectés à étendre le ciment.

Alors qu'une bétonnière apportait son dernier chargement, vers 21 h 00, deux détenus armés d'un pic artisanal menacent soudainement le chauffeur, le bousculent, montent dans la bétonnière et foncent dans les deux clôtures barbelées qui ceinturent la cour intérieure. Trois autres détenus s'accrochent au véhicule, qui s'immobilise dans un petit fossé, un peu plus loin. Remplie de ciment, la bétonnière pèse environ 35000 kilos.

Les cinq individus prennent la fuite à pied vers les bois environnants. Il s'agit de Ghislain Gaudet, 39 ans, Claude Carrier, 33 ans, Réal Dufour, 26 ans, Pierre Vincent, 45 ans, et Normand Tremblay, 27 ans. Tous reconnus coupables de meurtre.



Trois gardiens non armés surveillaient les travaux dans la cour. «Tout est allé tellement vite, explique André Voyer, directeur adjoint du pénitencier, que les gardiens n'ont pas eu le temps d'intervenir. Les gars ont pris la direction des bois, c'était donc impossible pour les gardiens de les suivre en véhicule.»

Des coups de feu sont tirés en direction des fuyards par les sentinelles postés dans la tour de

garde, ce qui n'empêche pas les bandits de poursuivre leur course vers les bois.

Tous les officiers du pénitencier (environ 150) sont rappelés au travail pour faire face à cette situation. Une vingtaine de policiers de la Sûreté du Québec sont dépêchés sur les lieux ainsi que les agents de la police de Donnacona. Des points de blocage sont érigés sur les routes environnantes. Les gar-

diens et les policiers organisent une battue dans les champs et les bois pour traquer les fuyards.

Pendant la nuit de jeudi à hier, une résidence de Neuville, a reçu la visite de cambrioleurs. Un dame Beurivage y demeure avec son fils. Bien que les individus n'y aient rien subtilisé, les policiers supposent que les évadés s'y sont rendus pour se reposer ou pour chercher de la nourriture.

Vers 7h hier matin, Pierre Vincent est attrapé dans un bois situé au nord de l'autoroute 40. Vincent a un lourd dossier judiciaire. Il s'était évadé à plusieurs reprises du pénitencier de Laval et, en 1978, avait été condamné à la prison à vie pour le meurtre d'un gardien de cet établissement.

Toute la journée d'hier, les recherches se sont poursuivies pour mettre la main au collet

des fugitifs. Le maître de chien s'est longuement attardé dans le champ situé derrière une maison de la route 138, pendant qu'un hélicoptère de la Sûreté du Québec survolait les lieux. Les passe-muraille sont demeurés introuvables. Vers 17 h 00, les points de barrage ont été levés sur la route 138, ce qui laisse penser que les évadés ont réussi à quitter les environs du pénitencier.

Donnacona

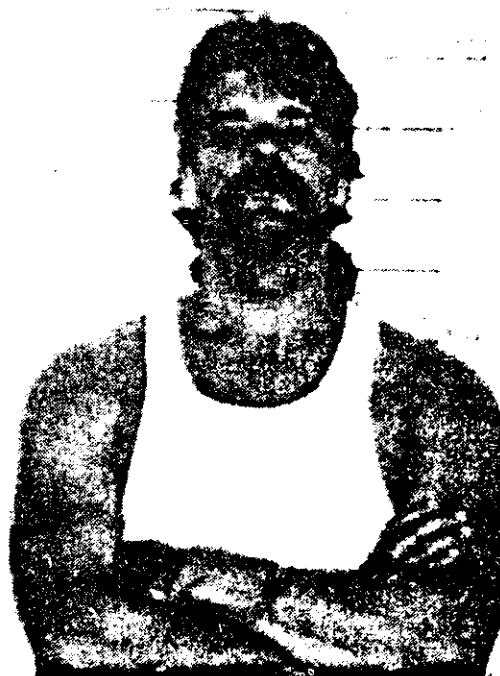
UN SECOND ÉVADÉ REPRIS



DONNACONA (PC) — Un deuxième des cinq prisonniers du pénitencier fédéral de Donnacona, qui se sont évadés de façon spectaculaire, jeudi soir, a été repris durant la nuit de vendredi à hier à Chicoutimi par des agents de la Sûreté du Québec.

Normand Tremblay a été appréhendé, en effet, alors qu'il se trouvait au volant d'une voiture volée à Neuville.

Pour sa part, Pierre Vincent avait été le



TROIS DÉTENUS TOUJOURS AU LARGE

premier à reprendre le chemin des cellules quelques heures à peine après son évasion.

Hier après-midi, trois détenus étaient toujours au large : Ghislain Gaudette, Claude Carrier et Réal Dufour, âgés respectivement de 39, 33 et 26 ans.

Tous les trois sont tous considérés très dangereux.

Les cinq détenus ont défondé, jeudi soir, à bord d'une bétonnière, la double clôture qui ceinture le pénitencier à sécurité maximale.

Les évadés de Donnacona séquestrent une famille

QUÉBEC (PC) — Trois des cinq détenus qui se sont évadés du pénitencier de Donnacona, jeudi, ont séquestré un couple et cinq enfants dans une maison de Cap-Santé durant la nuit de samedi à dimanche, avant de reprendre la fuite à bord d'une camionnette, hier matin.

Ghislain Gaudet, 39 ans, Claude Carrier, 33 ans, et Réal Dufour, 26 ans, ont participé à la spectaculaire évasion au cours de laquelle ils ont

défoncé, à l'aide d'une bétonnière, la clôture d'acier entourant la cour du pénitencier, en compagnie de Pierre Vincent et de Normand Tremblay.

Ces derniers ont été repris respectivement vendredi matin, dans un boisé près du pénitencier, et samedi, à Chicoutimi.

Les trois évadés auraient passé la soirée de

jeudi et les journées de vendredi et samedi à se cacher dans les boisés aux alentours du pénitencier. Malgré la surveillance effectuée dans ce secteur par la Sûreté du Québec et les agents de la paix du Service correctionnel, et la présence d'hélicoptères qui survolant les boisés, les fugitifs ont réussi à échapper aux policiers.

Samedi soir, il était

environ 21h30 lorsque M. Jean-Luc Mercure, son épouse Johanne, leurs deux enfants, un garçon et une fille âgés de neuf et six ans, ainsi que trois autres enfants en bas âge que gardait Mme Mercure ont reçu la visite des évadés, tous trois condamnés pour des meurtres au premier et au second degré.

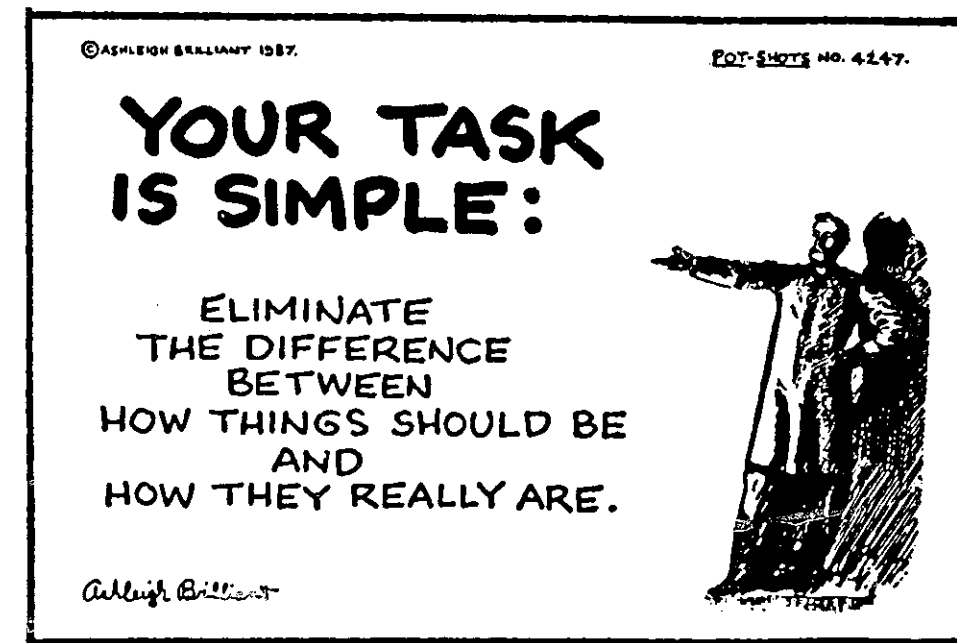
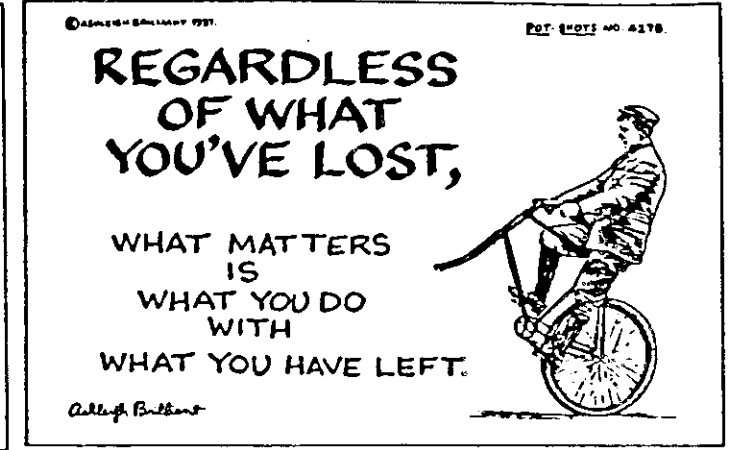
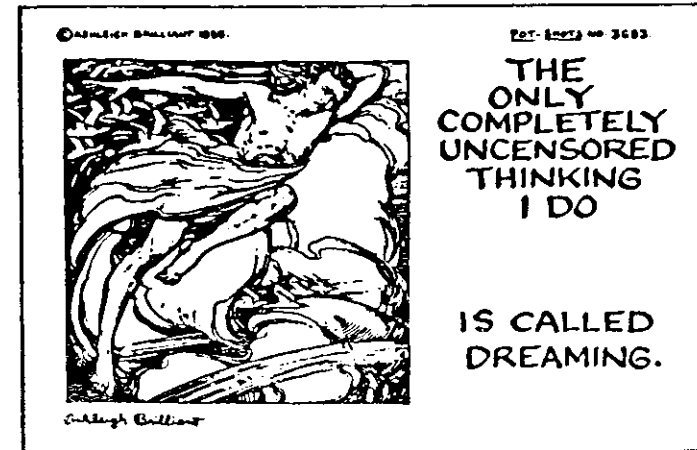
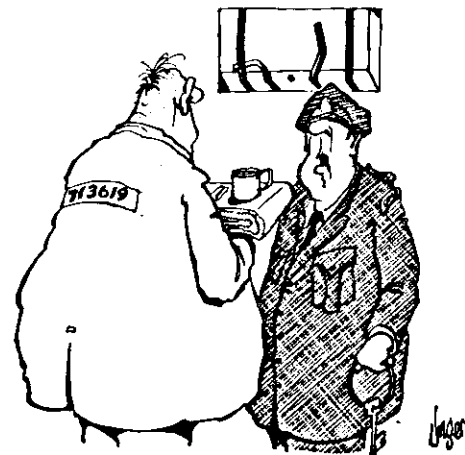
Affamés, blessés et sales, les trois individus sont entrés dans la résidence du rang du Grand bois de l'ail, à Cap-Santé.

Après avoir expliqué aux occupants qu'ils ne leur voulaient pas de mal, les détenus ont mangé et se sont lavés. Ils ont ensuite élaboré leur plan pour échapper aux policiers.

Le matin, vers 8h00, les prisonniers ont quitté la résidence des Mercure en pick-up, menaçant le couple de revenir sur les lieux si la police était prévenue avant 10h00.



Les trois évadés encore libres ont séquestré une famille de Cap-Santé pendant toute une nuit avant de s'évanouir à nouveau dans la nature.



Inside These Walls

Inside these walls I see hatred and pain,
some men are coping and some are going insane.
To hell with society, some of us say,
only because they have a long stay.

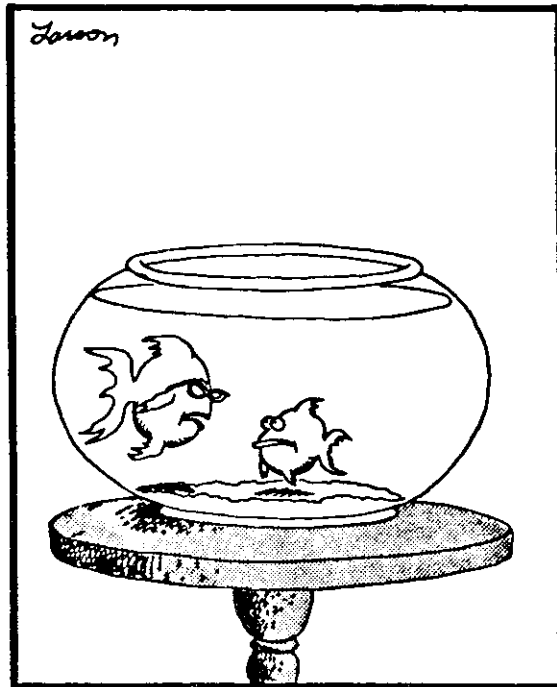
Out there we all know is a better life,
some of us have kids and a beautiful wife.
We have all made mistakes in our day,
but society doesn't seem to see it that way.

Always a criminal, a piece of slime,
you'll always be a criminal, until the end of time.
They all think that we should live in a zoo,
we too are humans, just like beautiful you.

Men being released and men coming in,
society treats it like it's the greatest sin.
Stuck in this warehouse like a hill of ants,
society does not believe in a second chance.

Some day, my release will come,
my heart will no longer weigh a ton.
Out on the streets I'll be at rest,
and society once again will put me to the test.

Meatloaf



"That's not funny, Malcolm!... There will be no more floating belly-up on the surface!"

The Starting Gate

Pats on the back and smiles that hint at
something other than their intended meaning.

Outreached hands, some friendly.

My pulse races and the air sucked into my lungs burns.

The starting gate looms ahead of me,
no need to prod me - I'm going.

Through at last and on a dead run, confidence builds
with each pounding footfall and the prize which
haunted those restless years is at last realized.

At the wire can't stop the swelling excitement,
just one more step - fuck the apprehension
no slipups allowed.

No one within spitting distance as I reach for
the finish line, reward steels my resolve.
Heel touches down but finds no solid ground as a
slippery turd of chance has gotten under foot.
Down I go with present hopes and dreams
splashing down around me.

So close, this race was won. Was it trickery I slipped on?

Maybe that one is better left alone,
managers and coaches can only speak of fairness.

I'll live to race again, for it's in my blood and when once
more I face the starting gate, my pace will not have slowed.

By; J.H. Salisbury

Malestrom of Madness

For a long time the old man just stood there. Looking into his past-life time of his incarceration has all but come to an end. His life was empty with nothing but bad memories. His mind was strong but many years ago his body had failed to compete with the mental and physical antagonism of a condemned man. He was lost in thought, and gazing emptily through the spider web-like maze of cracks which made tiny slivered segments of his antique mirror. A distorted and almost unrecognizable image of a man stared back at him with pencil-like penetrating eyes which bored a hole straight through his heart.

Old Steve shivered but continued looking into, and just beyond his weathered reflection, trying to remember an earlier, more eventful time. He was looking for something; a pinch of worth, a glimmer of hope, or even a hint of knowledge from his reflection or memory... anything which would convince him that he was something other than this twisted evil old man. But no such luck. Not the slightest trace of such evidence emerged through, because after all, Steve Kellar was a twisted, evil old man.

Of course, when measured on the great celestial timepiece of planets spiraling endlessly around their own individual suns, the old man wasn't nearly as ancient as his appearance foretold. But an uneasy life and a less easy conscience have a God-only-knows-how method of furrowing grooves of age deep into a person's skin.

Grooves which reach down through more than that which is merely physical and grasp a man's soul... making it a dried-out and shriveled, prune-like thing.

Old Steve had at one time possessed such a soul. But after being cheated out of so many years of it's necessary nourishment (LOVE) for so long, it had eventually decomposed and rotted to the point where it had simply collapsed upon it's self... finally succumbing to the cancerous hate which now thrived in what had once been his soul's nesting place. It was like a black hole in space.

Steve had over the years become obsessed with thoughts of holes, tunnels, spirals and whirlpools, all of which were black. He found no pleasure in thinking of these things, and did not consciously direct his thoughts toward them. But still, they were there. Every pair of tracks, over which his train of thoughts traversed, ended in a cold black tunnel. And in the tunnel dwelt the dark, dingy shapes of self-hatred.

He had just shifted his gaze from the rusty framed mirror, and was setting himself down into an taupe stuffed wing chair. He was still probing through the barren caverns and secluded crevices of his poor worn out mind, still hoping to find what his memory had kept classified as "TOP SECRET" for far too many years. One solitary, comforting reflection from an entire lifetime of experience, was all he sought, just one pleasant emotional recollection! But the old brain cells which had housed such memories, had long since been vacated. Or they had been leased to new tenants... Dark... Hate... Filled... Tenants.

At last came the point where old man Kellar could take no more. He had had his fill of pain. In fact he had had his fill of every type of diseased feelings that any man could possibly endure and much more besides. But now the darkened shapes had caught him, and Steve had reached a breaking point, He'd expected it and it finally happened. He or something in him had snapped.

He could no longer fight the shapes, no longer withstand the unearthly powers which molded his growth of his mind. Old Steve could no longer continue with life. He was down for the count with no hope for a rematch, and he adopted the expression of a man who truly no longer gave a damn. No, There was no beating those dark shapes, and it was high time he (decided) to escape from these shapes. He reached for the stock of his high-power hunting rifle which had brought down many a deer in the good old days of his youth, when his life had a reason to go on. He pivoted around with a slow and steady motion, keeping the barrel just inches from his sadly misshapened face.

That dark tunnel looked up at him with it's menacing sneer, with the deep grooves of blue-black barreling coming out at him in it's spiraling perfectly circular mouth. Then he placed the barrel into his dry mouth. Then he closed his eyes in an attempt to erase the aforementioned grisly sight of horror that would fill that dark tunnel with lead that would end up in his head, but the image had been recorded by his mind's eye. He paused for a few drawn-out seconds, while still maintaining the look of a deranged clarinet player, and thought, it was if he were awaiting some inner voice to speak up and talk him out of ventilating his skull. But no such voice, silence swallowed every sound except the pounding, pleading, beating of his long forgotten heart.

He could feel the blood soaring upwards through his jugular to his forehead where it came to an abrupt boil. He shouted the only phrase he knew "To Hell With It" then as he was squeezing the trigger, his last words he uttered was " I LOVE YOU LILLY "

At that very instant, both his skull, and his long standing belief that he would never hear the shot that killed him were shattered, The explosion roared through his mind, stamping on latent emotions, Antique images multiplied and spun in a whirlpool of shaded confusion, Steve was or rather Steve's mind was transported from one painful though orderly, reality, into an equally real, chaotic nightmare world, deep in a death darkened dimension. It was like, although infinitely worse than an overdose, from the worst batch of LSD that had ever seeped out of the labs in the early days of T. O'leary.

Steve found himself hurtling head-over-heels down through an endless, timeless tunnel of doom. The spiraling wall was a collage of every manifestation of evil that horror story writers could ever tell. with superstitious fanatics, mental patients, and Fire and Brimstone preachers had ever collectively dared to dream up. And every image had a slitherous life of it's own. Not only did every demon or serpent or image, live in the turmoil, but every evil thought,



remorseful feeling, or scraps of wastage from innumerable worlds were wrapped in that whirlpool of woe. And poor old Steve was falling through that dark murky malestrom of madness with a scream caught in the throat that he no longer possessed.

He could see the shadows of the uncountable accusing fingers pointed directly at him. There was no need for any sound. No explanation was necessary, Steve could sense exactly why all the fingers accused him, and he knew they were all justified. A wave of guilt and shame, for every hurt he'd inflicted on his love one's and the life he had taken for a woman's love, all those sleazy sins he'd committed, rolled over him and engulfed him like a chilling Arctic breeze.

A metaphysical change overtook the old man and what at one time might have been his very soul. Every trace of his physical, earthly being, dissolved and faded into the mire, blending with all the evil configurations the way a hunk of human crap blends in with the Toronto City Dump, He is no longer old Steve Kellar..

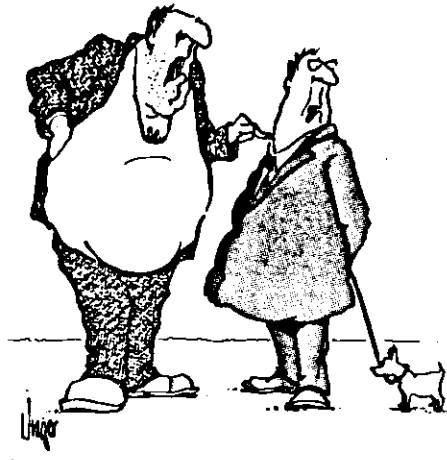
He is no longer anything that is even remotely describable. But he is aware of his loathsome situation and he is fully capable of feeling all the sickening terrors associated with it.

What once had been old Steve is getting hungry now. He is filled with the hungry anticipation for the time, in that zone where time is nonexistant, when next some sad excuse for a human being should happen to fall into the MALESTROM OF MADNESS HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA.

Submitted By:
H. Bruce Archer
1984



"Well, of course I did it in cold blood, you idiot! ...I'm a reptile!"



"STAY!"

Prisoner Fills Void; Learns To Write

By BRIAN MORTON

"Communication is the most important thing in anyone's life. Without it we're a walking, empty void."

When Matsqui prisoner Joseph Greene contributed six poems to a special United Nations-sponsored book on literacy, he was demonstrating, in his own way, the power of learning.

Called "the professor" by fellow prisoners for his habit of taking stacks of books to his cell, Greene has been inside institutions for most of his 28 years. A former drug pusher, he is now serving a five-year sentence for aggravated assault. But he was one of 16 Matsqui prisoners who, as students of adult basic education courses, have contributed some of their best writings to the book in celebration of the 1990 Year of International Literacy.

They all received dictionaries for their contributions. Greene knows first-hand the deep hurt and humiliation of not getting an education.

"I was always negative about myself. I was really high-strung and I couldn't communicate with people. I felt stupid and inferior. I couldn't fill out a job application form, because I couldn't spell."

"(But) now I write about life, nature, animals, cats, love, hate. I have a wide range of writing. I've been through a lot of experience."

Acting assistant warden Len Epp said the prisoners write about anything of interest. "They're writing poetry, short stories, their personal

relationships, that sort of thing. One prisoner has written about solar power."

The ceremony was part of a project called Book Voyage, a special collection of books being compiled throughout the world. As the books make their way across each country, they are taken to various locations where newly literate people are given an opportunity to submit their personal messages for inclusion.

Eleven books are travelling across Canada and at the end of 1990, a giant book featuring selected submissions will be compiled and presented to the United Nations.

Epp said the project is particularly helpful for prisoners getting an education inside Canada's prisons, as it gives them a chance to share their words and ideas.

"There was a special book put together for the Correctional Service of Canada. Each institution has eight or nine submissions and there will be 300 across the country."

Greene, who attends classes six hours a day, five days a week, hopes to complete his high school education in Matsqui and then go on to university. Eventually, he hopes to help juvenile offenders find their way in the world.

"I'd like to work with juvenile offenders and take psychology courses," he said. "They need someone who understands them."

He is optimistic about the future. "I'm not angry or mad. When I came to terms with myself, I realized I deserved what happened. I was selling drugs to people. I deserved what happened because of the way I lived. Now, my most important goal is to complete school."

"It (schooling) gave me a clearer understanding of myself and a realization that education is the key to everything."



GREENE



The following is a quote from A.M. Trono sent to the warden of Matsqui; "...were most impressed by the sincerity demonstrated by the large inmate audience during the ceremony. This sign of respect says a great deal about the value placed on literacy by the inmates themselves. I offer my congratulations to the teachers and other personnel who have helped to breed this commitment."

Please excuse the spelling mistakes, this is a quote and that means it has to be copied to the letter.

BOOK VOYAGE is a special collection of books celebrating 1990 as the year of International Literacy. The project, "BOOK VOYAGE", features a series of books on a world-wide journey involving numerous countries. As they make their way across each country, these books will be stopping in various locations where newly "literate" people will be given an opportunity to submit their personal messages for inclusion.

In Canada, and in particular, the Correctional Service of Canada, "BOOK VOYAGE" represents an opportunity for Adult Basic Education students (past and present), to join thousands of other Canadians participating in this year of International Literacy by sharing their words and ideas. Eleven books (one for each province and the aforementioned for CSC) will travel across our vast nation. At years end, a giant book featuring selected submissions will be compiled and presented to the United Nations.

The CSC book consisting of the ideas, expressions, and writings received to date will make its stop at Matsqui Institution on Friday, August 31, 1990.

The International Book Voyage

The book voyage was a special day for many prisoners at Matsqui. It was a time that allowed Marcos Martinez and John Sadler to express what education means to them by way of their own well perceptive speeches. It was also a time of receiving awards for completion of level 2 in A.B.E.

The following is a list of students that completed the requirements and were awarded a large dictionary / thesaurus.

- | | | | |
|---------------|---------------|-------------|--------------|
| Atwal, J. | Bagga. | Bodiam, J. | Cameron, W. |
| Clark, W. | Contois, R. | Dhaly, J. | Eng, S. |
| Galloway, J. | Gillis, S. | Grannas, B. | Haddock, R. |
| Isbister, A. | Johnston, M. | Laporte, B. | Longtin, J. |
| Lowe, V. | Lucier, R. | Ludwig, T. | Mailhoit, D. |
| Martinez, M. | McCartney, K. | Mills, S. | Naugle, M. |
| Nicholson, G. | Ogden, R. | Penny, D. | Pruden, A. |
| Rable, B. | Ratcliffe, M. | Raymond, R. | Robinson, W. |
| Sadler, J. | Semkiw, T. | Spinder, T. | Suttle, T. |
| Vienneau, R. | | | |

Well done guys, congratulations to you all!!!

Thanks to all of those who helped in preparation and clean up, it was greatly appreciated

Inside Out

"Joy." Okay? Where was she? "It's so good seeing you again Joy." He spun around, but she wasn't anywhere to be seen. "You've grown up Joy." He turned to where his sister's voice came from, but all he could see were the other three boys that were in his cottage at Brennan Lake reform school. "Let's go for a walk on the beach." That was when he realized he was dreaming and woke himself up.

He was in a small bedroom at his mother's place. His place. His bedroom. A low watt, blue night light was on. He couldn't sleep in complete darkness. A year sleeping under the blue night lights at reform school had done that to him. He thought the nightmares would go away once he was back at home, but they hadn't.

Joy Johnson was fifteen years old. He'd been released from reform school three days ago after serving one year for various juvenile crimes. He was big for his age at five nine and a hundred and seventy pounds. He had jet black hair and was a brown eyed handsome lad. The several girls that had seen him had immediately fallen in love with him, but he knew nothing of this. In fact he thought they stared at him because they knew where he'd been. Of course they had no way of knowing.

He was totally awake. He knew there was no point in trying to go back to sleep. He got up and dressed. On his way to the fridge to get a glass of milk, he checked the electric clock on the kitchen wall, it was ten minutes to six. His mother would be getting up to go to work in about forty minutes. With a large glass of milk in his hand, he went out the back door and sat beside the fish pond in the backyard.

Joy was truly disoriented. He was unaware of it, and happy to be home. The time in reform school had left him socially incomplete. Without consciously thinking about it, he felt like an outsider. He thought everyone knew he was bad. It never occurred to him, but he possessed the potential to be very dangerous, even violent. His future depended on whether or not he could fit back into society in the next few days.

He sat by the fish pond and watched the two carp that lived there swim around. He thought they were huge gold fish, the biggest he'd ever seen or heard of. He liked them. They knew nothing of this world outside of their fish pond. He could relate to them.

His mother rapped on the window and waved him in. He looked at the carp. "Wait here." He said. "I'll come back."

"Joy you're going to be here alone all day." His mother said. "You're older sister has got to go to work, and your brother will be in school. Are you listening to me?" Joy nodded he was. "Oh Joy, I wish you'd go back to school." She checked the wall clock. "I'm going to be late." She gulped her coffee. Finishing that, she reached for her sweater that was draped over the back of the chair she had just vacated. "If you want something to do, you can pick up the mail down at the post office in Crescent Beach. Don't forget the postal key. Do you know where it is?"

"Yes mom."

"And please son don't get in to any trouble."

"I won't." He assured her.

"Well I'm off." When she tried to kiss him he turned away.

At seven o'clock Patty's alarm woke her up. On her way to the shower, she awakened little Davie. When she came out of the shower, she looked in Joy's room but he wasn't there. This didn't surprise Patty because Joy had gotten up before her the last two mornings. She went into the kitchen and looked out the window. Joy was out by the fish pond as he had been every morning since his return. It seemed to her that there was an invisible wall between Joy and the rest of the world.

Joy was aware of his sister checking to see where he was, but he pretended not to notice her. He liked his sister. The day he'd returned home, the two of them had gone down to the beach. They'd ran along the beach all the way to Ocean Park heading toward White Rock. Always before, Patty could easily out run him. He remembered times when Patty had chased him, and how hard he'd tried to get away, but she always caught him. When they had ran to Ocean Park the other day, Joy kept having to slow down so Patty could catch up. His male ego was pleased with his physical prowess, but at the same time he felt sad. It seemed to him that he'd missed out on something important, that a piece of his life was missing.

Joy looked up from the fish pond as Davie ran by with his Roodrunner and Bugs Bunny lunch kit.

"I'm going to school now Joy. I'll see you when I get back." He hugged his dog Pal that was straining at the end of his chain. "If you go to the beach you can take Pal with you."

Patty came around the corner and walked over to where Joy was sitting. She dug in her purse then handed Joy a two dollar bill. Joy accepted the money. Patty said. "I can't get over how much you've grown." Joy just looked at her. "Come on Davie, get in the car." She went over and took Davie by the hand.

Joy watched as Patty's old 1951 Hillman backed out of the driveway. Alone by the fish pond with his secret self reverberating in his mind, he watched the two carp swim around. Every cell of his body was ringing with life. He felt as if he could get up and bolt right out of his body, and blast right out of existence, when a voice brought him back to the real world.

"Hi good looking." It was the girl who lived next door.

He stood up and looked at her. She was his age and full bodied, and she was smiling at him. A little embarrassed, because he was shy where girls were concerned, he said. "Hi." Then looked at the ground.

She cocked her head a little to one side. She looked at Joy with clear blue eyes. "Yeah like wow. When I seen you for the first time, I thought it was Elvis Presley coming into your back yard. You're for me."

Her aggressive manner took Joy by surprise. His face

turned a brighter shade of red. He shifted his weight from one foot to the other trying to think of something to say.

"Who are you, and where did you come from?" She almost threw herself at him.

"I'm Joy. I live here." He managed.

"I'm Joanne, and I think you are the best looking guy I've ever seen." She smiled at him, then said. "I've got to go or I'll be late for school again. I hope I see you later." She turned and started walking away, but after a few steps she stopped and looked back. "You're a shy one." Laughing she continued out of his back yard.

Joy didn't know what to think of Joanne. Perhaps if he hadn't spent his puberty in reform school surrounded by other boys, he would have understood what he was feeling right now. As it was though, he mistook his arousal for something he couldn't fathom, and it bothered him to the point where he decided he didn't like Joanne. The truth was she wasn't his type, but he didn't know that. He thought, she's too pushy, I wonder if she... Then he changed his train of thought.

By noon Joy was bored to distraction. He decided he'd go down to the beach and spend some of the money Patty had given him. Out the back door he went. He removed Pal's chain, and the long haired shaggy mongrel danced around his feet. Together they ran out of the back yard. There was a trail that led right down to the train tracks. The tracks passed

behind the one street that ran the length of Crescent Beach. Down the trail they ran, Pal almost tripping up Joy several times along the way.

It was a bright sunny day. Everything seemed alive and vibrant to Joy as he looked in the windows he passed along his way. Pal would go up to everyone they met and hang his tongue out and pant, then run like crazy to catch up to Joy. At the post office Joy remembered he forgot the postal key and laughed. It was too nice a day to let anything bother him.

At Crescent Beach market, he told Pal to wait outside and he went in. Behind the counter a pretty dark haired girl watched Joy as he went to the cooler and got a bottle of coco cola. Pal was right behind him. He grabbed a stubby bottle of coke and went over to the counter to pay for it.

Crescent Beach was a small community. Quite a lot of people came there to the beach or the marina, but nowhere near as many as went to White Rock. Elaine, the girl behind the counter, parents owned the market. Elaine knew almost every one who lived in Crescent Beach. She knew Pal and she knew he was Davie's dog. She'd heard that Davie's older brother had come home, and that all the girls were talking about him. Now she could see why. He was a real dreamboat, she thought, as she stared at him with her mouth open.

Luckily for Elaine Pal ran behind the counter to be patted, and just in time so Joy didn't see her gaping at him. Elaine squatted down and hugged Pal.

"Hi Pal." She said as she patted him on the head.

"Pal." Joy said upon noticing the dog. "I told you to wait outside."

Elaine stood up and faced Joy. "That's okay, he always

comes in." She smiled at Joy.

Now it was Joy's turn to stare. It seemed that Elaine was definitely Joy's type. He thought, she is absolutely beautiful. He selfconsciously closed his mouth and said. "Hi." Then continued staring.

"Hi." Elaine returned. "You must be Joy."

"Yeah." Surprised. "How did you know?"

"Davie told me you'd come home. Where were you?"

Remembering what his mother had told him to say. "I was in Calgary at my dad's."

"Oh... well I'm glad you came home."

"Yeah me too." He put the two dollar bill on the counter.

Elaine gave him a dollar and eighty-eight cents back. Joy pocketed it and headed toward the door with Pal at his heels. At the door he turned. "Don't you go to school?"

"Yeah, I go to Semiahmoo High, but I have to work today." She didn't tell him why though, which was because her mother had a black eye and her father had taken off again.

"Well I guess I'll see you around." Joy said.

"I hope so." Elaine replied.

During the next week Joy talked to Elaine twice at the store, but he had looked for her several times when she hadn't been there. Joanne had been all over him at every opportunity, and had managed to seduce him one night on the beach. It had been Joy's first time, but not Joanne's. This did nothing to improve her favour in his eyes. Joy was quite old fashioned where girls were concerned. He had enjoyed himself with Joanne, but he didn't want to be her boyfriend.

Yesterday had been the last day of school before the summer holidays. It was just after eleven and Joy was on his way to Crescent Beach. As he passed the post office, he could see that Elaine's parents car was not in front of the store. His hopes were up. It looked good that Elaine would be the only one at the store. As soon as he could see in the store window, his hopes were dashed asunder. There were three boys his age talking with Elaine at the counter. He came close to walking right by, but at the last second he turned in. He went to the cooler and got a coke. As he approached the counter, the three boys moved to one side to let him pay.

"Hi Joy." Elaine greeted him with a smile.

"Hi Elaine, I was hoping you'd be here."

The biggest of the three boys stepped forward. "So you're Joy." He walked up and stuck his nose in Joy's face. "You don't look so hot to me, in fact I think I could take you."

"Take me where?" Joy returned and met his gaze.

The boy having no idea of what he was getting into said. "A wise guy too." He had a crush on Elaine. She didn't return his ardor though.

Joy wasn't looking for a fight, but at the same time he didn't mind. He'd fought his way into reform school, and fought his way out. When he arrived at Brennan Lake, he had been small and he fought the other small boys. As he got bigger, he fought the bigger boys. By the time he'd gotten out he'd fought all comers. He won most of his fights, and the couple he'd lost, he'd given a good account of himself. It

wasn't so much he liked fighting, he just plain hated to be pushed. However, he didn't want to make a bad impression on Elaine. He didn't know what this boy's connection was to Elaine. Perhaps he was her boyfriend.

"Yeah, that's right, I'm a wise guy." Jay said without conviction.

"Be careful Jay" Elaine said. "They'll gang up on you."

A smile played at the corners of Jay's mouth. He knew now there was no connection between Elaine and these boys.

The boy that was in Jay's face said, "I don't like you." He shoved Jay in the chest with both hands. "Outside." He shouted.

The momentum sent Jay toward the door. He went with it, then turned and walked the rest of the way to the door. Once there he turned and motioned for them to follow. Outside he placed his coke on the window sill of the store, then walked around the corner of the building and headed toward the train tracks. All three boys were right behind him.

Elaine was on her way out to see what was happening, but just as she got to the door a customer arrived. It was one of the many elderly gentlemen that lived in the area. "Hey what's the big hurry?" He asked.

"Aw nothing mister Wilson." She looked over his shoulder.

"Good. Then you won't mind getting me a quart of milk."

Elaine hurried to fill his request. She took his money and gave him back his change. As soon as he left the store, Elaine went to see what was happening with Jay and the other three boys.

As she rounded the corner of the store, she seen one of the boys bent over holding his stomach. Another was holding his private area, and the third boy was running down the tracks. Jay was walking toward her. As he got closer, he said, "I'm sorry Elaine." He went over and retrieved his coke from the window sill. He wanted to say something to Elaine, but he was very hyped up.

Just then another customer called Elaine from the store entrance. She shrugged her shoulders in a what can I do sort of gesture and went to serve the customer.

Jay didn't know whether to go in with her or what. He thought he had blown it with Elaine, and decided it was time to leave. He started walking toward the beach. It was only several hundred yards away and he was soon there. He headed along the beach thinking about what had just happened. It seemed to him that trouble had a way of finding him. Another guy would have avoided the fight, walked away or talked his way out of it. Not him though, he had to prove how tough he was. That was the way he was. He couldn't help being the way he was. The more he thought about it, the more frustrated he became.

As soon as Elaine was finished with her customer, she went to see what had become of Jay. She was just in time to see him disappear from sight up by the beach. She went back in the store and got the keys to the front door. On her way out, she flipped the open sign over and locked the door.

Elaine had been attracted to Jay from the first time she'd seen him. There was something different about him. He

wasn't like the other boys she knew. She had the feeling there was some kind of struggle going on inside of him. It wasn't anything she could put her finger on, it was just the way she felt where he was concerned.

Jay slowly walked the beach. His thoughts were in a turmoil. He questioned his ability to cope with life in society. His emotions were all torn up over how he felt about Elaine. The trouble he'd had with the three boys just added to his frustration and confusion. His body was humming with the adrenalin that flowed in his blood stream. He felt like hurting somebody, anyone he could center his aggression on. That was when Elaine caught up to him.

"Are you okay Jay?" Concern was written on her face.

Jay whirled around. He'd been so rapped up in himself that he hadn't noticed Elaine's approach. Upon seeing her he didn't know what to say, but his emotions were so easy to read that Elaine said, "You're too sensitive Jay. You've got to take things more easily." She stepped up to him and put her hand on his chest and rapped her arms around him.

As she held him, Elaine could feel the tension drain out of him. When he rapped his arms around her, love was born between them.

It was almost an hour later when Elaine remembered the store. They'd been sitting on the sand with their backs against a log watching the waves roll in. They hadn't talked much at all. They were happy just being together.

Elaine lifted her head off his shoulder and said, "I've got to get back to the store."

They walked along hand in hand. Two teenagers with more in common than one would suppose. On the one hand was Jay. He'd been raised without a father, and spent a year in reform school. He always felt as if there was something innately wrong with him. On the other hand, Elaine had been raised in an unhappy home. Her father was an alcoholic, often he beat up his wife. Elaine was afraid of him. At her young age she had already accepted fear as a way of life. She thought that some how the family problems were her fault.

As they approached the store, Elaine noticed her parents car. "Oh my god, my parents are at the store. Am I ever going to get it."

"I'll come in with you." Jay said when he saw the concerned expression on Elaine's face.

"No. That wouldn't be any good. She thought for a second then said, "Do you know where the giant steps are that lead down to the beach at Ocean Park?"

"No, but I'll find them." He answered.

"Okay. Meet me there at nine o'clock."

"I'll be there." He assured her.

After supper Jay asked Davie where the giant steps were, but Davie didn't know. Then he went next door and asked Joanne. She knew, but Jay had a hard time getting away from her after she told him.

He arrived at the bottom of the giant steps at ten minutes to nine. By quarter after nine he was getting nervous, then he saw her descending from the top. He ran to meet her, and when he reached her, he immediately knew something was wrong.

"What's the matter?" He asked her.

She threw her arms around his neck and started crying. Jay held her until her sobbing subsided a little, then asked her again what the matter was.

"My parents grounded me. They said I couldn't see you any more." Their eyes held each other from inches away in the dark.

"Why?" Asked Jay.

"Somebody told them what happened with those boys. I tried to explain they started it, but it didn't do any good. They said they didn't want me seeing a roughneck, especially one that could so easily beat up three boys at once. They said you must be a hardrock."

Jay could not believe this turn of events. It was as if his feet had been kicked out from under him. Before he could recover, Elaine said, "I got to get back or my dad will tan my hide until I can't sit down for a week."

Jay grabbed her by the arm. "Wait a minute. It can't be over for us just like that..."

"Jay, I've got to go. You don't know what my father is like." She pulled free and started back up the steps. Several steps up she stopped and said, "I love you Jay." Then she ran the rest of the way up the stairs.

Jay sat down hard. The pain in his chest was like nothing he'd ever felt before. He got to his feet and wandered away without having a clue where he was going, or what he'd do when he got there.

For the next week Jay went around like a country boy lost and alone in the big city. Every day he went by the Crescent Beach market, but Elaine was never there. Twice he went into White Rock, the only town of any size within forty miles. The first time he got an old drunk to buy him a pint of Rye Whiskey, and he drank it on the pier. It made him sick and he felt even worse. The second time he ran into the three boys he'd fought with. When he saw them, he walked right up to them hoping for a fight. However, they didn't want any trouble with him. In fact they accepted him without question as their leader.

Under his orders, the four of them rolled a fellow who had too much to drink. They took from him just less than two hundred dollars. Jay kept one hundred, and gave the rest to his gang. They were more than happy with their share, or so it seemed to Jay. As for the hundred Jay kept, it was more money than he'd ever had at one time. Now, two days later, he still had a ninty of it left.

It was a grey heavily overcast day. It had been raining off and on since the night before. Jay had arranged to meet his gang in White Rock, together they were going to roll another drunk. However, first he was going to walk down to the store and see if Elaine was there. On his way to the store, he thought about his actions with his gang. He knew he was on his way into trouble, but it just didn't seem to matter. He didn't even know why he was going by the store. Even if Elaine was there he didn't know what he could say to her to change things. He kept going though, he just wanted to see her through the window.

Standing outside the store window, he could see Elaine's mother, but not Elaine. It had started raining again. The rain had soaked his hair and was running down his neck. He was just about to walk away, when Elaine's mother waved him in. At first it didn't dawn on him that she was beckoning to him. He looked around, but there was no one else there and he realized she wanted him. He decided he didn't need a lecture from her and was about to walk away, when she came to the door and said, "You must be Jay."

He just stood there looking at her.

"Don't you have enough sense to come in out of the rain?" She smiled at him. "Please come in Jay, I'd like to have a word with you."

Intrigued Jay entered the store. Elaine's mother went behind the counter and got a towel which she handed to Jay. "You'd better dry your hair, I wouldn't want my daughters boy friend to catch a cold."

Jay, not trusting his ears said, "What did you say?"

"Elaine's been going around with such a face on her. She won't eat. She won't talk. Well my husband and I couldn't take it any longer, and we agreed it would be all right if she seen you."

Jay's whole being lightened. "Where is she?" He asked.

"Looking for you. She said she knew you lived up on the hill some where. Why don't you go find her." She said it to the vacant spot where Jay had been standing. He was already gone.

As he went out the door, he seen Elaine walking back toward the store. He ran to meet her.

Forgotten was his gang and their meeting in White Rock. Standing in the rain holding each other, nothing else mattered. Jay's and Elaine's lives took a turn for the better. Together they walked away.

R.B. Andrews...



"Well, I daresay there's a woman in Mayfield, Nebraska, who believes in UFOs."

PEN POWER

by Gayle K. Horit

I entered prison 4 1/2 years ago and felt debilitated in every way imaginable. The helplessness I felt during my first 6 day lockdown at Prison for Women in Kingston, trying to survive on 12 slices of bread a day, no hot beverages, no exercise or showers, and in a 6 1/2' X 9' cage with no hot water to wash, washing my hair in the icy toilet water- changed into anger and outrage.

I realized that I needed to find out everything I could about prisons and law in order to survive, so I began to read, beginning with the Commissioner's Directives. Since then, I have read and noted from every report to Parliament and every prison newspaper that I could find. The common thread that binds prison problems and all unsolved problems is the identical thread that permits injustices in the outside world - APATHY. I came to the conclusion that documentation of every single incident of perceived wrong-doing was the only recourse for me, even if others had already given up.

I worked for 25 years before coming to prison and through those experiences understand that proving unfairness and compelling changes to alleviate problems can only be accomplished by beginning and the beginning starts with one pen stroke. I used the grievance procedure and the Prisoners' Committee platform and though the resistance of staff was great, we finally were hooked up to hot water in the cells by October, 1987 and cablevision by Feb. 1988. The first group grievance ever submitted from the women at Prison for Women was in 1987! Until then, the women were under old assumptions and hadn't made use of the library facilities to inform themselves of methods of recourse. The grievance procedures cannot achieve anything without consistent numbers of prisoners filing them. Though things gradually got worse at PW ending in the suicides of four women in fourteen months ended Feb.27,1990, not one administrator, citizen, lawyer or academic, can blame the prisoners themselves for not attempting to alleviate the pressures. I do believe that all of the writing that many of us did has provided the needed written documentation proving what the real problems and the immensity of the problems in that abattoir were and are.

All across the country, more and more prisoners are using PEN POWER to address their problems. It is a methodology that has no time barriers, and sometimes no expectations, but the grievance procedure WAS put in place by a directive from the House of Commons following the MacGuigan Report to Parliament in 1977, and since then more and more prisoners are using this channel to attain better treatment and more fairness. In the least if anyone permits barbarity and unfairness to continue without using the grievance process, the tightening of rules and regulations are inevitable. The grievance procedure and Prisoners' Committees are our only manner of keeping the forces wanting more and more control over our limited environment from overpowering any fairness we have achieved thus far. FILING GRIEVANCES IS A RIGHT, NOT A PRIVILEGE.

On May 26, 1989 I received a letter from Ottawa, stating that "We cannot respond...within the time frame stated in C.E.091, because of a large number

of grievances received recently." On May 26, 1989, a friend at Prison For Women received a letter from Ontario Regional Office stating:

Currently there are in excess of 200 second level grievances that are outstanding. We have experienced an increase in grievances of 21% over the last quarter in 1988.

Most of us know of the beginnings of Prison Justice Day. Participation in it began with being thrown in the hole, then disciplinary charges and loss of privileges, then unsatisfactory work performances, and last year, simply the day's wages lost. The achieved fairness was directly a result of grievances reaching the Correctional Investigator level (Level #) in 1986.

KEEP THOSE CARDS AND LETTERS COMING!!!!

***Amended: 7, Dec. 1988 to include your ability to grieve matters: "concerning problems that relate to the confinement of inmates in penitentiaries OR THE SUPERVISION OF INMATES UPON THEIR RELEASE FROM PENITENTIARIES, ON TEMPORARY ABSENCE, DAY PAROLE, PAROLE OR MANDATORY SUPERVISION."

The following statistics from The Annual Reports of the Office of the Correctional Investigator, 1986-1987, and 1988-1989 illustrate the highest problem areas which result in prisoners grieving.

Table with 6 columns: REGION, COUNT, %, GRIEV., COUNT, %. Rows include Pacific, Prairies, Ontario, Quebec, Atlantic, and TOTALS.

Increase of population in 2 years: +4%
Increase in grievances in 2 years: +31%

Table with 6 columns: CATEGORY, #, Pending, CATEGORY, #, Pending. Rows include Transfers, V & C, Medical, Discipline & Dissociation, Other (?), and 5 Categories.

These 5 Categories represent out of the Total Amount of Grievances filed:

54% 64% 57%

So, if you are experiencing problems, in particular in any of the above areas, you are CERTAINLY NOT THE ONLY ONE, AND YOUR GRIEVANCE ADDED TO THE ABOVE MAY BRING POSITIVE CHANGES EARLIER!!!

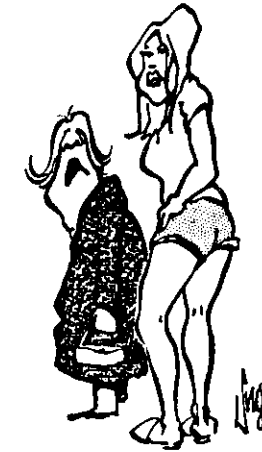


COPIES OF ANNUAL REPORTS OF THE CORRECTIONAL INVESTIGATOR ARE IN THE LIBRARY.

- 1. You must grieve to Level 4 (Correctional Investigator) WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF GRIEVANCE TO LEVEL 3, NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS.
2. QUOTE THE MISSION STATEMENT !!!

Upcoming Events

1. ICOPA V, Fifth International Conference on Penal Abolition. Theme: Unity in Diversity; Date: May 21-25, 1991, Location, Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana; Registration fee: (Individual) \$40.00 before Oct. 15, \$80.00 afterwards; (Institution) \$50.00 and \$50.00 before and after as above. This biennial conference is the primary international meeting ground for many and diverse groups of people committed to establishing alternatives to calling conflict "crime" and punishing offenders. It is a place where reformers, activists and academicians come together to engage in dialogue, and to create a greater understanding of what we can do about crime, other than imprisoning and punishing offenders. Its premise is that crime and punishment are a form of civil war, needing a peacemaking response. There is presently a call for abstracts for papers, workshops, and other forms of participation, to be submitted by October 15, 1990 to Bill Selke at the address below. For information, etc., write: Conference Registrar, Indiana University Conference Bureau, IMU, L-9, Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana, 47405 USA, (812) 855-9824.



"Do you believe the nerve of that guy whistling at us like that?"

HEY, HARRY... WANNA HAVE A GOOD LAUGH?! COME AN' SEE WHAT THE INMATES ARE CALLING 'CARTON-PIECES' THESE DAYS!!



PRISON VISITS, TELEPHONE CALLS, CORRESPONDENCE

- UP to 1867 NO contact allowed with the outside world
- 1869 Prisoners are allowed to write letters to their immediate families themselves rather than asking the chaplain or teacher to write on their behalf. Good conduct earns ONE letter every THREE MONTHS.
- 1888 Prisoners' relatives allowed to visit ONCE per month for 1/2 hour. Good prisoners are permitted to write ONCE a fortnight (app.2 weeks) to their families.
- 1933 Outgoing non-family letters are allowed. Incoming from relatives permitted without quantitative restriction.
- 1944 Letters to relatives permitted ONCE per WEEK. (56 years from allowance of 1 every 2 weeks!!#)

----- *** CANADIAN BILL OF RIGHTS, 1970 *** -----

- 1971 ALL restrictions eliminated on the number of letters an inmate may write or receive while in a Federal penitentiary and a plan drawn to increase contact between inmates and the free society. Visits between inmates and their families are encouraged under less restrictive conditions and extended visiting hours.

*** CONSTITUTION ACT, 1982 ***
 ***** CANADIAN CHARTER OF RIGHTS AND FREEDOMS *****

Guarantee of Rights and Freedoms

- 1. The Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms guarantees the rights and freedoms set out in subject only to such reasonable limits prescribed by law as can be demonstrably justified in a free and democratic society.

Fundamental Freedoms

- 2. EVERYONE has the following fundamental freedoms:
 - a) freedom of conscience and religion;
 - b) freedom of thought, belief, opinion and expression, including freedom of the press and other media of communication;
 - c) freedom of peaceful assembly; and
 - d) freedom of association.

*** VISITS, TELEPHONE CALLS, CORRESPONDENCE, ALL MANNER OF COMMUNICATION WITH FAMILY, FRIENDS AND COMMUNITY SHOULD BE A GUARANTEED RIGHT.....NOTA....."Privilege".

In memory of four women who took their own lives at Prison for Women: Marlene, Pat, Sandy and Marie - all so far from home.



NEW DISCOVERY
 adapted by Gayle K. Horii

The heaviest element known to science was recently discovered at the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory. The element tentatively named ADMINISTRATIUM (Ad) has no protons or electrons, thus it has an atomic number of (0).

It does, however, have 1 Neutron, 5 Regional Deputy Neutrons, 8 Director General Neutrons, 1 Executive Neutron, 1 General Neutron and 63 Warder Neutrons. It also has 1 Paro neutron, 1 Paroexec neutron, 4 Parodirector neutrons, 1 Parosecty neutron, 5 Paroregional executive neutrons, 6 Parosenior neutrons and 30 Paroard neutrons. In association with these neutrons are over 12,000 assorted neutrons, giving this an automatic mass of over 13,000.

The 13,000+ participants are held together in the nucleus by a force that involves the continuous exchange of meson-like particles called orders which are dependent on the Cover-Your-Ass system and the constant syndrome Pat-On-The-back.

Because it has no electrons, ADMINISTRATIUM is inert. Nevertheless, it can be detected chemically because it seems to impede every reaction in which it takes part, leaving behind noticeable casualties. According to Dr.M.Languish, one of the discoverers of the element, a very small amount of ADMINISTRATIUM made one reaction that normally takes less than a second, take more than four years to go to completion.

ADMINISTRATIUM has a half-life of approximately three years. At the end of this time it does not actually decay, instead it undergoes an internal reorganization in which the over 13,000 associates to the Neutron, all exchange places.

Some studies indicate that the atomic mass actually increases after each reorganization, a type of asexual reproduction. There are some indications that this element may have some human qualities, however at this point in the research, they are too minute to be significant.



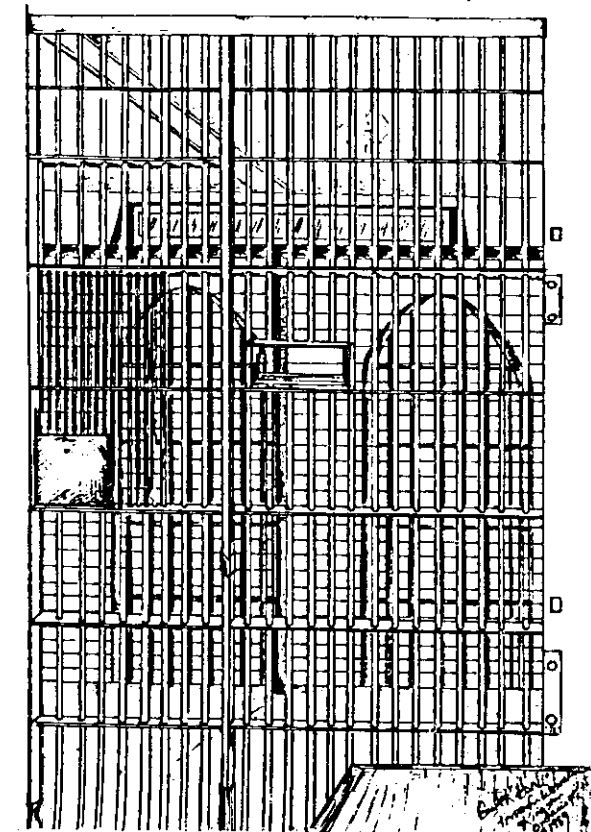
STRIP

Backed into the corner of the tiny cage
 She held the pillow ready
 To ward off the fumes
 Which inevitably
 Would render her unconscious
 Only to awake on cold concrete
 Clad only in her panties.
 The last seen of her attackers
 Two males in green and brass
 Four females laughing.
 Her sister slashed in despair.

Prison for Women, Kingston Ontario, May, 1988

40,000 years
 Violation is the name
 Intimidation the game
 Thousands of years
 Ringing up fears
 Law of the Jungle
 Jungle of Laws
 Nooses
 Abuses
 STOP THE MAIMING
 STOP THE KILLING
 STOP IT

In memory of my friend, Stuart McLeod who died in Vancouver Remand Centre on July 13, 1990. When will justice be served?
 Gayle



PRISON JOURNAL

The 1989 Prison Journal is now on sale to prisoners for \$4.00 per copy. The 8th edition covered some very interesting debates on rats and skimmers, specifically whether or not they were real prisoners, and a number of censorship issues. On the whole, it's a pretty good read. Anyone interested in receiving their copy, should contact Erle MacAulay, in 1N13.

JOURNAL OF PRISONERS ON PRISONS

This is a twice yearly published Journal, written by prisoners on prisons. While the Prison Journal has tended to be rather West Coast concentrated, the JOPOP contains articles, essays and stories from prisoners across Canada. The more we support these efforts through our subscriptions and purchases, the stronger voice we will have. See the order form in this edition for more information.

A True Friend (or so to speak)

Sitting in a cell,
lived a life of hell.
The guilt weighs a ton,
but what's done is done.

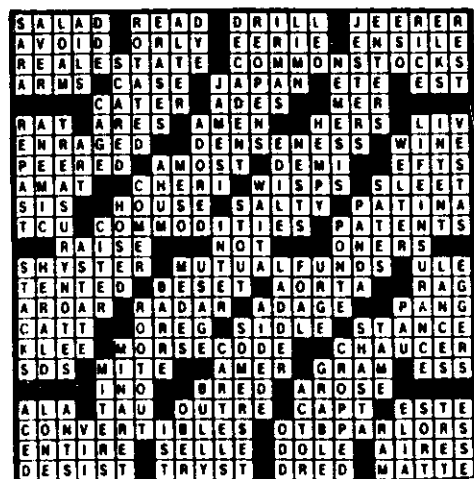
Good friends are rare,
so called friends don't care.
They put up a good front,
because something you've got, they want.

They're at your side when you have money.
But when your busted, they think it's funny.
They'll talk about the good times you and he had,
but they'll mostly talk about how you've been bad.

Friends like these nobody needs,
but they're all around you and sprouting like seeds.
Be carefull of the friends you choose,
because in the end they'll make you lose.

I've experinced these types lots before,
but now I'm wiser and won't worry anymore.
For so called friends there are cures,
so if they approach you, just say, "Up Yours".

Meat loaf



News From The Pay Office

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS FROM REGIONAL HAVE CAUSED SOME CHANGES IN THE WAY WE ARE PAID, AND WE JUST WANTED TO MAKE EVERYONE AWARE OF THEM. THIS IS OBVIOUSLY JUST ANOTHER WAY THAT C.S.C. HAS DISCOVERED TO LOWER THEIR BUDGETS ON THE BACKS OF INMATES, BUT AS IT STANDS NOW THERE IS NOTHING WE CAN DO TO CHANGE IT IN THIS OFFICE.

1. MEDICALLY UNEMPLOYED -

MEDICALLY UNEMPLOYED OR CERTIFIED SICK- TO BE PLACED ON 1A (\$1.60 per day.) FOR THE DURATION. IF YOU GET A SICK SLIP FROM THE NURSE YOU WILL BE PLACED ON 1A PAY FOR THE PERIOD OF TIME THAT SLIP STATES, EVEN IF YOU DECIDE TO GO BACK TO WORK BEFORE YOUR SICK PERIOD ENDS. PLEASE, EVERYONE REMEMBER THIS BECAUSE IF YOU DO GET A SICK SLIP FROM THE NURSE, AND YOUR BOSS MARKS YOU IN THE SHOP, YOU WILL STILL ONLY GET 1A PAY AS WE ARE BOUND BY MEDICAL DOCUMENTATION.

IF YOU ARE INJURED THROUGH RESPONSIBLE PARTICIPATION IN A JOB, IT IS THE DECISION OF THE WARDEN TO GRANT THE REGULAR RATE OF PAY UNTIL YOU ARE ABLE TO GO BACK TO WORK.

IF YOU ARE NOT CERTIFIED SICK AND CHOOSE NOT TO WORK YOU WILL RECEIVE 0A PAY.

2. CALL OUTS

MEDICAL TA'S (OUTSIDE DOCTORS APPOINTMENTS) - LEVEL 1A PAY.

CALL OUT'S, PSYCHOLOGICAL "TREATMENTS"- NORMALLY ONE HALF DAY PER PAY PERIOD (CMO APPROVED) TO COVER SEEING CMO, ETC. ANYTHING SUBSEQUENT TO THAT, "AT ZERO PAY UNLESS INSTITUTIONALLY APPROVED.CMO APPROVED ABSENCES SHOULD NOT RESULT IN A LOSS OF PAY. CMO SHOULD AUTHORIZE ABSENCE TO INDICATE THAT THIS WAS A LEGITIMATE CALL OUT.

ANY CALL OUT ABSENCES FROM WORK FOR ANY REASON (e.g. uta's, eta's) NORMALLY WOULD RESULT IN ZERO PAY EXCEPT CMO APPROVED.

3. LEVEL 0 PAY

ANY INMATE WHO REFUSES TO WORK WILL GET 0 PAY. THIS APPLIES ALSO TO INMATES WHO ARE SCHEDULED TO WORK ON A STATUTORY HOLIDAY BUT REFUSE TO WORK. IN THESE CASES, ZERO PAY WILL RESULT FOR THAT STATUTORY HOLIDAY.

LEVEL 1 PAY

UNEMPLOYED BECAUSE NO WORK IS AVAILABLE BUT LOOKING FOR WORK.

ADMINISTRATIVE SEGREGATION - UPON RELEASE FROM ADMIN. SEG. YOU WILL BE REVIEWED BY THE WORK BOARD TO DETERMINE AN APPROPRIATE PAY LEVEL FOR WHEN YOU RETURN TO WORK.

TRANSFER TO A HIGHER SECURITY FOR DISCIPLINARY REASONS.

IF YOU ARE IN OUTSIDE COURT FOR A MAXIMUM OF 30 DAYS YOU WILL RECEIVE 1A PAY.

TODAY IS NOT YESTERDAY



BUT
SOMETIMES
THEY'RE
SO SIMILAR,
IT'S HARD
TO TELL
THE
DIFFERENCE.

CRISIS IN CORRECTIONS 'THE PRISONERS' PERSPECTIVE

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**MATSQUI PRISONERS JUSTICE INITIATIVE
APRIL 6TH, 1990 - ABBOTSFORD, B.C.**

The first of three book covers the 'Crisis In Corrections', volume four in the series from the Matsqui Prisoners Justice Initiative. It deals with a number of contemporary issues surrounding prison and justice from a variety of perspectives. It is based around some of the presentations made by prisoners in April of 1990 to a variety of legal and justice organizations and a Member of Parliament. The event was excellently filmed by MSA cable and is available to the public, universities and politicians. The colloquium offers a refreshing look at justice in Canada, from the prisoners perspective, while not adding to the whining image prisoners have accumulated over the years.

This book is a produced done completely within the walls of Matsqui Federal Prison, save a few outside contributors articles and some much appreciated help from the SFU Prison Education Program. The proceeds of the book will be used entirely for the pursuit of justice for all Canadians. This includes funding legal projects, assisting in the formation of a Justice Initiative in the community, and lobbying costs to pursue the proposals contained within. Purchasing the book will assist our effort substantially. Encouraging your friends and family to do likewise will also help.

Some of the articles included are:

David Maurice, a Metis Indian serving time at Matsqui Prison examines some of the sources and consequences of imprisonment for Canadian Native Indians. He also looks at some of the possibilities that exist to reduce the over-representation of Native prisoners inside of Canadian prisons. Dave is halfway through his B.A. through SFU and is majoring in Sociology.

Gayle Horii, Matsqui's only female prisoner, also involved in the SFU Prison Education Program utilizes the CSC's own statistics to reveal some very disturbing facts about prisoners deaths compared to that of guards and the public. In *ADDEAD PUNISHMENT*, she explores the causes and consequences of this topic in a humanistic but professional fashion.

Michel Gastonguay, another SFU student majoring in Sociology takes apart the philosophy and workings of the new Cognitive Life Skills program in his article on 'COGNITIVE DEFICITS WITHIN THE COGNITIVE MODEL'. This article has earned him much attention for his approach. While cutting and critical, his style and insight do much justice to the call for some serious reconsideration of this new 'cure-all' coming out of some tower in Ottawa.

Professor Erling Christensen, the SFU Matsqui Program Coordinator takes a slightly different perspective in analyzing the whole scheme of programs and services we are receiving in his article exelent on PRIVATIZATION. His participation in the SFU Prison Education Program gives Erling a clear impression and credible concerns about the present arrangements and their consequences for prisoners.

Plus, many other interesting contributors from within and outside of the Matsqui Prison. Through your purchase of the first book in this series, and encouraging others to do the same, your effort will assist us in bringing about substantial changes to a system of justice that provides little justice to Canadians, be they the tax payers, the victims of crimes or the prisoners and their families. This entire effort is being conducted in the hopes of educating Canadians of the devastating nature and consequences the present system affords all Canadians, at a very expensive price, financially and in human terms.

We plan to publish a thousand special edition copies of this book to commemorate the first time a book was written, published and marketed by a group of prisoners in the history of Canadian prisons. These copies will be signed by some of the authors. 250 of these books are available on a first come first serve basis to the prisoners at Matsqui Prison first, for the special price of \$5.00 per copy. 250 copies will be sent out for review by a number of media, legal and justice organizations, plus a select number of politicians. The other 500 copies will be sold at \$12.50 per copy. Any addition copies may be made available through a Canadian publishing firm.

Erle MacAulay

The following is a list of proposals which would allow for the realization of the Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms and the Correctional Service of Canada's (CSC) Mission Statement within Canadian prisons. While these documents, the first law of the Canada and the first Commissioner's Directive of the CSC, provide for the protection of the rights and freedoms of Canadian prisoners, the reality of imprisonment mocks them. Since these documents came into effect, there has been little effort on the part of the authorities to put into place mechanisms which would allow for their actualization. The seemingly rhetorical status that these documents have assumed is the cause of great frustration and injustice for prisoners. If the authorities of the CSC are above the law, what message do prisoners receive?

Until Canadian prisoners are afforded the rights, protections, and opportunities provided for them in these documents, Canadians can expect them to have little respect for the laws of Canada, or the rights of Canadians. People learn through experience, and what is being taught to Canadian prisoners is completely against the best interests of Canadians. Should the government of Canada ever hope to give Canadians the best protection available, it will see to it that these proposals are given fair consideration, now!

- 1) We request that the new Corrections Act being drafted in Ottawa;
 - A) Conform to all Canadian laws and statutes, including the relevant; voting, health, labour, mail, search and seizure, transportation, building, and fire laws, regulations, statutes and standards; unless they are demonstrably absolutely impossible for the purpose of incarceration.
 - B) Specifically state to what extent and under what circumstances Canadian citizen's rights can be ignored to allow for the incarceration of a Canadian citizen; and
 - C) Include the following rights and abilities for prisoners, their visitors and their representatives:
 - a) the presentation of the concerns and interests of Canadian prisoners on a national level.

b) the allocation of finances, dedicated by Canadian prisoners, for the purposes of program opportunities, legal actions, and business ventures; and

c) the exchange of relevant information between prisons regarding prisoners's concerns at the national level; and

d) the formation of a National Committee of Prisoners to coordinate these rights and abilities.

1) This National Committee would consist of Regional Committees afforded the same rights and abilities at the regional level as those afforded to the National Committee at the national level; and

2) The Regional Committees would be comprised of the elected Chairpersons of the Prisoners Committee at each prison participating.

2) We request that each prison be required to have a mutually agreed upon Independent Mediator to Prisons, who would observe all interactions within the prison and have the following authority:

a) To report any non-compliance on the part of the administration, the staff, or the prisoners directly to the Commissioner of Corrections, the Auditor General of Prison (proposed below), and any and all other parties the Mediator deems necessary (ie, RCMP, the media, the Federal Court); and

b) To mediate issues where no conclusion can be reached between the administration, the staff and the prisoners, and make any recommendations necessary to avoid conflicts;

3) We request that an Auditor General of Prisons be appointed by the Government of Canada, to report to the House of Commons the yearly recommendations of the National Committee of Prisoners and the Correctional Services of Canada through the Independent Mediators of Prisons.

4) We request that Prisoner's Committees at every prison be allowed the following rights and abilities, in addition to those they now retain through the various Acts of Parliament:

a) Confidential communication with other Prisoner's Committees through the scrutiny of their chosen legal assistant.

b) To chose a member of the Prisoner's Committee to oversee the handling of all prisoners correspondence from it's arrival at the prison to it's delivery to the prisoner.

c) To chose a member of the Prisoner's Committee to attend all Prisoner Disciplinary Hearings unless specifically requested by the prisoner that such is not desired, and to make recommendations to the Independent Chairperson as to the penalty if the prisoner is found guilty.

d) To chose a member of the Prisoner's Committee to attend all Staff Disciplinary Hearings and to make recommendations to an Independent Chairperson as to the penalty if the staff is found guilty.

e) To chose a member of the Prisoner's Committee to attend any meeting between a staff member, whether (contracted or hired persons) and a prisoner, by that prisoner's request.

f) To have input into staffing decisions regarding Case Management, program staff, psychologists/psychiatrists, medical staff, recreation staff and other non administrative or non security positions.

g) To be able to communicate with any member of the community, or the media without censorship.

5) We request that Canadian prisoners be allowed the following rights, abilities and protections:

a) The right not to be searched by any means by members of the opposite sex unless under emergency situations, and that such searches be subject to independent review;

b) The right to be free from unannounced observations by members of the opposite sex where such observations (ie. cells, washrooms, showers) would reveal the private parts of the prisoner body, unless under emergency situations, and that such practices be subject to review by the Independent Mediator;

c) That any discrepancies on a prisoners file be subject to review by the Independent Mediator of that prison, at the request of the prisoner (without penalty to the prisoner), prior to being used in any fashion;

d) That any prisoner be allowed to run for any elected position on the Prisoner's Committees, regardless of the opinions the administration may hold of that prisoner;

e) That all visitors to any prison retain all of their Rights and Freedoms, and when they have a complaint against any member of staff of a prison, they be allowed to raise such complaints with the Independent Mediator of that prison in complete confidentiality;

f) That where any right or privilege afforded a prisoner, is to be revoked be subject to review by the Independent Mediator of that prison before said right or privilege is forfeited unless under emergency situations, and that such emergency situations be subject to subsequent review by the Independent Mediator; and

g) That prisoners have a right to associate by telephone, mail, visits and private visits as frequently as they require, that these rights be only revokable under emergency situations, subject to an immediate review by the Independent Mediator of that prison, and if revoked, that the period of time not exceed what is absolutely necessary.

It is essential that all Canadians who have respect for the rule of law, concern for their security, and hope for a greater quality of life for themselves and their children make their Members of Parliament aware of their concern about the present state of injustice behind the walls of Canadian prisons. These proposals would put into place the mechanisms necessary for prisons to conform to the laws of Canada by offering respect and dignity of every Canadian's rights. If there is not justice for every Canadian, there is not justice for any Canadian, including yourself and your children.

Prisoners are not asking for anything that we are not already supposed to have. We are not asking for any money or physical improvements. We're not demanding anyone agree to our ideas, just that these concerns and interests be given fair consideration. We need these mechanisms in order for the laws of Canada to be adhered to, for all Canadians; prisoners and citizens alike.

Erle MacAulay

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The Journal of Prisoners on Prison is a new journal committed to encouraging and publishing research by prisoners and former prisoners on the wide range to topics related to the experience and politics of crime and punishment.

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Single copies are \$7.00

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INMATE COMMITTEE/ADMINISTRATION MEETING - MATSQUI INSTITUTION

FILE: 1734

August 28, 1990
0930 hours
V & C Boardroom

PRESENT: (Administration)

- R. Wiebe, Acting Warden
- P. White, Unit Manager
- K. Epp, Unit Manager
- J. Sexsmith, A/W Correctional Programs

DISTRIBUTION:

- Executive Assistant to Com
- Director of Inmate Affairs, NHQ
- Asst. D/C Operations, RHQ
- C.A.C. Chairperson
- Warden
- Deputy Warden
- A/W Correctional Programs
- A/W Management Services
- Unit Manager - L. Epp
- Unit Manager - P. White
- Unit Manager - P. Duguay
- Unit Manager - D. Howard
- Coordinator Case Management
- Inmate Committee (14 copies)

INMATE COMMITTEE MEMBERS

- E. MacAulay
- N. White
- R. Chanley
- G. Innes
- R. McPhail

ITEM	SUBJECT/DISCUSSION	ACTION
------	--------------------	--------

PREVIOUS MINUTES - 1990.07.31 -

90.07/8 Institutional Tours -

The Committee stated that three tours had taken place recently and that the Committee had not been notified of any of these.

The Acting Warden stated that the Committee will not always be given much advance notice of tours. Two of the tours referred to were tours which would not involve inmates, and the third involved the United Native Group.

90.07/16 Grievance Report -

AWMS has been on annual leave, this is probably why this report has not yet been given to the Committee.

Acting Warden asked that the report which is given to IMC be given to the Committee.

ACTION: A/W MANAGEMENT SERVICES

90.07/26 Advances -

The Deputy Warden asked that this item be deferred for discussion on the Warden's return.

NEW BUSINESS -

90.08/1 Inmate Pay -

The Committee raised a number of issues with regard to inmate pay.

The Deputy Warden advised that the Warden has written to RHQ with regard to Inmate Pay.

The A/W Correctional Programs stated that the Commissioner's Directives are very clear with regard to inmate pay and we must adhere to these directives.

AWCP advised that Dave Sinclair can answer most of the Committee's questions with regard to court pay, medically unemployable inmates etc.

90.08/2 Hospital -

The Committee raised a number of issues with regard to health care in the institution.

The Deputy Warden stated that if the Committee had specific concerns, these cases should be documented and brought to the attention of management.

90.08/3 Use of Segregation -

Management assured the Committee that there is no frivolous use of segregation at Matsqui Institution. All inmates held in that unit are there for good reason.

90.08/4 Phone Calls -

The Inmate Committee requested that phone booths be installed in the TV rooms on each tier.

Management advised that this would possibly be problematic. The Deputy Warden advised that he would discuss this issue with the A/W Management Services. The Inmate Committee are to submit a written proposal to the Warden.

ACTION: DEPUTY WARDEN
INMATE COMMITTEE

90.08/5 Mail -

The Committee stated that there are ongoing problems with regard to inmate mail.

The Deputy Warden asked that the Committee bring specific problems to the attention of the Unit Manager in that area.

90.08/5 Visits -

The Inmate Committee raised the issue of dress code for visitors. The Deputy Warden advised that there is a high level of tolerance with regard to what visitors are allowed to wear.

The Deputy suggested that the Committee sit down with the Visits Review Board and come up with a set of guide lines.

ACTION: INMATE COMMITTEE

90.08/6 Censorship of Videos -

The Deputy Warden advised that inmates will be allowed to see any movies which are shown at local theatres. This decision was made by the Warden and the Deputy will ask that he explain his position on this to the committee.

ACTION: WARDEN

90.08/7 Disciplinary Hearings -

The Committee asked to have member be allowed to sit at disciplinary hearings as an inmate advisor.

This request was denied, but the Deputy Warden advised the Committee that the Independent Chairperson would be prepared to meet with them separately to answer any of their questions.

90.08/8 Private Family Visits -

The Committee raised concerns with inmates from other institutions on pass programs using the Private Family Visit houses.

The Deputy Warden assured the committee that inmates from our institution are always given priority on this.

With regard to the food menu, the AWCP advised that he and Rick Barnes met with the Lifers' group and worked out a food list, and he has heard no complaints. AWCP will meet with Lifers' again and go over this list.

ACTION: A/W CORRECTIONAL PROGRAMS

The Committee stated that it is their hope that the administration will look at revising the criteria and expanding the time allotted per quarter.

The Deputy Warden stated that the PFV program is a national policy issue.

90.08/9 Passes for Finance Clerk and Canteen Bookkeeper -

The Inmate Committee requested passes for these two inmates and the Deputy Warden approved this request.

CCO will issue these passes.

ACTION: COORDINATOR CORRECTIONAL OPERATIONS

THE NEXT INMATE COMMITTEE MEETING IS SCHEDULED FOR 1990.09.27 AT 1330 HOURS. PLEASE SUBMIT AGENDA ITEMS TO UNIT MANAGER DUGUAY NO LATER THAN 1990.09.17.



D.R. McGregor, Warden



E. Macaulay, Chairman

90/09/10

Date

90/09/13

Date

The following submission was submitted to the insider by Erle MacAulay, this piece is slightly edited. Its original form was that of a memo to 'All CMOs' from K.M. Pondelicek, who is the Substance Abuse Program Coordinator.

Substance Abuse Program - Matsqui Institution

1. Please be advised that the current program will be completed September 14, 1990. The new module will start September 25, 1990.

2. I would appreciate your selection of inmates for this module by September 14, 1990. As in the past I will place 20 inmates into the program on equal basis from each caseload. I anticipate that 5 inmates will drop out within a couple of weeks of the program.

Join A Federal Country Club

Are you unemployed? Are you over worked & underpaid? Are the bills getting you down?

Then why not do as 20,000 others have done, and join the federal country club!!

BENEFITS

Comfortable cosy individual rooms, free heat, free meals, free medical care, and for those who suffer from stress and have a set of bad nerves and are in sad shape they have your friendly Doctor and shrink to help the less fortunate. We have a common room T.V. area where you can sit back with your feet up drinking soda-pop and eating popcorn in a relaxing atmosphere with your friends and other residents of this exclusive club...

RECREATION

Recreational activities include horseshoes, soft ball, handball, some basket ball, table tennis, badminton and some floor-hockey for the more contact sport minded individuals. For the music enthusiast we have musical activities freely available at no extra charge.

If you crave female companionship we have female staff who can be called upon to discuss your every need, and for the more aggressive male they will allow you 1, 2 or 3 days passes that can be arranged for your convenience and with a uniformed driver for all your transportation needs.

Uniformed attendants are on duty 24 hours a day to look after your every whim. They check to make sure your sleeping well during the night, if you so desire to leave your room to chow down at the refrigerator or make yourself a late night snack, your door will be opened upon your request. The uniformed staff are most accommodating and conscientious with the members of our club.

So why put up with a bummers life at your present residence out there? Your family will be well looked after by the Health and Welfare Department, while you are able to enjoy your stay at our club.

MEMBERSHIP REQUIREMENTS

All members must be sponsored by a reputable Judge of the County Court, Court of Queens Bench, The Supreme Court of the Province you presently reside in. Or the Supreme Court of Canada. All memberships are for a period of 2 years or more, including a LIFE TIME MEMBERSHIP but only by SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS

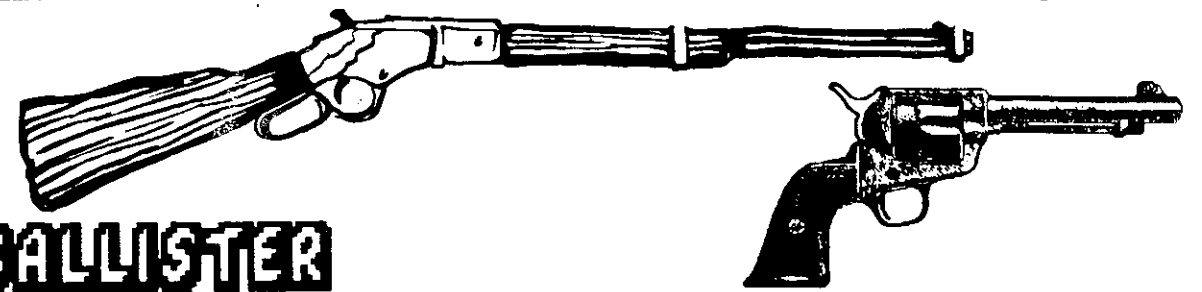
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All branches of our club are run completely by the Solicitor General Of Canada and paid for by the Canadian Taxpayers association,

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For more information on the benefits of this exclusive club write to.....
THE SOLICITOR GENERAL OF CANADA, OTTAWA ONTARIO, CANADA KIA-OP9

Submitted by
H. Bruce Archer
1990



CALLISTER

Riding into the rather small, dusty little town a day and a half's ride from his destination; the Mexican border, his eyes brightened when he saw the swinging sign that read 'DOCTORS OFFICE.' Pulling up in front of the old wooden building he dismounted and throwing the saddle bags over his shoulder he stepped up to the office entrance. A glance down the street told him the town wasn't busy; not that he cared any! The young doctor looked up from his desk to see his wooden door kicked in with a force that splintered it off the hinges. He then saw the big hole at the end of the gun barrel. Before he could see who was holding it he was blinded by the flash of death as the gun barked.

The forty-four round smashed through his right eye and blew the back of his head apart like it would a ripe pumpkin.

"One of the perils one faces when one is a source of drugs in this day and age doc," muttered Callister as he walked to the glass doors of the medicine cabinet and yanked them open.

The day and age was August 26, 1891 and Callister was one of the drug induced killers rarely mentioned in history books, that roamed the old west in search of a good fix and the amusement that went with it.

Filling his saddle bags with an assorted variety of drugs, Callister smiled when he found what he was really looking for. Stepping over the doctor's lifeless body he sat down in the still warm chair and opened a large bottle of morphine and another that read 'Cocaine.' Tearing open the top drawer of the desk, he looked down lovingly at a brown leather case. He knew exactly what it held! He untied it ever so gently and removed one of the ten new glass syringe's inside.

He quickly found a pitcher of water and a small metal measuring utensil. Filling the little scoop with healthy sprinklings of the white powders, he drew a little water into the fit and then liquefied the drugs. He heated the mixture over an oil lamp and stirred it with a scalpel. Callister's teeth grinded together as he sucked a decent dose into the syringe. Ripping his sleeve up he found a bulging vein and injected himself. Heat rushed to his head and a disturbing tingle followed with a fierce feeling of pins and needles in the top of his brain. The next thing he knew he was on his ass.

Trying to regain focus and footing he tried to rise but couldn't. It was then that he heard through the ringing in his ears, voices and footsteps and they were coming closer.

This wasn't the first time he had gotten himself into a jam while robbing doctors offices and the traveling medicine men, who made their living selling cure-alls from their wagons and he knew it wouldn't be the last. Callister never ceased to be amazed at the quantity and sometimes

the quality, not to mention the assortment of altering substances that his victims pushed through the west. No time to think of that now though he thought. Smiling and laying on his back he filled both of his hands with iron and sat up at the same moment the town sheriff and his deputy ran through what was left of the door. Both were carrying shotguns.

In three seconds Callister had emptied a mixture of eleven forty-four and forty-five slugs into and through the men. They were blown against the wall and fell to the floor in a gory pulp. He reloaded quickly and stuffed the morphine, coke and the doings into the bags that held the rest of his take. Tearing a shotgun from one of the corpses, he made sure it was loaded and broke from the building to his horse. He completely cleared the street of onlookers, the curious and everybody else with two blasts of the shotgun before discarding it. Callister was on his beast and gone in a flash or so it seemed to the shocked and surprised town folk.

He slowed his mount to a canter after about three miles and then to a walk. What's the big rush he thought to himself as he came to a halt, and staying in the saddle he prepared a wack for the ride ahead while still buzzing nicely from the last one.

AN ONGOING TALE OF ONE OF THE WEST'S MOST STONED GUNMEN. BY W.W. WEST.



Hot Pursuit

Part two

Leaving the bar, I walked back to the hotel which was only a few short blocks away. On the way I was confronted by a few panhandler's, but that could happen in any big city.

As soon as I got to my room I picked up the phone and called New York. It was nice to hear the operator's Brooklyn accent, kind of made me homesick. At least in New York we have a few straight people. My client answered the phone in a groggy voice. It made me suspect that she was up all night sucking cock. I told her of my progress, and she seemed excited with the quick results. Before hanging up she made mention of a bonus if I found this Paul, wherever the hell he was. As much as I really wanted to turn around, I couldn't lose track of why I was here in the first place, the cash!

I grabbed some shuteye, and awoke to the sound of a telephone ringing. It was the drag queen from Beach Avenue. How the hell did she find me? I thought to myself. It was suspicious to say the least, especially since I was registered under a bogus name. She told me that Paul was back in town, and would like to see me. I asked her how the hell she found me? and she replied that she had her way's but would not elaborate any further.

Something stank here, but she sounded reasonably calm on the phone so I took a chance and hailed a taxi to the restaurant that she had suggested we meet.

Walking into the place I quickly scanned the room for anyone who could possibly look like Paul. The only one I found in there was Paula the queen, sitting at a table. She piped up first. "I'm sorry I lied to you, and said Paul would be here, but I did speak with him by phone, and he want's to know what the hell is going on here." "First off he has no uncle in New York, and secondly, he know's this has to have something to do with that bitch in New York.

Well she had me by the balls this time. "I confess I lied when I told you about the will, but I had no choice." Would you have helped me out knowing someone was looking for him for other reasons? I asked. Her reply was that there would be no reason for her to lie to me, Paul was a sweetheart, and she could picture him doing nothing wrong. Typical girlfriend or should I say boyfriend? whatever, that was his problem!

I asked her where he was, but she was more interested in knowing why I wanted him. I ran it all down to her, and explained that all I wanted to do was locate him, nothing more! She told me that about all she could do was to ask me to wait in my room, and she would get him to arrange a meet. I agreed and we parted company, satisfied with the terms.

I went back to my room, and turned on the t.v. Naturally there was nothing on, so I decided to have a few drinks. About halfway through the second one the phone rang. The caller identified himself as Paul. I asked him to meet with me somewhere, and assured him that there would be no funny stuff. He agreed, and suggested the meet be outdoors.

"The Zoo in Stanley Park, ten o'clock tonight" "No problems Paul." I said. "I'll see you then."

It was only four o'clock so I thought I would head downtown, catch a show, and blow some time. The selection was excellent, and I decided on 'Die Hard' with Bruce Willis. It was a very good choice. I enjoyed the flick, but the only problem was, it was over too soon, and I was left with a few more hours to kill.

I walked back to the hotel, and went into one of the many lounge's they have to offer. Very nice! I ordered a double Pina Colada. Fuck did it ever go down smooth! I ordered another and yet another. Too say the least, I was feeling no pain whatsoever!

At eight-thirty I hailed a cab in front of the hotel. The ride through the park was very scenic. Our meet was at a place called the Zoo, but it looked more like the Pound, compared with the Zoo in New York. Pretty small if you ask me! I waited at the entrance for close to ten minutes before anyone appeared. I wasn't sure if it was Paul or not. The man stepped out from behind a tree, which gave me the idea that he had been standing there all along.

He was wearing a long trenchcoat, and had his hands buried deep in his pockets. Very suspicious looking! When he got no more than five or six yards away I could see the barrel of a shotgun coming up fast. In my direction. I jumped to my left, hitting the ground with a roll just as the gun went off.

I could feel pellets entering my side, but there was no pain. Where was the pain? I got to my feet just as the second blast went off. Fuck! I sure felt this one. It hit me in the leg with one hell of a force. I knew there were problems. I had been hit a few times in 'Nam' and knew the damage a shotgun could do. I was scared shitless, but knew that somehow I had to do something. He moved in for the kill and was reloading as he closed in on me. He was about five feet away when I lifted myself off the ground, and springing towards him, kicked his feet out from under him. The shotgun fell from his hands as we wrestled around on the ground. I put my hands around his throat, squeezing with all I had. I could feel myself slipping away from blood loss. Fuck I had this guy, just a few more seconds.....that's all.....I.....needed.

I woke up in the hospital. Not knowing where the hell I was, a nurse came by and filled me in, that I was at St. Pauls, but would not elaborate on anything further. I noticed as she left the room that someone on the other side locked the door behind her. Things started coming back to me.

Later that day I awoke in a great deal of pain, and rang for the nurse. She was there in a flash, so were two guys in suits. A blind man could see they were not there to cheer me up. One read me my rights and the other informed me that they were investigating the murder of a man in Stanley Park. He was strangled and coincidentally I was found with my hands around his throat. "Do you know anything about it?" he asked. "Ya as a matter of fact, I want to talk to a Lawyer." I said, and passed out.

I'm not sure what time it was when I next awoke, but it was dark outside the window of my room. The nurse came around with my shots, normally I would have freaked out about doind dope, but the pain was just too much. When the doctor came around to examine me, just for the hell of it I asked what the damage was. I shouldn't have asked. He said that there was a good chance that I would lose my leg, or a good chunk of it. Also the damage to my side didn't look too promising. They had already taken out a kidney and I had a perforated liver.

I had been in Canada less then a week, and had seen less damage in three years of 'Nam.' The doctor said I could expect to be laid up for at least the next four months. In a strange hospital! In a strange country!

Time passed slowly with fuck all to do. It got to the point where I was looking forward to surgery, at least I could get out of the room for a bit. I hired one of the best lawyers in Vancouver to handle my case, Phil Rankin. One of the doctors had suggested him. At first glance I thought there must be some kind of mistake. This Rankin looked like a fat, little incompetent slob! But who knows, looks can be deceiving. Three months later I was getting around a lot better. What I should have been doing was playing the duck. As it turned out, no sooner was I on my feet then the sheriff's were at my door with handcuffs and shackles, carting me off to some place called Oakalla. What a fuckin shithole this place was!

They booked me into their lame excuse for a hospital, and told me that just as soon as I was feeling better I would be put into mainstream population. Great stuff! It's always nice to have something to look forward to.

Three weeks later I put in a request to transfer to the wing. It was just getting too boring in the 'sicko ward.' What a mistake that was! I thought Vancouver the city was bad. This place was just crawling with everything; from nut-bars walking the cement yard picking up butt's, too very out of place businessmen. Also everything in between, drag queen's walking the yard arm and arm with the muscle of the joint, some sort of status statement. And then there was my first conflict. Some cheap tried to punk me out for my running shoes, so I knocked him out, and thought nothing more of it until the next morning when I awoke to the same punk wacking me on the head with what turned out later to be a cribboard. Pretty rude way to be woken up! He got a few good cracks in before I got hold of him. This time I did big damage on the piece of shit!

In the midst of kicking this little shit's brains in, the bulls came running down the tier to save what was left of his pathetic life. They carted me off to the hospital for a checkup befor going to the hole. What a joke the hole was. It was nice and quiet, and a thousand times cleaner than the wing!

My first day down there I got to talking with one of the guys, and he was saying that the longest they keep a guy down there is thirty days, and in my case they would probably be even more lenient. Sounded good to me! As it

turned out they gave me fifteen days. While I was in the hole I got word that the punk I had given it to was going to be gunning for me when I got out of the hole. Good! It gave me something to look forward to. My head was still hurting a bit. There was only one catch though, the guy who filled me in also told me that the guy had a brother in this joint. He described him. Just my luck the brother was one of the muscle heads that hung out with the queens. Also I heard he was knife happy. No problem! I had the edge now. I knew he was gunning for me, but he didn't know I knew.

The time in the hole was okay, but things started to get boring near the end of it when I ran out of good reading material. I wasn't paying attention to the days and in no time they were calling my name. "Tipito, grab your shit, your going back to the wing." Right on! I should be back in the hole for lunch, I thought to myself.

When I got back to the wing they stuck me on a different tier up on the fifth floor. As soon as I got into my new cell, a drag bag came by to visit. She ran it down to me that she was also receiving a hard time with the brothers, and if I needed backup she would help out. She lifted up her top about four inches, reached in and pulled out a knife with what looked like a ten inch blade. She handed it to me, said "Good luck." then fucked off down the tier.

I carried the shank all morning, right through lunch, and then it was 'yard or lock up' so I made my way off the tier. When I got to the gate I could see that there was a few guys waiting at the top of the landing. They had their backs to me so I couldn't see who it was. Gut instinct told me they were the brothers, so I sleeved the blade, and moved in on them. I was about three feet away before they turned around. Out of the corner of my eye I could see it was them. By the time they recognized me I was all over them.

Grabbing the bigger one by the hair I turned him around with force, so he now had his back to me. I brought the knife up to his throat quickly. His brother just stood there stunned. "You fuckin idiots wanna play games?" I yelled at them. "Then let's fuckin play." I realized then that I was being too loud, and could here keys and boots flying up the stairs.

I was so wound up that I didn't even notice I was being surrounded by bulls. The one was yelling at me to either use it or drop. "Look Zeto, you don't need another murder beef over your head." He said. Then I got to thinking, what the fuck am I doing here, are these fuckin stooges worth my freedom? I don't think so. So I dropped the knife, and turned around for the handcuffs. It was back to the digger, thirty and thirty this time around.

Two days into my digger stay, the queen that gave me the blade came down to join me. Her name I found out was Vicky Lowell. She was pretty as far as queens go, except that she had a large lump on her nose, other than that I think I would have been tempted to take a little beak from her!

To be continued.....

News From Other Joints

We here at the Insider, trade papers to many other prisons throughout the world and when we come across an article or two that we think could be of interest to our readers, we will reprint them in our paper. Credit will be given to the author and the publication. The following articles are taken from the San Quentin News.

Con Considers Retirement

As a youth I decided to become involved in law enforcement so I committed burglaries. Later I joined the California Department of Corrections (CDC) as a prisoner in 1965. My career in corrections has spanned some 25-years, to date. The job has had its ups and downs, as I think of retirement in the 1990's.

Having first arrived on the job in 1965, I was assigned cell duty in the Chino Guidance Center. My early training in corrections supplied me with the necessary and basic skills of prison chow eating, dominoes and pinochle playing. If you didn't immediately acquire these basic skills, you might just as well have considered another career goal.

Also in those days, corrections was conducted in a semi-military fashion. Dress and appearance codes were strictly enforced.

Shower ducks (pass to shower) were issued, and a card was punched when the shower taken was verified. A mandatory number of clothing items were issued, and rigidly checked each clothing exchange.

Hair cuts were mandatory and of a specific type. No mustaches and no five-o'clock shadow (beard stubble) was allowed.

Long sleeve shirts were the standard issue. These shirts had to be buttoned at the wrist, and up to the neck, at all times.

Pants had to be worn the right length — not so long that they would bunch up at the ankle, or so short that they would show socks above the shoe.

Beds had to be made daily and to military specifications. Lockers had to be clean, neat, and with everything in its place.

On weekly inspections, dirty teeth, behind the ears, collars were checked. Lockers and bed areas were scrutinized for cleanliness.

For failing to meet the 1960's CDC standards, a CDC 128 chrono was issued, followed by counseling and a CDC 115 if matters didn't work out to the satisfaction of reviewing staff members.

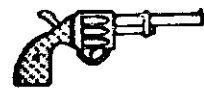
These 1980's and on into the 1990's are altogether different. This is no longer the proud spit-and-polish unit of the 1960's.

Also, over the years I have grown weary of complaints about my thankless job of prisoner, which has justified the financial support of thousands of criminal justice staff members.

This weariness has finally led to my decision to give up living in the manner I have become accustomed to, which California taxpayers have so graciously consented to support. I'll just put in the rest of my time, and collect my retirement benefit payment, (\$200 gate money), say goodbye, and let the young folks take over with their careers in corrections.

As a famous colleague once said upon leaving public office, "You won't have me to kick around anymore."

-By Jonas Keys



San Quentin Expanding?

In a report issued January 21, in the Marin Independent Journal, Marin supervisors will be asked to formally support a proposal to join with the state in expanding San Quentin Prison, including the construction of a new county honor farm.

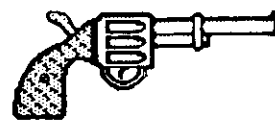
The board's endorsement of the \$200 million proposal would include a request for state legislation to authorize and finance the construction.

County officials have already asked State Senator Robert Presley, D-Riverside, to sponsor the legislation.

State and county officials have been pushing a deal in which the state would get local support for plans to add 2,600 inmates to San Quentin's population if it pays for roughly 75 percent of the cost of building a \$12 million honor farm outside the prison's walls on state property.

San Quentin's expansion would involve building a new "reception center" where state prison inmates are processed, evaluated and assigned to other prisons.

-By Jonas Keys



Condemned Con Stabs Attorney

An attorney conferring with his condemned client received 15 stab wounds at approximately 12 p.m. on February 26, according to Lt. C. R. White, public information officer.

Responding staff who halted the assault reported that the condemned prisoner was conferring with his attorney in the east block visiting facility when he apparently began stabbing the attorney with a sharpened, plastic toothbrush handle.

The injured attorney was subsequently treated for 15 puncture wounds in his chest, arms, an neck area. One wound in the attorney's ear was described as serious, but all other injuries were listed as minor.

The condemned prisoner was taken to Neumiller infirmary, medically cleared, and placed in the adjustment center pending investigation of the incident and referral to the Marin County District Attorney's office for possible prosecution.

-By Joe Morse

Doc in the Block

Today, I am going to give you some sensible advice on how to handle cuts, scrapes and burns.

CUTS, SCRAPES: There are some wounds you should not try to treat yourself. Deep wounds or puncture wounds are dangerous and likely to get infected. Human or animal bites are very dangerous and are likely to get infected. Do not take a chance with these, see a doctor right away.

Your body will heal itself if there is no interference. Some of the things that will interfere with healing are dirt, bacteria, physical irritation, swelling, and chemicals (like most "medicine" people put on their wounds). So, what you want to do is remove the interference and protect the wound from these things until it is healed.

First, remove dirt and bacteria by holding the wound under a forceful, running faucet for at least

five minutes. Open up the wound so the stream of water will go right to the bottom of the wound. Do not worry about the bleeding unless you see spurting blood from an artery. If you can actually see dirt in the wound, or it happened in a dirty environment, use soap and your finger to clean out the wound.

People have some mistaken ideas about wound care. Here is the truth. Bleeding will not wash out the wound. Soaking it in an antibiotic solution accomplishes nothing, except to dissolve dried blood. Never use peroxide on an uninfected wound as it will burn the healing tissue, delay healing, and increase the chance of infection by leaving dead tissue in the wound. Never ever use mercurachrome, merthiolate, or tincture of iodine. Use Betadine only to wash around the wound, do not put it in the wound. Do not put anything else on the wound either, unless advised by a doctor.

Now that the wound is clean, if it is bleeding press on it with a clean cloth, or toilet paper, etc., until the bleeding stops. I promise, if you press long enough, it will stop.

If you have some neosporin antibiotic ointment (triple antibiotic, Bacitracin) you can put it on. If it is a wound that goes beneath the surface, just put it on the surface. This is not necessary, but it may help protect the wound from bacteria during the few hours before the wound begins to develop its own defenses. Do not use it again, continued use will delay healing.

Then, cover with a bandage. Change the bandage every day so fluid will not accumulate on the surface of the wound.

If the wound develops an area of tender redness around it, you may have cellulitis, a tissue infection which can be dangerous and requires a doctor's care, so see a doctor right away.

If the wound does not have any tender redness around it, but white/yellow discharge begins to accumulate on the wound surface, you have a surface infection which you can treat. Soak it three times a day in comfortably hot water for five minutes, then gently scrub the wound with a clean finger, cloth,

or gauze. Then, cover with plain gauze. Do not worry if it sticks. When you take it off it will pull off the gunky stuff.

A good healing wound looks like red hamburger. If it has a scab, it should be completely dry with no pus underneath. Keep the wound covered until it is healed. If it is swollen, keep it elevated above heart level to help drain out the fluid. Protect it from overuse or from being rubbed, hit, etc. If you do these things, your wound will heal quickly, with the least chance of infection. If you start to get increased pain, redness, or pus from a wound, you have an infection which needs a doctor's attention, so do not fool around, see a doctor right away.

Remember to get a tetanus shot every five years. It is an easy way to protect yourself against a fatal disease you can get from dirty wounds. Good wound care depends basically on cleanliness, not on sewing or medicine, although these have their proper place.

What about sewing up a wound? If it does not become infected, a sewn wound will heal quicker because the healing tissue does not have to fill a gap. However, a sewn wound is more likely to become infected than a properly treated open wound, and if it becomes infected it will be more dangerous and take longer to heal than an open wound. This is because a closed wound can trap bacteria in a wet, oxygenless area, where bacteria can breed most easily, and the closed wound cannot drain.

BURNS: For any kind of burn, immediately put something cold on it. You can use cold, running water, ice wrapped in a wet towel, a cold soft drink, etc. Keep this up for 20-30 minutes, depending on the severity of the burn. This only works during the first half-hour, so do it right away. After that, put a wet cloth on the burn and go to the doctor. Do not put any medicine, butter, Vaseline, or other gunk on a burn. It will not help and will only make things worse.

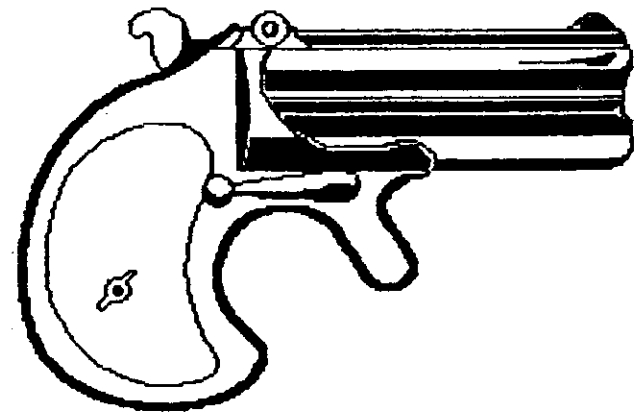
-By J. Rosett, M.D.



INSIDER SPORTS



The Matsqui Fastball season ended with a Championship tournament on August 11 & 12. Fifty-Fifty came out on top with a 3 and 0 record. After beating both the Unmentionables and The Sting on the eleventh, they did not have to play again until the final game. Meanwhile the Unmentionables and The Sting had to slug it out to see who would advance. The Unmentionables beat The Sting on the eleventh, but on the morning of the twelfth The Sting rebounded and the two had to meet again in the afternoon to decide who would play Fifty-Fifty for the Championship. The Unmentionables ended up knocking out The Sting but then lost to the 1990 Matsqui Fast Ball Champions, Fifty-Fifty.



FIFTY-FIFTY SHUT OUT THE UNMENTIONABLES

Fifty-Fifty outplayed the Unmentionables from beginning to end. The losers were unprepared for Fifty-Fifty's solid defence. The game was called after five innings when the Unmentionables felt that things were only going to get worse. Kinley allowed just 5 hits in picking up the shut out.

July 31

FIFTY-FIFTY				
PLAYER	ab	r	h	bi
Penny	1	2	1	0
Ivanauskas	2	2	1	0
Schellenberg	2	1	2	0
Kinley	3	0	2	2
McIlroy	3	1	2	2
Steff***	3	0	0	0
J. Osborne	3	0	1	1
Hubert	2	1	0	0
McCartney	2	0	0	0
TOTALS	21	7	9	5

UNMENTIONABLES				
PLAYER	ab	r	h	bi
Pruden	3	0	2	0
Paton	3	0	0	0
Birch	3	0	1	0
Chahley	1	0	1	0
Clark	2	0	0	0
Fenton	2	0	0	0
Ludwig	2	0	1	0
Billy	2	0	0	0
Marchand	2	0	0	0
Seamans	0	0	0	0
Johnston	0	0	0	0
TOTALS	20	0	3	0

UNMENTIONABLES SLIDE BY THE STING IN EXTRA INNINGS

The Unmentionables were on easy street through four innings. Randy Paton had his second hit of the year and both have been home runs. Going to the bottom of the fifth they held a 7-3 lead. That's when The Sting went on a hitting binge. Seven straight batters connected and they scored 6 runs. The Sting were suddenly now out in front by a score of 9-7. Another run in the sixth made it 10-7. The Unmentionables rebounded in the seventh and tied it up at 10-10. Dom Bisailion of The Sting almost buried the opponents in the bottom half when he sent a bullet into left field and tried for an inside the park homerun, but was called out on an extremely close play at home plate. In the first extra inning the Unmentionables put it away as they put 4 more runs on the board to The Sting's 1. Final: Unmentionables 14 - The Sting 11.

August 2

UNMENTIONABLES				
PLAYER	ab	r	h	bi
Pruden	4	1	2	2
Birch	4	2	3	1
Paton	1	4	1	2
Chahley	3	3	1	2
Marchand	4	3	4	2
Clark	5	0	1	0
Fenton	4	0	1	2
Billy	4	1	2	0
Johnston	2	0	0	0
Seamans	2	0	1	0
TOTALS	33	14	17	11

THE STING				
PLAYER	ab	r	h	bi
Steff	5	4	4	1
Slice	4	1	2	1
Fontaine	5	1	1	0
Black	3	1	1	0
Graham	3	2	2	2
Maidor	3	1	0	0
Bisailion	3	1	2	1
Ivanauskas***	3	0	1	3
Robinson	3	0	1	0
TOTALS	32	11	14	8



UNMENTIONABLES NICK

FIFTY-FIFTY

The Unmentionables went to the fifth inning way out in front by a score of 8-2. All the bounces were going their way. In the bottom half Fifty-Fifty banged in 4 runs closing it to 8-6. 1 more in the sixth tightened it to 8-7. The Unmentionables added a run to their lead in the top of the seventh and then Fifty-Fifty blew a chance to win, they could only score once and left two men stranded. Final: Unmentionables 9 - Fifty-Fifty 8.

August 7

FIFTY-FIFTY

PLAYER	ab	r	h	bi
Penny	3	2	1	0
Ivanauskas	4	2	3	0
Andrews	2	1	2	3
Kinley	3	0	1	0
Schellenberg	3	1	2	1
J. Osborne	4	0	3	3
K. Osborne	4	0	1	0
Nelson	1	0	0	0
Hubert	2	2	0	0
TOTALS	26	8	13	7

UNMENTIONABLES

PLAYER	ab	r	h	bi
Pruden	3	1	1	0
Birch	3	1	2	1
Paton	4	2	2	2
Fenton	4	2	2	2
Ludwig	4	1	1	0
Chahley	2	1	1	2
Billy	3	0	1	0
Gus	2	0	1	0
Maurice	2	1	1	0
Clark	2	0	1	2
Marchand	0	0	0	0
TOTALS	29	9	13	9

FIFTY-FIFTY SHUT OUT THE STING 8-0

Between Kinley's pitching (4 hitter) and the errors that The Sting committed, there was no doubt who was going to win this one from the third inning on. This was the second shut out of the year and Kinley has thrown both of them. Two of his last three games have been goose-eggs.

FIFTY-FIFTY

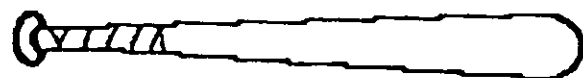
PLAYER	ab	r	h	bi
Penny	3	1	2	0
Ivanauskas	3	0	0	1
Andrews	3	1	2	0
Kinley	3	1	1	0
Schellenberg	3	2	1	0
J. Osborne	4	0	0	0
K. Osborne	3	1	1	0
Lockhart	2	1	1	0
Hubert	3	1	1	1
Robinson	1	0	0	0
TOTALS	28	8	9	2

THE STING

PLAYER	ab	r	h	bi
Steff	3	0	1	0
Landry	3	0	1	0
Black	3	0	1	0
Swanson	2	0	0	0
Graham	3	0	1	0
Bisaillon	3	0	0	0
Slice	3	0	0	0
Greene	3	0	0	0
Langille	2	0	0	0
TOTALS	25	0	4	0

FIFTY-FIFTY NICK THE UNMENTIONABLES

Things started off bright for Fifty-Fifty and never did grow very dim. It was 4-1 for them after one. In the third the Unmentionables closed the score to 5-4. Both teams scored twice in the fourth. Kinley was responsible for both of Fifty-Fifty's runs, he connected well with the ball and hit a controversial homer with a man on base. Another run for Fifty-Fifty in the fifth upped it to 8-6. In the bottom of the seventh the Unmentionables fell short of one of their famous come-back's as they could only come up with 1. This being Fifty-Fifty's second win in a row in the tournament, they will not have to play again until the Championship game. Final: Fifty-Fifty 8 - Unmentionables 7.



FIFTY-FIFTY

PLAYER	ab	r	h	bi
Penny	2	1	1	1
Ivanauskas	4	2	2	0
Andrews	4	1	3	1
Kinley	2	2	2	3
Schellenberg	4	1	1	1
J. Osborne	4	0	1	1
Robinson	3	1	2	1
Nelson	2	0	1	0
Hubert	2	0	1	0
K. Osborne	1	0	0	0
TOTALS	28	8	14	8

UNMENTIONABLES

PLAYER	ab	r	h	bi
Pruden	4	2	3	1
Birch	4	0	0	0
Maurice	4	0	1	0
Paton	4	1	2	0
Gus	4	1	2	0
Ludwig	4	0	0	0
Fenton	3	0	1	0
Chahley	3	2	2	1
Marchand	2	1	1	0
TOTALS	32	7	12	2

UNMENTIONABLES VANQUISH THE STING

This game was loaded with action! Including some dangerous pitching by Robin Billy, alias (Sidewinder) of the Unmentionables. He hit four batters including Red Swanson who took one off the cheekbone in the fourth inning. Red showed lots of heart as he finished the game and pitched very well while wiping blood from his face through the remaining three innings. Right on Red! The score changed hands a few times during the course of this one. It was 4-2 Unmentionables after two. The Sting came back and it was 6-4 for them at the end of three. Going to the fifth it was 9-8 for The Sting. It remained that way until the seventh. With the yard about to close because of the time, the Unmentionables scored 4 runs to go in front 12-9. If the announcement came to clear the yard before The Sting could finish their turn at bat, the score at the end of the last full inning of play would stand as the final tally. That meant The Sting would win if they stalled a little. They tried to waste some time for awhile, but then decided to swing it out instead. That was a mistake! No sooner had the last Sting batter been called out before he could make it to first, then the loudspeaker said "Clear the yard."



THE STING SURPRISE THE UNMENTIONABLES

This contest got underway at 9:00 in the morning. Despite the early hour The Sting looked better then they have all season long. Red inspired everyone on the team when in the first inning he pounded a home run over the right field fence into the pumpkin patch. Taking a pitch off his head before did not prove detrimental to Red as he went on to throw a 3 hitter in his finest game of the year. Behind him the defence was outstanding, giving up only two errors. Their lowest total all year in that department. It was 6-0 for The Sting after three and the final was 6-2. These two teams will meet again later in the day to do battle. The winner will then face Fifty-Fifty who are waiting to see who they face for the championship.



August 12

THE STING

PLAYER	ab	r	h	bi
Steff	2	1	1	0
Landry	3	0	2	1
Swanson	4	1	3	2
Black	4	1	2	0
Wiggins	3	2	2	0
Gauer	2	1	2	1
Bisaillon	4	0	0	0
Seager	2	0	0	1
Langille	1	0	0	0
TOTALS	25	6	12	5

UNMENTIONABLES

PLAYER	ab	r	h	bi
Pruden	2	1	0	0
Maurice	3	0	1	0
Marchand	3	0	1	0
Paton	3	1	1	0
Chahley	3	0	0	0
Fenton	3	0	0	0
Clark	3	0	0	0
Ludwig	2	0	0	0
Gus	2	0	0	0
TOTALS	24	2	3	0

FIFTY-FIFTY WIN THE MATSQUI FASTBALL CHAMPIONSHIP

Fifty-Fifty overcame the Unmentionables by a score of 5-3 to take the fastball title. The Unmentionables played quite a game considering it was their third one of the day. Many of the 3,000 in attendance thought that the well rested Fifty-Fifty club would make short work of their rivals, but the Unmentionables who led the league from the beginning of the season until the final game proved to be no pushover. Kinley homered in the first, and Ivanauskas singled in a run to give Fifty-Fifty a 2-0 lead. Paton tripled in the bottom of the inning to score Junior and close the gap to 2-1. There was no more runs until the bottom of the fourth, when the Unmentionables took the lead at 3-2 as Paton and Chahley crossed the plate. Kinley and Schellenberg both scored in the sixth for Fifty-Fifty, putting them ahead again 4-3. Fifty-Fifty then closed the scoring in the seventh with another run to make it 5-3. And that's the way the season ended...

THE UNMENTIONABLES FINISH OFF THE STING

The Sting looked like an entirely different team then the one that had beaten the Unmentionables earlier in the day. Their mistakes and errors were almost countless. Going into the second inning they were up 2-1, but it was all down hill from that point on. The Unmentionables started putting runs on the board and they didn't stop. The score was 9-4 after four. 9 more in the fifth made it 18-4. The game was then called on the mercy rule.

August 12

UNMENTIONABLES

PLAYER	ab	r	h	bi
Pruden	3	3	3	2
Fenton	4	1	2	1
Marchand	5	2	4	1
Paton	5	3	3	1
Chahley	2	2	1	1
Birch	3	2	3	1
Gus	3	1	1	1
Maurice	3	2	2	2
Clark	2	1	2	1
Ludwig	0	0	0	0
TOTALS	30	18	21	10

THE STING

PLAYER	ab	r	h	bi
Steff	3	1	0	0
Landry	2	0	0	0
Swanson	3	0	1	0
Black	3	2	2	1
Wiggins	2	1	2	0
Gauer	1	0	0	0
Greene	1	0	1	0
Bisaillon	2	0	0	0
Seager	2	0	0	0
Langille	2	0	0	0
Graham	1	0	1	0
TOTALS	22	3	7	1

August 12

UNMENTIONABLES

PLAYER	ab	r	h	bi
Pruden	4	1	1	0
Marchand	4	0	1	0
Fenton	4	0	1	0
Paton	4	1	3	1
Chahley	3	1	1	0
Birch	4	0	0	0
Gus	3	0	3	1
Maurice	3	0	0	0
Billy	3	0	0	0
TOTALS	32	3	10	2

FIFTY-FIFTY

PLAYER	ab	r	h	bi
Penny	4	0	1	0
Ivanauskas	4	1	2	1
Steff***	3	0	1	0
K. Osborne	1	0	1	0
Kinley	4	2	3	1
Schellenberg	4	1	2	0
J. Osborne	3	0	0	0
Nelson	3	0	0	0
Hubert	3	1	2	0
Andrews	1	0	0	0
TOTALS	30	5	12	2

FINAL STATISTICS

BATTING LEADERS

PLAYER	TEAM	AB	R	H	BI	AVG
Andrews	50-50	36	17	26	16	.722
Kinley	50-50	46	20	28	22	.609
Graham	T.S.	48	21	26	14	.542
Landry	T.S.	38	8	19	9	.500
Black	T.S.	39	15	19	6	.487
Pruden	UNM	68	31	32	15	.471
Penny	50-50	41	24	19	4	.463
Marchand	UNM	52	12	23	17	.460
Birch	UNM	50	12	23	17	.460
Ivanauskas	50-50	33	15	15	6	.454

RBI LEADERS

PLAYER	TEAM	RBI
Kinley	50-50	22
Birch	UNM	17
Andrews	50-50	16
Billy	UNM	16
Pruden	UNM	15
Graham	T.S.	14
Chahley	UNM	13
Fenton	UNM	13
J. Osborne	50-50	10
Marchand	UNM	10

HIT LEADERS

PLAYER	TEAM	HITS
Pruden	UNM	32
Kinley	50-50	28
Andrews	50-50	26
Graham	T.S.	26
Steff	T.S.	25
Marchand	UNM	24
Birch	UNM	23
Fenton	UNM	23
Landry	T.S.	19
Black	T.S.	19
Penny	50-50	19

RUN LEADERS

PLAYER	TEAM	RUNS
Pruden	UNM	31
Penny	50-50	24
Graham	T.S.	21
Kinley	50-50	20
Chahley	UNM	20
Andrews	50-50	17
Steff	T.S.	17
Ivanauskas	50-50	15
Black	T.S.	15
Paton	UNM	14
Meider	T.S.	14

STRIKEOUTS

Kinley	50-50	85
Andrews	50-50	34
Billy	UNM	21
Gus	UNM	20
Swanson	T.S.	20
Magnusson	T.S.	14
Fontaine	T.S.	11



In the homerun department Dean Kinley came way out on top with 6. Quite a few guys managed 1 or 2. The leader in stolen bases was Jr. Pruden. No base was safe with Jr. around.

FIFTY-FIFTY

PLAYER	AB	R	H	BI	AVG
Andrews	36	17	26	16	722
Kinley	46	20	28	22	609
Penny	41	24	19	4	463
Ivanouskas	33	15	15	5	454
Schellenberg	34	8	15	6	441
Hubert	28	8	10	0	357
J. Osborne	40	4	14	10	350
K. Osborne	26	3	8	6	308
Nelson	34	3	8	4	235
Robinson	12	2	5	1	417
Lockhart	15	3	5	3	333
Braun	10	3	4	2	400
Dofoe	9	5	8	2	888
Watson	2	0	1	1	500
McCartney	2	0	0	0	000

UNMENTIONABLES

PLAYER	AB	R	H	BI	AVG
Pruden	68	31	32	15	471
Marchand	52	12	24	10	461
Birch	50	12	23	17	460
Clerk	24	7	10	4	417
Paton	27	14	11	8	407
Billy	43	12	16	16	372
Gus	43	11	16	5	372
Chahley	49	20	18	13	367
Fenton	66	12	23	13	348
Maurice	31	4	10	4	323
Ludwig	29	11	8	4	276
Seamans	21	4	5	1	238
Johnston	10	2	1	0	100

THE STING

PLAYER	AB	R	H	BI	AVG
Graham	48	21	26	14	542
Lendry	38	8	19	9	500
Block	39	15	19	8	487
Magnusson	33	8	15	5	455
Swanson	22	8	10	5	454
Meider	35	14	15	7	429
Steff	61	17	25	5	410
Miller	39	9	15	10	385
Slice	45	10	17	5	378
Chow	16	2	6	2	375
Bisoillon	47	10	14	5	298
Fontaine	18	2	4	1	222
Olson	13	1	3	1	220
Wiggins	5	3	4	0	800
Gauer	3	1	2	1	667
McIlroy	7	2	3	2	429
Longille	6	0	1	0	167
Greene	8	0	1	0	125
Seager	4	0	0	1	000
Lyttle	1	0	0	0	000



People are like stained glass windows, They sparkle and shine when the sun is out. But when darkness sets in, their true beauty is at last revealed, only if there is light within...
Elizabeth Ross

HOCKEY NEWS

The Matsqui Ball Hockey League will soon be getting under way. Those interested in playing this year should get your teams together as soon as possible. Slice in 3-3-7 will be this seasons hockey Commissioner. When you have a roster intact, drop it off with him and a schedule will be drawn up. Referee's, scorekeeper's and timekeepers will also be needed. Those willing to lend a little time to get this league underway, please leave your name with Slice. The regular ball hockey league and playoffs for the Committee Cup will be followed by the Challenge Cup tournament. Those of you that were here last year know the format. There are lot's of individual trophies to be won and most of the defending ball hockey league Champions from the Commandos have moved on or will be going shortly, and the Badd Boyz, winners of the Challenge Cup have dispersed so the trophies are up for grabs. Good luck and have a great year!



**THE MATSQUI
WEIGHT AND POWER
LIFTERS CLUB**

All the results of the recent power-lifting competition will be published in next months issue of the 'Insider'.

90 Days		BELTS	
Weider "M"	\$9.50	4" leather	\$22.00
Megabolic Mega Packs	\$17.00		
30 days		SWEATER	
Good Life Mega Packs	\$17.00	Heavy duty	\$20.00
Fat Burners (100)	\$15.00		
GLOVES		SWEAT PANTS	
Leather	\$20.00	No Pocket	\$15.00
Mesh	\$15.00	With pockets	\$18.00
WRAPS		SHORTS	
Knee (with velcro)	\$18.00	3/4 Front Pockets	\$17.00
Lifting	\$7.50		
Boxing (with velcro)	\$9.50	MUSCLE SHIRTS	\$8.00
Wrist	\$7.50		
Ankle	\$9.00	T-SHIRTS	\$7.00
Elbow	\$9.00		

SPORTS DAY RESULTS

Under 40 - 100 yd.

Paton 11:04
Fenton 11:06

1 Mile

Maurice 6:27
Dasilva 6:57

Long Jump

Paton 17'10"
Fenton 17'8"

4 Man relay

Marchand-Coltman-Pruden-Fenton 9:32:14
Maurice-Emond-Isbister-Dasilva 9:43:10

Ball Throw

Greene - 1st.
Coltman - 2nd.
Salisbury-
Paton -

Over 50 - 50 yd.

T. Dafoe
R. Randawa
no times avail.

Over 50 Ball Throw

McInnes
Dafoe

Horseshoes Throw Doubles

Penny-Grandel
Dafoe-Ramsey

3 Legged race

Lyttle-Lyttle 16:81
Miller-Johnston 16:84

Obstacle coarse

Dasilva 4:37:31
Isbister 4:46:67

Over 40 - 100 yd.

Schellenberg 11:46
Andrews 12:06

5 Mile

Emond 36:32
Maurice 38:06
Deslaurier 41:25

2 Man Wheelbarrow race

Fenton-Marchand 47:11
Salisbury-Badiour 49:62

Tier Tug of war

1 East

K. McGlynn
D. Bamford
G. Olson
J. Graham
R. Lucier
D. Deslaurier
J. Courville
S. Sui
K. Wong
K. Li

Sports day was held on the B.C. day long weekend. Everyone involved had lots of fun. The obstacle course proved to be quite a challenge. It was composed of a quarter mile run (the top track) followed by fifteen chinups. The competitor's then had to carry the 80 lb. heavy bag around the large tennis court, then grapple across the monkey bars, cross over the parallel bars, do 25 pushups, then sprint to the basketball court before confronting the ten foot high wooden wall that had to be climbed, then dash to the finish line. Rick Dasilva came up with the best time in the event followed closely by Big Al Isbister. One had to be in good shape for this, and many of the participants were forced to drop out due to exhaustion. One party even tried streaking the course but found he was out of wind part way through the chinup routine and was left hanging in the raw. It was very comical to say the least. The last event of the two day ordeal was the tug of war. After much strenuous pulling, the competition was narrowed down to two teams; 2 North and 1 East. When these two started pulling it was easy to see why it is called the tug of war. The battle was hard fought but about a minute into the struggle the guys from the east end overpowered their northern rivals and took the victory and the prize money. Congratulations to all those who took part in Matsqui's annual Sports day's.

SOCCER NEWS

The Bandits defeated the T Birds To win the Matsqui Intermural Soccer League Cup 2 games to 1. The T Birds took the first match by a score of 5-3, but the Bandits came back the next week and evened the series with a 4-3 victory. They then went on to dispose of the T Birds with a 7-3 triumph in the final game.

BANDITS

Black
Fenton
Isbister
Chahley
Paton
Seager
Nicholson
Coltman



T BIRDS

Ivanauskas
Bisailon
Sam
Murray
Maurice
Fifer
Martinez
Gus
Stewart

We checked with the rec department and they have no official information of why Matsqui will not be involved in the outside league this year. Rumor has it though that many of the teams that came regularly to our field now feel that the games in here get a little too violent.



Kentucky Fried Chicken MENU

Family Meals

1 lg. piece Snack with Fries	2.40
2 pc. Snack with Fries	3.69
Wing Dinger—2 Wings with Fries	2.65
Chicken Breast Filet Sandwich with Fries	3.39
	3.89
2 pc. Thrifty Dinner with Fries, Biscuit & Coleslaw	4.45
3 pc. Dinner with Fries, Biscuit & Coleslaw	6.45
5 pc. Jumbo Dinner with Fries, Biscuit & Coleslaw	7.50

Individual Servings

(Gravy may be substituted for Salad)

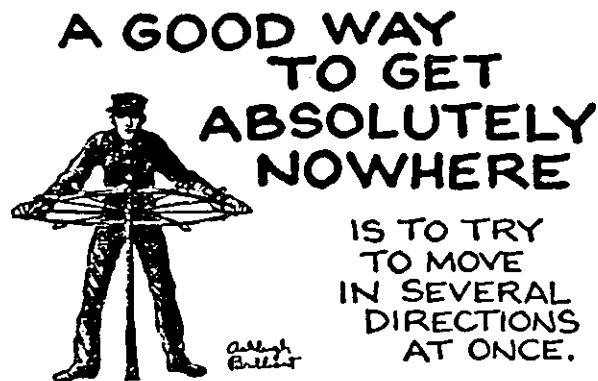
9 pc. Thrift Pak with 1 lg. Salad & med. Fries (serves 3-4)	14.49
12 pc. Econo Pak with 1 lg. & med. Salad & med. Fries (serves 4-6)	17.99
15 pc. Bucket Pak with 2 lg. Salads & 1 lg. Fries (serves 5-7)	22.99
20 pc. Barrel Pak with 2 lg. Salads & 1 lg. Fries (serves 7-10)	27.99

Chicken Only

9 pc. Thrift Box	10.99
12 pc. Econo Box	14.20
15 pc. Family Bucket	17.40
20 pc. Party Barrel	22.99
6 pc. Kentucky Nuggets	2.49
9 pc. Kentucky Nuggets	3.39
20 pc. Kentucky Nuggets	6.99

NOTE:

Kentucky Fried Chicken does not offer a 2-four-1 Special. Therefore, our orders will only be placed ONCE per pay period and they will be delivered to the institution every 2nd Friday evening. Bruce Archer 1-2-24 will be taking ALL chicken orders.



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