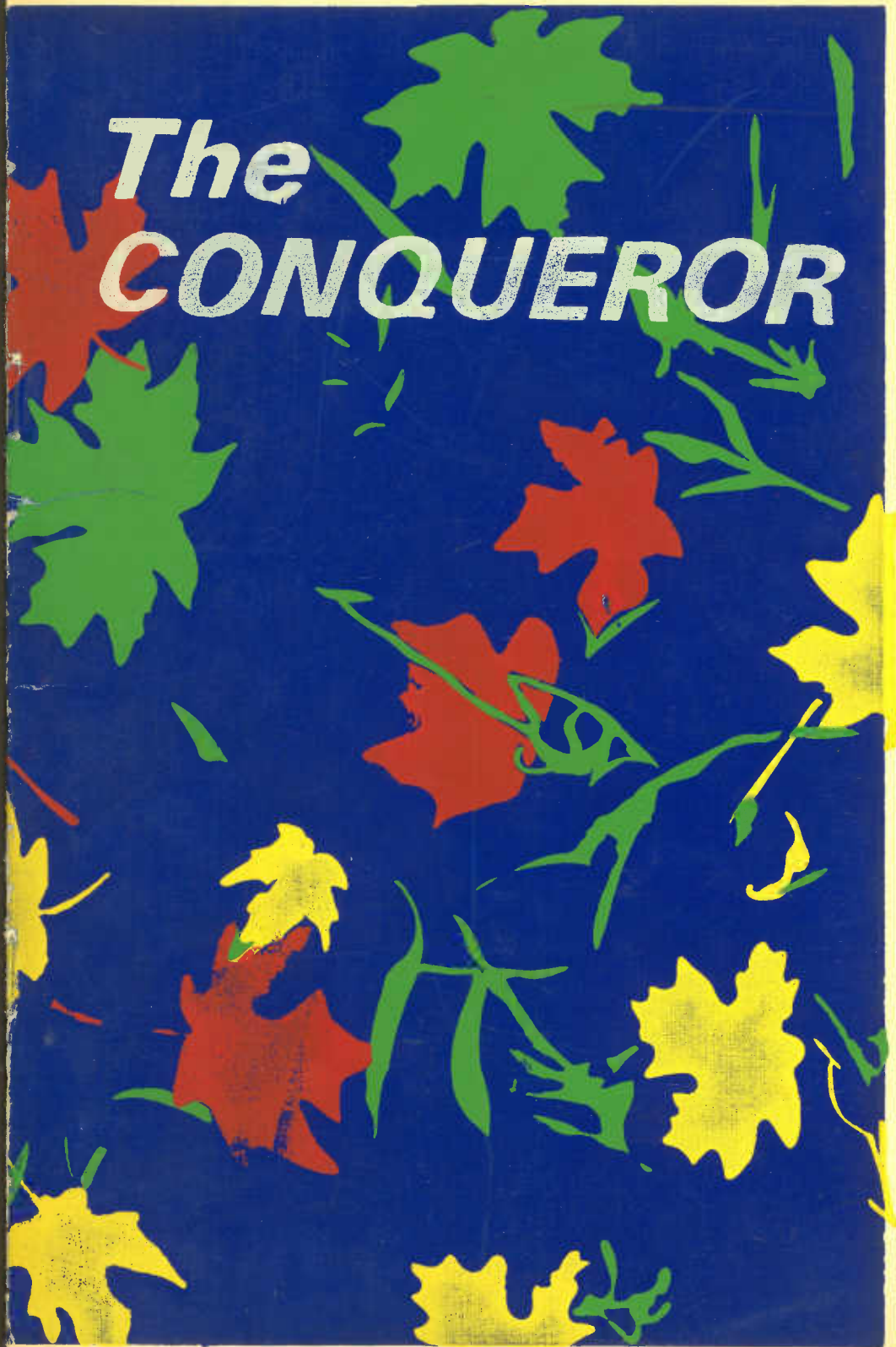


The
CONQUEROR



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STATE OF MARYLAND



COMMISSIONER OF CORRECTION

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Contents

Editorial.....	4
Guest Editorial.....	14

FEATURES:

Small Things - Small World.....	6
The Man In A Cell.....	8
Second Annual Art Show.....	17
A Drug Addict Speaks.....	52

FICTION:

The Big Secret.....	18
The Experience (Tales From The Old-Timer)	38

CONQUEROR SPECIALS:

The Question Of The Issue.....	11
The Letter.....	30

RELEIGIOUS SECTION:

Protestant.....	24
Catholic.....	26
Islamic.....	28

REGULAR FEATURES:

Profiles In Music.....	32
Poetry Page.....	37
Humor.....	42
Swami Bummeerappee.....	43
The Law You Should Know.....	44
Penal Exchange.....	46
Sports.....	48
AA News.....	53

"HOT" OFF the



DITORS

DESK



Recently we received a letter from one of our readers, taking us to task for our efforts in publishing The Conqueror.

The writer stated, and rightly so, that the August issue did not contain contributions from an adequate cross-section of the inmate population; and also accused, and rightly so, the editorial staff of retrogressing from the high standards of previous issues. However, he wrongly stated that editorially we had shifted from the "tell it like it is" policy set up when The Conqueror was revived as the inmate's medium of expression in this institution.

Editorially, we remain the same. But, we cannot in no wise "tell it like it is" unless you, the readers, do not tell us like it is. We cannot present a cross-section of inmate opinions and viewpoints if the inmates do not express those opinions and viewpoints.

Editing a penal publication is one of the most delicate tasks in the world. We, the editors must constantly walk the taut, thin wire separating administrative sanction and inmate approval; and try to come out smelling like roses when the issue goes to press. This, so very often, is not possible; and we wind up a little more odorous than we hoped for. But, we try.

As so often stated in the pages of this publication, The Conqueror is primarily your magazine; edited, written, and printed primarily for you! It is a medium of self-expression for all of you!

We, as editors, cannot express "YOUR" ideas, cannot explain things from your view--point. Your ideas and your viewpoints are YOURS! They are singular possessions of only yourself; and if you wished them expressed publicly, then you must express them.

Often when cross the yard or the block, we are asked the question: "Why don't you guys write something about so-and-so in that rag?" That's a good question! And, the answer is simple. We didn't know anything at all about so-and-so until the questioner-mentioned it. So, we will counter with, "Why don't you write something about so-and-so?" If you do then, if it has merit, we will see that it is printed in this "rag."

Again we say, it is your magazine -- we only edit it for you.

- The Editors -

SMALL THINGS SMALL WORLD

By: AL LEHMAN

A long time ago, while waiting at a bus stop, I saw a child standing at the side of his mother, eyes straining to see the faces of the grownups walking by. Occasionally, whenever a man would pass the child would tug at the mother's hand and say, "Mommy, is that my Daddy?"

How sad it is, I thought, that this child, perhaps five or six years old, should have to look to the faces of complete strangers in search of a daddy. Sadder still is the fact that I and those others who witnessed the child's perplexity were not shocked, angered or even embarrassed. We watched with empathy, and we listened with empathy

and then moved on, dismissing the lonely child from our minds.

The sad faces and tears of children have a way of clutching firmly at the heart and we find them impossible to forget. Forgetting was very difficult for me. So, boarding the bus, I allowed myself a moment of fantasy and wished the child's wish; one day the face will appear, the mother then would smile "yes" and the three of them would live happily ever after. But stark realism and experience quickly replace fantasy with cold, unyielding truth. The father may never appear and the child may never know him.

Many old traditions

have fallen into disuse, having no place in our modern-unorthodox world. They have been cast away with such blinding swiftness that we've begun to tear away the foundation without knowing...or..... caring. No human tradition is older than the birth of children and nothing has more place in the world than a child. There was a time when men were made eternal through their progeny. Now it seems such a temporary thing that we grow bored in less than a lifetime.

We have lessened our respect for comfort, the family life and love and at the same time have managed to register surprise, pity and disgust whenever directly confronted with a dire result of broken homes. We feel our only duty is to keep our own home intact.

The little child at the bus stop may well bear witness to

the moral trend of today. If we should grant ourselves the luxury of reflection, we would very likely conclude that neither our empathy nor our moral conscience will change or alter our social conditions. After all, despite our remonstrations, we argue: "There is nothing we can do about it."

We can care, and, become interested in humanity. We can direct this help and interest toward the individuals that make up a nation as well as a nation itself.

We can consider that little child - a small thing in a big world of many small things.

-The End -

* * * * *

THOUGHTS TO LIVE BY:

Remember that all things come to him who waits:

Even Justice!!

THE MAN IN A

CELL

BY:

Thomas S. Dorsey

Behind the thick steel bars lies the prison cell, a cube six feet wide - seven feet long and nine feet high. The walls and ceiling are pale gray or green. It has countless layers of paint that have tried, but failed to cover the ghostly outlines of the hard--molded bricks beneath.

But wait this is mere visual inventory, a geometric description.

The prison cell has untold dimensions that many a free man never dreamed existed.

The tiny world of the prison cell contains approximately 318 cubic feet of solitude--and a man.

There may be found all the dimensions

ever conceived by the human heart and mind. All the many faces of joy, sorrow, dreams, and tragedy are known in the prison cell. There, may be found despair that can make the cold walls glisten with icy sweat and chill the spirit of the strongest man. But, there also maybe found hope that commands attention like a brightly colored spider dangling on a silken thread. And, hate, the inmates worst enemy, capable of shrinking the cell until the walls almost touch in the air and the air becomes suffocating; but, then there too, may be found love that defies locks and enters through a letter, a memory or, a miracle. It is the same love that free men know, but, like a butterfly trapped in a jar, it may have some of its power and freedom but none of its beauty.

In the prison cell may be witnessed the

battle between sorrow which can make a man grow, and self-pity, which can make a man small. Laughter is seldom heard in the prison cell, and a man's tears are hidden in his pillow, in the night, like a pirate's buried treasure and pearls. Behind the barred door every man gets to know himself. There may be fanciful daydreams to soothe crushed pride, or perhaps to grant momentary freedom.

There are also moments of stark truth. In the prison cell may be found the challenge of the highest mountain, and the promises of the most beautiful dreams ever to exist.....HOPE!!! There too maybe found the bright promise of a second chance, and its ability to make a cell a little larger and a little less hostile.

Added to the dimensions of the prison cell is a fourth

dimension -- time. It is only distorted dimension of them all. A year in a prison cell is a decade of lost freedom. And, a decade of lost freedom is but ten minutes of freedom's memory.

Punishment or preparation; time is for the inmate to forget, endure, and spend -- wisely. The dimension of the prison would be without meaning if it were not for the man locked inside. Depending on the man, the cell may be a chapel or a locked hell, a school or a tomb, a refuge or a nightmare, or it may be just another bare prison cell 6x7x9.

If you were to know the real dimensions of a prison cell, you must first measure the man inside.

- The End -

The foregoing may or may not say something to the men here at MHC.

However, the writer revised it in the hopes that it will enlighten that someone who cares.

Maybe you!

The following is printed for your general information:

For clarification, in accordance with the Annotated Code of the State of Maryland, the law provides that each inmate can earn not more than five (5) days good conduct time each month and not more than five (5) days Industrial time for each month.

THE QUESTION? OF THE ISSUE

With this issue The Conqueror editorial staff incepted this column. Its purpose is to allow our readers, you, to express your views and opinions on various questions pertinent to the institution and to us, the residents.

The question for this issue appears below and the answers received on the next two pages. In future issues, we will deal with more questions of interest to/and having interest for you, the reader.

QUESTION: What, in your opinion and within reason could, and should be done to improve the institution, both from the inmate and the administrative point of view?

-Turn page for answers-

ANSWER:

I would like to see the staff here place more emphasis on the vocational rehabilitation aspect of correctional treatment. A man qualified, and competent, to get a well-paying job in industry has a far better chance of staying out when released.

Tommy Long
School Instructor

ANSWER

I feel we need more inmate activities - programs that will get the man out of his cell more and give him something constructive with which to occupy his spare time.

James X. Tiller
Barber

ANSWER:

More inmates are seeking identification through cultural and historical enlightenment. I feel that more meaningful programs should be instituted. Also the formulation of an Inmates' Mediator Committee, for the purpose of establishing and maintaining a greater rapport with the administration and the general population.

Roger W. Osborne
Educational Dept.

ANSWER:

I feel we should have a comprehensive group discussion program where men can openly discuss the

problems they encounter from day to day with various members of the administrative staff.

Eugene Dawson
Sanitary Worker

ANSWER:

I feel that a definite set of rules governing the entire institution should be drawn up and made known to all inmates and all officers. In this way every inmate here, and every officer too for that matter would know exactly how he stands, instead of guessing if what he is doing is legal or not.

Richard "Dino" Coleman
Tag Shop

ANSWER:

I would like to see more intense treatment programs instituted to really accomplish the aim of men returning to society adjusted... and for all to remember that we were sent here "as punishment" not for punishment.

James Ginneman
Art Instructor

ANSWER:

I would like to see a conjugal-visit program instituted, such as other prisons have; or, weekend leaves for deserving inmates to visit their family. This will greatly assist him in adjusting under normal circumstances.

Robert Powell
Tierman

GUEST EDITORIAL

BY: E. E. WARD
Classification
Counselor

"To every man there openeth a high road and
and a low, and each man must decide which-
way his soul shall go."

The quotation may be misstated, but I feel that the gist will be apparent to the reader. Every man has a choice in this world. Some may not believe this, mainly, they don't want to believe it.

The choice may be positive or it may be negative but is there nevertheless. Sometimes the choice may be positive and have a negative result--in such an instance--you win though you lose.

Man has an adaptation which is denied other forms of animal life; he can rationalize. For most practical purposes, rationalization is the art of cleverly lying to one self in a vain effort to make one believe that wrong is right - that he is justified when it is obvious that there is no justification.

We are now in the midst of a social upheaval which represents mass rationa-

lization. Some are blaming one ethnic group for their problems, others are blaming still another ethnic group for their problems. The truth: all are right and all are wrong. The plight of any society is not the fault of any one ethnic group, but represents a guilt all must share. The weak will blame the strong, thereby forcing the strong to redouble their efforts to become yet stronger so that the weak will never be in position to exact vengeance upon them for either real or imaginary wrongs.

Being able to tell the real from a superficial is a bigger task for the inmate than it is for the man in free society because he has still another set of value imposed on him. Yet must be done if he is to fight his way back to normal. Normalcy then, becomes

the way of life in vogue in the society of which you are willingly or unwillingly a part. This society has what it calls "The Establishment," You can easily understand that the only way to extract anything from the establishment is to become a part of the establishment. This is known as joining the "In Crowd." Some talk of the eradication process. Yet, you must understand that nothing gainful has ever come of killing the goose that laid the golden egg.

The choice is then a simple one. Qualify in some one direction which makes you necessary and usable to the establishment and it will welcome you as a contributing member. We are of value to a meaningful society only in proportion to the use that can be made of us in perpetuating that society. It is not a matter of join-

ing them if you can't beat them, but rather it is a matter of securing for you and yours that which is rightfully yours, and which is promised you as a member of the greatest civilization known to mankind.

Choose your way, but be sure it is the way of progress and practicality. This can evolve only thru serious thought and personal inventory. Follow only those who are strong and right, for weakness can only beget weakness. Too, no man, no matter how strong he might be,

can live for you; you must do it for yourself. Be a man and choose your way; but be man enough to accept the fruits of your labors in any direction, whether they be sweet or sour.

This is the way of the strong.

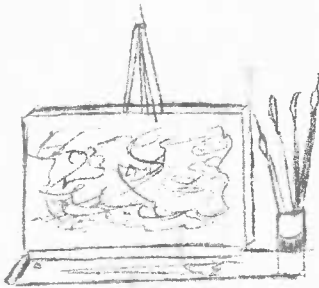
- The End -

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The editors wish to express appreciation to Mr. Ward for the foregoing article.

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ART SHOW

The embryonic Rembrandt's of MHC recently realized the dream of every artist in the world; a public display of their artistic creations.

Art Expo held at Harundale Mall in Glen Burnie gave ample display space to the budding Manet and the prespiring Picassos; with competent judging of their works, prizes and subsequent sales of a great many of the entries.

Members of the MHC Art Class, entered a total of two-hundred and fifty-five pieces of work - 116 in Mixed Media and 139 works in Oils.

The judging committee; composed of Mr. Cornelius Griffin Baltimore Community

College Art Instructor; Mrs. Gertrude Rochester, Editor of Mixed Media Magazine; and Mr. Paul Moscott, Maryland Institute College of Art; were on hand to give all the entries their closest scrutiny. As a result of this - they awarded a first prize in Oils to: R. Jakien, for his "Still-life"; second-prize in oils went, to Dave Bury with his realistic painting of a cell titled "F-1-24" while third prize was awarded to B. Tinsley for his "Girl With A Red Bottle."

In the Mixed Media category, Bill Ginne-man's "Ocean Depths" copped top award and "Still Life" by B. Livingston was second with Albert Tyree getting the third place nod with "Etheral."

Furtive was the one word to describe the movements of "Big Red" Macklin. And, all the other cons who witnessed him making his stealthy way through the main dining room remarked on it.

"Wonder what Red's up to?" "Fingers" King, mused aloud; as he moved a pawn up the chess board.

"I don't know," his opponent, Max Miller, said, capturing the pawn with his Bishop, "and I really don't care. Whatever that guy's up to can mean only one thing --- and that's trouble!"

"Yeah," "Fingers" agreed, "he's trouble sure enough. Red's one mean character. But, I never saw him sneak around like that before this. It kinda rouses my curiosity."

"Well," Max said "you'd better direct your curiosity to this chess game. Red don't stand for no one putting their nose in his

THE BIG SECRET

By: Ken Wesley

business. He's mean and he's tough; and I personally don't do no messing around at all with him."

"I guess you are right," Fingers conceded, "but I'd still like to know what he is up to; sneaking in the kitchen this way. He's not assigned in here."

While this bit of conversation was going on between the two men playing chess in the rear of the main dining room the object of their discussion, seemingly unaware that he was under their scrutiny

made his way around the coffee urn, then slipped by the kitchen guard and swift-like headed in the direction of the milk coolers. There he met Jake Potts, another hardrock. Jake, after looking all around to make certain they were unobserved opened a wall locker and removed a bulky paper wrapped package and handed it to Big Red. Big Red immediately slid in into his drop pocket and closed his jacket.

"Look, Red," Jake growled. "You play it cool with that stuff. I don't want any of these clowns in here getting wise and running their mouth you unnastand. If they do I'm gonna have to put a dent in their head. Got me?"

"Yeah, yeah," Red assured him. "I got you. You don't think I want them to get wise do you. Nobody knows about this deal but me and you. And

that's the way it's going to stay."

"Okay," Jake said "go on and take care of business. I'll try to bring some more of the stuff when I come in at noon. So, take it easy."

"Straight," Red told him, then took off; back past the kitchen guard, back around the coffee urn and back past the two chess players -- and out of the main dining room.

"Jake gave Red a bundle of something," Fingers whispered to Max. "Wonder what it was?"

"Stop wondering," Max cautioned, "and make your move. You are in check."

"Maybe they're going to set up some jump-steady," Fingers mumbled, absently moving his Knight to protect the King, "or maybe....."

Time to stop your maybeing," Max crowed bringing his rook in-to play, "You are checkmated."

"Ah hell," Fingers snarled. "I didn't see that move."

"I know it," Max laughed. "You had all your concentration on what Big Red's doing. You better forget him and let it alone."

"I can't forget it just like that," Fingers sighed. "I think that maybe Red and Jake is getting ready for a bust out. And, if they are maybe I can get in on the deal. I'm doing a big bit you know, forty years."

"Yeah, I know, Max said, "but you know Big Red. He aint the kind of guy to let other people in on his business. I wouldn't go messing around, if I was you. No, sir, I'd let that character strictly-alone."

"Hell," Fingers sighed. "I guess you are right; but, I've just got to know. I wonder where Red went to?"

"To his cell," Max said firmly. "He is always in his cell at this time of day."

"Yeah," Fingers murmured, getting up from the table. "Put the pieces away. I'll see you later."

"Maybe, you will," Max told him. "If you go sticking your nose in Red's business you might not see me ever again."

Fingers knew that Max was right, but he was so absorbed in the curiosity stirred up in him by Big Red's actions, that he just threw caution to the winds and took off in the direction of the South Wing - and Big Red's cell.

Whistling nonchalantly, he strolled down the tier. When

he got in front of Big Red's cell he came to a stop and trying to make it seem casual-like, he peered in.

At first he thought the cell was empty. The locker door was standing open, and the bunk was hooked to the wall. Then he saw a foot protruding from behind the open locker door.

The sight of the foot excited Fingers. This tended to confirm his suspicions that something real big was coming off; for why else would Red be hiding behind a locker door.

"Hey, Red," he called, "you in there buddy?"

"Yeah," Red's muffled voice came back, "I'm in here, and I am busy. What do you want?"

"This is Fingers," Fingers informed him, "I just wanted to get

a pack of butts from you until commissary day."

"Ain't got none," the voice from behind the locker door told him. "Come back after dinner. Maybe I'll score for some."

"Yeah, okay," Fingers could not keep the disappointment out of his voice. He stood there for one minute. Then, seeing that Big Red had no intention of showing himself, or revealing what he was so busily doing inside the big locker, Fingers took off for the dining room.

"Set up the board, and let's play," he told Max.

"Did you find out anything," Max wanted to know as he placed the chess pieces into place.

"Naw," Fingers replied. "He's got a big thing going, but I couldn't get in the

know. He practically chased me away from his cell."

"Better forget it," Max advised him. "Its your move."

"I guess you're right," Fingers said moving his King Pawn two spaces. "Yeah, I sure guess you're right."

At noon Jake left his job in the kitchen, slipped on his jacket, and secreted another bulky paper wrapped package in the inside jacket pocket, and hurried to the South Wing-- the cell he shared with Big Red.

Red was waiting anxiously for him, and the minute he closed the cell door behind him, Red held out his hand for the package.

"How's it going?" Jake asked, giving up the package. "Any trouble?"

"Naw," Red told

him, "no trouble. I thought for a minute there was going to be a little hassle this morning, though."

"Yeah," Jake gave a grunt. "What happened?"

"I had the locker door open and was taking care of business when "Fingers" came up and hollered for me."

"Did he see anything?" Jake asked worried.

"Naw," Red assured him. "He just wanted to bum a pack of cigarettes. I told him to come back later."

"Good," Jake said, "now hurry up and get it over with."

Big Red opened the locker door and carefully un-wrapped an eye-dropper. Then he just as carefully filled it with the fluid Jake had in the package.

"Anyone coming?"

he wanted to know.

Jake got a piece of mirror and stuck it out of the door and flashed the tier. After making certain that the tier was absolutely clear, he said:

"Naw, no one's on the tier. Take your time and get it right that stuff's hard to come by."

"Yeah....yeah," I know," Red agreed. He held the filled eye-dropper up and gazed at it lovingly. Sweat stood out on his forehead and his hands shook just a little.

Then he knelt down behind the opened locker door and got busy. Jake couldn't see what was going on but the little sounds of satisfaction that came floating from behind the locker door told him that everything was going alright. Nervously he flashed the tier once again with the piece of mirror. It was still clear.

"Hurry up, will you?" he prodded. "I want my turn."

"Okay, okay," Red growled, coming into sight from behind the locker door, a smile on his leathery face, and an empty eye-drop in his hand. He held the eye-dropper out to Jake. "Here, go on and take your turn."

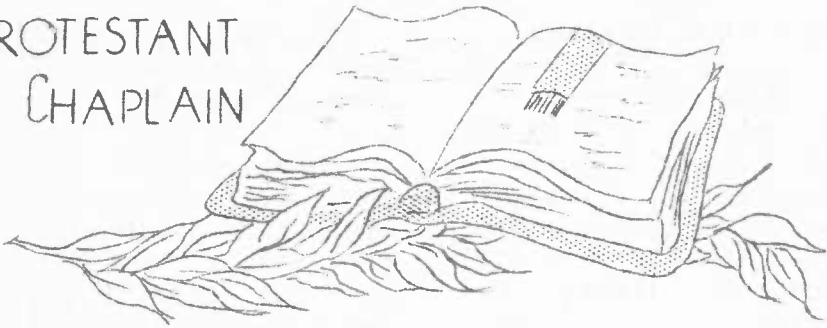
Jake grabbed the dropper and the paper bundle and quickly changed places with Red. After he filled the dropper he began to laugh softly.

"What's so funny?" Red growled.

"I was just thinking," Jake replied, "what would happen if them characters found out about this. Boy, oh boy, would we be in trouble!"

Then without saying another word old Jake tipped the eye-dropper of milk and began to feed the four motherless kittens hidden inside the locker.

PROTESTANT CHAPLAIN



BY:

Rev. William K. Kautz
Protestant Chap.

A gentleman who was being urged to accept Christ, said to the preacher:

"There are some things in the Bible that seem to me to be highly contradictory. Christ must have overestimated Himself. Once he declared that He would draw all men unto Him, and yet he hasn't done it. Men go to church and listen to you; they even read the Bible, and then go away and live worldly lives. They devote themselves to money-making and sensuality, and are not drawn to your Christ—at least, not more than one of them in a hundred is.

"Do you believe that there is such a thing as gravitation?" the preacher asked.

"Certainly, I do."

"Well, what is it?"

"I believe philosophers define it as being an invisible force by which all matter is drawn to the center of the earth."

The preacher then stepped to the window. "Come here," he said. "Do you see those gilt balls?" pointing to a pawnbroker's sign just across the street.

"Yes," the gentleman replied.

"How about the power of gravitation now? You say that it draws all matter to the center of the earth, and yet those balls have been hanging there for three years,"

"Oh, well," said the young man, his face flushing, "they are fastened to that iron rod."

"Yes," replied the preacher, "and it is so with the men of whom you speak. One is bound fast by the lusts of the flesh; another is anchored

by his ambitions; and still another finds his business an iron rod that holds him fast."

Christ draws men wherever He is lifted up to their view, but they can resist Him if they will.

What is holding you fast?

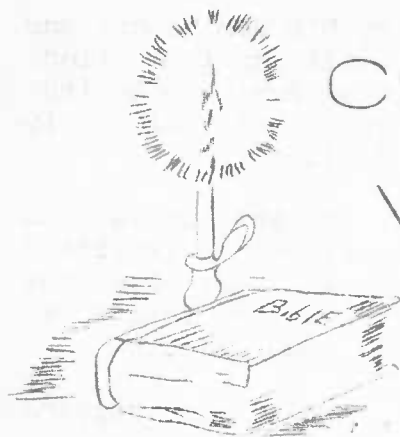
By:

William K. Kautz
Protestant
Chaplain

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For your information Protestant Services are held each Sunday Morning at 8:30 in the Auditorium.

Your attendance is welcomed.



CATHOLIC VIEWPOINT

BY: Father Louis Amico
Catholic Chaplain

ORDER

Order reflects the mind of God. It is, therefore, heaven's one first law.

If a man were to say, "I always begin at the end", we might think that he is out of order. But actually he would be affirming a privilege that is fundamental to all intellectual activity. What he is doing in reality is seeing a goal for himself. Apparent disorder might prove to be really good order. The im-

plications that follow are that the man is seeking his goal, through order, is actually attempting to reflect the mind of God.

Any lasting achievement, or any intelligent attempt to discover something new, or improve something old, is related to a belief in order. New discoveries in the fields of medicine, science, electronics, etc., are related through expe-

rimentation of known laws, and how these laws relate to the present experiment. The newness of a inter-action of the physical and mental order of things.

All experimentation requires (1) a "thinker" and (2) a "doer." Man's first experience is in the mind, then he puts ideas into motion by externalization. In other words, the mind and body must work together. Man is able to work with, or rebel against it. It's his decision to make.

There is order in the universe, in the cell, in animal kingdom, laws of chemistry and physics.

There must be order in man's life.

This is true for man is composed of body and soul. If order is to be preserved then, proper emphasis must be given to the spiritual side of man. The mind and soul are the spiritual side of man. What better order can we have in our lives than to have coordinate order with God's mind?

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Catholic Services are held each Sunday morning at ' 8:30 in D-Dormitory.

All are urged to attend.

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Islamic

"HOW TO EAT TO LIVE"

BY:

ELIJAH MUHAMMAD
MESSENGER OF ALLAH

"WHAT ALLAH IN THE PERSON OF MASTER FARD MUHAMMAD, HAS REVEALED TO ME."

(Continued from last issue)

But, ABSTAINING from all flesh, if you are able to do so and having plenty of other choicy foods to choose from, is better. If you eat a stomach full of lamb once every 24 hours 48 hours, or twice a week, it is not so harmful to you. Eating one meal every 24 hours or one meal every 48 hours will give your stomach time to destroy the poison taken at the previous meal.

WILD FLESH and the divinely prohibited flesh (the swine or hog) causes wildness in appearance and actions - especially in swine eaters. The swine is shyless, by nature. This shylessness is what the Christians this day -- are displaying in person and actions. It is due to their eating of this filthy divinely prohibited animal (the hog) and the drinking of prohibited alcoholic drinks. God is today, letting them taste their own desire and work.

Thank you for reading this article.

(CHALLENGES ACCEPTED, SCIENTIFICALLY DEFENDED)

REFLECTIONS IN THE NAME OF ALLAH:

Contrary to what many misinformed people may think, The messenger's program is not hate teaching. If honestly evaluated as many serious scholars have done, you inevitably come to the conclusion that Muhammad's program is the one that we will have to face when we are tired of and exhausted all avenues of escape. Muhammad will stand exalted as Allah has ordered it to be.

We, the Black Nation here in America, have come to the valley of decision, and our lives will depend on the decisions we make. We have served our tenure as slaves and property of our slave masters, and must prepare to play the role that prophecy has planned for us, and we will, with Allah's help, play it much more dynamic than our previous role. For the roles we are to play in the future are the royal roles of Kings and Queens, if we follow the only Divinely appointed leader that we have, namely the Honorable Elijah Muhammad.

As for the slanderous remarks of hate teaching, lodged against the Nation of Islam, we are too busy loving Black to hate anything. We, as Black people, being conscious of the time we live in, plus our condition, should rally our energies as one behind a man who is not begging the slavemaster for anything, but is making manifest our ability and desire to be independent, as a result of our own initiative. Salaam. (Peace).

By: Bro. Joseph X. Blair
(Yusef Salim)

Islamic Services are held each Sunday morning
in D-Dormitory at 10:00 a.m.



THE LETTER FROM:

THE VOICE

Though we have never met, I know much about you. I know that you have hair that shines like the sun shimmering on a rippling lake. Eyes that hold the deepest sea. A smile that has the sparkle of a diamond, the warmth to melt the coldest heart.

You are no doubt wondering who I am and why I am saying these things. These are the words of a man who spent many heart-breaking years behind a prison wall. The man that would have died for you at your wish: the man that worshipped the ground that you walked on.

He had a picture of you. It was old, faded and torn, but you could still tell at a glance that he never exaggerated in his visions. He never walked out of his cell without first feeling in his shirt pocket to make sure it was there. He was a young man when he came to prison and he talked a great deal about you. But, as the years passed he talked less and less. During his last years here, I don't believe he uttered a word.

He had the appearance of a man much older than he really was. He walked with his head down and his shoulders sagging -- the walk alone seemed to take a great deal of effort. He never received a letter or a visit while he was here. But, he never stopped looking nor waiting. Every day at mail-call we could see him standing close to his bars, with the look

of a child awaiting a reward. Even after the officer had passed up his cell, his pleading eyes would follow him, begging.

As always, he would feel his shirt pocket and just stand there staring at the emptiness of his lonely cold cell. And, as always, I could somehow feel the lump in his throat and the burning of the eyes before you cry.

I just thought you might like to know, they buried him today, just outside the prison wall. They buried him there because no one cared enough for him to claim his body.

You know, there was a couple of convicts there that actually cried. No, it wasn't because they cared for him.....it was for what he died of.....loneliness. Every prisoner knows loneliness, only, some know more than others.

The man they buried today had died many times over. Everyday that he waited, hoping, praying for a letter, a card, just a note, anything to let him know that someone, somewhere, cared enough to take a few minutes from their busy lives to assure him that someone cared. That assurance never came and he died.

He died from loneliness, starved for love, a love that no one wanted. You see no man, woman or child is immune to the need to love and to be loved. No matter how terrible his crime may have been, the death he died was inhuman.

But, his suffering is over now; he is resting in a pauper's grave in a prison suit and an old torn and faded picture in his pocket.

PROFILES IN MUSIC



By: Earl "Goldfinger"
Maultsby

This Month's Personality:
WILLIE "BEAR" ROBERSON - - BASSIST

Height: 6 . . Weight: 260 lbs. (of fat soul.) Married, has three (3) kids, all boys.
Can you imagine three other Willie Bears?

Willie Bear, as he is known to his friend and musicians, makes up the rhythm section of the jazz band and the rock 'n roll bands of Sounds, Inc. Bear also has charge of all the arrangements of the Rock 'n Roll bands. He was responsible for the Rock 'n Roll bands arrangements which we all enjoyed in the last variety show held in the institution in July.

"I first started playing about 1954 with a Rock-n-Roll Band known as Joe McCoy and The Real McCoys." Although he is a self-taught-musician, the art of learning to read music did not appear to be very hard in his case. He had the natural ability to start with. "I had-always had a good sense of rhythm.....along with this good sense of rhythm and a strong-determination to learn, I had less hassles - than most of the kats I knew."

Bear says the biggest inspiration he got when he first started playing music was from wanting so badly to play the type of music he loved so very much, and enjoyed being around all the time. "My cousin played a guitar with a Rock 'n Roll group and I used to sit around and listen to them rehearse whenever I could."

For his first job Bear says he bought a brand new electric bass but being unfamiliar with the new instrument he failed to produce his best, as he knew he was able to do. "I was slightly scared and wouldn't play on but one string all night long on that first gig." But obviously it sounded good to the patrons of the Club Paradise, because they accepted his music. Joe McCoy also must have seen in Bear the potential of a good bassist. Bear continued to work for McCoy for one whole year.

In the winter of 1955, Joe McCoy's manager needed a bass player for one of his other performers. "He asked me if I would travel with a singer then popular, Larry Williams and his orchestra, and I accepted. Incidentally this was the same band that Lloyd Price had left to enter the Army in 1955."

Here on the road Bear would meet many new faces and new musicians from the older school would make a big difference in his later experience as a bass player.

Being able to travel around the country can be a big asset to a young musician just about to spring into his own. The chances of making contacts right people and being seen in the right band made big difference to the Bear in this case. "I was working in a "house in my home town, Raleigh, and one night a kat named Bertram Dorsey came up to me and asked

if I would like to switch groups, for more money, of course. I asked him who he was with. He smiled and said Jackie Wilson. Naturally, I smiled and said of course I would.....I had to do all I could to keep from jumping right into his arms. This gig had everything that I could possibly want...more money." (Smiles).

This was the summer of 1956. The relationship with Jackie Wilson lasted for three whole years. And, even then while playing with Jackie I would continue to seek out new and better contracts."

In the spring of 1959, Willie Bear signed a life-long contract with Shirley Carmichel, a pretty little Baltimorean of whom Bear insists "I was totally in love with." On March 24th, 1960, the duo of Willie and Shirley became a trio with the addition of little Haywood, Jr. "He came in swinging. In fact, he is messing around with the drums right now most of the time."

About this time Bear was working with a group called "The Hi-Liters" at the Rally Club in Baltimore. "It was a swinging group, and this was my first real experience with the jazz bag."

By 1961 Bear took a gig with a group named The Phenomenal Jazz Quartet. The group consisted of Carlos Johnson, alto sax; Billah Haikien, piano; Ricky Johnson, drums. "I had a ball....I really began to reach out for jazz with these kats. We always had something new going for us, and we were in demand at most of the better clubs." More money again!!

In 1962, the Phenomenal Jazz Quartet broke up. "I went with a tenor player named Lonnie Tyson, who couldn't play a lick but he kept a gig going at all times."

(This reporter can surely verify this because it was my first contact with the Bear while playing at Joe Moreas Club Las Vegas.)

"Boy, oh boy, this was really a time. There were nights when we never got paid, but man, did we have fun!"

"In the winter of 1963 the Lonnie Tyson band fell apart while playing a gig at Steves in Baltimore on the East Side. This was basically a Rock 'n Roll band but we would ease a slick tune into the book ever so often. But, when our leader, Lonnie, would take his solo, the real work would start, because we had to do all we could to make him sound anywhere near in tune. You remember all this, I know, it was you and I who would have to literally struggle to make him sound like he was still playing with us."

Along with the disorganization of The Lonnie Tyson band, came the breaking up of the domestic organization of Bear and Shirley. Bear went his way and Shirley went hers along with the now three boys for whom Bear had the greatest love. "I began fall into the biggest depression I've ever had in my life."

To be caught in this state of mind can be a fatal mistake for any young musician trying to buck the whole of the music world with all of his faith and musical ability. The weakness that we all fear came to the surface, fear itself. The lack of feeling secure. "A buddy of mine who played drums in town offered me a shot of heroin...and unfortunately I accepted. It's been downhill all the way ever since."

On May 1st, 1967, Willie, the young struggling musician, was being held on suspicion for two burglaries, And, on June 6th,

1967, he appeared before a Criminal Court Justice, and was found guilty on both charges. I was sentenced to eight years and six months."

In October, 1967, his attorney pleaded with the judge to reconsider the sentence. The results were a four year cut in the sentence. "Then in December, 1967, the same judge, inspired by the faith my lawyer had in me, recommended me for the Drug Abuse Program.

It is said that the best results are actions when it comes to drug addiction. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. Willie Bear had to stay clean, completely out of any trouble during his stay in the institution. For the first time in his life, 29 years, he was under the rules and regulations of the Maryland House of Correction.

Determination had the best of his ways as it turned out because he joined the drug abuse classes, under the supervision of Dr. Simmons. This therapy and the help of S. A. N. D., the inmate drug group, helped make him parole to the outside drug group, The Department of Mental Hygiene's Urinalysis Program.

To you, Willie "Bear" Roberson, we wish the best of luck, the very best of luck. But, remember to stay loose, and don't return.

- The End -

* * * * *

Earl "Goldfingers" Maultsby will report on yet another of the outstanding musicians in our midst in the next issue.

- The Editors -

POETS' CORNER

ODE TO DR. KING

This man had a dream
Where all men would be free.
He hoped, and fought non-violently.
A black man dedicated to the
Spirit of the human race,
He was a man filled with God's grace;
He had love in his heart for all the
races of the world;
He spoke the truth as pure as a pearl;
How he longed to bring harmony to this land,
To see black and white walking hand in hand.
In this world filled with so much hate,
He wanted the black man to emulate.
He had the courage of a lion,
Was gentle as a lamb,
Could speak eloquently from his heart,
Encouraging others through his belief in God.
This vision he will never see come true,
But, I'll continue, how about you?



TALES FROM THE OLD TIMER:

TALE NUMBER ONE: THE EXPERIENCE:

The human mind is a wonderful recorder of experiences. It can aid an individual to relive past events, dream of the future, and also has the remarkable ability to suppress painful experiences.

In view of the latter, I've often wondered why my mind persists in recalling (without permission mind you!), an embarrassing incident which occurred during the winter of 1938 in New York City.

It was a depression year and I'm not altogether certain of the exact locale, but it seems to me that I was standing on the corner of 125th and 7th Avenue, watching a man staring through a half-steamed plate glass window of a rotisserie. It was apparent by the shabby way in which he was dressed that he was unemployed. He wore a pair of old, summer-meshed shoes with run-over heels, lightweight khaki pants, and a tattered army overcoat which was way too small for him, pulled tightly around his bony-frame.

I couldn't for the life of me fathom what it was about him that had caught my attention. He stood with his back to me with his head thrust forward as though he were bolted to the sidewalk, while peering anxiously through the very greasy window at the thick chunks of succulent

barbeque which were being roasted slowly over the red smoldering coals.

The way in which the man stood there staring into the window reminded me of a huge hawk -- poised and ready to pounce upon its prey. Unable to continue on my way, I stood there and watched him, equally as interested in him as he was in the barbeque.

Gradually, it dawned on me why I was watching him. The cook had a sauce-mop and was turning the handle of the spit with his freehand while basting the barbeque from a variety of different sauce-pots.

It was quite obvious from the lavish manner in which the cook went about dipping the saucemop into the various pots that he was teasing the poor man who was standing outside, obviously hungry. The subtle manner in which he carried out this routine of torturing the hungry man filled me with a purple rage, and I stood there with a feeling of loathing, wondering how a person could be so cruel. First, the cook would peep slyly out of the corner of his eye at the man, then, pretending to be engrossed in his work, he dipped the mop into one of the little sauce-pots before him with a flourish, and proceeded to baste the meat daintily as though he were conducting a symphony orchestra.

After conducting a few selections with his sauce-mop baton, he placed the mop back into the sauce-pot, stepped closer to the barbeque pit, leaned over the meat on the spit and allowing a smug smile of satisfaction to spread across his face, sniffed haughtily over the meat. Still feigning oblivion to the man looking through the window, he straightened his

body and stood before the pit with eyes closed in an expression of ecstasy, rubbing his palms together slowly as though he were ready to challenge the late Escoffier, (King of all Chefs).

By this time the poor vagrant at the window had drawn himself closer, with his dirty hands planted palms inward on the glass, and his nose pressed hard against the pane. The cook, noting this from the corner of his eye, then changed his routine. He picked up a fork and long carving knife. Hovering over the spit of barbeque as though unable to decide which piece to cut, and fixing his face with a greedy expression, anticipating the meat's taste, he went about gingerly slicing a small morsel of barbeque. While the cook was doing this, the poor derelict began to prance around and, for a moment I feared his feet would slip out of his dry-rotted shoes.

The cook, obviously stimulated into giving a better performance, put the knife down; then, taking the small chunk of meat between his thumb and index finger, he turned around and faced the man - who was by this time plastered against the glass -- and, dangling the meat towards the man with a beckoning gesture, he raised it slowly above his head and lowered it gradually into his mouth, still feigning unawareness that anyone was watching him he stood there with his eyes closed, licking his lips and fingers with a smile of satisfaction fast spreading across his face.

I sensed that something terrible was about to happen, for when the cook extended the meat toward the poor man standing there he appeared to go berserk. He reached for the meat, for-

getting that the glass was in his way; then, seeming to become angry over his frustrated attempt, he pushed himself away from the window as though he were confused and groggy. When he saw the cook standing there looking like a Maltese cat licking his paws it wasn't difficult to predict his next act. He ran to the door of the rotisserie, snatched it open, dashed angrily into the store, dove headfirst over two customers seated at the counter, and onto the cook. His movements were so swift that the cook still was standing there with his eyes shut, licking his thumbs -- positive that the man was still outside.

Things happened so fast that I am unable to give an accurate account of the details; but when he landed upon the cook, pulling him down to the floor, all I can recall is flying elbows moving like pistons, attached to pummeling fists which were beating the cook all over, the cook screaming for help as he tried to scamper out from under the onslaught. Red-hot charcoals were scattered in all directions two hands clutched the hunk of barbeque on the spit; and a tattered overcoat tail soared outstretched in the wind as he ran out of the door and down the street....

The human mind is indeed a wonderful recorder of experiences, showing a remarkable ability to suppress painful experiences. Still, I must admit that I recall with painful clarity my red, burned hand and chest, the thirty days the old judge gave me for wrecking the rotisserie, and last but not least, the best - I said the best BARBLOQUE I HAVE EVER TASTED!!!!

- The End -

NOTE: The Old-Timer will relate more tales for your enjoyment in our next issue.

HUMOR

HEE

HA HA

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HAW

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OH H H

A recent survey revealed that one out of every four males in the United States were a bit - in the "funny side". So, if you happen to be with three of your buddies, examine them all closer. If they all seem to be alright, then you better take a closer look at yourself.

Two vacationing businessmen were comparing notes on the beach at Miami. One of them said: "I'm here on insurance money. I collected fifty thousand dollars for fire damage."

"Me too," the second merchant said, "But, I got one hundred thousand for flood damage."

There was a long, thoughtful pause, and then the first man asked, "tell me how do you start a flood?"

A cleric visitor recently passed through the State Shop, and paused by one of the inmates who was busily sewing shirts together.

"Ah," he commented, "sewing, I see."

"No, sir," replied the inmate, "I'm reaping."

Remember it is better to have shot and lost than to get caught with the dice.

SWAMI BUMMEERAPPEE

(All Questions Answered)



Dear Swami:

It seems that every time I start a project or engage in some hobby to pass my time in here I am swamped by curiosity seekers, both inmate and official. This makes me nervous. What can I do to keep these noses out of my business.

Joe Splivets

Dear Joe:

You can try raising skunks in your cell.

Swami (Sweet-smell) B.

Dear Swami:

When I went to the Board they passed me over for a psychological report. Does this mean they think I'm not all there?"

Perplexed.

Dear Perp:

It isn't that they think you're not all there it's just that they're not sure whether or not you're all here.

Swami (Psycho) B.



LEGAL NEWS BRIEF:

SMITH V. ILLINOIS,
390 U.S. 129.

BY; Harvey Kelley
(The Spectator)

On cross-examination a principal prosecution witness at the petitioner's only state trial for illegal sale of narcotics the court sustained the prosecutor's objection to disclosure of witness's correct name and his address the court reversed stating that this was a denial of confronting the witnesses against the petitioner in the case.

"In the present case there was not,

to be sure, a complete denial of all right to ask the principal prosecution witness either his name or where he was living, although he admitted that the name he had first given was false. Yet, when the credibility of a witness is the issue, the very starting point in 'exposing falsehood and bringing out the truth' through cross-examination must necessarily be to ask the witness who he is

and where he lives. The witness' name and address open countless avenues of in-court examination and out-of-court investigation. To forbid the most rudimentary inquiry at the threshold is effectively to emasculate the right of cross-examination itself.

"It is the essence of fair trial that reasonable latitude be given the cross-examiner, even though he is unable to state to the court what facts a reasonable cross-examination may develop. Prejudice ensues from a denial of the opportunity to place the witness in his proper setting and put the weight of his testimony and his credibility to the test, without which the jury cannot fairly appraise them..... To say that prejudice can be established only by showing that the cross-examination if pursued, would necessarily have then

brought out facts tending to discredit the man's testimony - in chief is to deny a substantial right and withdraw one of the safeguards essential to a fair trial.

"The extent of a cross-examination all with respect to an appropriate subject -- of inquiry within the sound discretion of the trial court. It may exercise a reasonable judgment in determining when the subject is exhausted. But, no obligation is imposed on the court, such as that suggests below, to protect a witness from being discredited on cross-examination, short of protection from self-incrimination, properly invoked. There is a duty to protect him from questions which go beyond the bounds of very proper cross-examination is merely to harass, annoy or humiliate him.

-The End-

PENAL

HARMONY NEWS: FRAMINGHAM, MASS.

All of us down here feel congratulations are in order. You're doing beautifully on your magazine. I also see you girls have a "do everything lady" among you, in the person of Doris Fields. Keep up the good work, and keep coming this way.

THE MOUNTAINEER: SUSANVILLE, CALIF:

We said T. F. Avance's poetry was pretty good: now we know it. Thanks, to you fellows out in the west. In all fairness, we are out to get you this year. (Good Luck).

THE MC EYE: MARION, OHIO.

Your Special Editorial "Requiem For A Fighter" really had something to say. To be a little mag you guys sure get a helluva lot in it. Keep us in the know, fellows.

THE MENARD TIME: MENARD, ILLINOIS.

We want to congratulate Jesse Owens on his winning the Sweepstakes Trophy, with his pastel of Mrs. Martin Luther King, Jr., in "Veil of Grief."

CASTLE ON THE CUMBERLAND: EDDYVILLE, KY.

Charlie, you got everyone over here wondering too, now. What did you do that for, Smile. A good job. Keep the Castle rocking; and coming this way.

EXCHANGE

VIA - THE SPECTATOR: JACKSON, MICHIGAN.

A prison for men, (FOR MEN!!) in West Berlin has a Woamn Warden, Time Magazine reports. The women are in just about everything nowadays. (Lucky West Germans!)

THE CRITERION: MANSFIELD, OHIO.

Don't be surprised, "Frison Bars" was done so beautifully, I had to rewrite it for the gang here. Say hellot to C.J. Thomas; his "Misinform and Uninterpreted" told a lot of truth.

RAIFORD RECORD: RAIFORD, FLORIDA.

Hello, John Leckey's. Haven't heard from your outfit in a good while. Everyone's talking about your "Let's Start Being Proud Americans" And, we want to know how. Like, baby, I hope you haven't forgotten to send the Conqeuror its issue of The Record.

THE EAGLE: ALDERSON, W. VIRGINA.

Ladies, we over here in Maryland are calling on you. People are saying nice things about The Eagle; and we feel left out. What do you say about putting us on your mailing list. If you do, maybe you'll find you'll sleep better. Smile.

* * * * *

Let us not look back in anger, nor forward in fear, but around in awareness.

-Thomas S. Dorsey-
-47- Exchange Editor

SPORTS NEWS



Earl Maultsby
Sports Editor

1968 - INTRAMURAL BASKETBALL LEAGUE SUMMARY

The Summer Basketball League has ended one of the most surprising summer basketball leagues ever played in this institution's history. Never before has such fine playing and ardent contenders been on the same court in the capacity that this year's basketball league witnessed. The four teams that participated and their standings are as follows:

<u>TEAM</u>	<u>WON</u>	<u>LOST</u>
Celtics	9	7
Bulls	8	7
Royals	8	7
Knicks	7	8

With the season's standings left to a three way tie, the first three teams had to play a playoff for the championship.

Here's how it was done. The Commissioner of Sports, William "Billy" Bell, put three pieces of paper into a hat. On two of the pieces of paper there were "X's", on the third nothing. The teams who drew the X's would play each other, leaving the other team to play the winner of the playoff for the championship.

The Bulls picked out the blank, leaving the Royals to play the Celtics for the playoff of the three game tie. This game was the most important game. It would decide who would play for the championship of the 1968 season.

The Celtics, however, proved too much for the big guns of the Royals, for they tipped the Royals by ten points in a game that turned out to be one of the hottest contests of the season. The final score in the game - 72-62.

There is a lot to be said of that game. It had many mistakes for both teams. However - it was the Celtics who took advantage of the final mistakes that took the game to the finish for the Royals and gave the Celtics the right-away to the championship game with the Bulls. As we have said there were many mistake but all in all it was a game well worth the watching in all of its aspects.

The shooting of the big center for the Royal team, Delmont Williams: a well earned 23 points, was not enough for the Royals to toss the Celtics out of championship play. Nor was the fast-breaking offense of their guards, William Richards and Robert Blagmond. Both of these men showed a good balance for the game throughout the season.

For the Celtics, one could not very well overlook the unsung heroism of Hayes Gaines. At the very best of any team you can find, if you look hard enough, that one player who steals the ball just when you really need a steal and makes a lay-up just when you need a lay-up the most. In our opinion Gaines was the man to fit this description most accurately. Of course, this can by no means par with the shooting of the two big men on the Celtics,

Robert McCullough and Cornell Faulcon. Robert has scored 379 points in the '68 season, for an average of 25.3 per game. Cornell, in our opinion, has been the leader of the Celtics throughout this years vizing. But hats off to the little man in the game, Hayes Gaines.

The Bulls have played fine ball all year. We have seen th Bulls come up from the bottom to win the chance to play in the championship games. Their captain, Gee (Jerome Savage) and the coaching of Robert Pullian were a combination to watch when the Bulls took to the court plus, the fast-breaking of the two guards, Charles 'Shot-Gun' Dixon, and James Mayhand, are always a threat to the opposition. But, the Celtics 'took the bull from the Bulls,' so to speak, and left them a straight way to win the best two out of three games for the 1968 Intramural Basketball League Championship. In the words of Herbert McAllister, September 11, was the 'day the Bulls died.' And, so they did in two games the Celtics took the Bulls apart, in the basketball arena by scores of 70-61, and 62-54 to close out the '68 season.

The League's top scorers were:

<u>PLAYER</u>	<u>TOTALPOINTS</u>	<u>PER GAME</u>
R. McCullough	379	25.3
L. Benjamin	300	20.0
J. Green	161	10.9
C. Dixon	153	10.3
* * * * *	* * * * *	* * * * *

From Commissioner of Sports Billy Bell comes these words: "I want to thank all the men who gave up their free time in order to call these games. Without their help there would not have been a league to play in this year. So, gentlemen, your jobs were well done, and your services were really appreciated.

"Thank you, all of you, once again."

Commissioner of Sports
William "Billy" Bell

* * * * *
* * * * *

The 1968 Intramural Flag-Football Season has begun, and the grid is already too hot for words. The first of the league games ended by the Laundry whipping the Wood Shop 25-12 in the best and funniest game we have ever seen in football. Well, everything is changing in these days.

For the benefit of the other teams, watch out for the following players: Wood-Shop-Logan, end and safety; Little, guard. Laundry-Wheatley, end and safety; Estep, safety, Hale, Q-B.

For the first game the outstanding player for our money; John Wheatley, of the Laundry. "The Games most valuable player."

This year's Flag-Football League promises to be one of the best that this institution has yet to have. If you are interested in foot ball stick with this season's plays. It will be well worth watching.

A DRUG ADDICT SPEAKS

Accepting drug addiction in our society today is difficult. People do not want to believe it is widespread in all classes of society. There was a time when it made a difference what your background was: The stereotype of the typical addict a few short years ago was a person from a minority group. Black or white he had a neglected home life and his educational background was practically nil. Today it includes the intellectual, the college student, the high school teen-ager from the middle and upper classes.

People wonder why this situation exists. Of course you can put the blame on society as most people do but the reason most feasible, without blaming one side or the other is that today's soci-

ety is more demanding. Society demands more from us than just casting our votes. There are more things to learn, but most important, there is more contact with the rest of the country - The fine art of communication has reached its peak. Today we know what is happening on the other side of the world a few minutes after it happens.

This is one reason there is such a mass movement to drug addiction. Through the communication process the message and glamour of drug addiction has been communicated to the public. Consequently, so has its use. With this and the demanding individualistic pressure from society there is a widespread use of drugs.

A. A. NEWS

Since our last issue, which combined the A.A. publication, The Turned Glass with The Conqueror, this office has received numerous requests for more information on the A.A. Group within this institution.

We, in turn, asked a member of the Bride well Alcoholic Anonymous Group to answer your questions.

* * * * *

Alcoholics Anonymous is a group of people (both men and women) to whom alcohol has become a major problem and who have banded together in a sincere effort to help themselves and other problem drinkers in recovering their health and maintaining their sobriety.

Definitions of alcoholics are many and varied....for brevity we think an of alco-

holic as one whose life has become unmanageable and unbearable to degrees that they are in existence only as shell of the human frame that our Maker provided. They are, so-to-speak, in an excruciating vacuum--which is all brought about by the use of alcohol.

We, of Alcoholics Anonymous believe the alcoholics are suffering from a disease for which there is no cure, at least not one that has been as yet found. We profess no curative powers but have formulated a plan to arrest alcoholism.

There are no dues or fees in AA activities; we are supported by voluntary contributions of the members.

Membership requirements demand only a sincere desire on the part of the applicant to maintain a total

existence.

Alcoholics Anonymous is not a prohibition or temperance movement in any sense of the word. Neither have we any criticism of the controlled drinkers. We are concerned only with the alcoholics.

Alcoholics Anonymous does not perform miracles, believing that such powers rest only in God.

We adhere to no particular creed or religion, we do believe, however, that an appeal to help for one's own interpretation of a higher power, or God is indispensable to a satisfactory adjustment to life's problems.

From the vast experiences of our many members (over 300,000) we have learned that successful membership demands total abstinence. Attempts at controlled drinking for the alcoholics

inevitably fail.

We attempt to follow a program of recovery which has for its chief objective sobriety for ourself; help for other alcoholics who desire it; amends for past sins; humility; honesty, tolerance and spiritual growth.

We welcome and appreciate the cooperation of the medical profession the clergy and the public in general.

And, particularly in here, we welcome and appreciate the cooperation of the administration -- who to date have contributed greatly to the success we have enjoyed in our venture.

We wish to repeat here that any man in this institution who feels he has a drinking problem may explore that possibility further by joining the A.A. Group.

Remember, you just on Someday Street, as
might be, through al- the following poem
cohol, a pedestrian says:

SOMEDAY STREET

Someday Street is a one-way street that leads
to the gates of hell:

It's littered with broken bottles; it reeks
of wine smell.

It's the street of human derelicts; the place
of forgotten men,

Who stagger and sway along the way and are
never seen again.

Someday Street is a lonely street it's always
dark and drear;

Where the eye of men are tired and dull and
ever filled with fear.

There's not a smile in that last cruel mile
but death in every block,

And the Devil smiles and the Devil beguiles
the soul he has in hock.

Someday Street is an age-old street; it
claims, it maims and slays,

Men toss and turn and sob and yearn for the
memory of other days.

Of the days before they hit the street-when
life was good and new,

When each day and night was clean and bright,
and all their dreams came true.

Someday Street is a hellish street; its full
of broken dreams.

It smells of broken bodies; it laughs at
drunken screams.

It's a faceless street, a faceless street;
It's a faceless, too.
It's here to stay till they're laid away
in a box five feet by two.

Someday Street is a jealous street that holds
its victims fast.

Each step you make each drink you take, leads
to death at last.

It's a dim-lit street, a lying street, that
fools each seeking heart.

It shapes each one and when its done it tears
each one apart.

Someday Street is a one-way street that lets
few people go.

I've lived on Someday Street myself, and that
is how I know.

The wino, the dinoh, the hypo, the big shot
and the bum,

The mackaroo, the B-Girl too, I've swilled
their wine and rum.

I know the lying garish lights. I know the
hellish dreams.

I know the alleys and the jails. I know the
cries and screams.

I know the filth of Someday Street. I know the
cry of shame,

Because I came from Someday Street; A man
without a name.

I crawled up; Up from Someday Street with all
its hell and pain,

I've found a way to live each day and not go
back again.

Someday friends who lived on Someday Street
told me there was a way,

To leave the HELL of Someday Street and join
up with A.A.

I've not been back on Someday Street in weeks
and months and years.
I fear the hellish Street no more, its black-
out and its tears.
Those friends of mine showed me a path, a path
I'll gladly trod.
Out of the depths of Someday Street onto the
path of God.

- * * * * *

The following are the basic steps we follow in AA to control our drinking. They are the steps to sobriety.

THE TWELVE STEPS

1. We admitted we were powerless over alcohol....that our lives had become unmanageable.
2. Came to believe that a Power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity.
3. Made a decision to turn our will and our lives over to the care of God as we understood Him.
4. Made a searching and fearless moral inventory of ourselves.
5. Admitted to God, to ourselves, and to another human being the exact nature of our wrongs.
6. Were entirely ready to have God remove all these defects of character.

7. Humbly asked Him to remove our shortcomings.
8. Made a list of all persons we had harmed and became willing to make amends to them all.
9. Made direct amends to such people wherever possible, except when to do so would inure them or others.
10. Continued to take personal inventory and when we were wrong promptly admitted it.
11. Sought through prayer and meditation to improve our conscious contact with God as we understood Him, praying only for knowledge of His will for us and the power to carry that out.
12. Having had a spiritual awakening as the results of these Steps, we tried to carry this message to alcoholics, and to practice these principles in all our affairs.

* * * * *

These then, are the principles upon which we base our search for a new life, a life free from the devastating effects of alcohol.

Having accepted these principles, and dedicated ourselves

to AA, we have also then accepted the AA philosophy as a way of life, not only in dealing with our alcoholic problem, but also in dealing with the many other daily problems that beset the human race. We to share with you.

Yes, the Bridewell
Alcoholics Anonymous
Group invites you to
join and share in the
fellowship we try to
maintain through our

association, one with
the other, share in
our work and meetings
and share in the fur-
therance of AA, by
our 12 Traditions.

THE TWELVE TRADITIONS

1. Our common welfare should come first; personal recovery depends upon AA unity.
2. For our group purpose there is but one ultimate authority.....a loving God as - He may express Himself in our group conscience. Our leaders are but trusted.... servants - they do not govern.
3. The only requirement for AA membership is a desire to stop drinking.
4. Each group should be autonomous except in matters affecting other groups of AA as a whole.
5. Each group has but one primary purpose.. to carry its message to the alcoholic who still suffers.
6. An AA group ought never to endorse finance or lend the AA name to any related facility or outside enterprise, lest problems of money, property and prestige divert us from our primary purpose.
7. Every AA group ought to be fully self-supporting, declining outside contributions.
8. Alcoholics Anonymous should remain forever

