

**Laurence Bolton**

**Appointed New Supervisor  
 Of Vocational Instruction**

The department of education filled the position of supervisor of vocational instruction with the appointment of Mr. Laurence E. Bolton, former vocational meat cutting instructor.

A native of California, he has been working for the state since 1959, and has been in the meat cutting trade for 20 years.

His immediate goals are to encourage motivation in both the inmates and instructors for as long as San Quentin continues to exist.

"The most difficult obstacle in achieving this," Bolton said, "is to get inmates into trades as opposed to a job with a pay number."

**Inmate Training**

Bolton has expressed a strong desire to help the mainline inmate prepare for the streets. "Our vocational training is geared at preparing the student towards acquiring good work habits," Bolton remarked. "We don't want good inmates trained for institution work, but men better prepared to make it on parole outside."

The present programs provide actual production, similar to on-the-job-training, as part of the learning process. Emphasis is placed in trying to create street conditions in the vocational shops.

The average class size has dropped from 21 to 15 students, and may go down as low as 10 students by July.

**Production**

The vocational shops in San Quentin, "Are better than most outside schools," explained Bolton. "The vocational bakery shop has bread to bake, our butcher shop has meat to cut, and the auto shop repairs cars. Our vocational shops meet the institution needs as well as the needs of other state agencies. The loss of materials due to mistakes made in learning is rather small, and, we get this loss back in having learned."

He also mentioned that by supplementing the learning with the actual production it makes the program much more realistic.

**Enrollment**

Participation in the vocational programs available indicates a desire to improve. It is a fact that the Board will act favorably where the desire to improve has been expressed.

Men interested in a vocational trade should contact the education department or submit a request to see Mr. Bolton. Your plans for the future should be made now and not when you are short.

The vocational training programs are for all those men interested who need employable skills to better prepare them for release or upgrading of their present skills.

Almost all of the trades are direct placement, and only a few have waiting lists.



**L. E. BOLTON**  
 New Vocational Head

**AA**

**3-Decade Stand  
 Marks Gala Event**

**AA Editor**

Thirty years have vanished since a dedicated fellow succeeded in bringing alcoholic medicine behind these towering walls. At its inception here, the antidote was adolescent, sparked at Akron, Ohio in 1935 by the late "greats," Dr. Bob Smith and Bill Wilson.

Robert B. Flippin, a stalwart blackman carried that flambeau into this searching city, bringing to San Quentin the distinction of becoming the first penal institution in the entire world to embrace Alcoholics Anonymous. Our chapter proudly bears his name. Mrs. Flippin, in widowhood, will be the guest of honor.

Also expected are Messrs. A. R. Jacobs, J. W. L. Park and J. N. Apostol, all associate wardens and Ralph E. Fowler and Gordon Steeves (inside co-sponsors) will be on hand. Larry O., the group's outside sponsor, is to be present along with Kim M., the general chairman of hospital and institution AA for Northern California. Another scheduled to appear is King H. Blankenship, former inside sponsor.

**Outside Guests**

Twenty-five guests from the free world are anticipated. Warden Park quipped at the special meeting held in preparation of this event: "You can have 12 men and 13 women."

Numerous speakers are scheduled: inmates and, from out yonder. The main oration will be delivered by Lew S., an alcoholic who substitutes mental obsession and physical allergy, a day at a time, for insight and sobriety to propel rhetorically for AA.

The free folk, staff and sponsors will be hosted by 100 men in blue. Coffee and cake will be served. This program is slated to happen between the hours of 7:00 pm and 10:05 pm Thursday, Feb. 24, in the south dining hall.

**Hard Cleanup for  
 'Racehorse' Rick**

**By Bob Fennelly**

Richard "Racehorse" Gordon, a faithful listener of KSQ Radio News, wrote a letter to another institution for a job as food manager's clerk, and the following is the surprise letter Racehorse received from the food administrator who received his letter requesting the job:

"Dear Mr. Gordon: Today I received your letter regarding possible assignment to our department as food manager's clerk. I appreciate your knowledge and experience in this area, but find it very difficult to accept your transfer. However, I have forwarded your request to Mr. Max David, food manager at C.I.M. You will not receive some communication from him.

"Believe me, there is nothing our department could use more than an experienced clerk with intentions of staying on the job a while. Sorry I cannot comply at this time.

"Sincerely: (Mrs.) Constance Winkleman Food Manager Calif. Institution for Women"

Now Rick's cleanup for all this is that he had someone else address the envelope, and they inadvertently substituted C.I.W. for C.I.M.

As to the validity to that cleanup, all we can ask the reader is, does he or doesn't he? We leave that for you to decide.

**Mechanics or  
 Construction  
 Workers?**

The vocational auto and body shop has come up with a new version of the old "painting yourself into a corner" thing.

The Department of Highways delivered a two-ton International Harvester truck to the auto shop, which by all indications had been in several accidents.

The truck, somewhat accordion-shaped, was easily moved into the auto shop by the students and work was begun. However, after two months of cutting, pounding and reworking the body and frame of the truck, a student thought of taking it outside.

The first problem that came up was the position of the truck in the shop. It was in the middle of the floor facing the walls instead of the doorways. This problem turned out to be a minor one in that it could be turned around with the use of jacks.

Next after straightening out the frame and body of the Harvester, it was found to reach a height of 10 feet which is about two feet higher than the doorways.

The students are now running around with tapes, measuring the walls in order to find a section of wall that may be removed in order to get the truck out of the shop.

Of course, when that is finished the wall will have to be replaced. At last report, Raphael Ochoa, shop instructor, was eyeing the floor space for possible use in the construction of his new yacht.

**Vocational Rehabilitation  
 Program at San Quentin**

**By Bobby Blanton**

A new program has been started at San Quentin to help men make a smooth re-entry into the community.

Called the Vocational Rehabilitation (VR) program, it is coordinated by Mr. John Velton, and rehabilitation counselors Hal Zink, Dennis Schiffler, and John Nunn. Their aim is to help disabled men who have had past employment problems, and are located in the counseling center.

**The Program**

The majority of VR men will be selected at the Reception-Guidance Center at Vacaville, but men already in San Quentin may apply for VR services.

A prescribed program will be developed at San Quentin with the inmate who is to be trained. This prescription will be signed by the inmate and he will receive a copy.

It must be mentioned that any time the inmate wishes to discuss the program again with his VR counselor, and change or revise his program, he may do so if he has a good reason.

**Eligibility**

Good conduct and effort is required to complete a VR program successfully. The VR program is approved by Warden L. S. Nelson, and under the guidance of John N. Apostol, associate warden of care and treatment. The overall program was discussed at the Warden's staff meeting of Nov. 16.

Every inmate who is accepted for VR services must follow certain criterion. In order to be eligible he must have a disability, a vocational handicap, and be able to benefit from vocational rehabilitation services.

Men are referred to the program in many ways besides the guidance center. At San Quentin the inmate will be evaluated by doctors, vocational instructors, school instructors, job foreman, correctional counselors, and inmate activity sponsors. All of these men may refer the man to the VR project.

Also, men may refer themselves by filling out an interview request slip directed to Mr. Nunn in the counseling center.

**After Referral**

After the referral is made the inmate will be interviewed by a VR counselor. Men with pending holds or out-of-state paroles will not be accepted, nor will men with recent and substantial disciplinary records.

Physically disabled inmates who are vocationally handicapped will be given first priority. They must have at least one year, and not more than two years remaining at San Quentin.

Other disabled inmates who are handicapped by lack of vocational skills, but have shown interest and capability in existing academic or trade programs at San Quentin will be given second priority. The same term limits exist for this group as for group one.

Third priority will be the short-term referrals who are disabled inmates, and who have demonstrated interest in helping themselves through their positive institution work or training records, and who are handicapped for work in the community.

These men must have received a parole date and have at least 90 days remaining in San Quentin. They must be referred by work supervisors or instructors through the correctional counselor, John Nunn.

**VR, Statewide**

The Department of Vocational Rehabilitation program for inmates is statewide. Before a VR man is released on parole, plans for a smooth re-entry to the community will be made. These plans will include help in job placement, purchase of essential tools and work clothes, and further training when absolutely required.

The case file can be transferred to the community where the VR man will live so that he may continue to work with a rehabilitation counselor in his area should he need further help.

**A Stitch on Time Saves Zablocki**

On Monday, Jan. 31, Mr. Chester Zablocki, book-binding instructor, was injured while working on routine repairs on the Baumfolder, a paper folding machine.

Zablocki was working on the rollers of the right-angle folding section of the machine when his right hand was caught between the rollers.

After Zablocki had pulled his hand free and was on his way to the hospital, one of the students pulled a piece of cloth from between the rollers that contained a piece of Zablocki's right ring finger.

Having discovered the small portion of the finger, Mr. Stocker sent one of the students, Marcel Thomas to Neumiller Hospital with it where Mr. Zablocki was given first aid and then transported to Kaiser Hospital where the piece was sewn back on his finger.

Zablocki returned to work on the following day and is in good condition.

The latest report (Feb. 7) is that the graft has "taken" and

there is a good chance he will have full use of and normal sensation in his finger.

**Board Results  
 Climb to 57.9%**

The Adult Authority Board reviewed 202 cases during their January meeting in San Quentin, 57.9% of which received positive action.

Of the 202 cases heard, 85 men were denied. The breakdown of those 117 receiving action was 46 men granted dates of six months or less, while another 46 men were given dates from six months to one year, and 25 received dates of over one year.

The percentage for the last three-month period in 1971 was 55.3%. The December Board had the lowest percentage with 49.7 percent.

With Resolution 285 going into effect this month it will be interesting to see and compare the changes in results, if any.

# Editorial Comment

The following is an excerpt from an article in the January issue of *The Challenge*, Adult Correctional Institute, Howard, Rhode Island.

### POINT—

Over the past months much criticism has been aimed at the fact that some of our Penal Presses have taken stories from other newspapers and printed them without giving credit where credit was due.

To this accusation we can only say that we must be awfully vain and egotistical if we cannot allow other less fortunate papers print our up-to-date news in their edition without heaping accusations upon them.

Granted, we are all proud of our writer's abilities to create imaginative stories and we welcome this competition. But who are we trying to impress? The sole aim of our newspapers is to get our point across to the public; not only in one state alone, but throughout the whole country, and if the San Quentin News has a story that should be made known to the public in Rhode Island, it should be used. Regardless of who has written the story, let's get it to the public and stop arguing about who wrote it!

The Penal Press is in business to unite all prisons, and what can be of benefit to one state should be used in all newspapers if that is going to help pending matters. Let's get away from the plagiarism theme and begin working as a team.

Some Penal Press editors have less fortunate knowledge of their brother intellects. Are we to condemn them for that? Think about it and then ask yourself if the shoe were on the other foot and you were strapped for copy, where is the first place you would look for it? In the files of your Penal Press in the hopes that you may find a story of interest that you can throw in as a filler.

If you want to impress the public to create an interest in your paper, you are not going to give credit to another state because this may take away some of your prestige.

One Penal Press has plagiarized another once or twice in its time; either rewrote a story on the same subject or took the whole story and printed it from another prison paper. So let's not go around throwing stones.

How many of us have had the same identical thought patterns, but were not fast enough to get them into print and were beaten to the punch by another paper?

And how many of us have seen those same identical stories in print and received a better picture of what we had in mind? Wouldn't it be more advantageous to use the story that packs the most punch?

Whatever the reasons for this plagiaristic intent, let's stop condemning it and begin helping each other to combat a monster far more devastating than the mimicked word. . . . The penal system.

### COUNTERPOINT—

As a penal editor I can't help but coming into conflict with the above stated views. Certainly, it is the right for every penal editor to reprint news from other sources that may pertain, or be of interest to the men in prison. However, there are certain rules that must be followed, if nothing more than for the sake of courtesy.

To print a story written by another man without giving credit for the source is wrong. No man has the right to use material written by another, and to foist it upon his readers as his own.

No newsman would argue the validity of reprinting news items or, for that matter, anything of interest. But to take a man's work, print it, and then make as though it were your own is the height of bad taste—to say nothing of being illegal.

Anything printed in the News is open to be reprinted. The stories and opinions expressed in this paper are not copyrighted. If you wish to use them, fine, but at least have the good grace to identify your source. This is not an ego thing, but an act of common courtesy.

The writer from *The Challenge* purports to be interested only in changing the system. If this be so, and this is indeed his primary interest, it makes me wonder whether penal reform, or any other for that matter is to be obtained through fraud? Dishonesty knows no walls, no cell blocks, but is the tool used by the unscrupulous to attain their ends no matter who is hurt by their actions.

I suggest that the writer of *The Challenge* look closer at the words written by himself, for within their content may be found the reasons for his being where he is—and why he should perhaps remain there.

—Phillip C. Clark

# Letters to the Editor

The following letter is from an ex-editor of the San Quentin News, John Pence Wagner. Pence received some good reviews on his writing ability from various sources, notably the S. F. Examiner, and has had numerous articles and poems reprinted in many other penal papers and magazines. He edited the NEWS from Jan. 1, 1971, until he left some seven months later.

Dear Phil, TD, and "Big John,"

I've been receiving the News regularly since my release in August, and I'm happy to say it's constantly improving. Great work!

Many things have happened to me since I've seen you last. I think the most important in this order are seeing my three daughters, having my first "professional" work published, and the beautiful chicks in the world.

I've written to T. D., but they've sent my letters back; TD, I ain't forgotten you, but we're both bound by rules.

I've been looking for the Penal Press results in the News but haven't seen them yet. Where did the News place in the contest?

Your idea of reader interest concerning the questionnaire was excellent. And the continuing coverage of the bad things as well as the good is in tune with the constant progress of the News over the past year.

I am now living in the San Diego area, and plan to get involved with a drug rehabilitation program which is staffed by ex-cons here. I also plan to attend San Diego State full-time in the Fall. Journalism and creative writing will be my main interest, with journalism as my major.

I would like to commend John Watson on his ever expanding talent as a writer; the man amazes me. I don't think I was aware of his total writing ability while I was there (professional jealousy, I suppose).

And TD's straight news reporting is a welcome addition to the style of the paper. Your "Profile of a Monument" is outstanding and timely; it should have great commercial value for you when you're released.

Although I enjoy TD's "Locker Room" the most in each issue because it lets me know first-hand what's been happening to some of my friends, the "Bastille" about "Melvin-the-Fly" was, in my opinion, a work of art. It's the best column I've read in the News inside Esque or out (excepting, of course, my fantastic contributions) smile!

I don't know if you'll be allowed to receive this or not, but I hope you do. Give my regards to all the men in blue.

Hope TD got his date, and I sincerely hope you all come "home" someday.

Peace be with you,

John Pence Wagner—

(Pence: thanks for the kind words and your letter; it's good to hear you are making it. I'll see to it that your plate is changed so that you won't miss any copies of our great rag. As of this date, we haven't received any word from Carbondale concerning the outcome of the Penal Press Contest. Just as soon as we find out, we'll let you know.

The Fat Phantom just blew it when he read your kite about you giving credit to Phil for that idea on the questionnaire form. John's got me in a strangle hold right now making sure I give him the credit for it. (Okay, you can let go now, John).

Incidentally, Phil and I both went to the Board this week and so far it's looking good. I was recommended for a release date and a transfer to CIM. And I see you're still your old modest self, brother! Keep in touch. . . . Peace! —TD

A lady vacationer sauntered into a Miami bar and spotted a friend sipping a cocktail. "Ah! there, Marie," she called "I see you're having one!"

"Nonsense," frowned Marie, "it's the cut of this made to order dress that makes me look that way."

# San Quentin News

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- RAYMOND PRCUNIER ..... Director
- L. S. NELSON ..... Warden
- K. W. HAYBALL ..... Superintendent of Education
- PHILLIP CLARK ..... Editor
- T. D. VENTURA ..... Sports Editor
- RAY PARRA ..... Reporter
- BOB ROBERTS ..... Circulation Manager
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By Phillip C. Clark

Everyone, inside and out, has heard mention of the lockdown areas of San Quentin; places where men, for one reason or another, are segregated from the mainline population.

You never hear much either about or from these men—unless something goes wrong, and then it's spread all over the news media. We look at things on the TV screens, read about happenings in the paper, and sometimes forget that those spoken about are living, breathing, hurting human beings just like everyone else.

I have a friend in A section, a friend I have never met, but one whom I have come to like and respect through the notes we have exchanged over the months. Now I don't know what he is doing in there, or for what reason, but I do know one thing—he is a man. That's all I care about; the rest doesn't matter.

This week's Bastille I take in part from the last letter he wrote me. The man has something to say, and says it beautifully. His name is Rudolph Martinez, we are friends, and this week I hope to get over and meet him. These are his words:



Dear Phil:

The ID cards we carry in our wallets often fail to tell the true number of years spent behind prison bars. I have been "put away" from the touch and warmth of my loved ones since 1963.

Much has happened during the passing of these years, and the world and people I knew have changed to some extent. I have become as a stranger. Recently I received two school photos from my two youngest sons (13 and 14, if I remember correctly). I could scarcely recognize them—it tore my heart.

Strange it is to become a stranger, even to ones self; for you see, Phil, I can communicate with you, and with my fellow prisoners, if they so will, but I have become shy of communicating with unknown, but willing friends from the world out there. My mother, bless her heart, has been the most faithful and the most loving human being in the world to me.

At this point, the psychs would probably say I've totally, or almost, withdrawn from the world. But not so, Phil. I am indrawn; am looking into myself, searching, seeking, touching, discovering, feeling, learning and am moved by the stored wealth of memories, the awakening of new things, and the discovery of the unknown which is within us all.

I see life-giving beauty, but I must tread carefully, because I also see its exact opposite. There is a tremendous gulf between the two, yet the forces of each exist in every human being. I am not talking about mysticism, occultism, spiritism, or any other branch of egotism that entrap the unwary. I am talking about a lone traveler on a strange journey into the depths of his uniqueness; for neither is the fact of his being, the world upon which he exists, the sun which bathes it in light, the very order of the solar system, the universe, and all creation a mere accident, a super-condensed ball of energy exploding haphazardly. There is a purpose, as you have stated so well in your Bastilles; there is thought, order, and through all there is harmony.

The disharmony the world has experienced since the dawn of man, through recorded history, unto this very now, is man made. And we are seeing, experiencing, feeling the agonized throes of man's final orgasm, the end of days, the end of the old order.

A new man shall emerge, and the brightness of his glory shall span immeasurable reaches; unutterable his ecstasies in the perfect harmony of being.

Rudolph Martinez, A-92573



Rudy may be a stranger to you out there, but at least through his words in this column you will be able to see that even the very depths of the furnace cannot imprison the mind. Rudy is a "loner," one they call "disruptive," but to me he is a man, and the reason I can accept him on those terms is because he has accepted me on those terms.

There are many who may laugh at Rudy's words, as they have at mine, but if the voice of the mind is the spoken word, then it must follow that the voice's knight is man's fingertips.

In a few days I shall trot over to A section, sit down in front of a cell, share a smoke with my friend, and talk things over. Perhaps he will come out of there one day and we can walk together on the lower yard, wonder at the changing greens of spring, gaze in delight at soaring gull, or just sit in silence watching the goldfish. To you who don't know the ways of the sewer, all this probably won't seem like much, but some will know, and some will understand, and in the end that's about all anyone can ask for.

I look at the blocks, hear the dull rumble which speaks for the men within, and wonder a bit. How many Rudys sit in how many barren cells in how many prisons in how many countries in how many worlds throughout space? I don't know, but I wonder, and I wish you would, too.

Rudy writes poetry, and as I write prose, we exchange things. Prison is no bar to the workings of the mind, and the only chains it may ever be made to wear are those each man places upon his own.

Rudy isn't locked up—the words printed here prove that to all who will care to read and listen. Rudy is free in the only manner that really means anything, and it's that very type of freedom which may one day change the thoughts of men and no longer permit these places to exist.

Don't cry for Rudy, for Rudy has something going for him which transcends the stone and steel of this place. Instead, ask yourself the question: Do I? And if not, how come?



San Quentin:

Profile of a Monument—1852-1972

PART IX

THE HALCYON YEARS

By Phillip C. Clark

Every prison has one or more breaks, but one is always thereafter known as The Big Break. San Quentin was no different.

The beginning of 1935 found San Quentin at one of the lowest points in its modern history, overcrowding was chronic, and Warden Holohan was tired, depressed, moody, and on edge.

At noon on Jan. 16, the parole board recessed to have their lunch with the warden. Present at the lunch were the members of the parole board, Frank Sykes, Joseph Stevens, and Warren Atherton. Also present was Mark Noon, a veteran prison official.

The five men were sitting quietly over their salad when four convicts armed with .45 caliber automatics burst in the door and ordered them to put up their hands. The officials were ordered to change clothes with the convicts, four of them did so, but Holohan turned his back and walked to the next room to use the telephone. Rudolph Straight, the convict leader, fired a shot that missed, and then knocked Holohan down and started to kick him. He beat and kicked Holohan without mercy, and would have surely killed him, but another convict stopped him.

They herded the officials into the warden's car, but the guards outside the mansion had heard the shots and gave the alarm. Captain Ralph New had come on

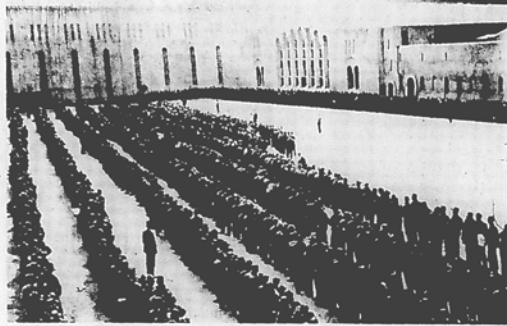


WARDEN JAMES HOLOHAN 1927-1936

the run, gathering guards on the way. The convicts fired two shots, but as the guards closed in, Noon shouted, "Don't shoot back! Don't try to stop them. They'll kill all the Board members."

Lieutenant Harry Jones was ordered to drive the car, Sgt. C. L. Doose was forced to stand on the running board, and the big Studebaker loaded with hostages and convicts went through the rear gate.

Posses had been formed all over the county, and orders had gone out not to shoot, which most heeded, but about 25 miles west of the prison they ran into a shooting posse that wounded two of the Board members, but none of the convicts. This, however, was the end, for one bullet had flattened a tire. They managed to go on for another four miles, when they sighted a barn. "Let's fight it out!" one of the convicts cried. They crashed the car through a fence and in-



LOCK UP on the big yard. This was taken before the construction of the shed which has become such a big part of present San Quentin history

to the side of a shed.

In the end the hostages were in more danger from the law than from the convicts. Dressed in convict denims, Atherton stepped shakily from the car, a policeman raised his gun and shouted, "I'll kill you, you dirty dog."

Sykes and Stephens, both bleeding from wounds screamed, "Don't shoot! That's Atherton!"

Three convicts wanted to give up, but Straight walked out of the building with a gun in each hand. The district attorney of Marin County shot him through the head.

Straight died during the night, and two of his companions went to the gallows in May. The guns had been smuggled in under the dashboard of an unsuspecting civilian employee by an ex-convict.

The Gas Chamber

In 1937 Holohan returned to the senate where his chief contribution was the law substituting the gas chamber for the gallows. Court Smith took over the prison where he told reporters the secret of managing convicts was to keep them contented, and what was needed was more athletics. Within a few months he had a number of ball diamonds laid out, abolished the Bulletin, but retained the Sports News, or "Green Sheet," which was the successor of the Wall City News.

Court Smith was bitterly opposed to the gas chamber as a cruel method of execution, but once the chamber bill was passed, there was no help for it. A contract was let to Captain D. B. Castle to erect the thing, and in March 1938 the gas chamber arrived at San Quentin from Sacramento reinstating him, but it never came.

Duffy has told his story to a large audience in The San Quentin Story, while his wife added some domestic notes in her own, Warden's Wife.

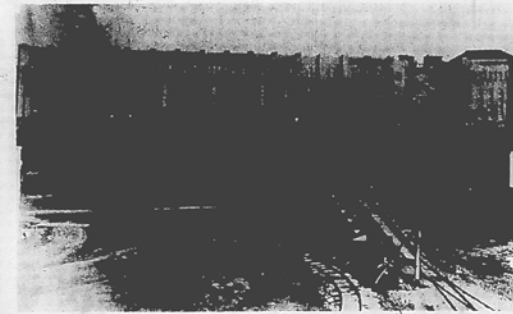
At its first trial use, a 25-



DOCTOR STANLEY at work in his surgery.

pound pig in a crate was used. One reporter covering the story wrote in the Chronicle, "Capital punishment in what I personally consider its most hellish form since civilian courts sentenced men to be hanged, drawn and quartered was demonstrated yesterday in San Quentin prison." Court Smith turned his head away in disgust.

Thanks to the widely publicized executions as those of Barbara Graham and Caryl Chessman, the details of a San Quentin execution have now lost their horror to all but the young.



THE WEST BLOCK under construction showing tram line from present warehouse area.

Duffy's Town

In 1940, the Board asked for Court Smith's resignation, and called in Clinton Duffy, who they felt was the only man who knew how to run the place while they looked around for Smith's successor. Court Smith stayed around through the summer of 1940 waiting for the call from Sacramento reinstating him, but it never came.

Duffy has told his story to a large audience in The San Quentin Story, while his wife added some domestic notes in her own, Warden's Wife.

Briefly, Duffy believed that criminals could be rehabilitated through programs built around education, sports, religion, and psychiatry. In 1940 the old "Green Sheet" gave way to the San Quentin News, where Duffy wrote a column each week, a practice that followed on through the years.

Every cell was tied into a radio network, and for listeners outside a radio program called "San Quentin on the Air" built around convict talent, was carried by the Mutual network for five years.

The prison chapter of Alcoholics Anonymous flourished, a hobby shop was started, and a group of convicts from different shops started meeting with an eye towards self-government. For years fire fighting crews worked out of the prison being regarded as among the best on the fire lines.

Duffy made it a regular practice to walk unguarded through the yards, notebook in hand, and often ate in one of the big mess-halls, dramatizing his availability and keeping the kitchen staff on its toes.

One of his first acts was to close the dungeons, tear off their doors, and turn them into store-rooms.

The attack on Pearl Harbor made it possible for Duffy to enact some of the programs already mentioned. At first, the

reaction by the convicts were characteristically wild and unrealistic. Fourteen men doing time for robbery, kidnap, and murder presented a petition to the President asking Mr. Roosevelt to let them prove their loyalty by becoming human bombs.

First-termers convicted of lesser crimes were allowed to apply for parole to the armed services. Many did, many were accepted, and some died.

A New Day

On the last day of January 1944, the Department of Corrections was formed with Richard A. McGee as its first director. The first policy changes although not spectacular, did cause many changes in San Quentin. McGee called for the abolition of the con-boss system, prohibited fraternization between employees and prisoners, encouraged religious activities, gave his blessing to inmate advisory councils, prohibited corporal punishment, and called for the segregation of homosexuals.

Duffy had anticipated most of these measures, and where he had not, he quickly complied. All the new policies, however, did not go down well with the inmates. McGee decreed an end of racial segregation in the mess-halls. The integration order re-

sulted in a race riot at San Quentin which was not broken up until the guards used their rifles. On March 9, 900 men were locked in their cells as hunger strikers. The thing finally cooled down and the usual color



WARDEN CLINTON DUFFY 1940-1951

line was again in force. Racial segregation has remained a sensitive subject to this day.

Up in Smoke

In terms of money the greatest disaster to occur at San Quentin was the total destruction in April of 1951, when the jute mill burned to the ground. The estimated loss was \$3,000,000, but in humanitarian terms the mill should have been burned down years before. As early as 1942 the Osborne Association had called it the worst industry in any prison in the United States; and that covered a lot of ground.

Overnight almost a thousand men were put out of work and thrown into the Big Yard, where, left to themselves, they would have been trouble indeed. Duffy assigned as many men as he could to other jobs, enlarged the crews working on the new cotton mill, sending men to camp, and making cleanup work around the prison.

In September, Governor Warren announced Duffy's appointment to the Adult Authority, and by the end of the year he was gone. Duffy's departure from San Quentin was national news, and he left with warm eulogies from both the convict body and his free associates.

Teets to Nelson

Harley O. Teets succeeded Duffy in December 1951, made few changes, survived an investigation of alleged brutality, and died of a heart attack in 1957.

He was succeeded in turn by Fred R. Dickson, and although there were few changes under his administration, he did leave his mark. The Stones fell to the breakers' tools in 1959, and in its place stands the new Adjustment center, which in effect is a prison inside a prison. Prisoners letters home were no longer marked "San Quentin," but carried the postmark "Tamal." Group counseling was introduced, but the Garden Beautiful went along with the Stones, as did the Porch.

L. E. Wilson succeeded Dickson, and was succeeded in turn by the present warden, L. S. Nelson. Things had changed, a new day had come, but with it a new convict. The light had come, but the changing of a nation would make the candle flicker as San Quentin staggered into the '70s.

To be Continued

### EMPLEO School

## Chicanos Form Soccer Team And Challenge All-Comers!

Juan Banegas, present coordinator for the newly formed EMPLEO School soccer team, Los Dorados, has made a formal challenge in behalf of the team by challenging any and all comers who wish to play them in a game of soccer on any weekend.

This team, comprised only of Chicanos from the Empleo School Project, says that they've been working out down on the lower yard field and are slowly but surely whipping their team into shape.

The Los Dorados' team captain is Sr. Pedro Rasmussen, and his team requests assistance with the staff to coordinate and establish an official soccer team to be part of the San Quentin' sports program.

The present team consists of the following players: Sr. Pedro Rasmussen (team captain), Juan Banegas, Tuffy Torres, Goni Ortiz, Rivera, Aguirre, Lugo, Gonzales, Silva, Diaz, Ochoa, Chacon, Lopez, Jaramillo, Dominguez, and Huero Ramussen.

San Quentin News

# Sports

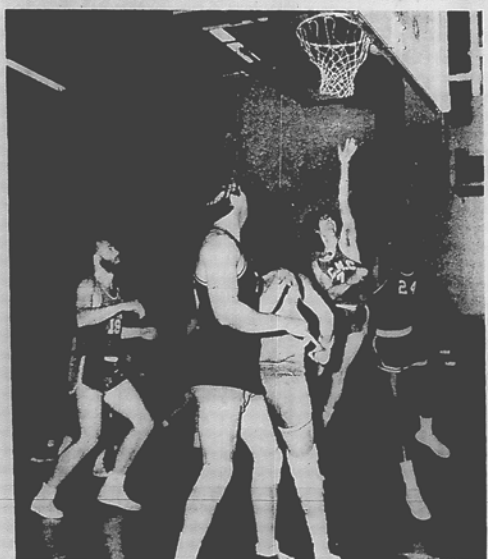
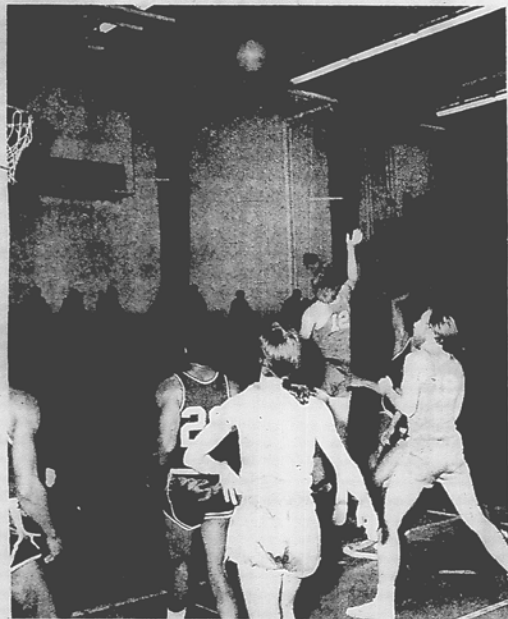
Intramural  
Baseball, Softball

Signup

## DEADLINE

Feb. 29

## Camera Catches Cage Clash



## Over the Wall!

The most bizarre sponsor of a car and driver in auto racing is a club called the High Wallers, a group of inmates at the Oregon State Penitentiary in Salem.

The High Wallers constructed their car—a 1967 Chevelle for supermodified stockcar competition—themselves and maintained it without using state funds.

A professional driver named Art Roth of Portland raced it 22 times this past summer on tracks around the Northwest. "We run on the half-and-quarter-mile tracks and on some of the short dirt tracks," Roth said. "We did O.K. We had four seconds, four fourths, a seventh, an eighth, a 12th, and a 13th. The rest of the time we broke down."

When Roth takes the car to the track, five High Wallers go along—the chief mechanic, who makes all the races, and four other inmates on a rotating system. Prison guards, who donate their time, go along, too. Guards also donate their time to supervise the club members when they are at the garage working on the car.

One of the High Wallers said, "The guards here have donated for probably 3,000 hours of their own time. We've received about \$10,000 to \$12,000 for the car from private citizens, firms, and manufacturers. We give Art Roth 50% of the purses he wins, but so far he has always given it back, along with some of his own money, for us to put it back in the car."

Prison officials will not reveal the records of the High Wallers, whose membership is limited to 30. "They are chosen on merit and their actions while they are in prison," said an official. "We won't talk about why they are here."

"They're really a bunch of good guys," Roth said. "We have no big problems, just little problems once in a while. Some guys think things should go one way, others another way. You know, they're great to work with." (reprint from Sports Illustrated)

## Donut Machine Rolls Into 'Q'

On Friday, Jan. 7, Mike the plumber was seen carrying his tools in the direction of the bakery shop. Just the sight of Mike carrying tools was a news story in itself, so this started an investigation that led to the discovery of a donut kettle in the bake shop.

Mr. Saenz, vocational baking instructor, informs us that Mr. Russ Wilson, a member of the bakery trade advisory council, donated the donut kettle.

The art of making donuts was advised by the trade advisory council who saw the need for instruction in this area. Wilson then came to our rescue and donated the machine.

The operator of a pastry shop in Fairfax, Wilson was one of the first to become involved in the work-furlough program and has been active in advising and helping parolees.

The donut machine donated by Wilson is too small for commercial use, but will serve for training the students in the process of making donuts. The bulk of the donuts will be used to serve the inmates housed in the condemned units, and the men in there can expect to get an assortment of donuts for breakfast in the near future.

## Locker Room



By T. D. VENTURA

**LETTERS FROM X-Q ATHLETES** . . . The following are two letters I have recently received from two alumni of "Q" who were both actively involved in the sport's program. The first letter is from Jim Magaw, who was the number one varsity tennis player during the 69-71 seasons. The second letter is from Art "Tudy" Merjil, the ex-varsity handball captain and my handball reporter for many months:

Dear T. D.,

Thanks for all your friendship and past kindnesses. Hope this is your last Xmas at the "university" there! Sorry I didn't keep my letters flowing, but making a living, AA meetings, weekend tennis, trips to Modesto and L.A.—well, you know, people out here don't realize how time drags in there!

Drop me a line, please. I quit my Stanford job for a better one in the publishing business for a firm that puts out 13 magazines. I have a chance to grow with a new firm.

I still play weekend tennis at Stanford. When do you go to the board? You're a great guy and I wish you luck.

Jim

Hi T. D.,

Here I am in Disneyland after laying over in So-CC for a couple of weeks; this place is wide open and the time flies. The sport's program is dead! The biggest thing going, or I should say—the only thing going, is golf, and that's only for the guys with kick-back jobs.

Everyone here works or is assigned; they seem to pride themselves on the fact that they have the program organized so that everyone slaves. The first 15 days are spent slaving in the mess hall, getting woke up at 5 a.m.

They have handball and tennis courts but no one works out. Everyone waits for visits on weekends so there isn't much happening. They do have some super-bad outside entertainment come in. During the holidays we had programs most every night.

I just subscribed to the S. Q. News, T. D.; whenever you get the subscription, please send me the issues I've missed since I left on 12-8-71.

Did you ever print the last handball article I wrote? That's it for now.

Your freelance cub-reporter,  
TUDY

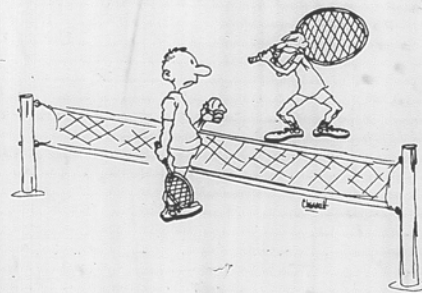
(Sports editor's note: We appreciate hearing from you guys who have left San Quentin, as many are interested in what happens to guys that leave.

Incidentally, Tudy, your subscription came in and I'll forward those past issues to you—let me know if and when you receive them. Your handball article appeared in the 12-24-71 issue, and I'll send it on its way with the rest.

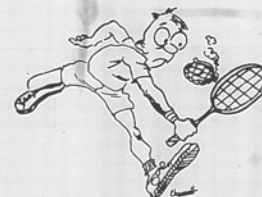
And Jim let us know what's happening with you every now and then; and we'd appreciate hearing from other guys out there, so WRITE ON! . . . T. D. Ventura).

## SPORTIN' LIFE

STEETS AND GLUMP



Some guys just got bigger rackets than others!



I heard he was a bad loser—but this is ridiculous!