Warden Holohan Thanks Visitors

As he left the stands at the conclusion of San Quentin’s Seventeenth Annual Field and Track Meet, Warden James B. Holohan, voiced his appreciation for the co-operation and support of those who have made this prison’s yearly athletic and entertainment event a possibility.

“San Quentin is happier today than it has been for many weeks. The institution’s morale is higher. And the men are more contented as they proceed about their duties. This is the natural sequence to our annual field meet.

“For this, as well as for the day’s enjoyment, we are grateful to our friends of the San Francisco Olympic Club and to the others who so splendidly gave of their time, effort and support. Their co-operation has made the prison’s greatest holiday a tremendous success.

“Like education, vocational training and other constructive opportunities, such as our road camps, athletic competition is one of the finest factors in prison and other institutional life.

“Our annual field meets do more than merely provide an outlet for restrained energies. They demonstrate more clearly than anything else—that the men confined in this prison have a right to feel that an attitude of understanding and friendship toward them exists among leaders in outside communities.

“This manifestation of sincere regard does much to encourage within each imprisoned individual the desire to “make good” after his or her release.

“And for each of these things which our Outside friends have again demonstrated to us—we are sincerely grateful!”

SHOPS WIN TUGGERS WAR WITH BIG PULL

Advance dope was definitely upset when the climaxing event of the Field Meet, the Tug of War, crowned the mighty Shops tuggers with success. At the last gripping seconds slipped by the husky lawyers—heaved in the harnass, bringing home the bacon from the Mess.

In the first heat, the Independents battled with the doughy Millmen to win a hard fought fracas. But when the crucial moments presented the spectacle of the finals between the Shopmen and Independents plenty of weed changed hands, when the judges announced the Artisans victorious.

AN APPRECIATION

To those who joined in reaping the halo of success about our Seventeenth Annual Field and Track Meet, the men of San Quentin breathe a fervent “Thank You.”

Realms of rhetoric cannot enhance the sincerity of this gratitude. We are keenly appreciative for the time, effort and expense which you have freely given to make our annual field day the success that it proved to be.

To you of the San Francisco Olympic and Elks Clubs who personally staged and supervised the brilliant spectacle, to your friends and associates who worked with you, and to those who contributed in other ways toward the meet and its awards we are grateful.

To each of the participants, committee members, officials of the institution, and to Warden James B. Holohan who gave time and effort as well as their support, goes our unanimous vote of thanks and confidence.

The Seventeenth Annual Field and Track Meet has joined its predecessors in the archives of history. But the memory of this day and the kindness and sympathy of you who were responsible for its success shall linger among the treasures of our minds.

Gentlemen, we thank you.

THE MEN OF SAN QUENTIN.

SHOPS VICTORIOUS IN RECORD BREAKING MEET

Jackson High Pointer With 13

Pandemonium was rampant on the athletic field when San Quentin’s 17th Annual Track Meet commenced at 9:30 this morning.

When the first Olympic official reached the field nearly 4500 enthusiastic bleacherites burst into a roar of hilarity that lasted until the final event had been won.

Filing through the gate, a colorful parade—headed by the prison’s military band—circled the arena. Members of each team, athletes, trick-dancers, clowns and assistants—were hailed in a bustle of applause that rolled from the stands like volleys of musketry. Devolving, as the musicians finished their music, the marchers climbed into the stands—and the meet was on.

Announcer George Lyon presented Director General Frank G. O’Kane with the beribboned Chief Mogul’s badge. A vociferous shout of acclamation went up for the veteran Olympian, impresario of former local Field Days.

Starter Charlie Hunter’s pistol barked and the Meet was in full swing, when the first event, resulted in the establishment of a new record in the fifty yard dash by Crockett of the Shops.

The Chinese settled their annual grudge with the Filipino Tago War, by losing to the Insular representatives after a hard fought battle.

Jackson, colored freshman, startled dopeaters by coping first place with thirteen points, one ahead of Brooks, Mess track burner, and two in advance of Davies the flying waiter.

In the far corner of the field, weight tossers began doing things in a big way when Nichols of the Shops registered first, out-puking Leon and Brooks, Mess, who scored second and third respectively.

Ponchetti, the man of iron, took both the One and Two Mile races for (Continued on page 2)
The Wall City News

Sandy; Number 4747 She Has Our Numbers Now

Editorial

An eminent Eastern jurist recently said: "There’s a lot of bad in the best of men, and a deal of good in the worst." The world, he said, had hardly left the--a judge's mouth with the wires of the Associated Press flashed to ten thousand American newspapers--uncontrollable proof of his wisdom.

In the river abreast of Sing Sing Prison, two women companions were thrown into the turbulent waters when their small boat capsized. They were drowning before the eyes of scores of prisoners. Officials, in answer to the convicts’ entreaties, gave permission for several to attempt to rescue them.

Plunging into the stream, their own lives endangered by lack of swimming practice, the prisoners managed to save the trio from a watery grave. The salient feature of the incident was later discovered, the rescued man was a chief of police.

That prisoners may be trusted with certain liberties is further demonstrated here at San Quentin. Scores of men are daily at work outside the prison's walls. Many are employed about the institution after dark. Still others strive for social and financial reconstruction at several road camps. Their records, as well as commendation from officials in charge, attest to the practicability of placing trust in certain types of prisoners.

Today the Annual Field and Track meet was held on the prison's athletic fields. Scores of Outside visitors were present. Many of them mingled with prisoner-participants. It is our belief that through this contact, much has been accomplished in the way of establishing a better understanding between the prisoner and the citizen.

And for this opportunity to exhibit a spirit of clean sportsmanship and friendly rivalry, the Wall City News, sincerely thanks, the visiting officials of the Meet, the Warden of this institution, and Mr. William who assisted in the presentation of San Quentin's Seventeenth Annual Field and Track Meet.

R. C. S.

LETTERS FROM AN INTERNEE

SON OF ERIN TO HIS FRAIL

San Quentin, California
Sept. 9, 1939.

Miss Patricia O'Rourke,
1115 South of Siet,
San Francisco, California

Dere Patzy:

Zuko took a load off mi mind, off yore ole man's mind, and I gess yu need a breather in a hotst hot later, so I'm still breathing a hot load easter now that yore manhlins is over. But, if he thinks he dun me dirt, wait till he begins to get the score of what I done, he will see for himself.

When I think how yore old objected to me for a son-in-law, I sure get a butt out of what he's got to say. He may be thinkin' he's thru buying yore coffee and cakes. But when the idea gets thru his empy cranium that he's signed up to support Zuko too, won't be the mibe, Wilt! Zuko’s appetite, he'll hav 2 stay seb.

By the time I got outta here, his nose should be down to a pal pink. Yu can tell him I sed he's on the wagon and don't know it.

Yeah Zuko fixed it for me to go on my 3rd marriage day law marriage! It's a sort of custom to buy a license before hitching up the team. Owing to the thing's yu woke up with next morning, not to be. You not the wrong on his gender, or parentage, they may
decoding what Zuko uses for a hand writing, it was something for enemy Board to clogitate over. He sure done me up with me.

When yu was hunnit for somebody to sploze to that walking collecshun mistakes, not to be, you not the wrong article when you picked on a minister. Yu shoud hav used a dog catcher, let yu off with a dog license for him, but yu better get some kind of a permiss-things, if you yu're goin to take him out in public.

Don't worry about me being here so I'm on an account of that district attorney, owing to a recent public movement, he isn't going to take that job in Sacramento for at least 4 years. I'm so glad he'll be there to tell the judge how yu married Zuke, under the inoffence of law. He don't think so.

Well Patzy old girl, you've proba-

R. C. S.
Is Smoke Eater

WILLIE THE WEEPER

Well I noticed the Old Ladies Home crashed into a truck last week and even the Wall City News has lost its high standard of exactness. And did you get a load of the walls they're tending to?

Give 'em movies and they kick because it ain't opera. Thank Allah that they can't read. We'd be out of luck then. They'd find out about these talkie pictures they have on the outside, and right away some of them would start agitating to let us go without a couple of meals so they could buy some movie stuff.

If that ain't the height of futility I'm a grasshopper's aunt. Can you imagine a pictures holding a chance with a whole building full of trials? Say the squeakies couldn't get a word in edgeways. And that's the way it goes these days of never satisfied. Give a woman an inch she'll want a yard.

Tennis courts for that gang—to use for what? We might consider laying out a pee wee golf course for them—till they could raise themselves up a dozen wheel chairs to get round the thing in. At that the po' would sure suffer from an aw right amount of eye watering out there. It'd take two pairs of specks for most of that outfit to see a basket.

That may not be the Ladies Aid, but it sure helps a lot of them to wear three meals a day—every meal and say that they flattened into The Bulletin with an account of twenty-four hours in their house and every once in a while a waiting out of tired types and department store dolls's trying to get in. They may kick but take it from one who knows women from A to Z, they're happy and at HOME.

Don't fail for that time about giving us something. Say they never had the time to start any business with our going pretty in return. For a couple of feet of ribbon that they ordered, all it cost us was a mere mended pair of suspenders and ice cream and candy for the whole hundred and seventy of them. Take a tip from an old hand and lay off the ladies of this town they're T-T-N. I'm taking it on the Arthur Duffie before some seventy quid makes me for my good time.

San Quentin

Day By Day

BY O. O. FLAT TYRE

Tuesday morning, after breakfast. Tapping the skimper for a job changing. Four out of five got it. A prisoner's idea of a position—table waiter in the White Front.

Mayor Boies, former proprietor of the world's most remarkable cabaret, now a clerk of sorts, busting along like the Levitan in a hurly burly. Any noise, but NO work. The institution's cinch for an immediate pa role. The Board hasn't time to listen to two of his speeches.

Somebody's idea of trite humor is a sign in front of the main entrance to "the Hole"—"Don't enter without a guard!" Does anyone labor under the hallucination that we might treat them that way? When the urge to fight the bear becomes too strong, you can bet the bull in Dunram—it will be a personally conducted tour at our pleasure has anything to do with booking reservations there.

Asa Keyes seen coming out of the tailor shop. No mirrors in that shop. Our grand jury isn't interested in the world's worst handball player's opinion of the lack of sporting in this state of spuds who persist in playing against the bottom bricks. He was a good lawyer, but he's outclassed here over a point in a no-game with B. Eisenman. Especially w. Seizter's referee. That umpire's a-again everything.

Eight o'clock at night. Thirty extra work shifts workers around Four Box waiting for supper. Bugs Whittenmeyer, only of win and winegar—10 million rules against right around the Old Prisoners knows, everybody, minds his own business, and keeps his troubles to himself. Monument salesmen take note.

Lanterns burning brightly bobbing through the maze of building stone buildings. Tired out scouts bound for bed. Eleven p.m. and all's well. Laughing prisoners stumbling out at Mann County lights—forced humour, used to cover aching hearts, and to blind obessions for release.

CARRYING COALS
TO NEWCASTLE

A striking Hollywood author recently offered Kid McCoy a copy of his latest book: "What I Know About Women." The volume was intended as a present to the wife's third marital venture.

Although the former Sultan of Fisa, disillusioned the effect, he demonstrated the spirit of San Quentin for helpfulness by volunteering to give the aspiring man of letters the benefit (and opportunity to Solomon) of matrimonial versatility and experience.

Mr. Bernard Brannen denies the rumor that he is related to a certain base drumming barber.
OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

The Seventeenth Annual Field and Track Meet was held on Tuesday, September 9th, under the auspices of the Olympic Club of San Francisco, Frank G. O’Kane, prominent member and old time sportsman, for many years supervisor of our annual classic, again officiated as director of the meet.

The following men, members of various committees, were selected by Warden Jas. B. Holohan to officiate on the day and to direct and manage the competing teams, and to allot and distribute prizes to the winners.

ATHLETIC COMMITTEE

J. B. Brown........................................Bertillon Room
E. G. Evkhoff....................................Printing Dep’t.
L. Sweeney........................................General Mess
S. E. Lawson......................................Mill
Geo. Brown

COMMITTEE CLERK

Abe Schiller......................................Bertillon

FIELD OFFICIALS

Lieut. H. E. Breakfield..................Director
J. B. Brown..................................Manager
Elmer Rannow................................Scorer
Bob Sherman...................................Official Reporter

TEAM MANAGERS AND CAPTAINS

Jimmie Carroll...........................................Manager: Shops
Lee Kelso...........................................Captain: Shops
J. Shipley...........................................Manager: Mess
Scotty Sloane..................................Captain: Mess
Bob Coulling...................................Manager: Mill
Nady Blank......................................Captain: Mill

TUG O’WAR CAPTAINS

Shops...............................................Jean Bastian
Mess...............................................Frank Osh
Mill...............................................Independents

TEAM CHART

The following table lists the departments from which the various field and track teams selected men for their entries:

M E S S  H A L L

General Mess................Library........Hospital
Gardeners......................Yard Men........Dental Dept.
Cell Tenders...................Quarry..........Cottages
Outside Gatekeepers.........G. Q. Const........O & G Mess & Barbers
Waterfront

S H O P S

Print Shop..................Tailor Shop.........Furniture Shop
Patch Room..................Laundry............Carpenter Shop
Paint Shop..................Machine Shop......Blacksmith Shop
Tin Shop.....................White Wash Crew....Scavenger Crew
New Road..........................General Const.
Shoe Shop......................Plumbing Shop  Administration Bldg.

M I L L

All men employed within the walls of the Jute Mill.

Field and Track Results of 1930 Meet

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Winner</th>
<th>Time</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2 Mile run</td>
<td>Ponchetti</td>
<td>10 Min. 57 4-5 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Mile run</td>
<td>Ponchetti</td>
<td>5 Min. 5 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>880 Yard dash</td>
<td>Barber</td>
<td>2 Min. 12 3-5 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>440 Yard dash</td>
<td>Davies</td>
<td>55 1-5 Sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>220 Yard dash</td>
<td>Davies</td>
<td>24 4-5 Sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>100 Yard dash</td>
<td>Tied</td>
<td>10 4-5 Sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>50 Yard dash</td>
<td>Crockett</td>
<td>5-2-5 Sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Relay Race</td>
<td>Mess</td>
<td>7 Sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old men’s race</td>
<td>Boatwright</td>
<td>1 Sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lifers’ race</td>
<td>Helm</td>
<td>30 4-5 Sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Centipede race</td>
<td>Mess</td>
<td>11 4-5 Sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Obstacle race</td>
<td>Woods</td>
<td>1 Min. 6 1-5 Sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hurdles</td>
<td>Delphi</td>
<td>13 1-5 Sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sack Race</td>
<td>Taylor</td>
<td>11 4-5 Sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tug O’ war</td>
<td>Shops</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

FIELD EVENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Winner</th>
<th>Distance</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>16 Pound shot-put</td>
<td>Nichols</td>
<td>38 feet, 5 inches</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>56 Pound weight</td>
<td>Bourdet</td>
<td>23 feet 4 inches</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Standing broad jump</td>
<td>Smoot</td>
<td>9 feet 7 inches</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Running broad jump</td>
<td>Delphi</td>
<td>19 feet 1 inc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Standing high jump</td>
<td>Moore</td>
<td>4 feet 16 inches</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Running high jump</td>
<td>Budas</td>
<td>5 feet, 5 inches</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Running hop-step jump</td>
<td>Brooks</td>
<td>40 feet, 10 inches</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pole vault</td>
<td>Cain</td>
<td>11 feet, 1 inch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chicken Hop</td>
<td>Hall</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3-legged race</td>
<td>Shops</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crawl race</td>
<td>Brooks</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Prison Records

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Holder</th>
<th>Time</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>*50 Yard dash</td>
<td>Crockett</td>
<td>5-5-5 Sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>100 Yard dash</td>
<td>Whitfield</td>
<td>10-1-5 Sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>220 Yard dash</td>
<td>Paulson</td>
<td>24-1-5 Sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>440 Yard dash</td>
<td>Davies</td>
<td>54-1-2 Sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*880 Yard dash</td>
<td>Barber</td>
<td>2 Min. 12-3-5 Sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Mile run</td>
<td>Ponchetti</td>
<td>5 Min. 2 3-5 Sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 Mile run</td>
<td>Ponchetti</td>
<td>10 Min. 42-2-5 Sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 Mile run</td>
<td>Veterinary</td>
<td>17 Min. 22-4-5 Sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>100 Yard hurdles</td>
<td>Banks</td>
<td>13-1-5 Sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Circling bases</td>
<td>Paulson</td>
<td>14-2-5 Sec.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

FIELD EVENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Holder</th>
<th>Distance</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>16 Pound shot put</td>
<td>Font</td>
<td>45 Feet 9 inches</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>56 Pound weight</td>
<td>Nixon</td>
<td>34 Feet 8 inches</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Running broad jump</td>
<td>Gentry</td>
<td>20 Feet 10 inches</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Standing broad jump</td>
<td>Venerable</td>
<td>10 Feet 1 inch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Run</em> hop-step jump</td>
<td>Brooks</td>
<td>40 Feet 10 inches</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Standing high jump</em></td>
<td>Moore</td>
<td>4 Feet 10 inches</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Running high jump</td>
<td>Budas</td>
<td>5 Feet 7 inches</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baseball throw</td>
<td>Dunn</td>
<td>352 Feet 5 inches</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fungo batting</td>
<td>Paulson</td>
<td>Over the wall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Pole vault</em></td>
<td>Cain</td>
<td>11 Feet 1 inch</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Records Broken in 1930.*