

OFF THE WALL



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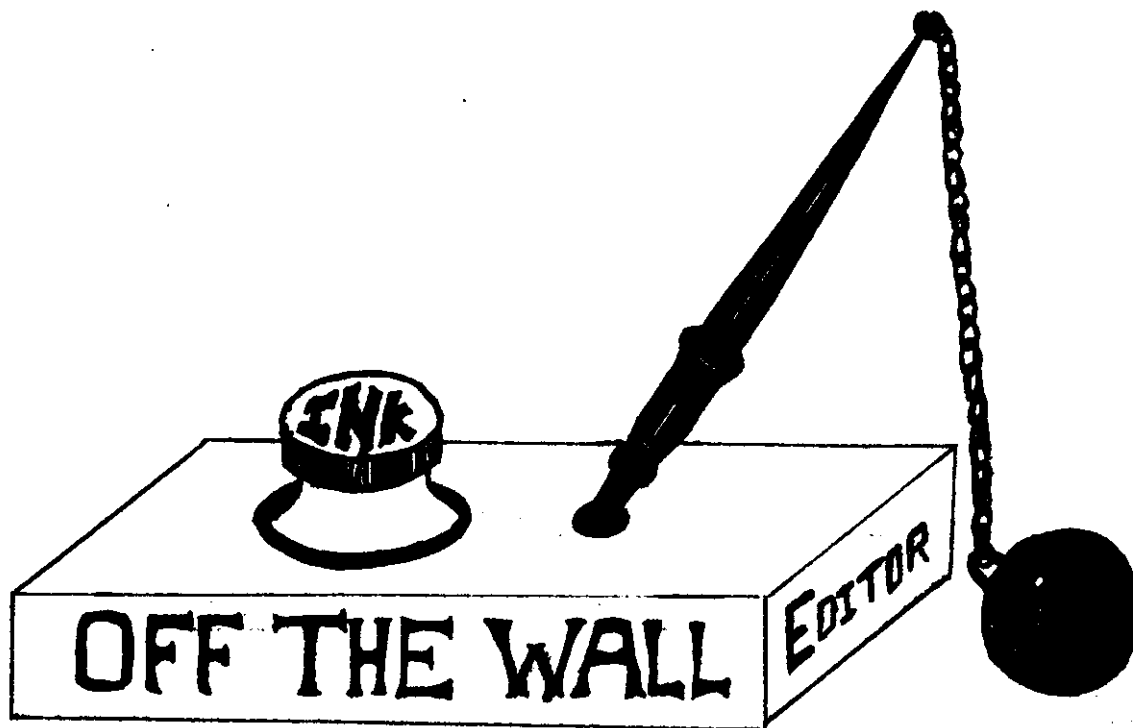
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EDITORIAL

It's Saturday night and you're sittin' in your cell sippin' a coffee and reading a book or writing a letter home. Along comes some dude shoving a joint rag between your bars. You jump up off the bed, take a look at the cover and say to yourself, "Wow, nice cover! Looks pretty good." You read the first page, "Hmmm.....not bad." Flip the page. Read about halfway down the page 'til it starts to get heavy and then skip over to the next article - My Life Story as a Convict by Joe Innocent. You read about halfway down the page before you make a dad dash for the shitter, grabbing a hanky on the way so's you don't flood your cell with tears. "Oh! How touching! (Sniffle, snuff, snuff)." With diminishing hope, you flip the page, "Ah, Racy Rumormonger. (Chuckle, snort, belch)." You turn the page and some dud's cryin' 'Iwannagohomeblues' or 'please release me, let me go, I won't never, ever, be bad no more.' One last page to go. A poem. You read about halfway down and get so disgusted, you throw the rag out on the range or in the garbage can where it belongs.

If you were one of these guys, let me be first to congratulate you. We all get tired of listening to the same hard luck stories over and over and over and over

Well, at long last somebody has decided to do something about the oppressive garbage we manufacture monthly. I called a meeting of the newspaper staff -- me, myself, and I -- and between the three of us, we came up with a brilliant solution to this problem -- we have simply decided not to print any more snivelling, negative, one-track views on any subject. Pretty simple solution, huh? Sounds pretty simple anyway.



But where do you draw the line between compulsive complaining and constructive criticism? Between obsessive crying and objective reasoning? Criticism and reasoning have their place no doubt, in any form of literature, but it's a wise man who realizes that a little bit of humor with a touch of irony will make twice the impression of ten pages of boring reasoning.

Perhaps the scholar or the bookworm can read ten pages of garbage without losing interest but the ordinary reader, the layman, needs something to hold his interest. The obvious answer to this of course, is to write about something interesting or exciting. This is all very well when there are interesting or unusual topics to write about but what do you do when you can't find anything unusual to write about? A good writer can take any topic he chooses to write about and generate his own interest by adding a little humor to it.

A good example to illustrate this fact is National Lampoon -- after six months of reading Watergate headlines in every newspaper in the country and listening to them on every news broadcast, National Lampoon picked up the worn-out old shoe, added a little humor and satire, and put out an issue I read from cover to cover without losing interest.

I think what a good newspaper should do is add a little humor and interest to every-day situations. With a little moral and literary support, this newspaper could easily become one of the best joint rags in the country. After all -- we don't have much competition.

The moral of the story is -- when all else fails, try a little humor -- It may add a little spice to your life as well as your writing.

MARTY FORD

FREE VERSE

She picked me up from the gutter,
Showed me a life that wasn't real.
I knew LOVE!
I tell you, I DID!

She talked with me a moment,
So convincingly,
That it HURT,
To go back DOWN.

WAYNE MARTELL

PEARLY GATES

A man stood at the Pearly Gates;
His face was scrunched and old.
He stood before St. Peter,
For admission to the fold.

'What have you done,' St. Peter asked,
'To gain admission here?'
'I've been in the Pen, Sir,
'For many and many a year.'

The Pearly Gates swung open wide;
St. Peter touched a bell,
'Come in and choose your fare,' he said;
'You've had your share of Hell!'

Author softly,
Struck his hare.

THIS IS THE LAW



COLSON FREED. Former special White House counsel Charles Colson was ordered freed from prison Friday after serving seven months of a three - year term for Watergate crimes. Judge Gerhard Gesell, in making the order, said his action was prompted by Colson's "... serious family difficulties which have aggravated the severity of the sentence." Colson's 18-year-old son was arrested last week on charges of marijuana possession.

WERN

PROPERTIES
S

WERN

HOCKEY

Our hockey season is into its final month of schedule play before the playoffs start. The final third of the season will have a few changes in the schedule as each B League team will play each A League team once. Since the Rookies have combined with the Eagles this only leaves two teams in A League. To make the interlocking games more even the B League teams can use four players from any other B League team.

Where have all the A League players gone? Some players have been released, some switched to curling and of course some are taking it easy in the Penthouse. The Blazers look like they will end up in top spot but come playoffs the Eagles will definitely be tough to beat for the trophy.

The standings in B League shouldn't change by playoff time. However, the leading Chargers 2 have been shown by the third place Cougars that they are by no means invulnerable. The Chargers 2 narrowly escaped a second defeat in a row as they had to come from behind and settle for a tie against the Rammers. The defending champion Selects will be tough in the playoffs as they'd like to make it two in a row. Probably the team to watch most is the last place Rammers as they have just gotten a couple more players that will make them strong contenders for the championship.

A LEAGUE STANDINGS

TOP SCORERS

	<u>G</u>	<u>A</u>	<u>PTS</u>
Dale Stonechild	75	37	112
Anaquad	62	36	98
Louisson	28	23	51
Likuker	27	23	50
Cheekinev	28	21	49

TEAM STANDINGS

	<u>W</u>	<u>L</u>	<u>T</u>	<u>PTS</u>
Blazers	16	7	2	34
Eagles	11	10	3	25
Rookies (final)	7	16	2	16

B LEAGUE STANDINGS

TOP SCORERS

	<u>G</u>	<u>A</u>	<u>PTS</u>
Koskie	23	28	51
Dorrans	27	15	42
Thrasher	25	13	38
Arnott	21	13	34
Craib	14	14	28
Bird	11	17	28

TEAM STANDINGS

	<u>W</u>	<u>L</u>	<u>T</u>	<u>PTS</u>
Chargers 2	14	2	3	31
Selects	8	7	4	20
Cougars	6	11	2	14
Rammers	3	12	3	9

PERSON T(W)O PERSON PROGRAM

By now many will have heard about the Person T(w)o Person Program, but for the benefit of those who have not, I shall try to introduce it to you. When Al Ryan, Probation Officer, returned to Saskatchewan from British Columbia, he brought with him a lot of enthusiasm for the M-2 program that was being used in the prisons there. For the past several months Mr. Geraghty, Mr. Ryan and myself have been working at starting a similar program in the Prince Albert area. This program uses volunteers from the community. A volunteer may come from any walk of life, he must be committed to the program and a man of sound character.

The M-2 program was started in 1963 by Mr. Simmons in the United States. He became aware of the loneliness, frustration and bitterness in a prison while working with two youths. Not only did he become aware, he also became involved and looked for ways to do something about the despair he saw around him. After studying prison systems in other countries, it was found that the Netherlands had a program that made it possible for an inmate to make it outside the prison. It was found that Holland looked to private citizens as volunteer sponsors who concerned themselves with the welfare and morale of offenders, not only after they were released, but while they were still in jail. The M-2 program has been experiencing steady growth. From the United States it is spreading across Canada.

The purpose of the program is to keep you in touch with life outside the walls. The citizen volunteer is to become a friend, he is to visit regularly, usually twice a month.

Any person interested in this program should express their interest to Mr. Geraghty. This program is designed for the inmates who receive few visits and whose families are in another city. It should also be mentioned that this program is voluntary and open to anyone. As much as possible, it is to remain outside the jurisdiction of the institution, but having said that, it is not to be conceived as being in opposition to the institution. Primarily, we are concerned about operating within the guide lines as laid down by the institution, that is, its rules and regulations. Our hope is that this might not just be another program, but that it will have meaning and purpose for those who become involved, that understanding and trust might be built between inmate and sponsor, that attitudes, both inside the walls and out, might be positive.

I would appreciate any suggestions or questions you may have and would be open to further discussion on this topic.

submitted by Orville Andres
co-ordinator for Person T(w)o Person

FACT? FICTION? FAIRY TALE???

The local newspaper has been coming up with some pretty accurate captions lately. While I was browsing through one of their latest editions, I came across an article entitled, 'Two Local Boys Go West -- Do Real Good -- Come Back With A Sawbuck Each!?!' It looks like they put HAIG and FLAXCOMBE on the map.

Our curling season is fully underway new after a few false starts -- easily overcome by the magician himself. He explained it all to me as simple as $1 + 1 = 2$. Take 1 -- an element from an electric kettle, add 1 -- a direct current, and guess what you come up with? An artificial ice machine! Who says an old dog can't learn new tricks?

It looks like the Cossacks and the Spudheads are at war again. It looks like a toss-up between who's got the least brains or who's got most brawn.

With the enormous size and number of noses being flattened on the hockey rinks this year, it seems safe to assume the Hockey Commissioner will be making nose-guards compulsory equipment for the next season.

J.W.'s disappearing act turned out to be a hoax. It seems he was found stashed in someone's locker in the kitchen dorm. B.K. got a little red in the face when somebody asked him about it the next day, but then again, J.S. got a little red in the face when somebody asked him about it. Could this be a two-on-one-er.

BEWARE! RACY RUMOURMONGER IS EVERYWHERE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

YOUNG LOVE

Come along, my little Dove;
Stroll with me the path of love.
We'll frolic and play,
In the meadow of May.
We shant be too soon,
To see buttercups bloom.

We'll pause in a nook I know,
Where special lovers go,
To sip of wine so sweet,
Our tender souls to meet,
To kiss the scent of spring,
That lures my heart to sing,
A melody of gold,
Though the words, I know, are old.

REMEMBER?

Uncle Joe would come to visit us for supper once every few months. He was foreman on a ranch a hundred miles away and seldom got to our part of the country, so his visits were something to look forward to. My father's only brother, he and Pa would use these occasions to sip whiskey and talk over the good old days when they were young and raising hell. Uncle Joe was almost sixty and a bachelor so this was his best chance for some good home cooking. I was eight years old and could still have my eyes opened wide with stories of the way it was back when; his visits were quite an occasion for me as well.

He would call ahead from town to give Ma time to set an extra place for supper. This was my signal to start watching the dirt road that led to our house. Long before I could catch a glint of sun off metal there would be a small dust cloud a mile or so away. Eventually I'd see the dull blue of his pick-up just ahead of the cloud. I'd run out the back door, across the porch and stand there waiting for him. He'd slowly roll in and stop.

Six foot two and wearing cowboy boots and hat, he always had a hard time getting out of the cab. A limp made him favor his right foot and didn't help his awkwardness. Squinting in the mid-afternoon sun, he'd holler, "Anybody home?" I'd run down the steps and say, "Everybody's waiting inside. Come on in."

"Lord boy, you growed a foot since I seen you last."

"Aw, shucks."

"No, I mean it. I almost didn't recognize you. What's your Ma got on the fire tonight?"

"Venison and garden stuff."

I always liked telling him because I knew how much he liked deer meat. Ma kept a good size garden and if you've never had fresh spinach simmered in butter with little bits of onion and bacon for flavor, you haven't had good cooking.

Then Pa would come out of the kitchen. They would shake hands and go into the living room to sit and drink and talk. I'd go outside and walk down to the slough to see if I could come up on a deer or a heron.

That part of South Texas was dry but where there was water there were birds and fish and four-legged animals you wouldn't expect to see. A small river ran a few miles away and a dam across it backed the water up forming a system of small bayous across a wide area. We were on the furthest arm from the river. When you took a canoe toward the river the water would snake around small islands and fork in too many places to count. The trees and brush were lush and thick. If you didn't know your way you could easily get lost as many out-of-towners had done. There were ducks and kingfishers, six-foot gar fish, and an occasional glimpse of a deer or a bobcat. Once in a great while you could even see the back of a 'gator as he slid into the water. You heard but never saw the big soft-shelled turtles. They



would sun themselves on a log until hearing your approach, then drop into the water with a loud splash.

It was a good time to be eight years old and curious.

Ma's voice from the back door brought me back to the shore. My body hadn't moved but my spirit had been out on the river. "Supper-time."

"Cemin'."

I sat down just before the food went around. Supper was informal; if you didn't get to the table on time you might not get any. The meal was good and everyone ate in silence until some of the initial hunger was gone. As Joe took seconds and thirds, he'd say, "Best meal I've had in a year. If I'd found a gal that could cook like you, I might've settled down." It was the same thing he said every meal but he always sounded like he meant it.

Later, the eating would slow and the conversation would turn to news about relatives and friends.

"Mrs. Baker had another boy last month. You remember the Bakers, down Fowlerton way?"

"Billy finally divorced that gal from San Antone. I always said she was no good. Kept a messy house and couldn't cook worth a damn."

"She sure was a good looker," Joe would say.

After cigarettes and another drink Ma would clear the table and wash the dishes. Pa and Mike, our dog, would go for a quick walk around the place while Joe and I ambled to the back porch to sit and catch the sun before it set.

This was the time of day to make you forget the burning noon-day sun. A breeze would spring up and move its coolness across your skin while it kept the mosquitoes from coming out. The trees in the backyard would sway and slowly rustle their leaves as the birds soared high into the air to feast on the early evening June bugs. After a few minutes of watching, Uncle Joe would say, "Do you still play checkers boy? Before he could finish the sentence I'd be in my room getting the board.

We'd play only one game but the concentration involved on my moves often took four or five minutes apiece. It was always a long and close contest; eventually, I'd win. Uncle Joe would say "I practice every day when I'm gone but you're always a little bit better. Maybe I'll beat you next time." And he didn't fool me at all. I knew he let me win but I never told him so.

After a while he'd take out a smoke, light it, and settle back in his chair. I knew it was time for the stories about when he was a young man. I'd study his face. There were deep lines that ran from the corners of his eyes back into the hair at his temples. Forty years of squinting against the bright Texas sun had done that to him. His face was burned until it looked like leather, but his forehead showed smooth and white from the shade of his cowboy hat.

My eyes would wander to the nick in his left ear. That was

the first story he would tell me about how he kept a .22 Winchester on the front seat of his model-T when he was young.

"A man never knew when he might get a shot at a deer or a rattlesnake," he would say, "And it was good protection back in the 20's. I was driving home after a hard day and hit a bad rut in the road. The .22 fell butt-first to the floorboards of the car. I had the hammer half-cocked which was the safety on those old rifles. A hard blow like that would cause the hammer to fall hard enough to fire the damn thing. Sure enough it went off. I felt a burning on the side of my head and there was a dime-sized nick in my ear. It bled like crazy." Over the years it had closed a little, but a sizable chunk was still missing. When he had finished, he'd turn and give me a look as if to say, 'that was a close one'.

There'd be a few minutes silence and I'd think about the way he favored his right foot. That would be the next story. "I was walking through a mesquite thicket one day looking for a stray steer. It was too thick to ride through and I had a feeling I might find that steer in there. It was a hot day and that was the only shade for a half-mile. Anyway I figured I might find a snake or two while I was at it so I had my old Colt .45 slung in a holster on my hip. I spotted that damn steer layin' down right in the middle of the trees and as I pushed toward him through the brush the hammer on the pistol caught on a low branch. I didn't notice it and when I moved again it slipped off. That damn gun fired and when I quit jumping around I could see my foot through the end of my boot.

"My little toe was missing and the first thing I thought was, you crazy fool, you just ruined a \$50 pair of boots.

"Anyway, I've always tried to ride a horse or drive a car since then. Somebody was tellin' me, Joe, you weren't meant to walk anywhere, so take it easy. I've been takin' that advice ever since."

He'd look at me half-expectantly and though I'd seen his hurt foot several times it still fascinated me. I'd ask and he'd take off his boot and point out the missing part.

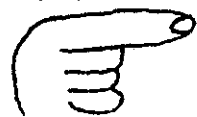
I sat back and studied the sky for by now the sun had almost touched the horizon. The few high clouds were starting to turn pink and orange and you could hear the occasional Hoo? Hooeet? of a hoot owl on the slough.

Uncle Joe said, "I never told you about the other time I got shot, did I?"

I sat right up in my chair and leaned toward him. He hadn't told me! I said, "No sir!" and as he paused to recall I got comfortable again. A new story was something to think about for a few months.

"I was out near La Pryor," he said, "Working a crew of wetback Mexicans for a fella by the name of Jenkins. I was one of the few men who spoke good Spanish and could get some work out of those wetbacks.

"There was one fella there named Juan who always gave me trou-



ble. He didn't mean to. He just got into things he shouldn't have. I kept my Winchester in the back seat of the Model-T then. I wasn't worried about any of them using it but I figured they wouldn't know how to handle a good rifle so I told them the car was off limits.

"That afternoon we were fixing fences and I needed some more wire staples. I was tired and sent Juan after them. I said they were on the floor of the car in the back and to hurry. As soon as he left I realized my mistake. By the time I got to the car he had the rifle out and was holding it like it would bite him. I was mad at myself and him and I yelled at him to put it down. I scared the silly son of a bitch so bad he dropped it. That damned rifle hit butt-first, went off, and shot me in the gut. It felt like a horse had kicked me. I went down and started cussin' him in Spanish, English, and everything else I could think of.

"He stood there trembling a few seconds, a look of terrible fear on his face. And when I got up and started towards him, that brown wetback turned white and took off. If I hadn't felt so bad I might've shot him but as it was I could hardly stand. None of the other men could drive the car and it was thirty miles to a doctor. I drove in somehow and the doctor went right to work. That bullet came in the front and stopped in my back and wrecked a kidney on the way. It damn near killed me.

"Old Jenkins wanted to go after Juan, but I told him no, he probably won't stop running before he reaches Mexico City."

While I listened, my eyes watched the sunset. A speck rose from the ground and slowly passed across the face of the sun. As it rose higher in the sky I recognized it; a solitary hawk beating its wings to gain altitude and then gliding and soaring on the wind.

"You might have thought getting shot and crippled up like that would get a man down. I wasn't even thirty then. But as I healed I remembered what my pappy, your grandfather, told me a long time ago. We were sitting, watching the sun set like this and he pointed out a hawk like that one you're watching.

"'What do you see?' pappy said.

"'A hawk enjoying himself,' I replied.

"'You know some people only see him trying to climb? They get so worried about him getting up high they forget about the fun of gliding. I was that way once, son, and it took me twenty years to forget the hard part and remember to enjoy myself. Don't let it happen to you.'

"Lying in that hospital twenty years later I remembered what he told me. I'll pass it on to you, boy. Forget the bad times and remember the good."

And every time I see a bird flying I think about Uncle Joe and know he was right.

by COLE SUTTON

Please complete and place in committee & newspaper business box in the dome or give to any committee member. Listed below are a variety of programs which could be available through Social Development if enough interest is shown. Please check the boxes next to the programs you would like to see implemented and that you would take part in.

1. Problems & Issurs of Society & the Individual

- Human Relations & Communication Course - In evenings, length not determined yet.
- Civic Affairs - In evenings, length not determined yet.
- Canadian Problems - In evenings, length not determined yet.

2. Arts & Crafts

- Introduction to Art-
- Oil Painting- Could be included in one daytime course
- Sketching- or several evening courses.
- Introduction to Design-
- Leathercraft- Evening courses or one daytime course.
- Native Crafts-
- Copper Tooling-

3. Intellectual Skills & Development

- World Affairs-
- Civic Affairs- Evening courses, length
- World History- not determined.
- How to Conduct Better Meetings-
- Law For The Layman-
- Public Speaking-
- Canadian Economic Affairs-
- Record Keeping in Voluntary Organizations-
- Creative Writing- 1 week, day course
- First Aid- 16 hrs. duration, day or evening.

4. Business Skills & Knowlegde

- Effective Supervision- Length not determined.
- Typewriting- 20 weeks , 2 full days per week.
- Income Tax- One day.
- Effective Business Writing- not determined.

Family Life Education

- Sociology of the Family-
- How to Survive a Parent- Several Short courses or one
- Family Life- course of fifteen evening sessions.
- Family Finance-

Comments or Suggestions: _____

