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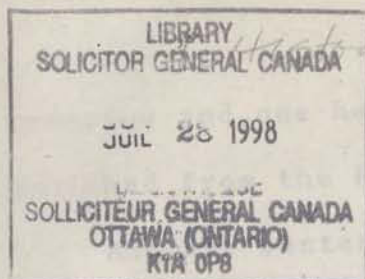
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MEN
IN
PRISON

JOHNSON

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CHAPTER 1

"HOW WE GOT HERE"

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The penitentiary system in Canada had its beginning on June 1, 1835, when the Penitentiary "near the town of Kingston" opened its doors to receive six convicts, five of them from Toronto. Prior to that date, convicts were kept in makeshift jails under the most primitive conditions. Kingston was considered a great step forward.

An official report of that time aptly sums up the pioneer days: "from the thin and scattered state of the population of the Home District, as well as the comparative absence of crime and infrequent detention of prisoners in custody on civil process for debt, the safekeeping of criminals and others was perhaps a secondary consideration".

There were alternatives to imprisonment. The pillory was used in Lower Canada as late as 1829, when a man stood in the Montreal pillory for passing bad French crowns. The pillory consisted of a wooden frame with holes through which were thrust the head and hands of the offender. Set up in the market-place, it was mounted on a pivot which forced the victim to face a populace which often pelted him with rotten eggs and other rubbish.

In Upper Canada the stocks replaced the pillory. They consisted of a wooden contraption with holes for arms and legs and offenders were often placed in them in pairs. They were located in the market place and the occupants were a subject of derision. William Lyon Mackenzie, first mayor of Toronto and later a political fugitive himself, in 1834 sentenced a man convicted of larceny "to stand one hour

tomorrow and one hour tomorrow week, in the common stocks, and to be banished from the Home District for twelve months".

Another sentence was branding. The Chief Justice of Upper Canada in 1798 had criminals branded in open court. The practise was abolished in that province in 1802 "save for the crime of manslaughter", but in Lower Canada brandings continued until at least 1826 when two men were branded for murder. Soldiers who were convicted under the Mutiny Act or who were deserters were branded until the end of the 1840s.

Banishment came into law in 1802 in Upper Canada and was also imposed as a sentence in Lower Canada. Sometimes the sentence was for a fixed period; other times it was for life. Convicted persons were simply put on a departing boat to fend for themselves at the other end of the voyage. The tightening of immigration laws led to the abolition of this practise in 1902.

Transportation as a sentence was frequently levied as well, usually to the Bermudas, New South Wales and Tasmania. Following the 1837 rebellion 58 political prisoners from Lower Canada were sentenced to transportation to New South Wales and 92 from Upper Canada were shipped to Tasmania. Transportation came to an end in 1853.

These alternatives may perhaps explain why the need for a penitentiary system was not felt earlier in Canada although the first "penitentiary houses" were established in Britain by law in 1779 and the innovation spread rapidly to the United States.

While the chief purpose of punishment then, as now, was to protect society from its criminals and wrong-doers, the methods underwent change in accord with the changes in society itself. When branding,

the pillory, the stocks, banishment and transportation gave way to the penitentiary system, custody became the chief method of punishing crime. The horse and buggy era gave way to the railway period, and crime spread with the new method of transportation. The large penitentiary became the obvious answer to the problem of serious crime.

Upon Confederation, Kingston and two other provincial penitentiaries, at Halifax and Saint John, came under Federal jurisdiction, but in 1880, with the construction of a new penitentiary at Dorchester, N.B., the Halifax and Saint John prisons were returned to provincial jurisdiction. Meanwhile a series of other penitentiaries had been built across the country: St. Vincent de Paul in 1873, Manitoba in 1876, British Columbia in 1878. In 1906 a penitentiary was built in Alberta and in 1911, another in Saskatchewan. The Alberta penitentiary was closed in 1920, and the Saskatchewan penitentiary served both areas.

Kingston Penitentiary was considered a model of the period in which it was built. It was patterned upon the plans and lines of Auburn, New York, prison and Charles Dickens praised the place warmly when he visited it in 1840. While penology was an unknown discipline when the rules and regulations of Kingston Penitentiary were established, and while custody and punishment were the chief purposes of the sentences, those rules and regulations did not lose complete sight of the prisoner's welfare. Rule No. 11 for the Warden stated: "The Warden shall take care that the Prisoners are treated with mildness and humanity, and that no unnecessary severity is practised by the inferior officers....". And Rule No. 12 stated specifically:

"In executing the duties of his office, the Warden shall never lose sight of the reformation of the prisoners in his charge, and shall carefully guard against personal and passionate resentment on his own part, as well as on that of his subordinate officers."

It was just nine years after the visit of Charles Dickens and fourteen years after the prison opened that the first outside report, that of the Brown Commission, appeared. Its 84 double pages were filled with charges of graft, corruption, cruelty and sinister politics.

Peter Charbonneau, committed to Kingston Penitentiary on May 4, 1845, for seven years, was just ten year of age: "The Table shows that Charbonneau's offences were of the most trifling description - such as were to be expected from a child of 10 or 11, (like staring, winking, and laughing); and for these he was stripped to the shirt, and publicly lashed 57 times in eight and a half months."

Antoine Beauche, committed on the 7th November, 1845, for three years, aged eight: "The Table shows that this eight year old child received the lash within a week of his arrival and that he had no fewer than 47 corporal punishments in nine months, and all for offences of the most childish character."

Alex Lafleur, aged 11 years, on Christmas Eve, 1844, was given 12 strokes of the rawhide for talking French.

Sarah O'Connor, 14, was flogged five times in three months.

Elizabeth Green, 12, was lashed on six occasions.

James Brown, "an insane prisoner" was given 1182 lashes during his confinement.

The Report brought about the dismissal of the warden and many of his sadistic subordinates and the first Penitentiary Annual Report after the Commission's findings, in March, 1850, proudly recorded a drop in

punishments over the year from 6,000 to 3,535. There were 410 inmates, 24 of them females.

The 1856 Annual Report showed that of the 668 convicts then confined, 373 were laborers, 49 seamstresses. The punishment chart showed 1,600 deprivations of bed and concurrent bread and water diet, 735 confinements in the dark cell, 111 convicts punished by water shower, and numerous lashings including that of one convict who was given 84 strokes of the lash in the month of March, 1856. The warden stated: "The treatment of the prisoners I consider to be humane."

In the 19th century the warden's job was not an enviable one. The rules which he had to enforce were strict and, by modern standards, inhuman. Convicts were expected to preserve unbroken silence except when their work required them to address a guard. They were not permitted either to speak, look or make a gesture to each other. They were to be kept constantly employed at hard labor. Wilful violation of any of the numerous rules was to be instantly followed by corporal punishment. The record shows that this was no idle threat.

The keepers and guards were poorly paid and often illiterate. Many were political appointees and often the warden found that he dared not get rid of incompetents because of the political influence they possessed.

The better wardens frequently found themselves thwarted and hemmed in by Ottawa red tape in their efforts to remedy situations or work out programs that offered some hope for the rehabilitation of convicts. What had started out as a promising program of industrial activity within the penitentiaries was finally strangled by outside pressure, and by the end of the century and well into the 20th century, convicts in Canadian penitentiaries were back to breaking stones or picking rope yarn as their chief activity under their sentences of "hard labour."

There was no educational program for the convicts but even so the guards and keepers, were often inferior in education and training to the people in their charge.

This, in general, was the situation in Canadian penitentiaries for more than a hundred years. The Canadian public seemed unaware and unconcerned over conditions in the penitentiaries of the country and only periodic violent outbreaks brought to public attention the fact that all was not perfect behind the high stone walls that incarcerated these forgotten souls. Penitentiary officials were not anxious to have the spotlight of public attention on their activities.

John Creighton, who held the post of warden at Kingston from 1870 to 1885, was one of the few institutional heads of the period to establish a unique reputation both among the convicts in his charge and among the officers beneath him for his humanity and understanding.

Another outstanding figure of that period was J.G. Moylan, Inspector of Penitentiaries for Canada from 1872 to 1895. A forthright man, as unsparing of criticism as of praise, he was far ahead of his time with his views, insisting on "that primary and permanent principle which it is the duty of the State to enforce, namely that none shall leave a prison a worse member of the community than when entering it.

His was a voice crying in the wilderness in the face of a public opinion which viewed prisons as a place for punishment in the Old Testament sense, and government only too willing to endorse that view.

If the general public was largely unaware of and indifferent to the plight of its prison population, this was not the case with a small but dedicated group of people who were to become the spiritual founders of the present Canadian Criminology and Corrections Association.

The movement for prisoners' aid and penal reform began inauspi-

ciously with the establishment of a Sunday School in the Toronto jail, around 1867.

By 1874 they had formed the Prisoners Aid Association of Toronto and in 1875 extended their activities to Kingston. In the words of John Kidman: "These workers discovered what all such workers do, that it is useless to preach to men and women in prison unless their material needs on release are also given attention. Indeed, unless they can find a job and be provided with lodging, meals and clothes, they are likely to return very soon to jail."

The annual reports of the organization indicate a recognition by the reformers of something wrong with the whole penal system. Many inmates had suffered from a poor environment and lack of opportunity in life, and prison provided no opportunity for rehabilitation.

In 1891 the first penal convention in Canada took place in Toronto. There, problems under discussion included classification and segregation, the need for a non-political and permanent prison commission. The parole system and the indeterminate sentence were also discussed. All of these subjects were to figure in Royal Commission reports over the next sixty years.

Meanwhile, Dr. Abner Rosebrugh, one of the leading figures of the Prisoners Aid Association, in 1890 served on a Royal Commission to "inquire into the Prison and Reformatory System of the Province of Ontario." The Commission recommended intermediate type penitentiaries or reformatories for young first offenders, with indeterminate sentences. Shortly after the turn of the century, the Guelph Prison Farm, the first prison without walls in Canada, was opened. It was followed by classified institutions of the same general type and regime at Burwash, Mimico, Fort William and Langstaff, with

women's institutions at Mercer and Concord. Soon after their construction the indeterminate sentence and the Ontario parole system were introduced, applying only to reformatories.

The Prisoners' Aid Association of Montreal was formed in 1892. As in Toronto, it had its origin in an effort to bring religious comfort to inmates in the downtown jail. The Protestant chaplain, the Rev. Dr. J. Douglas Borthwick, persuaded a group of young men associated with St. George's Church and the Y.M.C.A. to take a personal interest in the inmates on discharge and help them find jobs. From these activities the Association was formed, at first as an Anglican enterprise but later open to clergy and laity of all Protestant denominations. The scope of the organization broadened to include crime prevention, prison reform and assistance to prisoners in court.

Other Prison Welfare and John Howard Societies gradually developed across Canada and in June 1935, in Montreal, they met with other social service agencies involved in prison reform and rehabilitation to form the Canadian Penal Association (now the Canadian Criminology and Corrections Association). One of the first acts of the new association was to call for a Royal Commission to investigate the penal system in Canada.

There had already been two Royal Commission investigations in Canada in this century, in 1913 and in 1920. The 1913 Commission had been appointed to investigate and report upon the conduct and administration of penitentiaries and particularly the conduct of the officers of Kingston Penitentiary. The 1920 Commission was appointed to consider and advise in regard to a general revision of the penitentiary regulations, many of which had remained unchanged since 1836.

Both Commissions made valuable recommendations though they were largely ignored by the governments of the day, involved first in fighting a war and then in its aftermath. Despite the valiant support of individual reformers for the measures advocated by the two Commissions, the public remained largely indifferent to the issues.

The brutal fact is that Canada lagged far behind Britain, which had long been the model for Canadian penal developments, and was even far behind many of the States of the Union to her south.

The outbreak of prison rioting at Kingston and other federal penitentiaries across Canada in 1932 drew public attention to the shortcomings in the prison system. When Prime Minister Bennet paid a flying visit to Kingston and then announced that everything was fine there, it was more than either the public or the official Opposition could swallow. Men had been wounded and killed, and at Kingston there were charges of attempted assassination of the imprisoned Tim Buck, leader of the Communist Party of Canada.

Mackenzie King, who headed the Liberal opposition, made an election pledge that if he formed the new government, a Royal Commission on the penal system of Canada would be appointed. In the following election, the Liberals won, and Independent Agnes McPhail and C.C.F. leader J.S. Woodsworth lost no time reminding King of his promise.

Mackenzie King kept his word. On February 24 1936, a Royal Commission, later to be known as the Archambault Commission, was appointed by Order in Council and given a broad mandate to investigate the penal system of Canada.

On April 4 1938, after hearing hundreds of witnesses inside and out of prison from one end of the country to the other-officers,

inmates, government officials private citizens and lay organizations - and after having made a broad study of prison systems in England, Scotland, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, France and the United States, the Archambault Commission brought down its 418-page Report.

It was a devastating analysis of the penal system in Canada and a blueprint for bringing the country into the 20th Century in its treatment of offenders.

Responsibility for most of the trouble and unrest in the penitentiaries across Canada, the Report found, rested with the penitentiary administration headed by the Superintendent of Penitentiaries, General D.M. Ormond, and his excessively militaristic and bureaucratic approach to his job.

It found that Tim Buck had indeed narrowly escaped being killed by a fusillade of shots deliberately fired into his cell. It found penitentiary regulations and methods far behind those of the rest of the world. But it found that the food was above average of that in penitentiaries in other countries. That was the one bright spot; that plus the generally satisfactory operation of the British Columbia penitentiary.

The Report contained 88 recommendations, the first and most immediate being the replacement of the Superintendent by a Commission which would be charged with the task of implementing those recommendations which applied to the penitentiary service itself.

The outbreak of the Second World War delayed the immediate application of most of the Report recommendations. It was not until April 5, 1946, that General R.B. Gibson was appointed as the first Penitentiary Commissioner.

One of his first tasks was to ascertain how many Report recommendations had been implemented and to make further proposals to the Minister of Justice concerning those recommendations not yet carried out.

Although the reorganization of the penitentiary administration had not yet been undertaken, several recommendations for the improvement of conditions within the prisons had been implemented. More than 100 amendments to Penitentiary Regulations to improve the lot of prisoners had been effected and the scope of the Warden's authority had been increased. He no longer had to obtain written permission from the Superintendent to buy a five-cent notebook. The penitentiary farms had been greatly improved. Penitentiary shops and industries were being brought up-to-date and a system of vocational training was being instituted. Penitentiary buildings were being modernized and new equipment secured.

General Gibson concluded his review of what had been accomplished by stating "... substantial progress has been made in carrying out the physical changes recommended by the Royal Commission but much remains to be done to give that greater emphasis on the reformatory training and treatment of the convicts that formed the main theme of the Commission's report."

He then proceeded to make a series of proposals in line with those recommendations of the Royal Commission which had not yet been implemented. These covered the broad subjects of reorganization of administration, classification and segregation, reorganization of the reformatory and treatment services, prison employment, prison discipline, centralization of control of the entire Canadian penal system, establishment of separate reformatory institutions for young offenders,

extension of juvenile and family courts and of the probation system for adults, State responsibility for support of organizations assisting in the rehabilitation of discharged prisoners, and parole and ticket-of-leave.

He summed up: "The proposals contained in this Report constitute the first stages in the further development of the Royal Commission's recommendations. The reorganization of the Headquarters Administration, the establishment of adequate procedures for the selection and training of staffs, the development of more scientific methods of classification and the provision of additional accommodation to facilitate the separation of the various classes of prisoners are essential preliminaries to the adoption of a broad policy that will place greater emphasis on the corrective and rehabilitative aspects of institutional treatment. As the carrying out of these proposals proceeds, it will be possible, in consultation with the Wardens, to apply in each institution the more detailed recommendations of the Royal Commission in respect to the treatment and training of prisoners. Your Commissioner submits that the implementation of the present proposals will provide a sound basis for the further development of the program of penal reform."

On December 11, 1953, 15 years after the Archambault Report, the Minister of Justice appointed a committee "to inquire into the principles and procedures followed in the Remission Service of the Department of Justice of Canada." Headed by Justice Gerald Fauteux, the committee submitted its Report on April 30, 1956, and it became, along with the Archambault Report, a basic document in the new orientation which was taking place in Canadian thinking about penology.

Significant was the use of the word, "correction", replacing that of "penal" in the committee's Report. The old idea of simply locking people up for crimes was giving way to the approach of trying to turn them into useful citizens. The Report defines this point-of-view:

"'Corrections' is a term that has come into use in recent years to describe the total process by which society attempts to correct the anti-social attitudes or behaviour of the individual. Within the correctional field fall such matters as punishment, treatment, reformation and rehabilitation of the offender and the various means by which these objectives are attempted to be obtained."

Looking at the broad picture of correctional reform in Canada, the committee found that "improvements in correctional facilities in Canada have lagged far behind those in the other social sciences. It appears to us that the factor chiefly responsible for this state of affairs has been a continuing lack of public interest in the subject which, at times since Confederation, has amounted almost to apathy."

Then the Committee pointed out a basic Canadian problem which had thwarted much previous effort to arrive at a consistent approach to correctional reform: "The problem has been accentuated by the fact that Canada is a federal state, consisting of one central government and ten provincial governments, each of which has jurisdiction over some part of the field, but none of which has jurisdiction over all the field."

It showed that in the United Kingdom, where the exclusive authority over corrections in all its aspects was vested in the single authority of Parliament, integration of all activities involved in correction is more easily achieved.

However, it states: "It is not true to say that, because there is divided jurisdiction, it is not possible for this country to have a good system of correction. What is required is an understanding of the problem by the members of the legislatures concerned and the will to remedy it. It also requires a full measure of understanding and co-operation between the federal government and the respective provincial governments and the same degree of understanding and co-operation between the provincial governments themselves."

The Committee then proceeded to take a searching look at the remission service, the accused before the court, the prerogatives of mercy, the prisoner in the institution, the nature and function of parole, the ticket of leave act, the practise and procedure of the remission service, the function of aftercare in a parole system, and the history of after-care in Canada (the Canadian Penal Association had united in 1956 with the Delinquency and Crime Division of the Canadian Welfare Council to form the Canadian Corrections Association). It called for the formation of a National Parole Board and it concluded its Report with 44 recommendations.

The Committee summed up:

"... Sentences in their many forms, are the measures designed to achieve the purpose of criminal law. In that sense and as criminal law itself, they are conducive to preventive justice. However, this they only and truly are if, in the ultimate result, the offender has become a better, and not a worse, citizen than he was when first brought to the court... Without a judicious and individualized consideration in each case, be it for the purpose of sentence, treatment, remission or parole, the achievement of a successful result is abandoned to hazard... there will undoubtedly continue to be criminals and

recidivists. These are truths as permanent as human nature. The necessity and the duty remains nonetheless to meet the problem. The failure of a relatively few offenders to respond to the hopes of the courts, the penal institutions, the Remission Service and after-care agencies affords no justification for a failure by society to attempt to salvage, reform and rehabilitate the majority of those who have offended the laws of the country. In the achievement of such a purpose we think that our recommendations, if implemented, will be of assistance."

Within the Federal Department of Justice the Correctional Planning Committee was formed and set to work on March 21, 1960, to draw up a detailed set of proposals to implement the new philosophy as it could be applied in those areas which fell under federal jurisdiction. Six different areas were outlined: institutional, narcotic drugs, correctional workers, after-care of inmates, research and public education. On June 8, 1960, a summary of the Correctional Planning Committee's recommendations was presented to the Minister of Justice.

These recommendations dealt specifically and in detail with the organization of the federal correctional services, classification of offenders, the basic features of an institutional program, the adult male inmate as maximum, medium and minimum security risk, the young male inmate, the female inmate, habitual offenders, abnormal, mentally ill, and contagiously ill inmates, narcotic and alcohol addicts, the after-care of inmates, the organization and administration of the federal penitentiary service, staff organization of federal correctional institutions, selection and employment of correctional staff, a development plan for federal prisons, prison sites, correctional planning and development, the role of the university in federal

corrections and the need for a better informed public through information programs.

The cumulative effect of the recommendations of the Archambault Report, the Fauteux Report and the Correctional Planning Committee was to effect a complete transformation in the federal approach to the problem of crime and its treatment. This was reflected in organization as well as philosophy, buildings as well as training.

Between the two world wars, the only new institutions built to accommodate the overflow of prisoners crammed into the federal penitentiaries were the Prison For Women and Collins Bay Penitentiary at Kingston.

In 1952 the first positive evidence of the new attitude was the Federal Training Centre at Laval, Quebec. Seven years later the new building programme went into high gear. Joyceville Institution near Kingston and William Head Institution on Vancouver Island were completed in 1959. Springhill Minimum Institution in Nova Scotia opened in 1960 but became obsolete and was closed in 1969. In 1961 Leclerc Institution near Montreal, Beaver Creek Correctional Camp near Gravenhurst, Ontario, Landry Crossing Correctional Camp near Pembroke, Ontario, and Agassiz Correctional Camp in British Columbia were added. In 1962 new additions were the Farm Annex at Dorchester, New Brunswick, the Collins Bay Farm Annex and the Joyceville Farm Annex in Ontario; Manitoba Farm Annex, Saskatchewan Penitentiary Farm Annex, Mountain Prison at Agassiz, B.C. (originally constructed for the militant Doukhobors whose unlawful activities frequently placed them in the care of the Federal Penitentiary Service but now containing aged prisoners) and the St-Vincent-de-Paul Industrial Annex at Laval.

The latter is now called Laval Minimum Institution. 1963 saw the opening of the Blue Mountain Correctional Institution at Westfield, N.B. and 1966, the Matsqui Institution at Abbotsford, B.C. In 1967 four medium security institutions were opened at Cowansville, Quebec; Springhill, Nova Scotia; Warkworth, Ontario and Drumheller, Alberta. A "super-maximum" institution for hostile inmates, the Special Correctional Unit, was completed in Laval, Quebec in 1968, as was the maximum Archambault Institution. Real innovations were the two Community Release Centres opened in 1968 in Montreal and Winnipeg. Two more have since been established in Vancouver and Toronto, providing urban-based residences for inmates serving the last weeks of their sentences.

An interesting box score of the number of recommendations made by the Archambault Report and the Fauteux Report reveals that to date, 42 of the 88 Archambault Report recommendations have been implemented with another 11 partly implemented. Some have been outdated; others fall into the category of division of authority between federal and provincial governments where little has been accomplished to bring about that single authority which has been so long recommended by Royal Commissions and Committees.

Of the 44 Fauteux Committee recommendations, 12 have been implemented and another three partly implemented. Most of those not yet implemented await legislative action or fall within the no-man's-land of federal-provincial relations.

In general, however, the current situation was well summed-up by J. Alex Edmison speaking at the Canadian Congress of Corrections annual meeting, June 11, 1969 in Vancouver, when he remarked after a review of recent developments:

"It is my contention that the end result of all this is that there has been more progress in Canadian corrections in the past 20 years or so than in the previous century."

"GETTING THERE"

Jimmy James, age 25, was sitting at the kitchen table in a little flat on Sherbourne Street in Toronto. It was an evening early in April, and he was trying to persuade his common-law wife to go with him to a small Ontario town where previously he had a good job, and where they would be glad to welcome him back. It was better than his present job of handy man and rent collector for the landlady, who owned a string of apartment houses in the run-down section of central Toronto. But his wife was on drugs and wanted no part of the rural scene.

At the table with them was Pete, a casual acquaintance and a petty thief, who had needed a place to sleep and whom Jimmy had largely invited to stay with them till he found his own room. Jimmy was uneasy, though, for Pete had dropped in that day with a suitcase full of loot from an east/end department store. Pete thought he was a square for wanting to work at a job, and Jimmy's wife agreed.

She had been doing pretty well in the oldest pr/ofession, making enough to keep them all well stocked with hash, speed and M/D/A. Now Jimmy wanted to spoil everything. Why didn't he just have another pill and forget the whole thing?

Jimmy knew he was getting nowhere. At least he knew as much as his fogged brain could absorb the truth. That s/peed was driving him right out of his mind.

The police came in just about then. They had tracked Pete down, and they found the suitcase with its contents still intact. Then they searched the place and they found the hash, ^{the} and ^{the} speed and M/D/A. They even found a small quantity of marijuana. They arrested Jimmy and his wife, along with Pete.

They spent the night in No. 52 police station cells after finger-printing and some pretty rough questioning. In court next morning, with no lawyer, they were refused bail and Jimmy began a long acquaintance with the Don Jail. He was remanded for four ^{successive} ~~successive~~ weeks until he was able to get a lawyer through Legal Aid. He was granted bail on May 14 and returned to the Don Jail on June 18 to face trial. More remands followed. His lawyer was finally able to get the amount of bail reduced from \$15,000/ to \$5,000/ and Jimmy was free for another brief period in October.

He returned to Don Jail on October 20, appeared before the court on October 27, was convicted the same day and appeared for sentence on November 7, for six separate convictions of possession of drugs under the value of \$50. He was given 27 months. That meant penitentiary.

Pete had been a lot luckier. He had appeared for trial early in June, pleaded guilty to two charges of "breaking and entering" and theft, and got six months. That meant reformatory. The dividing line is 2 years.

Jimmy stayed in the Don Jail until January 21, Then, in the company of two sheriff's officers and seven other prisoners, handcuffed in pairs, Jimmy was hustled on the Toronto-Montreal morning train. Destination: Kingston Penitentiary.

The train arrived at Kingston right on time, 40 minutes past noon. A couple of old-fashioned looking capacious black ~~cadillac~~ limousines were waiting for them and a prisoner ^{mother} ~~and~~ ^{accompanied by a} ~~and~~ ^{who had come from Hamilton} ~~and sheriff's officer from Hamilton who were also on the train.~~

Fifteen minutes later the two limousines drew up before the forbidding ^{North} ~~main~~ ^{gate} gates of Kingston Penitentiary to discharge their passengers.

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~~One of the~~ sheriff's officers reached through the bars of an outer grated steel gate to lift the knocker on a heavy inside steel-strapped wooden door. An eye came to a peep-hole in the inner door and then it swung inward. A guard came through to open the outer door and the prisoners were herded through to a section within the wall, still separated from the interior of the penitentiary area by another set of heavy double doors. There, Jimmy and the others were subjected to a standard police search for concealed weapons. It was quick, efficient, and soon over. Their handcuffs ~~were~~ removed, and they filed through the inner doors in the company of an assistant warden, who led the way, and the sheriff's officers who had brought them there.

Now they were inside the 25-foot high grey limestone walls that enclosed the penitentiary buildings. In front of them a pathway through the snow led to the cellblocks, four stories high, which radiated like the spokes of a wheel from the *central* dome, ~~and the keepers' hall that was the nerve centre of the penitentiary complex.~~ But they didn't go directly to the cell blocks. The Assistant Warden took another path, to a ~~three-story~~ ^{its} grey stone building to the right. ~~Its~~ windows were narrow and barred. It had originally been the Women's Prison; now it was the Reception and Discharge Centre.

They filed through the entrance and past a counter which enclosed a small office. Beyond the office, there were benches against the wall at the far end of the room. The prisoners settled down on the benches. The ~~assistant~~ ^{warden} went through a swing gate into the office area and started to check out the individual files of the newly ~~arrived~~ ^{arrived} prisoners.

He verified that the original committal warrant was there, ^{and} signed by the sentencing magistrate, and he checked for the aggregate sentence when there were a series of charges. Those sentences which were consecutive had to be totalled. Those which were concurrent would be served together with any other sentence.

He made sure that a certified medical document was in the file, stating that the prisoner was free from any ^{contagious} contagious, infectious or "putrid" diseases, and he looked for any information which indicated that the prisoner needed any special medical or psychiatric treatment. One file had a note pinned to its cover: "Watch this one for suicidal tendencies". He put that file to one side to make sure that the doctor was informed promptly.

Then he checked the waiver of appeal in the file. It had to be either signed by the prisoner, or certified that he had refused to sign, or that an appeal had been entered against the sentence.

When a person is convicted of a crime, he can take any one of these three courses about appeal. If he signs his waiver of appeal promptly, he is sent on to his prison destination more or less promptly. If he refuses to sign, he stays for thirty days in the county or municipal jail where he was sentenced and then, if he has still neither signed the waiver nor entered an appeal against his sentence, he is sent along anyway, with the appropriate notification to that effect on the waiver paper.

As the assistant warden verified each file, he signed a form indicating that the prisoner had been turned over to his custody by the sheriff's officer, and he listed the aggregate sentence. This was the sheriff's officer's receipt, and each sheriff's officer waited more or less patiently to obtain the necessary receipts

for the bodies that had been in his custody.

Meanwhile one of the reception officers had told the newly arrived "Inmates" individually to dump all their belongings in a box on the counter. These were carefully listed; rings, watches, other jewellery, pens, letters, photographs. Their wallets were opened, the money taken out and counted, verified by the prisoner. The newcomers were allowed to keep photographs not over the size of 4 inches by 5 inches. They could keep cheap pens, or pencils, but nothing of value. Possession of valuables in a penitentiary can get an inmate into bad trouble with the tougher inmates, and the same applies to money. The pens were carefully checked, though. Once four .22 bullets ^{were} ~~had been~~ found in the barrel of a pen.

By this time, each new arrival had been given a number, the number to which he would answer for the length of his time in prison. Jimmy had his number, and he *used it for the first time when signing* ~~signed his name and number~~ *which were placed in a plastic* ~~in the transparent polyethylene bag,~~ before it was sealed, as well as for the few dollars which would be deposited in the Inmate Trust Fund in the bank against his name and number. Accrued interest on the money would go to the Inmate Welfare Fund.

Jimmy kept one item from his wallet, and the reception officer looked at him sympathetically. It was a snapshot of his two-year-old daughter. Jimmy said she was his daughter, though his wife had been pregnant when he first met her about two and a half years ago in a bar on Yonge Street. He said he felt responsible for her, for both of them.

Then an interview sheet was filled out for each new inmate. He was questioned about his health, age, birthplace, religion and other statistics. His weight, height and other measurements were taken for his new prison clothing. Details of his offence

were noted. The interview sheet information would later be transferred to a penitentiary admission form to make up a permanent record.

The man beside Jimmy lit a cigarette while they were waiting and was told sharply by the reception officer to put it out. He wasn't "on the street" anymore. He hastily butted the cigarette in an ashtray on the counter.

Then, one by one, the men were told to ^{strip} ~~remove their clothing~~, to the skin.

They stepped behind a curtain in the corridor, and an officer examined their hair, examined their hands, made them hold up their arms so he could inspect their armpits, open their mouths, take out any false teeth, expose the bottom of their feet, and then bend over to touch their toes. The bending exercise was designed to force anything from the rectum that might be concealed there. They were checked for scars, tattoos or any other identifying marks, which were duly recorded on the interview sheet. Jimmy felt sick at his stomach. Nothing like that had ever happened to him before.

He was handed a towel and a bathrobe, and told to take a shower. His prison outfit was ready for him, and his street clothes went into a big paper bag impregnated with naphthalene. His number was marked on the bag and it was sealed. The prison garb consisted of shoes, socks, underwear, a pair of dun-colored slacks, blue and grey striped shirt and a navy pea jacket. ~~His number was on everything.~~

Those new inmates with long hair and or beards had their photographs taken before they visited the barber, whose chair was between the search area and the showers. Others, like Jimmy, had their photos taken only once, after the barber had cut their hair. Second photos were taken of those who had been shorn of their locks. Each photo was identified by the inmate's number. He had ceased to be a name.

Waiting for the balance of the group to go through the routine, Jimmy was told he could have a cigarette, and accepted one gratefully. Then double sets of finger prints were taken of each new inmate, and they were ready to be moved to the main prison, to "C" Block, where all the new arrivals without a previous record of imprisonment in penitentiary were kept from a period of four to eight weeks before being allocated to a definite institution.

Led by a correctional officer, the group moved in single file out of the reception centre and down to the main prison area, through the keepers' hall to the dome, across the dome to C Block. As they waited for the door to C Block to be opened from the inside, one of the new arrivals was accosted by an inmate mopping the floor who obviously was expecting him.

"Hi! What did they do about my car?" he wanted to know.

"Your gal said she could get another \$75, over the offer, and I told her to go ahead", ^{the recent arrival} he answered.

"Good stuff! You told her the right thing. See you around." the ~~elder~~ inmate ^{concluded} ^{resumed} ~~said~~, and ~~went on with~~ his mopping as the group filed through into C Block. It was a pretty good example of prison telegraph, Jimmy thought.

It was three hours since the train had arrived at Kingston. By now the group was down to seven; the suicide suspect had gone straight to the psychiatric wing and one old-timer who was well-known at "K.P." and not likely to do any good to a group of newcomers had been given back his old number and a cell in the general prison population.

The main point of keeping the newcomers without penitentiary records in relative isolation at first was to give the correctional program a chance to take effect before the newcomers could be disillusioned by the cynical repeaters.

In Jimmy's group of new arrivals, he noted, he was the second oldest at 25. The "old-timer" with a long record was 31. The rest of the group ranged from 24 to 17.

Inside the cell block the group was called together by a correctional officer and allotted individual cells, a set of rules and regulations, two pocket books, a pencil, tooth brush, comb and knife. He received a half pound of cigarette tobacco together with cigarette paper and two books of paper matches. He was given two sheets, a pillow and pillowslip and a blanket. Above his cell door was a card with his name and number on it. The correctional officer's instructions were brief and to the point: The silence bell will ring at 8.30 p.m. The wake-up bell will ring at 6.45 a.m. and you'd better be up and dressed for the bell because you're first to eat in the morning. Don't rip up the books, because they have to be given out again to other new arrivals. You've got a three-channel radio with earphones in your room; C.B.C., a local private station and a French-language station. If the earphones don't work, let me know. Your cups, shaving equipment, fork and spoon are in your blanket roll. If you're missing a pillow, that means somebody else has two: let me know. Now, get a move on, dinner's coming up and you're first for that, too.

Jimmy went down to his cell. It was on the bottom range of the four-tiered cell block. He could touch both side walls easily by stretching out his arms, but it was about eight feet deep. A bed folded up along one wall, and there was a table and a chair in the front of the cell, a wash basin and toilet at the back. There was a small shelf for books and four pegs to hang clothes from.

Jimmy pulled down the bed and put his bundles on it. Then he went out into the range and lined up with the others for dinner.

They carried their big steel mugs with them and the food service, cafeteria style, was brisk. In a compartmented tray Jimmy received scotch broth, braised steak with boiled potatoes, beans, beets, cherry pie with cheese, bread ^(and butter.) The big mug was filled with coffee, milk and sugar. It was only a couple of minutes before he returned to C Block to eat his meal alone in his cell.

After his meal, Jimmy read the "Rules of Conduct and Prison Offences" It covered three areas; Remission and Privileges, Conduct and Offences, and Method of Securing Interviews. A note at the beginning told him: "Complying with these regulations will result in enjoying certain privileges and incidently, shorten your sentence. By your actions and sincere endeavour to acquire a better social attitude, you will assist your rehabilitation. The time spent here should not be lost-- Do not serve time, let time serve you".

His eye ran down the ²⁴ ~~twelve points~~ ^{rules} of conduct; obey orders promptly; treat officers and visitors with respect; don't be idle or careless at work; don't swear or use abusive language; don't sing or whistle or make unnecessary noise in the cell; don't speak with visitors except when permitted by an officer; don't leave your cell or place of work without permission and don't loiter; don't disfigure or damage any property; don't commit any nuisances; and keep yourself and your cell clean; don't keep any unauthorized articles in your cell or attempt to obtain or give such articles by bribe or otherwise; don't be absent from chapel or school without permission; rise promptly at first bell, make up your bed and put your cell in order. Shut the gate when you enter the cell and retire to bed promptly at the signal given for that purpose.

Chapter LL insert A

He learned that was now automatically credited with statutory remission amounting to one quarter of his sentence which in his case amounted to almost seven months of his 27-month sentence. Up to 30 days of his statutory remission would be forfeited on the Warden's authority for each offence against inmate discipline and three quarters of all statutory remission standing to his credit would be forfeited were he convicted in a criminal court of escaping or trying to escape. If he worked industriously and behaved well, he would earn an additional three days of "good time" per month after his first month of his imprisonment. That would cut his time by another 78 days.

He noted that all privileges and remission of sentence depended on conduct and industry. The statutory penalty for escape, attempted escape, assault upon any officer or person in the penitentiary is forfeiture of all remission and ~~that~~ additional punishment could also be awarded.

If he wanted to see a doctor, he should contact the officer in charge. If he wanted to see the Warden, the Commissioner or an Assistant or Deputy Commissioner, he would be permitted to do so on request, stating his reason for the request.

There were other papers to read as well: Visits and Correspondence Instructions to Inmates; Newcomers' Inmate Pay ^{and} Canteen; Request for Special Letter and Request for Interview forms; Classification Officer Interview request; Request for Dental Treatment; Hobbycraft Rules and Regulations, and a long green form with a list of ~~Canteen articles~~ ^{toilet articles listing the articles} which he could ^{buy} secure at the Canteen every second week.

Items ordered on this form would be charged against his Inmate Pay, which, he noted, began on admission at the rate of 35 cents a day for Grade One. It excluded Saturdays, Sundays and holidays. Twenty cents of each day's earnings went into his canteen fund; the balance was placed in Compulsory Savings, which he would receive on release. Once a month there would be a deduction from the Canteen Fund of 35 cents towards the Inmate Welfare Fund. Since he had no credit on arrival in his canteen Fund, \$3.00 was debited his Compulsory Savings Account and put to his credit in the Canteen Fund, and the tobacco, paper and matches which he had received when he entered the cell block, valued at \$1.50, was charged against his canteen fund.

Jimmy stretched back on his bed and looked at the ceiling. He closed his eyes.

His mind was in a whirl. What was he doing in this place?

A year ago he'd had a good job. He'd been promoted to foreman in that small Western Ontario packing plant. But he hadn't been able to forget about her. She was in Toronto, and she was on dope. He'd gone back to Toronto with the idea that he could persuade her to break the habit, come with him where the air was fresh and clean, and where you could raise a child decently. Instead, he'd started on hash, just to prove he wasn't a square. Then Speed. That Speed, it drove you out of your mind. The luckiest thing that ever happened to him was when the police walked into the place looking for stolen goods. He'd probably be dead now if that hadn't happened. Even now, his thoughts were still fuzzy.

Well, he didn't belong in any penitentiary, he knew that. He'd worked steadily at jobs ever since he had gotten out of the Boys' School ten years ago. He had the pay receipts to prove it. But the judge hadn't paid any attention to that. There had been only one thing on the record; he'd bought a stolen guitar. He didn't know it was stolen, but he'd made full restitution and he'd got a suspended sentence. That was back in 1965. He'd held a number of jobs, but every time he changed jobs, it was for better pay, more responsibility. The job in the specialty metals place was probably the best. He'd made really good money there, bought a car and everything.

Anyway, he had nobody to blame but himself for the mess he was in now. He knew in his heart that she wouldn't have gone back with him, even before he went to Toronto. He wondered how she had made out in court. How was the baby? Her mother was looking after the kid. Christ, what a mess!

Twenty seven months to serve, and there were a couple more charges still pending. Trafficking. What would it all finally add up to? How much time off for statutory remission and earned remission? When could he come up for parole? They'd let him know soon.

"Do not serve time, let time serve you" it said at the top of the pink card. Well, by God, he'd show them. He'd get up his schooling, and he'd try to get enrolled in some metal-working course. You need grade 12 to get anywhere in the world, and though he'd reached grade 10 before he left school, he'd better be smart and go back to grade 9. It'd been a long time ago, and they talk about this "new Math", better find out about that. No, sir; he wasn't going to turn out like the rest of them. He'd do his time, keep his nose clean, get his grades up and take a vocational course in metal-working. They're supposed to have some pretty good courses.

Warkworth, that's the place to go. Everybody says it's another world after K.P. They really try to help you there. And it's only an hour or so from Toronto. Maybe Mom can come up and visit me there. Maybe ^{my old woman} she can come too, and bring the baby. But will she come? Do I want to get involved with her again? I love her, alright. But I might as well admit it; I'm not going to cure her. And she can destroy me. If I go back to her, I'm really done. Oh, Christ! Oh, Christ!

The eight-thirty bell sounded. Jimmy crawled under the blanket to spend his first night in a penitentiary cell. He was exhausted by the day's events, and soon fell into a heavy sleep.

Jimmy had arrived on a Thursday, the usual day for Toronto arrivals. He woke Friday with the morning bell, dressed quickly, tidied up his cell, and was ready when the line filed out for breakfast. There were a lot more in the line this morning; other guys going through the Reception. Some of them said they'd been there six or eight weeks. Jimmy hoped he wouldn't have to hang around that long. He knew what he wanted. He was ready for Warkworth.

But that day, he spent most of his time in the cell. There was a break for "Yard Up" between 8 a.m. and 8.45 a.m., when he walked around in the snow outside with the rest of the C-Block inmates, and in the afternoon they were taken over for an hour or so to the combination gym and auditorium where they could play cards or ping pong or watch television. They could also visit the library, which was near the gym. Jimmy went to the library and looked for books on metal-working. The librarian, in civilian clothes, helped Jimmy locate some texts, and talked to him in a friendly way. Jimmy told him about his plans to get his grades up and study metal-working. "You tell that to the classification officer", the librarian advised. "If you really want to help yourself, you'll get a lot of support around here."

Jimmy began to feel almost good as he made his way back with the others to C Block. The oppressive atmosphere of the grey stone building, with its barred steel doors every few feet, tiny cells and barred windows with a vista of high stone walls and grey sky when you looked out was hard to fight against. But he kept telling himself: "I don't really belong in here. It's my own damned fault. And it's up to me to prove that I don't belong in here."

Back in his cell after dinner line-up, Jimmy listened to the radio with his ear-phones, switching from CB, C. to the local private station, and then even ^{the} tried the French station out of boredom. After "The World at Six" on ^{the} C, B, C., he abandoned the radio for one of the two paperbacks which had been handed out to him when he arrived. He fell asleep reading a dull mystery story.

Saturday was much the same as Friday, except for the movie in the gym Saturday morning. Sunday they spent only a half hour outside and then attended Chapel at 9.00 a.m. Jimmy wasn't religious, but it was something to do. The rest of the time, excepting for meal line-up, was spent in his cell.

On Monday, after "Yard Up", his group went to the Medical wing for a physical check up. It was a thorough one; heart, lungs, throat, ears, blood, blood pressure. Then it was back to the cell, with a recreation break after lunch. Tuesday, between meals, "Yard Up" and the afternoon recreation period, he read in his cell. Wednesday he went back to the Medical wing for a sample of urine after "Yard Up". Otherwise it was like Tuesday. Then he discovered he could volunteer for work, and he "put in" for a work assignment, and on Friday he worked from 9.15 a.m. to 10.45 a.m. in the vocational wing, spreading paste for reinforcement on the cardboard back strips of Department of Justice files. ~~He wondered idly whether his dossier would ever end up in such a file.~~ He wondered idly whether his dossier would ever end up in such a file. That weekend went much the same as his first weekend.

The following week, though, things began to happen. On Monday he was summoned to the Reception Centre, where the Assistant Warden who had checked him in on arrival interviewed him in a tiny room which had once been one of the cells in the

Women's Prison. The Assistant Warden looked at a paper on his desk, then said:

"I see you've got 27 months to serve. You have statutory remission of one-quarter of your sentence, and you can earn an additional three days a month remission if your behaviour is satisfactory and you don't get into trouble. That means of a total sentence of 822 days, you can get 287 days off. Since your sentence began on conviction October 27, 1970, you would come up for mandatory parole on May 16, 1971. That is providing you don't get any consecutive sentences on the charges still pending. When that's settled, we'll look at it again. But on the basis of the convictions on hand, that's your nearest release date. And, again, that depends on the way you behave here or wherever you may be posted."

Jimmy said he intended to take advantage of the chance to raise his school grades and learn a trade.

"You keep that attitude and you won't be around here too long" the Assistant Warden said. "Talk it over with your classification officer. Now, sign this sheet to indicate you've been duly informed of your mandatory parole date, and send in the next man. Good luck".

Jimmy felt that things were beginning to move. But the rest of the week went by without any further interviews, and he put in for work assignments on a couple of days and found himself back each time in the vocational wing working on the preparation of Department of Justice file folders. He spent as much recreation time as possible in the Library, too, and talked to the other newcomers from C Block who were there. The regular inmates were never allowed in the library when the newcomers were there. ~~Everybody talked about where they might be posted.~~

Collins Bay was supposed to have the best vocational courses, but like Kingston, it was enclosed by a thick stone wall. Joyceville and Warkworth were much more

modern, surrounded only by a high wire fence. You could see for miles. Warkworth was the place to go if you had any choice. It was really modern.

Then, during the third week Jimmy had interviews in succession with the academic supervisor and with his classification officer. Both were friendly and sympathetic. The academic supervisor told him that he could take school full time at Warkworth for his ninth and tenth grades. At Collins Bay they didn't have day classes past the eight grade and at Joyceville the day classes stopped at Grade 6. Beyond that, it had to be a correspondence course. You took only three subjects; mathematics, science and English, and you got an Ontario Board of Education certificate if you passed your grades. Some of the vocational courses required Grade 12 for a license, but that could be taken while you took the vocational course, and you'd get tutoring when you needed it.

The classification officer asked Jimmy about his background and his plans for the future. Jimmy didn't hold much back. His father had left his mother when Jimmy was a year old and he'd never seen his father again. His mother was living with another man, and Jimmy had two half-brothers. One of them was in penitentiary, Joyceville, he thought. Jimmy had an older sister. She was married and her husband was in Kingston Penitentiary. Jimmy had been sent to Boy's School at 15 for trying to steal a car. Apart from the guitar episode he'd never been in trouble since, until he'd gotten into this mess. It was his own fault. He should never have left that good job to go to Toronto and start on drugs. He liked the job, alright, but he liked the other job he'd had in the specialty steel company, too. He liked that kind of work. He'd like to get his Grade 12 and take a vocational course in metal-working. He'd always been able to hold a job in the past, and he didn't intend to end up the way some other members of his family had.

"The first step back up the road is made when you recognize where the fault is, and you seem to have taken that step," the classification officer said. "You'll be taking some tests, and when I see the tests I'll have a better idea of just what you can do. You'll be up before the Regional Classification Board sometime soon, and we'll see if we can find the right spot for you."

Jimmy said that if there was any choice, He'd like to go to Warkworth. It was close to Toronto and maybe his mother would be able to visit him.

The classification officer said he'd see what could be done. Jimmy would find out for certain when he came before the Regional Board. In any case, he would be recommended for medium security. He called Jimmy by his first name and Jimmy felt good about that. He asked Jimmy if he had any complaints or any requests.

"I was supposed to get a set of false teeth in the Don Jail, and the day I was to get them was the day they sent me here", Jimmy said. "Is there any way I could get them now?"

"If they're not here by the end of the week, you ask for me, and I'll see what can be done", the classification officer promised. "But I expect they'll come along finally. You told the doctor, didn't you?"

Jimmy said he had.

"Well, let me know if they don't turn up by the end of the week" the classification officer concluded, "You can go now."

Jimmy went back to the C Block feeling quite elated. Things were beginning to look better.

The next day his teeth arrived from the Don Jail, and they fitted fine. Even the officer in charge of C Block said he looked ten years younger with them.

It was not until the beginning of the fourth week that Jimmy was again called with his group to the Reception Centre. This time it was to take two tests; the standard I.Q. examination and a personality test. The I.Q. test didn't take long, but the other one took more than an hour, with 427 separate questions to answer. "Take all the time you want" the clerk said. But Jimmy was among the first to finish the lengthy test. Later he heard that he'd scored above average in the I.Q. test. That made him feel pretty good.

Finally, in the sixth week, along with other members of his original group Jimmy was called before the Regional Classification Board. The group waited in an anteroom at the Reception Centre until they were called in individually. Jimmy waited until, finally: "James, you're next." He was nervous when he went through the door to face a group of six men seated around a table. They were all in civilian clothes, like his own classification officer. The chairman put him at his ease at once:

"James", he said. "I see you'd like to finish your grade 12 and take up a metalworking course."

"That's right, sir", Jimmy answered.

"Do you think you've got this drug thing licked?"

"Yes, sir", Jimmy said instantly, "I was never on the hard stuff, and I'd run a mile if I ever saw Speed again. It's murder."

There was a chuckle at the table, then the chairman said:

"Well, we'll try you at Warkworth, and I hope you make out alright."

And the interview was over.

Jimmy left for Warkworth the next day.

to be returned to K.P.

CHARACTERIZATION

When I first began to write this book, I was not at all sure of the direction it would take. I had a general idea of what I wanted to say, but I was not sure of the best way to say it. I had a great deal of material to write about, but I was not sure of the best way to organize it. I had a great deal of material to write about, but I was not sure of the best way to organize it. I had a great deal of material to write about, but I was not sure of the best way to organize it.

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Chapter III

CLASSIFICATION

When Jimmy James was selected for Warkworth, it meant that his classification officer believed, and the Regional Classification Board agreed, that he had a very good chance for rehabilitation. Jimmy had gone through the first stage of classification successfully and he had been selected for the institution which concentrated on young first offenders in the penitentiary system who were of average or above average intelligence and who were strongly motivated. Those are the basic considerations for Warkworth selections.

Jimmy had been through a battery of tests, and interviews, the results had been evaluated by his classification officer, and the classification officer's recommendation had been placed before the Regional Classification Board.

It was clear from his interviews that he did not blame anyone else for his situation but himself. It was also clear that he was anxious to make the best use of his time in prison to improve his abilities for making a living. And his tests had shown him to be of better than average intelligence, though under considerable nervous tension. Prison authorities would be very happy if most of the offenders who came to penal institutions were as hopeful material for salvage as Jimmy.

The Ontario Regional Classification Board which has the responsibility for placing new inmates in particular institutions is composed of the four assistant deputy wardens for inmate training in the major regional institutions, Kingston Penitentiary (soon to be Millhaven), Collins Bay, Joyceville and Warkworth, along with the senior classification officers of these institutions. Their meetings, usually chaired by the senior regional classification officer, take place in Kingston penitentiary on Tuesdays, with the deputy warden present.

A number of different considerations are involved in the choice of institution for each new inmate. One of the first considerations is the degree of security risk involved. A man convicted of a crime of violence or with an escape record would probably be referred to Kingston (later, Millhaven), a maximum security institution which is intended for the incarceration of people who might be likely to attempt escape, and whose presence at large in the community would represent a serious threat to the public.

Kingston, which represents a grim link with the past of walled institutions, will shortly become simply a reception centre with medical and psychiatric facilities for the other institutions and, when Millhaven develops its full capacities over the next few years, will then be closed down completely. Its passing will be symbolic of the major changes that have taken place in theories of penology over the past twenty years. Other similar ancient walled institutions like St. Vincent de Paul in Quebec, Dorchester in New Brunswick, Stoney Mountain in Manitoba, Prince Albert in Saskatchewan and British Columbia Penitentiary will similarly be phased out.

Collins Bay penitentiary, an anacronism built in the early thirties, is just about two miles beyond Kingston. It looks like something out of a Disney fairy tale with its pointed red-roofed towers and its formidable high walls. Reasonably modern inside compared to Kingston, it will likely be with us for a longer period to remind passers-by what penitentiaries were like in the 19th Century.

Collins Bay boasts the best-equipped vocational training facilities in the central region and it is here that young offenders seeking to learn a trade are sent, especially if that facility is not available at Warkworth. Also, since Collins Bay is defined as a

maximum-medium security institution, inmates who represent escape risks and who are not too old, may be sent to Collins Bay.

Joyceville is listed as a medium security institution. It lies to the east of Kingston some twenty-odd miles up the highway to Ottawa. Joyceville prides itself on its industrial production, and the type of inmate which they like to get is the older man who wants to serve his time usefully and is not likely to attempt escape or get into trouble. They don't like to get long-termers there, either. Of all the major institutions in the Ontario region, Joyceville, situated in a placid countryside, has the quietest atmosphere.

Then there are the minimum security institutions; the farm annexes at Collins Bay and Joyceville, and the forestry camps at Beaver Creek and Landry's Crossing. Here inmates are free to go about their duties with a minimum of supervision, no bars are visible and the only locks are those on the doors of the supply rooms. Inmates selected for these institutions are considered a small security risk. If they "walk away", (the term "escape" isn't even used) they are not considered as any threat to society. Inmates who have served time before, and who have had a good record on previous sentences, are likely to be assigned to such minimum security institutions, which are, of course, very coveted choices. Beaver Creek, with a capacity of 80, is almost always filled to capacity. It tends to get older men who don't want to change, fraud artists, businessmen, lawyers with fairly stable employment patterns. There is little in the way of vocational training or academic programs at these places, apart from correspondence courses.

When the Regional Classification Board (sometimes called Regional Selection Board) meets at Kingston Penitentiary it has the task of fitting a given group of new inmates into the vacancies that have taken place in the institutions through normal discharge or transfer, bearing in mind the type of institution which best meets the needs, abilities and desires of the new inmate. It also has to deal with inmates who have been deferred for further reports or who have applied for transfers from one institution to another. Quite a bit of juggling inevitably takes place to match an inmate's needs with the openings available.

Many of the older inmates do not welcome medium or minimum security. "The Pen" at Kingston has become a kind of second home to them and they don't like the lack of confinement implicit in the new type of institution. They have become "institutionalized". It is freely predicted that they aren't going to like Millhaven at all. Its modern set-up includes room-like cells with regular doors instead of bars. They won't be able to flick cigarette butts through the bars and chat with the inmate in the next cell at night.

Classification has been described as the process through which the resources of the correctional institution can be applied effectively to the individual case, and five general approaches that make up the classification process are outlined in the "Manual of Correctional Standards" issued by the American Correctional Association. It is the bible of modern penology.

These approaches are:

1. the analysis of the individual's problems through the use of every available diagnostic technique, including social investigation, medical, psychological.

psychiatric examinations, educational, vocational religious and recreational studies. The observations of custodial officers offer data of value.

2. A treatment and training program is evolved in staff conferences during or after the inmate's personal appearance before them, based upon these analyses and a frank discussion of its purpose with the inmate.

3. The program decided upon must be placed into operation.

4. It may be revised when indicated.

5. What is done for the inmate in the institution needs to be correlated with his program on parole.

In the case of Jimmy James and other new inmates, the classification process began at the Reception Centre in Kingston. The first approach was initiated there; the succeeding approaches would only come into play when they left the Reception Centre at Kingston for their next destination.

Each institution has its own reception program, and while they are all designed to take the inmate into the second and third stage of the classification process, each program takes its form from the nature of the particular institution.

At Collins Bay, new inmates from Kingston usually arrive on Friday mornings. Friday is considered a good day because it is a fairly slow day at the institution. Usually there are ten or twelve members of the new group, and they go immediately to the reception area. New clothing is allotted them there, and their old garments are taken back to Kingston. At Collins Bay they like to think that the new outfits are just a little better than the clothes doled at Kingston. In the afternoon they meet in a group with a senior custodial officer who explains the way Collins Bay

operates; its rules, regulations and facilities. They are told what is expected of them, regulations on dress and the pass system.

The Reception area is separated from the rest of the cell block area and contains a general shop and three classrooms for lectures and slide demonstrations. The new inmates will stay in this area for a week. Again, as in Kingston, the object is to endeavour to indoctrinate them and give them a chance to orientate themselves before they mingle with the general inmate population.

To a degree the conflict between the rehabilitation program and the general cynicism of the inmate population is the same in every institution; it is most pronounced, of course, in maximum security, where the older tougher inmates are concentrated.

The weekend is a free time interlude which, apart from chapel, exercise and recreation periods and meals, is usually spent in the cell area.

On Monday morning each inmate is seen by one of four classification officers who have the cumulative files on the inmates who have become their responsibility. He follows up on the interviews at Kingston and makes an individual report for the Inmate Training Board, which meets on the following Wednesday. In the afternoon they are seen as a group by the supervisor of education and the supervisor of vocational training. The supervisor of education gives them a test to determine their level of academic functioning. Both explain their respective programs.

On Tuesday morning they meet again, but this time individually, with the superintendent of education and the superintendent of vocational training. The tests of the previous day are studied along with their academic record, to determine how well the inmate is qualified for the course he may want. That

afternoon the visits and correspondence officer sees them in a group and individually if necessary. He checks the list of people who may visit and write, which was made up at Kingston, and makes sure there are no omissions.

On Wednesday, the individual inmate comes before the Inmate Training Board, which is chaired by the Deputy Warden and includes the assistant deputy warden custody, assistant deputy warden inmate training, industrial supervisor, supervisor of vocational training, the assistant warden services and supply, the supervisor of classification, with the deputy warden's clerk as secretary. The chaplains usually drop in at the meeting during the afternoon.

During the morning, the new inmates usually sit around waiting to be called while the Board deals with proposals for work changes on the part of regular inmates, and requests from instructors for security clearance on inmates working outside the walls. By the time the Board is ready to see the new inmates, usually in the afternoon, it has a clear picture of what vacancies are available in the various shop and vocational areas. Each shop has a quota of the number of inmates needed for its operation. A list is kept of the inmates seeking particular areas and this is matched up with the requests for new men. Very often, if a vacancy is not available in a requested area, the new inmate may be placed in another area until a vacancy becomes available.

The vocational training program must also be coordinated with the academic program when an inmate does not have the necessary academic qualification to obtain a certificate on passing the vocational course. So, he may spend half a day at school and the other half day in the shop so that his schooling will meet those requirements.

Both the industrial supervisor and the assistant warden-services and supply are able to make their needs known for those inmates who are not taking vocational or academic courses. So, by the end of the day on Wednesday the new inmates will have been allocated to one of three major areas; Inmate Training, (which includes school), Industries and Service & Supply. A typical break-down of the prison population for one day in February, 1971, showed 123 in inmate training, 66 in industries and 175 in Service and Supply.

On Thursday morning the new inmates are seen by the chaplains in their respective chapels. There is little dogmatic religion taught at penitentiaries today; it is the spiritual rather than the sectarian approach that is emphasized as the chaplain tends to take on the role of a family counsellor.

Thursday afternoon is free time; once every two weeks it is canteen day and a time for staff training as the inmate presents himself at the canteen for the articles which he had previously requested on his canteen form.

Early on Friday morning, just a week after his arrival at Collins Bay the new inmate moves into the general prison population and vacates his cell for the new arrival. On that day, too, he will start his vocational and academic training or he will join the industrial or service and supply inmate group.

Joyceville's reception program is more streamlined, since the emphasis in Joyceville is on industrial production with a minimum of academic or vocational frills. The induction training schedule begins with the transfer of the inmate from Kingston on Monday mornings. They are taken to the reception area where they are met by the induction training officer who tells them what is expected of them and what will get them into trouble. After checking through custody, they take a shower and

a change of socks, haircut and any extra clothing they may need. Canteen slips are made up, a booklet containing the custodial rules is given them, and they are left free for the balance of the afternoon to get acclimatized.

On Tuesday their medical record goes to the hospital, the supervisor of education sees them individually-- there are not regular classes beyond grade six at Joyceville-- and they are seen successively in group by the accountant, (explaining pay rates) the assistant deputy warden-inmate training, the industrial supervisor (who talks about the shops), the hobbycraft officer and the visits and correspondence officer. On Wednesday they make a tour of the shops in a group and learn about the physical lay-out of the institution. The senior classification officer sees them in a group and explains the classification procedure. He spells out what he can do about parole, passes, Canada Manpower and family problems. Again, in a group they meet the clerk of inmate records and the recreation officer. They are interviewed individually by the padres and the Induction Training Officer sees them again in a group.

Classification interviews usually take up most of Thursday, on an individual basis, and they are seen individually by the librarian and in group by the related training instructor, who advises them about therapy groups, public speaking courses, St. John's Ambulance courses, music, concerts, films. Someone from Canada Manpower usually comes that afternoon, too, to advise of the best prospects in various industrial fields.

On Friday morning they come before the Inmate Training Board individually, and that afternoon they move to their new cells and are shown the place of work where they will be starting on Monday morning.

Reception at Warkworth is another story completely. New arrivals usually arrive there from Kingston on Wednesday mornings. They go to the reception area, where their documents are checked and their personal effects put into safe-keeping. Their main file goes to classification. The medical file goes to the hospital. Information on visits and correspondence is forwarded to the visits and correspondence officer. Then they begin a ten-day induction training program.

From the beginning, things are different. As it is explained by an induction training officer: "First, we try to make them realize they are human beings. They lost their names and became numbers when they arrived at Kingston. So we give them their names back, and we take away the numbers. They have their names on their desks in classroom and they wear name badges. There are no numbers on their clothing. We measure them carefully and give them clothing that fits them. We stress the value of good personal appearance, that clothes should be worn properly, that they should always be clean-shaven and their shoes shined. We try to get them away from that hippie look.

"Then they begin a ten-day orientation course. It starts with a plan of the institution. We show them the best way to get from A to B. We don't talk about security. We try to instill in them the fact that they are young adults and they are expected to behave like young adults. They receive a manual on the place. We don't call it a prison. And they don't sleep in cells. They sleep in rooms, which are in housing units, not cell blocks. We avoid that whole jargon of the Pen, "jug up", "dummy up", "key up", "cons", "screws". There are no armed guards standing around, and very few security bars. Instead, we have strategically placed check points.

"We try to develop an attitude of social acceptability. Officers have name badges, and they call the inmate by name. It is not considered a sin to stop an officer to chat with him. The authoritarian military management that has always characterized penitentiaries is carefully avoided at Warkworth, without any molly-coddling.

"In the past there have been two separate and mutually antagonistic societies in the penitentiary, with a wall between; the criminal and the keeper. We are trying to eliminate that wall.

"We don't moralize with the inmate or preach at him. He was selected for Warkworth because he was of average or above average intelligence, so he knows why he is here. He's a young adult, and if he wishes to be treated as a young adult, he will be. If he gets into trouble it will only be because he wants to get into trouble. Nobody will be needling him. "

The induction training program consists of a series of 33 lectures, interspersed with five personal interviews with each new inmate. The lectures are given by department heads, who explain their own department as it pertains to the inmate. The personal interviews are on the part of the classification officer, visits and correspondence officer, inmate training officer, chaplain and medical officer. He receives a thorough medical check-up. At the end of the ten-day period he knows what is going to happen to him in a broad perspective.

He is obliged to participate in physical training as much as he is able, and attendance at church is compulsory during the induction training period. It has been found that many inmates when they first come to Warkworth would like to attend church but are afraid of ridicule on the part of other inmates. The obligation to attend avoids this, and when they join the main institution population they will find that church attendance is high. However, attendance then is voluntary.

At the end of ten days the inmate is interviewed by the inmate training board. Then he is able to express his desires about the kind of training he wants. Every effort is made to meet his request, and if this is not possible, he is told why and an alternative is offered. Sometimes an inmate aims too high for his own abilities and a more realistic appraisal is required.

The induction training period is a fact-finding period for the classification officer, too. As one explained:

"We have to know each individual to be able to help him. We try to get him to talk about himself, go back into his personal life as far as he can remember. What motivates him? We never try to tell him what may be wrong with him. It serves no purpose, and if we tell him that, he'll expect us to heal him. He has to make that discovery himself."

The objective at Warkworth is to help the inmate become involved in his own problems and their solutions, to embark on a voyage of self-discovery. The lectures are designed to provoke that kind of thinking.

Unlike the practise in other institutions, the inmate is encouraged to approach any officer for any reason of consequence. Often their first approaches are an elaborate cover-up for what is really on their minds, but as they gain in confidence with the staff, they become more candid and drop their guard. And every officer who notes something of significance in the inmate's words or in his behavior, passes the information along to the classification officer so that a pattern of behavior finally emerges and a design for the future in treating him becomes more clear.

Classification at Warkworth offers an encouraging glimpse into the future of penology.

Vol. 100, Part 1, 1970

Published by the Royal Anthropological Institute, 21, BEDFORD SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.1

Subscription price, £12.00 (US \$24.00) per volume, plus postage

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As we have noted, there are four different fields in which a penitentiary inmate may become involved during his sentence; academic, vocational, industrial and maintenance work. Theoretically, he could be involved in both academic activity and a vocational course at the same time, spending his mornings in school and his afternoons in a shop.

In fact, the nature of his activity depends on the institution to which he is assigned. And that assignment, as we have seen, depends on what he wants to do with his time in prison and how closely his desires match with the judgment of the regional classification board and the availability of space in that particular institution.

None of the institutions in a given region have programs which exactly duplicate that of another institution. Both ~~Kingston~~ ^{Millhaven} and Joyceville are industrial production institutions; Collins Bay is basically vocational and Warkworth is experimental vocational. ^{Millhaven} Kingston is maximum security, Collins Bay maximum-medium with a minimum annex and Joyceville medium with a minimum annex. Warkworth is medium with no annex. Millhaven is maximum but will eventually have both a medium and a ^{Minimum} maximum institution in the same general complex.

Because of the proximity of Queens University and St. Lawrence College and the ^{Millhaven} interest of their faculties in the problem of prisoner rehabilitation, Kingston is able to draw on their resources to a considerable extent in developing its academic program.

So the institution which might be regarded as the least likely to achieve inmate reformation is able to offer ^{an impressive} quite formidable academic program to the lifers, long-termers and generally more difficult type of inmate incarcerated there.

^{Millhaven} Schooling at Kingston is on a tutorial basis and inmates may come full-time, part-time

or for occasional course help. The program is designed to suit the inmate's needs and can take him to grade 12 and college entrance. Both Queens and St. Lawrence College conduct courses; the Queens Computer course is quite popular, and Queens often sends professors there to conduct special courses.

One evening I attended a dinner in the officers mess at which 31 inmates received diplomas for successfully completing night courses in Oral Communication and Salesmanship conducted by St. Lawrence College. I learned that Kingston inmates completed more correspondence courses than those of any other institution in Ontario. There were 200 currently enrolled in correspondence courses.

Collins Bay also enjoys the cooperation of Queens and St. Lawrence College. There, however, regular school is half-days only; inmates are expected to take vocational courses during the other half-day. In the morning, classes ~~are given~~ up to and including grade six; ^{are given} in the afternoon, grades seven and eight. Above grade eight, inmates take correspondence courses and have a permanent work assignment. If they need tutoring for the correspondence course, they can attend school in the afternoon on a pass.

While enrolment is voluntary, once an inmate enters a course, he is expected to complete it.

St. Lawrence College gives courses there in business administration and polytechnical subjects. When I visited the institution, 15 inmates were enrolled in business administration, five in polytechnical courses, and five were taking part-time courses; business administration, chemistry, civil engineering, animal husbandry and water resources.

The school enrolment at that time showed 180 inmates taking 201 Ontario Department of Education correspondence courses, eight taking 13 other correspondence courses, 20 taking St. Lawrence College first term courses and 35 taking regular half-day schooling to grade eight. English, mathematics and science are the usual courses taken.

Teaching equipment includes slide projectors, movie projectors and the usual teaching aids used in outside schools. Of the four classrooms, two are used by St. Lawrence College. While the books are the usual school textbooks, recommended reading material is of a more adult character because of the age factor, and the books are supplemented by the teacher's own material to fit the needs of the individual student. The previous summer, eight students had attended Queens on a day-pass system, and four, on educational parole, lived in Kingston. Any inmates taking correspondence courses at University level received tutoring during the day from Queens staff.

Assisting in the program, 12 teachers from McArthur Teachers College, affiliated to Queens, come to Collins Bay at various times, including one drama coach who teaches in the evenings.

The teaching methods ^{is} ~~are~~ similar to ^{that} ~~those~~ used in outside schools, excepting that it is more on a tutorial basis as in ungraded schools. ^{Penitentiary teachers face a difficult task since there is no special training available for them in Canadian colleges.} ~~There is no college in Canada which trains teachers in teaching at penitentiaries.~~ Courses are on a year-round basis, which at the institutions makes it difficult for penitentiary teachers to attend outside conferences.

An important part of the teaching goal is to keep a man's educational level up to that required to take part in the vocational education offered at the institution.

Examinations are given at the end of grade courses and periodically so that the students can check their own progress. (Obviously, cheating can be a factor and regular programming of examinations is avoided to prevent this. Also, periodically, individual inmates are brought down for a day to work in the classroom to make sure they are doing their own work and not cribbing from someone else.) ^{Should we mention this?}

In Joyceville, where the emphasis is on industrial production, day classes do not go beyond grade six. Inmates are encouraged to enter full-time employment and take whatever schooling is necessary in night courses. Three evenings a week are devoted to correspondence courses, and St. Lawrence College courses in creative writing, effective reading, TV and multimedia are taught at night. When I checked there, nine were enrolled in day courses up to grade six, 128 were taking correspondence courses and 30 taking St. Lawrence College courses.

Mr. R.
Do you
think figures
like this
serve a
useful
purpose?
Particularly
since they are
out-of-date.

The academic approach at Warkworth Institution is based on the Ontario Manpower Training and Canada Manpower Training programs. Day classes are in three different groups.

The first, pre-level, is for people with little education, ^{or who are} semi-literate or unfamiliar with English. ^{The} ^{is designed to produce} ^{cy} ~~a~~ four-month course ~~they are supposed to become~~ functional literates.

The second, ~~called~~ level three, is a program that takes from 16 to 20 weeks, and brings the student from grade six up to the end of grade eight. The basic subjects are science, mathematics and English. Anyone with less than a grade eight education takes this course.

The third, called level two, covers grades nine and ten, on an ungraded basis. Again, the subjects are science, mathematics and English, and this is a six-months course on a half-day basis. Once the student completes this course, his marks are sent to Loyalist College at Belleville, and the college issues the appropriate certificate.

Anything beyond grade ten is taken by correspondence. Inmates who take more than one correspondence course at the same time ^{may} ~~can~~ take half-days with a tutor. Some inmates take correspondence courses below grade ten.

When I visited Warkworth, ten inmates were enrolled in the pre-level, two were at level three and 26 were at level two. Eighteen students were attending school fulltime and 49 were taking half days. In the correspondence courses, nine were taking 13 courses at Queens, 33 were taking 35 technical and vocational courses, 12 were taking 20 courses up to grade eight and 86 were taking 231 courses above grade nine. Should a man be paroled before he completed his grade ten, the institution ^{may contact the} gets in touch with the appropriate Manpower Centre to enable him to finish the course "on the street".

^{and diagnostic} Before Kingston Penitentiary was transformed into a reception centre, the emphasis there was on industrial production and this will also be the case at Millhaven when it becomes fully operational.

For new inmates the vocational training is on a purely voluntary basis and is designed to ^{bring} find out their particular aptitudes. There are usually between 65 and 80 new inmates going through Reception at any given time, and the first 20 who volunteer in the morning and a similar 20 in the afternoon accompany ^{the} Industrial Training Officer Jerry Rebec to one of the vocational areas where they are put to work on ~~pretty~~ simple routines like collating printed material or putting together file folders. Since they are not likely to be in Reception for more than six weeks or so, the operation can hardly be called vocational training in the ^{way} ~~sense~~ that it becomes in places like Collins Bay or Warkworth.

Although vocational training in maximum security institutions is not offered on as comprehensive a level as in the mediums, inmates are taught skills in the shops which stand them in good stead when they leave prison.

^{an Industrial Training Officer with} Jerry Rebec, ^{at Kingston} who has a special talent for handling the toughest inmates, once carefully trained a former moonshiner in the difficult art of invisible mending. When the inmate served his sentence, he returned to his home town to set himself up as an invisible

^{the tailors in town} and later reported to Rebec that he was doing far

A special group of inmates in the maximum security prisons is kept segregated from the rest of the population, either for their own protection or because they are regarded as dangerous troublemakers. These men remain in their cells 23¹/₂ ~~xxx~~ hours of every day, working there on a voluntary basis making cell slippers. These are pre-cut from cow-hide and delivered to the men in their cells for them to lace up. The inmates can earn remission on their sentence as well as ~~pay~~ an allowance and may eventually be returned to the general prison population.

A second "segregated" group consists of inmates who are considered "stool pigeons" or "squealers" by the population, or who are obvious homosexuals or child beaters or men convicted of sexual crimes against children. The tougher inmates ~~population~~ in the maximums have their own brutal form of justice that they mete out to the "undesirables". These are carefully separated, eat their meals first, go to the shops first and return to their cells first, so that they will not come in contact with the general inmate population. Even so, occasionally one will stray from his group and when he does, he can pay dearly for his carelessness.

The staff at Collins Bay takes justifiable pride in the vocational courses offered there. A man may apply for a vocational course at the medium-security prison if he is interested, qualifies academically, and if there is an opening in the trade course he wishes to take.

55

~~and if there is an opening in the trade course he wishes to take.~~ He applies for the course after he has talked to the vocational supervisor and learns where the openings exist. If the course is already too advanced to fit him in, he is listed for a future vacancy ~~when~~^{when} ~~it is completed~~ and a new course starts. He is placed by the Inmate Training Board which may also remove men from courses for losing interest or disrupting the shop.

Different courses require different levels of education at their completion:

Barbering requires grade 10; electronics, grade 12; machine shop, grade 10; motor vehicle mechanic^s, grade 12, metalworking, grade 8; office machinery repair, grade 10; plumbing, grade 12; pre-employment woodworking, grade 10. Along with these courses go a related training program in English, mathematics, blueprint reading and drafting that takes from three to seven hours a week.

Inmates completing the barbering course can apply for ^{an} Ontario Department of Labor interim certificate. Those completing the motor vehicle mechanic^s course can write the Department of Labor examinations at home. All can get credit for the time spent in apprenticeship schemes. Welders can take their Department of Labor examinations at Collins Bay and earn their card if they pass successfully.

^{An} ~~The~~ electronics course was set up by Bell Canada last year and already two men have passed the course, obtained their release and found jobs with Bell.

The chief problem with the vocational program at Collins Bay, and it is a common problem with penitentiaries in Canada and around the world, is to find inmates who are capable and willing to learn. Generally, they lack motivation. Those who have made the effort usually find it worthwhile. Some who have taken the motor vehicle mechanics course have obtained a five year credit with one year's effort. A few have obtained excellent jobs "on the street". One ^{man} now has a responsible job with Alcan, another

is a foreman at General Electric.

Most popular courses at Collins Bay are metalworking, motor vehicle mechanic, welding and electronics. The machine shop ^{the longest course, takes 50} is a four year course and ^{is} not popular.

A breakdown of the vocational training statistics when I visited Collins Bay showed 15 men taking barbering, 11 taking electronics, five in the machine shop, 17 in motor vehicle mechanics, 14 in metalworking, 11 in office machinery repair, nine in plumbing, nine in engineering. ONIT

Joyceville, like Kingston, is mainly an industrial shop operation, and offers only limited vocational training. ~~(When I visited that institution, there were nine inmates taking a barbering course (the institutions are all heavy on barbering courses for some reason) 19 taking vocational courses in the auto body repair shop, seven in the general shop and five working in hobbycraft, which as in Kingston, is listed as vocational training at Joyceville.)~~ So, [≡] actually less than 10 percent of Joyceville's then 409 population were engaged in vocational courses, in the summer of 1971.

Warkworth, again, is different from the other institutions in its approach to vocational training. There ~~they have combined~~ ^{has been combined} training and production on the theory that the separation of vocational training from industrial production in the past has led to a conflict between the two activities.

The first phase of training is called Saleable [≡] skills. Its objective is to teach a man certain phases of an operation in a short time, like finishing, sanding, clamping and gluing in cabinet-making. It won't make him a cabinet-maker but it will provide him with a saleable skill if his sentence is shortened by parole. In this modular type approach he takes related training at the stage needed for the level of industrial training he is

receiving. The object is to teach a man to fill a variety of jobs, so mathematics, blueprint reading and other related skills are taught on a general basis rather than for a particular skill. Thus the inmate begins his course in a pre-employment atmosphere for a six-weeks basic training period. Then he enters the industry sector and works until he reaches a six-month level. He can repeat these six-months periods until he completes his course or obtains a number of saleable skills. Training assessments are made at the completion of each period.

Trades training courses offered at Warkworth include service station management, automotive repair, machine shop, barbering, metal industries, cabinet making, upholstering, welding, industrial spray painting and furniture finishing, training aids technicians, industrial safety, stationery engineering, meat cutting, line cooking, diet cooking, and baking, bookkeeping.

With the exception of barbering, the training program is set up so that a man can join the program at any time. In barbering, eight candidates are accepted at one time. If more than that number apply, those with the shortest time to serve are given preference. Automotive training is split into certain areas where they can obtain Ontario Department of Labor certification; small motor repair, front end alignment, service station attendant, automotive electronics. Completion of all the courses here can lead to ^{the} Class A certificate.

If the response in ^{any} ~~a given~~ trades course is not sufficient, the course is not given.

It is up to the individual to take the necessary correspondence course that will qualify him at the grade required ^{in order to} ~~Otherwise he will not~~ ^{obtain} get his certificate.

A strong effort is made to keep the people working as close to an eight-hour day as possible so that they will be able to meet outside standards. *This is often difficult because of the necessity to maintain time-consuming security precautions. Also, many of the men are only marginally motivated and do not always work to their full ability.* ... 10

The inmates conduct their own industrial safety program. While I was there I observed two inmates making a check; one with a camera taking photos of a possible safety hazard in the upholstery shop, the other making notes.

All of the institutions have industrial programs, but ^{Millhaven} ~~Kingston~~ and Joyceville employ the largest number of inmates in them. At ^{Millhaven} ~~Kingston~~ the print shop, shoe shop, tailoring, mail bags, carpenter shop, paint shop, machine shop and canvas shop employ a total of slightly more than half of the prison population. (When I was there, of the inmate population of 631, 230 were employed in the industrial program. Another 179 were involved in maintenance, with 54 in food services, 18 in institutional services, nine in power and utilities and 22 in works activities; carpentry, metal shop, paint, masons, garage and general labor.)

OMIT

At Joyceville the industrial program includes furniture repair, gym equipment manufacture, industrial metal, industrial paint, shelving and tailoring, and some 113 of a total inmate population of 409 were employed in these areas when I was there. Another 238 inmates were employed in maintenance activities.

At Collins Bay, the industrial program, which includes carpentry, upholstery, painting, sheet metalwork, employed 66 inmates, while the service and supply division, which covers maintenance, required 175 inmates.

Even at Warkworth, with its heavy emphasis on the rehabilitation program, the maintenance staff numbered 143 of a total inmate population of 297, with 105 in training and production, 25 at school and another 24 going through induction training.

While the emphasis today in the federal penal system is strongly along the lines of reformation and rehabilitation, the obstacles which this correctional program must

overcome are formidable. Some of these obstacles are built into the institutional system, and there seems no easy way to overcome them as long as large groups of offenders are gathered together in one place under close custody.

The Department of the Solicitor General is well aware of these problems. Recently ^{it} commissioned a study of "Prison Industries in the Canadian Penitentiary Service", which was completed in January, 1970, by an American economist, Dr. Robert Evans, Jr., under the auspices of the Canadian Corrections Association.

The Evans Report studied prison industries in the context of the over-all objectives of reform and rehabilitation, made some penetrating criticisms and offered some provocative proposals.

The report has not been released for public use. Working groups at the Ottawa and regional headquarters and in institutions have reviewed this study for a Departmental Committee with the objective ^{of} determining which proposals are practical of adoption in operations. Pilot projects incorporating some of these proposals have recently been undertaken at several institutions to try out their suitability in a correctional program. It is too soon to assess the results.

The recommendations categorize into four main groups, employment training; inmate motivation and incentives; business elements; and organization. Many of the recommendations are non-industrial in nature, bearing on the objectives and policies of other divisions of the penitentiary and parole services. It has become increasingly evident that innovations from traditional operations which the report recommends can only be accomplished over a period of time by further pilot testing in operations, by evaluation of the results, and by co-ordinated administrative study and action.

At this point Mr. McLaughlin suggests we cut Johnstone's last pages and insert the two paragraphs prepared by Mr. McLaughlin, because the Evans Report is still confidential.

taking adult re-training courses. It concluded that the goal of the Penitentiary Service should be ^{to ensure that ex-inmates do not return to prison} ~~the maximization of the number of months of freedom for released offenders,~~ and that programs be established and evaluated in terms of their contribution to that goal. It noted with approval that the Warkworth Institution program explicitly aimed at this objective.

Looking at labor market influences, Dr. Evans concluded that major educational and work-training programs should be consistent with broad long term developments in the Canadian economy, and that provision should be made for short term courses to meet regional skill shortages as determined by Canadian Manpower Offices. He felt that the equipping of each inmate with a minimum of a vocational grade eight prior to his release should have a high priority. He recommended that agriculture, tailor operations, shoe and canvas operations should be phased out as they ^{have} ~~had~~ little application to outside work opportunities. On the other hand he felt that training opportunities should be expanded in newer manufacturing areas, service, and white collar type occupations.

Dealing with the thorny question of inmate motivation, a major stumbling block to most rehabilitation programs, Dr. Evans felt that motivation among inmates should be sought through an emphasis on individual growth factors instead of "dissatisfiers" such as the redundant canvas industry in maximum security and the ^{forestry} ~~pointless-forestry~~ ^{agricultural operations} and farming activity of minimum security. He emphasized the positive influence of an enthusiastic and dedicated vocational or industrial supervisor. He recommended that school and work training be broadened in the direction of white collar and service-type occupations and he emphasized the need for a greater assurance of inmate placement in

training situations of his own choice. Inmate programs should include subsidiary goals which can be the basis for promotion, additional freedom, and eventually parole. His final proposal concerning motivation was that the basic inmate pay rate should be the minimum wage. He admitted that he could find little support for this proposal among instructors and supervisors though about 60 percent agreed that an inmate pay up to \$2.00 per day in contrast to the present top pay of 65 cents a day would improve inmate morale. He also recommended a group incentive system.

Dealing with marketing policy, Dr. Evans recommended that the number of items produced by Industries should be reduced ~~in number~~ ^{provided through the} for more efficient production and that the training characteristics ~~of each item of production~~ ^{of each item} should be the chief determining factor in ~~deciding~~ ^{determining} whether to produce it. While the principal sources of markets should continue to be governmental and non-profit groups, he felt that the limitation on sales to private citizens should be removed, and products should be sold at market prices. A formal grievance system could be set up to handle any complaint by ~~outside groups~~ of unfair competition, ^{by outside groups}.

Some fifteen proposals were involved in the final section of the Evans Report, dealing with organization, and while most of them fall outside the scope of this survey, some are relevant. ^{He proposed that since Works, Service and Supply} ~~He proposed that the essential similarity of work-training opportunities and Industries Divisions all offer similar opportunities for job training,~~ and deficiencies in Works, Service and Supply, and Industries in penitentiaries be ^{greater integration and cooperation in these areas should be encouraged,} recognized and that appropriate cooperation and integration be undertaken. He suggested that inmate jobs should be classified according to the Dictionary of Occupational Titles and that the extent of training in these jobs in an institution should be compared ^{that in} to similar jobs outside and that steps be taken to bring the institutional jobs into conformity with

outside practises. Support activities and jobs which provide the inmate with little useful training or work experience should either be enlarged to provide meaningful experience or inmate labor should be replaced by hired hourly employees. He ^{advocated} proposed the appointment of a regional inmate personnel officer with duties similar to those of a personnel officer in any concern and that pre-employment and related trades instructors should be seen as integral parts of the industrial program. This latter point seems already to be in effect in the Warkworth program.

Dr. Evans

He pointed out that the rate of inmate turnover and the length of tenure in the industrial shops ^{do not permit} ~~are not conducive to~~ adequate training and recommended that efforts should be made to reduce turnover and increase the median period of inmate tenure. And, finally, he suggested that an explicit list of inmate work habits which are desired should be drawn up and programs to achieve them should then be implemented. Officer work habits and attitudes, he observed, are probably more important in developing good habits among inmates than are formal programs.

Many of the Evans Report recommendations are in line with practises in the most advanced penal institutions elsewhere in the world. It is doubtful though that the Canadian public, just getting used to the idea of rehabilitation for offenders as opposed to punitive sentences, would be prepared to go along with the idea of a minimum wage system, though this is presently in effect in sheltered workshops for handicapped people.

Inmate motivation, the key required to unlock the door of rehabilitation, is not easy to find, buried as it is beneath the debris of the human lives represented by so many inmates. And the built-in conflict between the labor demands of an institution and its program of training designed to effect rehabilitation is very real and not easy to settle. That conflict makes the task of stimulating inmate motivation just so much harder.

In the past ten years the Penitentiary Service has made major strides in coming to grips with this problem. And, properly, it starts its program with new officers entering the service.

~~Surely we must say what
we have doing about the
Evans Report. There's a
lot of work going on in
inter etc. L by J. McLaughlin~~

Mr. McLaughlin is checking over the section
on industrial training and is preparing a
footnote paragraph on implementation of the Evans
Report.

CHAPTER 9

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CRISIS

It was long held recognized that the only alternative to a negotiated settlement of the constitutional crisis was to rely on force to impose the will of the majority. In particular, those individuals who were in direct contact with the military, the police and the courts which were under direct control of the federal government, were the only individuals who could be relied upon to enforce the will of the majority. The only individuals who could be relied upon to enforce the will of the majority were the military and the police. The only individuals who could be relied upon to enforce the will of the majority were the military and the police.

One of the most important events in the history of the Canadian constitutional crisis was the October 1982.

The first to have a public debate on the constitutional crisis was the Prime Minister, Mr. Pierre Trudeau. He was the first to have a public debate on the constitutional crisis. He was the first to have a public debate on the constitutional crisis. He was the first to have a public debate on the constitutional crisis.

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CHAPTER V

THE CORRECTIONAL OFFICER

It has long been recognized that the most advanced and enlightened program of rehabilitation and reform is only as good as the people administering it and, in particular, those individuals who are in daily contact with the inmates. In the major changes which have taken place in the Canadian penitentiary service since the Archambault Report signalized the movement to modern penology in Canada, the founding and development of the Correctional Staff College has been and continues to be a vital factor as an instrument for these changes.

One veteran officer recalls how it was when he joined the penitentiary service in October, 1932:

"You had to have a public school education, grade 8, and you had to be in good physical shape. Those were the main requirements. If you'd been in the army, that was a point in your favor. The service was run along army lines; the superintendent and a lot of the top brass were old army types, and there was army discipline.

"I was hired by the superintendent, on the recommendation of the warden. He gave me an interview that lasted about an hour and a half. Then I went home, and about two months later I was told that I'd been hired. My salary was \$100.00 per month, with a ten percent deduction. You got paid once a month. I was temporary staff, and I remained on temporary staff for six years. I didn't have a uniform for three months.

"The first day I was assigned to the cells as an observer. The next day I was put in charge of inmates. I was given six inmates in a work gang to clean up the yard.

Boy, was I green! But I was lucky. There was one old inmate, called Mike. He'd been in Kingston for about fifty years. When it came about eleven that first morning, he came over to me and said: "Young man, you're supposed to be standing over by that shanty right now." So I just did what he told me.

"I remember another time, as we were leaving the cell block. He came up and whispered. "You'd better slide down to 22. The door's still open." He sure kept me out of a lot of trouble.

"Our hours were from seven in the morning till six at night, seven days a week. I had to get up at six so I could be at the penitentiary for roll call at 6.50 a.m. I worked from October in 1932 to April, 1933, before I got my first day off, and I didn't know what to do with myself when I got it. The routine didn't vary much. You supervised the breakfast parade and then took the morning count, when they were back in their cells eating breakfast. At eight, the cells were opened again and the men came out. You picked up your work party and went out in the yard with them till 11.30 a.m., then you took them direct to the kitchen for the lunch, back to the cells for another count. Then you picked them up again at 1.00 p.m., and back out in the yard till 4.30, in to the kitchen, back to the cells for the last count. When that was verified, at 6.00 p.m., you were relieved and the night staff came on.

"You learned on the job, and if you had a good officer over you, you learned faster. There were some excellent officers, who went out of their way to teach you. I got my first holiday, two weeks, in November, 1933."

Another veteran recalls his first day on duty. The keeper told him:

"Sit down, and read those standing orders."

When he'd read them, he stood up. The keeper said:

"Sit down, and read them again."

Then he was taken out, given a rifle, and posted on a tower over the south-west gate.

The gate opened with the turning of a wheel in the tower. It reminded him of a medieval castle. The keeper shouted up to him: "Spin that wheel and open the gate when I tell you. Keep your rifle handy. Close it when I say." It was real "on the job" training. And if you didn't learn quickly, the warden would send you "down the road" in a minute.

The procedure is radically different today. All new applicants for custodial officer posts are contacted through Canada Manpower, and applicants must have grade 10 schooling. The applicant is interviewed by three senior penitentiary officers, including the assistant deputy warden, custody. Then he is given a physical examination and is fingerprinted to assure that he has no criminal record. If the interviewing officers consider him a suitable candidate, the regional staffing officer will inform him of the date at which he should appear at the Correctional Staff College for his Induction Training Course as a custodial officer.

The class is usually made up of 24 recruits. The course lasts six weeks, during which time the recruits take 196 periods of instruction, each of three-quarter hour duration. It covers such subjects as the organization and administration of the service, an introduction to correctional training, custodial procedures, supervision of inmates, inmate discipline, personality dynamics, first aid training, training with rifle, revolver, riot shotgun, emergencies, gas and riot procedures. Physical training and unarmed combat techniques are taught and the duties and functions of a grade one correctional officer are spelled out.

During this period he will have visited various institutions in the area and he will have seen a variety of films and film slides illustrating each phase of the course. The course runs for seven hours each day, with between five and six hours spent in the classroom.

On the first day his personal file will be documented, he will be issued a stock-size uniform and he will be measured for a tailor-made uniform. New recruits, particularly those from outside the immediate area, usually stay at the Staff Training College where their austere bedrooms will prepare them for prison surroundings. On the second day he meets the regional director or his deputy, the school director and the co-ordinator of occupational training. Then classes begin in earnest. At the end of the six-weeks period (which will be extended to eight weeks in the near future) he is ready for posting to an institution. From that point on, it is up to his own initiative as to his progress in the penitentiary service. Usually, within the first year it is reasonably clear whether a new recruit is destined for development or whether he will remain in custodial work only. But at this point he is qualified as a CX1 or EX2. The numbers 1 and 2 indicate qualification for minimum or medium-maximum security institutions. work in towers, cages, catwalks and in common rooms. The next upward rating, CX3 and CX4 indicate officers who supervise inmates.

When the newly-qualified CX1 or CX2 presents himself at the institution where he has been posted, he starts with the personnel officer and the necessary documentation, is sworn in, and is interviewed by the warden. Then he is turned over to the staff training officer and makes a day-long tour of the institution. He is introduced to every officer whom he meets, and the function of each is explained to him. Then he proceeds to the staff training classroom where all regulations and routines are explained to

him. This process takes a full week. *has to estimate whether a post has the*

During that period, when all inmate movements take place he goes on post simply as an observer. At the end of the week the staff training officer normally assigns him to a post where there is little contact with the inmates and where there is always an experienced officer with him. He works on a three-shift basis for three weeks. The shifts are from 8 am to 4.30 p.m, from 4 pm to midnight and from midnight to 8 am. In a medium security institution he might work on the outside gate, at one of the control points within the prison, in one of the shop control positions or at the main entrance. *a general introduction to the field of correction in the area of custody.*

During the first few months he is under close observation both by the staff training officer and by other senior officers. On the basis of their assessment he may be posted on relief or be assigned permanently for a shift. When he goes to a relief training squad, the commander assigns him to various posts for training. At Joyceville, for instance, spending two months at each post, it takes three years for a new officer to cover all posts of his rank. *then, plays a vital role in indoctrinating new*

In that period his responsibility is gradually increased and his experience built up. At the end of this time he is generally considered for training to a higher rank. Often, during the program he assumes responsibilities of a higher rank, and the degree of his contact with the inmates is gradually increased. It is a continuing process as long as he is in the service, learning to assume responsibilities and make decisions.

Promotion is based on the officer's job performance, his knowledge and his capacity for leadership. Candidates for further courses at the Correctional Staff College return there on the recommendation of their squad commanders and the

assistant deputy warden-custody, who has to estimate whether a man has the capacity for growth.

The next course open to him is the Correctional Officer Course for categories 3/4. At one time this was a prerequisite for promotion, but it is no longer so. Other regular courses include Basic Administration, Advanced Administration, Training Methodology and the Induction Trades Course for people recently entered into the trades field. Occasional courses are given in Work Simplification, Radio Communication and Defensive Driving. There is also a special course for Indian personnel; a general introduction to the field of correction in the areas of custody, classification and parole.

Numerous conferences, usually of a week's duration, are also held at the Correctional Staff College. These may be for storekeepers, accountants, senior clerks, schoolteachers, deputy wardens, and are coordinated by the various division heads at Ottawa headquarters.

The Correctional Staff College, then, plays a vital role in indoctrinating new recruits with the philosophy of modern penology and in keeping older staff abreast of the latest developments and ideas in their particular branch of the service. First courses were given in 1948, at the RCMP training college in Ottawa. Then the penitentiary service obtained its own college in Kingston in 1951 and moved in 1964 to its present very efficient quarters there. The following year, a staff college was opened at New Westminster, B.C., and three years ago the Quebec Correctional Staff College was opened in Montreal.

It would seem that three such well-staffed and well-run colleges, projecting the most advanced techniques and ideas in the program of rehabilitation and reform which is at the heart of the Canadian penitentiary service, would have no major obstacles to overcome in their role as instruments for change in Canadian penology. The fact is that they are having to deal with small but well entrenched opposition within the ranks of the penitentiary service which represents the philosophy of the last century in Canadian penology. It was expressed best by one deputy warden who recently greeted a group of new recruits, fresh from the Correctional College:

"Forget what those guys told you. I'll tell you how things are done here."

When it is recalled that up until very recent years, recruits for the penitentiary service were enlisted on a fairly casual basis which included such qualifications as military service, political influence and a grade 8 education (just about the same average as the inmates) and that "on the job" training was often best administered by a sympathetic veteran inmate, it is easy to understand that the changes which have come over the Canadian penitentiary service in the last ten years or so must have been traumatic to people who were recruited and gained their basic experience in a much tougher era, when corporal punishment was commonplace and "lock 'em up and throw away the key" expressed the basic philosophy of the men who had the job of looking after the inmates.

In its own crude way, this philosophy worked. A prison was made up of two antagonistic groups. The larger group, the inmates were unarmed; the guards were armed, so they imposed their will and the inmates submitted. Everybody knew where they stood.

Of course there were other more subtle ways of running things, too. There was the "rat" system, in which senior guards worked with certain convicts and in return for privileges, had their own grapevine and knew of everything that happened or was about to happen with the inmate population. They participated in it, too. At one seamy period in the history of Kingston penitentiary, one senior guard was known among the inmate and guard population as the biggest smuggler of booze and dope in the history of KP.

New ideas were resisted bitterly. It is claimed today that a million-dollar riot at Kingston was instigated by senior guards who were out to "get" a new modernminded warden. They succeeded, too.

So, today, the new philosophy of Canadian penology as formulated by the Department of the Solicitor General and the Commissioner of Penitentiaries and given expression in the curriculum by which new staff is trained and old staff re-educated comes in sharp conflict with old practises and old habits, which die hard in the minds of people who have lived by them for twenty years or more.

True, they are a vanishing breed. But seniority of service has placed some of them in key positions, and young recruits coming into the service can have their careers blocked or frustrated by incurring the enmity of the "old guard" who think that "once a con, always a con" and that "all this new-fangled rehabilitation crap is for the birds".

Of course, it would be unfair and incorrect to assume that everyone who came up through the old school holds this out-dated concept. Just as it would be foolish to expect

every graduate of the Correctional Staff College to become an ideal correctional officer. Some of the most progressive people in the penitentiary service have decades of experience behind them. They have been able to survive an atmosphere in which progressive ideas were not encouraged and today they are able to see many of the ideas which they fought for vainly in the past being put into effect, and to be part of that new surge of progress in the penitentiary service which is epitomized in the significant change of the word "guard" to "correctional officer".

There is no doubt that the composition of the staff which makes up the Canadian penitentiary service is going through a major change. Standards have been sharply upgraded. For posts like that of classification officer, university graduates specializing in the social sciences are sought. The staff is better trained, better motivated and better paid than ever before, though the salary of a CX1 correctional officer is still \$2,000.00 per year less than that of a constable in the RCMP.

The service still has its share of cynical old-timers waiting for their pensions. It also has its share of wide-eyed young idealists who have an almost religious belief in the basic goodness of mankind, and who may be in for some rude shocks. But above all it has a solid cadre of experienced people with a basic humanity and a basic knowledge of human behaviour built up from long and intimate contact with the very special world of people in prison.

These are the men who, in the last analysis, will make the new program work. Their's is not an easy job. It's a very special world.

PEOPLE IN PRISON

In our changing attitudes about prisons and prisoners, probably the two extreme views most commonly held are, on the one hand, that "criminals" are a breed apart who should be punished for their sins against society and on the other, that "offenders" are simply victims of society who are more to be pitied than punished. The truth is that prisons contain both types of people.

Dr. George D. Scott, psychiatrist at Kingston penitentiary, in his very excellent textbook which is supplied to each new correctional officer, "Psychodynamics of the Captive", sums it up:

"There are as many kinds of prisoners as there are kinds of people. Good, bad, strong, weak, sick, well, lucky, unlucky, accidental and incidental, penitent, unashamed, ignorant and clever. "

Dr. Scott has seen more than 30,000 prisoners. He characterizes prisons as "...the medieval bastions wherein the hunted and the hunter live in a symbiotic relationship little known to the outside world but to the inmate and the correctional officer, a way of living and working which, in itself, is an exciting and cleverly waged battle for survival and dominance. "

This battle is waged between the staff, endeavouring to implement the program of the prison, and the inmate subculture which works equally hard to thwart it.

While the same basic types of people are found inside a prison as in the outside world, the nature of captivity develops its own pattern of behaviour, its own rules and regulations, customs and taboos; an inmate subculture. This is particularly true in a maximum

security institution like Kingston. At Warkworth, strenuous efforts are made by prison authorities to break up the formation of a strong inmate sub culture by breaking up its pattern, which is established along well-defined lines. Potential sub-culture leaders are carefully screened out of Warkworth by the classification process.

Dr. Scott points out that prison subculture in a maximum security institution is composed exclusively of inmates who identify with each other, have strong group loyalties and a very strict code of behaviour. An informer, stool pigeon or rat is the most despicable of all prison inmates and is completely rejected by all levels of inmate culture. His isolation and punishment are more severe than in outside society. Similarly, sex offenders and child molesters usually have to be segregated from the general prison population to protect them from the brutal justice that would be dealt them by the leaders of the subculture.

Prison society has its own well-defined levels. At the peak are the aggressive rebellious types, men who are usually serving long terms for armed robbery or assault. In this group, trouble is fomented, retaliation is directed and the tone of the inmate world is developed. There might be eight or ten such leaders in a given institution.

A second and larger level is made up of thieves, cat burglars and non-violent robbers, who become the disciples of the leaders and carry out their orders.

The third and largest group is also the least integrated and forms the base of the hierarchy. It is made up of the offenders who have the least respect of the leadership, inmates who have been convicted of arson, sexual offences or other crimes which contain a large emotional content. Other stragglers, including the marginally mentally ill, the defectives and the aged prisoners form the camp followers, mute and pathetic in their helplessness.

Then there is a special group, called by Dr. Scott the manipulators, who are the fraud and false pretenses types. They usually attempt to function with authority in privileged positions without betraying the inmate culture. But if they can betray it without detection, they will. They have no loyalty.

One of these, in a filmed interview with Dr. Scott, described with refreshing candour how he had endeavoured to ingratiate himself with a correctional officer by thanking him profusely for a quite meaningless assignment to the carpentry shop:

"Even though I don't know anything about carpentry, I will endeavour to justify your faith in me." he told the officer.

"Fellow", the officer replied, "In all my eighteen years experience in this penitentiary, you have to be the worst bullshitter I ever met."

And the inmate beamed as he told this story on himself.

The prison subcultural group operates its own civilization in a careful and observant way. Severe custodial regulations will evoke strong reaction from the inmate culture. Lax and poorly enforced regulations excite the subculture into seeking more privileges and demanding more rights. This continuous battle between authority and inmate is waged with a certain respect for fair play and loyalty. At the same time each side attempts to exploit any weakness^{less} shown by the other. A new officer, uninitiated and sincere, may be presented with a small hand-tooled leather change purse. If he accepts it, he may be later asked to bring in some playing cards. If he succumbs, he then becomes the tool of the subculture, and will be used as a messenger for all types of articles; money, alcohol, drugs.

Similarly, an inmate may be given increased privileges by the custodial staff. He, in return, may be expected to pass on relevant information on inmate activities.

It is a dangerous game and sometimes results in the inmate having to be transferred to the segregated group to protect him from inmate revenge. However, if he is resourceful, he may still be able to operate his own "rat system" with other prisoners in the general population; particularly if he is able to dispose of privileges himself.

The subculture group watch for such privileges warily. One inmate was promoted to a job driving the hot food wagon. The elite reacted immediately and strongly in protest. They felt that another inmate deserved the job.

The subculture has its own set of rules. Co-operation with custody is frowned on and an inmate who does a big day's work is immediately suspect. Yet weakness and indecision in the custodial forces is also disliked. It expects the custodial forces to live up to their promises, and it agrees with discipline if it is fair and specific. Unreasonable restrictions are handled in a careful manner. Explanations are asked. If unanswered, some part of the institution may develop a slow-down. Another part may have a small fire.

Inmates communicate with each other in a special kind of language which is the language of the underworld, including words like, screw, kip, rapping, dummy up, beef, nut, fish, diddler, coning, booster, merchant, hack, croaker, and brew. They are the rounders; the rest of the world is square. Speed of communication is remarkable. They know projected moves and new appointments long before they are announced officially, and they know of new inmates coming in and of inmate transfers when nothing is said officially.

Each side in this undeclared battle has a radar-like awareness of the other's activities. An unusually quiet dining hall over a period of days reflects trouble. "Things are too quiet", the experienced officers will report. Similarly, inmates may detect a coming cell search.

All contraband will then be quickly moved to a recently "frisked" section of the prison. A successful search might uncover small weapons like knives, hoarded food, unauthorized pills, or even a "brew" cooking away.

The inmate code is strict; no inmate ever testifies against another. The stabbing death of an officer who was locked up with 32 inmates was never solved. Yet practically every inmate in that block must have known of the struggle and death.

Inmates despise mediocrity in their own ranks. An escape attempt draws respect if it is successful. But one inmate who escaped recently was captured hiding tamely in a ditch. Formerly one of the elite he lost caste sharply when he was returned to prison. Another who escaped and was rounded up hiding in a rhubarb patch, carries the nickname "Rhubarb" to this day.

The economics of the prison subculture is based on barter, with materials used as currency. Real currency triples its value in prison. A ten-dollar bill exchanged in a kiss between a visiting wife and an inmate can cause a crisis in the prison economy, where the standard currency is based on cigarettes. Needlepoint is also valuable in barter.

Between the two opposing forces of prison staff and prison culture there are three neutral zones, the padre, the psychiatrist and the classification officer. These three areas are excluded by the inmate in his stand against authority; they are bargaining areas where a voice can be passed on. Special privileges may be requested from the padre or the psychiatrist in a manipulative way. The classification officer is allowed to pierce the inmate reserves if he has stood the test of being able to keep a confidence. Both he and the psychiatrist are tested to determine whether statements made by inmates in confidence are passed on to higher authority.

Whithin the inmate subculture there is a constant search for means of escape from the physical and emotional confines of the prison and this search finds its expression according to the individual's emotional make-up and his resourcefulness. It can involve him in a homosexual relationship, drugs, drink, or lead to suicide as the ultimate escape.

In such a closely-confined all-male society, it is inevitable that inmates should turn to other inmates for a personal affection and concern which, in some cases remains simply on a "buddy" basis and in others takes on a husband-and-wife partnership. Prison authorities do not condone open homosexual activities, and young offenders are generally separated by institution from older inmates. The days when older inmates argued about who was to claim the fresh new "fish" tossed among them seem to have passed. But some long-time associations of this nature have formed in prison and persisted after both inmates have served their time. In general, however, most heterosexual inmates who may indulge in homosexual relations in prison, revert to their heterosexual past when their sentence is served.

Drugs offer another form of escape from grim reality. Dr. Scott points out that the inmate is an impatient man. He has neither the motivation nor the stability to accept opportunities to change based upon his intellectual resources. He turns to his own devices and searches out immediate and available methods which will allow him to escape from his world for a few short hours.

He first appears on sick parade and recites all the symptoms of anxiety in the hope that sedative drugs will be prescribed. If he succeeds, his problem is over for he can balance symptoms and improvement to maintain an authentic relationship with the medical department.

However, if he is disappointed there, he will try to find other inmates who are saving their "pills", and he can barter for the medication he prefers. Or, if he knows a sympathetic officer he may be able to secure the desired pills from the outside. Visitors sometimes do this for him.

Drugs in the prison world are often selected by the inmates for their secondary effects. An epidemic of hemorrhoids suddenly broke out in one penal institution. The condition was treated with hot baths, suppositories, and external salve, "Gall et Opii" ^{sintment} ointment. The medical officer, investigating this curious epidemic, found that the inmates were spreading the ointment on bread to get an opium lift.

The sick parade may contain dependent inmates seeking release from their anxieties. It may also include inmates with artificial complaints who are seeking drugs to use as currency in the prison barter system, or others who will magnify their complaints in order to hoard their medication against a future date when some problem such as parole turn-down may make reality unacceptable. The line-up will also include prisoners using the occasion as a means of establishing contact with segregated inmates. With them, the complaints are manufactured and the prescriptions are of secondary importance.

When a new or substitute medical officer appears, sick parades with their demands for drugs enlarge rapidly in numbers. The inmate subculture knows that it can take advantage of the medical officer who has prescribed only for his general practise.

But it is drink to which man has turned from earliest times for solace and forgetfulness, and the inmate is truly traditional in this respect. Besides, the production of alcohol in prison represents the ultimate defiance of authority. It requires days, weeks, months of thought, connivance, planning. Alcohol must be manufacture from prison supplies. The essences are bread, breakfast food, cereals and potatoes, combined with yeast.

The yeast is carefully guarded when bread is made in the kitchen. But sometimes bread which hasn't completely risen will contain enough unused yeast to start a batch brewing.

The problem of container has to be solved, and the location is important. It has to be in a spot which is not likely to be discovered in a routine search. The fermentation process has obvious complications. The smell of warm yeast, the dullness of carbon gas, and the attraction of the fruit fly to fermenting brew are all hazards to be solved. Observant custodial officers can locate batches of brew simply by watching for an increase in the fruit fly population.

The kitchen is a favorite spot for the manufacture of brew, since all the ingredients are handy and there are fans and ventilation ducts to waft away telltale odours. So it becomes a favorite area of search as holiday time approaches and the staff know that a brew or more is being prepared for it.

The skilled brew-maker may prepare as many as three batches at the same time, two of which he expects to be found and the third concealed in a place representing his best planning. Practically every custodial officer with any experience can recount numerous instances of amazing inmate ingenuity in the preparation and concealing of the forbidden brew. One time in Kingston a five-gallon batch had been installed in a canopy over the stove, safely out of sight and, more importantly, out of smell since it was in the exhaust system. Nobody could figure out the engineering feat which enabled the inmates to secure it in place.

Another time a brew was detected ^{Delicately} ~~carefully~~ suspended in the centre of a carefully-stacked pile of hundred-pound sacks of flour. It had been exactly calculated when the depletion of the flour sacks would uncover the brew, which would be ready for consumption

at that point. An eleven-day brew is considered prime, though some types of brew can be consumed after seven days, others after nine. But eleven is vintage.

One old inmate called Willie who had the run of the kitchen at Kingston, used to keep a modest brew going in a small cupboard right under the noses of the officers. Willie was always first up in the morning preparing coffee for people coming on duty and he was always the last to leave the kitchen. He was a gentle, kindly soul and one day when an officer opened the cupboard door and discovered the brew he simply closed the door again and said nothing. Willie never got drunk, never got out of line. He was left to sip his brew in peace.

Willie was lucky. Most brews are confiscated and poured down the drain on the spot. Some have been treated even more drastically, by the addition of strong purgatives. Once, in Dorchester, the reaction was so drastic that a number of inmates had to be hospitalized. And once, in the same penitentiary, a dead rat was added to the brew, only to be discovered when the inmates had drunk most of it. They were violently ill on the spot.

One warden stated recently that when the brew problem came up in his institution, he usually added vinegar to the orange juice to stop the master brewers from making whiskey with it.

Sometimes inmates concoct a drug and alcohol combination with potent effect. A favorite barbiturate, Tuinal is normally a sedative. The pills are called "bombers" by the inmates, for with them, they can get "bombed" with less "booze". Nodular, another drug, together with a drink of alcohol make a potent combination which is sometimes used "on the street" to "roll a mark". One shot of gin mixed with 600 milligrams of nodular is guaranteed to put the man soundly to sleep in half an hour. They all add up to escapes from reality.

A far more dangerous means of escape from reality is sometimes found in the chemicals and poisons that are necessary in an institution that stores food, services motor vehicles and carries out trade functions in plumbing, printing and other industrial processes.

Chemicals and chemistry, their combinations and effects are not known by the average inmate. He hears anecdotes, listens to hearsay stories and may, in his desperate loneliness, search for and find some chemical to solve his temporary anxiety.

Shellac is a favorite drink for some. They take a loaf of bread, cut the crusts off both ends and strain the shellac through the centre of the bread, drinking the liquid which comes out at the bottom. But the connoisseurs are careful to drink only orange shellac. One who has been a consistent resident of Kingston since 1926 warns: "Don't touch the white shellac. It's a different chemical, and it's poisonous."

So are many other chemicals around an institution. But inmates from time to time drink them. Carbon tetrachloride, used in dry cleaning and in cleaning typewriter keys, is lethal. One inmate found four bottles of it, drank them, and died six days later. Two other inmates died after consuming a half bottle of anti-freeze which they had drained from a compressor. They lasted seven days before their livers were completely desintegrated. Another young inmate is still in Kingston, blinded for life, after drinking some denatured alcohol which he stole from the paint shop.

Other concoctions are not necessarily lethal and produce the disturbed state that the inmate is seeking. The spice nutmeg when taken in a teaspoonful dose and swallowed with a little hot water produces a state which experienced inmates claim to approximate a

marijuana trip. Another spice, mace, is equally potent when ground up and taken internally. If taken as oils, they can be fatal.

Mice pellets contain strychnine in small doses. A lethal dose of strychnine is a grain and a half but a mouse pellet contains about 1/1000 of a dangerous dose. So inmates find that if they take 400 mouse pellets they get just enough strychnine to stimulate the brain without causing death. They become intoxicated and go into partial convulsions.

There are inmates who combine mace and mice pellets. Others sniff gasoline, which is extremely toxic if inhaled for any length of time. The acetone in glue has a similar intoxicating effect. And cake shoe polish has its devotees. The cake is first squeezed through a sock to soften it up. Then it is mixed with water and strained through a number of cloths. Some fussy inmates mix it with orange juice.

Turpentine has been used as an injection into the leg to produce a period of mental confusion and disorientation. Usually the injected area sloughs off in a most painful manner during the following two or three weeks.

In general, any liquid or solid chemical which has any of the characteristics of alcohol may be used to escape reality. The inmate doesn't question the price.

When it is realized how casually the inmate treats his own life in his attempts to seek release through drugs and chemicals, the wonder might well be why so relatively few seek the ultimate release of suicide. In a prison like Kingston where some 200 inmates of a population of 800 are suffering from some degree of mental illness, there are bound to be many inmates who decide that they cannot stand their situation any longer.

Nor are the mentally ill patients the only potential suicides. The angry or emotionally upset people may also decide that they can tolerate their situation no longer. Two recent

suicides at Kingston were not psychiatric cases at all. They were people who became angry and emotionally upset and hanged themselves without any previous warning, either through symptoms or direct communication with the staff. Their suicides came as a complete surprise to everyone, even to other inmates.

Suicides usually take place at night, when everything is quiet and delays in reaching the inmate are likely. Sometimes attempted suicides are deliberately staged to gain attention. One inmate made some fifteen hanging attempts at his own life over a period of years. Each time he was discovered and cut down before he could strangle. Each attempt was made at the same time, just before the officer on duty checked the cell. But one night the officer was delayed in his check, just five minutes. Just time enough for the attempted suicide to be finally succesful.

Correctional officers are required to be alert to changed moods in inmates. This is particularly so with psychiatric patients. Of the three major types of mental patients, schizophrenic, paranoiac and manic depressive, it is the latter group which is likely to produce the suicide. The schizophrenic inmate is quiet, withdrawn lost in his own world. The paranoiac is suspicious of everyone else and more likely to attack someone than to take his own life. But the manic depressive alternates between great periods of activity and great periods of depression. It is in this latter stage that he can take his own life. When he becomes very quiet and extremely uninterested, the alert officer reports this fact to the psychiatrist.

An inmate in this state can usually be treated with electric shock, which is effective in warding off suicide. The treatment works through the shock effect on the brain, so that the mind of the patient is relaxed and the depressive ideas disappear.

It usually takes from four to six treatments to bring a person out of his depression. Then he is observed for approximately one week and after that sent back to the prison population. Because they have a cyclical or changing illness, depressives do not remain long in hospital, and consequently can return to work after the cycle of depression has run its course.

But, according to Dr. Scott it is not the suicide or even the psychotic or neurotic inmate who presents the greatest problem to the correctional officer and the program which he works to implement. The greatest problem is the sociopathic personality, for he makes up the largest single group in the inmate population.

A sociopathic personality does not have a mental illness; he has a disturbance in the way he interprets reality; a character disorder which makes it hard for him to get along with others. Such a man generally cannot function in a normally organized social group. Because he resents rules, regulations, and controls by other s or something other than himself, his attitude towards others and towards social institutions is usually rebellious.

People with character disorders frequently have a great deal of anger. But unlike the neurotic type of person who makes himself jittery or tired, or the paranoid person who develops feelings of persecution, sociopathic personalities make trouble. They are chronic misbehavers. And the chronic misbehavior in society is always in trouble with the police for he is always looking for laws to break. Sociopathic people have invariably been raised in homes where they received no real love and affection. They have been brought up on a philosophy that they have to fight for what they want, and they have to get what they want when they want it. Because they are basically irritable and demanding, sociopathic personalities in institutions have to be watched most of the time.

The character disorder of the sociopathic person also involves an inability to identify with other people. As children they were usually so psychologically damaged or so isolated that, in adult life, they are not able to trust people at all. Because they can not identify with people, there are only a few individuals that the person with a character disorder can trust. But those he trusts are not people like his mother or father; they are people just like him.

Sociopathic youngsters, as they grow up, go through a phase in which they are bullying and aggressive; they steal, they have poor attendance at school, and they eventually end up in trouble with the law. And in the process, they discover that they get along well with anyone who is just like them. So, people with a delinquent background, with a fundamental dislike of their parents, with a rebellious attitude towards rules and regulations, gravitate toward each other. Their similar backgrounds and values, which marshal them against organized society, cause them to identify with people like themselves. And, when they end up in penal institutions, they make up a single cohesive unit of "rounders" who ~~like~~ as a majority group form the backbone of the prison subculture.

So this, in general, is the over-all pattern of prison population which modern penology is trying to penetrate and break up. It exists to a greater or lesser degree in every penal institution in every country in the world. And it raises the profoundly disturbing question which has nagged penologists since Alexander Maconochie, a retired naval captain, in 1840 took over a penal settlement at Norfolk Island near Australia and introduced sweeping reforms which sound revolutionary even today. Is the institution the answer or even a partial answer to the problem of crime? What are the alternatives?

CHAPTER VII

WHEN A MAN GETS OUT

Norfolk Island was a penal colony established at the turn of the 19th. century some 900 miles northeast of Sydney, Australia. Here the most incorrigible convicts shipped to Australia from England were segregated. At first a tropical paradise, soon it became a hell-hole. In 1834, a Catholic priest, Dr. Ullathorne, who had been sent there to console some men before their execution for taking part in a rebellion, reported:

"It is a remarkable fact that as I mentioned the names of the men who were to die, they one after the other, as their names were pronounced, dropped on their knees and thanked God that they were to be delivered from that horrible place while the others, those to be reprieved, stood mute and weeping. It was the most horrible scene I ever witnessed. "

It was here that the retired naval captain and co-founder of the Royal Geographic Society, Alexander Maconochie came in 1840, first to make a report on conditions and then to become superintendent of the penal settlement. He immediately issued a new set of regulations which were considered revolutionary. He dismantled the gallows and removed the protective bars from his own residence. He abolished rules that required convicts to "cringe" before the guards and he bade them to "stand up like men". He reduced the use of the lash, held open court on violations of prison discipline, refused to accept anonymous denunciations. He reorganized the prison body, weeding out the hopeless criminals and forming the others into working teams of woodcutters, carpenters, and farmers. He permitted the teams to live in camps outside the prison settlement and close to their place of work.

He allowed the men to wear their own clothes, work their own plots, and sell their own produce at controlled prices, and he let them grow their own tobacco and smoke it. On the Queen's birthday, the convicts were served rum and lemonade and they drank the Queen's health, after which they presented a theatrical performance.

Maconochie built schools in which his men were trained for employment after their release. He also developed his New System of Prison Discipline into five principals, each of them new. He proposed that a prison sentence should not be for a period of time but for the duration of a task, of a determined and specified amount of work. Then he defined a system of "marking" the prisoners into such categories as good conduct, frugality of living, habits of industry. The number of marks earned set the time of release.

Maconochie said that a man should earn everything he received while in prison, except for room and board. He also set up a "trustie" system, in which first-class prisoners formed groups and the whole group was held responsible for the conduct of each of its members. In the final phase of imprisonment, men were subject to less rigorous confinement while emphasis was placed on their pre-release education, though they were still required to earn marks.

Maconochie was only at Norfolk Island for four years, but his accomplishments there, measured by modern standards, still stand as a record. He set free 1,450 men, of whom only three percent committed other offences that brought them back to prison. Of his 920 supposedly hopeless "old lags" only 20 were ever reconvicted for subsequent crimes.

When Maconochie left Norfolk Island in 1844, his successor promptly reinstalled the gallows and resumed floggings. A convict revolt led to the death of four guards, the subsequent execution of twelve convicts and things were back to normal for the 1840's all over the world.

Just 130 years later, we are beginning to catch up with Alexander Maconochie. ~~What~~ We have seen how the same principles of rehabilitation advocated by Maconochie are being applied in the program of the Canadian Penitentiary Service. But what happens when a man gets out?

What happens when a man gets out depends to quite an extent on what happens to him while he is in the institution. If he is well motivated, he could emerge from a penitentiary with a better education and better trade skills than when he went in, and with a lot of co-operation available to him in getting a "square" job "on the street".

For one thing, evidence that he is seriously determined to "make it" this time, will cut down his sentence drastically. Both statutory remission and earned remission of sentence can make him eligible for parole consideration after one-third of his sentence has been served or after four years, depending on whichever is the lesser.

However, we have seen that he has formidable obstacles to overcome, both in the antagonism of the inmate subculture and in the built-in conflicts between on the one hand, educational and vocational programs, and on the other, the demands of the industrial programs and maintenance requirements in the institution.

Some eight considerations are taken into account before the Parole Board grants a parole, and each applicant is accorded a personal interview to put his case. These considerations include the pre-sentence report which the trial judge or magistrate took into account when he imposed the sentence, the report of the investigating police force on the circumstances surrounding the offence, the previous, if any, criminal record of the inmate, the information collected by the prison authorities upon his admission and the initial

report of the classification officer, the progress report on the inmate's progress in the institution, including any special medical, psychiatric or psychological reports, the inmate's plans for the future, an investigation of home conditions and possible reaction in the community to his release, and special reports from after-care agencies dealing both with the inmate in the institution and his family conditions in the community.

Weighing all these factors and taking into consideration the attitude and intentions of the inmate appearing before it, the Board makes its judgment and states its reasons for the judgment to the inmate. If it is favorable, the inmate is released under the supervision of a parole officer in the district to which he wishes to go. Such supervision is generally provided by private agencies as the John Howard Society, provincial public services, or directly by the staff within the Regional Office of the National Parole Board.

Parole is not granted unconditionally, and before it is granted the conditions are explained carefully to the inmate. He is required to avoid further offences. In fact, if he is convicted of an indictable offence during the period of his parole which is punishable by imprisonment for a period of two years or more, his parole is automatically forfeited. If convicted after parole for an offence committed during parole, the parole is deemed forfeited from the time of the offence. In addition he is required to obtain permission before changing his job or residence, leaving the jurisdiction, assuming substantial indebtedness, buying or operating an automobile. He must obtain advice before marrying, must endeavour to maintain steady employment, avoid the use of intoxicants to excess, avoid disreputable places and associates, keep reasonable hours as defined by the parole supervisor, submit written reports and keep appointments for interviews as instructed by the parole supervisor and comply with all his reasonable instructions.

The ideal, well-motivated inmate who has put his time to good use in the institution and who has kept up a close relationship with his family both by correspondence and by visits may have already enjoyed day passes or week-end passes to visit his family. He may already have a job to go to or, if not, can usually be easily placed by the after-care agency. He'll probably go straight home and they are not likely to see him again in any institution. He's learned his bitter lesson and it will last him for the rest of his life.

Then there is the parolee who may not have any home to go to, nor any job awaiting him. He may go to a half-way house operated by a private agency, such as St. Lawrence House or St. Edward House in Montreal; the St. Leonard Society, Beverly Lodge or Herald King Farm in Toronto, all of which provide supervision and counselling.

Such a man usually needs a period of adjustment to the world from which he may have been separated for several years. The ^{ORGANIZATION} ~~structure~~ of the Halfway House is designed to provide ^{A FRIENDLY} ~~the~~ atmosphere and make the readjustment easier. Meanwhile the after-care agency helps him to get orientated and find a job.

Finally there is the inmate who never made it in prison. He lacked either the motivation or the ability to gain anything from the prison programs. He served his time and never qualified for parole; his record may have been against him or his attitude in the institution. Many hardened types don't want parole; they want to be free of surveillance when they get out.

For these people the Penitentiary Service has developed an unique institution which, in the few short years that it has operated, has achieved some remarkable results; the Community Pre-Release Centre.

The first of these, the St. Hubert Centre in Montreal, was opened in March of 1968, in a most unlikely location, a rambling, many-roomed structure on St. Hubert Street,

right in the heart of one of the seamier areas of Montreal. It had been a former convent, and the sleeping quarters for the nuns suffer by comparison with those provided for inmates in the newer federal institutions.

The Centre started at first taking ten to twelve inmates on their last three months of sentence. Now they are handling between twenty one and twenty four. There is talk of increasing the number to thirty though superintendent Roger Hamel feels that increased numbers will tend to turn it into just another institution instead of the halfway house that it is supposed to be. The nature of the structure, which extends to four floors with a maze of corridors, makes supervision a very difficult job.

The candidates for the St. Hubert Centre are almost always those who do not qualify for parole, have no jobs to go to, no home, and few of them have any skills or education. Quite a number are illiterate. On top of that, the job situation in Montreal has been bad ever since the Centre opened.

Yet the amazing fact is that Hamel and his hard-working staff of seven, which includes a chief counsellor and four regular counsellors, have succeeded in finding jobs for nearly 90% of these presumably unemployables. And, even more remarkable, since the Centre opened in 1968, only 13 of the 260 who passed through the place turned out to be recidivists, or repeaters.

To Hamel it establishes the fact that men with records and with no particular job skills can still, with help, find jobs and satisfy employers. And more and more employers will take them on knowing their records. For the first thing an employer learns is the record, told to him straight by the applicant. Most inmates are hired while they are still serving time at the Centre.

When a man comes to the Centre to serve his final three months, he is given a weekly allowance of \$31.00, from which he pays his meals, transportation costs and incidentals. When he gets a job, he pays a dollar a night for lodging at the Centre. He is expected to bank the balance of his wages after he has provided for his weekly necessities. He can do his laundry at the centre and there is a hot plate for making coffee, a refrigerator for keeping food. But most of the men prefer to go to the restaurant across the street, even for a coffee.

Although the former chapel serves as a living room, and there is another large room for TV and ping pong, a modest library and a well-equipped laundry, the place lacks any really home-like atmosphere and, in fact, gives the impression of a run-down building taken over by a group of ex-inmates without many funds. They keep it reasonably clean, but the floor needs retiling, and much other maintenance work needs to be done.

Still, most of the men seem to like the place, and many of them ask to stay on after their sentence is up, even when they have good jobs.

There are, of course, no bars, and the door is open from eight in the morning till 10.30 at night. Men who have jobs that require them to leave before eight secure passes, and those who might have to stay out past 10.30 at night give their reasons and usually obtain permission.

"I'd rather have them at a hockey game or a show than sitting around here" says Hamel. Quite a few attend A.A. meetings, which usually don't break up until just before midnight.

"Alcohol is our biggest problem.. it's usually at the bottom of most of their trouble," says Hamel. "We don't tolerate it on the premises, and if a man starts turning up drunk and disorderly, we have to send him back to the penitentiary. There's no reason why he should endanger the others' chances of making it."

"We realize that we have pretty hard cases to work with, unmotivated, unskilled, often ignorant, but we're still constantly amazed at the results we get. It seems that if you show a man that you trust him, that you think he can behave like a man, he doesn't want to let you down.

"A lot of ex-inmates live in this area, and there are plenty of drinking spots, so it is really an acid test of a man's determination to go straight. If he can make it under these circumstances, he can probably make it anywhere. When we have a failure, it's usually because of liquor.

"The worst time for a man when he comes here is right at the start. Most of them are long-termers, and they become institutionalized in prison. They're afraid to go out. I'll take a man to a restaurant and give him a menu. He looks at it and he can't read the print. Everything is a blur. He says he'll eat whatever I order. When we go outside he grabs my arm to cross the road. He's afraid of traffic, the noise. He sweats with fear. Some take a couple of weeks to adjust. The longer the sentence they've served, the worse it is for them. So we try to establish contact with their family, bring them together. We take them out a lot till they get used to the city again.

"Inside here, they feel secure. And they police themselves. I remember one man who was trying to save money by making his own lunch for work. He put it in the refrigerator and somebody stole it. You should have heard him. "There is a thief around," he yelled. He didn't like it, and neither did most of the others. Another time I loaned my radio to a man who wanted to listen to the hockey game. He fell asleep and when he woke up, the radio was gone. He nearly tore the place apart looking for it, and if he'd ever found out who stole it, I would have felt sorry for the thief. He paid me back for the radio, too. I think those were the only two instances of theft since the place opened."

In the informal surroundings of St. Hubert Centre, contact between staff and inmates is close. One officer acted as a best man to an inmate who got married after he left the Centre. The man still comes back to discuss his problems, gets advice when he wants to change jobs. Another who happened to meet an ex-inmate in a restaurant, went with him to a bar and suddenly

found that he was being involved in plans for a hold-up. He excused himself to go the the toilet and raced right back to the Centre. His would-be accomplice followed him with a gun, climbed in a window and was conducting a room-to-room search for his reluctant partner when an officer came on the scene and frightened him away.

Hamel is puzzled by the fact that so many men don't even learn to read and write while they are in prison. He gets more than his share of illiterates. For one he found a job as a chimney sweep. Another he placed in a bottle factory, where he has to sort brown bottles and green bottles in two piles. "Thank God he's not color-blind" says Hamel. But the man is a good worker, so Hamel arranged with a nun to give him classes in reading, writing and arithmetic, two nights a week, for free. The nun is delighted with her pupil. He never misses a class, and he knows the alphabet now. "He's 25, but probably ten mentally", says Hamel. "Yet he can hold down a job at \$75.00 a week and will probably be promoted when he can read and write".

Another man had native skills with cars, and Hamel got him a job as a garage mechanic. But he couldn't read the job orders. He lost his job and then ran into trouble and was sentenced to the Federal Training Centre for two years. When he got out, he wrote them, thanking them for teaching him how to read and write. He's now holding down another job as a garage mechanic.

Hamel placed another illiterate in a fish market. The man couldn't read or write, but he could count. "The best man I ever had" said the owner, who sent him on deliveries, where he made regular collections and never misplaced a cent.

"I've never had a single case of dishonesty on the job reported yet" says Hamel, "though one man committed a theft from someone else while he was working. To steal from the man who gave him the job would have been against the code. Anybody else apparently was fair game for him".

Hamel admits that he was frustrated by one illiterate. The man was willing and strong. So he got him a job at Montreal's wholesale fruit depot, unloading crates. The man came back after a couple of hours. "What happened," asked Hamel. "They didn't need anybody", the man explained. "Nonsense" said Hamel, "They said they needed help." The man was embarrassed, then he confessed. "They asked me to unload 25 crates of lettuce and 40 crates of celery. I don't know how many is 25 and 40 and I don't know how to read "lettuce" or "celery" on the crates. But I can lift anything."

So Hamel got the man a job as an assistant to a truck driver. He lasted less than a day.

"What's wrong now?" Hamel asked when the man returned shamefaced to the Centre.

"He wanted to know how many cases I had taken into the store, and how many I brought out. I carried more cases than anybody he ever had before helping him, he said, but he couldn't use me if I couldn't count."

Apart from illiterates, Hamel gets his share of mentally slow people. One of them complained of a pain in his "belly button". Hamel asked him whether he'd had any bowel movements in the last few days and, learning that he hadn't, promptly supplied a laxative. The pain in the belly button vanished immediately. Another came to Hamel in his underwear, claiming that he had no suit. Hamel asked him what he'd done with the new suit that was issued him when he left the penitentiary. "It had a spot on it and I put it in the washing machine," the inmate explained. Hamel patiently explained that the washing machine was not for men's suits, and then went out and bought him another.

Hamel claims that he can find plenty of jobs for men with training in heavy equipment and diesel mechanics. He wishes the penitentiaries would either stop turning out barbers in volume or teach the men modern hair styling. "The kind of haircuts they have to give in the institution are about 20 years behind what they are wearing today "on the street", he

observes. "Besides, about 150 barber shops closed down in Montreal last year. "

The idea of the pre-release centre actually took form as a pilot project at the Federal Training Centre at St. Vincent de Paul in 1958, in which men serving the last three months of their sentence were segregated from the general inmate population to undergo preparation for their return to freedom. The guidelines were general: "See what can be done so that they don't come back". From that point a philosophy was developed as to how the inmate could best be prepared for his freedom. "We drew up a set of rules then, with the idea that they would be changed through experience, and the funny thing is that we never had to change any of the basic rules which were developed in the beginning", Hamel recalls.

He is proud of his staff, who take a pay cut of nearly a \$1,000.00 a year when they come to the Centre, since they pay for their own meals there, lose their uniform allowance (they wear civilian clothes) and pay for city parking for their cars. "I've got a million dollar team" he says. "They are doing vital work in keeping men out of prison. Most of the men know we are trying to do our best for them, and they respond. "

He is particularly pleased about a former hold-up artist who learned stationary engineering while at the Leclerc Institution and who now earns \$175.00 a week looking after the boiler room and maintenance of a large textile plant. This man, and other former inmates who are now "making it on the street" drop in from time to time at the Centre and do some pretty straight talking to newcomers.

He would like to see more small centres where ex-inmates could live voluntarily. "A lot of these men can go straight if they have someone looking after them, someone to

talk to when they have problems, someone to give it to them straight when they get discouraged or lose their jobs. They will always need this kind of supervision if they are going to stay out of trouble, and many of them would be glad to pay for it if it was available. I'm talking now, of course, about the men who have no family to go to and no friends except those they met in prison. Many of these people would never go back to prison if they could find an informal guidance of this nature. Something that goes a step further than the Halfway House. "

Recently he had the embarrassing presence of a Mafia chieftain on his hands. "How that guy rated a pre-release centre, I can't understand," he said. "He already has a big job to go to, in the Mafia. I just made sure he left the place before 7.30 in the morning and came back after 10.30 at night. I didn't want other inmates going after him for jobs in his organization. He got the message, and stayed away from them. But I couldn't help feeling that he was occupying a room and depriving somebody else with greater need of a chance. "

An interesting footnote is that while the Mafia chieftain served his twelve year stretch, his wife drew \$175.00 per month welfare from the City of Montreal.

In Toronto, the pre-release centre, Montgomery Centre, is very different in atmosphere and location from St. Hubert Centre. It is located in a residential area in north Toronto, above a postal station, and the nearest beverage room is several blocks away. It handles only 14 inmates, some in single bedrooms, some doubling up and some three in a room. It has a large living room with TV, a kitchen, dining room, bathroom and showers. It has a pleasant club-like atmosphere. Staff offices are in the front of the living quarters. The inmates do their own cooking and some of them pool their resources

for economy. All the food is kept in a large refrigerator and, as at St. Hubert, there was some food theft at the beginning. Each man draws \$5.00 per day for food, ^{transportation} ~~and~~ and incidental expenses until he gets a job and at first a few of the inmates spent their money on non-food items and tried to live off other inmates' supplies. When irate inmates complained to superintendent Jim West, he told them:

"Look, I can't police your kitchen. Handle it yourself."

The next day one inmate fell and bruised his eye in the shower, and another slipped and fell downstairs. There was no more theft.

While three months is the usual length of time spent at the Centre, West feels that it is hardly enough, and latterly he has been taking inmates on their last four months of sentence. They come on their own, by bus, bringing their luggage with them. When they leave, the vacancy is filled immediately.

When an inmate arrives, he is assigned to the vacant bed, is given linen, towel, soap, and the takes a three to five day orientation course. He is usually visited by the John Howard Society representative, and, escorted by a counsellor, visits the airport, museum, science centre, art galleries and good movies. The whole object of this course is to get him back in contact with people. Some, sceptical on their first visit to a museum, end up by taking active interest in the visits. For many it is the first time in their lives that they've been to such places. They open a bank account, have their photos taken for passports, and get used to such simple things as ordering a meal in a restaurant, dialing on the phone, buying leisure clothing.

Usually they go out in the morning and return by six at night. After their third or fourth night they are issued passes that let them stay out till nine, for a week. If they abide by this condition, the time will be extended to eleven, and then till twelve. After the third week, if their attitude is good, they may get weekend passes, from Friday to Sunday night. But they must have a specific place to go, an address. If it is to visit

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The Centre checks with the employers from time to time to make sure the man is doing well. They have to do this delicately, though, as some employers feel very protective about the inmate and resent "prying".

When a man's sentence is finished, the Centre helps him find a boarding house or, if he prefers, puts him in touch with one of the Halfway Houses, where he will receive supervision and counselling.

The Centre is constantly attempting to expand its list of possible employers. This is done through phone calls to companies and chasing down leads. Everybody takes part in this and West never passes up an opportunity to appear on panels or speak to groups who might provide leads. The major problem is to break down the resistance to employing former inmates and it calls for good public relations.

All residents carry a pass which identifies them and contains the phone number of the Centre. In West's experience, the police are quite sympathetic, and the merchants in the area have learned to accept them without shrinking. One man left the Centre without a pass, although the counsellor warned him that he would be "illegally at large" and would not be able to get back into the Centre without a pass. When he returned an hour later, he was refused admission and became quite frantic. He called Jim West from the nearby police station almost in tears: "They won't let me back in!" Jim arranged for his return, satisfied that he had learned his lesson. He never went out again without his pass.

The staff at Montgomery Centre consists of five counsellors and one senior counsellor, who divide the case load both directly and laterally so that the duty counsellor takes over the case load of a counsellor off duty. In this way each counsellor comes in contact with all 14 residents.

In the beginning there was a certain lack of contact between the counsellors, but this was soon rectified with the division of the case load. All of them came into the Centre without penitentiary experience and had to learn a lot quickly. One of them endorsed the notes of three different former residents and had to make good in each case.

The counsellor who is assigned to a new arrival usually has his complete file one or two days before he arrives so that he has a chance to study it. Though the file gives him a general idea of the kind of person he will meet, he does not develop any preconceptions on guidance, for the institution record does not reveal how a man will behave "on the street". He checks on the man's relatives, his home town, whether he is married or living common-law, what his present family relationship is and what skills he possesses.

Some men arrive at the Centre with a hostile attitude, but they usually drop that when they realize that the Centre staff are really trying to help them go straight. The institutional attitude is hard to break. One man just sat around at noon while the others prepared their meals. He was waiting to be told when it was his turn.

When I visited the Centre, three of the group were working, six were going through orientation, one was taking a night course in bartending and four were looking for work. One of these had a part-time job delivering new semi-trailers. Another had been turned down on an application at a plant, and his counsellor was having a hard time lifting his spirits and encouraging him to renew the search.

"Many of them are easily discouraged" explained West, "They don't need much to persuade them that the world is against them."

Every Wednesday evening a general group meeting takes place, and attendance is compulsory. Speakers are brought in from outside groups; sometimes ex-inmates appear

and lead group discussions. "They lay it right on the line, " West said, "They tell them that nobody is going to give them something for nothing; they have to earn what they get. And they are living proof that a man can make it if he tries hard enough. "

Sometimes, though, West gets a man like, "Old John", who had learned plumbing and steamfitting during a long term at Kingston, and who had made himself practically indispensable there. He was always called when there was a serious emergency, and he was so trusted at Kingston that his cell door was never locked. When he left Kingston even the Warden regretted it. "We don't know what we'll do without you, John, " he said when he shook John's hand at parting. John felt proud.

When he came to Toronto, the Centre found John a job as an assistant in the boiler room of a hospital, at \$2.50 an hour. He was just another employee and not really needed the way he had been at Kingston.

John violated every rule of the Centre trying to force them to send him back to Kingston. At the Centre they worked just as strenuously trying to keep him free. When his release date came around, John went out and got drunk for two days. Then he made the rounds of the pawn shops, flashing his Centre identification card and claiming that he was from the Police Department looking for stolen property. He picked up a few articles on his tour, but one pawnshop owner got suspicious and called the police. Old John was charged with impersonating a police officer, and headed back happily for Kingston penitentiary, the only place in the world where he really felt needed.

At the opposite extreme was Willie McNiven. Willie had spent a long term at Kingston where he became known as a notorious "jailhouse lawyer", reading up on criminal law in the prison library and launching a series of actions against the institution that kept

the staff constantly involved in making reports and appearances before investigating authorities. At one point Willie succeeded in having a writ of habeus corpus served against the penitentiary and got his day in court only to be returned to his cell after the hearing. When he was finally sent to Montgomery Centre, there was a sigh of relief among the staff at Kingston that was almost audible.

All Willie wanted to do when he got to Montgomery Centre was to become a lawyer.

"There's no way the Law Society will ever accept you, Willie, with your record," West informed him bluntly.⁴ Besides, how old would you be when you got through university and law school.² You're over fifty now. "

They found Willie a job in a car wash, but he lasted there only one day.

"That sort of thing is below my dignity", Willie insisted, "I've got to find something more challenging. "

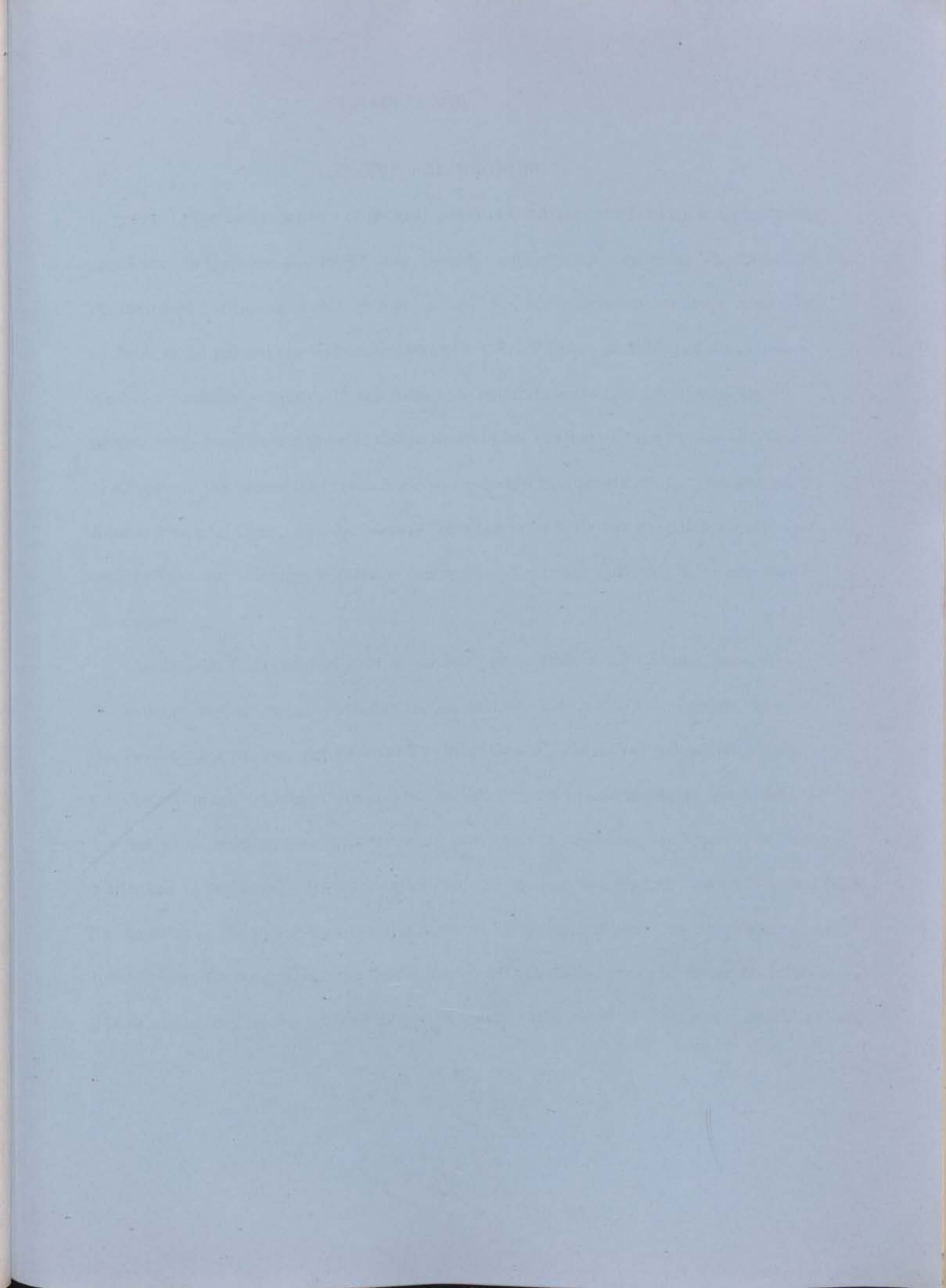
Willie began hanging around the courtrooms, and soon discovered that people appearing for charges on summary conviction could appoint an agent to plead for them. Willie persuaded a couple of accused to let him appear for them for a fee of \$25.00. They agreed, and he argued law so expertly and cross-examined the witnesses so deftly that his clients were freed.

When Willie reported his success to West, they got together at the Centre and bought him a conservative suit, a homburg hat, an umbrella and briefcase. Willie looked like the real thing. One day in court a judge recognized Willie as a man he had sentenced to 15 years, and congratulated him for appearing on the right side of the law for a change. The word spread rapidly around the courtrooms and soon Willie had all the business he could handle.

They still hear frequently from Willie at Montgomery Centre. When he wins a big case he usually drops around dapper and suave, and invites the staff out to a big dinner with all the trimmings, including wine and cigars. "If I'd ever known I could make this kind of money so easily legitimately, I never would have gone wrong" he told West. "What I particularly enjoy is getting a cop on the witness stand. "

West thinks Willie has really made it this time. At Kingston the penitentiary staff devoutly hope so. They never want to see Willie's face again.

The penitentiary service currently operates pre-release centres at Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver. From their record, they represent one of the most hopeful developments in rehabilitation and reform that has taken place yet. It seems reasonable to predict that more such centres will be opened in the next few years in other major cities across the country, pointing the way to in-community treatment for the offender of the future.



CHAPTER VIII

WHERE ARE WE GOING?

In general, the same pattern of federal penal institutions which exist in Ontario are duplicated in Quebec, and in Western Canada, with some exceptions. The Canadian Penitentiary Service operates 35 institutions. Six are maximum security, with two of these to be phased out within the next year; St. Vincent de Paul and Kingston. Nine are medium security, 12 are minimum security and eight are specialized institutions, such as the Special Correctional Unit in Quebec, the Prison for Women in Kingston, the Mountain Prison for Aged inmates in Agassiz, B.C., the Industrial Annex at Laval, Que., and the Matsqui Institution in B.C. for narcotic addicts, as well as the four community release centres in Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver.

The Special Correctional Unit in Quebec, is located in the complex around St. Vincent de Paul, which includes the ancient St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary, the Leclerc Institution, the Federal Training Centre, the Laval Industrial Annex, the Correctional Training College and Quebec Regional Headquarters. Archambault Institution, a modern maximum security penitentiary replacing St. Vincent de Paul as Millhaven is replacing Kingston, is located at Ste Anne des Plaines, about 18 miles from St. Vincent de Paul, and Cowansville Institution, a medium security penitentiary, is located near Cowansville in Quebec's Eastern Townships, about 65 miles from Montreal. There are no minimum security camps in Quebec like Beaver Creek and Landry's Crossing in Ontario.

I visited the Quebec institutions and found that, as most of the new institutions there had come into operation before their opposite numbers in Ontario, their programs seemed to be generally better developed and running smoothly. The Special Correctional Unit, which I had visualized as a pretty grim place organized to handle hostile inmates, was in fact a duplicate, on a smaller scale, of Archambault and Millhaven in physical appearance. With a capacity of 120 inmates, it contained just 55 when I was there. Regional Director J. C. A. Leferriere told me: "The fewer inmates we have there, the better our program is working."

As with all the new medium and maximum security institutions, it is surrounded by wire fences rather than walls, and there is a strong difference of opinion both among staff and inmates concerning the value of fences as opposed to high walls. Many old inmates claim that they like the feeling of security that high walls give them; the vistas that extend beyond the fences simply tantalize them with vain thoughts of freedom. Custodial staff worry about escape risks offered by the fences. The fences are 16 feet high, topped with barbed wire and there is 25 feet between the two fences that encircle the institution. One escaping inmate scaled both fences in less than a minute, flipping over the barbed wire to sustain a few superficial scratches. He was captured within minutes but he had proved that the fences offered small difficulty to a desperate man.

There are no dark damp dungeons at the Special Correctional Unit, but the disciplinary process seems to work quite effectively. If an inmate is transferred there from another institution for hostile behaviour, he goes to a reception area for two months. This is known as stages one and two. If his behaviour is satisfactory, he may join the general population at stage four and take part in the regular prison program which is a modified version of what he might find in a maximum security institution. However,

if his behaviour is violent he will be transferred to the detention wing where there are cells at three different levels of amenities. The lowest level contains simply a board bed on the floor and a hole in the floor for a toilet. The next stage above that has a raised but hard board bed and a regular toilet and basin. The third stage closely resembles a regular cell with the customary bed, a two-channel radio, toilet and sink. From here reasonable behaviour can earn him transfer out of the detention wing and into stage three of the regular program, which is designed for inmates with adjustment problems. Satisfactory behaviour here promotes him to stage four, and eight months of good behaviour in the final stage can earn his return to a maximum security institution. Since there is only one Special Correctional Unit in Canada, it contains a cross-section of the most difficult inmates from all parts of the country.

Despite this fact, there seemed to be a good relationship between the officers and inmates when I visited the institution, and no feeling of tension. Maintenance services are provided by medium and minimum security inmates, who stay in a separate wing and who serve there on a volunteer basis.

Archambault, situated at Ste-Anne des Plaines, some twenty miles north of Montreal, was the first of the modern maximum security institutions in Canada, and some soul-searching has been going on in the Penitentiary Service since it and Millhaven were built. Recently, plans for a third such institution in British Columbia have been ~~held up~~ ^{CANCELLED} while further evaluations are made concerning this kind of institution, which has come in for considerable criticism on the part of people in the Service itself, outside people like the Canadian Correctional Association, and, most violently, as the ^{April 1971} ~~rioters~~ Kingston riot testified, by the inmates themselves. ~~That riot was precipitated by the first movement of inmates from Kingston to Millhaven.~~

Archambault, too, was originally disliked by inmates, who preferred the relative ease of movement in ancient St. Vincent de Paul, where access to the kitchen and brew ingredients was easy and there were lots of out-of-the-way places to ferment the brew. However, that initial objection to Archambault on the part of inmates has largely disappeared in recent years, though they resent the fact that all movement is through corridors with doors governed by electric switches rather than the guard with his key. ^lSurveillance is far more complete than in the old type of maximum security institution, yet there is far less contact between the officer and the inmate with the electronic controls. This fact, some officials feel, is against the present trend in correctional practise of establishing greater contact between inmate and officer. They feel that the new maximum institutions are too confining and too impersonal. The inmates live and eat in isolation for much of their time, walk long corridors with doors opening automatically, travel from point to point by passes with all their time accounted for.

It is in striking contrast to the relatively free-and-easy atmosphere of the older institutions where an inmate might drop in and visit a pal in the medical wing on his way across the yard from the shop to his cell, and where he might receive a friendly word or two from officers on his way. Today, however, it is mainly the old-timers who prefer St. Vincent de Paul to Archambault, which has many more amenities than its predecessor and, with its variety of common rooms, open appearance and bright cheerful colors, offers a striking physical contrast to the gloomy old pile.

It can also be argued that the restriction of movement in the modern maximum security institution can be a powerful inducement for the inmate to try to qualify for medium institution like Leclerc.

One interesting practise which I found in Archambault and other Quebec institutions was the Inmate Committee, which is made up of one elected representative from each of the fifteen ranges that contain the 400 inmate population. This committee discusses complaints, improvements and rules and meets with the Warden and Deputy Warden once a month. A record of proceedings is posted in the inmate bulletin board so that the inmate population will know how their representatives conducted themselves.

Another practise, aimed at getting to know the inmate better requires the correctional officers and classification officers to concentrate their efforts in individual cell blocks where they are dealing with inmates in a group of 50 to 70 rather than en masse. Exchanging information and reports with the industrial supervisors they are able to obtain a total pattern of the individual inmate and learn which ones may be best helped, and how. Some inmates are ready to be helped but don't know how to communicate their needs.

While community participation at both Leclerc and the Federal Training Centre is active, Archambault, being further from Montreal, has to look to nearby communities like Ste Rose and Ste Therese for this kind of program, so far, without much success.

There is active participation in the academic program at Archambault. When I visited there, 33 inmates were taking half^{pr} classes, 30 going full-time during the day, 40 taking evening classes, and 141 taking technical correspondence courses. Those who wish to attend school full time in September work to qualify during the summer; they must have their grade 7 by the end of the summer. Then, in the next two years they take grades 8 to 11 and must maintain good results to continue in the course.

Since its opening, Archambault has had a few escape attempts. One man made up a life-sized dummy in his bed and then hid in a snowbank with a white sheet to conceal himself, waiting for nightfall to climb the fence. He left a note: "Goodbye! I am rehabilitated." However the correctional officer checking his cell noted that the inmate had reversed his normal sleeping posture in the cot, checked and spotted the dummy. A quick alarm soon found him huddled in the snowbank. Another attempt was initiated when some inmates discovered that they could easily remove the wire opening to an air duct that led to the roof. An officer in a tower suddenly spotted a group of inmates on the roof. Nine of them were caught there but two made it over the fence and were not located until two days later, holed up in a farmer's barn nearby.

The concept of the wire fence replacing the wall for maximum security institutions was developed in the United States but there, I was told, seven towers around the perimeter manned with machine guns effectively reduce escape opportunities, while our new maximum institutions have four towers and no machine guns. However, since the last escape attempt, patrol cars effectively link the towers at Archambault.

With Departments of Criminology at Both McGill and the University of Montreal, Archambault and the other Quebec institutions have no lack of help from those universities. Students come to work and study there.

Saint Vincent de Paul is rapidly becoming a museum piece. It is still retained as a reception centre, with about 125 new inmates there and another 60 in the psychiatric wing. The new reception centre at Archambault is supposed to open this year. There are another 100 inmates at St. Vincent de Paul engaged in maintenance; it is a shell of its former teeming self. In 1955 there were 1400 inmates there and in 1969, 600.

St. Vincent de Paul had its big riot in 1962 when the inmates, protesting against conditions in the cells, burned down the modern new industrial workshops and then spent the next nine months in their cells as there was no employment for them.

Prison riots are rarely rational and often achieve results directly opposite to those desired. Just as the ~~recent~~ Kingston riots, ^{of 1971,} ~~basically~~ ^{partly a} ~~in protest against the move to Millhaven,~~ ^{a future transfer} resulted in the inmates being moved to Millhaven six to nine months ^{sooner than planned.} ~~before they would have been~~ moved there.

In both cases, however, a far more serious result of the riots ^{is} ~~is~~ the disruption of an orderly development of the rehabilitation program. The 1962 riot at St. Vincent de Paul caused the rapid dispersal of that penitentiary's population to other institutions, not all of them geared to receive the inmates they had to accept. This seriously harmed the program at Cowansville, which, like Warkworth, was planned for the reception of young first offenders who would have the best chance for rehabilitation. Today less than 65% of the 410 population there are first offenders; average age is around 27-28 instead of in the low twenties.

I was told that the premature moving of other inmates from St. Vincent de Paul to Leclerc Institution, brought about by the destruction of the industrial shops in the 1962 riot, interfered badly with Leclerc's rehabilitation program as well.

Yet at Leclerc, as in the other Quebec institutions, there seemed to be an excellent relationship between the staff and the inmates. Leclerc serves as a laundry centre for all the Quebec institutions, and ^{there are} ~~heard~~ bitter complaints nearly everywhere else that the ^{workers} ~~inmates~~ in the Leclerc laundry ^{routinely} ~~regularly~~ exchanged ^{their worn garments for the newer clothing} ~~any new garments~~ sent there from ^{for washing.} ~~other institutions for worn ones of their own.~~ Their excellent bakery turns out bread for the region, except Cowansville, and a first class dental laboratory makes dentures for the Eastern Canadian region.

In the Catholic chapel at Leclerc I saw some remarkable artwork done by inmates, among them about 40 striking colored ceramic tiles each about a foot square, done by Bachand, the young F/L/Q. member who was ~~recently~~ ^{in 1971} murdered in Paris. The wall behind the altar was covered with a remarkable mural done by another inmate, who had finished his sentence before he ~~had been~~ ^{was} able to complete the mural, but who came back on his free time to finish the job.

At the Federal Training Centre, which emphasizes the vocational program as in Collins Bay, the population is much younger; 60 percent are either first offenders or with juvenile records and the average age is around 24 or under. The atmosphere more resembles a reformatory than a penitentiary and there is an active program of community participation.

Well-known Montreal photographer David Bier, for instance, gives a photography course ^{during his class produces} ~~there which involves the making of~~ a documentary film, ~~each season.~~

With a young inmate population the kitchen operation at first presented a serious problem at the Federal Training Centre; young inmates generally don't take much interest in the kitchen and their indifference is quickly reflected in the quality of the cooking. In addition, young inmates need a lot more food than older men and kitchen stewards, anxious to keep their food costs within an average budget that doesn't take into account the varying appetites of different age groups, tended to keep the portions limited. Word of an impending "bingo" ~~was~~ over the food planned for one evening after the last meal reached the warden, however, ~~and he acted quickly.~~ and he acted quickly. He intervened personally with the kitchen steward, and made sure that a good meal was served. Then he went over the menu and insisted that it show more variety each day. Finally, he arranged to get older inmates to serve in the kitchen. Since that time, the Federal Training Centre has been able

to boast the best served food in the region which, generally, takes more concern with the appearance of its food than in the Ontario region. This, no doubt, reflects the difference between French and English temperaments when it comes to food. Basic rations are the same for all Federal institutions, but in Quebec the food seems to look and taste better.

One problem which seems common to all Federal institutions is shortage of staff, brought about partly by the Federal government freeze on civil service expansion and partly by some strange inability to find qualified people for vacancies that are open and waiting to be filled. This latter applies particularly to classification officers, on whom the whole rehabilitation program hinges. It also applies to vocational officers.

Cowansville, for instance, is badly in need of vocational officers to operate programs for which the space the equipment and the students are ready. One factor that probably makes it difficult to recruit for Cowansville is the Civil Service ^{bureaucratic} device that zones areas across Canada and sets wage standards on the basis of the zone. Since Cowansville is 65 miles from Montreal, it was placed in zone 15; St. Vincent de Paul, on the outskirts of Montreal, is zone 12. The difference in the zone rate ranges from 89 cents to \$1.00 per hour less than Montreal.

Apparently not many vocational teachers are willing to take a reduction of \$1.00 per hour to come out from Montreal to teach skills in a penitentiary in Cowansville, pay more for their food and clothing and live in a community that lacks most basic services including a civic bus line. Even rents have gone up ^{per cent} 25% since 1964. Meanwhile, to carry out the basic preparation of industrial shop instructors to inmates, Cowansville needs about eight more instructors and supervisors and is generally short-staffed in other departments.

Morale, too, suffers from this bureaucratic ukase which is apparently beyond the power of the Penitentiary Service to rectify. Yet the effective application of a program to turn

potential life-time criminals, costing tax-payers about \$6,000.00 per year each, into useful citizens contributing to the national wealth and paying taxes like everyone else is frustrated. Present staff at Cowansville is overworked and the cost in overtime pay for a year is equal to the addition of four more custodial officers on a fulltime basis. It seems a strange way to save money.

But probably the single most serious problem that faces the Penitentiary Service and the task of rehabilitating offenders generally is uninformed public opinion. While vigorous efforts are being made to draw on the help of the academic community and the industrial community, with considerable local success in areas like Montreal, Kingston, Ottawa, Winnipeg and Vancouver, the situation is not much different in Canada than it is in England and the United States. So, Hugh J. Klare, writing of British prisons in his "Anatomy of a Prison" says:

"It is the image of prison which is evoked in the minds of the public at large which is of the greatest significance, for this determines ultimately what sort of place it is, or can become. "

And Dr. Hans W. Mattick, associate director of the Center for Studies in Criminal Justice is quoted by Dr. Karl Menninger in "The Crime of Punishment":

"The most securely imprisoned population that exists is the general public that is uninformed about the nature and consequences of imprisonment as it is practised in America today. They are imprisoned in a mass delusion which, in the long run, punishes Society far more severely than Society can punish a convicted criminal. "

Fifty years ago Winston Churchill said: "The mood and temper of the public in regard to crime and criminals is one of the unfailing tests of the civilization of any country. "

Seymour Halleck in "Psychiatry and the Dilemmas of Crime" points out that the criminal is a person who, for all sorts of reasons, is chronically and basically more uncomfortable than most of us. That criminality in itself is one of four types of adaptation available for the relief of the sense of helplessness or hopelessness which most people feel from time to time. Other adaptations, he points out, are conformity, activism and mental illness.

Menninger, in his profound book, argues that "except for racketeers, robbers and professional criminals, most arrested people were out to avenge an alleged wrong" and that Society in turn demands vengeance for their act. Vengeance takes the form of the punishment which is meted out. Menninger strongly disagrees with this whole concept. He would eliminate the element of punishment from the penalty. He says:

"All legal sanctions involve penalties for infractions. But the element of punishment is an adventitious and indefensible additional penalty; it corrupts the legal principle of quid pro quo with a "moral" surcharge. Punishment is in part an attitude, a philosophy. It is the deliberate infliction of pain in addition to or in lieu of penalty. It is the prolonged and excessive infliction of penalty, or penalty out of all proportion to the offence. Detention in prison was supposed to be a mollification of pain infliction, but it is often more cruel and destructive than beating. "

He cites a case of a man sentenced to thirty years for forging a cheque of sixty dollars, and concludes:

"This is not penalization. This is not correction. This is not public protection (Is any check forger so dangerous as to require such expensive precautions?) This is not reformation. It is sadistic persecution of the helpless at public expense, justified by the "punishment" principle. "

Back in 1870 a group of American prison administrators came together to form the American Correctional Association. In their "Statement of Twenty-Two Principles" they listed:

"Reformation, not vindictive suffering, should be the purpose of the penal treatment of prisoners.

The prisoner should be made to realize that his destiny is in his own hands.

Prison discipline should be such as to gain the will of the prisoner and conserve his self-respect.

The aim of the prison should be to make industrious free men rather than orderly and obedient prisoners. "

In 1961, speaking at the annual meeting of that organization, its president, Sanger Power, declared that a large part of the far-sighted program of a century ago still remains to be applied, and many of the evils of the system indicated there are still with us.

Towards the conclusion of his study of "The Crime of Punishment", Dr. Menninger makes some concrete proposals:

- That more and better use of psychiatrists and other behavioural scientists be made by the correctional authorities.
- That diagnostic clinics be set up to enable trained workers to lay what they can learn about an offender before the judge prior to sentencing.
- That prisons be transformed or even disappear in their present form. Temporary and even permanent detention will perhaps always be necessary for a few, especially the professionals, but this could be more effectively and economically performed with new types of facility.

- That offenders be enabled and expected to make restitution to the state and to the injured party for their acts.

He quotes Howard Gill of the American University's Institute of Correctional Administration, who estimates that thirty percent of offenders are overwhelmed with situational difficulties. Case work, economic relief or other social assistance will often induce a favorable behaviour pattern change in these offenders. In another thirty percent, he estimates, personal psychological problems exist in the offender which require the help of psychiatrists, physicians and psychologists. Still another thirty percent are essentially immature individuals whose antisocial tendencies have never found the proper paths of distribution and transformation in socially acceptable ways. These men are usually amenable to redirection, education and guidance.

This approach seems to leave little room for the therapy of vengeance against ninety percent of offenders.

How much does all this apply to the Canadian scene, and how does the Canadian approach to penology compare with that in other countries?

For one thing, the pattern of offenders in Canada does not seem much different from those in the United States. Only about ten percent of crimes are ever detected, and those who are caught are usually the ones who were too stupid or too clumsy in the commission of their crime to avoid detection. When a Cotroni ^{or a Myer Rush} falls into the net ^A or a Myer Rush, it is an exception. When the big offender is accused, he has a far better chance of escaping the penalty than small offenders who cannot hire the best lawyers. This is true here as elsewhere. The worst criminals, in terms of the harm they do to society, are rarely, if ever caught.

Superficially, the public attitude seems much the same here as elsewhere. Prison riots, escapes, suicides and crimes of violence capture the headlines; not the successes of rehabilitation. However, there is evidence that serious sections of the public are looking for more than cheap sensations. They are looking for results.

Meanwhile, the Canadian approach to penology today as expressed in the Canadian Penitentiary Service and in provincial programs such as those in Ontario and British Columbia, in contrast to twenty years ago, is abreast of the times. The standards of the Canadian Penitentiary Service measure up to those set by the United Nations in its "Standard Minimum Rules" save for the one exception: " 76 (1) There shall be a system of equitable remuneration of the work of the prisoners. " And, even here, steps are being considered to bring practises in the Canadian Penitentiary Service in line with advanced standards elsewhere.

Private organizations like the John Howard Society, the Elizabeth Fry Society, the Salvation Army, the Société d'Orientation et Réhabilitation Sociale and the Canadian Corrections Association work closely with the Service to provide community help for inmates and support for new ideas in penology.

John Braithwaite who, until his recent appointment as Associate Deputy Commissioner of Penitentiaries, was Director of Correctional Planning for the Canadian Penitentiary Service, recently discussed present and future trends:

"Each age has its major turning points. A hundred years ago we were striving to improve alternatives to corporal and capital punishment. For example, in 1830 there were over 100 crimes in England for which an individual could be hanged if convicted and today Great Britain has abolished capital punishment.

"I think we are now involved in a different kind of seeking of alternatives, the seeking of alternative to incarceration. We realize that confinement in the concrete cocoon of a prison offers the least promise of all our correctional resources. However, as we move to alternatives for many of our offenders by treatment in the community or by a different type of institution, we may still have to retain vestiges of the traditional prison as a kind of backup sanction for these new and more experimental endeavours.

"Increasingly our task will be to use the community not just as a crucible in which the offender is tested but also as a clinic in which he is treated. The answer to the problem may lie more in the community than it does in courts, cops and confinement.

"But if this is to work, we are going to have to strive towards developing a therapeutic partnership forged between the citizen, the professional correctional worker and the offender himself if success is to be achieved. Because, if we don't have that troika of involvement, I don't think we can succeed.

"Society has been tempted in the past to delegate or abdicate its responsibilities for corrections to the professionals. The correctional administrator who has been assigned this exclusive responsibility has now discovered that his efforts alone are inadequate and that our institutions are not magic boxes and can only really function as part of the community and not apart from the community.

"We need each element of our whole social fabric to join together to reduce the incidence of crime and increase the effect of our efforts to reintegrate the offender. The retribution theory has sort of passed into disrepute and we are now dealing with something which for want of a better term has been called reintegration. This means for correctional administrators that we are no longer playing a lonely role in isolation. We are playing a role in a partnership with other agencies as part of a continuum along

which the offender moves towards the status of a productive citizen.

"The assistance of others may present itself in various forms, not the least of which may be critical evaluation. There has to be more of this and standards have to be continuously tested -- a deliberate and dedicated attempt to determine where we are inadequate and what we can honestly do about it.

"The biggest challenge for corrections in the future is that we must learn to learn and we must change so we can change, and we must experiment and implement new findings.

"No matter what we do, corrections will always be subject to criticism, but in the future I hope we are criticized for what we are doing rather than what we are not doing. We can no longer keep the public happy by running quiet institutions that don't draw the heat of the press. The public demands therapy, not tranquility; action rather than apathy; and results rather than reticence. This is the greatest challenge ahead for corrections but it also represents our greatest opportunity.

"The community is ready as it has never been ready before to upgrade corrections. Increasingly it will be recognized that the harm done by crime is done by a few members of the community, but the harm done by wrong methods of treating the offender when better methods are known--for that, the whole community is held responsible when we are answerable to that community.

"Our whole program must better reflect conditions in the community. We must think in terms of more pre-release centres in the community, places with the atmosphere of Osborne Centre in Winnipeg or West Georgia Centre in Vancouver, which are actually converted homes. We must do something about conjugal visiting and the minimum wage. The unemployment Insurance Commission is currently changing its regulations and should give recognition to the fact that inmates are the only people in

society who make a serious contribution to the gross national product without compensation. An inmate may have spent several years in prison industry producing for a non-profit program.

"We must take a hard look at our industrial program as well as our vocational training and academic programs. Are they serving their proper purposes considering the increasingly important role of parole and progressively shorter sentences? Today between fifty and sixty percent of the people who appear before the Parole Board for the first time receive their parole on that appearance. The average length of stay now in the institution is down to twenty months, and programs which we started in minimum security institutions are now spreading to medium just as the medium security programs are spreading to maximum. Increasingly we must consider an inmate's sentence in two phases; the portion he spends in the institution and the portion he spends in the community under some form of supervision. The institution phase has become just one part of the total correctional program. The day is passing when a man leaves the institution with a new suit of clothes, a few dollars in his pocket and a wisecrack from the guard at the gate promising to keep his job open for him.

"We've got to find better motivations in our industrial programs for the inmates. We are investigating the possibility of developing an expanded and assured market through Canadian contributions to international aid programs, such as ~~CIDA CARE~~ ^{CIDA CARE}, ~~Canada~~, ~~Canada~~ and ~~the World Book Exchange~~. This kind of work, preparing materials for shipment to disadvantaged countries, is far more meaningful than some of our present programs. We are hoping to start off with Teaching Aid kits, to prove that we can turn out quality

products in quantity. Then we can make metal frames for such furniture as beds, desks, tables and school furniture, where the receiving country has the capacity to supply the wooden sections.

"However, the main task of preparing an inmate for his return to society and finding him a meaningful role there, is one, which I said earlier, requires the three-way partnership of citizen, inmate and correctional officer. When they are all committed to a common goal, we can make important headway. To the extent that they are divided and do not understand each other, the whole program falters."

Ron Livingston

Ch. 9

REFLECTIONS OF A MAXIMUM SECURITY PENITENTIARY

One of the most prominent memories that comes to mind took place the first day that I walked into the dome of St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary. This was some twelve years ago as I was about to commence serving a twenty five year sentence for armed robbery, and the first time ever inside of a penitentiary.

Apart from the dirt and mire that was clearly in evidence, sparrows, pigeons and crows were screaming from the rafters and zooming down occasionally to drop their dirt in little piles all over the dome floor; it somehow reminded me of a horror movie once made by Hitchcock. But the most disgusting memory of all at that time was the awful stench of human waste that oozed from the small, cage-like bucket cells where men actually lived. These cells were without ventilation, approximately four by nine feet, a steel bed secured to the wall, a splintered wooden floor, countless cockroaches and rats as your neighbours, and this you were told was home. Even then---1961--- some twenty five years after the Archambault Commission recommended that these cells be demolished they were still very much in evidence and would still be there to as late as 1968.

After overcoming the initial shock of entering St. Vincent de Paul, but while still thinking of suicide, I was able, with some reservations, to build a kind of routine which I followed in order to maintain my sanity. At this early stage, and after going through my indoctrinization period, I was told I could benefit from my stay in prison by simply following the rules and regulations as well as minding my own business.

The Administration at that time had a unique and effective system of "rehabilitating" the offender. You were told about the many trades to be learned, the effective methods of job training and the new educational facilities that were available to anyone who wanted to learn. In theory this was truly a remarkable type of system, but being a greenhorn I was in for a rude awakening.

After about one week had passed my name appeared on a roster with about twenty other inmates and we were paraded in front of a work-board made up of prison authorities from different departments within the Administration: A discipline officer, a classification officer, the Deputy Warden, the Chief keeper and a secretary. The "Board-Room" used for this occasion was nothing more than a kind of shed located in the basement of the dome. Members of the board were seated across a table that was held up by wooden horses that was bare except for the stacks of inmate files before them. All of us who were to appear were lined up in single file outside the room, dressed in dirty prison garb and feeling much like a piece of garbage deep in the bowels of hell.

Being about the seventh or eighth man in line, I was able to see some of the expressions on the men's faces as they walked out of this room, assigned to their new jobs. Most of those who came out were snickering, but occasionally there would be one who looked really sad. I could not help but wonder what was going on inside that little room.

As I entered the room the Deputy Warden---a huge red faced man who appeared to be suffering from a major hangover---blared out my name and said: Where do you want to work ? I was hoping to go directly to the prison school but before I had a chance to answer he interrupted and said, " We have two choices of jobs for you new men, either the stone-shed or the carpenter shop." I wanted to say something but before I knew what was happening I was being ushered out of the room and another was coming in.

This was my first bitter lesson in prison rehabilitation. Later I learned that twelve of the men who appeared with me were sent to the stone shed and the remainder went to the carpenter shop, myself included.

The "instructor" of the carpenter shop was a tall, bespectacled man, who had many years of service in the penitentiary, and left me with the impression that he hated prison inmates in general---this man was later maimed and partially crippled for life when three inmates escaped after stabbing him with a pair of scissors---. At any rate, his idea of teaching a man was to have him sit in a corner of the shop with a piece of wood and have him sand away at it all day if need be.

At that time there were three or four principal articles being manufactured in this shop: coffins, chairs, weather boxes and more chairs. Wow ! I thought, these are really tremendous articles by which to learn a trade. Everybody needs a coffin, people have to sit on chairs, and anyone who didn't want a weather box simply had to be crazy. After I settled down to my "work" in this shop—working hours were from 8:30 to 11:30, and 1:30 to 3:30—I was able to work myself into becoming the shop's clerk. In this position I was now utilizing my spare time by taking some government correspondence courses that were totally inadequate and completely out of date. I became absorbed in these courses, however, and life on the inside was no longer a complete bore as I now had something to occupy my mind. For more than a year I remained in this shop until it was totally destroyed by fire during that infamous riot of 1962 when damage was in excess of two million dollars, one inmate lost his life, and countless others including some guards were wounded.

But now that I was becoming deeper and deeper involved with my educational studies through correspondence, I was also getting hungry for a life with some "social" activities in order to break the routine. Unfortunately, however, there were no social activities apart from the Alcoholics Anonymous group within the prison which met every Sunday afternoon in one of the class rooms. There were usually some sporting activities on week-ends, but absolutely nothing on an intellectual level. I tried organizing such things

as debating societies, study groups and reading classes, but the Administration would not allow me to get these things off the ground and turned a deaf ear to my proposals. In frustration I gave up on my ideas and hoped and prayed that soon I would be transferred out of this dreadful place. My transfer, however, did not come until just before Christmas of 1964.

In order to live in prison, a man soon learns what that old cliché, "survival of the fittest" means. It takes all types of personalities to make up a prison population and in a congested area like St. Vincent de Paul was in those days, you learned to be watchful of your fellow man.

One day as we were returning from work, heading into the dome, a prisoner appeared to go mad and pulled a home made knife from out of his pants. He jumped the man in front of him and stabbed him in the neck repeatedly. The man fell to the ground with blood oozing from his neck and mouth, obviously dying. After the damage was done three or four guards walked over to the man who was wounded and he was taken by ambulance to an outside hospital. The assailant was taken to the "hole" where he was literally thrown in and held until he appeared in court to face a charge of attempted murder. Scenes such as these are commonplace in prison, but most of the fueds were usually over homosexuality or "goof-balls".

In those days---the sixties---homosexuals in prison were known to have a relatively free hand where their comings and goings were concerned, and I would think that at least twenty five

percent of the population were involved in some form of homosexuality. A young, good looking boy entering the penitentiary was an easy mark for the older and wiser homosexuals. Upon the youngsters arrival, the usual procedure was for someone to approach him with a bag filled with necessities: tobacco, soap, toothpaste, etc. He was told that there was a friend who was willing to help him throughout his stay. This simple relationship would grow with more offers being made in such a way that the youngster could never refuse until the day came when he found himself having to "pay" for all of the favors. Should he refuse the demands of his new "friend" he would suffer violent consequences. The poor kid didn't have a chance.

But drug traffic in prison is even a greater hazard to the inmate population on a whole, as more deaths have resulted from this one area than any other that I know of. Barbiturates, better known as "goof-balls", would be the most popular form of drug since they are small, effective and easy to conceal. At that time this was the favourite among the population. A "load" would come in periodically to be split up among a specific number of inmates, who in turn would sell them on the open market and before you knew it more than half the population was "high" and ready for almost anything. This kind of a situation has caused more feuds and murders in prison than anything else I know of. When the "goof-balls" are at a minimum, the price goes up, and some men will do anything to get their hands on an extra one or two. When this happens it makes for a perfect set-up to get rid of an enemy.

I remember on one occasion when we were attending a movie on a Saturday afternoon during the summer of 1961. Directly in front of me sat two "innocent" looking men: suddenly another man who was high on "goof-balls" leaned over and jabbed a knife into one fellow's neck. Before the victim was dragged out of the theatre screaming, it was discovered that it was the wrong man who had been knifed. Scenes such as these are not soon forgotten.

Quite often we hear reference to the nonchalant and unsympathetic attitude of the prison guard. In some cases this is no doubt true, especially inside of a maximum security penitentiary. The average prison guard is hired with one primary purpose that is above all others: SECURITY.

Inmates within a maximum security penitentiary are forever suspect by their keepers and considered to be potential killers, con-men and manipulators. In a sense the new guard is "brain-washed" to the point where he may actually dislike any inmate reaching the stage where he will never give an inmate the benefit of doubt in any given situation. Consequently, all inmates, regardless of their crimes resent the guard for taking this attitude which is just one of the reasons for that invisible barrier that exists between both inmate and guard.

It is true that the old guard with many years service within the penitentiary service is being phased out to make room for younger men. But who are these younger men? Many of them come

from a family of prison guards. Their fathers and grandfathers before them were working at the same job and through their formative years were constantly being conditioned to hate the prison inmate. Not too long ago I can recall a family of four all working within St. Vincent de Paul penitentiary, including the daughter who worked in the administration building.

The general attitude of the guard will be one of two things: stick by the rules and enforce even the silliest, or keep an eye closed to everything. There seems to be no happy medium. It takes very little time for some inmates to evaluate a guard, and when they know they have the right type to deal with they will act accordingly. For this reason---the prison guard's attitude---there are murders in prison that are made to look like suicides and nobody ever knows the difference. It's an ideal environment for the perfect crime.

In chapter five, "The Correctional Officer," we are told that "the applicant is interviewed by three senior penitentiary officers, including the Assistant Deputy Warden Custody." His training includes, "correctional training, custodial procedures, supervision of inmates, inmate discipline, personality dynamics, training with rifle, revolver, riot shotgun, emergencies, gas and riot procedures, physical training and unarmed combat."

Through the above mentioned methods it is clear to see that the correctional officer or guard is clearly being taught to deal with security measures as a primary factor. Should a Classification

Officer or a Training Instructor wish to open up a certain field in order to give the inmates extra privileges, the custodial staff will inevitably intervene and come up with some reason or other dealing with security measures that will stall the intended plan. This may be one reason for inmates refering to the correctional officer by the term, Screw.

In chapter six, "People In Prison" we are lead to believe that most inmates magnify their ills to a great extent. This may be true in some cases but we cannot or should not generalize and apply this theory to all inmates. It is rather unfortunate that some people forget that prisoners are human beings; that they are people constantly tormented by fears and doubts of what appear to be a forbidden future. They are men who have feelings, and as they await ever so eagerly for a letter or word from some relative or friend, and while waiting, every minute that passes is like an eternity and still no letter arrives. They are lonely people beyond equal as only men in prison cut off from all ties with the outside world can be. They are individuals who have all of the feelings and senses of any other normal person, and after a certain length of time behind bars, at least one of their senses develops a greater sensitivity than you could possibly imagine: More often then not they will develop a very sensitive ear, and on visiting days the smallest rattle of a key away off in the distance, or the squeak of a hinge on a cell door will automatically bring hope that maybe a visitor has

arrived to see them. Then comes the feelings of hopelessness and bitter despair, while the vision blurs and the eyes become damp with just the slightest trace of a tear that trickles down their cheeks until they feel so utterly hopeless and useless that even their will to live leaves them feeling cold and forgotten.

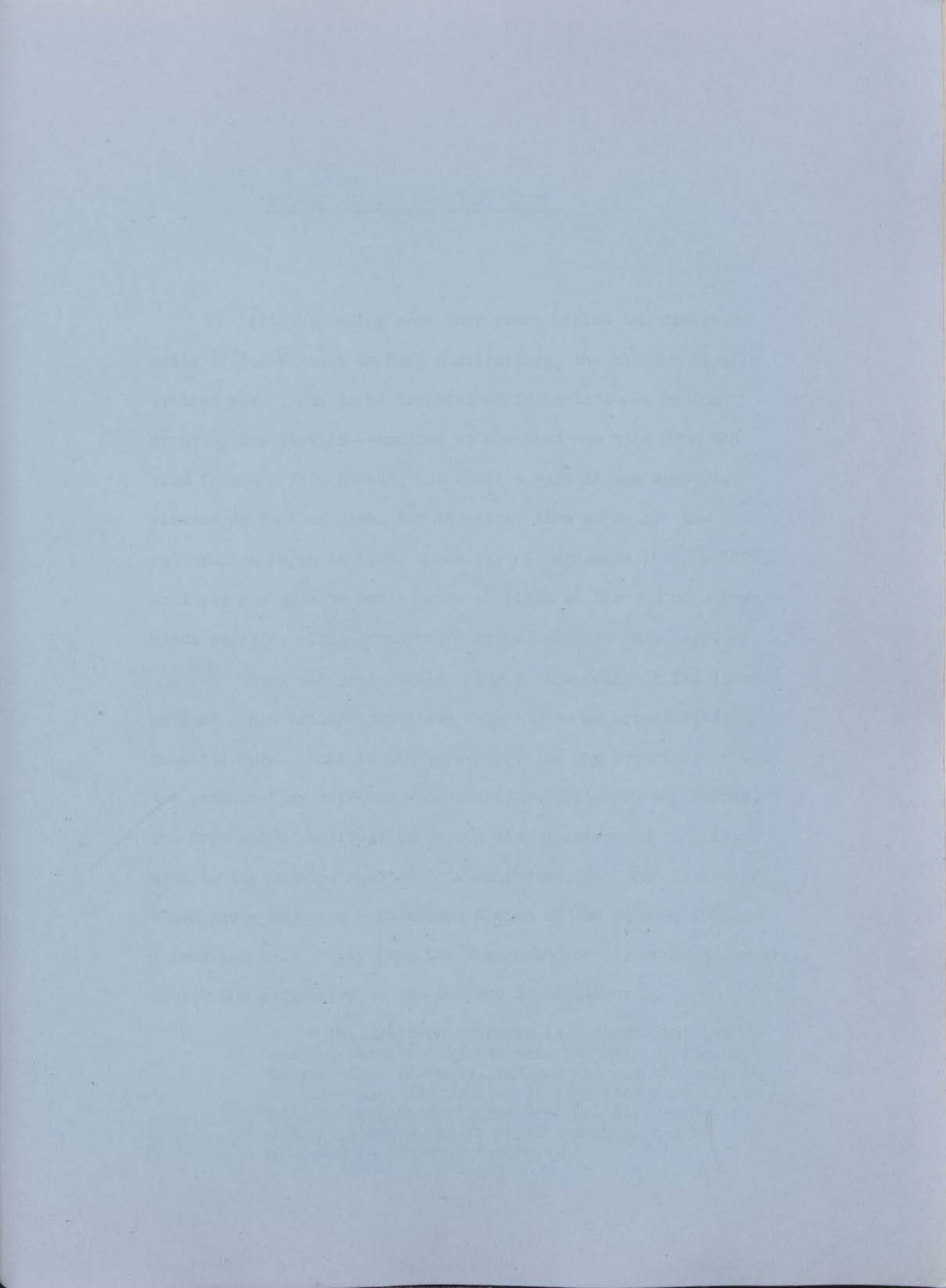
The thought of suicide might enter the mind occasionally and it is during these moments when only the strong survive and the weak crumble into their shells like scared snails.

Yes, the men in prison are very real people, indeed, so much so, in fact, that we sometimes forget that they are molded from the very ingredients that you yourself are made of. They possess the same hopes and dreams as you do; the very same ambitions, the same strengths and weaknesses, and in many cases you will see men in prison as men amongst men. Like yourself they even awake to winter's early morning dawn, but in their case it is to the chill of a cold dreary cell instead of the warmth of a cosy bedroom. And as they turn over in their cots they can only open their eyes to the ever present cold steel bars that face them, standing and looking like prominent forbidden spears of medieval days. They may glance from behind a dirty, dusty window to see the white snow falling softly to the ground; they might even remember the finer, happier days of family living, as well as the pleasant reunions once had with friends and relatives around a warm cosy fire. But these dreams must fade

quickly away as the prison itself gradually comes to life and all thoughts of home must be forgotten in order to preserve ones sanity.

From far off down the cell range the sound of a toilet flushing will jar and awaken the early morning senses; an asthmatic inmate begins to cough and sneeze and then cannot stop, another inmate starts to yell and scream with a long string of cuss words, and then for no logical reason may break in with the song "Silent Night." Another inmate down the cell range is still snoring loudly until someone else will scream at him to sh^ut-up. A prison guard from the early morning shift comes walking along the tier dangling a set of oversized keys checking to see if the inmates are awake and on their feet, while at the same time another inmate from away off in the distance yells at the guard to take his keys and shove them as far as they will go, and to get the hell home to his wife and kids for a change. The guard obviously doesn't enjoy this type of insult thrown at him so early in the morning, and the next cell that he passes he sees that the inmate occupying it is still just sitting there on his bed rubbing the sleep away from his eyes, but the guard makes an offensive report against him for not being up on time. Then at the loud clang of a bell from the prison dome the cell doors are gradually opened by another inmate who runs down the cell range lifting steel door handles that is almost deafening to the ear. The prison is back to life for another day, and the reality of it all is there aloof and impersonal.

Men in prison are people, real people who desperately need a friend just as you need a friend. We all need friends regardless of race, religion, color or creed. Prisons are filled with big men, little men, intelligent men, and not so intelligent men, but nevertheless men with hearts and men with feelings. They want to be loved and in return give love, they want to be wanted, and above all they want to be helped. But nothing must stand in the way of justice when justice is being served, not even the sentimentality and love of a drifting man's thoughts, and the age old routine of prison must carry on and never cease. It will go on for days, weeks, months and years, with never a moments letup; the same faces, the same idle talk, the same drab, colorless atmosphere with very little to brighten up the inmates day, as he wanders around aimlessly with his mind always on the forbidden future. The inmate knows that there is very little in the way of hope for himself so long as he is confined within the walls of a maximum security prison, and he looks forward to the day when he might be shipped out to a medium or even a minimum security institution to serve out the remainder of his sentence, where life takes on new hopes and dreams of rehabilitation for a decent future.



LECLERC AND THE CHANGING SCENE

After spending some four years behind the concrete walls of St. Vincent de Paul penitentiary, the big day finally arrived when I was to be transferred to Leclerc---a medium security institution---located no more than one mile down the road from the "Big-House", but still a part of the vast St. Vincent de Paul complex. For the first time since my incarceration began in 1960, a new ray of hope came into my life, as I was now able to see a trace of light at the end of a long black passage. This transfer, however, did not come easy.

Over the years while dying a slow death in St. Vincent de Paul I had written countless requests to be transferred. My requests were sent to almost everyone of any importance within the penitentiary service: Classification Officers, the Warden, the Regional Classification Board, the Minister and finally, even to the Commissioner of Penitentiaries. For some reason or other these requests were always denied and on July 3, 1964, I received this reply from the Regional director of Headquarters concerning a transfer to the Leclerc Institution:

"The decision rendered is a Board decision and not that of only one man. The main difficulty is your long sentence, and you are not the only one in this case. The problem of long sentences is one of the Commissioner's and Regional Director's deepest concern. It is hoped something can be achieved in the near future."

After opening and reading that letter a feeling of nausea overcame me and it was as if someone had hit me with a sledge hammer in the pit of the stomach. No, no, no, I thought. I was already aware that some men serving life were over in Leclerc with still plenty of space available for others. Feeling as I did, I convinced myself that I had a right to be there instead of wasting the years away inside of a rotten cell. I refused to accept "no" for an answer and kept pestering the authorities with still more requests. Finally someone within the service must have become fed up with me and on August 13, 1964, I received this reply from the secretary of the Regional Board:

"You have been accepted for Leclerc---
eligibility list for long sentences."

Delighted that I was finally accepted for Leclerc, only one question remained, when would I be transferred? More of my requests followed until finally, one cold December day in 1964, I was boarding the back of a tarpaulin covered truck along with about twenty other inmates for that short trip to what was to be my new home for the next three years. Even though I was now on my way I could hardly believe it and I could not help but feel that my aggressiveness was what enabled me to get the transfer in the first place and I was proud of myself for the way I went about it. Had I been a weak individual and accepted "no" for an answer, like so many others before me had done, I am

sure that I would have stayed behind the walls of St. Vincent de Paul penitentiary for at least a few more years.

My arrival at Leclerc was beyond my expectations and much more than a breath of fresh air. No more concrete walls, no bucket cells, no dirt and filth to permeate the air; the only evident sign that this was prison was a chicken-wire fence that surrounded the institution with one gun tower away off in the distance. Life suddenly took on new dimensions. This was still prison, to be sure, but at least it was clean and a man could regain something in the way of his self respect again. Even the inmates looked happier and healthier, and there seemed to be an air of friendliness about the whole place.

The buildings were all painted white with a bright red trim; the corridors were sparkling clean and the whole atmosphere of Leclerc was like a world apart compared to St. Vincent de Paul. It was like going from the dark ages to the space age all in one brief minute. The construction was such that there were no steel bars anywhere in sight. I was delighted to be sure, and must have been acting like a ten year old boy on his first camping trip.

After descending from the truck all twenty of us were taken to what was called the "new-comers" wing, where we would remain for the next three weeks having no contact whatsoever with the general population.

In single file we were instructed to go up one flight of stairs where another officer was waiting to intercept us. We then entered a large common-room and after being seated we were served coffee and told that we could smoke. One of the instructors then told us that we were about to undergo a "new-comers" course in order that we would familiarize ourselves with Leclerc and its people and vice versa. But the one statement that impressed me most at this first gathering was when the instructor said.

"No longer will you men be considered as merely a number. In Leclerc everyone is referred to by his name, and all numbers are to be removed from your clothing."

What a breakthrough, I thought, I finally had my own identity again and not simply number 6466. By this time I had actually come to hate that number and even today some four years after my release whenever I see that combination, or another one that even remotely resembles it, I actually shiver.

For the duration of this three week "new-comers" course we would have daily classes beginning at 8:30 am. at which time we would meet and talk to a number of people both from inside and outside of the penitentiary service. We were given pencils and paper, told to take notes and above all not to be shy whenever you wanted to ask a question.

The first day of the course was spent doing a number of things. Being assigned to a cell. Each cell was equipped with a bed, a clothes locker, a desk and a window that opened or closed; to me it was like moving into a first rate hotel. We were given our bedding, a new set of clothes, our own eating utensils and cleaning materials in order to keep our living quarters clean---In St. Vincent de Paul penitentiary, you practically had to fight for these necessities.

Each wing in Leclerc consists of from 18 to 22 cells with a large common-room at the end of each range. Within the common-room there are tables and seating arrangements for each man and normally everyone likes to keep the same seat for as long as he will live there. The common-rooms in Leclerc are much like the average home kitchen. The men will spend more time in them than they do in their cells. The common-room is also equipped with a large coffee urn, a toaster, a refrigerator, and in one corner, a television set. The refrigerator and television sets do not come from taxpayers money. They are purchased through the inmates trust fund.

When meals are to be served the food is brought up to each wing on a heated wagon at which time a "wing cook" and two assistants serve it on plates to the men during meal times. The food in Leclerc is usually very good and the men have little to complain about in this area.

I was most impressed with this first day in Leclerc, even though I had seen little of my new surroundings. There was still a great deal left to explore and I was eager for the days ahead in order to see and take in as much as I could.

On the advice of one of the instructors we were then told to take things easy for the rest of this day and to relax in our cells---the doors would not be locked. After having cleaned my cell to my satisfaction, straightened out my belongings, it was already time for supper. I don't recall what supper consisted of that night, but after eating, I sat down to watch television for the first time in over four years. After about two hours of this I suddenly felt very tired and drifted off to my cell where I immediately fell asleep and was not disturbed until the following morning when I was being awakened for breakfast. I felt good, really good for the first time in years.

The second day of the course things became a bit more serious. Immediately after breakfast we were taken to a large classroom, each of us being assigned to a desk. We would keep the same seat for every day of the "course" since we would be spending a great deal of our time in this room. Meeting such people as the head of the Classification department, he explained his function and what we could or could not expect from his office. The schoolmaster was next and he in turn explained what his department could do for us. On succeeding days we met the Work's Officer, the

Psychologist, the Assistant Deputy Warden, the Warden, the Accountant, a representative from Manpower, and finally, even the "Janitor." We were given tests of every conceivable nature: I.Q. tests, aptitude tests, physical examinations; we filled out questionnaires, toured the institution, visited every shop, spoke to Instructors and Inmates alike and all during this time many of us were taking notes trying to digest what was going on. By this time I had information about Leclerc until it was practically coming out of my ears. It was an interesting and informative three weeks and by the time the "Course" was finished I felt that I knew Leclerc as well as anyone else. We were given an excellent picture that could not help but assist us through the days ahead. By the time the course was completed we knew exactly where we would be working, what was expected of us, and the new cell range where we would be living. It was now up to each of us individually.

The course wound up on a Friday---I think---and all of us who took part in it were moved into our new wings. We were now part of the general population and the first time really to have any contact with some of our friends from the "Big-House." Most were happy to see us but there were others who tried to be discouraging by saying that the "course" was a lot of crap. Leclerc was really no bed of roses. "The Warden was a bum, the food was bad, the population was loaded with stool-pigeons etc!" But I soon

learned that these were the men who, one ignored; they would be unhappy and miserable living in Buckingham Palace. I was determined to live by my own standards and so far I had no choice but to give Leclerc the benefit of doubt.

My first week-end as part of the population was spent mostly in conversation with my friends. We played cards, watched television, took in an inmate hockey game and strolled around the yard. Week-ends belonged to the inmate. He could sleep in as late as he pleased, study, work on a hobby or stroll in the yard or fool around in the gym. But even though this was an entirely new life as compared to St. Vincent de Paul penitentiary, I somehow detected a trace of frustration on the part of some inmates. Later I was to learn what was lacking.

On Monday morning I was up early and ready to start my new job as clerk for the Work's Officer. It was a kind of cushy job by ordinary standards with little in the way of pressure. The Work's Officer himself was a remarkably easy man to get along with and somewhat sympathetic toward the inmate. He had a hot-plate and kettle installed in our office on which I made coffee during the day; he would supply the tin milk and sugar from home while I would have the coffee smuggled from out of the kitchen---this cost me one package of tobacco per week. In short, we developed an easy friendship but my job here did not last too long. As I said, the job was an easy one but there was one drawback. There

simply was not enough in the way of work. I had a tremendous capacity for work in those days and this job only kept me busy for no more than about two hours per day. I approached him and explained that I needed more in the way of work to keep busy. He understood, but there was nothing he could do about it. Consequently I told him I was requesting a change of work and his immediate reaction was:

"Ok, if that's what you want, go ahead. I'll recommend you for whatever job you choose."

Within a week after my request I was called in front of the work board and on the following Monday I started my new job as clerk in the kitchen.

In this new job the volume of work was more than I could handle. There was enough to keep two men busy on a seven day basis. For over a year I worked at this job seven days a week and was paid accordingly. By this time I was earning the highest inmate wage possible: sixty five cents per day.

When I first started working in the kitchen the man in charge was the Chief Steward whose name was Neil. Basically he was a nice enough chap but his one big fault was that he feared the inmates. Consequently, there was a total lack of communications between us and should any inmate commit the slightest infraction of the rules Neil would immediately have the man removed without a hearing. After getting to know him,

the inmates, of course, would never open up in front of him and the kitchen became something in the way of a hot-bed for trouble. The men could not relax, there were fights among the men, others escaped from the kitchen through the back door and the whole atmosphere was one of tension. Fortunately, Mr. Neil must have realized his shortcomings where the inmate was concerned and resigned from the penitentiary service.

The man who replaced Neil as Chief Steward was a loud, boisterous type of individual named Mr. Raymond. At heart he was a typical softie and the inmates knew that his bark was worse than his bite. He did, however, have one very strong point. When you worked for Raymond you were working for a man. Should any of the inmates working under him get into some trouble with the Administration he would be the first one to go to bat for you. He was a firm believer in keeping the men that he had, and tried his damndest to encourage the men to stay with him. From time to time he would discover small batches of brew being made in the kitchen when he made his rounds early in the evening. After finding such things he would remove the brew, place it in his office until the following morning, and as each of the men reported for work he would hold a general meeting in some corner of the kitchen with all of the men present.

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In his loud voice, turning on and off from French to English, he would blast away at each of us while his hands and arms made threatening gestures in every which way. More often than not I thought that the poor man would have a heart attack. He would then explain that the next time he found brew in HIS kitchen we would all be fired. After the reprimand was over, off he would go walking rapidly through the kitchen with his apron trailing him and dump the whole batch of brew down the drain while a slight smile came to the corners of his mouth. Within an hour or so after his "lecture" he would be around speaking to us individually really feeling sorry for having blasted us.

Mr. Raymond had his bad days too of course, and on these days he would generally hold up in his tiny office and stay clear of the inmates. Raymond was a man whom you could speak to and he respected everyone's opinion, even if it concerned his food. If an inmate, any inmate, had a complaint about the food he was free to go down to the kitchen anytime and air his beef. When this happened Mr. Raymond would not only listen to the man but would go one step further. He would sample the food that the inmate was complaining about and if the complaint was well founded the inmate would be given something else. On the other hand, if the complaint were not founded the inmate soon found himself on the outside of the kitchen looking in.

Even though I was kept busy as clerk of the kitchen, the job generally became routine and I was soon looking around for something that was a little more creative. An opening presented itself on the prison magazine after the editor had been released. I submitted a request for this job and before I knew it I was the new editor of Contact Magazine.

To me this was the ultimate of jobs inside prison. I had my own small office located in the corner of the gym with three men working under me and together we managed to put out a bilingual thirty page edition every two months. We had no guard or instructor working with us and only occasionally would someone show up in our office to make a check. As editor of the magazine I had a pass that enabled me to go anywhere within the institution without an escort, and from time to time, whenever I felt blue or lonesome, I would take advantage of my pass simply to stroll around to get off by myself. I'm sure the authorities new about this but never once did anyone ever question me.

The stories we printed in Contact covered a variety of subjects, many of which were contributed by the inmate population; all articles were subject to censure by the Deputy Warden and one rule that I had to follow was: "Print nothing derogatory to the Institution or the Office of the Commissioner." This seemed like a simple rule but not always easy to abide by.

I enjoyed my work on the magazine as each issue was a new challenge. One day while sitting in my office preparing to put out the next edition I walked the Assistant Deputy Warden together with two ladies. Apart from the prison psychologist, I think this was the first time that I had spoken to two females in over five years---To me it was another unexpected treat. After introducing themselves they said they were from an organization called the Creative Awards Association. They said they wanted to set up and organize some inmate activities on an intellectual level. Their next question was: Would I be interested in helping them along these lines? Needless to say, of course I would, I would do almost anything in order to fill the gap that existed in the evenings that would be different from the usual sporting activities. We then chatted briefly over coffee and after about two hours had passed the ladies departed.

Two or three weeks went by before I heard another word about the intended project, and I thought; "Oh, well, another good idea shot to hell." I was wrong. Early one Monday morning I was called into the Assistant Warden's office. He told me that a group of people would be coming in that night around seven o'clock. He further explained that the two ladies were coming back with a group of friends to discuss their future plans. He suggested that I get three or four inmates together to meet this group so that we could lay plans for some new activities.

I immediately set out and rounded up four friends whom I figured would be interested in these new projects. I then informed the Assistant Warden that we were ready to meet the people and that night shortly after seven an escort arrived to take all five of us inmates into the administration Board-Room where we met a group of eight people all sitting around a large oak table drinking coffee and smoking cigarettes. There were filled coffee cups waiting for us as well, and the guests offered us cigarettes freely.

The Assistant Warden chaired the meeting at this early stage and made the necessary introductions; after that was done he simply sat back and said not another word. In other words we were on our own.

The spokesman for the group then took over and explained what their plans were all about. As a group they felt that penitentiary inmates were inclined to be creative individuals and they wanted to do something; their plans included such things as art courses, music classes, reading classes, acting classes, photography classes, general semantic classes, sculptor classes and debating societies. All of the projects would be conducted with the help of people from the "outside" and their main question was: "How would the general population accept these new projects ?

My immediate reaction was, Christ ! what a breakthrough. If we could pull this off what a revelation to the entire penal system. Nothing like this had ever been done before, and if it worked here, it could work anywhere. Without even hesitating I said, Yes.

"Very Well," the spokesman said, if these projects were to get underway they would have to be done in a most professional manner and one inmate should act as chairman and liaison between both inmate body and Administration. Lists of names had to be secured, evening availability, class room availability, inmate participation in what particular class, and total number of inmates to be involved. There was a lot of work to be done from our point of view. Since it appeared that I was doing most of the talking for the inmates, and due to my job as editor of Contact, by a show of hands I was elected as the person responsible to start things rolling.

For the next week or so I was busy preparing bulletins for every wing in Leclerc which I had posted on every bulletin-board throughout the institution. Soon after, I had approximately one hundred names of interested men which I listed chronologically, as well as what class interested them the most. Once I was ready I contacted the Creative Awards people saying that we were ready to go whenever they were.

Within about one month we started our first class--- I don't recall which---and from there on we never looked back. Practically every night now there was something for the inmates to get involved with. People from the outside were coming in on a regular basis, the inmates were learning new things, they were coming out of their shells and the only cost to the institution was a rise in their coffee bills. The inmate morale was high and so far as I was concerned there was less and less friction among the general population.

So much was taking place now that the inmates had to be informed on a regular basis concerning what was going on each night. Almost daily I had to prepare a stack of memos which I distributed to every wing in Leclerc informing the population what was on schedule. My job was becoming more and more time consuming. Suddenly an idea struck me. There was a public address system already installed in every wing of the institution that was only being used for emergencies or when the Warden had some special announcement to make. Why not utilize this system to better advantage, I thought, by starting a bi-lingual radio station right here inside. In this way I could get all of my messages across and at the same time entertain the inmates with a little additional music. I immediately submitted a request to the Deputy Warden, Mr Page, and after a short time my request to operate a radio program was granted.

I arranged to have a French chap work with me on this project and together we put a show together. A little music, local news events, sports news and interviews with inmates as well as Leclerc personnel. At first we came on the air at 12:30p.m. just after the inmates had finished lunch. This time slot, however, did not prove to be too effective so the time was changed to right before supper. In this new time slot the program became quite popular and many of the men looked forward to it. The program continued up to the time of my release.

In my estimation, things were really swinging now inside Leclerc and there were more activities going on then most of us could handle. On most evenings there were at least three classrooms in operation with some project or other. Instead of the men sitting in their wings playing cards or watching television they were now out in force.

The inmates developed a close rapport with the people from the outside and new friendships evolved. Some men who had neither a family or friend to correspond with were now not only meeting people but were also corresponding with them. While all of these projects were taking place I don't think that there was a man who ever abused these privileges. They came out of their shells, they were proud of their achievements, and above all they

looked forward to their evenings now that they had things to do.

But all of this did not happen overnight. It took some three years to get these projects operating successfully and by the time I was released from Leclerc in September of 1967, I could not help but feel that I too had a little something to do with the changing penitentiary scene.

Ch. 11

Parole...Like being born again

With an eighteen year parole hanging over my head this meant that I would be reporting to the police and my parole supervisor until the year 1985. For the first year or two after I was paroled this used to bother me a great deal, because so long as this was the case I could never really be a free man. There were still plenty of restrictions that would tie me down and leagally the violation of any one of the rules could land me back into prison. I was unable to drink alcohol like a normal person, could not get married, unable to establish a credit rating, could not leave the country, report any change of address or change of work. There was a definate weight hanging over my head but in order to stay out of prison I would simply have to abide by these rules and regulations.

On almost every visit to my parole supervisor I used to discuss the conditions of my parole with him in order to have them ~~loosened~~^{EASED} up a bit, especially the reporting to the police. This was one area which always frightened me. Before reporting to the police all kinds of ideas would run through my mind: Suppose they held me for a crime that I didn't committ. Suppose they placed me in a line up and through some mistake I was indentified by the victim. What if some guneman's discription fitted mine? Supposing some policeman didn't like me for some reason, then what? All of these ideas were unfounded, to be sure, but they were, nevertheless, thoughts that kept running through my mind and every month when I had to report to the police I would take some very careful precautions.

First I would notify my parole officer the day that I would be reporting to the police; I would then telephone at least two of my friends and inform them that I was visiting the police. In conclusion I would tell them: "If for some reason you do not hear from me within an hour or two by telephone, send a lawyer down to the police station." After leaving the police I would immediately telephone my friends and say that all was well. I could relax for another month now. This was probably a silly thing to do on my part, but it at least gave me a feeling of security. I knew I was guilty of nothing and in reality had nothing to worry about, but for the life of me, I simply had to take this precaution.

This routine lasted for three years and by this time I was pretty well established in a job and my parole officer knew that I was doing the best I could. Consequently, one day he called me at work saying he wanted to see me. When I arrived at his office he produced a white piece of paper that had been issued by the parole board to the effect that no longer did I have to report to the police. Great days! I thought, no longer would I ever see the inside of a police station, and I felt freer now by at least fifty percent.

But even though I had done everything possible to relieve myself of the burden of reporting to the police, I must confess that it was my parole officer who did the fighting for me through his reports to Ottawa and recommending that I be cut off from this needless duty. Once again I was thankful to Steve and the John Howard Society.

PAROLE...LIKE BEING BORN AGAIN

If my arrival at Leclerc was like a breath of fresh air then my departing there via parole was no less than like being born again; even though I had no home to go to. After six years, five months and a few days I was now on my way out of prison a "free man." For the next two days I would be escorted downtown by a guard dressed in civilian clothes to go wherever I pleased and to do whatever I pleased. There were a million things I wanted to see and do but my escort was somewhat wiser than I. He cautioned me to take things easy for awhile and not to expect too much too soon.

My first trip to the "big city" consisted of brousing inside a small shopping center somewhere near St. Vincent de Paul, going into a restaurant, paying with my own money---the institution gave me ten dollars for this first day out---and generally just looking around. I spent the entire day doing things that other people would take for granted, and enjoying every minute of it. I was quite happy to return to the institution that night around six, but anxiously looking forward to the following day.

That evening after eagerly telling my friends what my day consisted of---there were a million questions to be answered---I was indeed happy to be alone inside my cell and amid the surroundings that I was so used to. I pondered over all of my personal belongings including the papers and files that I had accumulated over the years.

One of the papers I delved over for quite some time was my parole application that I had filled out in November of 1964, some four years after I had been admitted to St. Vincent de Paul. Many of the words on that application form came up and hit me right between the eyes:

"Shortly after being sentenced I took stock of myself and realized my many shortcomings....Fortunately for me my type of character enabled me to accept the various stages of being imprisoned....but even more important I realized that I could never become a part of this environment....It would be easy to store up a list of resentments, but surely that would only lead to more failures and this is something I want no part of..."

Another pink paper that stood out prominently among my files was a later parole application dated August 17, 1966, some two years after I was first refused for parole.

"Over the years a number of changes have taken place in my life especially where my thinking and reasoning are concerned..."

What an understatement, I thought; I had gone through the very worst possible so far as prison was concerned. I had seen men tortured by their fellow inmates. I had seen riots---the worst in Canadian History. I had seen men beaten by guards, I had seen the inside of the "hole", I had witnessed countless suicides---one incidently, a man who occupied the next cell to me, and just before breakfast one morning jumped four stories to his death splattering himself to pieces. I myself had thoughts of suicide too, but always managed to overcome them. I had seen men starve themselves, I had seen guards taken as hostage, I had seen one guard murdered, and last but not least I had seen men come and men go, and the same men return again. Yes, prison was alive to me and all during that time it was like a bad, bad dream.

But here I was on the verge of being a free man with only a few days remaining before I could walk the streets again and to do as I pleased. No more lock-ups, no more personal heartache. I was indeed nervous, to be sure, as I was unaware of what the future held in store for me. Some inmates told me that it wouldn't be easy. I would have to make regular reports to the police, to my parole officer and chances were that if something happened in my "neighbourhood I would be the first one to be arrested.

At this stage there is one important suggestion I should like to make. Men being paroled should not be a part of the general population. They should be segregated in some part of the institution away from the men if only for a week prior to their release. In this way all of the lies and speculation that is spread by other inmates could be overcome which would make things a great deal easier for the man being released.

In the ensuing days prior to my release I still had a lot of time to go over some future plans. I had written a countless number of letters to prospective employers: The Brantford Expositor, The Windsor Star, The Sudbury Star, The Canadian Magazine, the New Brunswick Electric Power Co., R.C.A. Victor, and Molson's Brewery. From each and everyone of these companies I received polite replies, but not one of them ever came close to offering me work upon release. But what could

Ruth: I think you could insert the following material after paragraph 2 page 3 of "Parole...Like Being Born Again."

At the time of my release---1967--- the parole system was such that a man was never sure just when he would be released via parole. He could speculate, with some degree of accuracy as to an approximate date of release, but never sure. But generally speaking he was informed that a parole had been granted only one or two days prior to his release and would hit the street "cold turkey." In many cases this was more harmful than it was good as the man was totally unprepared for what the outside held in store. Consequently, the new parolee would be released with little or no idea what to expect on the outside. I feel certain that this procedure did much to hinder a man's chances of making it rather than help.

Today the procedure ^{as compared} to yesteryear where a man's release via parole is concerned ~~but~~ could be changed overnight with a little more foresight and thought on the part of the authorities. One of the big differences today as compared to a year or so ago is that a man actually goes before a Board that is usually made up of four people: A representative of the Parole Board from Ottawa, a Regional representative of the Parole Board, the local representative, and his Classification Officer. During this meeting of the Board the man is told what decision has been taken: Parole granted or parole refused with reasons. This is

by far a better system then a couple of years ago when a man would wait months and in some cases a year or more before a decision was made in his case never knowing if he would be refused or granted a parole. But even this new system that is in effect today when a man appears before the Board and is told of its decision is still not enough.

A typical case in point may be that of a friend of mine who was recently released from Leclerc via parole. On June 10, he appeared before the Board after having been in prison for more than eleven years. His date of eligibility for parole was sometime in July. After meeting with the Board he was told that his case had been accepted and that he would be paroled on June 17, ten days away. Needless to say the man was jumping with joy, nervous, and filled with anticipation. That ten day waiting period, however, was like hell for him. It is at this point where a vast improvement in the parole system should be made.

Rather then leaving the man to live within the general population at this point, where he will hear rumors and lies from the other inmates about what being on parole is going to be like, he should have been segregated in some part of the institution or elsewhere and given a course similar to the "new-comers" course that he went through on his arrival at Leclerc. The course should last for a minimum of seven days with class room instruction; supervised visits to the city, instructions on how to approach prospective employers, meetings with family and friends, dining in restaurants, economic instructions (after years inside a man is not even aware how much bus fare costs) sexual instruction, etc. This plan could be elaborated upon to no end. If need be the course could be extended to two weeks.

...3

Can you imagine what it is like for a man coming out of prison after ten or eleven years? When he went inside the tallest building in Montreal was the Sun Life buliding. When released eleven years later there are sky-scrapers twice that size, a metro system that boggles the mind, and a pace of living that is faster than he could possibly imagine. It is enough to make any man turn around and ask to go back to prison.

I expect, really. In reality I never thought that anyone of these companies would actually hire me because my background left a lot to be desired. But what the hell, I thought, nothing ventured nothing gained.

I was now so anxious for the day of my release that I could do nothing in the way of work. My job as Editor of Contact was leaving more and more to be desired. I was unable to concentrate, I was doing things without even thinking. Finally I took the bull by the horns and wrote the following letter to the Assistant Warden, security, Mr. Gaston Langelier:

Dear Sir:

I would appreciate your help in securing a change of work for the following reasons.

1. Due to circumstances (in anticipation of parole) I am unable to concentrate to the best of my ability and consequently I am unable to perform my duties as Editor of Contact Magazine adequately.
2. At this stage of my incarceration (Practically 7 years) I feel frustrated, empty and deflated.
3. Feeling as I do at this stage I am experiencing headache, stomach pains and complete irritability.

During this period I would appreciate an outside job, at least for the summer in whatever vacancy that is available.

Thank you,
Yours truly,

Ron. Livingstone (6466)

In less than a week my transfer became a reality and I now found myself working in the yard cleaning up and generally just walking around.

This job afforded me a new kind of freedom which I never abused. I was happier, had no worries about the magazine and was indeed thankful to Gaston Langellier for understanding my situation.

Finally one day in September while I was working in the yard a guard came looking for me---I was nursing two newly born sparrows which I had found in a small nest in one corner of the yard. I could not help but feel that these two little birds were in a similar position to myself. I used to feed them and assist them along. Up until this day I do not know if they made their own kind of parole.

The guard who had come looking for me said that I was wanted in the Warden's Office and to report there immediately. Instinctively I knew that my parole was in. I was almost a mile away from his office at the time but I ran to his office in less than 3 minutes breaking all speed records. The Warden's secretary told me to wait a minute as the "Big Man" was now occupied. Finally he called me in and immediately produced a white piece of paper that was obviously my parole. I don't recall his exact words but they went something like this:

"Tomorrow morning you will be leaving here as a "free man" via parole. You have certain conditions to live up to and should you break these conditions you will be back with us. My secretary will have you sign the necessary papers and I'll see you tomorrow morning. Good bye and good luck."

I somehow felt that this was a very cold way of doing things especially after someone had been inside for nearly seven years. The best way to describe my feelings was that I felt like a discarded dish rag that had been used for a purpose and now that I was worn out I was being tossed aside.

After leaving the Warden's Office I ran over to the Change Room where I was fitted with a new blue suit, shoes, socks and shirt. The Warden's secretary gave me a piece of paper to carry around the Institution that was to be stamped by the various departments for clearance. I did all of this in less than one day then hurried off to my cell and packed all of my personal belongings. The next morning I was ready to go.

Sleep that night was impossible, and as I paced the floor of my cell waiting for morning to come I had dreams and visions all very much in a scrambled order: Dining inside of a good restaurant, a bed and a woman, exploring the city, a quiet drink, the museum, the city lights, conversation with old friends, Expo, and last but not least, a visit to my mother's grave.

Very early that morning a guard opened my cell for an early breakfast. Entering the common-room, the "Cook" who was one of my very closest friends had a fine breakfast ready for me and our conversation was loose and exciting. He was genuinely happy to see me on my way and I was sorry that he had to stay, but in prison these things happen almost daily and one comes to expect these moves. Shortly after breakfast I was on my way.

After getting dressed in civilian clothes and having made a trip to the Accountant's Office, I received a cheque which amounted to slightly more than two hundred dollars. This money was both from my personal account and my compulsory savings. I was then told to see the Warden again, but for some reason he wasn't available. The Deputy Warden, Mr. Page saw me wished me good luck and said good bye. I was now ready to leave. I did not have time nor was I permitted to say good bye to all of my friends and as I walked out of the Institution I was more than just a little frightened.

As the doors closed behind me I spotted a green Cougar with a familiar face behind the wheel, and something totally unexpected. The lady from the Creative Awards was there to drive me downtown. I was delighted to see her and indeed grateful.

The first thing that this lady did was to assure me that everything was going to be alright and asked what I had to do. Our first stop was to the Regional Parole Office in Laval, not far from Leclerc. Our next stop was to the bank where I cashed my cheque. Stop number three was to the Montreal police which took a little longer. They opened up a file on me asked a number of questions: Where I would be living, working as well as my general plans. The officer to whom I reported seemed like a nice enough chap, but the fact that I was once again inside a police station frightened me. With that out of the way it was time for lunch and we went to a beautiful little French restaurant on Guy st. She wanted to pay the check but I wouldn't hear of it. This

was my first gesture as a "free man" and a real pleasure, too. While dining in this restaurant a strange feeling came over me: Everything seemed so small. The water glasses, the cups, the plates, the people, table and chairs etc. It was as if I was in a midget's palace. When I lifted the coffee cup it came right up at me as light as a feather. I then realized what was wrong. For so many years I had been used to the steel mug, the tin food trays, the heavy dishes and the reinforced furniture that now, all of these regular things seemed irregular to me and it would take some getting used to again. I felt out of place and a bit paranoid. I thought everyone was looking at me. After lunch I reported to the St. Lawrence half-way house where I would be living. I was introduced to the man in charge, assigned to my room, given a tour of the house and handed a set of rules and regulations. Later that same day I reported to the John Howard Society and met my parole supervisor, Mr. Stephen Cumas.

My first reaction to entering the John Howard Society was one of disappointment. Most of the men reporting, it seemed, had to enter through the back door of the Red Feather Bldg, which was located on Atwater Ave., just a stones throw from the "Little Burgundy" district a slum area of Montreal. It brought back memories of my own youth when I too used to run the streets and lanes of this same district.

I could not help but feel that the other tenants of this building frowned upon the John Howard Society and the men who had to report there. There were approximately eight small cubicles within the John Howard office and the men (parole officers) working there all seemed young and inexperienced to me. I also got the impression that they were up tight and afraid of anyone coming to see them. Not one of these men appeared to be in the least bit friendly and I was hoping that somewhere behind one of those cubicles a friendlier and more receptive person would appear. After a short wait I was called in to see Stephen Cumas, also known as the Executive Director.

The first thing Stephen Cumas said to me wasn't something like this.

" Ron., you have one hell of a long parole ahead of you and it's not going to be easy. For all intents and purposes you will be reporting to us until 1985 when your parole is terminated. As Executive Director of this agency I'm not able to handle too many cases but where you are concerned I'll be your supervisor. The first thing we will do is get away from any formal nonsense. My name is Steve, and feel free at any time to talk with me. Above all do your damndest to open up with me whenever you feel up-tight. I'm not a cop and I'm here to help you as much as I can, my job is to keep you out of prison, not put you back in."

Steve was indeed a straight forward guy, I thought, and I was surprised to have received this type of reception. After a few personal questions were discussed our first interview ended and I walked out of his office feeling like a new man. There was no pressure of any kind put on me. He was not worried about when I would start working, nor did he hound me about where I was going and with whom I would be associating.

After my visit to Steve I returned to the half-way house unpacked my belongings and rested for awhile before supper. Later that evening I made a few telephone calls to some friends of mine whom I visited that same night. In all cases, except one, I found that my visits were indeed short lived. In no time at all we learned that no longer had we anything in common; the years that I had been away changed our relationship. They had new friends, new ways, new interests and different attitudes. I was seven years behind the times and there was just no way to breach that gap. On the other hand there was this one couple, Mr & Mrs. H....., whom I had stayed in contact with over the years via correspondence and visits. They were my age, we always got along well together, and my visit to their home was as if I had never even gone away. They welcomed me with 'open-arms' and I was as welcome in their home just as if I was always a part of it. For some reason or other there was no communication gap between us and we talked about the happier days of the past and hopes for a successful future. I was delighted to know that I still had some friends and around midnight I returned to a sleeping half-way house.

After about one week of freedom, and while still living at the half-way house, I spent most of my days exploring the city and the evenings I spent with my friends Mr. and Mrs H..... Through their efforts they contacted a former girl friend of mine with whom I was once in love with; Stella was her name and in no time at all she was down to see me.

We immediately began a new relationship as there still appeared to be something between us. Within a day or two I was invited to her home at which time she introduced me to her 11 year old son. When I had gone to prison in 1960, he was merely a baby of four and did not recognize me. Stella was experiencing some financial problems at this time even though she had a well paying job and as for myself, well very shortly I would be looking for an apartment. Between the two of us we agreed that I would move in to her home and in this way it would make things easier on the two of us. Stella's son was a rather mature young lad and didn't seem to mind this set-up, but there were many times when I felt rather badly about it for his sake. For a year or so our relationship was that of husband and wife and we operated as a family. Stella approached her mother and father and told them of our relationship, and surprisingly, they accepted this, but were never informed of my background. By this time I was steadily employed, making my monthly visits to both my parole officer and the police. Life was beginning to look pretty rosy and I was trying my very best to settle down to a normal life. Occasionally, however; I would have moments of deep depression and Stella, I think, interpreted

these depressive moods to mean that I was unhappy. Sometimes these moods would last for a week or more accompanied by headache, bad dreams of prison and terrible stomach pain. I would go into a shell not wanting to communicate with others and more often than not I would go running to my parole officer, Steve Cumas.

One day disaster struck. While in my office at work I received a telephone call from Steve. He wanted to see me immediately. This was not like him and I could not help but feel that something was wrong. Rushing by cab up to his office I was told to wait but before long he called me in and sitting there along side of him was my employer. Things were happening at the plant and on the surface it appeared that I had engineered a scheme to defraud the company. My employer was sorry, but according to him he had no other alternative but to let me go. I was fired. My whole world came crumbling down around me. What to do now.

I felt like running and running, but I had nowhere to turn. After my ex-employer had left Steve's office we had a long talk. Was I innocent of the charge? Yes. Was I sure? Yes. How come everything pointed to my being guilty? I don't know, I don't know, but it sure as hell looked like someone wanted me out of the way. "Very well," Steve said, "if that's the case we will do everything we can for you. This could be a very serious charge, so much so, in fact that it could return you to St. Vincent de Paul."

No, no, no, I thought and for weeks I was worried about the

outcome. Steve Cumas kept me informed and almost daily I was a steady visitor to his office. I explained what had happened to Stella and she was most understanding. "Don't worry," she said, "you'll get another job." But if it were not for the efforts of Steve Cumas and the John Howard Society, there is no doubt in my mind that I would have returned to prison.

I soon found another job as a "social worker" with the Old Brewery Mission, in Montreal, but this work was highly unsatisfactory so far as I was concerned. It was very depressing to see and work with the men who lived at the Mission. My moods of depression came more frequently now and life at home left a lot to be desired. I felt alone in a crowd and there were moments when I wished I was back in prison, but Steve was always there to see me through with words of encouragement.

Then one day a lucky break came my way. It was around Christmas of 1968. A telephone call came to my home from an Executive-Producer at the Canadian Broadcasting Co. He had read a couple of my newspaper articles which appeared in the Montreal Star, and wanted to know if I would be interested in speaking to him about some work on a freelance basis. Without even hesitating I said yes, and soon after started a new career as a freelance writer and researcher.

Shortly after starting my new career, Stella's son took seriously ill and was soon found to be diabetic. This was quite a shock to her as well as to myself. But not only did this sickness make a mess of the boy's life, it also made Stella's life a mess. She could not do enough for her son and consequently became the overly protective mother. Nothing in her life mattered anymore so long as she could protect this boy and as far as I was concerned our life together was empty. Once more I had these depressive moods, and again, after speaking to Steve, we decided that the best thing for me to do would be to move out of Stella's home. Steve's only concern as my parole supervisor was to keep me out of prison, and when I decided to move he backed me up entirely.

Today I am still on parole, naturally, and will be until the year 1985. But no longer do I have to report to the police and my visits to the John Howard Society are today, friendly visits. In my particular case parole has been a life saver even though I have had my ups as well as my downs. Our system of parole, to me anyway, works, provided the man on parole puts a little effort into making it work.

Conclusion:

One of the questions most often asked is: How effective is parole and does it really help keep men out of prison? The only way in which I can answer this question is to say that parole is as effective as its weakest link. The weakest link in this case is the parolee and the friends he makes after his release. The simplest thing in the world for the parolee to do is to strike up friendships with old buddies. When a man leaves prison he is constantly hounded by offers from other inmates. Offers that include connections on the outside, who to see if in need of a woman, quick ways to make money, places to go if he needs a drink, and what gang or gangs will welcome him upon his release.

A parolee with intentions of going "straight" will first make contact with his family should he have one. He will then make an attempt of finding work; any kind of work. If he's lucky in both these areas, which is not always the case, he has a good chance of making it. On the other hand, if he has no family he already has one strike against him. The parole people will be a little more careful with him. They will not give him so much freedom, he will have to report more often to his supervisor and account for most of his moves. However, should he have a family and find work almost impossible to obtain then the picture reverses itself. The parole people will not be as tough on him but the frustrations of not working may be more than he can handle. Consequently,

he may start looking up old friends and before he knows it he is back on the same old "band-wagon." The rounds of the night clubs, the idle hours spent inside a tavern during the day, the discussing of "scores" and finally the carrying out of "scores." He is now back to square one and on his way back to the penitentiary.

Is there any way to overcome this dilemma? Possibly. But it would take a great deal of effort on the part of our parole board to initiate such a system, and there would still be failures. As we all know all men are not capable of living up to the conditions of a parole; some will return to prison regardless to what the "outside" has to offer, but these men are in a minority. On the other hand, in order to help a man stay out government and industry must play a vital role. Workshops of a necessary and constructive nature should be set up with government funds, schooling should be supplied and paid for, a committee should be informed to instruct industry on the necessity of hiring ex-inmates and practically all government agencies should be in a position to hire the qualified ex-inmate. In other words, remove the stigma of a prison record as much as possible and allow the ex-inmate to feel that he has paid his debt without any reservations. By sending him to prison we took away his dignity. If we are prepared to give him back his freedom, we should also be prepared to give him back his dignity and not in dribs and drabs. We opened the door for him, so let's not open it only half way. Half way measures simply do not work.

Another very important aspect of parole is public acceptance of the ex-inmate. Again, as suggested where a committee to deal with industry is concerned the same sort of plan should be implemented where public acceptance is concerned. Communication is the word. Advertising, public speeches, meetings with groups etc. The ex-inmate did wrong, yes, but we must never forget that he has paid his debt, and why should he have to hide. In most cases the ex-inmate trying to live in our society feels much like a leper felt in Biblical times. The only time he is completely at ease is when he is with his own kind. Our system tells him that he is free to do as he pleases so long as he keeps within the law, but society tells him the reverse and this must change if parole is ever going to work to the ultimate.

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

