



From behind the wall

by Larry Baker #35021
O.S.P. Correspondent

Come the 23rd day of this month, December 1977, just inside the high cement walls of the Oregon State Penitentiary, a Superintendent might find himself busily clearing from his desk the last stack of carefully read or signed papers, in completion of his day. Then he will probably take a key out of his pocket, lock his office door and slowly walk across the now empty reception room.

Except for a guard - who may be sitting at a desk going over or rechecking the many visitor forms and written requests normally asked by wives, family members and friends, throughout the day. Both men may, just for a brief moment, stop and give a slight wave in a gesture meaning "good night."

At the front door of this 1,500 man institution the superintendent may briefly again check his watch to that of the large clock showing 6:00 p.m. on the brightly painted wall. Outside, a brisk cold Oregon rain might be lashing itself against the many barred buildings that make up this prison. As he swiftly walks in the direction of his home.

H.C. Cupp may be tired and hungry but it was just another day's work, like many other days, weeks and months throughout his 31 years of employment as a servant to the people of Oregon. But now the day is over...so home to the nice

warm fire, the well prepared dinner and his welcoming family. But also, on this particular night a smile might suddenly appear upon his face from time to time. A smile in remembrance of A Christmas Dream.

Come the 23rd day of this month, a guard inside a cell block may be busily working inside a barred cage, pulling levers that unlock forty cells on a long prison walkway, and shouting out in a loud commanding voice for the forty prisoner's standing outside each cell to get in.

After each prisoner has followed this order, the same guard will turn a large round wheel that rolls each door securely shut and then he will snap a bar that reads "Deadlock." He also will remove a key from his pocket and lock the cage door he was in.

Corporal of the guard's, Gary Sloan, after adjusting his horn-rimmed glasses, will pull out a pad and pencil, check his watch and proceed to write, "6:00 p.m. - All Prisoners Accounted For."

Momentarily Sloan will rub the soreness from his right leg, after climbing up and down five flights of iron stairways for the past two hours, unlocking and locking

these same prisoner's cell doors for one reason or another.

Now, for the next six hours it will be his job and duty as an employee to the people of the State of Oregon, that each prisoner stays securely locked within those cells. As Corporal Sloan starts making his rounds on each tier a smile may edge across his lips from time to time, because he too, might remember The Christmas Dream.

On the same night of December 23, 1977, a prisoner, 44-years-of-age, serving 25 years at O.S.P. will watch a guard as he passes his 9' x 6' barred door. Also inside this cell is an iron table and stool attached to the wall, and a small basin and toilet bowl. As he sits down on his 3' x 6' iron bunk with its thin mattress, two sheets, and a woolen blanket, he will slowly remove a small cardboard box with a Bible laying on top of a stack of letters. After lighting a cigarette, he will adjust the small pillow behind his head and begin opening and reading letter after letter which he has read and re-read many times before.

The prisoner will know that at the passing of the guard it was pretty close to 6:00 p.m., and as he lay there he could not help but feel warm and good as he begins to smile. Because he, too, will be thinking of a Christmas Dream.

Tucked away high in the mountains behind Oregon City, approximately 50 miles from the front doors of O.S.P., a woman in her late twenties will be working busily at the side of her mother and other volunteer people making the last minute preparations for a large Christmas Party, which actually was first thought about in September 1977. But this will not be just the normal type of party many families plan for in many of their homes in the State of Oregon...Sure, there will be many of the normal activities, a Santa Claus, Christmas caroling, many presents under the large Christmas tree and lots of food to eat.

On this night the family and owner's of this 80 acre mountain ranch will be inviting 31 children of different races, nationality and backgrounds, their ages ranging anywhere between five and twelve years, and accompanied only by their mothers, because their father's will be securely locked and guarded inside cells at O.S.P.

At the Big Sky Ranch, Reverend Claude Pike, his wife, two sons and a daughter have been opening the doors to their home every weekend, for a number of years, to children from Portland and surrounding cities - to children who need room to run and play in a ranch-type atmosphere - children, who under normal circumstances would not have been given the opportunity to chase and milk a cow, ride a horse, or fly in an airplane (owned and piloted by Reverend Pike and his son).

Every weekend it is nothing unusual to the Pike's to prepare large quantities of food for children and visitors. It's been part of their life's work, same as ministering the teachings of the Bible as a Christian living.

On the night of December 23, 1977, between the hours of 6:00 to 9:00 p.m., along with their regular weekend kids, Santa Claus will be handing out 31 extra Christmas presents. A puppet show will be performed and a ventriloquist will be on hand bringing forth laughter from these youngsters, as they open their presents from their "Daddy." (Actually all presents were donated by different churches and organizations throughout the Portland area.) There will be small gifts for all mother's, too.

Such a beautiful event would not have been dreamed into reality had it not been for Nancy Pike. Her little private personal project is writing to people in juvenile detention homes, jails, and prisons, in order to personally brighten up their lives with a Christian friendship. She had been doing this for nearly a year and a half before she met with a prisoner who could help her arrange this Christmas Dream from inside these high prison walls.

It would be his job to select as many prisoners who have children living in East Portland, and spread the idea of such a Dream. First that prisoner had to obtain the approval from such people in

the Administration as H.C. Cupp, Superintendent, and his staff, in order for a guard, such as Corporal Sloan, to release that prisoner from his cell each night to go from cell to cell speaking to other prisoner's on such a personal nature as obtaining their wife's and children's addresses, telephone numbers, names and ages of their children. If that type of information could not be obtained correctly that prisoner could have gotten himself into serious trouble with either the prison Administration or the prisoner's themselves. When the list was compiled Nancy contacted a large Christian youth group to assist her in obtaining presents, entertainment, transportation and food. With the help of many people - her family and her prayers to God - Nancy Pike's Christmas Dream will come true.

In many cases this would be the type of story news reporters would rush to cover for their morning editions, with cameras flashing and TV's roaming...Wouldn't it be more beautiful if they didn't?

Normally this would be just the type of event any organization or agency would claim as being responsible for, in their claim to fame...Wouldn't it be beautiful if they wouldn't? So that many fathers who are not able to be with their children on December 23, 1977, may smile and be ever so thankful for this Christmas Dream.

The main thing is to bring a smile to those children's faces so that they might see the Christmas Dream too.

IF I WERE

If I were a sparrow, I'd fly to your window, singing softly my song to you.

But, a sparrow, am I not

If I were the wind I'd surround you always with A breeze, soft as a touch, the fragrance of nature at its best

But, the wind, am I not

If I were the sky in its majestic vastness, I'd bring together the four corners of the world, proclaiming with joy the exquisiteness of God's creation

But, the sky, am I not

If I were the rains my drops would be as soft as your lips, As warm as your eyes -

But, the rains, am I not

If I were the snow, upon descent from the heavens my prayers would be to become as the rain, soft And warm -

But, alas, the snow am I not either

I am neither a sparrow nor the wind, Sky, rain or snow - I am the whole of them all, I am man -

Cast into the prison of love, my thoughts of the loved sail on the wings of the sparrow, my song is for your peace and quietness.

Elements of my existence stir like the winds engulfing you in the totality of your true self.

As the earth captures the rains replenishing strength and nourishment to it's inhabitants I have engulfed you in my love instilling strength and nourishment to your feminine needs.

In the arms of necessity, we shall melt, into the bosom of bliss, a total, my love will become, the true personification of man, to you, woman -

For God, who is my judge and witness know, that with all He has given to Me - Man - I give with understanding to you - woman.

by Julius D. Snowden

Hearings explore utility responsibility for weatherizing

SALEM -- The Department of Energy (DOE) will hold three public hearings this month on proposed administrative rules for implementation of energy suppliers' conservation programs for Oregon Homeowners.

New legislation requires publicly-owned utilities and oil heat dealers to provide weatherization services and information about low-cost weatherization loans to their space heating customers.

Hearings will be in Eugene on December 12th, at 7:00 p.m. in Harris Hall, 8th and Oak Street; in Portland, on December 13th at 7:00 p.m. in the Water Bureau Auditorium, 510 S.W. Montgomery Street; and in Bend on December 15th at 7:00 p.m. in Conference Room A, Deschutes County Courthouse Annex.

House Bill 3265, approved by the 1977 Legislature, applies to all publicly-owned

utilized companies and fuel oil dealers who supply more than 500,000 gallons of fuel for residential heating annually. The services to homeowners include home heating inspections, recommendations for energy-saving weatherization and helping the homeowner arrange a low-cost loan, if necessary, through a local lending institution.

DOE adopted temporary rules for HB 3265 in September. Since then, more than thirty public utilities and fuel oil dealers have submitted programs for DOE review.

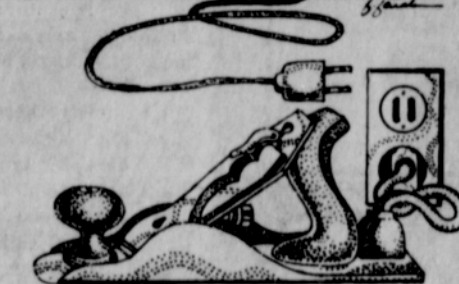
Copies of the proposed rules are available from DOE, Room 111, Labor and Industries Building, Salem, Oregon 97310; telephone 378-4040. Written comments will be accepted by DOE until December 20, 1977. The final rules will be adopted by early January 1978.

How to Un-Folly Your Christmas Jolly

'Tis indeed the season to be jolly. But the holidays are no time for electric contact accidents. Unfortunately, they happen...year after year. And people are seriously hurt. So, here are a few common-sense seasonal reminders from The People at Pacific Power.

We light up your night. Please don't overdo.

If you're going to light-up this holiday season...do it modestly. And safely. Check all circuits for frayed wires, plugs, etc. Replace strings of lights if they blink on and off when they're not supposed to. Turn on the tree or outside lights in the evening...then off before retiring.



Deck the Halls. But use a safe tool.

Power tools are safer today than ever before. But carelessness can lead to trouble...fast. If your new tool isn't double insulated, don't short-circuit safety by ignoring three-way, grounded plugs.

A gift for the Warm-at-heart.

May we recommend...besides a sincere wish for a happy and safe holiday season...stopping by any Pacific Power office for plenty of free, warming advice on how to save money and energy.

Proper home insulation can be a long-lasting gift. And we can help you get the most out of conservation through our Home Energy Analysis Service and other programs.

Up on the roof top: Reindeer yes. People no.

Unless you're as surefooted as a reindeer, stay off the roof. If you have to go up...packing a new TV antenna, decorations or whatever...know what you're doing and stay far, far away from power lines.



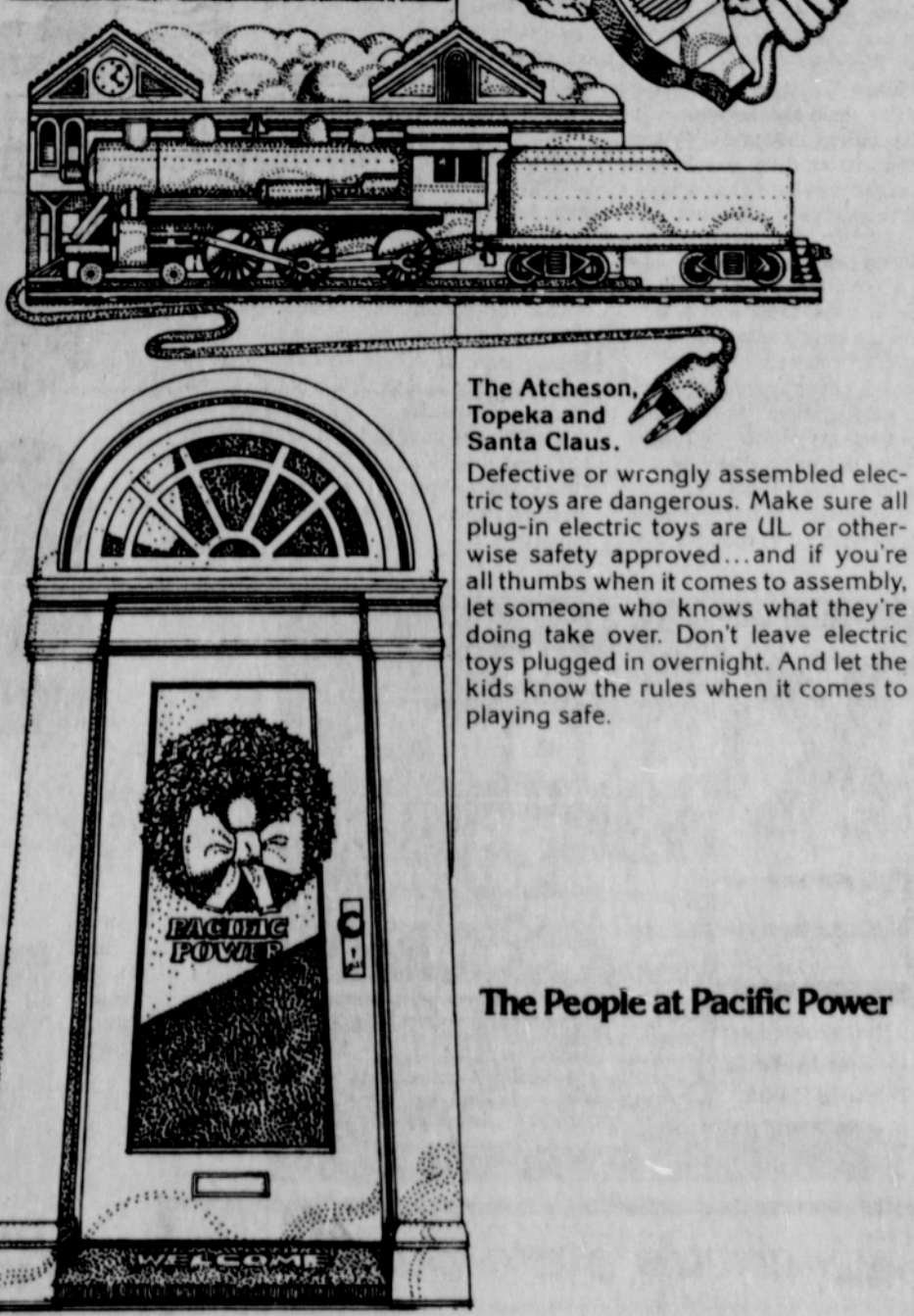
CB's. Talk about safety, good buddy.

It isn't what goes out over the air that bothers us...it's what goes up. Eager new CB's have gotten into real trouble by not looking up for power lines before installing their antennas. Look up and live.



The Atcheson, Topeka and Santa Claus.

Defective or wrongly assembled electric toys are dangerous. Make sure all plug-in electric toys are UL or otherwise safety approved...and if you're all thumbs when it comes to assembly, let someone who knows what they're doing take over. Don't leave electric toys plugged in overnight. And let the kids know the rules when it comes to playing safe.



The People at Pacific Power