

LEMON CREEK JOURNAL

TRAINING, NEWS & EVENTS FROM LEMON CREEK CORRECTIONAL CENTER

JUNEAU, ALASKA



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To our readers:

The Lemon Creek Journal is a quarterly publication of Lemon Creek Correctional Center, Juneau, Alaska. The Journal's mission is to provide cutting edge training to Lemon Creek personnel, to contribute to a healthy workplace community, and to open our institution to public view. So that we can be more responsive to our readers, please share with us your impressions and suggestions by emailing daryl.webster@alaska.gov.

Cover photography by Bonnie Webster



A MESSAGE FROM THE SUPERINTENDENT

In early June I had the opportunity to visit with a few representatives from our state government. We met in my office, with the focus of the meeting centering on the drug problem within the institutions, inmate rights, inmate privileges, and Senate Bill 91.

At the conclusion of the two hour visit, I sat alone in my office contemplating what the five of us had discussed. As a result of that meeting, my conviction, believing in the direction that the department is headed, has been strengthened tenfold.

Three years ago I watched an inmate's wife and daughter leave the facility in tears, at the completion of a secure visit. Concerned, I went to check on the inmate and found him leaning into the glass partition sobbing uncontrollably. I asked him if he was going to be okay, to which he responded, "Cordle, I am a worthless husband and father! I don't want my addiction to Meth to take precedence over my family anymore. I need help! I do well for a few months and then I fall on my face, and I use

again. My wife just told me that this is the last time she will come into this place. This is my last chance. She told me she can't go on like this". He again stated, "I am a worthless husband and father".

When he was finished talking I asked him to look at me and when he did I simply told him, "You are of worth! You got bucked off the horse, you need to dust yourself off and mount up again."

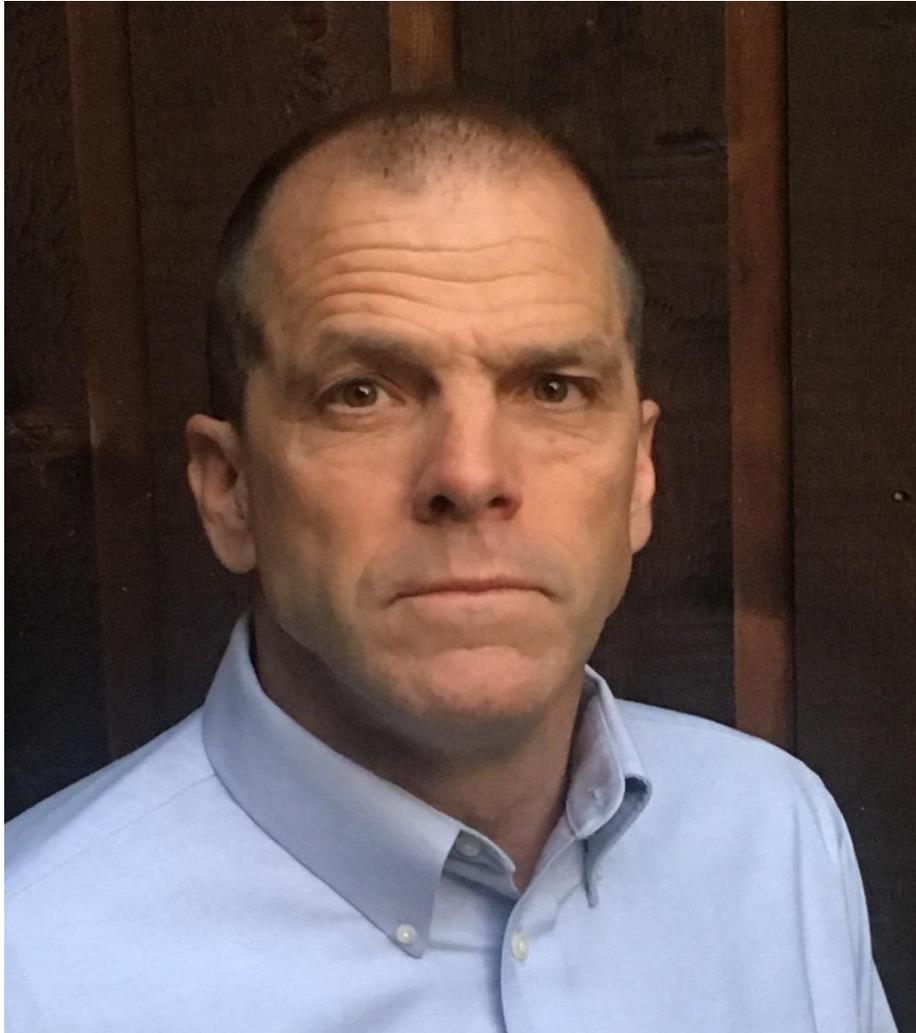
We are not just about confinement! We are about setting an example, caring, coaching and mentoring. I have witnessed many of you standing outside of a cell door or walking down the halls of this prison giving words of encouragement to someone who is struggling, and every time it makes me smile inside.

For some inmates, confinement isn't the complete answer. For some, confinement doesn't work, doesn't fix their problems. As a department we are moving forward with a purpose to help those getting released to find housing, employment, and the treatment they need to overcome the demons they face each day.

Thank you for all you do! Your efforts do make a difference in the lives of those who aren't necessarily in the best of places.

We are on the right path and I am proud to be walking down it with all of you.

Stay in the fight!
Bob Cordle



Officer of the Quarter PTO/COII Rick Slater

Officer Slater began his career with DOC in October 2012. He brings a wealth of knowledge and a high level of professionalism to his role as the MAX Officer. He is loyal, a team player and very dependable. His demeanor towards Inmates and staff is always professional. His willingness to assist when called upon has been invaluable.

Officer Slater's co-workers appreciate the consistency of his performance as the MAX Officer and his endeavor to help each post when needed or when he is called upon. He is well liked by his peers and has proven that he is fair, firm and consistent when dealing with all Inmates and staff.

Officer Slater is committed to the mission of DOC and is an inspiration to his co-workers. We are proud to recognize him as Officer of the Quarter.

The Art Of Imprisonment



By Daryl Webster

When the stars threw down their spears

And watered heaven with their tears:

Did he smile His work to see?

Did he who made the lamb make thee?

From "The Tiger"

By William Blake

Home is a 10 by 7 foot gray and white concrete room. More accurately, half the room, which he shares with his cellmate at Lemon Creek Correctional Center. Never entirely light or dark and private only by prison standards, it is a place to kill time in a place where he has been doing time for the better part of 10 long years. His name is Duwayne Price and he is one of Southeast Alaska's premier artists.

Price and I are visiting in the prison hobby shop, just the two of us, surrounded by wood carvings in various stages of completion. The shop brims with natural light, one of the few rooms in the facility so blessed. It smells of sawdust, paint and maybe even a little bit of.... liberty, because here a man in confinement can reach inside of himself and set free a formline menagerie on the surface of compliant wood, constrained by nothing but his imagination. For a few minutes in this quiet space, I'm not the Assistant Superintendent of the prison, but just a guy with an interest in indigenous art and he is the man who makes the magic happen.

In better times, Price specialized in scrimshaw, but his present circumstances have crimped his artistic options. Donated wood is available to inmate artists, the hobby shop stocks tools and inmates can purchase

supplemental supplies. Nevertheless the obstacles to successful prison artistry are many. Price earns \$40 per month overseeing safety and maintenance in the shop, a pretty average inmate income. Raw material costs are substantial enough that he, like most of the 20 inmates who make use of the hobby shop, must rely on donated wood, which enables him to stay busy but limits his ability to explore new media.

With the exception of wood, all inmate art supplies arrive by mail, so there's no running to the store to pick up an overlooked component. The simplest projects require meticulous planning and complicated projects can become logistical nightmares. One missing item can bring a project to a halt for days or weeks. From this, inmate artists learn to budget their resources and organize their work, useful skills to have on the outside.

Perhaps the greatest obstacle faced by inmate artists like Price is whatever personal demon landed them in prison in the first place. "Irretrievable people are not common," he tells me and I ask what he means.

"The inmates," he says, "Some are broken and unfixable but most of us want to do better. We're out there trying and failing and trying again."

This isn't anything I haven't heard before but it is interesting to hear it from an inmate as dichotomous as Price. As we look through samples of his work, my mind turns to the paradox of his character. Price is a physically imposing man, big and burly, tattooed, with blacker than black hair and a shock of chin whiskers. In prison yellow, he is an ominous sphinx and if I didn't know his background, I might think him capable of anything. Then he speaks, quietly articulate, with frequent thoughtful pauses and what he has to say is worth hearing. I find that I enjoy visiting with him nearly as much as I admire his work. But like Blake, I puzzle over how the same divine aesthete who shaped the lamb could forge the tiger. How can the impulse to create beautiful and fanciful art coexist with the impulse to do criminal harm? And not just self-harm. If the occasional tortured poet, painter, or musician didn't disfigure or dispatch himself, we couldn't secretly romanticize artistic self-destruction, ala Sylvia Plath or Kurt Cobain. The fact is that some of Price's crimes created damage, just as surely as his art creates beauty and that dissonance is difficult to reconcile.

Price has done his share of trying and failing. He was born in Fairbanks, of Tlingit/Athabascan heritage, and spent his early childhood there. He has moved around a bit, but Juneau has been home since the 1980's. He has a lengthy arrest record, culminating in his conviction for robbery in 2007. That changed everything. Price attributes his criminal history to alcohol abuse. "I was an alcoholic from day one," he says. "It has been a part of my life forever. When everyone around you is drinking and partying, all your role models, that is what you do."

Price has suffered through the recurring train wreck of getting clean, falling off the wagon,

then climbing back aboard. As he describes it, "When I was drinking, I didn't worry much about eating or working or whether the rent was a month overdue....until I'd wake up one morning hungover and broke. Then I allowed myself to heal. I'd clean up and go back to work and when things started going well, I felt safe to drink again." Thus the cycle continued.

Price speaks of an abusive and neglectful childhood, marred by pervasive alcohol abuse by those he looked up to and the peculiar effect this had on him as a youngster. You wouldn't think it of someone who has spent years in prison, but Price is a driven man. "I always had the drive to excel," he says, and when it comes to art, he clearly has, though he remains his own harshest critic. He is well-known for his skill and imagination. His work sells quickly. His art is a struggle for perfection, a striving to create something great that may always subjectively elude him. "I have pieces that I'm proud of but my best pieces aren't good enough for me."

Perversely, alcohol played into the best and worst of his compulsions, particularly in his youth, when being able to party harder than anyone else was another form of social excellence that he mastered, right up until it nearly destroyed him. He is bitter about his upbringing and its effect upon him and it is this bitterness that wells to the surface when he drinks, banishes the lamb and unleashes the tiger. This is when he offends and winds up back behind bars. "You pack these things away," he says with some wistfulness, "But the alcohol always unpacks them."

Art has been Price's redemption. He began exploring his creative potential as a teenager

and young adult, locked up in the now-familiar confines of Lemon Creek Correctional Center. First experimenting with pen and ink drawing, he graduated to scrimshaw, then to carving soapstone and ivory. He also produces silver and copper engravings and shaped pieces, some of which appear in the mask featured below. He is an entirely self-taught artist, devouring everything he can read on the subjects of native art and the accompanying mythology.

His carvings, influenced by Native artists Robert Davidson and Bill Reid, adhere to the Northwest Coast tradition.

Price has just completed an Eagle Clan mask, precise and colorfully nuanced, and he's quite pleased with it. He also shows me a striking dance paddle that he put loving effort into fashioning. The symmetry of his pieces is precise, the carving bold and fanciful, the colors vibrant. They will fetch high prices in Juneau's art market.



Clan Mask, representing the Eagle Clan. 6" x 6 ½" x 5". Hand carved from alder, with hand-shaped copper eyes and abalone shell accents on the beak. Finished in acrylic.

What lies ahead for Duwaine Price? By publication time, he will have been released from custody on parole and will need art to put bread on the table. He will experience freedom for the first time in many years, along

with the risks of relapsing in Juneau's cloistered environment, where old acquaintances and past temptations are nearly impossible to avoid, particularly in the downtown art district. When I ask him about

his alcohol addiction and how he'll stay on top of it, he returns to the offense that has kept him in prison for nearly a decade.

Price claims to remember little about the robbery but he does recall that he was detoxing at the time and feeling awful. He acquired some vodka and drank it and then made the irrevocable choices that landed him in in prison. As he describes it, so many things could have gone so terribly wrong that

the experience spurred a change in him that took hold during his years in prison. Outside, he has a supportive family and plans to seek post-release treatment, even though he believes that his alcohol dependence is a thing of the past. He speaks of "Maturing past alcoholism," with brittle enthusiasm. I wish him the best of everything but with recidivism pushing two out of every three released inmates back into custody, his future is far from certain.



Dance Paddle, an eagle spirit paddle representing the Eagle Clan. 59" x 7 ½". Hand carved from yellow cedar. Finished in acrylic. From left to right in the image, the eagle appears with the moon in his beak and accompanied by spirit faces. Nearer the grip, a seal is presented, wearing a potlatch hat. The seal's human hand represents a totemic transformation from the spirit world to the temporal world.

Working in Corrections, we naturally tend to think of prison as a place where crime meets consequence. True enough, but there is so much more to it than that. Our prisons are

collection drawers for the socks that don't match, the predators, likeable rogues, hapless ne'er do wells, and the mentally ill. Imprisonment also manifests the personal

failures of those who struggle to outlive their past, pay for poor choices, or survive drug or alcohol addiction. The truth we shy away from is that apart from the side of the bars they inhabit, many of the inmates are little different from you or me, and some, like Duwaine Price have it within themselves to be so much more than they are.

Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Some believe that beauty is subjective, taste is acquired and love is self-serving. Why, maybe there is nothing at all sublime in art, just the interplay of light and shadow on contours shaped by hand. Perhaps art says nothing whatsoever about the artist or the viewer. If so, Duwaine Price may just be a bad man with a unique skill set.

Or perhaps the art piece that speaks to something inside of us literally *speaks to something inside of us*, the spirit of the viewer seeing through the human frailty and recognizing something kindred and divine guiding the artist's hand. If so, might we spare a prayer for all of those who try and fail and try again?

Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Of course He did, and sometimes He even makes them to inhabit the same flesh, always in contention, restless, driven to outpace demons and capture perfection. Like Duwaine Price.

Lemon Creek Correctional Center wants YOU!!



Lemon Creek Correctional Center in Juneau, Alaska is currently recruiting Correctional Officers. To apply go to: Governmentjobs.com/careers/Alaska/ and look for the Correctional Officer I position in Juneau, AK

Why be a Correctional Officer at LCCC:

- Great Pay/Benefits
- Career advancement opportunities
- Premium schedule (7 days on/ 7 days off)
- Generous vacation leave
- Excellent training
- Great community to raise a family

If you have any questions contact Lt. Hoff at (907)465-6288 or Sgt. Headings at (907)465-6205. We are looking forward to talking to you.



LCCC Security Bulletin

Lemon Creek Correctional Center

By Sgt. Ron Shriver

Movement Schedule

A Successful Safe Transition

By now you have all had an opportunity to work with and experience firsthand the new movement schedule that went into effect May 18th. I know there were many concerns about some possible negative outcomes that may have come from such a drastic change to the offenders' normal routines. So many of you have helped make this transition so seamless and effortless, I would like to especially thank Officer Mullen who was able to convert my thoughts and concerns into a working schedule that makes all of our lives more safe and our institution more secure. We can't forget Sgt. Finlayson's shift that had the daunting task of first implementing this new change. Lastly, I want to thank everyone who has provided me with positive feedback and helped recommend all the little changes and pointed out all the little things I may have missed. As we move forward with the new schedule, please continue to communicate with me and your Shift Supervisor and recommend any improvements that we can make to help make your lives safer and easier. Your success and safety is my number one concern, and I remain devoted to you and making sure you go home at the end of your shift to be with your families.

Please continue with your outstanding communication on the radio, remember to work together as a team to control the population. Some of you have learned that by adding the Max Officer, Post 4, 5 and 6 to certain movements, we alleviate most problems that may occur during particular movements. You have now also experienced firsthand the new procedures for escorting inmates to the large yard. Gone are the days of having 100 inmates standing by the Rec Interior door waiting to go outside. Please continue to work together as a team to cross-reference the alpha roster, ensuring we get an accurate count and we don't let any misdemeanants out.

Things to Remember



- Rotation is key to making the new schedule work, as soon as you can rotate to your next post.
- Keep thinking two movements ahead and communicate with each other.
- Everyone has their own designated gym time, so schedule your shakedowns and maintenance around these times.
- When Chapel volunteers show up and the movement period has ended, please make an announcement and send those who wish to attend.

Fire Drill Procedures

A New Way of Operating

Last month a few of you took part in the first fire drill that we have conducted with the new procedures in place. To everyone who participated in the endeavor, thank you for your hard work and for ensuring its success. Again hats off to Sgt. Finlayson's Shift, Probation and SORT members for making it look easy. If you haven't done so already please take time to read the new procedures. They can be found at the Sergeant's desk. They are not signed off yet, so you can still find the old ones in the emergency plan binders. The biggest changes are for the Shift Supervisor and the Post 1 Officer. It is important to remember where your iEvac hoods are located, where to find your fire extinguishers and to know how to unlock gates if there is a power outage. Take the opportunity to talk and test your knowledge while there is downtime on nightshift. Your life or someone else's may depend on it. When initiating Incident Command make sure you communicate the status and location of the fire. Remember you are not a fire fighter and once the fire is past the incipient stage, your responsibility is to evacuate the area. When evacuating prisoners remember to maintain order by effectively instructing them to line up single file and remind them to report to their designated living area in the large yard so you can get accountability quickly.



READING, WRITING & RAZOR WIRE

ADULT EDUCATION IN THE PRISON CLASSROOM

By Paul McCarthy



My name is Paul McCarthy. I'm a teacher. This is my calling and I'm honored by it and by the opportunity to serve as a faculty member here at the school of hard knocks, within the walls of Lemon Creek Correctional Center.

I never planned on being a GED instructor. When I got my master's degree in education, teaching adult basic education was not what I had in mind. But now that I do, I feel like I'm honoring my dad, because he dropped out of high school to enlist in the army during World War II and was part of the first generation to get

their GEDs and to go to college on the GI Bill. He went on to become a teacher, then a principal. My mom was a teacher too, so I guess it's in my blood.

Teaching adult basic education requires a teacher to be a "Jack of all trades" and a master of most of them. Since I did not expect my teaching career to follow this route, I needed on the job training, especially in math, the most difficult GED topic for most students. As someone with a background in language, math was my weakest area. I had to learn a lot so I could stay ahead of my students. That was not

always possible and since I don't pretend to know everything, I confess that I learned a great deal with my students, and from my mistakes. An older student once said that I was the best teacher he ever had, because I was not afraid to make mistakes and learn from them. What he actually said had something to do with stepping on a certain sensitive part of my anatomy but a complement is a compliment and I take them in whatever form they come.

My most rewarding moment as a teacher came when that same student, a man in his mid-60's, finally passed his GED math test after months of devoting several hours each day to study. He needed 410 points to pass but when his 520 point grade showed up late on a Friday afternoon, I didn't want to make him wait all weekend to learn his score. So, I wrote "520" in big red numbers on a piece of paper, took it downstairs and pressed it against the plexiglass of his dorm. What happened next was totally unexpected. The entire dorm erupted in spontaneous applause as my student stood there

blinking in disbelief. Every inmate in the dorm, not a softie in the bunch, knew how hard he had worked and gave him the recognition he deserved. That was so satisfying to me that I just couldn't stop smiling.

Motivation is essential for success in the GED program, but it is not as big a problem as you might think. Those who really lack motivation don't come to class. The larger issue is finding ways to make the learning process feel relevant to the students, to really help them to put their hearts and souls into it. In experimenting with ways to make education meaningful, I've found that culture is a rich vein to mine for content, especially when it comes to teaching inmates to write proficiently. One of my students, an Alaska Native had a hard time with his writing, but he had no problem talking. The content was there, it just needed to be unleashed. When I had him write about a contest he participated in, his writing was so good and so genuine that I put it into the LCCC Chronicle, an inmate publication. See what you think:

There are so many ways to do battle and try to best your opponents. In Tlingit culture, one traditional way to do this was by staging a dance competition. The dances are held in front of a crowd of community members and the winner is picked by the elders present. To not engage in the competition meant being a coward. Like many sporting events today, these dance competitors trash talked each other, trying to psych others out. Sometimes when there were two men both courting the same woman, the winner won her heart and got the girl of his dreams. This is serious business!

There were ten of us, at first, then only three of us were remaining. All of us were really tired and sweating. When we heard, "Gook!" (Tlingit for "Go!") we waited a moment to hear the drum start beating. When we did, we skipped a beat then spun around and stamped our feet on the floor. It sounded like thunder, like a rock split in half. The floor was shaking, everybody felt that in the back of the room. Then we skipped a beat and moved at once, like water, stomping with a crash. Each person in the seats in front must have felt it through his or her whole body. The sound, shockwaves and energy of it made the hair stand up on the backs of their necks. Just telling the story makes the hair stand up on mine. It was a very great battle. I was the last Eagle standing. All the Raven ladies were yelling, "One more song, one more!" Everybody was standing, yelling, screaming, whistling, and cheering. Then my girlfriend was called up to kiss me, the winner,

in front of my whole family. She came up, blushing, I was sweating. She grabbed my scarf, untied it. Wiped the sweat off my forehead and mouth, and kissed me. The crowd erupted in cheers. To this day she still has that scarf.

A successful writer once said, “I can teach a person how to write better, but I can’t teach a person to have something to say.” That rings true. My Alaska Native student had a story to tell and the whole scene came alive in his writing. I helped him edit and shape it but the oral tradition of Tlingit culture helped him to convey it vividly. He won that dance contest twice, once on the dance floor and again as he told the story. I am so proud of him for writing that essay because it took real effort, and when it comes to successful living, effort is so much more important than the trappings of intellect.

Some students understand that getting a GED is a milestone in life, an accomplishment that can open doors that will remain closed to those who haven’t earned the distinction. Others wonder why they should have to learn disciplines that they can’t imagine ever using. To them I say, “Life is full of challenges. Even if you never use algebra again, you need to learn it now to pass your test.” That seems to help. Well, that and candy. I give out a lot of candy to students. It helps the education go down, just like Mary Poppins said about medicine.

My official title is Education Coordinator, and the *Coordinator* part involves scheduling outside educators to come into Lemon Creek Correctional Center to teach. Professor Sol Neely, from the University of Alaska Southeast brings his English and Philosophy students into the prison to interact with inmates. Professor Neely’s program revived an earlier collaboration between Lemon Creek Correctional Center and UAS that lasted for several years back in the 80’s. The earlier effort, “University Inside Bars,” offered inmates instruction toward an Associate’s Degree, but the program was

discontinued. Sometimes, correctional and educational cultures are not a natural fit.

I like to think that things are different now, in part because I know both cultures and can communicate DOC values and norms to college folks in a way that they can relate to, and vice versa. It helps to have someone around who can explain different perspectives and who likes and respects everyone with a seat at the table. The prison’s relationship with the University of Alaska seems to be on the mend. This Spring, two former Lemon Creek inmates graduated with Bachelor’s degrees from UAS. Not bad at all.

Not everyone is college-bound. For some inmates, a GED diploma is the highest academic credential they will ever achieve, and for them it may be accomplishment enough. A few years ago, I bumped into a woman downtown who I helped to earn a GED in prison. She gave me a big tearful hug that was all gratitude, aimed at me but entirely earned by her. If students fail to learn, some of that weight falls on me as their teacher. When they succeed, I’m glad to surrender to them all the credit. *She* deserves kudos for passing those tests, not me. With her GED in her toolkit, she can face the rest of life’s challenges a little better prepared to keep learning and growing. As someone once said, “Education is life,” and it is a lifelong progression. I dare to hope that it is a life *changing* progression, and if so, it is the greatest gift I can provide for my students.



Educator McCarthy joined the staff of Lemon Creek Correctional Center in 1989 as a counselor in the sex offender treatment program. Since that time, he has worked in anger management and domestic violence intervention programs and adult basic education. He earned his Bachelor's Degree in Psychology from Naropa University, Boulder, CO., and his Master's Degree in Adult Learning from the University of Alaska, Anchorage.

Why P.I!

By Lauren Looper

“What is that building out behind the maintenance shop?” “How do I get there?” “They do what?” Have you found yourself asking one of these questions before, pondering what on earth happens out in PI? Ponder no more; I’m here to tell you “Why P.I!”

Lemon Creek Prison Industries might very well be the one of the most interesting components of this facility. A small crew of no more than 10 male inmates works in the Lemon Creek laundry facility, year round and as long as there are Alaska Marine Highway vessels operating in Southeast Alaska, so are our laundry machines. We process and clean all the laundry for 10 vessels in the AMHS fleet. Each day, dirty laundry is brought to the facility by DOT. We empty the vehicles, reload them with a whole new clean laundry order and send them back to the Auke Bay Ferry Terminal where the clean laundry awaits its next vessel and passengers from all over the world.

Contemplate that for a moment. The inmates here in PI play a major role in promoting Alaskan tourism. Every year in Southeast Alaska between the months of May – September, our speck of the globe can receive upwards of 1 million travelers from all around the world. Now of course, they don’t all ride the ferry but last year, 300,000 of them did. Independent travelers, as tourism folk like to refer to them, spend most of their time traveling from small town to small town by ferry, staying a few days in each town to explore and adventure like locals. Then off to another small town for their

next adventure. When guests travel on the ferries, they use towels, sheets, pillows, blankets, and shower curtains. Ferry crewmen use cook coats, table cloths, dish rags, cleaning rags and engine room rags. All of these fabrics pass through Lemon Creek. Whether guests and crew know it or not, Lemon Creek Correctional Center is part of their travelling experience. The story is the same for the locals of Southeast Alaska. We’re the ones who use the ferry system the most! Softball games, road relays, brew fests, State Fairs, weekend get-a-ways, traveling to see family, moving to or from...the list could go on. If you’ve ridden a ferry in Southeast Alaska and you’ve rented a state room or a pillow or a blanket, or ordered food from the kitchen and seen the chefs wearing a white coat...you’ve seen or touched Lemon Creek Correctional Center.

So if ours is such a big job, why do inmates seem to always want a job in PI? I can only speculate as to why each inmate wants to work in PI but from what I’ve gathered in my short 16 months as the PI Manager, it’s because PI is the closest approximation to “normal” that an inmate can experience while in prison. Having this job creates a schedule and structure, balance and purpose, income and responsibility and more importantly, work ethic. This job gives inmate employees a chance to get away from the day to day drama on the inside of the facility and to create a “normal” routine that they can hopefully carry over into life outside the prison, when they are released.

Each inmate is expected to advise me and the security officer of any changes to potential classes or any upcoming classes they would like to take or court appearances or doctor's appointments. They need to give us notice for this and they need to take responsibility for their schedule on the inside; balancing the two aspects of life in prison. Personal matters stay inside when they are in PI working and we don't judge or discuss their crimes. This is a job. They are paid for the work they do, just like you and I. We leave our personal lives (as best we can) at the door when we come to work every day and that's just what each PI worker does when he comes to his job every day.

Working in PI allows inmates to start to earn money to pay for child support or to build a savings account to tide them over when they are released. This in turn helps them learn to value the money they've earned, to respect themselves for earning it, and hopefully to get in the habit of saving and not spending it all on commissary. It's not a lot of money but at \$1.10 an hour it is the highest starting wage available here.

With all of that said, all of our inmate employees will tell you that the #1 reason for working in PI is that it is a time machine. Time FLIES out in PI.

Consider their daily schedule:

0730: report to post 3 and wait for a CO escort to PI

0930: 15 min break

1100: 30 min lunch

1400: 15 break

1530: end of work day

Now fill in a couple of spots in there if there is a class to attend to or a court date. Once they're inside for the day, its dinner time at 1600 and then a couple hours before settling down for the evening because they've got to get up if they want breakfast at 0630; Otherwise they must wait until lunch at 11. It's a time machine. Even for me. I can't believe I've been working out here since Feb. 2016.

Lauren Looper began working for Department of Corrections in 2015, as a Supply Tech for Lemon Creek Correctional Center. She now works as the Correctional Industries Manager for the Lemon Creek Prison Industries program.

Who Are These People?

- I am the oldest child in my family, even older than all of my cousins. When I was younger, I had a speech impediment which may be why I went to Kindergarten twice. I was the type of kid who could break my arm in a sand box. Seriously, I did. At the age of 12, I would ride my bike five miles each way to milk cows. I moved out of my house when I was 16. I hated my dad until I became a parent myself. I worked night shift in a grocery store while attending high school during the day and was captain of every sports team I played on. My friends would say that I have a great deal of patience and don't know when to quit. Who am I?
- I am a motorcycle enthusiast who enjoys great music. I play the saxophone, guitar, trumpet and piano. I am the baby of my family, where I was surrounded by two dozen nieces and nephews. I excelled in football, baseball, basketball and tennis. I would gladly drink a smoothie or slushie if you offered me one. I enjoy photography and hanging out with my friends and family. My friends would say that I have a great smile and am willing to help anyone. Who am I?
- I have experience as a fire fighter, carpenter, and mechanic. Please don't put me in the woods next to ticks. I am not a fan of the water. I was not born with my current last name and I am an only child. I traveled from town to town while growing up and actually went to 12 schools before graduating. I am allergic to veggies and drama. My friends would say that I am a great listener and soft-spoken with a calm approach. Who am I?
- I am a native of Alaska. I grew up in a large family, so naturally I felt comfortable wanting to work with children. I enjoy volleyball and warm weather. I love and support the military, especially the three generations of Marines in our family. I enjoy tattoos, motorcycles and you might be surprised to discover what my natural hair color is. My friends and family are very important to me and my friends would say that I have a big, caring heart. Who am I?

Investigate and be the first to unravel the mystery of our four mystery colleagues. Email your answers to daryl.webster@alaska.gov

Congratulations to Officer Harris for winning last issue's Who is This Person? Contest.