

LEMON CREEK JOURNAL

INSIGHTS & IMAGES OF CORRECTIONS ON THE LAST FRONTIER

LEMON CREEK CORRECTIONAL CENTER, JUNEAU ALASKA

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To our readers:

The Lemon Creek Journal is a quarterly e-Publication of Lemon Creek Correctional Center, Juneau, Alaska. The Journal's mission is to inform, engage, and challenge Corrections professionals and the public to think critically about the challenges facing Alaska's correctional system. So that we can be more responsive to our readers, please share with us your impressions and suggestions by emailing the Editor at daryl.webster@alaska.gov.



A MESSAGE FROM THE SUPERINTENDENT

There are no shortcuts to any place worth going

– Beverly Sills –

Many years ago, as a young man, I learned a valuable lesson from my Uncle Clark on why taking risky shortcuts are never worth it. He owned and operated a

nineteen-thousand-acre ranch outside of Mesquite Nevada. The income from the ranch was generated mostly from raising cattle, in fact for several years my uncle's ranch supplied the steers used in the National Finals Rodeo held in Las Vegas every December. He employed several cowboys and worked alongside them spending long days wrangling cattle, branding calves, repairing fences, looking for strays, and ensuring watering holes were being resupplied from the canals. The breeder bulls on his ranch were generally kept separate from the herds unless it was during breeding season. Located close to the ranch house was a very long rectangular corral enclosed by an eight-foot high wooden fence. This corral served the purpose of keeping one very cantankerous bull separated from the others. Many times, this two-thousand-pound wrecking machine let Clark and his hired hands know he was not to be messed with.

One late hot afternoon Clark began wrapping up his labors early because his youngest daughter and grandchildren were

flying in that day from the east coast to spend a couple of weeks. A glance down at his watch revealed that he had spent too much time working and was now going to arrive to the airport late. He was standing about midway on the outside of the corral looking directly across at his white ford pickup that was located just on the other side. A look down the corral revealed the bull was at the far end and was facing away from him. It had been a long day and he not only didn't want to walk all the way around, but he thought he didn't have time either, so he paused for a moment to assess the situation. The truck was right there, and the bull was unaware of his presence. All he had to do was quietly climb the fence, sneak across to the other side and climb out. He calculated that he could pull this off in less than 30 seconds and made his move. Lowering himself into the danger zone he looked again to see the bull was still unaware of his presence. He quietly took his first steps toward the outer fence keeping a close eye on the beast. Once he was about a third of the way across, he felt comfortable with his decision, took his eyes off the bull, and looked directly at the truck that was now, oh so close. He took a couple of more steps and looked again, only to find the bull was running full speed right at him and had shortened the original distance by half. Now Clark had long legs, but not long enough! As he started scurrying up the fence the bull, still hammering on like a locomotive, lowered his massive head and caught Clark right in the middle of his wrangler jeans

launching him with ease over the eight-foot high fence, and then everything went dark.

When Clark came to, he was lying right next to his truck, but for a moment wasn't exactly sure how he got there. He slowly raised his right hand toward his left collar bone and found that it was now in two pieces, each breath caused severe discomfort over the entire left side of his ribcage, and his left leg wasn't cooperating with the commands his brain was sending for it to move. With great effort he was able to pull himself up against the truck and open the door. Using his good arm, he somehow managed to slump himself in behind the steering wheel, and though he had to occasionally wipe blood away from his eyes, drove himself eighty miles to the Las Vegas airport to greet his family.

He arrived at the airport only to find that his daughter's flight had been delayed and thought to himself, all this for a 30 second short cut! Making his way through the airport he looked like an extra off the Walking Dead, with his upper body slumped and twisted to the left and groaning with each drag of his uncooperative leg. He found an empty wheelchair in the terminal and lowered his broken body into the seat. With the use of only one good leg and one good arm he managed to position the wheelchair close the gate his daughter's arrival gate. Covered in dust and dried blood he gently reached up, removed his cowboy hat, and slowly placed it in his lap. As he waited in agony, he weighed in again on his decision to take a shortcut. He knew better, he knew the dangers but chose to minimize the potential consequences of a risky decision. His thoughts were interrupted as a very nicely dressed elderly woman stopped in front of him and just stared. They made eye contact a few times as she inquisitively looked him over up and

down. Shaking her head, she reached into her purse, pulled out some cash, and placed it into his filthy, bloodied up cowboy hat. As she walked off, she muttered, "poor thing." Then Clark, being Clark, smiled and thought out loud, "Hmm... I wonder?" Painful as it was, he took his hat and leaning down placed it at his boots. Almost immediately travelers in this busy airport passing by took pity on this beat up, unwashed, broken down old cowboy and contributed to the cause, or to his amusing experiment, by placing cash and loose change into the cowboy hat. With each donation he would say things like, "God bless you sir!", "Thank you ma'am!" and "Bless you, every little bit helps!" This went on for about ten minutes until his daughter and grandchildren exited their flight. When his daughter laid eyes on him, she gasped in shock and blurted out, "Dad what on earth happened to you?!" Then looking into the cash filled hat smirked and asked, "Okay, you of all people do not believe in asking for handouts, so I gotta know what on earth are you collecting money like a homeless man for?" Clark smiled and replied, "Oh, just a little experiment to test the generosity of my fellow man, and it has proven to provide a good deal of ice-cream money for the kiddos while they are here!" After some gentle hugs were exchanged, she asked him why he didn't go straight to the hospital to which he replied, "Looks worse than it is!" She knew better of course and took him straight to the ER where, after some stitches and tests, he was informed he had a broken collar bone, multiple broken ribs, and a fractured femur.

Clark had worked around livestock his entire life and had plenty of encounters with uncooperative horses, cows, and bulls. Over his lifetime he had seen men and women injured and even killed while working with these unpredictable animals. He knew

caution and respect for these creatures were the two greatest tools in the toolbelt of rancher's life. Taking an unsuccessful 30 second shortcut resulted in weeks of missing work to heal up from being crushed by an angry fur covered freight train.

By definition, a shortcut is an accelerated way of doing something out of the norm to accomplish a purpose. Because of who we, at Lemon Creek are, and what we do, we are held to a higher standard by the State of Alaska. We are absolutely responsible for ensuring that we not only hold true to those professional standards as individuals, but that collectively we will hold each other accountable as well. Because all our success depends on functioning as a team, the decisions we make and actions we take reflect directly on everyone else who works here at Lemon Creek.

We are charged with protecting the public, each other, and the inmates who reside here. Alaska DOC has been in business for many long years and lessons, sometimes painful ones, were discovered, unveiled, and learned by many others who came before us. Thus policies, procedures, and post orders were born, and have evolved through trial and error to protect us.

We work in an environment where we depend heavily upon the solid decision making of the man or woman standing next to us. We are brothers and sisters standing together to continuously hold that thin blue line. We are the force that stands united between the citizens of our community and those incarcerated, literally!

As a result of close teamwork, healthy and positive relationships are developed with each other as colleagues and we look out for and take care of one another. And all these things we do with Integrity.

Stay in the fight, but above all, STAY RIGHT!

*"I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live by the light that I have. I must stand with anybody that stands right, stand with him while he is right, **and part with him when he goes wrong.**"*

Abraham Lincoln

Be courageous and be safe,

Bob Cordle
Superintendent II



EMPLOYEE OF THE QUARTER

Sgt. Jeremy Finlayson

Sgt Finlayson is legendary for his powerful work ethic and selfless attitude. He seeks out every training opportunity and volunteers to do whatever needs to be done. Security Sergeant Pierce recalls determining that ACOMS gang files needed to be updated, but when he logged into the system to check, he found that the job had already been done. Sgt. Finlayson had reviewed ALL inmates in the facility, compiled intelligence, updated photographs and added the information into ACOMS, and all without ever being asked to do so. This conduct is so typical of Sgt. Finlayson, leader, problem-solver, and role model. Congratulations from all of us for being named Employee of the Quarter.



AN OFFICER IS NOT A GATE

BY

DARYL WEBSTER

In 1866, William Fetterman, an obscure U.S. Cavalry officer, boasted that, “With eighty men I could ride through the entire Sioux nation.” Having spent the past four years fighting highly-motivated and well-led Confederate troops, Fetterman was not impressed by the challenge of fighting Plains Indians. The Sioux weren’t the only people he held in low regard. In the just-concluded war, Fetterman twice received brevetted promotions for aggressive and courageous leadership, ending the war with the temporary rank of Lt. Colonel. Now the war was over and colonels were a dime a dozen in a shrinking army. Faced with the choice of leaving the service or accepting a posting to the frontier with a reduced rank of Captain, Fetterman swallowed his pride and headed west to Fort Kearney, then commanded by Colonel Henry Carrington.

Located in what is now northern Wyoming, Fort Kearney was a remote outpost on the Bozeman Trail, besieged by the Sioux, Northern Cheyenne, and Arapahoe, who staged hit and run attacks on every work party that dared to leave the fort. Vastly outnumbered and far from any meaningful support, Carrington’s cautious leadership frustrated his officers, particularly Fetterman, who viewed him as timid and incompetent. To Fetterman, Standard Operating Procedures as dictated by Carrington, were impediments to aggressively confronting and defeating an enemy who could be plowed under by a relatively small force of disciplined troops

A century and a half later, William Fetterman’s name would scarcely merit a footnote, but for the events of one frigid morning, on December 21, 1866. That day,

a wood-cutting party was attacked a short distance from the fort, leading Colonel Carrington to dispatch Captains Fetterman, Brown, and Grummond with 78 cavalry and infantry to rescue them. Carrington cautioned his impetuous Captains that they were not to pursue hostiles over nearby Lodge Trail Ridge and out of sight of the fort. The work party escaped their attackers and Fetterman pursued a handful of hostiles up the Lodge Trail hillside then, tantalizingly close to overtaking them, followed them over the ridgetop, little more than a mile and a half from Fort Kearney and into the waiting arms of 1,000 – 2,000 Sioux, Cheyenne and Arapahoe, who were equally unimpressed with Fetterman. The ambush was flawlessly executed and within thirty minutes, Fetterman’s entire command was annihilated.

What does this have to do with Lemon Creek?

Recently, in conversation with some staff members, Superintendent Cordle and I were told that it was commonly understood among officers that “an officer equals a gate.” For anyone not in that particular loop, the adage refers to the notion that policies and procedures, such as those requiring Gate 11 to be closed before opening the gates or doors to female housing units can be ignored, so long as another officer is nearby to serve as the equivalent of a gate. The same faulty reasoning, that security protocols can be modified at the discretion of post officers to save time or avoid inconvenience, has led to significant security issues, even in the most critical areas of our facility.

...rules and personal integrity are interdependent and both are worthless once they are broken.

We can learn something here at Captain Fetterman's expense. Would that the power of our virtue alone made each of us at Lemon Creek the equal of 20 of our adversaries, but it doesn't and we aren't. Our staff are outnumbered 20 to 1 by inmates and on our best day, few of us would fare well against even two of them. As Fetterman might have learned had he survived, rules matter. Among other things, they keep us safe. I'd go a step further and suggest that rules and personal integrity are interdependent and both are worthless once they are broken.

Outnumbered though we are inside the small universe of this institution, we are not outmatched. We have solid advantages inmates cannot overcome unless we surrender those advantages through carelessness or over-confidence. Our greatest advantage?...the ability, willingness and integrity to follow security protocols. Without exception. Every time. Sure, this is uninspiring to people raised in a culture of individuality, but uniquely among the emergency services, we in Corrections will seldom if ever win by calling audibles. Our intelligence-gathering should be aggressive, our problem-solving proactive, and our actions decisive but for the most part, we maintain control by manipulating three of the critical elements of conflict; the number of people available for conflict, the time in which the conflict must be resolved, and the space in which the conflict occurs.

Manipulating the numbers & time:

At any given time, while conducting count, walking the halls during movement, even entering a dorm as part of an A-Team, our officers may be outnumbered in the face of conflict. However, we mitigate that disadvantage by declining, whenever possible, to be drawn into action until an A-Team arrives. We also minimize the possibility of being physically overwhelmed by following policies and procedures that prevent us from acting alone at times when we are most vulnerable. We count in pairs, we never move inmates around the Max Unit without a support officer, close custody inmates transported off the grounds of the facility are supervised by two officers.

Our greatest advantage is the ability, willingness and integrity to follow security protocols. Without exception. Every time.

Manipulating space:

If an A-Team response is called for, why not open multiple gates simultaneously so officers can reach the scene more quickly? This has actually been suggested. The problem, of course, is that by doing so, we increase the space that inmates could potentially occupy and control. This is the reason we stagger gate operations. This is one of the reasons we require Gate 11 to be locked before opening access to female living spaces. This is why we handcuff Max prisoners in their cells, with the tier gate shut, then leave the tier and shut the tier gate before opening an individual cell. The entire procedure is slow, unimaginative, and absolutely essential to maximize our control of space and to minimize the control

inmates might seek to wrestle away from us.

Do not underestimate inmates:

The real tragedy of Fetterman’s story isn’t that he lost his life, but rather that the 80 men who were with him lost theirs because of his mistakes. Right up until the moment he led his troops over the crest of Lodge Trail Ridge, Fetterman had sole control of the critical elements of the engagement. He outnumbered his opponents on the near side of the ridge; he was under no compulsion, other than what he imposed on himself, to fight his enemies at that precise moment; and until he crossed the ridgetop, he was able to choose the battleground or to retreat if necessary. Instead, Fetterman surrendered control of all critical elements to his adversaries, who used them to crush him. Why? Because he underestimated the ability and willingness of his opponents to do him harm.

What would you think if you saw inmates being moved around the Max Unit, sometimes secured, sometimes not, by one officer, working alone?

Would it surprise you if more than one officer engaged in this practice?

Would you be persuaded that relevant SOP’s and Post Orders could be ignored, so long as experienced officers were able to discern which inmates could be trusted not to harm them?

I hope your answers to these questions would reflect shock and amazement and I hope that our institutional history convinces you, if you do not believe so already, that

rules serve worthwhile purposes, even when they are inconvenient or we do not necessarily agree with them. Every Policy & Procedure, SOP, and Post Order contributes to maintaining order and safety within our facility. Collectively, they are a big part of the reason why Lemon Creek seldom makes the news, rarely experiences the death or serious injury of an inmate and has never lost a Correctional Officer. Our system works.

Our professional integrity remains intact only so long as we conduct ourselves in a manner consistent with the policies, procedures and orders issued to guide us.

What does any of this have to do with integrity?

The most literal interpretation of “Integrity” describes a state of being intact and undamaged. Thus, we often hear of structures, boats or aircraft having “Structural integrity,” to the extent that they are intact and capable of performing as they were designed. Personal and professional integrity reflect the same quality of wholeness. An officer is not a gate, but every officer guards the gateway to our organizational culture. Our professional integrity, as individuals and as a team remains intact only so long as we conduct ourselves not just in a manner consistent with a firm ethical foundation but in a manner consistent with the policies, procedures and orders issued to guide us in the performance of our duties.

As a condition of employment, we expressly agree to abide by these standards and we cannot willfully depart from them and still maintain our own structural integrity.

Lemon Creek Correctional Center is a great place to work, a real jewel staffed by high quality individuals and supervised by leaders who genuinely care about their officers and staff. Over the years, we have managed to cultivate a team culture and to avoid the kind of labor-management

conflicts that plague many criminal justice agencies. We have much to be thankful for and much that is worth preserving and handing down to those who will serve after us. But none of those virtues will sustain themselves without our commitment. Sharp edges will dull, certainty will become unsettled, and luster will fade, unless we make it our daily practice to hone them, hold true to them and make them shine.

Cover Photograph: *Study of the Fetterman Massacre*, by Kim Douglas Wiggins

By Kim Douglas Wiggins - email from the artist, CC BY-SA 3.0,
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Integrity Is The Cornerstone

By SSGT. Bo Pierce & SSGT. Chuck McCracken

When constructing a building you always start with the foundation and work your way up. The starting point for the foundation is the cornerstone. This stone is one of the most important parts of a foundation because it is the first stone to be set and determines the position of all the stones that will follow. Cornerstones have been a part of the building process since the Great Pyramids and those edifices are still standing after about 5000 years.

If I were to endorse one value as a professional cornerstone it would be integrity. Integrity is defined as the quality of being honest and having strong moral principals. In other words, doing the right thing even when no one is watching. When we choose integrity as our cornerstone, we build our reputation as honest and trustworthy people. It may take years to build your reputation for integrity, but only seconds to lose it.

The principle that “a man’s word is his bond” was an ideal from generations past. Back then deals were sealed and bound with a simple handshake. Unfortunately, in today’s world many in our society believe that “the end justifies the means” making both integrity and common sense more scarce than they once were. We as Correctional Officers are surrounded by people who have made and or continue to make decisions that test the boundaries of integrity. We must not let the influences of

these individuals compromise our moral compass and we need to ensure that we stay the course, because we are the ones who must lead by example in order to affect the behavior of our clientele.

In our day to day duties we are tasked with a multitude of responsibilities, both with staff and inmates. It is very easy to be thrown off task or distracted from what needs to be done. When those distractions arise, we need to take a breath, slowdown and make decisions consistent with our moral cornerstone. When making these decisions, it is imperative that we choose the hard-right vs the easy wrong.

Friends and coworkers, jobs and careers will come and go. Even the people who inspire us to greatness and the best successes we achieve will become memories. By choosing to make integrity the cornerstone of our personal foundation, the treasure of personal virtue will be ours for a lifetime.

We’ve all heard the saying, “If you didn’t write it down it didn’t happen.” But what happens if you write it down and it didn’t happen? When I was serving in the Army’s 10th Mountain Division, we had a young Private (We’ll call him PVT Murphy) who was assigned to be a driver for his unit. When he was doing a PMCS (Pre-Maintenance Checks and Services) on his 998 model Humvee, he decided to initial off on all the checks indicating that his vehicle was in good working order, when in fact he didn’t do the checks at all.

It was a Friday afternoon and close to quitting time when PVT Murphy was told that once all required checks were done on his vehicle he would be released for the weekend. He assumed all was ok with the vehicle, since he was in his vehicle daily, so he just pencil whipped his report. That weekend, another unit was using PVT Murphy's Humvee for night operations, operating in black-out condition, with only night vision goggles when the Humvee died on the side of the road with an electrical problem. In fairness to PVT Murphy, this problem might not have been obvious even during a proper PMCS, but the vehicle's emergency kit was listed on the vehicle's check list and it was missing. The vehicle also had no flares or illuminated triangles, nothing to indicate a vehicle was on the road in distress. Since all the vehicle's power was out, there was no way of using the radio to call for help. All that could be done was wait for someone to come by.

Around 0200 hours another vehicle came down the road, moving rather fast. The oncoming vehicle did not see the disabled Humvee until the last minute and did not have time to swerve out of the way. The oncoming vehicle slammed into the back of the Humvee, launching it into a nearby ditch. Luckily no one was in the vehicle at the time of impact and the driver of the oncoming vehicle was able to maneuver his rig enough to sustain only minor physical injuries to himself and his passengers.

On Monday morning PVT Murphy found himself standing in front of the company commander, trying to explain why his

PMCS check list indicated that his vehicle was in good working order and was complete with all emergency equipment when in fact it was not. The company commander explained to Murphy what had happened over the weekend and that because of his negligence three soldiers were injured and two vehicles were totaled.

PVT Murphy's lack of integrity resulted in injured soldiers and thousands of dollars of damage to Army equipment. He received punishment in the form of a Field Grade Article 15, which is a record that will follow him everywhere he goes for the rest of his military career.

At Lemon Creek, logbooks are an integral part of our job. They are also a legal document and are subject to being subpoenaed to court. When we write in the logbook that we have done a security check of a dorm or mod we must do that because we are responsible for the health and wellbeing of the clientele here at LCCC. The same can be and should be said for our Count Procedures. When conducting count, we must be able to see skin and or movement of every prisoner we count. This is not only to ensure that all prisoners are safe, but also to ensure that the public is safe by making sure all prisoners are present and accounted for.

Remember to enshrine Integrity as the cornerstone of your personal foundation and don't be a victim of Murphy's law.



Gear Head

By Sergeant Jerrod Andrews

Growing up my dad was big into music. My childhood was filled with AC/DC, Led Zeppelin, and lots of other rock from the late 70's and early 80's. I'd say classic rock. But, at the time it was pretty much just modern. We also had speakers in all of the hallways and main rooms of the house where he would blast holiday music, or whatever else he wanted to set the mood. He also helped in the church running the sound board. He had an ear for music and how it was supposed to sound. He probably knew what to listen for because he was in a band in his younger, longer haired days. At the time as a child it was mostly just noise to me. As I grew older however, it all began to make a little more sense. I looked for crisp highs from the tweeters, a clean array of full mid-range sounds, and crisp fast hitting lows out of the subwoofers. Everything had to be tuned just right to experience the music the way the original artist had intended.

A good quality sound system pays dividends to those who know what to listen for, but it can't be just about the music. Movies with loud explosions, cars driving at top speed, jets soaring by during dog fights, all have their place in the sound realm. Having the correct speakers in a surround sound system is also equally as important as having the correct system set up in your car or even a home recording studio. This edition of Gearhead I will touch on just the basics of home audio and what type of set up I have finally settled on after a lot of trial and error.

As TV's have begun to grow in screen size and smaller everywhere else, the need for a quality sound system has become more of a necessity than it has in the years of old. The sound quality out of most modern tv's is garbage and only makes me think of a kid who is using a set of inexpensive headphones to try and fill a room with sound. You may get a crisp high five for the effort, but no one is taking your ability to rock out seriously.

Sound bars are a great way to inexpensively get better quality sound without breaking the bank. There are many options out there and one that stood out to me was made by Vizio. The model I chose to purchase was the SB362An-F6 and is priced around \$130. Sale prices at Costco were near \$80. During the unboxing process everything was wrapped neatly and organized well in the box. It included many different types of cables to hook into TV's or even headphone jacks. It is also equipped with Bluetooth. The bar is approximately 36" wide and only stands about 3" tall. The specs state that it is a 2.1. Essentially what that means in the home theatre world is that there is sound for the left, right, and the .1 is to reference the subwoofer. Two independent speakers

coming from two different angles (value of 2.0), and the subwoofer is always represented by the .1 value (total value 2.1). The Vizio sound bar provides a clear sound, with adequate bass. I use this as part of an outdoor theatre for parties when I set up a blow-up movie screen with a projector. It is just loud enough for the outdoors, without being loud enough to earn “I hate you” letters from the neighbors. A great feature of the system is that if the audio is too loud for the system to play safely, the volume automatically adjusts downward. So instead of getting distortion, the loud crackly noise which usually comes before a speaker blows up, the volume is reduced to a safe level.



Although a sound bar is a great way to get quality sound from a small package, it does not compare to the might of a full-blown home theatre system! I love to listen to music and movies at high volume. Having a powerful receiver and speakers that can handle it will pay dividends in the long run. Here is what I came up with through trial and error. Many years ago, I purchased a 5.1 surround sound package through Onkyo for about \$450. Onkyo is a good entry to mid-level company. The receiver was good quality, the subwoofer was very good, but the remaining speakers were marginal at best. As mentioned above it was a 5.1 set up. It came equipped with front left, center, front right, rear left, and rear



right speakers (value of 5.0). Then of course the subwoofer (value of .1). It is your typical surround sound set up. Over the years I grew tired of big bulky speakers sitting on stands and furniture. The thought of little ones knocking them over was always in the back of my mind. Pictured right is one of the old speakers.



When I rebuilt my current home, I wanted a clean look, with efficient use of a small space. Keeping only the receiver and subwoofer from

my original set up I added some in-wall speakers from Polk Audio 265-RT. They are currently priced at \$137 apiece on Amazon. Inserted into a wall, they use the space in the wall cavity as part of the speaker box. Big sound without the bulk. The tweeter is directional and can be



directed to where your seating is located. The grill covers are paintable to help them blend into your environment. I purchased the center channel from Polk 255C-RT for \$155 but I’ve found that the audio is just not as crisp as the 265-RT and in hindsight I wish had stuck with only the 265’s. If you go this route, purchase five of them for the ultimate surround sound experience. Partnered with a good receiver and high-quality subwoofer, you won’t go wrong. It’s a great set up to really get into those movies where Tom Cruise

is blasting past you at Mach 1 in a fighter jet, or during one of the best car chase scenes ever created in the movie industry, Ronin! But, don't take my word for it. Create a space in your own home where you can sit back and relax with your family and friends. Your house will be the place where your children's friends will want to hang out and watch movies. Plus, with the price of movie tickets and snacks, you will have it paid for in no time!

Stay Safe!

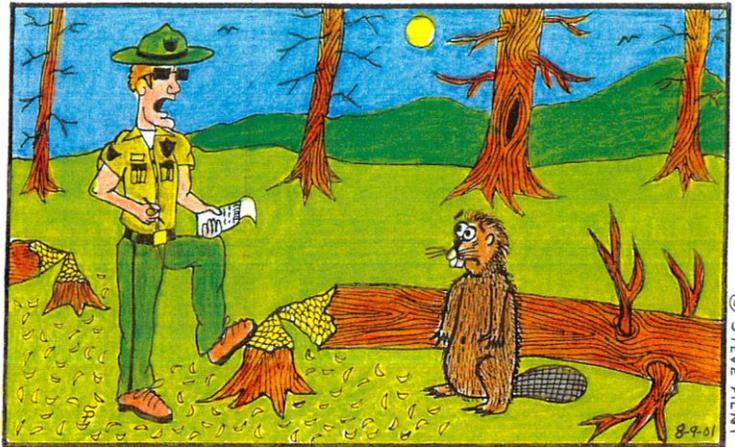
Jerrod Andrews



SAME WORLD, DIFFERENT DAY

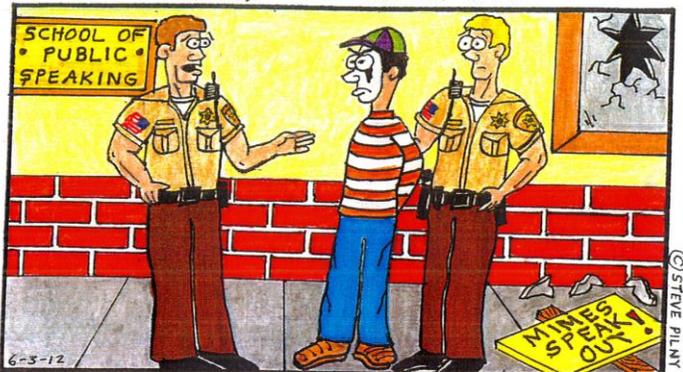
Seen through the eyes of Steve Pilny

SAME WORLD, DIFFERENT DAY



"CUTTING DOWN TREES WITHOUT A PERMIT, FAILURE TO CLEAN UP SLASH PILES, NO SAFETY EQUIPMENT ... GONNA HAFTA WRITE YA UP."

SAME WORLD, DIFFERENT DAY



"YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT ... OOPS, SORRY."

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/](https://www.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. Irizarry at (907)465-6288 or Sgt. Headings at (907)465-6205. We are looking forward to talking to you.