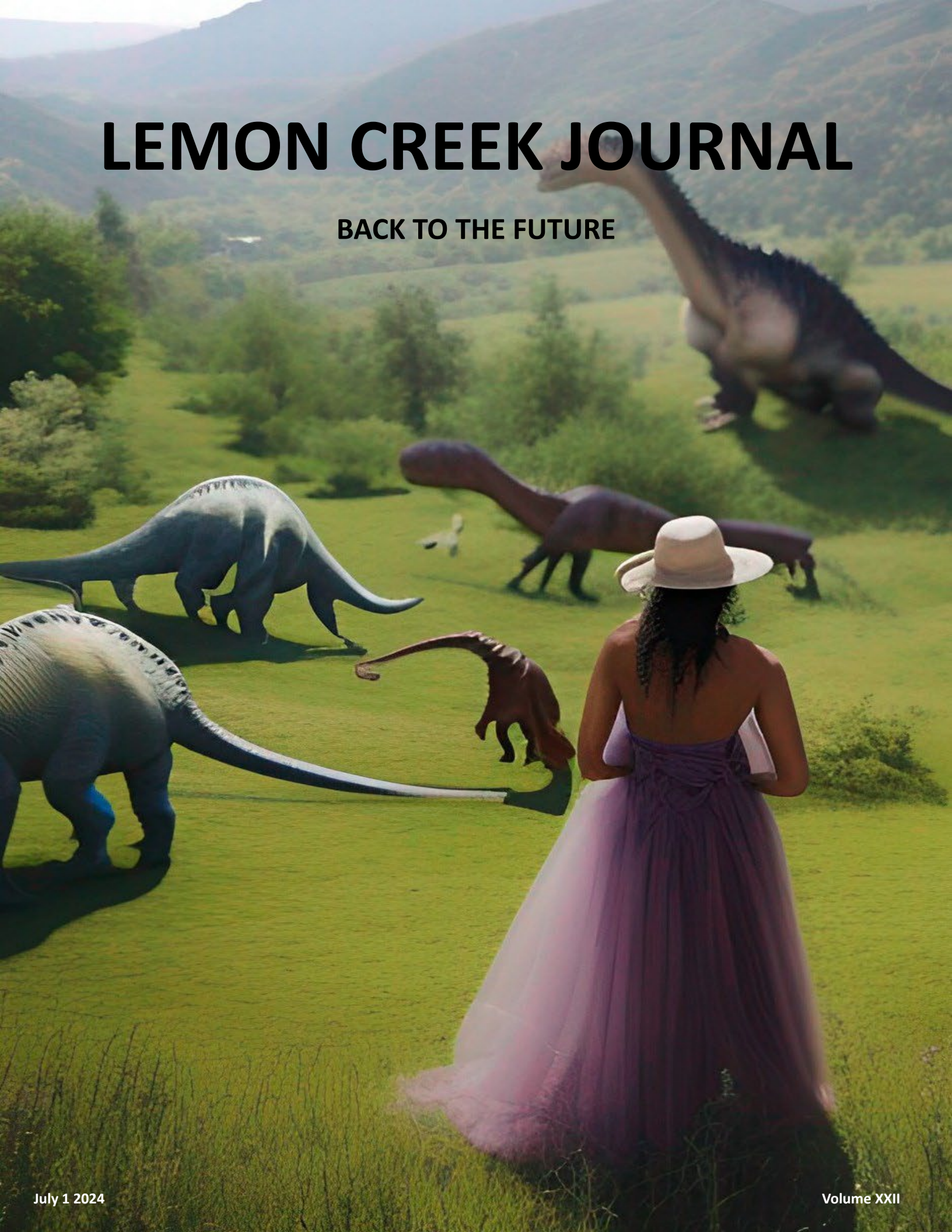


LEMON CREEK JOURNAL

BACK TO THE FUTURE





Volume XXII, Summer 2024 Issue

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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.

SUMMER!!!

Forward to Volume XXII

Welcome back to the Lemon Creek Journal, Volume XXII. In this issue, we travel “Back to the Future.” In the articles that follow, we explore the notion that no one’s life is entirely of their own making. Rather, everyone is influenced by events and people in their past, perhaps the very distant past, and sometimes influences that seem insignificant when they occur, loom large with the passage of years. We’re not downplaying personal responsibility, just the opposite. We are responsible not just for our present selves, but for who we, and those who follow in our footsteps, will become in the future.

Read on.



No One Is An Island

By

Superintendent Bob Cordle

In the 1983 movie, *The Survivors*, actor Robin Williams plays the character of Donald Quinelle, a businessman whose life is uprooted when he loses an executive position with the company he works for and finds himself in the unemployment line on the same day as Sonny Paluso, played by Walter Matthau. A comical series of life-changing events bond the two men together in a complicated, unique way. Donald ends up enrolling in a survivalist school led by a conman named Wes Huntly, who promotes himself as someone who will save America when the U.S. government falls.

At one point in the movie, Sonny realizes Donald is making bad decisions, is being taken advantage of, and attempts to convince him so. Donald admires the false and crafty leader almost to the point of worshipping him as a hero, and desperate to defend his belief in Wes tells Sonny, "No man is an island.... but some are peninsulas." His life completely unravels by

the end of the film, as he discovers that Wes is nothing more than someone who lies and swindles others out of their money. Somehow, Donald manages to keep his chin up and commits to start his life over again.

Within about a year of me watching the movie, my English Literature teacher announced at the beginning of class that we would be discussing "No Man Is an Island," which was written by John Donne in the early sixteen hundreds. I immediately raised my hand and when called upon asked, "Though it is true, no man is an island, isn't it safe to say that some men are peninsulas?" No one laughed, not even my knuckleheaded friends. Mr. Newsome gave me a perplexed look and shaking his head uttered, "Ferme ta bouche et ecoute." Defeated, I whispered under my breath, "Thanks a lot Robin Williams!" As class ended, I approached his desk and asked, "If you don't mind me asking sir, what did you call me at the beginning of class?" He

smiled and repeated the phrase, “Ferre la bouche et ecoute,” then pausing for a moment said, “That is French, for shut your mouth and listen. Have a good day Mr. Cordle.”

All was not to be lost on that embarrassing day though. As we read and discussed the meaning of the message, I came to understand that the writer was trying to convey that all of humanity is connected, that we need and depend upon each other, that no one sits isolated like an island separated by a body of water. I do not attempt to define the entire meaning of his words, but when I first read his poem, what I took away was that there is strength in being connected and that there is little growth in separation. That being independent or completely self-sufficient will come at a cost, as we all rely upon one another in unity for growth.

Becoming who we are isn't an event, but rather a process that spans a lifetime. Growing up, my father and mother were instrumental in teaching me two things: the value of hard work and the importance of giving back by providing service to others. Because of the many great examples set by my parents, I learned most of my life lessons under their care by listening, watching, and doing. We lived on a small farm in western Montana, nestled between the foothills of the Bitterroot National Forest and the infamous freestone Bitterroot River. As you can imagine, for a small boy who loved to explore and fish, I was sometimes hard to find. Dad and Mom had a rule, chores first and free time later, though early in my young life I didn't always do it in that order. Sometimes I paid for it. My siblings and I were responsible for the care of our livestock and pets. We changed irrigation pipe and helped our parents take care of our family garden.

My older sister and I used to complain to one another as to why our garden had to be so big! After all we were only a family of five, but our one-acre garden produced a harvest of vegetables so large that we would always end up giving a good portion of it away to our neighbors. Weeding the garden was always the last thing we did and was the most dreaded of all our chores. We were required to weed two rows a day, which took us about an hour. Once finished, we were turned loose until suppertime. I remember hating that garden during the summer months because weeding cut into my exploratory adventures and kept me away from my favorite fishing holes. However, come harvest time I loved it! Fresh garden veggies are impossible to beat, and my parents did most of the work of prepping, pressure cooking, and freezing our bounty. I always thought that what we couldn't pack into our freezer we gave away so it wouldn't go to waste.

It wasn't until I was twelve years old that I finally realized Dad knew how many vegetables would fit into our freezer, but he grew extra to provide produce for some of our neighbors. One cloudy afternoon I went with Dad to deliver vegetables to a neighboring family who lived just beyond the irrigation canal that separated our properties. I will always remember the warm feeling that came over me as I watched our neighbor Beverly's face light up as she expressed her heartfelt gratitude for the food delivery. Something happened inside of me that day, and I truly understood for the first time the value of sharing and helping others in need.

Many of my life lessons were taught in the front seat of my dad's 1970 Ford pickup. Whether it be heading into the mountains to cut and gather firewood, driving up old logging roads to one of his favorite places to

hunt elk, going into town to get construction or farming supplies, or simply him just wanting to spend time with me, he took almost every opportunity of alone time to get to know me and teach me the values of being a good person and expressed the importance of developing good qualities. Even at a young age, I knew his intent and I did my best to listen because he was the greatest man I knew, and to this day have ever known.

Though my parents by far were the greatest influence and made the biggest impact in my young life, I also learned valuable life lessons that promoted considerable growth in me as a person from a few of my teachers, several uncles, and some coaches. As a result of having spent so much time around so many good people, I thought I had it all figured out and I even memorized a few feel-good quotes, maybe just to impress myself. You know some of the famous ones:

Do unto others as you would have them do unto you;

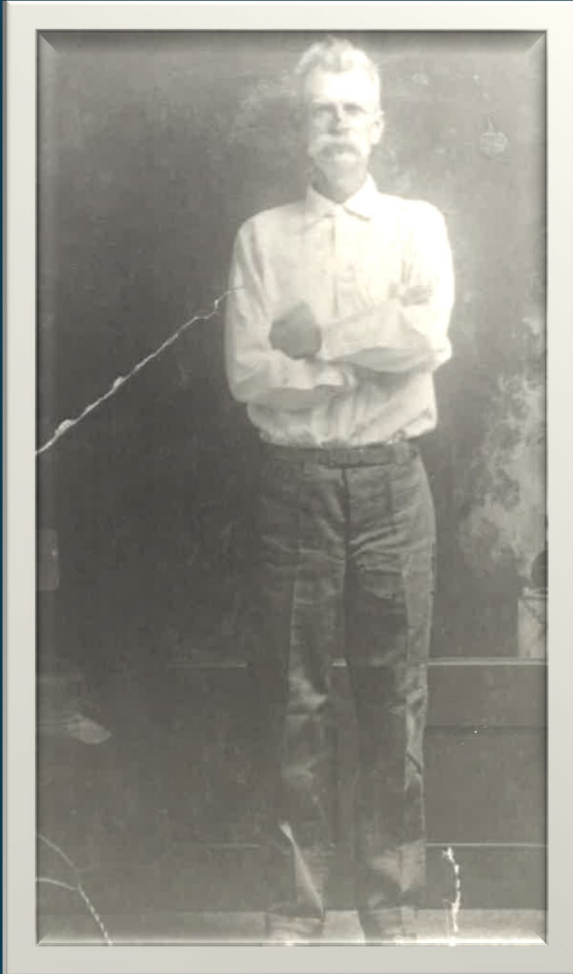
The only way to find a friend is to be one;

No act of kindness, no matter how small, is ever wasted; and my personal favorite,

No matter where you go, there you are!

Okay, that last one really has nothing to do with self-improvement or helping others, I just like it.

Shortly after leaving home, I quickly discovered that I had a lot more to learn about people and certainly about my own life; that most growth requires effort, and the results of those efforts can sometimes be painful. No one is an island. Life changing events are only life changing if recognized and acted upon. To this day, some of my fondest childhood memories are centered around sitting on the front seat of that old blue Ford truck, spending time with my dad as he did his best to prepare me to go into the world with a desire to do good and to help others. I continue to learn from those around me, mostly from their good examples and generous outreach to others, and I do my best, as John Donne wrote, to recognize and contribute to the connection we should seek to have with one another. I have witnessed and learned from countless good examples of how we should treat others from so many of you here at the facility. I have seen humanity at its finest within these walls. Thank you for all you do. Thank you for being you!



Origins & Future States

By

Daryl Webster

My family tree is loaded with ornery, long-lived men. My great grandfather Archer was 61 years old when he fathered my grandmother and lived to be 86. My dad was 35 years old when I was born and lived to be 93. As for me...let's just say I followed the family's late fatherhood tradition, but the whole longevity thing is still up for grabs. I'll bet books could be written about the odd side-effects of being raised by parents old enough to mingle generations, but the most interesting, in my case, is that members of my family

can connect with the distant past in ways that most people cannot.

Do you remember your great grandparents? Some of them might even still be around, because though they may seem ancient to you, they are actually rather contemporary. Not so, for me. My great grandfather was born 180 years ago, yet my father spent his early childhood living in his grandfather's home and remembered him well. Think about that. I was raised by a father who was held in the arms of a man born before the mid-19th century. How's that for almost touching history! No one will ever read about my

great grandfather in a history book, but he was a larger-than-life figure who became the touchstone of our extended family identity. His name was Joseph Franklin Archer, born in North Carolina in the year 1844.

Little is known about his childhood, and for reasons that will become evident, there are significant gaps in his resume. He burst into the family narrative as a scout with the 4th Georgia Cavalry, Confederate States Army, in the American Civil War. At war's end, having been unhorsed somewhere along the way, he returned to Georgia on foot to find his home flattened and his family killed or scattered during the Union invasion. Living alone in the ruins was his younger, handicapped brother. With little left for them in Georgia, he hoisted his brother onto his back and began walking west. The brothers settled in Missouri (pronounced *Missoura* by folks from that neck of the woods). No one knows exactly how he made ends meet for the next 15 years, but by his own admission, being law-abiding had little to do with it. Around 1890, on the run from a murder warrant, he slipped out of Missouri with his brother and settled in what was then known as the "Choctaw Nation," which would later become southeastern Oklahoma.

The "Indian Nations" of Oklahoma, as they were then known, were a haven for wanted men, due to the region's status as a series of quasi-sovereign Native American territories. Neighboring state law enforcement officers had no jurisdiction there and were pointedly

unwelcome. Only Federal Marshals, operating out of "Hanging Judge" Isaac Parker's federal court in Fort Smith, Arkansas, could enter "The Nations" to serve federal arrest warrants. My great grandfather was able to settle for a time and start a family. There, my grandmother was born in 1905. Eventually the family moved to northeastern Oklahoma and the towns of Prue and Kellyville, where my father was born and raised.

My father's father died young (there's an exception to every rule) and with a newborn baby to care for, my grandmother moved in with her father. He was 81 at the time, supporting a considerable household, ostensibly by delivering rural mail by horse-drawn carriage, but primarily as a bootlegger. Distributing moonshine became sort of a family business, carried on by some of his descendants well into the 1950's, by which time Prohibition had ended but Oklahoma remained a "dry" state. I recall visiting with my grandmother and her sisters, who described their father as a good provider, but a difficult man to live with. He didn't just sell bootleg liquor but drank it with abandon. He always got a chuckle out of dandling my toddler father on his knee beside the woodstove, drinking from his jug and sharing sips with his tiny grandson, treating my grandmother's protests with amusement.

Well into the 20th century, Oklahoma was a hard and clannish backwater. Name a famous prohibition-era bandit and there are even odds that he or she (think Bonnie & Clyde) hid out in the eastern Oklahoma hills between crime sprees. Kellyville, in

my great grandfather's day was one of many obscure towns that boomed and busted and died on the vine. It sprang up on a rail line, just a few miles from the "Glenn Pool," site of Oklahoma's first oil boom, where unimaginable wealth was pumped from the ground by the barrel, while all around small ranchers, farmers, and sharecroppers barely eked out a living. And though Prohibition may have been the law of the land, bootleg liquor put food on my family's table.

My great grandfather was a product of his time and place, his identity forged by America's most devastating war. The conflict consumed his home and family, driving him west to spend the bulk of his life in lawless places, among uprooted men and women of like backgrounds. Even at an advanced age, sensible people steered clear of him. Kellyville had seen better days by the time I knew it, but the fading town was still dotted with old buildings and boardwalk street corners where Joe Archer spilled someone's blood for one reason or another. I met older people who recalled those wild days, and him, including my great aunts, and their stories were eye-popping. My great grandfather died in 1931 and was laid to rest in Kellyville cemetery, where his headstone is still faithfully decorated with the Stars & Bars each Veterans Day. Despite the passage of time, he remains the star of every Archer family reunion, almost as if we trace our lineage to him and no further.

You might wonder how a violent and dissolute man could wield such outsized influence on his descendants nearly a

century after his death. I honestly can't explain it in a way that would make sense to most folks. There's just something in the family DNA that breeds contrarians, those inclined to view laws as optional, others who devote their lives to upholding those laws. I was born and raised a product of that confused milieu, the youngest son of a loving but very hard man, who earned his own scars fighting with the Marine Corps on the islands of Guam and Okinawa. A career police officer, my dad often spoke of his lawless grandfather, with whom he strangely enough identified. As a son who idolized his father, how I do any less? To borrow a term from author Charles Portis, whose classic novel of outlaws and Federal Marshals in the Indian Nations spawned two movies of the name, my great grandfather had True Grit. I admire that.

Still, my admiration is conflicted. Over many years as a law enforcement officer in Arizona and Oklahoma, I've lost track of how many felons I met over the barrel of a gun. I shuffled them off to jail with little thought to how they came to be who they were, but in hindsight I understand that they too were products, not just of their present behavior, but of their pasts. That realization wouldn't have changed what they did and what I had to do, but I wish I had understood them better.

So, though my great grandfather looms large in my imagination, I suspect that had I known him, I probably wouldn't have liked him much. But the fact remains that I share his blood and more of his temperament than I'm comfortable admitting. I will always be a product of

the man he was and the times he lived in, all of it channeled to me courtesy of my father.

God willing, none of us will have to experience the past as our forebears lived it and we can leave our children to prosper in a better world. But wherever we find ourselves in our time, we are the origins of future states. Just as we are molded by our experiences and those of our ancestors, we too will have a hand in influencing generations to come.

While I am honored to be a part of the leadership team at Lemon Creek Correctional Center and though I have inflicted many tedious articles upon you, I'm not best qualified to give life-altering advice. So, let's settle for this. I learned from my father, who learned from his grandfather's example, to imagine the kind of life story I would want people to remember about me, and then to spend a lifetime living up to that self-defined

legend, but in a principled way. Every job I've ever held, every hazard I've dodged or dream I've chased, even my life here in Alaska, have all been consciously chosen roles, knowing that they would be challenging, memorable, and hopefully somehow significant, because that is the kind of man I've sought to be. *That* is how I want to be remembered.

How would you like your story to read, even if only one person ever turned the pages? Start writing that story now, in the memories of everyone who knows you, because some day, someone may read that book, perhaps even a great grandchild who never met you but whose life will be influenced by your tale.

LEMON CREEK CORRECTIONAL CENTER
EMPLOYEE OF THE QUARTER
OFFICER LEVI CHILTON



Officer Levi Chilton began his career with LCCC in September of 2022. Since that day he has established himself as a highly professional, team player, dedicated to maintaining the security of the facility and the safety of his fellow staff members. Officer Chilton always shows up to work with a positive, can-do attitude. He is always willing to go the extra mile to help his colleagues. He constantly monitors communication lines and cameras for any inmate behavior that is outside the norm. He is the first to jump in and help any time a shakedown is scheduled. Officer Chilton's vigilance and proactivity, particularly on watch for contraband, makes him a top-tier Correctional Officer. LCCC is honored to name him Employee of the Quarter.

Choice of a Lifetime

By

Lt. Chuck McCracken

It is said that we learn from our experiences, and that the past has much to teach us about the future. This is especially true when it comes to the choices we make, because today's choices and actions will have a lasting impact on our lives in the future. Not just our own choices and futures but those of everyone around us, especially family, friends, and co-workers.

Growing up in Bakersfield CA as an only child, you might think that I was at a disadvantage by not having brothers or sisters to learn from, but I was the youngest of 25 cousins who were as close to me as any brother or sister could be. As the youngest among them, I had the luxury of learning from all their triumphs and failures, the former more rare than the latter. I watched one cousin after another derail life's crazy train, first by hanging out with the wrong crowds, then getting involved in the drug scene, and eventually ending up in prison.

At the age of seventeen I saw too many of my friends go down the same road as my family. It was then that I decided to get out of Bakersfield. I had always wanted to travel and see the world, so what better way than to leave a town that was not conducive to the goals I wanted to accomplish and experience more of what life had to offer? I Joined the US Army. Did I get to see the world? Yes, but not the way I had envisioned. However, my decision to join

the Army eventually took me to Fairbanks, where I fell in love with this great state. After finishing my tour in Fairbanks, I decided to go back home to California and was soon reminded of exactly why I had left in the first place.

While in California I worked two jobs to try to make ends meet and found myself missing the comradery and family vibe of Army life, so I re-enlisted in the Army National Guard, where I could feel that sense of unity again. Well, at least two days a month and two weeks in the summer. Still the California life just wasn't for me anymore, and I knew that.

It was at this point I came to another fork in the road that required a decision, re-enlist into the Regular Army or go back to Alaska. I chose to return to Alaska, where my former father-in-law was able to get me a job in Juneau as a miner, a job I held for eight years. War intervened when two years into my employment with Greens Creek Mining Company, I was called to deploy to Iraq for one and a half years with my Alaska Army National Guard Unit. This was where I met the man who would forever change the way I approached leadership. At that time, he was a Staff Sergeant, but you all know him as Lt. Irizarry. After our deployment, he tried to get me to apply for Ketchikan Correctional Center, but I chose to go back to Greens Creek Mining.

However, my passion was always in law enforcement, so I put my application in for the Juneau Police Department, where I sat on a waiting list for two years before they scrubbed the list and started over. Then, another friend who worked at LCCC reminded me about Alaskan law enforcement's hidden gem (the Alaska Department of Corrections). So, I submitted my application to LCCC. When I received the notice that I had been accepted to the LCCC family, I called my mother and informed her that now we could claim that the entire family (cousins at least) had been in prison.

I have been here at Lemon Creek for twelve years now and can truly say that you are like my second family. I have only felt that kind of familial feeling from one other organization, and that was the Army. I have never been happier in a job than I am now, and it was all because of one decision made 30 years ago. I'm sure I will look back with regret on some choices made in years past. We all do that, but just ask yourselves if you would be better off today if you had chosen a different fork in the road? Chances are the answer will affirm the rightness of your decision.

Coming Home to Lemon Creek

By

Sgt. Jeremy Green

There are times when I wonder just how I got here as a Records Sergeant at Lemon Creek Correctional Center. I'm not very book smart but I love working with numbers. When I was a kid, I always wanted to be a pilot for a mainstream airline. During my junior year in high school, I was able to take some vocational classes through our local community college, working toward becoming an airframe and powerplant mechanic. I really thought that was going to be my way into the aviation field. But by the start of my senior year, I knew that this was not for me. I had enough credits to graduate six months early, so I convinced myself to take a break and go to work for my dad in construction, without giving up on eventually becoming a pilot.

Fourteen years passed before the construction bubble of 2008 popped and suddenly, construction was not the place to be. I tried some new things, like working for the West Valley School District, maintaining their sports fields. I also worked at the West Valley Fire Department as a volunteer firefighter. These were two new fields that I never thought I would be in, but the people I worked with made the job worth it. My youngest son was four and my twin boys were two when my first marriage ended. I was a single dad with three very young sons when I meet my current wife, who also had three very young sons. So, we did what any new couple with six boys would do, we rolled the dice and moved to Alaska. We both went to work for JYS in Juneau.

I had never worked with troubled teens before, and it was a real eye-opener. We had lived in Juneau for about a year when I met Lt. Hoff at a Fourth of July party. He told me about the work at Lemon Creek and how it takes all types of people to make things work here. I was interested, but not entirely convinced that Corrections was the job for me. I couldn't have been more wrong. Since coming to work at Lemon Creek, I have found that the people here, all from many different backgrounds, make this job great. We may have different opinions from time to time, but we all come together for common goals.

I started work at Lemon Creek in October 2012, working what was then called "The Eight," which referred to eight hour shifts instead of straight 12's. This schedule did not offer a lot of consistent direction but made up for it by allowing me to work with every Shift Sergeant directly. Doing so exposed me to a lot of different ways of doing things here at the facility. I also learned that everyone who works here comes from different backgrounds, different places, and with different experiences. What a positive thing that has turned out to be! Most of our staff come to Lemon Creek without prior law enforcement or corrections experience, but I think that makes us stronger as a group, because we don't need to be the same, we just need to come together for a common goal. One of my Sergeants when I first started, would always ask, "What is our number one goal?" Her

answer was to assure that everyone goes home safely at the end of the shift. To do that, we have each other's backs, we never run away, and we always run *toward* officers in need.

In December of 2017 my family and I left Juneau to be closer to the children's Grandparents and also to be closer to medical care for my youngest child. It was just not the same as being here and it wasn't long before we came back. When I returned to Lemon Creek, I was welcomed with open arms. A lot of the faces were new to me, but it felt like coming home.



Health & Fitness

Dietary Supplements & Fitness Training

By

Staff Sgt. Kyle Schramm

When it comes to maximizing your gym performance and achieving your fitness goals, the right supplements can make a significant difference. However, with an overwhelming variety of options on the market, it's essential to know which supplements are truly effective and how they work. Here is a guide to some of the most well-known gym supplements and why they may be a good addition to your fitness regimen.

Protein Powder

Why it works:

Protein is crucial for muscle repair and growth. After intense workouts, your muscles need amino acids to recover and build new muscle tissue. Protein powders, such as whey, casein, and plant-based options like pea or soy protein, provide an easy and concentrated source of high-quality protein.

Types of protein:

- Whey Protein: Fast-digesting, ideal for post-workout recovery.
- Casein Protein: Slow-digesting, perfect for nighttime use to support muscle repair while you sleep.
- Plant Based Proteins: Great for vegans, vegetarians or those with dairy allergies, offering a variety of amino acids.

Creatine

Why it works:

Creatine is one of the most researched and effective supplements for enhancing athletic performance. It increases the availability of ATP (adenosine triphosphate), the primary energy carrier in your muscles, allowing you to train harder and longer. Creatine tends to hold more water in the muscle to help with hydration and curb injuries.

Benefits:

- Improves strength and power
- Enhances muscle growth
- Supports high-intensity exercise performance

Branched-Chain Amino Acids (BCAAs)

Why they work:

BCAAs (leucine, isoleucine, and valine) are essential amino acids that play a vital role in muscle protein synthesis and recovery. Supplementing with BCAAs can help reduce muscle soreness, decrease exercise fatigue, and enhance muscle repair.

Benefits:

- Reduces muscle breakdown
- Supports muscle recovery
- Improves endurance during prolonged exercise

Pre-Workout Supplements

Why they work:

Pre-workout supplements typically contain a blend of ingredients like caffeine, beta-alanine, creatine, and nitric oxide boosters. These compounds work together to increase energy, focus, strength, and endurance.

Common ingredients:

- Caffeine: Boosts energy and focus
- Beta-Alanine: Enhances endurance (this is the ingredient that causes the tingly sensation in your skin)
- Creatine: Increases strength and power
- Nitric Oxide Boosters: Improves blood flow and nutrient delivery to muscles.

Fish Oil

Why it works:

Fish oil is rich in omega-3 fatty acids, which have anti-inflammatory properties. This can

help reduce muscle soreness and improve joint health, allowing for more consistent and comfortable training sessions. Also helps with lowering blood pressure, cholesterol and triglycerides.

Benefits:

- Reduces exercise-induced inflammation
- Supports heart and joint health
- Enhances overall recovery

Multivitamins

Why they work:

Multivitamins provide essential vitamins and minerals that may be lacking in your diet. Adequate micronutrient intake is crucial for overall health, energy production, and recovery.

Benefits:

- Fills nutrient gaps
- Supports overall health and immune function
- Enhances energy levels

Incorporating the right supplements into your fitness routine can enhance your performance, speed up recovery, and help you achieve your goals more efficiently. However, supplements should complement a balanced diet and consistent training program, not replace them. Always be cognizant and aware of the effects of supplements and I highly encourage further research into supplements if choosing to incorporate them into your physical wellness journey.

Lemon Creek Correctional Center Wants YOU!



Lemon Creek Correctional Center in Juneau, Alaska employs Correctional Officers, Food Service & Maintenance Specialists, Nurses, and Administrative & Clerical Staff. Check out [Governmentjobs.com/careers/Alaska/](https://www.governmentjobs.com/careers/Alaska/) for job opportunities DOC's Juneau facility.

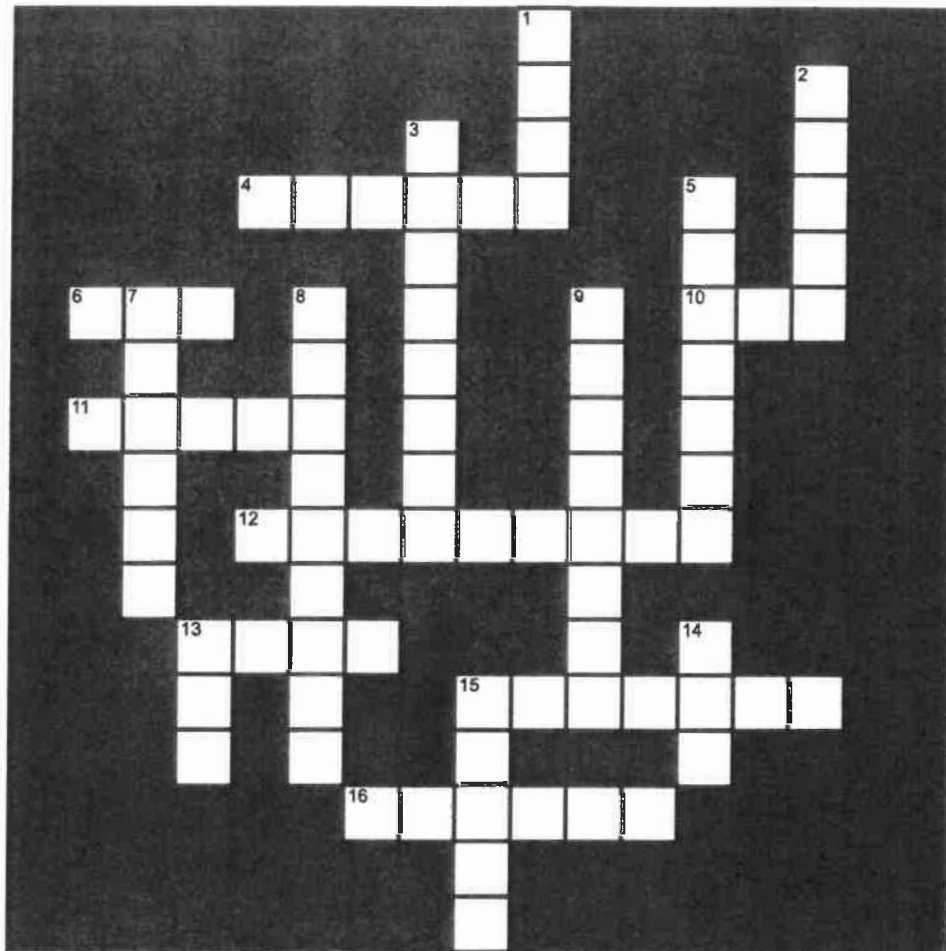
Employees at LCCC Enjoy:

- Competitive Pay & Benefits
- Training & career advancement opportunities
- Generous vacation leave
- Living & working in America's most beautiful capital city
- A supportive & team-oriented work environment

For information, contact Lt. McCracken at (907)465-6288. We look forward to working with you.



Time Travel



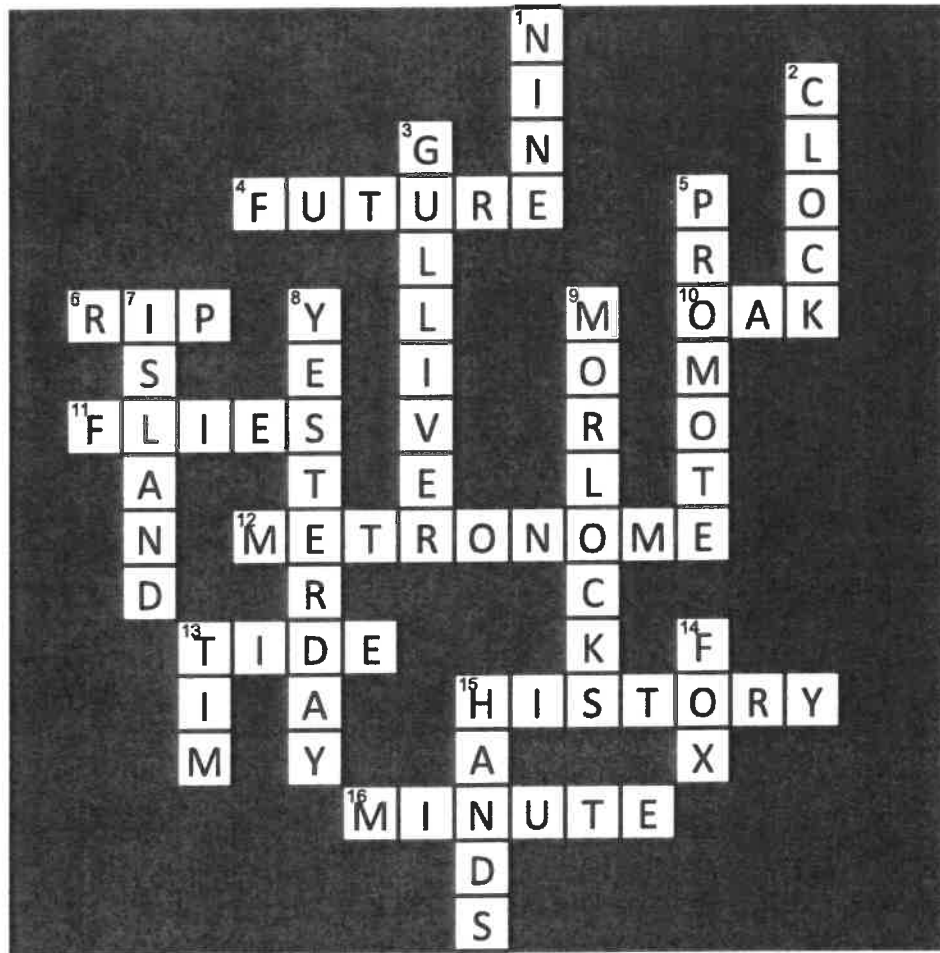
Across

- 4 1985 movie "Back to the...."
- 6 This Winkle grew wrinkles
- 10 Acorn's future
- 11 Time does this when you have fun
- 12 Musical time keeper
- 13 This and time wait for no one
- 15 Record of the past
- 16 1/1440th of a day

Down

- 1 A stitch in time saves this
- 2 Starts over every 24 hours
- 3 Lilliputians' prisoner
- 5 Assume a higher rank
- 7 No man is an....
- 8 Beatles hit about the day before
- 9 Savage race of Eloi eaters
- 13 Tiny character in "A Christmas Carol"
- 14 A kit when grown
- 15 Bored people carry too much time here

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