

(2)

Day ~~Eighty Eight~~ ⁹⁰. Tuesday October ~~Fifteen~~ ¹⁶ 2001

5-30am.

At North Sea camp you do not wake to the sound of Alsatians, as one did at Belmarsh, or officers making the early morning rounds at Welland but the sound of seagulls because my little room is only a hundred yards from the sea. Later but much later ~~for~~ the sound of swine are added. I do not refer to the inmates or the prison officers but to the fact the biggest occupation at North Sea Camp is taken up by a nine hundred acre farm which specialises in Pigs and Sheep, and very fine they are to look at, but as I neither have green fingers nor have ever worked on a farm I can offer no professional opinion.

The light above my head is covered with a pair of boxer shorts to make sure David (murder) ^(21 years) is not woken. He doesn't stir during the entire session and at seven thirty I go down to the shower room shave and wash my hair and still no one else ~~has stirred~~, new noise!

8:00am

Breakfast. The big difference between Welland and North Sea Camp (N.S.P) is that at N.S.P you get porridge from Monday to Friday and you only get cereal at the weekends. So I satisfy myself with a boiled egg and a couple of pieces of toast.

8:30am.

My first induction visit is to see the doctor. Your first week in any prison is spent finding out how the place works, ~~with them trying to find~~ ^{while they try} to find out as much as possible about you, so they can work out how and where you will fit in.

The doctor asks the usual questions about drugs, smoking, drinking, any illness or allergy and a series of NOs are circled. After twenty

Sentence Management Unit

minutes

of prodding, puffing up, weighing, checking my eyes and teeth and heart his only piece of advice is not to overdo it in the gym and I remember I'm sixty-one.

As I leave, Doug the hospital orderly and friend of Darren calls me into the ward. The ward consists of eight beds the corner one is occupied by Doug ~~and~~ someone has to be there at night because of the drugs. But what a number; not only does he have a room the size of a pen house suite, he has his own television, and his own bathroom, so there is no way that he is going to want to be transferred to another prison. By the way he's in for tax evasion, but as I don't have other than sketchy details, I'll fill you in at a later date.

He closes the door to his kingdom and confirms that medical orderly is the best job in the prison service but the second best job ~~is~~ at NSC is S.M.O. orderly and that job is coming up in two weeks time because the present occupant James ~~is~~ is due to be released.

He says that Mr New the senior officer equivalent to Mr Tucker ~~at Walsley~~ will make the ~~final~~ decision but he'll put in a good word for me. Whatever you do he adds don't end up working on the farm, the work is ahead of us, so if the food doesn't kill you, I promise you they will. As ~~he~~ leaves he adds come on over and have a drink this evening, by that he means tea or coffee. I'm allowed two quads from seven to ten-thirty so you'd be welcome. I thank him, and my old mentor Darren. In fact I think 'who you know' is just as important in the prison service as it ever was in politics.

10:30 am.

My S.M.O. meeting is obviously going to decide what my future will be at N.S.C. The building is just a few yards on from ~~the~~^{beside} the tanning room, and was at some time in the past the Juveniles' house. The pathway leading to the front door has beds of flowers on either side. The front door itself is a light blue, and needs a fresh lick of paint, because it looks as if the door is regularly kicked open rather than ~~pushed~~ pushed.

The first room you enter has the feel of a canteen, with a dumpy wooden chair, and a notice board that is covered in advice and information. The inductees report into the front door on the left which turns out to be an office occupied by four officers. One of them, Mr Gough who looks like a farmer despite his prison uniform and has a broad Norfolk accent, looks off my name and says he will be speaking ^{toward} ~~once~~ everyone has come over from medical. But as Dr. was taking some twenty minutes over each patient we may be sitting about in the canteen reception area for some time.

The first thing I notice is how filthy the reception area is. In wayland the floors shone from the daily buffing, and if you stood still for more than a few moments someone panned you. Eventually all seven new interns had arrived and Mr. Gough joined us.

He welcomed us as if we were ^{on} some customer holiday experience, and explained as most people ~~as~~ spend less than three months at N.S.C. the main purpose was to make your stay as pleasant as possible, and prepare you for the journey

to the outside world. This all made sense as I have long ago given up the idea that prisoners should be locked up and ~~see~~ ^{see} nothing of the world before their release date. This is only the reaction of a fool or the ill informed. It's quite enough ^{in circumstances} someone, without depriving them of an opportunity for rehabilitation especially if it's a first offence and there is no history of violence or drug use.

Mr Gough gives a good talk, which he has so obviously delivered many times in the past. He explains that at N.S.C. anyone can escape, it's all too easy, but you are always caught ~~but~~ and end up with ~~something~~ ^{terms} added to your sentence. He gives the example of a remarkably stupid young man, who absconded sixteen hours before he was due to be released (the night before). He was picked up in Boston the next day and sent back to a Celt prison for another ~~something~~ ^{four} ~~days~~ ^{weeks}.

Of the seven new inductees, the remainder of the sentence ranges from few days to few years.

Mr Gough ~~then~~ ^{goes} on to explain what jobs are available ~~and~~ ^{for} ~~the~~ ^{part} ~~of~~ ^{of} the inmates work on the farm, while the other half can be in education, and all the usual jobs of sewing, cleaning, painting, and washing that are common to all prisons. ^{gardens}

When he finishes his talk we all have to report to him ~~and~~ ^{sign} up to a 'no drugs' policy. If you refuse to sign the three documents saying you are not on drugs, and will agree at any time to a voluntary drug test, then you cannot be enhanced in about eight weeks time. For all of us that means another five pounds a week or an eighteen allowance and some other privileges, though not being

~~permitted~~ ^{permitted} to wear your own clothes. That is never allowed at an open prison, although I must confess Dave seems to have found a way round it because this morning he was wearing a green tea shirt and brown slacks. ~~There's~~ ^{There's} always one at every prison who finds a way around the rules. I must ask him how he gets away with ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~purchase~~ ^{purchase} of clothes.

I agree to sign all of Mr Gayle's forms as I have never smoked let alone experimented with drugs. Once he's finished with me, he sends me upstairs to meet Mr Donnelly who not only looks like a farmer, but is in green overalls and wears green wellies in an upstairs office. No wonder the place is so dirty, he's obviously been for me to join him on the farm, but I told him I would like to be considered for a job ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ admin as S.M.V. orderly. He makes a note and looks a little disappointed. I begin to check the clock, 12:00

Dean comes to pick me up and take me to lunch. I have to ask for a half portion otherwise I'm going to end up sixteen stone. I can't wait to find out where the gym is, and if it has the machinery I need to stay fit. (It's down as part of the induction course to men.) After lunch Dean who leaves us to meet ~~hairer~~ ^{hairer} me over to ~~see~~ ^{see} the south block (NSC has two blocks North and South and both have about one hundred and fifty prisoners.) The South Block has a totally different atmosphere about it, and not only ~~are~~ ^{are} the prisoners older and quieter, it's at the further part of the prison, and therefore ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~secured~~ ^{secured}.

I am shown a large room by name all started. It's oblong in shape and must be about twenty feet by eight, ~~with~~ ^{with} ~~the~~ ^{the} window ^{looks} out over ~~with a~~

Northy Sea.

The officer who shows me the room explains that the whole spur (to S.H.S) is in the process of re-decoration, and will with a little bit of luck re-open on Monday, so I now know where I want to end up living. (P.E.) In cell electricity will be added so all rooms will have a television.

On our way back to the North Block an officer tells me that Mr New the senior officer wants to see me. You won't believe that at sixty one I wonder what I must have done wrong for the senior officer to want to see me.

Dean says that the provable wants to have a chat much as the governor did the day before. So I return to the S.M.O building where I was interviewed for a job this morning.

When I arrive I am sent to Mr New's office. Here a man in his late forties around five feet ~~ten~~ ~~eleven~~ with an ectomorphic build and a shock of black white hair. He has a warm smile and welcomes me to his office.

I hear you want to work as the orderly in this office he says and before ~~he~~ I can reply says then you've got the job and as ~~as~~ ~~leaving~~ ~~me~~ ~~a~~ couple of weeks time, you'd better start straight away so you can get the feel of what he does. We hardly got the words thank you out before he adds that you want to move to the South Block, which I'm sure will be fine, and I hear you want to be transferred to Spanghill which he adds will not be so easy, because they don't want you, my heart sucks and the attendant publishes that goes with having you.

However he says ~~that~~ again before I can

have a word with

Speak, if that's what you want I'll ~~do it~~
spry full and do the best I can. ~~PTO~~ For the next thirty
minutes we go over in more detail ~~the~~ each of the
three statements ~~in more detail~~, much more detail
and I suspect I uttered those words to be every
two hundred. He comes over as a kind and decent
man who wants to succeed for you whereas why
he's known in the camp as 'Mr Primate' that is said
by the prisoners with affection because he behaves on
so many of his principles.

We eventually go down stairs to meet James,
a shy intelligent looking young man, who has a Latin
academy ~~person~~ ^{persona}, and I can't imagine what he
is doing in prison.

James

Despite Mr Nee's talking most of the time, ~~he~~
gets through what his responsibilities are, from making
tea and coffee for the eight occupants of the hutch,
~~to~~ through to preparing the files for every prisoner.
He has a long house visit tomorrow so I am to
be hymn in at the deep end, but on Tuesday he will
return and take me through his responsibilities in greater
detail.

Dean

At four forty five ~~Dean~~ takes me to
supper explaining that the orderlies have the
privilege of eating on their own, before the rest
of the inmates. You get the better food he explains
and as there are only a dozen orderlies (Hospital
Stores, reception, library, Gym and **gardens**
is not so crowded.

All this in twenty four hours with gang to
make me popular. (PTO) after supper

On my way back to North Block I bumps into
the Governor Mr Berlin, he's different to what I where
you never saw a governor unless you had an appointment

and he's already heard that I am the new
orderly and that I want to move to South Block.
He's happy about the forms but not sure about the
label, but says he'll have a chat to me later.

6:00pm,

I wrote for two hours and feel exhausted, when I've
finished I go over to join Daisy ^{in the "Sunnyside"} who seems to have all
the latest gossip, and is obviously going to be invaluable,
as a network ^{unfortunate} man. We write to her
and as joined by Daisy not only has my form
freedom, but he'll find time to help me because
he says that my washing has been taken away ^{and}
replied, I do wish they had given him a longer
sentence, even another ~~three~~ months ^{would have been}
helpful.

8:15pm,

I've been to North Block and report into my
spu officer Mr Hughes who wears a cap like **Mr**
McKay in **Parade**. He comes over as a fierce sergeant
major type (twenty years in the army) but within
moments and he's a softie, and the
minutes like a dad more than, because if he says he'll
do something he does it. I've been to my cell and write
for another hour by which time I'm exhausted.

10:00 am

Final role call check in. Fifteen minutes later I'm
in bed and fast asleep. Quite a day.