

Probation

Journal

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The Costs and Effects of Intensive Supervision for Drug Offenders *Joan Petersilia*
Susan Turner
Elizabeth Piper Deschenes

A Day in the Life of a Federal Probation Officer—Revisited *E. Jane Pierson*
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Federal Probation

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This Issue in Brief

Euphoria on the Rocks: Understanding Crack Addiction.—A certain mystique surrounds crack cocaine and makes supervision of crack addicts a real challenge for even the most seasoned probation officer. Stressing the importance of knowing the facts about this drug, author Edward M. Read focuses on helping the officer understand the drug itself, the dynamics of addiction to it, and how to assess a person's dependence on it.

The Costs and Effects of Intensive Supervision for Drug Offenders.—Authors Joan Petersilia, Susan Turner, and Elizabeth Piper Deschenes report the results of a randomized field experiment testing the effects of an intensive supervision probation/parole project for drug-involved offenders. Among the findings were that intensive supervision apparently did not affect drug use, did not reduce recidivism, and cost more than routine supervision.

A Day in the Life of a Federal Probation Officer—Revisited.—Six United States probation officers update an article published in *Federal Probation* more than 20 years ago by describing what might come up in a typical workday. The authors—E. Jane Pierson, Thomas L. Densmore, John M. Shevlin, Omar Madruga, Jay F. Meyer, and Terry D. Childers—all of whom serve in specialist positions—offer commentaries about their work that range from philosophical to highly creative.

Personality Types of Probation Officers.—Are there personality characteristics common to probation officers? Authors Richard D. Sluder and Robert A. Shearer address the question, reporting findings from a study of 202 probation officers using the Myers-Briggs Type Indicator (MBTI). The authors discuss the patterns of MBTI personality characteristics among the officers studied, reviewing the strengths and potential weaknesses of the personality types.

When Do Probation and Parole Officers Enjoy the Same Immunity as Judges?—Authors Mark Jones and Rolando V. del Carmen examine the types of defenses a probation or parole officer enjoys in civil liability suits, focusing on the concepts of absolute, quasi-judicial, and qualified immunity. The authors

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A Day in the Life of a Federal Probation Officer--Revisited

Editor's note: The March 1967 issue of Federal Probation featured "A Day in the Life of a Federal Probation Officer," an article by William C. Nau which described in colorful detail a typical workday for "Robert Monroe, chief probation officer for the District of Anywhere, U.S.A." Certainly, much has changed since then for chiefs and line officers alike. As a way to update Nau's piece, Federal Probation invited several Federal probation officers who serve in specialist positions to write about their jobs. The commentaries convey the pace of a workday and offer some philosophical thoughts about the nature of the work. However, readers should note that the pieces do not necessarily portray all aspects of any of the positions described. Any names used for probationers are fictitious. Although the circumstances depicted reflect real-life situations, they have been altered for the sake of confidentiality.

Enhanced Supervision—Not Necessarily "Tail 'Em, Nail 'Em, and Jail 'Em"

BY E. JANE PIERSON

*Senior United States Probation Officer
Eastern District of California*

Not so long ago, probation officers made home contacts based on a predetermined schedule, whether or not there were any issues to address in that particular case. The "classification" of the case, not the issues, determined the officer's contacts. So when the time came for a "visit" the officer got in his or her car and drove to the residence. Then, the officer would proceed to talk with the "client" about that person's children, spouse, job, school, the weather, or whatever, while leaning against his or her car, "kicking the tire." In those cases, there were no real issues to be addressed.

The above scenario is not likely to be repeated with the implementation of "enhanced supervision." Meaningless "tire kicking" or "quota system" contacts as well as the "monthly reporting ritual" or "assembly line," as this officer referred to it, have been abandoned for a more commonsense approach to supervision. Enhanced supervision is grounded in statutory authority which mandates that the probation officer accomplish certain objectives. Enhanced supervision provides for the officer's professional judgment as to where and how his or her time is best utilized based on the officer's evaluation and re-evaluation of issues in each individual case. Issues to be addressed rather than a quota to meet now occupy the officer's day. And occupied, it is!

Verification appears to be a key word in enhanced supervision, but then it always has been or, at least, should have been. Verification of the offender's residence; employment and specific job duties; finances; roommates; new charges, disposition of old charges; fine, restitution, and penalty assessment payments; travel requests; attendance at counseling sessions; performance of community service hours; and so on, all have their place in a day's work. Verification by the officer equates to accountability of the offender. Officer verification and offender accountability do not necessarily equate to "tail'em, nail'em, and jail'em," as it may superficially appear. Verification is consistent

with this officer's statutory duty to "keep informed . . . as to the conduct and condition of a probationer or a person on supervised release" (title 18, section 3603(2)).

Verification and more verification proved essential in one particular case in which a female, convicted of bank embezzlement, obtained employment as a receptionist. The sentencing judge had imposed a special condition that she must disclose her conviction to her employer if she handled cash or negotiables. The offender did not notify her employer because her job duties, she claimed, did not include the handling of cash or negotiables. Employment was verified in the usual ways—pay stubs, phone calls, and contact at the job site. Her employment seemed in order until this officer requested a copy of the offender's most recent employee evaluation, wherein it was noted that she was progressing well in payroll training! Following this officer's near coronary at learning this bit of information, direct contact with the employer revealed that the offender's payroll training consisted of her learning how to input employee work hours into a computer only. The offender did not lose her job, and she has since confided that she feels more comfortable and secure in her employment now that her employer is aware of her conviction.

By demanding accountability from the offender via verification, officers enforce the conditions and thus protect the community, but an officer is also charged with aiding the offender. How, you say, since we, as enhanced supervision officers, obviously have no trust in the offender? Yet, we do trust the offender—it is simply his or her creditability we must verify. We aid the offender in much the same way we always have—by referral and by providing services ourselves. Referrals are for employment services; vocational rehabilitation; education; parenting classes; marital/family counseling; credit counseling; food and/or clothing from social service agencies and/or churches; Alcoholics Anonymous; Narcotics Anonymous; contract drug aftercare providers; residential treatment programs. And we follow up to ensure that services were provided or additional referrals made to assist the offender and to enforce the conditions—although it was somewhat perplexing, yet humorous, when I received a letter from a destitute and homeless of-

fender I had modified into a community corrections center, to see that it was addressed to the attention of "Mrs. Prison."

When noncompliance is detected, a violator's warrant is not automatically requested; in the majority of cases, interim sanctions are applied. If this strategy is not successful, then the offender meets with the supervising officer and supervising U.S. probation officer for a nonjudicial compliance hearing. Usually additional sanctions are imposed on the offender. Every effort is made by the officer to bring the offender into compliance prior to court or Parole Commission action. One nonjudicial compliance hearing ended with the offender indicating that he understood his responsibilities much clearer, and he made the comment, "You people are really serious about this." To date, he remains in compliance.

When all else fails, the violator's warrant is requested and issued. The offender is then taken into custody, which seems to provide the most pathetic and the most humorous of situations. For example, a parolee, who was arrested early one morning while still in his underwear, very irately stated, "You are treating me like a common criminal." Another parolee who came into the office asked, "How much trouble am I in?" And upon seeing the deputy U.S. marshals answered his own question, "Big trouble."

And the last but certainly not the least aspect of our job is keeping the court and the United States Parole Commission informed of the offender's behavior or, in most cases, his misbehavior and what has been done in attempts to correct noncompliance. Paperwork can easily be deemed the probation officer's nemesis.

My day consists of any combination of, and occasionally it seems all of, the above and more (i.e., surveillance, search, home confinement/electronic monitoring, modifications, community corrections center referrals, court appearances, and the demon telephone—I have a *lot* of co-dependant offenders). The list is by no means complete. Overall, the day of an enhanced supervision officer is stressful, frustrating, and too long with too many things to do, but it is also challenging, exhilarating, and humorous. There is little that is more professionally rewarding than knowing that you have been instrumental in helping to prevent another victim statistic or in helping an individual overcome his or her self-defeating behavior simply by doing your job.

We, as enhanced supervision officers, are Jacks and Janes (no pun intended) of all trades and specialists in each separate aspect that comprises supervision. Enhanced supervision has provided us supervision proponents with the validity and legitimacy that had for too long taken second place in the order of importance of the duties of a probation officer. I, for one, say

it was about time for supervision to quit being the stepchild of the system.

One Hot Day at a Time: Daily Meditations of a Drug Specialist

BY THOMAS L. DENSMORE

*Senior United States Probation Officer
Northern District of Texas*

Is it hot—104 in the shade! But then, it's always hot here. Heat never stops the duties of a drug specialist in the United States Probation Office. Being about the Government's business in the cause of therapy does not succumb to the weather. "Neither rain, nor snow, nor sleet . . . nor heat."

The only concession you make to the heat is to work early in the day or late at night. In the middle of the day, find shade. I start early enough today to see "Tony" before he goes to work. He is 35, recently released from 6 months in treatment, on his own for the first time, working his first real job at a grocery store. He is having a hard time figuring out how to be a clean and sober 35-year-old. He last saw life sober at age 10. He's missed a lot since then, such as basic survival skills. We do a budget. He spends \$17 a week on cigarettes; \$13 on food; \$7 on incidentals. I persuade him to let the rest go into the credit union so that he can pay his rent, phone, and lights at the end of the month. He agrees. Relapse can be brought on by something as simple as the thought: "It's not fair that I don't make enough money to even pay my rent." He'll entertain himself by going to an AA group and playing dominoes after group. Tony gives me a urine specimen to prove his sobriety.

A quick call to the office. "Ken" is avoiding treatment. He missed a urine call last night. He is already at work. I leave a message with his wife ("Tell Ken to be ready to give me a u/a when he gets home tonight."). I sweat through a couple more stops. No one is home. Everyone is already at work. I need to find some coolness in a productive way.

I guess I'll take a few hours to check on the five clients at our residential program. The counselor fills me in on each client's progress. "Fawn" doesn't want to be here. "Lee" has just written a letter to the judge saying, "I'm trapped in treatment. Please send help." Interesting, since the judge sent him here. "Terri" is moving into a new phase of treatment which requires that she give her life story, an eye-opening event for her. "Ernest" is looking for treatment support in the community. "Amado" is ready to graduate. I talk with each client. Fawn decides to try it for one more week. Lee changes his mind that treatment is worse than prison. Terri explains how frightening it is to see your

life without being high. She is overwhelmed by how much she has lost, especially time. Ernest is encouraged that he can find people who care for him outside of treatment. Amado is excited/scared about his graduation next week.

We have just finished hiring our contract counselors for next year. We did real good. We got great counselors. So now I can pretend that I'm a counselor/line officer again. This is fun. I love working the field, even in the heat. I might not even check into the office.

It's still hot outside. Guess I'll go to the office, do paperwork, hope it's cool. At the office, my secretary has been working hard. She has all of the therapy bills for June ready for me to check and sign. After paying the bills, I begin the age-old game of phone tag. I return eight messages. I talk to three recording machines and five people. I will have to testify next Thursday that high blood pressure and hemorrhoid medications can't combine to result in a u/a positive for cocaine. The defense will have a doctor to testify that in this defendant's body, these medications create cocaine metabolite. Where do they find these doctors anyway? I also agree to do: a training session for new counseling staff; a speech at a networking meeting for counselors; and an audit trip to West Texas. One counselor wants to complain that I deducted too much from his last bill. I should have stayed in the field and sweltered.

Despite the heat, I head on out. All strapped up and ready to go, the boss gives me the latest from Washington. Somebody messed up. Washington needs \$24 million to pay for defense attorneys. Every district has to contribute what they can from their current drug therapy budget. In the middle of this heat, everything is frozen. No new treatment. Everything is cut back until further notice. Get the word out. Hold the drug budget for fiscal 1993. So much for the rest of this day.

Another 10 calls. Dallas will do a "freeze group" and Saturday workshops. Arlington will do only the Saturday workshops. Fort Worth will do a group and get free therapy for new clients. Lubbock will get free therapy until the freeze is over. The West Texas people will use AA until the "Freeze of 92" thaws. The heat and the field are forgotten. Let's figure this out. How much money do we have left for counseling? How much can I risk sending back? Will the clients relapse? I hope not. I am whipped. I'm going home. This day started out with such promise. Just a nice day of seeing people, driving around, acting important, and sweating. This "freeze in July" is going to make things "hot" for us until Christmas.

One more stop to get that u/a from Ken and then I'm done. He'd better be ready.

Finally, home. Oh, no! I forgot the u/a's in my car. They must be boiling by now. I either have to mail

them tonight after this terrible hot day or keep them cold in our refrigerator. ("Honey, I have some u/a's I forgot to mail. I have to keep them cold until I can mail them tomorrow. I vote for our refrigerator. How do you vote?")

Just one more stop at the post office and THEN I'm done.

A Special Offender Specialist Hits the Road

BY JOHN M. SHEVLIN

*Supervising United States Probation Officer
Southern District of Florida*

AND

OMAR MADRUGA

*Senior United States Probation Officer
Southern District of Florida*

It is 7 a.m. on Monday, and I am where we park the Government cars. I will be spending the day in the field with my supervisor. He periodically rides in the field with me as he does with the other officers assigned to the Special Offender Unit in the United States Probation Office in Miami, Florida. Our unit supervises offenders involved in violent crimes, major drug conspiracies, racketeering, money laundering, and major frauds. We also supervise offenders associated with criminal organizations, public corruption, and other sensitive cases.

Our first stop of the day is with an individual relocated to our district, an offender who formerly cooperated with the Government. We have gotten an early start so that we can see this offender at home before he leaves for work. He is a difficult case to supervise for many reasons. Based upon his cooperation with the Government, he feels that he need not follow the conditions of supervision like any other offender. Also, he frequently suggests that it would be in his best interest to return to the district in which he was sentenced. After questioning him in reference to residence, employment, and other personal circumstances, I once again persuade him to discard any thought of returning to the district of his sentencing.

Our next stop is at a car dealership where Mr. Udall is a salesman. He is a criminal who has made a career out of defrauding the public. He has sold fraudulent oil leases, rare coins, precious stones, and vacation time-shares. In those few instances where delivery was actually made to a customer, the product was incredibly overpriced. Once again, Mr. Udall makes his usual request to enter into a self-employment situation. Once again, I deny him permission to do so. He appeals to the supervisor who also indicates that he may not enter into a self-employment situation. As

we depart the car dealership, I comment to my supervisor that Mr. Udall will no doubt return to some sort of criminal activity the day after he gets off supervision. In his case, a term of probation is truly protecting the public from additional criminal activity.

Before our next stop, I do a "drive by" of the area. I do this because Mr. Rodriguez is an active confidential informant for the Government. He has been approached by some narcotic traffickers to utilize his place of business, a building supply corporation, to launder narcotic proceeds. Unbeknown to the narcotic traffickers, the offender is involved with the Government in a "sting" operation. After driving by the business, I see an automobile which I do not recognize. Using the cellular phone, I conduct a check of the license plate. The vehicle is registered to Mr. Rodriguez' wife. As the car appears to be brand new, I assume that Mr. Rodriguez has driven the car to work himself. Once again using the cellular phone, I call Mr. Rodriguez at his place of business. He confirms my finding that the vehicle is his, and then my supervisor and I go into the business. As there are no customers in the business at the moment, Mr. Rodriguez is able to discuss freely his confidential informant activities. Because he speaks only Spanish, I translate for my supervisor who speaks only English. We review his confidential informant activities, and all appears to be in order. Due to the sensitive nature of the case, Mr. Rodriguez is only seen at his place of residence or employment. I do not have him report to the office.

Mr. Francois is our next stop. I go to his residence, and he is once again at home. Based upon his cooperation with the Government, he received a term of probation as opposed to the mandatory 5-year term of incarceration that he was facing. The issue as to his unemployment is once again addressed. I have been repeatedly instructing him to secure employment, and he has been repeatedly doing everything in his power to avoid securing employment. Mr. Francois then requests permission to travel to the Turks and Caicos Islands. These islands, located in the Caribbean, are known as a haven for drug trafficking and money laundering. His request to travel to this area is denied. I explained to Mr. Francois that this denial is based upon the fact that he has been convicted of importation of cocaine, he has a history of criminal activity associated with importing cocaine, and he is in technical violation of his supervision by not being employed. He becomes extremely irate and states that he intends to have his attorney file a motion with the court. I explain to Mr. Francois that he can file anything with the court that he wants. However, I give him an employment search log and instruct him to fill out the log. Also, based upon the fact that he is unemployed, he is to report on a weekly basis. Mr. Francois will make good on his threat to file a motion with the court. After

leaving, my supervisor and I discuss what our response to the judge will be.

Mr. Perez is our next stop. He has an extremely lengthy prior record. If he is once again convicted of drug trafficking, he will be classified as a career offender. He is now working at a construction site as a painter. After briefly reviewing his situation, I take a urine sample from him. He has had a history of drug use. Nevertheless, this has not been a problem as of late.

We then stop at "calle ocho" in an area of Miami known as Little Havana. Once again, I translate for my supervisor as we order our Cuban lunch. At the conclusion of lunch, we use the cellular telephone to check with the office to see if there are any messages. I am advised that Mr. Francois' attorney has left two messages: one for me and one for my supervisor. After finishing lunch with some cafe Cubano, we resume our field day.

Yesterday, I had organized an itinerary to make the best use of the day. Our next stop is at the Federal Bureau of Investigation office where I locate Agent Kennedy. I explain to him that I have received a copy of a travel permit from the Southern District of New York in reference to a well-known organized crime figure. My special offender colleague in the Southern District of New York always advises me when this individual travels to Miami. The organized crime figure owns an expensive condominium in a prestigious apartment building located on Biscayne Bay. Agent Kennedy thanks me for the information and indicates that he will advise other law enforcement officials who may want to know about the presence of this individual in our district.

Mrs. Marcus is our next contact. She is the wife of a former attorney who is under my supervision. He was one of several attorneys involved in a scheme to bribe state court judges. He is now on a term of supervised release after having received a sentence of incarceration and a large fine. Payment of the fine has been a major issue for Mr. Marcus. He has repeatedly indicated that he does not have enough assets to pay the fine. Mr. and Mrs. Marcus are presently involved in a hotly contested divorce trial. She called yesterday to advise me that she has some financial information that may prove of interest to the probation office. I thank Mrs. Marcus for the documentation and indicate to my supervisor that this documentation will prove interesting to compare to the Personal Financial Statement that Mr. Marcus gave me last month.

Our next three stops do not result in personal contacts with offenders. A former police officer convicted of providing protection to narcotic traffickers has called in sick to the hotel where he is now employed as a chef. Mr. Gonzalez, convicted of unlawfully exporting

military armaments, is not at his place of business, a company that sells cellular phones and beepers. His employment has been a problem since his release from prison. In his next office interview, I will suggest to him that he secure another job.

The last stop of the day is with Mr. Adler. Like many of the offenders in the Special Offender Unit, he takes issue with employment. He is a career offender who throughout his life has held virtually no legitimate employment. He is not at the residence, and Mrs. Adler indicates to me that he is out looking for work. Sure, Mrs. Adler! In any event, I ask Mrs. Adler to have her husband call me tomorrow morning at 9 a.m. My supervisor and I then return to the area where the Government cars are parked. While doing the paperwork for the field day, I staff some of the cases with my supervisor. He and I agree on courses of action in reference to several of the stops made today. It has been a typical day in working with the offenders I supervise. It is challenging work, work I enjoy.

Guideline Specialist: An Advocate for Accuracy

BY JAY F. MEYER

*Senior United States Probation Officer
District of Minnesota*

Not long after I started with U.S. Probation in 1984, Congress passed the Sentencing Reform Act. During the next several years, while the U.S. Sentencing Commission debated the monumental issues inherent to guideline sentencing, my colleagues and I often debated the advantages and flaws of a system that would eliminate parole and devise a determinate sentencing system comprised of stringent guidelines. Out of a basic fear of change, and some philosophical misgivings, I hoped for a legislative delay in the enactment date. It was not to be, for on November 1, 1987, the Federal sentencing guidelines became compulsory for all crimes committed after that date.

I recall my attendance at the original training program our office had on the guidelines in 1987. Between the sighs and murmurs we tried to comprehend the big "white book" that listed an infinite flow of guidelines with peculiar codes and curious page numbers. Then, as we attempted to discern the scope of each guideline, we followed the big "brown book," with its abundant commentary, instructions, and examples; it was a formidable day, both for the trainers and the trainees.

Well, my knowledge of the sentencing guidelines and, in particular, the significance of amendments, has grown steadily over the past 5 years. It was enhanced by a 1-month temporary duty at the Sentencing Commission in 1988 and bolstered substan-

tially by a 2-year immersion at the Sentencing Commission where I was the training coordinator from 1989 to 1991. I returned to the U.S. Probation Office in Minnesota and was named sentencing guideline specialist in May 1991.

As guideline specialist, I function as the district's principal resource on sentencing guidelines and sentencing-related issues. As such, I develop materials and train probation officers, law clerks, and case agents on guideline application. Additionally, I am responsible for updating staff on new amendments and developments related to the sentencing process. I regularly consult with colleagues on application issues and also field questions from prosecutors and private counsel on topics related to guideline application and the implications of proposed plea agreements. On occasion, I assist a judge with a particular project related to sentencing guidelines. I also prepare presentence reports.

One of the privileges of my position has been the opportunity to assist the Sentencing Commission and the Federal Judicial Center with training programs. As a trainer for the new officer orientation programs and train-the-trainer programs, I have had an easier time staying abreast of changes generated by the Administrative Office of the U.S. Courts and the Sentencing Commission. Through these programs I have also had the occasion to learn from other districts' practices and bring back new ideas to our office. These training opportunities have kept my training skills active and allowed me to be a more informed and prepared trainer for staff in my district.

Unquestionably, the most visible facet of my position is to assist officers with their guideline application questions and to ensure that they are cognizant of the impact of new guideline amendments and case law. As case law develops regularly and amendments are made to the guidelines annually in November, I need to be on the front line to explain the modifications and their ramifications. To be effective in this capacity, I must remain informed of changes in the sentencing guidelines and developments with case law and how the changes are integrated with local policy. With the frequency of new amendments over the past 5 years, it has been a challenge to keep abreast of the changes and to sufficiently apprise officers of them.

My responsibilities as guideline specialist are made easier because our district has specialized units. It is simpler to explain procedural and guideline changes to a smaller pool of officers and to ascertain whether they grasp the big picture issues and the narrower application principles. Naturally, a full-time presentence investigator requires less time to become proficient in sentencing guideline and sentencing law application because of the volume of reports prepared.

Another feature of my position is to assure presentence investigators that no matter what the level of competence in guideline application, they will always encounter arguable areas and witness conversations where reasonable minds disagree. While the sentencing guidelines have vastly reduced the large expanse of discretion in sentencing, they have also introduced a new realm of discretion, which ranges from the analysis of offense behavior to the recommendation of maximum end of the imprisonment range to the court.

Perhaps my most significant task as guideline specialist is to stress how fundamentally crucial accuracy is in the presentence investigation process. Over the past 5 years I have learned how vital it is for a presentence investigation to correctly represent the facts of the offense and characteristics of the offender. Whether it be the facts surrounding an offense or the application of specific offense characteristics to the offense itself, accuracy must steer the process. To become more accurate, one must not only comprehend the guidelines, but come to discern the intent and scope of the guidelines. This can be accomplished by carefully reading application notes and commentary in the guideline manual and by calling the Sentencing Commission's "hotline" when questions arise in the office that those who are most adept in guideline application cannot answer.

Although practitioners continue to debate the virtues and inequities of the Federal sentencing guidelines, I believe that as guideline specialist, my primary obligation is to support the U.S. probation officer who, according to Rule 32(c)(2) of the Rules of Criminal Procedure, is to apply the guidelines as he or she "believes to be applicable to the defendant's case. . . ." While I assist the probation officer in his or her role, I will continue to stress the importance of education and accuracy. As we proceed, we should not lose sight of the fact that we have been charged with the responsibility to prepare a presentence report with our best judgment, backed up by facts whenever possible. In the end, the more we strive to be accurate, the more precise the measurement will be of whether the goals of the Sentencing Reform Act have been achieved.

A Mental Health Specialist's Day in the Field

BY TERRY D. CHILDERS

Senior United States Probation Officer
Northern District of Illinois

"WHO IS IT?"

The voice boomed from behind the closed door in response to my insistent knocking.

"Federal Probation Officer."

Silence.

Then, "WHADDYA WANT?"

"I'd like to speak to Donald Jones, please."

"WHO?"

"Donald Jones."

"NOBODY NAMED THAT LIVE HERE!"

I couldn't believe that I had the wrong address. Not that I couldn't be mistaken. It's rather difficult to find an address in some sections of Chicago's West Side because few of the buildings are numbered. I don't know whether it's the result of intent or neglect, but most of the addresses have obviously been ripped from the structures. The numbering section in Chicago is such that all even numbered addresses are on the north or south side of the streets, and all the odd numbered addresses are on the south or east side of the streets. So, you could usually find a particular address just using that system. Unfortunately, there are so many empty lots on the West Side (resulting from burned out buildings) that it is still quite difficult to know if you have found the correct address. There was always some guesswork involved, but I was confident I was in the right building.

"Is this 3524 W. Crenshaw?" I asked the disembodied voice.

"YEAH!"

"Is this the third floor?"

"YEAH!"

"And is this the only apartment on this floor?"

"YEAH!"

"But Donald Jones doesn't live here?"

"RIGHT!"

"Well, do you *know* anybody named Donald Jones?"

"UH UH!"

I seemed to be at a dead end. I stepped away from the door and glanced at my field book. The card for Donald Jones revealed that I was at the correct building and on the right floor. I was about to turn around and leave when I noticed that there was an alias for Donald on the field card: "Snatch." This was probably a name that Donald had used during his days of running afoul of the law. I figured that I should at least give it a chance.

"Is Snatch there?"

"WELL YEAH, SNATCH'S HERE," the voice answered in a tone suggesting I had asked is grass green, water wet, or the Pope Catholic. "WHY DON'T YOU JUST ASK FOR SNATCH, MAN?" he yelled. "YOU CONFUSE ME!"

"Sorry," I apologized, "my mistake. Could you just tell Donald that his PO is here to see him please?"

The voice mumbled something and then bellowed, "HEY, SNATCH, YOUR PO'S HERE, MAN!" I wondered if this guy ever said anything in a moderate voice.

A few moments passed, and then I heard the beginning of the sound that almost always welcomes a person to any closed door on the West Side. It was the litany of locks unlocking, latches unlatching, and chains unchaining. Clink, clink. Clank, clank. Clack, clack. Then the door opened and Donald's smiling face peered out at me. "Hey, Mr. Childers! How you doin'?"

"I'm fine, Donald. How are you?" I answered. We were still separated by a steel security gate covering the entire door, and as Donald struggled with the huge padlock, I studied his composure. He looked calm, alert. His hands trembled slightly, but I had seen him when he couldn't even hold a coffee cup without spilling the contents all over himself. From a cursory glance, he looked pretty good.

I gazed behind Donald into the apartment. It appeared disheveled and messy, and there seemed to be people sleeping in chairs, on sofas, and on the floor. I had never been to this apartment before. Donald had only moved there last week. Like many others on my caseload, Donald never really *lived* any place; he just *stayed* places. He tells me that the people he lives with are his cousins, but if this is true, Donald's aunts and uncles were incredibly procreant people. From the way he talks, one out of every three people on the West Side is Donald's cousin.

He finally removed the padlock from the security gate and pulled it aside to let me in. As I had never been to this apartment before, I asked Donald to give me a brief tour. It didn't take long, as the apartment was quite small. I walked through the various rooms, gingerly stepping over the sleeping forms, and finished the tour in the tiny kitchen where Donald and I both sat down at the green formica table. I noticed only one other person moving around in the apartment, a young man who I presumed to be "the voice." He was scurrying around the apartment, emptying the contents of all the ashtrays into a shopping bag, intent upon his task. I doubted that he was embarrassed about cigarette butts. Subtle fellow.

I asked Donald to bring me all of the medication he was taking. He left and shortly returned with several bottles of medicine. I noted the dates of the prescriptions, as well as the dosages, physician's name, address, and telephone number, and number of pills. I asked Donald if he was taking his medication, and he said he was. Until recently, he was taking Thorazine, an antipsychotic medication. Donald responded well to Thorazine, but developed severe side effects, including tardive dyskinesia, uncontrolled spasms of the facial muscles. He was given Cogentin and other medication to ease the side effects, but they were not effective. I had discussed this with his psychiatrist some weeks before, and the doctor suggested substituting the Thorazine with Haldol, another antipsy-

chotic major tranquilizer that did not seem to cause the same kind of irritating side effects. I was extremely concerned about this, as Donald had a tendency to stop taking his medication if he felt the least bit uncomfortable.

"How's the new medication, Donald?" I asked.

"Oh, oh, it's good Mr. Childers. Yeah, yeah, real good. That other stuff, that was just too strong, you know? It made me all tense and all tired at the same time. And it gave me the twitches. I hate the twitches, man. Yeah. I walk down the street and people look at me twitchin' and they think I'm crazy, you know? So yeah, yeah, this is much better. Yeah. Absolutely."

"And how are the voices, Donald?" I asked. Donald often suffered auditory hallucinations when he stopped taking his medication.

"Oh better, better, much better," he answered. "Like they're not telling me to do things no more, you know? Yeah, really. It's like they're hardly voices anymore. Just a kind of buzzing. No words. Just buzzzzzzzzzzzz. And I can watch TV again! Don't think that Dan Rather's talkin' special to me anymore, you know? Can listen to the news and not be in it. Yeah, yeah, like that news."

As I listened to him, I emptied his bottle of Haldol and carefully counted all the tablets. It was immediately apparent that there were twice as many tablets as there should be. I could only surmise that Donald was not taking the medication as he was supposed to. I confronted him with my conclusion, and he replied that it was true. He was not taking the medication at the dose it was prescribed. He was supposed to take one 2 mg tablet in the morning and another 2 mg tablet at bedtime. He was only taking the one before bed. I explained to him my concern about this, recalling how this pattern had previously led to severe decompensation, and told Donald that I expected him to take the medication as prescribed. He responded that taking the tablet in the morning made him groggy and sluggish for the rest of the day, and I replied that he should discuss this with his psychiatrist at their next meeting. But, in the meantime, I expected him to take the medication as ordered. I also told Donald that I was going to go to the clinic where he receives treatment and talk to his social worker about his progress. Donald had a pervasive pattern in which he would stop taking his medication, become depressed and anxious, use cocaine (to self-medicate), become paranoid, decompensate further, and then be hospitalized. It is a pattern shared by many of the offenders on my caseload.

I was always concerned about drug use. Donald assured me that he was clean, and all of the results of his urinalysis tests supported this. However, I was now troubled by his new living situation and the possibility that somebody who lived there might be

using drugs. The ashtray emptier had left an impression on me. Donald responded that, to his knowledge, his cousin did not use drugs, and if any other people were to use drugs in the apartment, they would be reminded of Donald's parole status and told to leave. I asked him who all of the other people sleeping in the apartment were, and he said that they were all friends of his cousin. I obtained all the ID information on the cousin and would run a name check with NCIC and the Chicago Police Department within the next week.

I left Donald's numberless building and drove directly to the mental health clinic about a mile away. I spoke to his social worker for some time, sharing my concerns that Donald might relapse to his old pattern of not taking his medication and begin using drugs. She suggested that within the next week we all meet together and explain to Donald our expectations and possible consequences for not following them. We agreed that it was essential that all of us—me, Donald, the social worker, the psychiatrist, and the nurse attend this meeting. A date was established, and the social worker assured me that she would monitor the situation closely.

I left the clinic and headed to my next appointment which was on the South Side of Chicago. It's a curious thing, but it seems that the South Side has a much worse reputation than it deserves. I often hear visitors to Chicago express fear and trepidation about venturing into the South Side, and some of that is justified if you don't know the city very well. But in reality, the West Side is far worse. The closest thing that I have ever seen to Chicago's West Side is the South Bronx in New York. All of the West Side is dangerous, but there are pockets on the South Side that are really very nice. Unfortunately, the person who I was now about to visit did not live in one of those pockets.

I parked in front of Sheila Bonds' house, surveyed the block to see if there was any suspicious activity around, and walked up to her porch. I have known Sheila for over 6 years and have violated her parole three times, always for drug use. She had most recently been reparaled 10 months ago and so far had exhibited no signs of abuse.

I knocked on the door and Sheila opened it. She had on a nightgown. Nothing else. No robe, no housedress, just a nightgown. This is not unusual, Sheila *always* has on a nightgown. For the 6 years that I have been making visits to her home, Sheila has never answered the door dressed in anything else but a nightgown. Regardless of the time of day, regardless of the season or weather, Sheila has had on a nightgown. It might be 7a.m. or 7p.m., it might be a sweltering 96 degrees or a frigid 10 below zero, and Sheila has on a nightgown. We always go through the same ritual. She answers the door in her nightgown. She murmurs "just

a minute," disappears for a few seconds, and reappears in different apparel. Sometimes a robe, sometimes a housedress, sometimes slacks and a shirt, but it is always evident that the nightgown is still on underneath.

There is nothing seductive about any of this. Sheila is hardly a seductive woman. Weighing over 260 pounds, she cares little about her appearance and less about her aroma. Her personal hygiene is dismal.

Sheila rarely frowns. She rarely smiles. Her face is, if you can imagine, without expression. It is what clinicians would describe as "flat" or "shallow" affect. She is a psychiatric phenomenon and has been in and out of mental institutions since the age of 13. She has been labeled with almost every psychiatric disorder found in DSM-III-R, the psychiatric bible: schizophrenia, schizophreniform, schizo-affective, delusional disorder, manic-depressive, major depression, dysthemia, borderline personality disorder, schizoid personality disorder, and even suggestion of some obsessive-compulsive disorders. She has been in every kind of psychiatric program imaginable and has been maintained on a variety of pschotropic medications. She's a real mess.

Her mother hates her. I do not say this lightly. I am fully aware of the impact of words, and I realize that "hate" is subjective and laden with philosophical and even theological overtones. It should probably not even be in my vocabulary, either as a clinician or as a law enforcement official. But it is the only word that conveys the intensity of the relationship of this mother and daughter. Sheila's mother has done things to her that have been so destructive, so malicious, and so purposefully intentful, as to be almost beyond comprehension. This woman makes Sybil's mother look like Saint Anne. Countless efforts have been made over the years by psychiatrists, social workers, and others to involve this woman in treatment, but she has always resisted it. Worse, she sabotages any gains that Sheila makes in treatment. Sheila's mother hates her, but she has never been able to leave her.

As I'm musing about this hateful situation, Sheila returns in more appropriate attire, shorts and a blouse, the nightgown stuffed haphazardly into the shorts. I follow her into the house, a single family home that Sheila shares with her mother and, occasionally, other relatives. Entering this house is like walking into a den of hate. The air is heavy with it, a presence that makes you feel tired and old, that makes you want to flee to the air and light outside. In all the years that I have known Sheila, in all the times I have been in this house, I have never witnessed a kind word, seen a gentle touch, or heard genial laughter.

I went through the same routine with Sheila as I had with Donald. I counted the number of tablets of all of her

medications, determined that she was probably taking them as she was supposed to, and told her that I was in weekly contact with her counselor and was aware that so far she had been making all of her therapy appointments. Sheila responded to any of my statements with a series of murmurs or grunts, which was the norm for her. I told her to be in my office for an appointment 2 weeks from today, and she walked me to the door. Just before I entered my car I glanced back at her house and Sheila was standing motionless on her porch, staring at a spot somewhere just above my head, still neither smiling nor frowning, one of the saddest creatures I have ever known.

I left Sheila's neighborhood behind and drove north on Lake Shore Drive to a far more fashionable neighborhood on the North Side. I was there to meet with a sex offender who was procrastinating about submitting to a psychological evaluation. In addition to supervising offenders who have very serious psychiatric problems, I am also responsible for the supervision of most of the sex offenders in my district. They almost always live in better areas than my psychiatric cases; they almost always have more going for them in terms of finances and employment; and they almost always cause more human pain than any other kind of offender with whom I have ever dealt. Jim Anderson, at whose apartment I had just arrived, has caused more pain than most.

I buzzed his apartment and his voice responded over the intercom system, "Yes, who is it?" The voice was controlled, modulated, almost a whisper.

"Terry Childers."

"You're 10 minutes late, Mr. Childers. I just called your office to see if you had forgotten about me. You *know* this is my lunch hour, and you *promised* me you'd be on time. Now it's almost time for me to go back. Are you trying to get me in trouble?"

"Look, Jim," I answered, "I really don't want to stand here in the hallway having a discussion with the intercom, so just buzz me in, OK?" The door buzzed, and I let myself into the mirror-covered corridor leading to the elevators. Jim lived on the fifth floor in a 20-story building, and I entered the bank of elevators that serviced the first 10 floors. I exited the elevator, walked to his apartment, #505, and knocked on the door.

"Who is it?"

"Give me a break, Jim. It's Childers. Would you just open the door, please?"

The door cracked open and Jim's face, a dark, hard, but rather handsome face, peered out. The chain was still on the door.

"Are you by yourself?"

"Yes, Jim, I'm by myself. Were you expecting me not to be?"

"You can just never be too careful, that's all," he uttered, releasing the chain and opening the door.

I entered an apartment that was so neat, it was eerie. It wasn't that everything was clean and fresh and sparkling, though it all was. It was more like everything had its own exact place. I moved a magazine that was on the kitchen table to set down my briefcase. Jim lifted up my briefcase, placed it on one of the kitchen chairs, and put the magazine back to its original location—*exactly*.

It was time to get down to business. "Jim, the last time we talked, I gave you the name of the psychologist to call for the evaluation. Have you talked to him yet?"

"Yes, I talked to him, and I think there's a problem."

"And what might that be?" I queried.

"Well, he has an office at The University of Chicago, and he wants me to meet him there."

"And what's the problem with that?"

"It's just too far!" he cried.

"Jim, it's 15 minutes away from your front door! You live practically next to Lake Shore Drive, and that takes you straight there."

"But that's not the only problem," he whined. "It's also in a dangerous neighborhood. If I go down there I might get hurt. I just can't do it."

"Hyde Park (where The University of Chicago is located) is one of the safest areas on the South Side. I simply don't buy your argument about it not being safe. The bottom line is you must get this evaluation in order to comply with the conditions of your parole, and I expect you to do it."

"There's also another problem," he said.

Why was I not surprised? "OK, what other problem?"

"This psychologist expects me to talk to him about all that stuff that happened years ago, when I got in trouble. And he wants to talk to me about my sex life and stuff, and I see no need to do that."

Feeling that we had finally arrived at the real issue, I answered as carefully as I could. "Jim, you were convicted of a sexual offense against a child. The purpose of this evaluation is to see if there has been a change in your basic sexual orientation and patterns of arousal. It is what we expect anybody convicted of a similar offense to have."

"I was not convicted of a sexual offense," he answered.

"What?" I asked, incredulous.

"I was convicted of kidnapping."

"Well, that might be true, but the kidnapping involved you taking a 6-year-old child against his will, holding him captive for over 12 hours, and repeatedly sexually attacking him. I'd say that was a sexual offense."

"I don't want to talk about that! It makes me painful! It makes me painful! You have no right to try and make me talk about things that make me painful!"

"Are you telling me that you refuse to cooperate with this evaluation?" I demanded.

"No," he responded. "I am willing and even welcome the chance to talk to somebody who is sympathetic to me and will help me with some of my problems, but I see no need for this kind of testing."

"Well, this is the kind of testing that we are going to suggest that you have, Jim."

"I've already talked to my attorney, and he told me not to do anything without talking to him first."

"You may certainly talk to your attorney if you wish, but neither you nor your attorney are going to be the ones who determine what kind of testing or counseling you receive. I know that the psychologist is in his office today. I expect you to call him and make an appointment today and to call me tomorrow and let me know when that appointment is. Understand?"

"This is harassment," he spat.

"I don't think so," I replied. "I'll be in my office tomorrow by 8:30. I expect to hear from you by 9:00."

"I have to talk to my attorney first."

"9:00," I repeated, and let myself out of the apartment.

I felt a certain sense of relief when I walked out of the apartment building onto the street. Things were definitely getting a little tense in Jim's apartment. I again reminded myself to discuss with my supervisor the idea of joining up with another U.S. probation officer when visiting the more dangerous and volatile offenders on my caseload like Jim Anderson.

I proceeded to the Special Investigations Unit of the Chicago Police Department located in Cook County Juvenile Court. This is the specialized unit that investigates child sexual abuse cases. I had established an excellent relationship with the unit, as I had with other Federal and local law enforcement agencies that focus on this issue. I spoke to the sergeant for some time, who acknowledged that all of the offenders that we shared in common were not suspects in any cases at this time. After I left there, I made several other stops, some to offenders' homes, some to mental health clinics, and then prepared for my last visit of the day. It would be very different from most of the visits I make in the field. It would be with a victim.

I have on my caseload an offender named John Smith. John had been convicted of a child pornography offense and had recently been released to parole supervision following a 2-year period of incarceration. There was a special condition for mental health aftercare, and I had referred him to a clinic specializing in the evaluation and treatment of sex offenders.

John was convicted for receiving child pornography through the mail. However, when the agents searched his apartment, they found a number of homemade videotapes depicting John having sex with what appeared to be a young teenage girl. As it turned out, the girl was his stepdaughter, Brigid. He was never charged, federally or locally, for this behavior. He acknowledged that the girl on the tapes was his stepdaughter, but at the time the tapes were discovered by the agents, the girl was no longer a minor.

Of course, one of the first things I asked John when he was released from prison was if he had any contact with Brigid anymore. Although he continues to live with the girl's mother, he assured me that he never has any contact of any kind with Brigid and that he does not plan to. He was unsure of where she might live, but thought that it might be in Blue Island, a southern suburb of Chicago.

The problem now was that John was telling the psychologist doing his evaluation that Brigid had been an active and willing participant in their sexual encounters. He states that she was in no way coerced or manipulated and, as a matter of fact, initiated the sexual relationship herself. According to the psychologist, it was crucial to know the degree to which the girl's participation was voluntary or coerced. John had given us both written permission to speak to Brigid. The trouble was finding her. There was no longer any communication between the girl and her mother.

A check through the phone book for Blue Island had been unsuccessful, as had been directory information. There was no one by the name of Brigid Johnson listed. So I decided to check with the Blue Island Police Department to see if they might have any information on this girl. As it turned out there was no criminal history for a Brigid Johnson, but there had been some traffic violations issued to a person by that name. The identification information revealed Brigid to be a 21-year-old white female, which fit the description of the Brigid I was looking for. I proceeded to the address on the ID card and walked up to the modest apartment building. There were no names on the mailboxes or doorbells. I rang the bell for the first-floor apartment. A young blonde woman, dressed in a Grateful Dead T-shirt and blue sweatpants, opened the door.

"Brigid?" I asked.

"Yes?"

I showed her my badge and ID. "Federal probation officer. May I speak to you a moment, please?"

"What's this about?" she asked. I could see the worry on her face.

"John Smith," I answered.

The worried expression on her face changed to something else. Anger? Fear? I couldn't be sure. She looked at me hard for several seconds and then, without a

word, opened the door and let me in. She gestured for me to sit down on the sofa in the tiny living room, and she took a chair opposite me.

"I knew he was out," she said.

I nodded.

"I haven't seen him in years. Or my mother either. But I still hear stuff about them, you know?" She was silent for a while, staring intently at the carpet. "He doesn't know where I live, does he? I don't want him to know where I live. Or her either."

"He told me that he heard you lived here in Blue Island. He said he didn't know the exact address. I won't tell him where you live, I can promise you that." I explained to her how I obtained her address and also explained to her the purpose of my visit. I took my time doing so, making sure that she understood that she was in no way bound to do any of this if she didn't want to.

"So the bottom line," I concluded, "is that the psychologist would like to talk to you about what happened between you and John—about the stuff that is on the videotape. It could be done by telephone. You wouldn't even have to leave the house. Or if you don't want to talk to the psychologist about it, you could talk to me, and I would relay the information to her. But it's entirely up to you."

She stood up and went to the window. She crossed her arms across her chest and hugged her shoulders. She was completely silent. Finally, she turned around to face me.

"No," she said. "I can't do it. I won't do it. It happened a long time ago and it's taken me a long time to get my life back together. Things are finally going OK for me. I'm engaged now. I'm supposed to get married next year. My fiancé doesn't know anything about this. Can you imagine what might happen if he found out? If anybody found out? Nobody in my life now knows anything about this, and that's the way I want it to stay. It's my own dirty little secret, one that I have to live with every day of my life, one that I still cry about, but only when I'm alone. The memories are not dead yet, but they're buried in a place and nobody but me knows about them. No. I won't do it. I won't talk about it. Not to the psychologist. Not to you. Not to anybody. Not ever."

She had begun to cry, her body quaking with silent sobs. She bent down toward me, her hands making a pleading gesture.

"I was just a little girl!" she moaned. "Just a little girl."

I was beginning to feel like an ogre. I was afraid that I had opened up old wounds that had never really begun to heal. "Look," I said, "I'm sorry that I've upset you, which I obviously have, but I can't help but think from your reaction that you might still have a lot of unresolved issues about all of this. There are counselors that specialize in this kind of thing, you know, victims of child sexual abuse. I would be more than happy to give you some of their names and—"

"NO!" she shouted "It's over. It's dead. It's buried. I just want to make it go away and never come back. No counselors. No help. Nothing. I just want it to go away."

She was silent for a while, again staring out the window, and then addressed me in what sounded like a defeated, listless voice. "I'm sorry. I can't help you. I hope you understand."

"It's OK. I do understand." I took one of my business cards out of my badge case and handed it to her. "Here, this is one of my cards. If you should change your mind, or if there's anything I can help you with, just call me. And if John ever contacts you or begins to bother or harass you in anyway, call me and we'll take care of it."

"Thank you," she said, taking the card without looking at it.

I let myself out the door and was almost to my car, when I heard her call out behind me.

"Hey, Mister?"

I turned around. She was leaning out of the open door.

"Don't let him hurt anyone else, OK? Don't let him hurt anyone else."

Before I could answer, she closed the door.

My field day was over. As I drove home, I pondered Brigid's request. "Don't let him hurt anyone else." How many similar requests I have heard in the past 16 years. Don't let him rob another bank, don't let him sell another drug, don't let him steal another check, and on and on. I sometimes wonder, as all probation officers do, if anything I do really ever makes a difference. Do I ever do anything that prevents a man from being murdered, a child from being abused, a woman from being raped? I don't know. I can probably *never* know. I can only hope.