

Attica Has No Fear, but Anger Aplenty

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ATTICA, N. Y., Sept. 10—

When her husband works nights as a prison guard across the road in Attica prison, Mrs. Jean Stillinger does not bother to lock the doors of her pleasant frame home.

Even when the alarm of a prison revolt was sounded yesterday morning, after her husband came home nervous from his work, she did not bolt the door, for she knew it was a matter of the inmates protesting things within, rather than trying to get out past the 30-foot walls.

"I've never felt endangered here," Mrs. Stillinger said, sitting in the shade of her front lawn and keeping an eye on the sunlit turrets of the prison. "Although a few years ago, I would have said this could never happen."

Feelings Are Similar

Other residents in these hills of dairyland, dotted by numerous neat houses that are home to the guards of Attica, expressed feelings along the same lines—no fear for personal safety but anger at what they see an overly permissive administration that has encouraged prisoners to protest. The prison employs about half of the work force of Attica.

"I remember the days when the trustees used to be out gardening—some really gentlemen and one would give my little daughter a bouquet of flowers every day and she would call him, 'Angel man,'" Mrs. Stillinger said. "That's over with."

Down the road, in the Tipperary restaurant, Mrs. Rose Lyons tended bar, filling a pitcher of beer for a table of tight-lipped women who

watched the prison through the front window. "I just wish it would end," Mrs. Lyons said. "My brother-in-law Larry is in there [as a hostage]. The priest called this morning and said he was all right."

Sympathetic Blacks Arrive

In midafternoon, a bus of about 30 black people, sympathetic to the prisoners, arrived from the Buffalo anti-poverty program, and Mrs. Lyons quickly put the "closed" sign on the front door, while letting her customers continue to sip their beer.

Outside, a 19-year-old graduate of the local high school, who gave his name only as Mark, said that his father, a prison guard for 27 years, had become racially prejudiced through the experience.

"I came home with a black friend once and that's when I found out," the youth said.

In a way, he added, he understood this as one of the abuses of the prison system. But aside from this, he viewed his father as a cool-headed professional who was assaulted a few weeks ago in a prison corridor and had to subdue an inmate.

Son Is Peaceful

"Myself, I'm a peaceful person," Mark continued. "I won't carry a gun, a stick, no fists, nothing. I don't even like to argue. And I know I don't want to be a hack [local slang for guard]."

A number of young men found the scene yesterday so

interesting that they brought a keg of beer to the side of the road, tapped it and sat drinking and watching for hours.

At one point, a number of them gave a ride to one of the guards who was held as a hostage but later released by the prisoners. He was beaten, they said, and naked for a blanket. He went down the road to the Stagecoach tavern for two shots of khisky, home for a fresh uniform and back to work.

"He didn't have much to say," one youth commented.

One guard's wife, refusing to be identified, by name, said the point that most outsiders miss is that "the inmates aren't normal humans like you and I—we never committed murder."

Takes a Lot to Get Out

"They've done their crime and they have to pay for it," the woman declared as her daughter did her homework with the prison in the background.

A gentler view prevailed in the home of Mrs. Louise Marley, 77, whose husband, Carl, cut the grass this afternoon with a power mower, drowning out the occasional shouts of the prisoners across the road.

"It takes only a little bit to get in there," Mrs. Marley said, "but it takes a lot to get out."

Mrs. Marley remembers when the prison site was a dairy farm. In 1929, prison construction was begun and the first deep pilings were sunk to prevent inmates from tunneling out.