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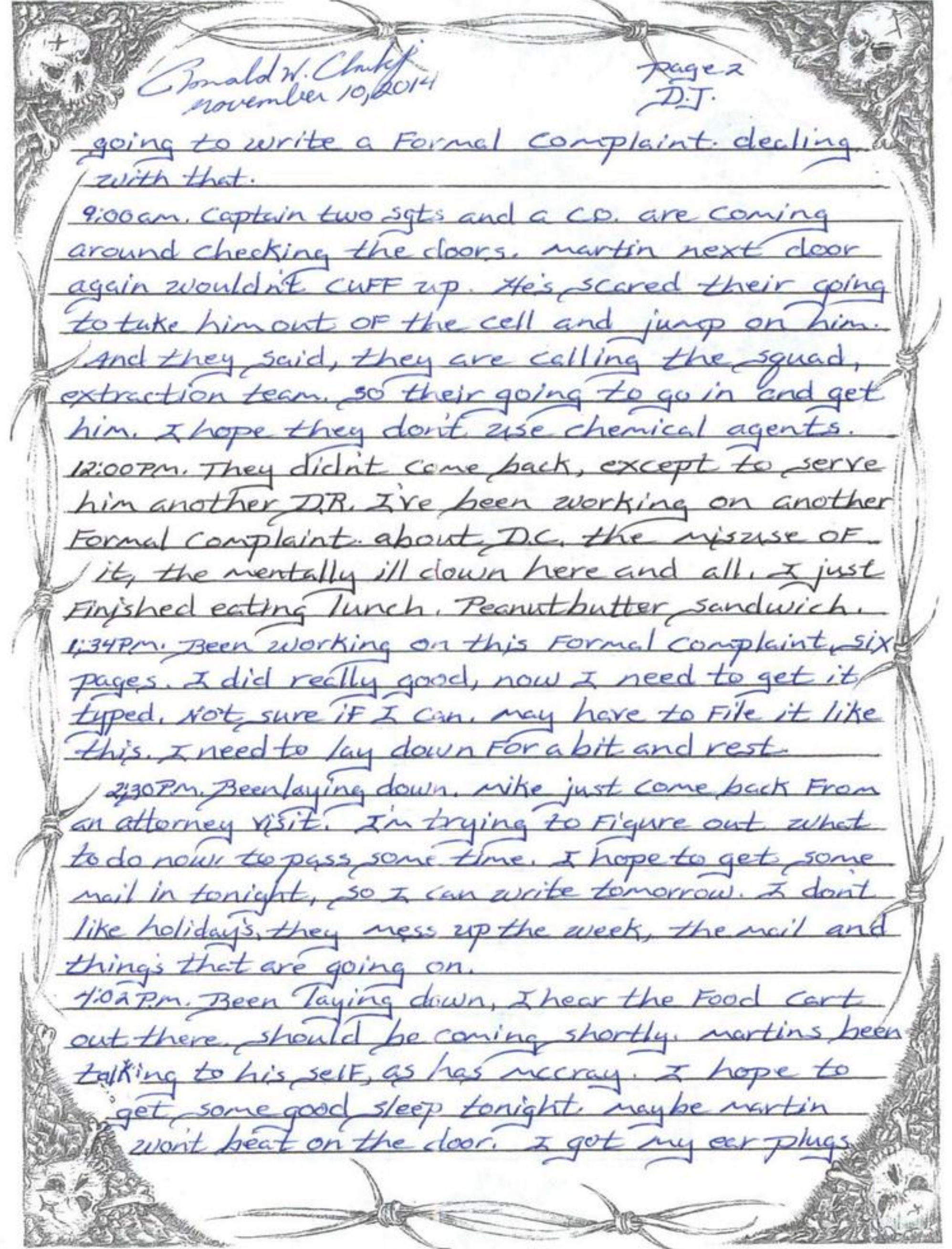
Daily Journal

November 10-16, 2014

Monday Nov 10, 2014 6:29am. Rough night Martin next door has went from talking to his self, to beating on the door. It started around 7pm. Last time was at 1:30am that cell, is destroying that man. I've got letters going out this morning, senator, Regional Director and the warden, some body has to do something. I'm sleepy, no mail going out tonight. Tomorrow is a holiday. I still need to write two letters. I hope to get some mail in tonight.

7:06am. Put a P.S. into that letter going to the senator They should be around picking up legal mail any minute. I need to write Rob, and this Christian Family in N.J. here's the legal mail lady. I hear her out there. talking to the nurse. or it could be another woman. Martins still talking to his self I don't think he's slept in a few days. I can hear him snore. I kept my sanity in that cell with this ink pen. which is how I keep it hear.

8:41am. wrote a 4 Page letter to Rob to try to get his help at bringing attention to how the mentally ill is being abused back here. Now I'm



Ronald W. Cluckey
November 10, 2014

Page 2
D.J.

going to write a Formal Complaint. dealing with that.

9:00am. Captain two sgt's and a C.D. are coming around checking the doors. Martin next door again wouldn't cuff up. He's scared their going to take him out of the cell and jump on him.

And they said, they are calling the squad, extraction team. so their going to go in and get him. I hope they don't use chemical agents.

12:00PM. They didn't come back, except to serve him another D.R. I've been working on another Formal Complaint. about D.C. the misuse of it, the mentally ill down here and all. I just finished eating lunch. Peanutbutter sandwich.

1:34PM. Been working on this Formal Complaint, six pages. I did really good, now I need to get it typed. Not sure if I can. may have to file it like this. I need to lay down for a bit and rest.

2:30PM. Been laying down. Mike just come back from an attorney visit. I'm trying to figure out what to do now to pass some time. I hope to get some mail in tonight, so I can write tomorrow. I don't like holidays, they mess up the week, the mail and things that are going on.

4:02PM. Been Laying down, I hear the Food cart out there. should be coming shortly. Martins been talking to his self, as has McCray. I hope to get some good sleep tonight. maybe Martin won't beat on the door. I got my ear plugs

Ronald W. Clark
November 10, 2014

Page 3
D.J.

improved, surrounded with plastic, that muffles the talking, but not the beating on the door.

My mom's 68th birthday is coming up in 20 days.

Lisa my first wife will be 46 in two days. Maboo

Bates has 3 days to live. wonder if Rick Scott will

sign another death warrant. I've got to wash

a T-shirt. I'm really ready to go to sleep.

4:34PM. Finished eating. Processed patty (soy) potato-

salad, 2 slices of bread cole slaw and pineapples. sounds

pretty good, it wasn't. I guess I'll lay down and wait

on showers.

5:44PM. was laying here in bed, thoughts of an

event when I was 4 or 5 years old, my Dad, mom

and I are out on my uncle Charlie's boat, that's my

grandfather's brother's boat. No life vests all of

them dumber than dirt, drinking, swinging me in

the air, out over the edge of the boat. I don't know

how to swim, their not good swimmers again no

life vest I cry to be put the F — down, and then

drunk stupid son of a bitches get mad at me!"

That's how stupid my child hood was! "Dumb-

asses mixing alcohol with stupidity!" I don't

know how many times I got in a car, when the

driver was drunk during the 1970's. just something

I was thinking about. actually pissed me off thinking

about that boat incident.

7:01PM. Back from the shower. I'm going to lay

down. And hope the mail man stops and wakes

me up with some mail.

Ronald W. Clark
November 11, 2014

Page 4
D.J.

Tuesday NOV 11, 2014 8:32am. Got a letter last night from mom, saying Lacey is on a breathing machine in ICU. Letter was dated Sat Nov 8. The Doctors were going to unhook her Sunday morning, and she didn't want to be hooked back up if she couldn't breath on her own. Then this morning I get a note from Chase saying he talked to Lacey Sunday morning, she couldn't talk, only listen. When they took her off, he doesn't know if she lived or died so were trying to find out. I have some one who will call mom this evening, after 3:30. I don't know if the Chaplain will get back with him tonight or tomorrow. That visit was suppose to happen this weekend, but Chase moved it up thinking he would be dead soon. Crazy how this has worked out. I've got some writing to do. I finished that Formal Complaint this morning, and I'm sending it to a friend tonight to have her make copies and mail it. Wish I could get it typed up. I just don't have anyone to type for me.

10:56am. Been writing all morning wrote mom, Ann, Ethel, Chase worked on and finished that Formal Complaint on DC/solitary and the mentally ill. I think that's going to draw some attention.

11:46am. Got lunch and an extra, not very good but filling so back to writing.

12:41am. Finished another letter. I need to lay down for a while, back is killing me!

Ronald W. Clarke
November 11, 2014

Page 5
DJ

2:07 PM. Finished a letter to another priest
20p North. I've got to build an Army to go to
war, to eliminate the Corruption and abuse
From the F.D.O.C. Going to lay down for a bit.
Back is hurting bad. I have one more letter
that I need to write.

3:12 PM. Mike come back from visit. I stopped
the Sgt asked him about McCray being down
there, conversation wasn't what I was hoping
for. I hope this doesn't result in further
retaliation. Cause it very well may.

3:57 PM. Finished eating. I'm writing a letter and
then I'm going to lay here do this sudoku puzzle
that's in a religious magazine then try to go to
sleep.

5:07 PM. Finished the letter, and the sudoku way
too quick. Think I'll read in my Almanac

6:32 PM. Going to bed, start writing again in the
morning.

Wednesday NOV. 12, 2014 5:39 AM. Got woke up at
12:43 AM by the officer saying you have P.O.D. in
the morning, you can't eat anything after midni-
ght. so breakfast was out this morning. I don't
know what P.O.D. means, I know a sonogram has
been ordered on my liver and Gallbladder, so that's
more than likely what this is. Not sure what
time that will be, I'll do some writing until
they come get me.

6:00 AM. Oyola is down here charting what

Ronald H. Clutz
November 12, 2014

page 6.
D.J.

is suppose to be a muslim prayer, he's muslim
one day, Catholic the next and mentally ill every
day. He tried to tell me the other day he was
down here on D.C. in march, when I explained that
the only people down here was Randy, McCray
Mike Lembrix, Tray and I he tried to argue with
me. I told him your right and left it alone.
you can't reason with an insane mind.

6:12am. spoke with Sgt. about Chase not knowing
if Lacey passed away Sunday. He said, she's gone.
The Doctor said on the phone that she had a
2 to 5% chance of breathing on her own. I'll
probably get a letter tonight from mom say-
ing she's gone. That was a wonderful little woman.
I met her in 1997. strange how the cycle of life
and death works, you just never know when
your time will come.

7:58am. Legal mail lady came, I received this letter
from the Governor's office. on the formal complaint.
I'm going to continue to push on it. I finished
two letters. I need to write my cousin. Right now
I'm going to lay down and wait for them to come
get me for medical.

9:15am. Doctor clinic has been cancelled. I'm still waiting
on this ultra sound or sonogram. my back is hurting so
bad, I can't eat any food, therefore can't drink any
water or take pain pills. I'm about to give up eat
and take some pills. I'm hurting really bad.
and they may cancel that also. Today is

Ronald W. Clark
November 2, 2014

Page 7
D.J.

Lisa's 46th birthday. She's probably working on some job. Her and I should have been best friends not husband and wife. I need to lay back down now.

10:25 am. Wrote my Cousin, ate something and took some pain pills. I just couldn't keep sitting here in pain. They could have cancelled the sonograms. They don't keep us informed. So I missed my breakfast for nothing.

10:50 am. Wrote a Xite (which is a letter or note) to Chase, telling him how sorry I am to hear about Lacey. I'd love for the Sgt. to be wrong and for the Chaplain to come back and say she pulled through. Doesn't seem likely, but not knowing, anyway's allows for some hope. Lacey was a very sweet woman, and she made sure that Chase was looked out for even after she's gone. She truly loved him. That generator is on out there, smell the diesel fumes and hear the loud roar of the engine. Guess I'll lay back and wait on lunch.

11:30 am. Mental health psychologist just left off the wing. I asked him about a request that I gave him, he turned around and gave it to the Captain. About these violations of Fla. Administrative codes and the governing laws, being that I've written this stuff up, he has now stepped and talked to Martin saying you need to come out of there. But he's just going through the motions to

Ronald W. Clark
November 12/2014.

Page 8
DJ

protect his job.

11:38am. Finished eating lunch was okay one of the better ones. I'm not sure what I'll do to pass the rest of the day.

11:59 am. A Mrs Combs from state Classification was just here seeing Martin. He asked if she was here for his release. She said what release. He eventually showed her some type of paper and said my release to go home. She got frustrated and walked off saying "your fine." as she walked out the front door she was telling the officer he aint never going home. And I'm in the middle of a letter to solitary watch in Washington DC so I need to get back to this letter.

1:05PM. They did recount. I just finished a 4 page letter to solitary watch. I'm going to try to get them behind me. Not sure what to do now. This was productive. I'm sure these people are going to really hate me.

1:38PM. I heard their going to master count. Every inmate has got to go back to their cell. Staff will come by and you give your name Clark and number 812974. This will mess up the kitchen laundry ect.

2:20PM. They just came by and did master count. I'm going to lay down for a while.

4:05PM. Wrote a letter to a friend here in Fla. to see if she can get her senator and House Representative involved in this issue of the

Ronald W. Clark
November 12, 2014

page 9
DJ

mentally ill, being abused in DC solitary. wonder if Lisa is off work, and celebrating her birthday. 25 years ago, I was with her on this day. Life time ago.

4:16 PM. I just got great news, Lacey didn't pass away, she pulled through. Thank God!" The Sgt. was wrong when he gave that information. He just came back and told me. I'm so thankful! probably not as thankful as Chase is.

5:02 PM. Finished eating hot dogs, now wait for the shower and then bed.

6:48 PM. Back from the shower. Martin wouldn't cuff zip for a cell search. I'm going to lay down and call it a day.

8:13 PM. Sgt. got the Lt. down here to get Martin to come out for cell search. I don't know why they didn't give him a hair cut and shave while they had him out. That was really stupid! Cause tomorrow their going to go in with cell extraction team to get him in order to give him a shave and hair cut. I'm going to sleep.

Thursday November 13, 2014 6:56 am. Been zip since 4am. Cleaned zip, made the bunk, ate breakfast and wrote two grievances. I'm fixing to get into law books about the ADA and mental illness, I think that would be the best avenue to get these guys help. Didn't get any mail last night, some comments from the blog, but I don't reply any more. Not after this trouble with this DIR. Better to stay away.

Ronald W. Clark
November 13, 2014

Page 10
D.J.

From that, or anything these people can use against me. Time to get in these law books.

7:33am. just sent that letter out to solitary with the grievance enclosed. maybe they can help. I'm reading over this law book.

7:59am. I got a headache. Martin's over here talking to his self. He told someone, go wake Paul up. This guy is driving me crazy. Mike Lambrix gets OFF D.C. today. He's the only sane one down here. Reading this legal book isn't helping my headache. I've got to figure out how to write this. I may save it for the weekend.

9:13am They just did cell cleanup. I wrote a blog post Please, NO more, and I'm writing a short letter. Not sure what I'll do next.

10:10am. They are moving Mike Lambrix out of cell P-4110 and down to the north end to cell P-2104 which Richard Rhodes come out of and is now in the hospital. I'm going back to writing this letter.

11:55am. just finished eating, I tried having an intelligent discussion with Miguel Oyola. He wanted me to have my mom call a Federal judge. you can't do that, it's called Ex Parte communication. my mom's not going to do that any ways. But I tried to talk to him, and he said you want help me out, because you think I'm a bug. I actually don't think he's a bug (mentally ill) I know he's a bug. Nut!

Ronald W. Cluff
November 13, 2014

Page 11
D.J.

The guy is crazy, insane, paranoid delusional and a mental mess. He has this stigma of being mentally ill, which is why no one will help him. I need to get back to this letter.

1:46 PM. Laid down for a few minutes and dozed off.

Then laundry came by and woke me up with the noise. I ate some of what I got for lunch and took some more pain pills. Now trying to figure out what to do next, and I just figured it out. I'm going to write one of the House Reps about what's going on in here.

3:34 PM. Just finished a 5 page letter to House Representative Michelle Rehwinkel-Vasilinda, oh these people will not like what I'm doing, cause I'm about to turn this corrupt place up side down! I need to lay down and rest.

4:29 PM. They served dinner. I put it in my bowl. I'm feeling sick to my stomach. Mahoo has just over an hour and a half to live. Officer said he's still set for 6 PM. Martin is still talking to his self, as is McCray. In fact McCray's calling the MF a NIGGER and he needs to get out of his face. God I'm in a nut ward. I'm going to lay back down for awhile.

5:32 PM. Mahoo has about 30 minutes left. He's got a really bad case from what I hear. I was playing basketball with him in January. He had a really good game. He could play. Cowboy never did come down here. Today is his last day working on

Ronald W. Clark
November 13, 2014

Page 12
D.J.

death row. He was a really good officer. Guess I will lay down and call it a day. McCray shut down, Martins still talking. He just said "Who?" and is now mumbling something.

Friday NOV. 14, 2014 6:44am. Been up since 4am. Washed up made the bunk ate breakfast. Heard the Miami Dolphins won last night 22-9. But heard the bad news that Maboo Chadwick Banks was pronounced dead at 6:28PM just another homicide under the false pretense of justice. I'll be mailing this letter out in the next 30 minutes or so to Representative Michelle Rehwinkel-Vasilinda about the mentally ill.

7:24am. They just picked up legal mail, that letter went out. I'm writing Anne. I'm seeing Father Conrad at 1PM.

8:58am. Finished a letter to mom, started a letter to Anne, Martin was asleep. I heard him snoring, but he's up talking to his self. He got a letter last night. I wish I could get that address and write his people and let them know what's going on. This is a sad situation, and I don't know what more I can do. Right now I'm going to get back to this letter.

10:24am. Finished a Blog post solitary confinement. I'm trying to bring about change and stop this abuse. I need to get back to this letter now.

11:29am. Generator just went OFF. It ran for 30 minutes. I've been writing. Lunch is

Ronald W. Clark
November 14, 2014

page 13
D.J.

being served on one of the wings. I think its a 5th wing, I heard them say "chow time!!" Back to my letter.

11:52am Finished eating, was not a good meal, but its all I had.

12:20PM. Ready to see Father Conrad. I'm going to lay back and wait for them to come get me.

2:09PM. Back from seeing Father Conrad we had a nice visit. Wish it could have been longer. I enjoy talking with him. I also don't like coming back to this insane asylum. I'm ready to eat dinner get my shower and get in bed.

4:21PM. They just fed us, no tray for me. They were short, so they had to call the kitchen for my tray. I probably won't eat for another 30, 45 minutes.

I wrote Father Conrad about something we had discussed. Then laid down. I was hoping to eat, but didn't happen. Its nice and cool in here. I'll sleep good tonight.

5:33PM. Just got my tray, going to eat and lay down and wait on the shower.

6:57PM. Back from the shower McCray's going off down the hall. Martin won't come out for cell search, so they've got to call the Lt. down here. I'm going to lay down put my earplugs in and call it a day.

SATURDAY NOV. 15, 2014 8:42am. Been up since 4am. Didn't get out of bed until 8:07am. Cleaned up. Then wrote a grievance. No mail last night. Got to figure out what to do today. May go back to

Ronald W. Clark
November 15, 2014

Page 14
DJ

that ADA complaint. on the mentally-ill being housed down here.

9:00am. wrote a letter to BTB staff, concerning the comment section, either make people post their entire name, or block all comments. I want be responding to any more any ways. I've got to make sure I don't get set up with a DR. and I see how that can happen, so no more Replies From me to an individual leaving comments.

11:30am. Been working on a Formal Complaint on ADA violations and housing me down here because they don't have enough ADA certified cells, this will get the Federal Government involved and put the fact that McCray and other mentally ill inmates are down here. I just finished eating. I need to rest for a bit.

3:38PM. I laid down, and went to sleep. I was dreaming about state food, you know your hungry when you dream about state food. Dinner should be here in an hour or less. This Formal Complaint on the ADA may bring in the Fed's and get people fired, this warden could get fired. Guess I'll lay back and wait on dinner.

4:28PM. Finished eating. was not very good. I hope I didn't screw up my sleep with that nap. I don't even know how long I slept earlier. I am going to lay back down. I've written everything that I can write. maybe I can think of someone else to write tomorrow. I do have one overseas letter to write. Try writing it in French. well I'm going to bed.

Ronald W. Clark
November 16, 2014

Page 15
D.J.

Sunday NOV 16, 2014 8:24 am. Been awake since 4 am.

I got up ate breakfast and went back to bed. I got up at 8 am. Washed up cleaned up and trying to decide what I'll do now. I need to finish up some final touches on this Formal Complaint. I'm going to try writing another letter in French. I can think of one grievance that I need to file. Miguel hasn't called down to me since yesterday morning. I'm actually glad I can't have an intelligent conversation, when I've tried to it always turns into a delusional situation. Many times I've wanted to ask him something and stopped, because I knew the conversation would lead to something like that, and I don't have time for that or the energy to spend on it. Well let me get in this Formal Complaint get it finished.

9:55 am. Finished up the ADA Complaint. Wrote a letter to France to try to get some help for the mentally ill down here.

11:25 am. Wrote 2 grievances one on the kitchen the other dealing with 33-602.222(5)(6) that they don't want to respond to. Food cart is on 5-Wing.

11:48 am. Finished eating, runner tried to give me another tray. That officer was like, "Nope you never gave me nothing." He's the type that would throw food in the garbage than to give it to someone whose hungry. I've got to finish this one grievance, then I'm going to lay down for a little bit.

2:53 PM. Got back up and wrote a letter, then a blog post Human misery. These people are hating me.

Ronald W. Clutky
November 16, 2014

page 16
D.J.

But I'm doing what needs to be done. I need to lay down and rest for a bit.

4:24 P.M. Food cart is coming through the back door now.

4:35 P.M. Finished eating, that was not a very good meal. But I didn't have much of a choice. I'm going to lay back down. Hopefully I'll fall asleep early. Merton's talking to his self, Miguel's drumming on the desk, and I have to sit here and deal with their insanity. Look at what my life has come to. I could only be so lucky, to lay my head upon this pillow, to never wake again.