Wrongful Convictions... *for The New York Post.*

Their Story...

August 7, 1944 – Lieutenant Thomas Moody, pilot of the 1st Bombardment Group, Heavy, 5th Bombardment Wing, Thirteenth Air Force, Fifth Bombardment Squadron, flew his last mission from Kahili, the only bomber squadron, and the Southwest Pacific Area, to Rabaul, New Britain, Papua, New Guinea. Moody's B-24 was hit by flak and was forced to ditch in the Bismarck Sea. Moody and his crew were rescued by Japanese soldiers and taken to Rabaul. Moody was imprisoned in Rabaul, New Britain, Papua, New Guinea, and was forced to work in the harbor. Moody was imprisoned in Rabaul, New Britain, Papua, New Guinea, from August 7, 1944 to January 23, 1945. Moody was then transported to Japan on the Arisan Maru. Moody was imprisoned in Japan from January 23, 1945 to August 15, 1945. Moody was liberated from Japan by the United States Navy, and was flown to Manila, Philippines, on the Hospital Ship Rescue. Moody was then flown to Leyte, Philippines, on a C-47 Dakota. Moody was then flown to Hickam Field, Oahu, Hawaii, on a C-54 Skymaster. Moody was then flown to Oakland, California, on a C-54 Skymaster. Moody was then flown to Fort Logan, Colorado, on a C-54 Skymaster. Moody was then flown to Fort Sam Houston, Texas, on a C-54 Skymaster. Moody was then flown to Randolph Field, Texas, on a C-54 Skymaster. Moody was then flown to Lowry Field, Colorado

Life Inside These Walls..

Lonnie Kennard

Life inside These walls has been tuff as can be,
Everyday I ask God how could this happen to me,
Then I stand tall in a cell, guilty as can be,
I'm a man, I'm a brother, I'm a father to my kids,
Tell the truth I'm a liar, but, I'm a good ole lady,
I'm a good ole lady, I'm a good ole lady, I'm a good ole lady,
I often wonder can anyone hear my cries,
Can anyone see the tears in my eyes, I'm crying,
Can feel the shame, of hell, inside this cell,
Can anyone see the pain, in my heart, I'm crying,
no juror cage or judge, the judge gave me life,
I'm a good ole lady, I'm a good ole lady, I'm a good ole lady,
or will prison be my final place of stay,
That is and day as our without reason or rime,
Life inside these walls, is a crime,
By the jurorfs, the witness and all false claw,
Life inside these walls, is a crime,
Right now I'm just another number, another name,
Another number, another name, another shame,
If anyone out there can hear my cries,
we'd not hide the answers from anybody lies,
Life inside these walls, is a crime, I'm crying, I'm crying,
I'm crying, I'm crying, I'm crying, I'm crying, I'm crying, I'm crying,
I'm tired of the life, which I can go, NO MORE!

This poem was written on behalf of
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(and) by M.M. Acuna

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