

**CALIFORNIA
CHRISTIAN
CRIMINAL**

CALIFORNIA CHRISTIAN CRIMINAL

and/or Dusty's Book of Before & After
Salvation Poetry w/Ax-Grindings

RICHARD GARTNER WITH GEORGE GARTNER

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My brother, George Gartner, who did his best to add to, edit, and dial in this book, after my basic formatting, and who accepted me without question, and across the board since we first met while both of us were in our twenties. (George, as in this book, is also helping with the second book in the Angel series *The Archangel Michael* with me, and, as the Lord wills, will continue with or without me in *Angel, Demons, and Spiritual Warfare*, which is the next book planned to be written in the Angel Series.)

My niece, Allana, is my heir and is now an entire sixteen years old. She (or the thought of how she could be) inspires me to great efforts now in my last years.

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FOREWORD

Greetings Readers:

I have spent easily some twenty plus years in juvenile halls, county jails, and federal and state prisons, which has had an impact not only on my life, my poems, my books, my outlook on things, and my salvation, but of course was causative of the title of this book, though it was not in prison that I received salvation.

In the process of writing some of my other books, most notably in *The Angel Series*, this book quite by accident came into being. I had published *The Angel Jon* in 2007 and was following up with the second in the series, *The Archangel Michael*, when the idea for *Dusty's Book of Before and After Salvation Poetry With Ax-Grindings* came to the fore. (Which was this book's original title.)

This was as I had over a hundred pages of before and after salvation poetry, most of a funny nature or inspired by the humor I saw in events in my life, and then after my salvation I saw humor in some Bible stories and began to write what I called humorous epic odes, and though taking poetic license, I kept the basics to the actual Scripture. In any case, I didn't know what to do with them all. These poems and epic odes dated back forty-four years worth of accumulation, and I was haphazardly inserting them into my second *Angel Series* book, *The Archangel Michael*, when a friend, Ron Seward, advised that he thought that I should put a precursor to the poems that actually described events in my life that some of the poems described—like *Sunk By A Drunk* or *KeyWeshark*, and so on. Then were all the multi-page epic funny poems that described biblical characters and stories.

There was also the fact that *The Angel Series* are an on-going (so far) fictional tale with spiritual warfare going on between angels, demons, and men, and then inserting a poem haphazardly

that has nothing to do with the book was confusing the issue/storyline.

So, once started on the precursor path, this book became almost an autobiography and right in the middle of writing *The Archangel Michael* I flat stopped inserting poems in Michael and wrote this book in about three months flat, as a third of it is poetry already written, and the rest is about real things and events that didn't take anywhere close to as long to put down, as creating a fictional book/work out of whole cloth.

After the book started coming together, *California Christian Criminal* was added to the title and subsequently became the foreshortened title.

The third book in *The Angel Series* is *Angels, Demons, & Spiritual Warfare*, and in the middle of writing *that*, for entertainment, I am writing *Guardians of Sentience*, which is science fiction.

What will be released when, who knows, as the editing, layout, artwork, and so on takes quite a while. But the first three books are done, and either published or in the publication process, and you can find the first three of my books at Tate Publishing, I hope, in short order.

I pray that not only can some enjoyment come to readers, but perhaps a leaning toward their own salvations for those who haven't yet really gotten to know the Holy Spirit in their lives.

God Bless You,
Richard & George Gartner

PREFACE TO THIS BOOK

At the time of this writing, I am sixty years old. I first started writing rhymes (if not poetry) when I was eighteen (in 1971), and only because I committed a few of my early efforts to memory will they find their way into this book. I have lost more of my poetic writings by far than those that I can now access. So now before I lose more, I will try to compile those I can find herein and publish them.

I am going to effort to put these poems in some kind of chronological order, the first I easily recall to be “Letter to the Judge.” Based on the title of that poem you might guess that my pre-Salvation life had something to do with crime, arrests, courts, and subsequent imprisonments.

You would be correct in that assumption to the tune of quite a few years when I received free room and board from county, state, and Federal facilities. You may allay your concerns in that none of my incarcerations were from violent crimes.

Surprisingly, the humbling circumstances of prison life did not personally humble me enough to seek the Lord and obtain my Salvation while inside (though I surely prayed to Him when in the direst of prison life circumstances). I say “surprisingly” as so many get knocked to their knees in fear and other distress while behind bars, that it actually is a blessing in disguise. As else they perhaps would never have been humbled enough to seek Jesus. It may be as I spent my teens in jails and prisons, is why it was the norm rather than such a tribulation for me.

In any event, I intend to write a precursor to some of my poetry to describe events leading up to that time in my life and/or the poem’s contents. So, I won’t go on and on autobiography-wise in *this* preface.

I have to also say that you might wrinkle your nose at one or another of the prefaces, ax grindings, or poems preceding my Salvation. Please though, do read the prefaces and autobiographic references and/or other references that preceded (to the best of my recollections) the writing of a given poem. If you find anything too distasteful, please forward through to a different poem, or for comic relief to the true somewhat funny epic story poems like “Keyweshark”, “Sanitation Engineers”, or perhaps “Sunk By A Drunk”, which also occurred before my Salvation experience. I believe all my epic Christian poems after Salvation have puns and humorous perspectives that abound and should entertain you. Read “Jonah” for one of my funny Christian Bible story poems. (It helps if you either know or read the Bible story that one of these type poems is about before you read my poetic version of it.)

In mitigation for any wrinkled noses I present Saul of Tarsus persecuting the Christians through Acts, which I found distasteful, but then when he found the Lord came the change, (or in his case the Lord finding him might be more appropriate) anyway Saul became known as Paul, and went on to become the primary author of the New Testament books.

Long after Saul became known as Paul, our inspired New Testament author was doing his share of prison time repeatedly and basically for the same thing over and over, which reminds me a bit of some of my stints in the hoosegow, though granted I was not in because of my faith, but I was in several times for things that I did not do or should not have been in for, for whatever reasons.

My after Salvation poems are mostly epics based on stories in the Bible. They adhere to the actual Scripture very closely, but most have a humorous take in them here and there.

There are also poems that praise the Lord. There are poems in which the enemy is warned about or is even the ostensible narrator.

I thought about editing out some of these writings—and not just the poems but also the prefaces, as some topics might indeed be distasteful to some—but decided for one thing that I am not targeting any specific readership, so what is good for the goose has to work for the gander, too. For another thing, during the two times that I recall myself actually being on fire for the Lord, (and even though the Word has many stern admonitions about being judgmental) I straight got to be too critical and judgmental about almost everything about *myself!* Most notably *my own walk with Him*, to where my reading, television, and every input just about got filtered down to my efforting to only get input from the Holy Spirit, my church, (Church On The Way in Van Nuys, California, at the time), The Kings Institute Bible College, or through prayer, etc.

In other words, I tried to stick my head in the sand and hide from the world, so I would get no negative input that would cause negativities in my walk with the Lord.

Another factor in a roundabout way is that I know that what I call my (*no doubt about it*) Salvation experience was when I was about thirty-five years old. Then miracles happened that could not be gainsaid. Long before then, however, my older brother was on his way to being the pastor of Calvary Chapel that he is now, and we prayed for my Salvation so many times that I believe now (and I believe some of my writings show) that I may have unknowingly had the Holy Spirit working in me big time before my no-doubt-about-it Salvation/revelation at thirty-five.

Bob and I had prayed on this, of course, but I prayed on my Salvation with others as well, and many times over.

So maybe I was already saved and didn't know what to look and feel for, as I had never really known how to identify love in my life until then.

Ax-grinding time:

Not to dwell on the distasteful but to explain the lack of love in my life to then—I first met my birthmother and younger

brother when I got out of Federal prison when I was twenty-five. So I was raised by my *supposed to be a father*, who had custody of us. He wound up abandoning my older brother and I some four or five times by the time I was twelve, usually with pregnant stepmothers, while he ran off to marry his secretaries or whoever. Our grandparents would either come and get us or have us sent to them to in turn send us back off to wherever dude had wound up with his secretary, or whoever his latest squeeze was.

You see that love didn't enter into things in my youth—rather the contrary. I am sure my grandparents loved us, but we were only exposed to them once in a blue moon.

I believe George had just been born or was on the way, and I was three, and Bob was five when Mom went one way with the baby, and we got stuck with the bigamist and abandonment specialist.

To this day I do not know what caused the parting of ways, but based on my old man's track record after I was old enough to know what was going on with yet more failed wives succeeding my real mother, well, frankly, saying that he was promiscuous was an understatement. Everyone could see that he kept trading in his pregnant wives as expendable, over and over and over again.

So not knowing for sure, I still extrapolate that the Ogre was the same promiscuous thing back when he was with Mom, as he was throughout my entire association with him. So I vote for the Ogre having been the culprit in the dissolution of his marriage with my mom, as after all, Mom was having children every other year and was perhaps too busy to go forth and be the one doing any dirty deeds.

I was perhaps ten years old and in the middle of an abandonment with our third pregnant stepmother, one Janelle, who was the only decent "mom" of the five or six I went through before the last Ogrette that I had to deal with—Georgia. She was the wickedest stepmother which/witch I had the misfortune to have in authority over me that I remember, and she would fabricate

things about me just to get to see me clobbered by dear old Dad. (Describing the beatings by him as spankings doesn't quite cut it.)

These were also the years when I got clobbered a lot anyway for saying "huh?" or "excuse me?" because I was born deaf in my left ear, but the old man didn't believe me and beat me when I couldn't hear what he said. I finally saw an "eye, ear, nose, and throat" doctor, and other experts that my school finally sent me to (as I explained to the nurse that my old man was an idiot and I needed an expert he would finally believe, instead of his ignorant suppositions and beatings).

I barely got a grunt of an apology from him when it was explained to him that I had all the hardware in perfect order but had been born with no wiring/nerves to connect them to my brain so that I could hear.

Anyway, Janelle wanted to keep us, and I think if love was ever in my preteen equation it would have been while she served as our mom (not just as another stepmother). So I believe that we refused to go to our grandparents until she delivered, so we could help out around the house a bit. I believe Janelle offered to keep us, but by then my grandparents were pretty miffed about our repeated abandonments and offered to keep us themselves, though explaining to us that they might just be too old to parent us.

Also, my grandparents cared a whole lot more for us than the Ogre did and weren't going to let an outsider just have us. I am pretty sure we would have been happily, deliberately lost permanently by dear old Dad, but he knew he would have his butt handed to him by my grandparents if he did. But I digress, and you can rightly guess that still to this day I am trying to figure out what caused this man do the things that he did.

I was trying to impart a conclusion I made at ten years old or so in the arena of parental love, care, and things that I observed in my friend's parents versus how my old man/Ogre was not displaying those attributes. I came to the conclusion that as this

male slut ran off with other women while children of his were halfway to birth (in at least two or three of his wives wombs that I knew of), why then should I expect him to care any more for Bob, George, or me? The man flat didn't care about his children, period. In the womb or already born.

That is when I decided to abandon him in return, as soon as I got older and could find some options. This I did, at twelve or thirteen because of the amenable to a runaway California climate. I slept in carport storage spaces with candles to read by and then found an abandoned trailer in a lot there in Santa Monica and hung out there for most of a year.

I ultimately got busted for something or other, did juvenile hall time, and was returned to the old man to be forever grounded. I ran away again, and again, and the cycle continued.

Returning to the far more amenable subject of which the title of this book is based. That being getting back to the decade/subject of when exactly I was saved in order to figure from which poems forward the Holy Spirit might have put His oar in. I just don't know, so again I am unwilling to delete even semi-sordid things. You are totally granted the right to decide for yourself.

As hardheaded as I was, I don't know how many times that I might have prayed for Salvation in the "repeat after me" kind of way with someone and then the lightning bolt, so to speak, didn't strike, or perhaps struck sans thunder. So perhaps at a certain point you, as I, didn't really know if you were saved or not. But maybe you were, and maybe I was, and neither of us knew it.

Maybe we can receive Salvation but not yet know how to truly repent and ask forgiveness for our sins to where the separation-from-God aspect of our sins still prevails, and prevents the Holy Spirit from flooding into our clean temples to hammer us with the knowledge of His presence. This flood would be to where the sudden lifting of the burden of sin from our hearts and the rush of the inundation of the Holy Spirit within us causes a state of grace, peace, and joy that cannot be mistaken.

This is the Salvation experience that brings one to their knees, tears to the eyes, and praises to the lips. I equate this to *a Salvation experience about which there is no confusion*, like the one I had when I was thirty-five or so. But maybe that was just a wonderful rededication experience? I will surely ask Jesus exactly when I got saved when I see Him.

In any event, I've decided not to judge or critique my own writings, as I do not really know when the Holy Spirit put his oar in, so to speak, and so I just put all my poetic writings that I can find in here.

In any case, I did not write this targeting a demographic, or anyone specifically. I could have edited for only Spirit-filled Christians, you know whitewashed everything to be so inoffensive that little miss muffet on her tuffet doesn't get a frown on her unwrinkled brow, but I rather hope that this might find its way to witness/minister and/or be a good read to anyone.

I do intend, however, to submit this book to be categorized as Christian, just like my published and on the way to be published novels.

This is as I know in my own attempts to evangelize, too much hammering Jesus at someone can cause an ear to go deaf and a stumble to happen. So though the first part of this book will show me literally stumbling on my way to Salvation to ultimately succeeding, I leave it to those who are called to be preachers and teachers to evangelize; while this is supposed to be predominantly an entertaining account of my life, before and after Salvation, with some noteworthy events highlighted in poetic form. So those spots could be deemed as a poetic autobiography. Then is the inclusion of my often humorous takes on Bible stories in what I call poetic epics. (Never heard of such a book before, but here is my attempt at it.)

Lots of humor is in here, especially if you like puns, double meanings, flowing rhymes, and flat have a good sense of humor

yourself. For instance, read any of my epics, including (of course) all of the Bible ones.

There is no profanity in any of these poems, such as four-letter words, and surprise...this was not because of my editing now. There weren't any that came to mind as I wrote, which is another reason I believe the Holy Spirit was working. My written works from way back when are a whole lot cleaner than my mouth was when I wrote them.

I did find in my writing one poem, the use of the three letter word for butt, and though it is in use for a donkey in Scripture, I will possibly substitute something like this: %^%# for it, for I cannot take it out entirely except to ruin the rhyming verse.

I have high hopes to successfully publish this to fund CHRISTIAN WORKS LLC. I also recently published my first Christian fiction *The Angel Jon* and am now done with the sequel *The Archangel Michael*, which as I write is now in publication, along with this book, *A California Christian Criminal*, which came together in really short order and was submitted as a complete manuscript early on this year of 2012.

Bear in mind that I do not have copious notes from over forty years of writing to help me be absolutely sure of timelines, but I am satisfied that my sequences are as close as I can possibly get them from memory.

I hope you enjoy the writings that are meaningful/entertaining to you.

LIFE BEFORE: LETTER TO THE JUDGE AND A FEEL FOR THE WHEEL

In 1971 when I was eighteen years old, after perhaps two to three years of juvenile hall time done on the installment plan, I found myself free and out again on the streets of Los Angeles. No family whatsoever was involved in my life back then and pretty much hadn't been since I was thirteen or so (see "Preface To The Book").

During my last bit of juvenile freedom, a friend named Chuck and I had worked on a 1963 Chevy Impala low-rider. Chuck, however; saw fit to sell the car basically out from under me while I was next incarcerated. So when next released, I, in short order, found out where the car was and went and got it with the set of keys that I still had for it.

Of the half-million-plus prisoners in California, not counting parolees or folks on probation, probably a hundred thousand of them, at any given time, will state that when they get out they're going to leave California. The state has a tendency to keep more people in jails and prisons than any other state or indeed any other entire sovereign nation outside the U.S.

Well, even at only eighteen, I was one of these that wanted to grab my hat and leave, but I really meant it!

So, I took that Chevy low-rider, got some stolen credit cards for gas and whatnot, and had a vague idea to head for where I was born in Illinois, to find my father's only sibling—my aunt Katy. I had not seen her since I was pre-teen or so, but I figured as she knew my father had abandoned us numerous times, she might take me in and attribute my wayward ways to an extent, at the foot of total parental indifference to whether I lived or died.

This fact having been hammered in repeatedly at least to her own parents' (my grandparents') satisfaction, who lived in the same small gossip town of Mt. Morris, Illinois, where she too had resided for many years, and from whence said gossip would have easily come to her attention, if she wasn't the one who instigated it in the first place.

Well, by the time I reached a little town called Basset in Nebraska, the gendarmes had set up a roadblock because of how they were able to track me across country by my use of those stolen credit cards, and then the license plate and car description tacked on at least a Grand Theft Auto to what I was wanted for. Somehow taking off in that car, and obtaining and using those credit cards ended up in my having four new felony warrants out in California.

So, when we (I say *we* as I had picked up a hitchhiker) pulled up to the roadblock, there was no real confusion back in 1971 in that what was also a small tiny town, as to who was who, in a 1963 California low-rider scraping the ground with a bright turquoise-green metal flake paint job, with a pearl white hardtop.

"Duh, that's the guy!" and seventeen howitzers were aimed at me. (My hitchhiker was not a happy camper!) There were at least ten city PD cars, county sheriffs, and state trooper vehicles sprawled all over in front of me, and I do not know how many had been following me at a distance from behind. The fire department and an ambulance were on hand too, along with whoever wrote whatever locally for their paper, which I got to read the next day in the tiny barred jury-rigged enclosure in the middle of the courthouse basement, which passed muster somehow for Basset's city jail.

I do recall everyone I met in Basset to be the most pleasant of folks.

California decided not to extradite me but told me not to come back as the warrants would be active and served on me if I darkened the doorsteps again in the state. So, the feds popped

up and decided to prosecute me for “Interstate transportation of a stolen motor vehicle” called a Dyer Act. Somewhere in all this, the credit card companies, and Nebraska and states in between Nebraska and California that I had broken the laws of, I guess by basically stealing gas passing through...well, I never heard about any charges or warrants.



US Marshals transported me to Omaha and into Douglas County Jail.

My first visit to an adult jail, and it lasted three months. The judge was cool and didn't seem to care much for California or Californians and kind of applauded my trying to get back to my roots in Illinois. He allowed as how he would just give me Federal probation if I could get a more adult than I member of my family to come to court and assure him that I had a place to go to until twenty-one with supervision.

So I finally got hold of my aunt Katy, and she said she would come to Nebraska and be there for me on the day of sentencing.

I was all good I thought, and who knows how my life would have turned out if only she had actually come to court, but alas two weeks before sentencing she wrote me that she had been in touch with what for me was supposed to serve as a father.

He threw his typical monkey wrench, and my aunt wound up her letter to me with how until I “paid my debt to society” she couldn't help me. The Federal judge didn't want me in prison, but she and her brother apparently wanted the pound of flesh that the court didn't, preferring their own judgmental agendas to the wishes of the real judge and court.

(Not entirely unlike how the Ogre preferred his retarded medical diagnoses of my deaf ear as not deaf, even when apprised of the fact by medical experts.)

So, dear old Dad strikes again!

I had zero options after that, and I knew I had to go to Federal prison on a Zip Six. A 5010b six-month to six-year sentence under the provisions of what was then called a Federal Youth Act. Course, had I not escaped I would have only done about eighteen months. Instead, I served five years, six months, and twenty days in prisons, first at Englewood, CO. FYC and then in Lompoc, CA. FCI (Federal Prisons), and then the last five months and ten days I did in halfway houses in Colorado. I got to do every day of those six years in custody because I eventually escaped for 101 daze’.

Oh well! It seemed that I had to make sure my aunt and sire were assured that I had indeed paid my debt to society big time. (Course I never had contact with my aunt again so I don’t know if she was happy, sad, or even alive when all was said and done.)



Now, to get back to the beginnings of my poetizing:

I don’t know what the Federal court guidelines are now, but back then it was realized that someone might not have confidence in their attorney to snivel appropriately for them in mitigation before sentencing, nor perhaps have confidence in their own ability to be a public speaker. So, the court would read aloud what was called your “letter to the judge,” written by a defendant in mitigation of whatever they were already found guilty of, or had pled guilty to, in an effort for leniency in sentencing.

I always plead *guilty* or *no contest* to whatever I was guilty of and would take my medicine. And of course I make the best deal that I can before doing so. This is so I can get on to wherever I am going to wind up doing time in, and get in programs and routines to do something positive for myself as soon as possible. It is also to make the time pass quicker, as opposed to staring at the walls and bars in places like county jails. Time truly *is* relative, to where a day can sometimes take a week to go by in some circumstances.

On the *when I am innocent of charges against me* side of the coin, I am stubborn as a mule and will not budge. I will sit in jail and not plead guilty to something I did not do, no matter if I am offered to be let go free with time served, or whatever. For instance, I spent eight months in Denver County Jail on false charges for first degree aggravated automobile theft, and every month was pulled into court and offered to be set free if I would just plead no contest even, and I would not budge. If I didn't do it, I won't cop (cop a plea) to it.

They finally dropped all charges, but it cost me eight months of my life in a pretty lousy environment.

So, the only reason that I was in Douglas County Jail for three months watching cockroaches dance was first trying to find my aunt, then waiting for a response from her. We postponed over and over.

When I got that loveless letter from good old Aunt Katy that dictated that I now had to go to prison, there was depression at first, and then in short order, a relief in that I absolutely knew what my immediate future held. No questions. I had to go and do what I had to do, and so I girded myself.

In the next two weeks before sentencing, I went from a day or so of depression to the happy thought of upgrading my woebe-gone lodgings and county jailhouse lifestyle by catching a chain to the Federal penitentiary. ("the chain" being the one that goes through your leg-shackles and hooks you all together.)

No letter to the judge was going to change anything for me, and that was written in stone. But since the judge had been so cool with me and tried to give me a break, I wrote my poetic ode version of a letter to the judge in an effort to provide him variety from the verbal or written pleas for leniency that were undoubtedly the norm for him. I believe I said as much to him before he read my letter.

My "Letter to the Judge" is not really a poem—although it somewhat rhymes—but is mostly a play on words that are ban-

died about in the judicial process. By the age of eighteen, I was an avid reader after having been grounded for months at a time by my sire/wicked stepmothers. Even while I was in juvenile hall, I read a lot and took every course I could and had begun to enhance my vocabulary beyond the norm for my years.

I wonder if one could extrapolate Romans 8:28 to include the italicized: “And we know that in all things God works for the good of those who love him *and are going to love him*, who have been called *and are going to be called* according to his purpose.” (The italicized being my extrapolations.) This as surely at the time there was no way that I could see any good come of being locked down at home or in a facility.

In any case, the court got a kick out of “Letter to the Judge” and advised me to keep writing.

»»» Letter to the Judge «««

Your Honor,
I'd like to make a
MOTION FOR COMMOTION,
About the
FUNCTION AT THE JUNCTION,
Where I was a
SELECTION FOR CORRECTION.
So I can get
ABSOLUTION FROM PROSECUTION
And not an
INTRODUCTION TO INDUCTION
Where an
INSTITUTION IS THE SOLUTION.
Your help in
ALLIEVIATION FROM INCARCERATION
Is my
VOCATION IN SHORT SUMMATION,
And let this be a

DECLARATION OF MY REHABILITATTION!

Thank you. Richard Gartner 1971

“A Feel for the Wheel” was written shortly after I got to the Federal Youth Center (FYC) in Englewood, Colorado, just outside of Denver. I wrote it in response to all the accolades I received from “Letter to the Judge” by virtually anyone I spouted it to, as well as those from the judge that I had written it for in the first place.

“A Feel For The Wheel” is to be read to not specifically reflect my then latest cross-country trek in the ‘63 low-rider. But it does have roots in the perhaps fifteen or twenty cars that I hot wired and had stolen up to and including the ‘63 Chevy up to the time of its composition, at that point in my life.

»»»A Feel for the Wheel«««

I have a vehicular mind.
I love cars of any kind.
I prefer Rolls Royce...
If I have a choice...
But I'll take whatever I find.



One day I saw a Trans-Am,
With a full duration cam.
My impulse I fought...
I knew I'd get caught...
Now here in prison I am.



I dream now in the night,
Of turning left or right.
My driving dreams...

Are the kind it seems...
That others think kind of trite.



But I'm an auto theft dude.
Wheeled motors are my food.
I'll even take trucks...
A bicycle sucks...
Aren't titles somehow crude?



Am Fm and things.
Wide-tracks and chrome rings,
Are a joy to my heart,
As I hot wire start...
To me the stereos sing.



There's no amount I won't pay,
Is what I'm trying to say,
To be again in a car.
To go fast and far.
I'm free when I'm on the freeway!



Richard Gartner
12400-102
Englewood FYC
1971

LIFE BEFORE: MUMMY DUSTY

This preface and its subsequent poem might be one that is not for the critically judgmental Christian who is currently on fire for the Lord. Then again, it might be what it is—a history, part of which caused me to get the nickname Dusty, that far more folks know me as than Richard.

I think immortal souls will survive without blemish, for having read this through. Or after reading you might try saying three Hail Mary's and do twelve jumping jacks, if you feel your Salvation slipping.

This preface will take a bit as I am going to describe a formative years microcosm that somewhat conspired to dictate/impact my mindset and way of dealing with things for years to come.

As you read, please recall the words of King Solomon in Ecclesiastes 3:1-8 (NKJV):

Ecc 3:1 To every *thing there is* a season, and a time for every purpose under heaven:

Ecc 3:2 A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up *what is* planted;

Ecc 3:3 A time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up;

Ecc 3:4 A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance;

Ecc 3:5 A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together; a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;

Ecc 3:6 A time to gain, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to throw away;

Ecc 3:7 A time to tear, and a time to sew; a time to keep silence, and a time to speak;

Ecc 3:8 A time to love, and a time to hate; a time of war, and a time of peace.

There came a time during my first year in Englewood FYC that I had occasion to go to fisticuffs on someone of a race other than my own. It was a spontaneous thing as said individual, along with virtually any race not Caucasian, figured with good cause that they could heckle, belittle, beat on, and steal from white dudes in jails and prisons without concern for repercussions. This sadly for the few of us who actually would stand up for ourselves was due to the well-known jailhouse fact that 90 percent of whites incarcerated were/are too weak at heart to fight for themselves.

Yet if you turn the other cheek with these jailhouse bully types, they will just continue kicking your butt till they are bored and then start all over the next day...ad infinitum. An example of the ignorance of type of individual from where these type of intellects (or non-intellects) perhaps find their origins was driven home to me just yesterday at the post office, as thirteen of us stood in line for over ten minutes while a young man was laboriously just trying to print and then sign his name. Judging by his apparent age—he was a twelve-year-old lad—without education enough to spell or sign his own name! Sad as this was, the reason for the apparent “at home” acceptance stood with the boy and had apparently brought the youth to offset his own fifty plus years of literal ignorance. The “blind was leading the blind” though.

We would have been there till the rapture if the hard-headed, well-paid with great benefits postal gal had not stopped *being* “Postal” and grabbed the pen from the ignorant youth’s hand and printed his name, then told the kid to just scribble anything or put an “X” (like a cowboy character in a Louis L’Amour novel).

I think that we all felt sorry for the boy and that is why none of us complained. I mean...the boy held the pen in his fist like the unfamiliar object that it obviously was to him.

My somewhat long-winded contention in writing this being that troublemakers both in and out of custody are far more likely to come from your basic illiterates than from the people in formal or trade school who kick back and read a book once in a while for whatever reason.

Many young men of color, who grew up fighting in the ghettos, juvenile halls, and the like, and who now found themselves in jails and prisons, sneer at and pick on the weaker white guys. This is mostly done in an effort to somehow attempt to elevate themselves up in the eyes of their fellow prisoners and themselves by putting down on someone else.

Many young people of color have been raised to believe that their plights could be blamed on the big, bad white men in power who ruled regular society. This did not help the white youths in Englewood FYC. This was especially so as we were all mish-mashed in with each other and in each other's faces whether we wanted to be or not. A lot of dudes had axes to grind in a major prejudicial way, and here were weak white boys just inches away in an already stressful and irritating environment.

I, however, had grown up also on the streets in Westchester right next to Englewood (most in the L.A. area who were in the know back then called "Englewatts," as it was/is a low-income, predominantly black community where crime ran rampant). I went through my teens living with a kind of foster family of six Italian brothers (the Cavallos) who along with just a few friends such as I were numerous enough to be our own gang. We did our dirty deeds and got high on most everything available to where we (and I in particular) spent as much time in jails as on the streets.

Of note is that while I lived at the Cavallo's pad with the approval of Old Man Cavallo, he had tried to formally adopt me, but my progenitor threatened dire things if Old Man Cavallo (Joe) even just had me in his home. Mr. Monkey Wrench of my

life (i.e. dear ol' dad) would in no way allow adoption. It was just another typical father son day in the life of Robert M. Gartner Sr.

I mean, anyone looking at our supposed father/son relationship could see that he had tried his best to abandon/get rid of me my entire life, and the only possible reason that he was not allowing someone who cared about me to adopt me was just to keep on being the bane of my existence.

I believe our detesting of each other was mutual at this point, and though I hadn't lived at home for years, my old man seemed to just flat not want me to feel at home or be comfortable anywhere else. Again though, this may have been due to his never-ending wish to seem better in the eyes of our mutual relatives. A forlorn effort, considering his track record, one would think. But who knows what lurked in the mind of this man.

And so to be sure that old Joe Cavallo didn't have to sweat my sire having the cops swinging by looking for me, I started sleeping up on the patio roof next to the fireplace where I couldn't roll off. When it was too cold or raining, I would go down to the Laundromat and turn on all the free dryers to warm up and dry my wet blankets, sleeping bag, and clothes. Sorry to any of you who when cold and wet could use the "free dry." As far as I know that is a long-gone incentive to go to whatever Laundromat.



Anyway, back to Englewood FYC.



So I had long since graduated from inmate to convict, or as much of a convict as you could be at my age. I recognized that most of these wannabe gang-bangers were really only bad-mouthing pretenders, and I considered them beneath me, and not worth taking action over, as long as they didn't get physical with me.

This one heckler, though, just pushed my buttons at the wrong time, and I blew a gasket and socked him up. I only hit him once, and he just stayed there on the ground while I stood over him daring him to get up. Then what probably really instigated things was that I told him and a few other of his ‘homies’ right there that they were all wussies and had to come at a dude in a pack ‘cause they couldn’t kick anyone’s butt one-on-one. (I actually was in dire fear that they would come at me right on the spot, and ‘skull-drag’ me, and so was blustering my way through at that point.)

The deal in organized prisons, though, is that there is an inmate council comprised of two or more members of each race, called representatives or rep(s). Besides meeting with staff to deal with other issues, their primary function is to prevent race riots by politically resolving potential confrontations. They comprise the “Inmate Council.”

So if you have a beef with someone of another race you are to take it to your rep, who in turn takes it to a rep of the race of whoever you have the problem with, and things hopefully get solved politically without the possibility of violence that could escalate into a race riot.

So my socking dude up was out of policy line, but mostly because of my color. Weak whites got socked up and their store/commissary taken with a regularity, without benefit of reps or the council ever getting involved. Whites were a minority in most jails and prisons also, and so there was no safety in numbers, either. This is now the case more than ever, for as the major population centers of the country become more and more non-white, so too is that reflected in the country’s prison populations. (The word “exponentially” has bearing here.)

I tell you true, whites getting picked on and getting their stuff taken from them was just par for the jailhouse course. No one feared the whites would organize and stand up for themselves, so the white representatives had no backing and no power to really be a rep like the other race’s reps were.

Also, whites were simply told by whoever knocked them down and robbed them that if they went to their rep and ratted, they would *really* have a butt-whipping coming, or worse.

There was a total double standard going in that respect. A white talking to a rep, or to a corrections officer, was a rat, but it was all good for anyone of another race to be seen telling their tales of woe.

If you think I am speaking from prejudice here, you must read further to be shown different by the events, but I tell you now that I am just reporting how things were and pretty much still are for whites in jails and prisons, without bias. (Yeah right, you say? And I do have to admit to a serious problem with all gangs of whatever color, these days!)

Anyway, I am not really that tough by a long shot, but I won't lie down for anyone much. And ever since I got to Englewood I had to ignore all kinds of big mouths of other races saying things that would cause a confrontation immediately were those same words to be issued to me from another of my own race, or said to me by anyone period, outside of prison.

This dude just caught me at the wrong time, a time you will come to see through this book as the times that I just don't care about the consequences of my actions. In this case, truly I knew I was inviting a butt-whipping by a rat-pack of these idiots, but I also knew jail-house politics and so I knew that if you need to go down swinging and representing yourself to the best of your ability and hopefully hand out a black eye or two to the gang skull-dragging you, you would be purchasing the respect of even those who are kicking your butt. Then for the rest of your time things would be a whole lot easier for you. Get it over with, versus a never-ending, ongoing attrition. Of course you are hoping no one brings a shank or uses anything potentially deadly on you.

Someone did in fact bring a razor blade melted into a tooth-brush, which ended up on the floor, which was unfortunately found by a corrections officer, after both me and my new friend

Snyder got our butts kicked by every SA (Spanish-American) in the joint, except most of the SAs who lived in my dorm. The above use of “unfortunately” on hindsight could be read as “fortunate,” as yet again many other things in our lives. For perhaps it was the hand of God that caused the weapon to be found, as in Romans 8:28. In this case I still didn’t “Love God” that I knew of, but because of the found weapon I got put in the prison’s prison in really short order, which might have saved me from worse than I got. So, here again, the hand of God might have been applied in mysterious ways that were a blessing after all.

I am getting ahead of my tale here and haven’t actually gotten to my Little Big Horn (with myself in the role of General Custer) type massacre yet.

Richard Gartner with George Gartner

LIFE BEFORE: JONAH

I am inserting “Jonah” here for a bit of comic relief in the middle of describing the rather unhappy occasion of my integration into adult prison life, along with how I came to be Dusty rather than Richard. I could not get around it as like Dunder Bread and their ads reference to a person’s “formative years”...well, mine were in juvenile jails and then straight into six years adult prison.

Rest assured that other prison or jail terms will receive only the briefest mentions that I can do. It is just that as overall boring as it usually was in prison by repetition and limitations, I just spent so much time growing up there, taking every course and class and reading every type of book that did form who I was until my Salvation.

FYI: I am not belittling the bread by writing Dunder Bread, but I am not sure in this lawsuit-crazy world whether I can use a product name without asking permission.



(If you read the scriptural story in the Book of Jonah first, before you read my poetic epic version, you may get more of a kick out of this poem.)

»»» Jonah «««

Jonah the son of Amittai,
Thought that he'd be sly,
The Lord said, "Joe,
To Nineveh go."
But Jonah tried to fly.



Though God had told him where,
He ignored Him without care.
Given the mission...
Jonah was wishin'
To up and go elsewhere.



To Joppa he ducked and went,
Away from where he was meant.
He hid behind trees...
And crawled on his knees,
To avoid going where sent.



In Joppa he found a ship,
A-sea on a Tarshish trip.
He paid for a ride...
And hid deep inside...
Giving the Lord the slip.



A great wind rose and blew,
And scared all the ship's crew.
The seas rose vast...
As high as the mast...
They prayed to gods they knew.



Cargo they were to take,
Was pitched in to the wake,
As they thought...
To do as taught...
Unload for safety's sake.



Jonah was “coppin’ a zee.”
That’s sleeping to you and me.
The captain went down...
Woke him with a frown...
And told him about the sea.



The captain, wily and crude,
Not wanting to be fish food
Would Neptune advise...
To his guys...
“Pray to that sea god, dude!”



But to Jonah he then said,
Get up out of bed,
And ask your God why,
We must die?
As the Lot fell on your head.



Jonah put to the test,
Was asked about his quest.
“For what and why,
Are the seas so high...
Where we might get laid to rest



Jonah replied with the tale,
Of why God blew the gale,
They then knew...
He was Hebrew...
And *his* God would prevail.



Jonah had basically told:
It's my bad you're treated cold.
Throw me in the tank.
I can walk the plank.
If I stay you won't grow old!



The men were loathe to do,
What Jonah told them to,
It gave them pause...
To kill him cause...
God still might kill the crew.



First though some were thinkin',
To row from where a sinkin,
For if God frowned...
About Jonah drowned...
Poop-decks could be a stinkin'!



Their efforts went for naught,
No land for which they sought,
What will be, will be...
Better him than we...
On his head be what is wrought.



"Let's pitch him like a ball!"
Was the universal call.
Without rancor...
Just like the anchor...
They heaved and saw him fall.



Heave ho and over the side,
Jonah lost his ride.
He was a debating...
Then saw Jaws a-waiting.
Gulp, he was inside!



Now, by this tale of woe,
There's a thing that we know:
Jonah, that guy,
Musta' been brain shy,
And mentally kinda' slow.



Hiding from God and such,
Was really a bit much,
God's Omnis do show,
You can't go...
Where the Lord can't touch.



So Jonah was in the fish,
Right where he didn't wish.
Saying, "Me Oh My,
I'm a sushi guy...
But not when I'm in the dish!"



It was dark inside of there,
Without room to spare.
Each day and night,
Things got tight...
Whale grits got in his hair.



Jonah prayed all he knew,
Until his face was blue.
That fish swam...
And ate strange spam...
Till his beard was full of goo!



Repenting all the more
“Hey, Lord, don’t be sore.”
God cut slack...
From the whale attack,
And had Jonah spit ashore.



Jonah now took a putt,
And every known shortcut.
Nineveh bound,
He went round...
Sayin’ “God will kick your butt!”



From the King to even sheep,
All were caused to weep.
Food was stashed,
And all were ashed...
In sackcloth at a leap.



God gave the town a break,
From fasting all got cake.
Cows were bummed,
Mooed and hummed,
Just dying to make a steak!



Jonah was all bummed too,
Sayin' "This I ever knew,
It's why I ran...
And poo hit the fan,
As Your threats You may not do!"



At this point if God were I,
I'd dot Jonah in his eye,
As the Bible...
Shows Jonah liable...
To cause sane men to cry!



Richard Gartner
8/17/09

Richard Gartner with George Gartner

LIFE BEFORE: MUMMY DUSTY CONTINUED

Englewood FYC was laid out in dormitories, each of which also had a few single man cells that a man could effort to gravitate into from good behavior or whatnot. I was in a dorm within which I was that rarity in that I was a white guy who had been around the block and had the respect of, and was friendly with, most of my fellow dorm mates of every race.

It was, in fact, the SA (Spanish-American) rep in my dorm who came up and told me the other SAs on the yard were going to “get you!” (“On the yard” means the entire facility,” whereas “to the yard” is where you drive iron and do sports and “the joint” refers to the entire prison.) The SAs in our dorm, in any case, had permission to stay out of it.

This SA was a nice guy, though he was also an actual SA gangster with more tattoos than Carter has pills. Two very indicative tattoos, which said this young man didn’t ever intend to try to fit into society, were on his eyelids. One said, “&*\$\$”, and the other said “YOU.” Anyway, he said he couldn’t quash things because I hadn’t left his people an option, being as I had pretty much called all of his people wussies, which put them on the spot respect-wise to absolutely have to kick my butt. (There actually was a different consonant than the W in the name I called them all.)

A strange thing then came to pass. First note that our dorm had more than its share of the inmates/convicts on the inmate council and flat more than its share of strong inmates period. Hence, our dorm was clean and quiet, and respect was enforced to where thieving wasn’t tolerated no matter from what race, or because of how weak and easy a target someone was. Lots of

inmates in other dorms wanted to transfer in to our dorm, and get away from their loud, obnoxious, and thieving fellow denizens.

Anyway, the strange thing that happened was that two of the most respected blacks on the entire yard who happened to live in my dorm came up to me and told me they were going to be my bodyguards. Black Scott and Marlboro were their names. Black Scott being Scott's nickname as we had a couple of other Scotts in the barracks, and I don't know why Marlboro was Marlboro, whether it was really his last name or a nickname.

I suppose you might figure this, but back in those days any Indian who gets time for anything done on the reservation serves it in the Federal system. And we had a bunch of them in Englewood, as then, and possibly still today, there were no Federal juvenile halls or Federal equivalents to county jails. So, Indians wound up in Federal corrections for things that other races only did a month or two in a county jail, juvenile hall, or other short-term, minimum-security holding facilities. (Actually I do know for a fact that the law changed dramatically while I was finishing up my sentence in 1977 to where no juvenile whatsoever could be housed in the Federal system with adults.)

Anyway, the head Indian of our dorm was one Nagasho, and he too came up to me and told me "we got your back," meaning that the Indians in my dorm would step in if I got jumped and they were around.

Black Scott was about six-foot, three inches and none of it fat. Marlboro was about my height—five foot, ten inches—and about the same in width. He was the muscle-boudest human being that I have ever personally beheld. A little Hercules, with eighteen-inch guns (biceps and triceps). His fists were hams. His voice was such a rumbling, low-pitched, deep bass out of that massive chest that it was hard to understand him. But he had a heart of gold, and to go with *that*... He had ostensibly been a Golden Gloves Boxing champion. One thing we knew is that he just loved to fight. He wasn't viscous or sadistic about it. It had

been for him in Golden Gloves, and still was, a sport to him. I mean you would have to drop a truck on him to hurt him, and boxing gloves would work well for his opponents as otherwise they might injure their fists hitting him, if you know what I mean.

I recall one time right outside our dorm on our dorm's turf (each dorm had its grassy spot) five Indians from another barracks tried to kick Marlboro's butt. When it started we all ran to the windows. Black Scott and the other blacks I initially thought were running to help Marlboro. I hustled over to the windows by the door to get a better view and saw Black Scott hold everyone up at the door, including our dorm's blacks. I then perceived that he was making sure that our dorm's Indians and blacks didn't enter the fray, while positioning himself to be able to help Marlboro if Marlboro needed help.

Nagasho came up by me to also watch the unequal battle rage. (By unequal, I mean the Indians should have brought more help, as Marlboro was knocking them down like bowling pins.)

I asked Nagasho why he wasn't getting involved, and he told me that first those five dudes weren't of his tribe, but second was that they had come over into our area to make trouble without so much as even speaking to him. Total disrespect, and so they had nothing coming but a butt whipping, and if Marlboro didn't give one to them, Nagasho and his tribe were going to.

Anyway, for about a week my bodyguards attended me. Nothing happened of course, with Black Scott and Marlboro flanking me all of the time. But on Christmas Eve, I told them I had this confrontation I had to do, and that I may as well get it over with.

I am going to do a qualification here, that is true for the preceding portion of this book to this point, and for from this point on, as I am dredging up things from my rusty memory.

The qualification is: I may or may not have an event that I write about in here that stands out in my memory, exactly in the right place in the timeline of my life that it happened, so forgive

me if someone knows that my timelines are in error. And, just so you know, I wanted to do a minor change in the one poem that I put in the first book that I published in 2007, *The Angel Jon*, and my publishers told me that it would cost \$500.00 for any single change. And, currently, I ain't got it like that finance-wise.

So, this was (I believe) Christmas Eve morning, and perhaps I thought that everyone would chill in honor of Jesus, but so much for thinking. I actually don't remember why I chose to do the Lone Ranger thing then when I did.

Now, everyone on the yard knew what was happening. To lend credence to that statement, is that I believe Englewood only had about a thousand souls at the time, and sadly many could not even read, never mind attend every class and keep busy like about a tenth of us did. They worked kitchen, laundry, yard work, janitorial, etc., and gossiped worse than the stereotyped gaggle of bored housewives was purported to do.

The chow hall in Englewood has an upstairs floor that serves as the facilities auditorium, and movie theatre on whichever (I forget) weekend evening. So there is a double front door for an entrance to the building, then a foyer with stairs on either side going up to the auditorium, and then a second double set of doors into the chow hall proper.

I moseyed over into the chow hall on my lonesome without my escorts, and sat down to eat. A couple of minutes later this tall, skinny, freckled, redheaded white dude named Snyder came over and sat down in the chair across from me. I really didn't know him at all as he was in another dorm, but I had seen by how he walked the yard that he was one of we few whites who had some huevos, and so his words and actions proved him to have. (He was also easy to spot, as he was very tall and skinny, pasty white, and red haired.)

In fact, I am not sure if our positions had been reversed, that I would have stepped up to the plate like he did.

He said, “The Messicans’ are all waiting for you on the other side of those doors.” (Snyder wasn’t big on differentiating, though Mexicans were Border Brothers i.e. illegal aliens, whereas my beef was with the SAs, i.e. Spanish Americans.)

I told him that I figured as much but was surprised that they could get it together that fast. While we ate, I told Snyder the story of my beef with the SAs and how I had to just go and get it over with, which is why I had left behind Black Scott and Marlboro and had told anyone else that might get involved to stay out of it—especially those who might turn things into a riot.

(Frankly, if you are that poor inmate or convict that the man knows caused a riot, they will bury you under the hole and cement you in!)

Snyder told me words to the effect that *we* should just go get our butts kicked now, before any more of them showed up.

A few questioning words from me to Snyder, like: “What the heck you want to get in on this for?” Meanwhile, we looked around the chow hall to find that almost every eye was upon us.

His answers could be summed up in saying that like Marlboro, and the two gladiator brothers Floyd and Boyd, who also lived in my dorm, Snyder just had the heart of a warrior, which you can discern for yourself by my memory of his statement to me given below:

He said something like, “I ain’t gonna let it go down like that where no white dude has your back.”

We stood up, and when we pushed through the double doors into the foyer, every wall had the homies leaning, watching, and waiting.

I forget if it was me or Snyder that said, “We’re screwed.” Just before we took another two or three steps and the walls moved in and fell on us.

We fought and got backed up on one of the stairwells and did okay for a minute as only a couple of them could get at us at once, and Snyder’s long, skinny arms kept them at bay a bit, till others

who had gone up the far side stairs into and across the second floor auditorium foyer came down behind us.

But there were so many of them crowding and pushing each other to get in a shot at us, that it truly ended up like the proverbial cartoon, or a Keystone Cops kind of deal. They were so numerous that they were blocking each other from being effective. Then someone dealt me a massive blow to my back that knocked me down, and dudes rushed to get in some kicks, but again the pressure of their fellows from behind had them soon standing over me chest-to-chest with each other, while I literally crawled out from under the pile to struggle through and got clear with a few stray kicks and punches landed, and then I zoomed out the front doors.

I found out later that after we were forced off the stairs, they had pretty much ignored Snyder and were concentrating on me to where he couldn't get through them to help me, and so did the discretion-is-the-better-part-of-valor thing and grabbed his hat out of there before the COs could get there and notice him.

I was black and blue by the next day, and my back was sore as all get out. I think whoever knocked me down hit me with a mop wringer or something, for surely it wasn't just a fist. Maybe someone kung-fu'd me or something.

Anyway, there was absolutely no doubt that I would get locked up in the hole within a short time of getting back to my dorm, because the COs knew what was happening on the yard, too, and knew all about my beef with the SAs, or rather their beef with me, (except of course, the Latino friendlies in my dorm).

The COs knew the dude I had socked up, they knew me, and they would lock us both up as a matter of long-standing protocol, until they had assurances that things were not going to escalate into weapons between us, or worse—a race riot. We were doomed to spend forever in the hole if we couldn't convince the man that it was all over.

So I got back to the dorm and did what convicts do when they need to stash something that they want to smuggle with them wherever or just hide something from the man period.

I handed out most of my stuff to others in my dorm to keep safe for me while in the prison's prison (the hole).

The reason that I believe I survived the ordeal with so little damage (I subsequently found) was that Black Scott and Marlboro representing the Blacks on the yard, and Nagasho representing the Indians on the yard, had gone up some days before to speak to our dorm's SA rep. This was the afore-mentioned tattooed Spanish American (SA) rep that lived in our dorm.

They flat told dude that I better not get hurt too bad or else! I believe Marlboro was grumbling things like how he was about ready to go out and just start knocking out any brown person he found. I am pretty sure that our dorm's rep got the word out to the other brown reps, and maybe that is why I didn't get shanked or hurt worse than I was.

Anyway, the COs came and got me in short order that same day and also got the SA dude I had socked up originally from his dorm.

They wanted me to identify who had assaulted me and point them out.

I was all messed up with blood from my nose, nicks, scratches, and bruises here and there, and I was disheveled with most of my shirt buttons gone, so they didn't really believe me much when I allowed as nothing had happened, but oh well.

It took a couple of weeks, meanwhile the SA dude and I were able to holler to each other in the hole, and get our stories straight, and then through our reps and the council we were able to persuade one of the watch commanders (lieutenants) that we were all good, and would co-exist happily ever after.

Dude and I got out on pretty good terms with each other, and as I said earlier, I had earned the respect of those in the know throughout the whole yard, not just my dorm. (Well, almost

everyone, as there are truly some people on this earth that are respecters of no one.)

(By the way, we called Bull Durham tobacco “Mummy Dust”). At the time, it was the cheapest thing for tobacco in the commissary. It had a cloth drawstring pouch that it came in and was the driest, flakiest substance imaginable, hence the AKA (also known as) “mummy dust,” which became the popular way to refer to it.

»»» Mummy Dust «««

In Englewood, a Federal Pen
I did time way back when,
I tell you this...
Before Christmas...
Was what time it was then.



Christmas Eve for a fact,
Just to be exact.
A doin' time,
For a crime...
For which I got cracked.



I was on my way to the *Hole*.
I was bad I was tole'
So in advance,
I took a chance...
And did something droll.



The ‘Mummy Dust’ we toked,
We rolled cheap and smoked,
But that day,

California Christian Criminal

I stashed some away...
About where convicts joked.



Then as Christmas came to pass,
I did something crass;
I said, Ho Ho Ho!
Doncha' know...
As presents came out my %@&*!



To each man in the hole that day,
I became 'Dusty' all the way.
For that mummy dust...
With cheers just...
Got smoked in clouds of gray.



Richard Gartner
1972

Richard Gartner with George Gartner

LIFE BEFORE: KEYWESHARK

I generically escaped from Englewood FYC after about fourteen months in. It was a 'generic' escape, as I was already outside the fences on a work release program (I had even been allowed to get a temporary Colorado driver's license), so tunneling, hunting dogs, sirens going off and searchlights blazing and such weren't in the equation.

Unhappily for me, as it turned out, it didn't matter if you just walked away or followed Sean Connery through the tunnels under Alcatraz. The penalty for any kind of escape was still five years.

Had I known that my real mother and younger brother lived about five linear miles away in Golden Colorado, I am sure I would not have taken off. I would surely have written them and said, "Howdy." Maybe, I have gotten a visit from them. The heck with my old man's side of the family (except my grandparents). But, it wasn't until some four years later while I was in Lompoc FCI that my brother Bob got hold of me and said that he had *finally* gotten my failure-to-appear aunt Katy, to break off my mom and brother George's addresses in Golden Colorado.

I did indeed write them then, and later on in this I will write of the wonder of having a parent who actually seemed to care about my older brother and myself, who wasn't critical, basically hateful, and judgmental.

We really should have been allowed to see our mother as kids, and surely as we became adults it was our right to be told where Mom and George were. Again things might have turned out different. We even had a half-sister, Donna, as it turned out, along

with another set of grandparents, that we had been deprived of knowing.

When I did get to know my mom, she wasn't at all forthcoming with the details of how she and my old man had parted, but she did tell me that it was the Ogre (my label slap) who didn't want us to have contact with her, though she had repeatedly left invitations with my aunt Katy for us to come visit her. My failure-to-appear aunt and her brother, my progenitor (I dislike to call him Dad or Father, as he never was anything of the kind) anyway, between the two of them, were about the lousiest next of kin critters that I have ever heard tell of, and I've heard some tales.



Off we went to a handy used car dealership in Denver, where the keys to a candy apple red Malibu were found up on the driver's side visor.

I and a fellow escapee borrowed that Malibu, and as I had heard tales of how the feds would expend any effort to track down escapees as the feds were liable and could get sued for anything that an escapee such as myself (who society was supposed to be protected from by our incarcerations) did.

Anyway, knowing I was being avidly searched for, I opted to leave the country.

They would be looking for me to go southwest back to Los Angeles, so off southeast to Miami we headed. We got all the way to Little Rock, Arkansas, without any license plates, before we stopped at a Holiday Inn and borrowed some plates off of some car or other.

I don't know if you can read between the lines here, but by traveling a thousand miles or so without any kind of plates we were surely waving a flag at the bull, and if I really cared not to get caught I would have long since stopped for plates.

I had escaped, in a nutshell, from sheer boredom and from just flat not caring about repercussions, just a few months before I would have gotten paroled and been somewhat free anyway.

I dropped dude off (I long since forget his name) somewhere in Miami and parked the Malibu somewhere to sleep in till I could find an option, and it was eventually a sad parting as I had never had a stolen car long enough before to feel a sense of ownership like I had for that Malibu. (Sorry, dealership).

I got a busboy job working by the docks, and every day when not working I wandered around the larger work and utility like boats asking if anyone needed a hand. I was offering to work for room, board, cigarettes, and \$10.00 every port we made. I figured if I had a home aboard a boat, I was A: probably not likely to run afoul of someone with a badge, and B: would eventually find a boat leaving the country.

Lo and behold, in short order here was a U.S. Navy LCM 8. I didn't know what an LCM was at the time, and never did figure out what the eight stood for. Anyway, one-armed Captain Roy Hunt and wife (I forget her name), and her brother Jim were down from Homer, Alaska, in a camper pickup and had bought the LCM at an auction at Norfolk Navy Shipyard. Where they refurbished and customized it for the long haul to take it down through Panama and then back up to Alaska.

They had found that they needed another hand, what with someone needed on the bow at all times watching for lobster buoys, while they were trying to run the boat twenty-four/seven, with just the three of them.

So, my offer of feed me, house me, and buy my smokes was surely the right price for them. The ten bucks a port didn't faze them in the least, but we ended up stopping few and far between times at a port anyway.

I mentioned Roy had one arm missing, I believe from the elbow, and I also seem to recall that Jim told me Roy lost it in service to our county. Anyway, that dude could do things with

his stump and one good arm and hand that I could surely not do with my supposed two good appendages.

And off we went to find the Panama Canal.

The LCM standing for Landing Craft Mechanized meant it had a flat ramp for a bow, and a curved bow to stern keel, that was totally flat from port to starboard. The twin propellers were big twenty-four inchers that were up above the lowest part of the keel, as the boat was designed to run up and ground on a beach without the props hitting seabed. The front ramp would then drop and off you went in your tank, jeep, or whatever. Then up came the ramp, and the props kick into reverse and you back off the beach to head the few miles or so back to the LCT (Landing Craft Transport I believe it was called) that fetches these little LCMs over long distances to launch an attack.

The LCM 8 was/is seventy-two feet or seventy-four feet in length, with a twenty-two-foot beam (width). In an aside and causative of the Hunt's expedition in the first place, was that the Hunts had a friend up in Alaska who was raking in the shekels with a fifty-two-foot long, eighteen-foot wide LCM 6.

(Ya know, come to think of it, maybe the LCM 6 was a "6" because it was 50 something foot long and rounded up to 6 for 60. Same with the LCM 8 from being over 70 feet long and rounded up to an 8 for 80. Who knows? [Probably every navy sailor])

This was as apparently in Alaska at that time (and I believe still today) a lot of places in that state had to have things delivered by sea or by air. So a boat that could just pull up to shore without docks or piers, and load and unload at the coastline anywhere halfway flat, was just a very fine handy thing indeed. Of note is that I believe the LCM 6 and LCM 8 to have 60,000 and 100k pound payloads respectively, should you want to buy one to fetch things around. (And while you are at it get one for me!)

So, the Hunts and Jim drove (boy, I don't know how many miles!) from Homer, Alaska, to Norfolk Navy Shipyards in Virginia, and bought this here critter for \$11,500.00 at auction,

and had the four 671 GM diesel engines and two tandem transmissions rebuilt, along with I think just about everything down in the engine room as the Navy had just put her up on blocks and left the hatches open so the rain could turn a quarter million dollar boat into rusted junk.

The Hunts built a good size steel deck house where before had been nothing but a helm (steering and controls). They put in Loran, a shore based line of site triangulation signal that would give you a fix on your position longitude and latitude-wise, as long as you were not too far out and down on the horizon.

Of course now and for a while, all boats use GPS instead, and I only put in this detail as it is why the Hunts needed an extra man to help with the Lobster Pot Buoy Watch, as they didn't want to go out too far from shore to where their Loran didn't work. So they stayed relatively close in to shore, instead of going out to sea past where all the lobster pots were. Hence I got the job, as Roy and company really seemed to not like it when they couldn't see the shore. They weren't really sailors yet, I guess, though they could chart and read a compass.

In an aside, you have to have a license to fish for anything in United States territorial waters, and the legal lobster fisherman had their bright—usually orange—buoys, whereas the bootleg scabs would use green or blue buoys in the hopes the regular guys wouldn't see the scabs were horning in on their fishing grounds.

One day, I was sitting out on top of the ramp watching for lobster buoys as usual, and I just barely saw this green buoy pass under our bow. I raced to the stern and saw this torpedo racing toward us on the surface of the water. Sure enough, one of our props had caught the buoy rope and pulled the pots anchor/mounting board out of the top of the lobster pot, and while our propeller was winding up the rope the pot slat was zeroing in on our stern and coming through the water towards us at tremendous speed. Hence, my reference to a torpedo.

I hollered and got whoever to shut down the engines, but it was too late as however long that rope was it was all wound around the prop and shaft, and the slat was stuck to the back of the prop like another propeller blade. Lucky some of the green Styrofoam buoy was still wound up in the mess for me to show the troops that things weren't all my fault, and in fact it was not until we subsequently spoke to a lobster fisherman that we found out why in the world a lobster dude would put a pot down with such a hard to see buoy in the first place.

Anyway, Jim and I had to snorkel up and down for a couple of hours in shark-infested waters to saw away at that tightly wound nylon rope.

I wished I had a rear-view mirror on my snorkel mask. I mean all the shark movies always have that sneaky dude come at you and snatch you from behind or below. I am sure this is not true as I do not think *Jaws* discriminates from which end he commences to eat you, but you get my drift that my skin was crawling with the heebie-jeebies about what might be eyeballing me from behind for a snack!

We will get back to *Jaws* in a bit.



Roy and his wife lived out of the camper that was down in the cargo bay, along with a boom truck that they had also bought at the Navy auction. Jim and I had bunks up in the new cabin/wheelhouse.

One thing worth mentioning was that Ol' Roy Hunt was an avid fisherman, and since we could only go a maximum of ten knots or eleven miles an hour, we were always going at a good trolling speed for certain sea critters.

Personally, one thing written in stone was that I as a child raised at the unmerciful knee of an Ogre, had come to despise eating fish. This was not due to taste but due to the dire warn-

ings in my youth, that the old man had issued repeatedly (every Friday) about fish bones, and the need to carefully chew your fish lest you swallow and get a bone stuck in your throat and you die a grisly horrid choking death.

At the time we were supposed to be Catholic, and were in Catholic schools mostly, where the nuns seemed to enjoy ostensibly beating Jesus into us, or perhaps beating the “bejesus” out of us. Catholics at the time weren’t supposed to eat meat on Friday. So, for us with Friday’s arrival, came this ceremony of masticating fish parts into pabulum in your mouth before you could feel safe to swallow, to where I came to associate eating fish with a fearful ordeal of choking to death on a fishbone.

I tried and tried to get the Ogre to forgo fish for me and just let me eat my veggies and spuds, and be excused to get on with my Friday evening.

No, the tortuous ordeal must needs be undertaken every Friday evening without fail.

For many reasons I believe that dude to have some dysfunctional Royalty in him. For one thing he was a Knights Templar (or whatever) with the Masonic sword and all, but I half-heartedly also suspect that he may have descended from the Marquis de Sade, or perhaps Vlad the Impaler. Surely some sadism was part of his persona.

Anyway, on to Roy’s fishing. It had already been some five to six years after I had last eaten anything fishy other than sardines on crackers (and even then I tripped for a minute on chewing on the crunchy sardine spines).



Zzzzzziinnngggg....whirrrrr.....right out the back door of the wheelhouse were Cap’n Roy’s two big-time fishing rods and reels, with had trolling lines out, and now both at once were saying big things were on the hook.

(Roy opined later that the two fish were mates.)

I had previously remarked to Roy on how big the lures were that he was using, and his response I recall to be something to do with that he didn't want to catch anything small.

I forget if Jim helped Roy with the other pole, or whether it was his wife, but after a while we had these two identical looking fish on the deck flopping around, and them four-foot bad boys were a good twenty-five pounds each. (Lots of grits happening right there for the fish eaters among us.)

Roy pronounced them as dolphins and then proceeded to snuff them by braining them with a hatchet.

Now, I was taken aback by these critters being called dolphins, and wasn't sure Ol' Roy had his species labeled correctly, as I was an authority on dolphins having watched in the 1960s many, many times on TV; "Flipper, Flipper, Flipper, king of the sea."

"Flipper" being a famed sea going critter television star that looked absolutely nothing like these square nosed vertical tailed fishy looking beasts that currently bloodied our stern. (So, these couldn't be dolphins, I opined then and there.)

(Speaking of stern, I would subsequently regale denizens of L.A. County Jail, Englewood FYC Hole, or Lompoc FCI, with my escape saga exploits. However, I had to clarify quickly when arriving at the dolphin catching, killing, and eating part of my recounting, the *stern* and irate looks I got caused me to hastily quantify/qualify the difference between the *Flipper* of television show fame-type dolphin, and what we caught and ate, which, "hey fellas!" was not the warm-blooded mammal horizontal-tailed cutie of a dolphin but was only the cold-blooded vertical-tailed fish dolphin that Roy caught and we ate.)

These same gentlemen (and I use the term *gentlemen* very, very loosely) that were becoming indignant and enraged in thinking that I was involved in killing and worse, the eating of the cute smart Flipper or his family (while themselves munching on some cute shore-based mammal or fowl!), might have just finished

dropping a trashcan full of water on some human being's head bone, from up on the third tier. This after only a few months or years before, they had gotten arrested for robbing a bank and shooting someone.

All those little details aside, "Hey bud, tell me it ain't so that you ate Flipper, you dirty rotten *&^\$*!"



In any event Roy and Jim got out the barbecue grill, which on our boat was the same size as you might have on your patio. This as opposed to the little ones that might (and should) hang off of the stern railing on any good-sized boat.

I found out that day for the umpteenth time that good ol' Dad had been throwing yet another monkey wrench in to my pre-pubescent years, and destroying my peace of mind in yet another way.

First off, the aroma from those fish cooking in whatever however, had me drooling, and I was informed that fresh fish usually doesn't taste or smell very fishy.

Second, I was told that someone who really knew how to fillet and bone a fish didn't have to scare everyone with worrying about bones.

Third, when I was handed a melt in your mouth small tester of one of these fish, it tasted like nothing I had ever tasted before, and certainly didn't taste like any fishy fish like I had worn out my jaw muscles on masticating until the end of time.



So, like the name of this book, there is my life before and after dear old Dad.

Perhaps another reason that jail didn't bother me so much is that I got my body beat with fist, feet, and belt, far worse by my old man on a regular (at least bi-weekly basis) than I ever got my

butt kicked in jail. I was grounded and isolated away alone in my room in solitary confinement for months at a time, where as in prison I got to play volleyball, handball, and all kinds of physical and non-physical activities with others.

Truly, I preferred living in a prison, or in a carport in the storage cabinet that typically is above the hood of the car, to living with dude and any of my stepmothers except Janelle.

Now, I just figured this out as I was writing this. It is perhaps why I never really cared too much about the risks of going to jail for the things that I did to support myself while being a kid who was a runaway from what was supposed to be home.

Jail, an abandoned trailer, a six-by-three-by-three storage cabinet, a cave dug under the freeway off ramp, all the same to me, as I was far happier anywhere but with the old man and his current squeeze.

Freud and Maslow would have a field day with me. (I took two semesters of developmental psychology while in Lompoc, where college courses were from *UCSB*.)

The distance to Key West was accomplished in a few days, and lo, I had never been at sea before and yet never got sea sick, and never have since. And I tell you what, this boat with the flat bow hit any wave or swell with a shuddering crash to then swoop up and in turn smack down into the trenches between waves or swells. That flat bowed and bottomed boat couldn't go through any kind of sea cleanly. Bank, crash, thud, swoop, and pitch was the order of the day.

We got stuck for two or three weeks in Key West because of our engines overheating. We were lucky for sure, to have four engines to two tandem transmissions to where we only had to run one engine at a time through each transmission, and then be able to switch over when they approached overheating temperatures. You see, the exhaust ports were designed to be under water to baffle the sound of the boats approach to a hostile shore. And this over the long haul was causing the engines to overheat.

We ended up waiting and waiting, tied up to a Key West dock for at least two weeks on some repair list, to get the exhaust ports welded up above the water line. We surely didn't want to get stuck out in the Bermuda Triangle or off Cuba with seized up engines, while going through the Gulf of Mexico.

In fact, while we were there, a Trimaran got towed in by the Coast Guard looking like Swiss cheese from all the bullet holes the Cuban Costa Guardia ventilated it with, for being in their territorial waters.

Since ten bucks for hitting a port didn't last but a minute, and I was basically boat-bound, I was bored to death in short order, as well as not willing to explore Key West and put myself anywhere where people with badges might be lurking.

So, I stayed around the docks, reading, swimming, and sweating. The only real bright side to my Key West experience, was that every night a shrimp boat came in right across from us, and after its crew left, the old boy who lived aboard and served as security, sold us these huge prawns for a buck a pound. (Yum yum, I am drooling even now!)

In any event, I soon only had reading and sweating left to do as swimming was out!

Here is the poem about how that came about.

»»» Keyweshark «««

In Key West a long time ago
Our boat needed things moved down below.
Exhaust ports...
Were out of sorts...
And welding was needed, I know.



For daze the weeks went past,
On some list we seemed to be last.

A beautiful place...
With balmy grace...
We swam and dove from the mast.



Our boat was docked far out.
The Coast Guard was within shout.
They always dived,
When they arrived...
To cool off when they were about.



So, we thought it safe to dunk,
And splash about even drunk.
One with the seaweed...
We swam and peed...
None of us smelling a skunk.



One night I strolled down the dock.
At the end was a fisherman jock.
Four cleats matched...
Four rods attached...
What I heard from dude was a shock.



Each pole had a goal and cause.
He was licensed to fish by the laws,
For snapper and tarpon,
He told with a yawn...
He'd fight for at times with Jaws!



I asked what he meant by that.
He chewed his tobacco and spat.

California Christian Criminal

The big fish would fight,
As was their right...
And Jaws would pounce like a cat.



As Jaws came to feed by shore,
At night when mostly we snore.
I looked fifty feet...
At our boat tied up neat...
The Coast Guard should guard us more!



I asked how big those sharks got.
I'll quote my new friend the sot,
"Twelve feet or more,
Comes into shore..."
Or at least are caught at *my* spot."



My diving days there were fun.
But food chains'll be missing one,
And that one is me,
As even you can see...
My swimming with Jaws was done!



Richard Gartner
1972

Richard Gartner with George Gartner

LIFE BEFORE: SANITATION ENGINEERS

We left Key West just about the time that I came to a conclusion that I still maintain as fact today. You don't need guards or bars to be in a prison of some devising or other. For my purposes, there surely may as well have been bars at the edges of every dock and every boat, while I was sweating my buns off looking at the nice cool water but not feeling like I should avail myself of it.

I was scoffed at by some, and some said that no shark was "*likely*" to take a bite out of me. Meanwhile all around me were fisherman gutting their catches and throwing the bloody offal in the water thereabouts. So, likely not being shark food wasn't quite good enough!

I just couldn't back then, get around the fact that though Jaws might not come-a- looking for me for a snack, were I to dive right on his head or even close to him, he might act like any startled wild animal and take a bite out of me for general principles. I mean if you are looking for food in the first place and it just jumps in right on top of you, what would you do?

Since back then, right up to a year and a half ago when I sold my 17' Four Winns, when free, I have almost always had some type of boat or other. It seems that the thousands of miles long trip surely established a boating wanderlust in me. I love boats and the lakes, oceans, and rivers I can cruise them on. Boat people and even people who live close by big water as I did ever since I came to California to live in Santa Monica, I have long since identified with and got along with well. Coastal people just seem more relaxed and laid back, like the presence of big water takes away stress or something. (Course, if you live in a condo on the beach in Los Angeles, you paid at least a million for a dinky one,

thirty plus years ago, so not sweating money issues might be a contributing factor to lack of stress in the yachting/beach condo crowd of those days, but that I still find prevalent today.) Frankly, I believe that the enemy lets the rich enjoy themselves and targets the poor and pious.

Ya think? On the other hand we all know according to Mark: “It is easier for a camel to go through a needle’s eye, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.” Mark 10:25 (ASV, American Standard Version)

Now, this is the exact quote and version, and applies to the folks who once said “million-dollar condos,” as my reference to the scripture is to say that they might be “relaxed and laid back” as they have a financial handle on things, but sadly according to scripture complacency in their wealth can easily keep them from being humble or humbled enough to get on their knees and find our Lord.



To continue, I had long since gotten over shark phobia, that is until Ol’ Pastor Bob (my older brother), having had his diving certificate for some years, saw a picture of me skiing off one of my cabin cruisers halfway out of Long Beach on the way to Catalina.

He just had to put in his two cents.

“Haven’t you heard of paleontagic sharks? (Or was it paleontologic sharks). I asked what that was, and he told me it was the big ones that would munch me down in a gulp.

That just now I cannot find paleontagic online at all, while the other, paleontologic is of prehistoric critters, didn’t stop me tripping on Jaws being underfoot again in an on-going way to this day, so to speak.

I launched first my little tri-hull eighteen-footer, then my twenty-four-footer, from Marina Del Rey, virtually every weekend around that time in my life, to boat on down to Long Beach

Harbor, before heading the twenty-two miles out to Catalina. I always skied unless it was too cold. And just a few weeks before Bob hit me up about monster (prehistoric or otherwise) sharks, I had just got into position floating behind my boat with my ski rope and skis set to say “Hit it” when a curious seal popped his head up about eight or ten feet from me and eyeballed me.

“Whoa, dude!”

I was about halfway to Avalon Bay or ten miles out, and this dude popping up almost gave me a heart attack.

Seals, being Jaw’s preferred dish, and me really not wanting to be mistaken for kinfolk to my new bewhiskered friend, I about screamed “Hit it” to hopefully in short order grab my hat and be on my way up on skis away from home-boy.

Nothing happened, as I forget who was with me that time supposedly at the helm of my boat that actually wasn’t at the helm when I had hollered “Hit it”, as he was down in the cabin getting his camera to record me and the seal eyeballing each other face to face. From the stern of the Vernae May (My 24’ Starcraft Cabin Cruiser) was only a towropes distance away (75’), but it looked like the seal, which was between the camera and I, was nose to nose with me, and that is how we appear in the picture. (Wish I could find it so I could put it in here.)



Anyway, back to about twenty-five years earlier. We putted at the entire ten knots or about eleven miles an hour that that flat bowed LCM tank could muster, as it did everything but go through the water smoothly.

We got across the Gulf of Mexico, and got through between Cuba and the Yucatan Peninsula without a shot fired, and stopped at the tiny island of Cozumel, just below Cuba. This was our first occasion to have to fly the yellow quarantine flag that

is required from port to port, (most notably from one Country's port to another Country's port.)

Anyway, we had to fly that flag, and stay aboard until someone came to clear us. I subsequently found the inspectors to usually lock up your liquor and your vegetables with stickers on whatever doors those items were found behind fridge or cabinet. (I believe locking up the liquor was just to get you to go ashore, spend money to get a buzz, and then spend money because you had a buzz.)

We waited and waited for clearance, and lo...here came Napoleon in full regalia. I mean gold braid, buttons, and tassels on the pearly white uniform, while he was crowned with a hat with more scrambled eggs on the brim than any admiral of the fleet ever had.

This diminutive gentleman was puffed up so full of himself, that we feared that he would pop himself on a splinter or something sharp, before he could clear us. (That pier was only held together by splinters in the first place!)

As our boat flew a good size American flag, and we were still Navy gray with white letters, this guy assumed we were Navy until he scoped us out a bit. He chilled out and became quite a bit less officious when he found out we were just private citizens, and methinks had he known our civilian status, might have shown up sooner in his probable normal siesta attire of sandals, cut-offs, an open necked shirt, and broad brimmed sombrero.

(He had no doubt come down to formally surrender Cozumel to us in the hopes the US Navy had declared war on the island, so like anyone else the United States ever fought with, it would pour millions and billions into the country in foreign aid.)

Ax-grinding Time:

As in every country less fortunate than how the United States used to be, Americans from the upper levels of our society would go to these countries who had never had anything even remotely approaching the level of sophisticated technological society that

exists in the United States and somehow decide that we needed to pour trillions into trying to bring everyone up to our standards.

Not only can it not be done, but the effort has brought about a sociological and financial equalization that is not felt in the upper echelons of the rich policy makers in America, but only effects/finds the common American having to do without appropriate government support, as most of what should be available to them is given away by those who are so far from being in any kind of need, that they cannot even relate to a jobless, healthcare-less American.

Almost invariably, American policy makers are from the top .05 percent of Americans who have 65 percent of America's wealth, while being so generous giving away the last 35 percent (mostly to themselves or their peers), and who have no idea of the average American's plight, and don't really care.

Our poor in America, now barely live above that of the poor in third world countries, as our idiotic foreign policy makers who are overwhelmingly from upper class rich families, continue to squander America's wealth and resources trying to rescue the world while putting us in a depression that doesn't affect at all the wealthiest, such as themselves.

These same bleeding hearts for almost anyone not American, have given favored trade nation status to countries which have totally taken away Americas manufacturing and industry, causing massive unemployment of formerly productive tax paying Americans, which taxes paid in, were the very lifeblood needed for the health of our country's government. While their before being "outsourced" jobs and income kept the American dream alive.

Our supposed leaders have lanced the very veins of the body of our government to drain the lifeblood needed for our government's health. Income tax money paid in, being the lifeblood of government. Our government therefore, has committed suicide. When our ability to borrow ends, crash goes the American Empire.

The United States is dying, just like every empire before it has done. For instance: Roman, Napoleon, German, and now American Empires all have failed by overextending themselves militarily and financially.

As all this coincides with ending times prophecy, I guess really, that pointing out the ridiculous ways that any one with eyes can see that America is being brought to its knees, is just a waste of time. I mean anyone can see that our country's average citizen's jobs have been sold out from under them, while what wealth the country had has been mostly squandered policing overseas.

Pounding the tom-toms of how we need to create new technology to create new jobs is crap, (wake up folks) as that technology and those jobs too, will end up sold out from under us, and outsourced overseas to be done by a Chinese person, or an Indian from India for \$9.00 a day (if even that) rather than the average minimum wage in the US of \$9.00 an hour plus 40 percent Workman's Comp, plus EPA standards to comply with, plus business and capital gains tax, etc., ad nauseum.

So, of course the big boys who are under the enemy's control that actually run this planet will have any service or manufacturing done out of the U.S. that they can.

I mean, the costs elsewhere are a miniscule fraction of what manufacturing/ production costs are here.

Okay, ax-grinding time is over for a bit.



Homiedonchaknowme', cleared us to get off the boat, and set foot on Cozumel. (If we'd accepted his surrender, we could've planted a flag on the beach.)

We stayed the night at the one and only resort on the island, which was only partially completed back then. (I am sure the island is resort city now) There, the manager approached me, and

in pidgin English asked me if I would stay and work with him to deal with American and other English-speaking tourists.

I told him I didn't have a passport, or anything but a temporary Colorado driver's license, and he allowed as how no one on the island would bother me as an assistant manager at the hotel. The whole free room and board and wages sounded good, but even back then, in spite of certain charming things about Latin countries and Latin people, I had trust issues that could not be gainsaid. And even though this was the very opportunity that I had vaguely wished for in Miami, I was thinking that Alaska might indeed be a fine place to hang/hide out in, as the Hunts had invited me to come and u the boat with them there.



The rickety one and only community pier we were tied up to, which also served as the one and only public dock for Cozumel had survived Captain Hunts none too gentle docking occlusion upon our arrival. This was not all Roy's fault, as he had efforted to pull up on the lee (downwind) side, but to no avail as the wind and waves were decidedly against him. So, he had to switch tactics and come in against this 'seen way better days' pier with the wind and waves ultimately helping him to occlude (shall I say authoritatively?) alongside this pile of kindling.

Truly, had we managed to tie up on the leeward side, I fear the dock cleats and whatever remained of the lumber that they were installed in, would have pulled out at the first good gust and left us adrift anyway.

We left Cozumel (I really don't know why we even stopped there) and headed to our next port, which was the only harbor in Costa Rica.

In an aside, the reason why I don't really know why we stopped at some ports was that we had a fuel tank that could carry virtually all the fuel that we wanted to buy.

The bow ramp in fact, was in no way sealed when in its upright position. To where when we were underway, water constantly washed in and out of the short steep incline section of the cargo bay immediately behind the ramp when we hit a swell or wave, to only drain out in short order. Not sinking when your entire bow is open to the ocean, was only possible because of the huge flotation air chambers down each side of the cargo bay and across under the bay and down to the keel. These sealed U shaped chambers went all the way up to the gunwales/catwalks. There were two-foot diameter access panels bolted on the cargo bay sides, if a crewman needed access. So, you could extrapolate that the design of an LCM was such that it would have been almost impossible for the boat to sink even if the engine compartment flooded.

In any case, Roy had turned one of these flotation air chambers into a huge fuel tank, so if he had wanted to carry the weight, he could probably have pumped in enough fuel to get to Alaska out of Key West without refueling.

Though I don't recall exactly how much time from the date I escaped till I went to sea with the Hunts, or exactly how long after I got off the boat before I was ratted out to the FBI and got busted, I do know that I was out of custody for 101 days. I believe I was aboard for all but two weeks of that.

Anyway, I also don't recall how long it took to get from one port to another, as those balmy days, and almost invariably cloudlessly moonlighted nights laying and sleeping out under the stars on the cabin roof was kind of a timeless thing. The US coast lobster pot buoy sweats were long past, and except my shifts operating the boat, where what with the auto pilot that Roy had the good sense to install, mostly just came to checking our course and gauges every so often. Once in a while having reached a waypoint doing a course correction was about the most excitement during a shift. I would wander the boat as the others slept, as I was the low man on the totem pole, and got graveyard usually.

Truth to tell, we had all gotten so used to the sound of the engines running in just such a way, at just such a RPM, that any change whatsoever, and everyone came awake and aware, not just whoever was on watch. There is a certain sound in a dual motored boat, even my twenty-four foot Starcraft with two little 230a Volvo Penta four cylinder inboards had it. It is a vacillating hum that is more felt than heard when two engines are running right and complimenting each other.

This is not my take, but by the time we got to Key West I had noted and discussed it with Roy and Jim, and they also said yeah they heard/felt it to and wondered, but all seemed to be going ok on the way to Miami from Norfolk, so why try to fix what doesn't seem to be broken.

So, I talked to some of the good ol' boys operating various working boats that were tied up to the docks in Key West about the sound/feel/variable humming of our motors, and they unanimously told me that the sound and feeling I was describing was the sound of synchronized and well tuned engines.

They said that that sound and feel was exactly what we wanted to be happening down in the engine room, and that whoever had rebuilt our four engines knew what time it was.

So, we virtually were unsinkable, and our motors were wondrous things indeed, and so, I was a bit more comfortable in and around the Bermuda Triangle.

We came into harbor in Costa Rica, and it was an unspoiled natural huge basin at the time. (I don't know the harbor's name, or if it even had one, but it was so beautiful that I am sure it does now if it hadn't before.) No luxury hotels with a zillion tourists. Nothing but yet another Cozumel-like even more matchstick rickety pier that we dared not even nudge against.

We anchored out and I believe flew the quarantine flag, but frankly I don't recall if Jim took the Hunts in to the pier, or even if we had a Zodiac brand small boat. At this point so many years later, I don't even remember if anyone came out, inspected per

international quarantine regulations, and took the Hunts ashore or what. Maybe I was just off shift and asleep.

I do know that they went ashore to this itty bitty town with unpaved streets, and from there took a train inland to I believe the capital, while Jim and I stayed aboard to look after things.

You will read in “Sanitation Engineers” of how we met Ramon, who was our interpreter when we in our turn boated in to that little town.

The most notable things about the town were that the people were very poor, but very nice, and that my ten bucks went a long way when 7.50 US was worth 50.00 Colones Costa Rican. I just looked up a 2011 conversions chart and 501 Colones are worth one US dollar now. Boy, oh boy.

I say this as back in 1972 I had no problem converting my ten spot US into sixty something Colones paper, but then when I went to buy something and got change they started giving me coin Colones, and those bad boys were about two inches in diameter and three sixteenths of an inch thick. An American nickels worth of those suckers in your pocket today, and you would be listing to starboard. That is, if your belt didn't break and your pants didn't fall down.

Anyway, on to the poem.

»»» Sanitation Engineers «««

Once upon a time in seventy-two:
In a foreign port, I swear it's true,
 We were afloat...
 Aboard a boat...
With a Costa Rican view.



A quaint town hugged the shore,
Under balmy skies galore.

California Christian Criminal

Our Captain and wife,
Livin' the good life...
Took a train inland to see more.



Ol' Jim and I stayed aboard,
And buzzards over us soared.
Those ugly birds,
Dropped huge turds...
They aimed, I tell You Lord!



One big bad mother-foe
Was bald-headed doncha' know.
He was a mean son,
On a strafing run.
He bulls eyed on anyone slow.



We reeled and staggered about.
We had to surrender no doubt.
Our boat was white...
From the one way fight.
They'd won and we were in rout!



We hauled our colors on down,
A flag streaked now whitish brown,
But we got no slack,
From the turd attack.
Our poop deck was poop a-drown.



Jim headed for the 'ship to shore',
To send SOS's galore.

A splat hit me,
So I couldn't see...
But I felt for the Captain's door.



Within was a rifle on a rack,
Then I opened the door a crack,
With that .22 poppin'
I started dropping...
Those birds who had dared attack.



In response to our SOS call,
Came a boat with Admirals all.
Banana Dictators,
Or dressed up waiters...
These dudes were dressed for a ball.



Scrambled eggs on brim of the hat,
Except Ramon who didn't have that,
He looked like Ringo,
And translated lingo...
To tell us where it was at.



Off their pier they threw funky stuff.
I guess there weren't cans enough.
So those birds had a mission,
And it wasn't fishin'
But to dine on stuff in the rough.



Costa Ricans held buzzards dear,
And allowed them to anything smear.

California Christian Criminal

For those flying turds,
Weren't just birds...
But a Costa Rican Sanitation Engineer!



Richard Gartner
1972

Richard Gartner with George Gartner

OFF TO PANAMA

Cap'n' Ron and wife returned from inland in a day or so, and in short order we pulled up the anchors to leave behind both human and aviary inhabitants.

The cruise to Panama and to the Panama Canal was uneventful, and in fact the only thing that sticks in memory about the Atlantic side of the Canal, was our first exposure to flying the yellow quarantine flag in an American controlled port.

When we came in to harbor, we called the harbor master on the ship to shore, who in this case assigned us an anchorage, which doesn't always mean to drop your anchors. We were assigned a numbered buoy to tie off to.

You can read between the lines here, but radio traffic and assigned anchorages or docking was not happening by a long shot at Cozumel, or in Costa Rica.

After a bit there came a launch with the quarantine inspector on board. I don't know if he was a doctor or not, but after asking to see all the documentation we had to show that we had all had whatever shots and immunizations, he of course found me sorely lacking. He simply asked for ten bucks, and got in his bag and gave me the shots that I needed.

I am not sure that his doing that was uniformly appreciated by our tiny crew, as granted. Now I could go ashore, but the fact that my three fellow crew had paid hundreds of dollars for shots, passports and whatnot, to get the same things that I was getting with a temporary drivers license and ten bucks, kind of stuck in some craws.

I do not believe though, that we went ashore on the Atlantic side of the Canal. (Again, I have to qualify that I am putting in here what to my best recollection is a factual narrative.)

There are three sets of locks that first lift vessels to the inland height of the canal which cuts across The Isthmus of Panama. I could look it up but I still recall one set being Gatun Locks and one set being Miraflores Locks. So, my memory is intact to some extent, and it appears maybe Alzheimer's hasn't struck me yet. (Where is wood in this synthetic world, when you need to knock on it?)

At that time, which was before the ninety-nine-year lease was up that the United States had on the Canal, it did not matter what size boat you were in, you had to have a canal pilot aboard your vessel.

I believe the locks were a thousand feet long and maybe a hundred feet wide. There were tracks running along each side of the locks which had railroad engines called 'mules' on them.

You were tied off to these mules to go through the locks. Now, I know they didn't actually pull us through. We were so small comparably speaking, that we had to be tied off to a 150 foot ocean going tugboat, which in turn was tied to the mules. In our case I know that the tugboat with us tied alongside, moved forward from one lock to another under its own power.

We had to be tied to the tug, because of our size, and because the cleats on our deck were not equal to the size of the 'hawsers' (tow cables) that the mules used for the ships.

We soon found out why we had to be tied to the tug when the first lock on the Atlantic side started getting water pumped in to lift us to the next lock's level. Literally, our little LCM would have been like a cork in a whirlpool tub. The swirls and eddies were that powerful.

Speaking of power, the tugboat crew had no problem letting me aboard to scope that bad boy out. Straight to the engine compartment I went. It was hard to miss being it was about half the length of the boat. That tug had the most massive engine that dwarfed any engine that I had ever seen. You could figure that it had to be a monster, in order to be the power plant in an ocean-

going tugboat. This puppy was bigger than harbor tugs, which were animals in their own right, having to shove and pull around ocean liners, battleships, and such.

But this guy was for going out to sea to a stricken vessel, and towing it in to a safe harbor by itself. Now, I had never been out to sea before, but knew (what with cutting that lobster pot line and slat off of one of our twenty-four-inch propellers) that this tug had to have something that that big motor was needed to turn.

And indeed, it had a nine-foot diameter propeller. Now those of you who know how the blade pitches on either boats or airplanes dictates how much water or air per revolution that a propeller bites off to thrust behind, know the importance of the pitch.

Another factor is how many blades a propeller has, as at fast revolutions a many bladed prop might not be as effective as one with less blades, as too many rpms with too many blades I believe, can constitute kind of a threshing machine, rather than an effective propulsion system. To lend credence to this is how almost any puddle-jumper aircraft that gets you to an international airport from a local field, has a 'variable pitch' propeller. Boats do not as the variances of water viscosity is minimal, even between salt water and fresh water, but the air density at altitude is far less than at sea level, and so puddle jumper props sometimes have the variable pitch so to increase the 'bite' on the thin air at altitude.

In any event, our tug could and did grab one pile of ocean per revolution and thrust that aqua behind it.

We found this to be a fact in short order, for if a boat could do the equivalent of burning rubber, that tugboat was the one to do it.

Just so you know this (in my opinion) beautifully functional boat wasn't just a barging blunderbuss, he had bow thrusters and other thrusters for fine maneuvering.

Our boat was likewise in the design and usefulness of it. It too had a functional beauty and I believe my exposure to these

functionally designed boats, and other boats and ships, (a 'boat' ostensibly being a vessel under 200', and a 'ship' being over 200') had a mechanically orienting impact on me that helped me in mechanics (At one time in Denver I had Richard's Rides), in construction as a Union Carpenter, and on up to Superintendent for Sumitomo Construction, then REO (Resident Executive Officer) of another company until I founded my own company a few years ago. 'Dusty's Construction.' In every instance utilitarian mechanical functionality combined with the intense organization needed for effective performance, has stood me in good stead.

I just flat like utility vehicles, vessels, planes, tools, and equipment. In this vein, my subsequent work trucks all encompassed this mindset over the years, except an off the showroom floor 1998 FWD Ford Ranger, which I traded in for another brand new 1999 Ford F-250 Super Duty four-wheel drive, with a Triton V-10 in it that was just too pretty to put racks and utility boxes on.

Besides, I already had at the same time, 1989 and 1990 F-250 Heavy Duty Fords with racks, utility boxes, compressor, generator, and every tool imaginable, and so basically had the V-10 power for towing my twenty-eight foot, six-inch Sea Ray Cabin Cruiser, and for other non-working uses.

In fact, the boats and shipping, and the boom truck down in the LCM's hold, all contributed to my mechanical mindset being a big factor in my immediate future. I not only took every trade school class available during the last four plus years I was in Federal custody for the escape, but subsequently would always have to have a functional work truck in my possession, long before I would consider purchasing a car. In the last ten years I have had one car and three trucks, for instance.

Anyway, moving on, it turned out as we went through the Canal proper, that there were several almost cut in half good sized vessels submerged to whatever extent, on either side of the Canal.

According to our pilot, (and proved per how he lounged about our boat and didn't take the helm personally), pilots aboard any

size boat or ship on the canal never took the helm. So the helmsman would take the pilots directions as we did, while they themselves did basically nothing much a bunch physically, for their bread and butter. (What a life!)

We asked our guy what was up with these half cut through boats, (I don't believe any were over 200 foot to be called a ship) and we were told that two of the wrecks could be attributed to language misunderstandings. To wit: (And I cannot recall which was which now) but, either American English's *port*, *starboard*, *right*, or left, sounds exactly the opposite to... I think he said the Japanese word for the opposite direction.

In any event, the helmsman would either turn the wrong way right into someone, or turn the wrong way and get rammed by someone.

I do not recall, as we went through the canal during the day, but I could only believe that there must have been bad weather while these foreign helmsman were steering during doing a night crossing of the isthmus, is the only way I could see how such a thing could happen.

Our pilot said that some of the wrecks had been collided with in mid-channel, and that they didn't have time before sinking to make it to beach/run the vessels aground, and so some unsalvageable wrecks were blown apart to make them more manageable, and so on.

The Battle for the Pacific had moved to be fought in the Panama Canal, but not with guns, but with like the oar propelled tiered galleys powered by slaves of the navies of yore fought, who sunk each other by impaling their enemy's galley, with the rams attached under water to their bows.

I do believe that we did go in to shore to whatever town was on the Pacific side of the Canal after we went down our last set of locks. Nothing noteworthy must have happened though, as I don't even recall going ashore, but as the Hunts weren't going to come all the way from Alaska without doing a bit of touristy

while they were in route, I am sure I got to spend my \$10.00 a port on something or other. Or perhaps I remained aboard while the others went ashore, as, after all, I was a wanted person again in a U.S. controlled area. Maybe wanted posters were up somewhere as the Feds are pretty sharp and that Chevy Malibu getting taken right next to where we disappeared from on escape had to have been found by now in Miami.

One thing worth mentioning was that from Miami on down to Panama the Atlantic was clear blue, and clear to the point to where I could look down and see the critters all the way to the bottom doing their thing even when it was thirty to forty foot or more feet deep.

Whereas, the Pacific along the west shores of the Americas seemed to be uniformly green and hard to see down through.

One time, sitting on top of the ramp I saw an enormous thing glide under us, and commenced to sweat. I recall however, snorkeling off of Palace Verde Peninsula in the kelp beds, and seeing a big soft-ball looking thing on the bottom about twenty-five foot down, and diving for it only to find that the water had magnified a golf ball to look like it was far bigger.

So, the behemoth that I beheld under our keel mightn't have been as big as it looked, which was at least as big as our boat from my vantage point.

OFF TO ACAPULCO AND SAN DIEGO

Our next port of call was Acapulco (even back then a crowded tourist trap), and again nothing stood out except my marveling how everything in town was priced exorbitantly. A stereo was \$50,000.00 for instance. Of course it came down to like close to four hundred pesos to a US dollar is why.

Off we went heading north, north to Alaska to quote some song or other that I had heard, maybe in a John Wayne movie. Our next stop was San Diego, and I believe it was the longest haul between ports that we had done so far. And only one thing happened on that long leg of our trip that stands out in memory to this day, was listening to:

“This is XERB Oklahoma with yours truly, The Wolfman Jack, *ARRROOOUUUUU!!*”

You see, besides the ship to shore radio and its mast (a large exterior mounted antenna), we also had another mast to pick up FM radio. The reason I mention the exterior masts is because no portable radio with its own built in antennae could pick up signals like we could with our set-up.

We were somewhere still below the Baja Peninsula, and I was trying to pick up a California radio station, or really any English speaking station, and lo, here came the Wolfman.

Now, there was a radio station in Los Angeles that would rebroadcast The Wolfman Jack show out of Oklahoma, because The Wolfman was deemed to be cool.

The Wolfman either fabricated the strange voice that he used on air (it sounded like he needed throat surgery), or he was naturally froggy voiced. One thing he did do, was play great tunes, and had a good line of blather.

The whole deal was very unusual, as young Californians of the time considered themselves to be the coolest and the hippest, so for The Wolfman to have a following in Los Angeles meant he was pretty good and played great tunes.

I digress as usual.

Now, I don't know exactly how far away The Wolfman was in Oklahoma, as I don't recall what city in Oklahoma that he broadcast out of, but I do remember either he or his station boasting that they were broadcasting with one hundred thousand watts of power.

Well, whatever they were broadcasting with out of Oklahoma we were hearing *The Wolfman Jack Show* somewhere around two thousand miles away (but only at night when the sun was down).

We marveled at hearing him among all the Spanish-speaking channels, and to this day I have no idea from what or where his signal was bouncing off of for us to get reception. I mean, you pretty much lose your radio stations after you are out of line of sight from the antennae or broadcast point, because of the curvature of the earth. That is why radio stations like to put their broadcast towers on the tallest buildings, mountains, hilltops, etc.

Satellites, I think, were all military back then. GPS and satellite phones were just a possible gleam in the eye of a future Einstein, and we could not pick up any California broadcasts, (which would have been the closest American stations), nor in fact any American station whatsoever. So one of the only two things that I can think of, is that some Mexican station far closer to us than Oklahoma, was rebroadcasting The Wolfman's show, which wasn't very likely as though granted we could only listen in at night, yet still throughout the broadcast, never was a Spanish word *spake*, and that included the commercials.

The other option was that some bored U.S. Air Force satellite technician who had skills and liked The Wolfman was using an American satellite to pick up XERB Oklahoma, and bounce the

signal back down to himself and/or for whoever like ourselves to listen to.

We got into San Diego and ship to shore radioed the Harbor Master or Port Authority for docking or anchoring instructions, and for quarantine inspections. We got docking instructions, and tied up where instructed.

Unbelievably, over three hours went by while our yellow quarantine flag flapped in the breeze making us look for all the world like a plague ship that didn't pass inspections.

Actually, I think I recall that after the quarantine flag came down and we had been cleared by the health inspector (or whatever their label was), then someone from the Port Authority/Harbor Masters or whoever had to come get the slip or docking fees and check our passports.

Anyway, we could have unloaded a hundred illegals, and twenty tons of marijuana, heroin, cocaine or whatever in that three plus hours, so maybe the norm in San Diego is an entrapment deal, as they undoubtedly even back then, had the harbor under video surveillance. I mean, the Port of San Diego is right on top of Mexico, and was probably the biggest entry port for illegal aliens, and drugs, along with Miami, so leaving us sitting at the dock for over three hours made no sense at all.

Speaking of making no sense, I had decided to take a bus up to L.A., and see the home team, who I hadn't communicated with since I boned out of there in the '63 low-rider over a year before.

By home team I did not mean any blood relatives whatsoever, as I had not heard from my brother Bob in years, but had heard that he had gotten busted for something or other and was either on probation or was going to court. I know he ended up on probation eventually, but I didn't know if it was before or after he got Saved. I believe it was after, as he told me some time later in Lompoc FCI that he got released from Los Angeles County Jail, (which back then and still today is no joke to be in),

His brief LA County Jail experience must have put the fear in him big time, and so he decided to take off and not go to court and such (“such” in this case meaning jail). Well, I understand he stuck his thumb out to head for elsewhere, and he got picked up by the stereotypical hippie multi-color painted peace sign sporting Volkswagen van, within which driver and whoever took Bob to a Christian commune.

There he got his Salvation, and after a time went to court, and the Lord allowed him his freedom on probation.

See, Bob was a surfer and ‘woody’ type guy, wearing the beach bum attire of the day, and had long hair with the hippy type deal going on.

I, on the other hand, was the opposite, in that I wore dark clothing usually with dark jeans and t-shirt, with a dark blue tanker jacket. We had low-riders and other cars upon, which a rack with surfboards could and would find no purchase.

My 101 Daze Are Up

In any event, I got off the LCM and took off to Los Angeles on a Greyhound bus for a brief stay, and then I was supposed to hook back up with the Hunts and Jim at a designated time by finding their slip or dock through the harbormaster or whoever in San Francisco Bay. (Of course I never got the chance to try, but I’d never have found them anyway as enormous as the bay is!)

The effort didn’t happen, as I lasted about a week in Los Angeles before a gal named Jerry that I had just started playing house with, had a mom who lived right next door who the FBI had long since asked for her to call them if I showed up to darken the doorstep.

Jerry had a back door deadbolt that from either side needed a key, and either the FBI got one from Jerry or her mom, or the door was left unlocked. Anyway it came down to where one evening Jerry and I were sitting on the couch watching TV, and here nonchalantly strolling through the kitchen to stand facing me

across the living room coffee table were three very well dressed FBI Agents.

They were so casual about it, that I think to this day that for sure Jerry was in on it, and had assured the fellas', that yours truly wasn't packin' a piece or was violent, and so they came in calmly without a gun drawn.

They asked me if I was me, and of course I said no. They showed me a picture of me, and though I had to admit to them that I looked a lot like myself, I still wouldn't admit that the me in the mug-shot, was the me sitting on the couch.

So, mellow as all get out I was handcuffed, and led out the front door to an unmarked car, and off we went.

(I have lost many poems and half a science fiction novel over the years, and the funny ode that I wrote about this arrest is one of those that were lost.)

Since I wouldn't admit to being me, they took me to the Federal Building in Santa Monica and took and then compared my prints to my prints and found out that my prints were mine, and that I was myself.

Now off to Los Angeles County Jail for over two months awaiting transport to Lompoc, as I understood that they wouldn't put you back into the same facility as you had already escaped from, nor in fact would they put you in the same level of security prison elsewhere, as the security level was at the place you escaped from.

I had been arrested for escape by the Feds, but was booked in to Los Angeles County Jail for escape, and, and also again for my original Federal charge of Interstate Transportation of a Stolen Motor Vehicle, otherwise Federally known as (The Dyer Act). (My arrest records/rap-sheet shows this like it is an entirely new different offence in 1972 than the one in 1971.)

In any event, there was no burden or rush on the Government for me to immediately be prosecuted in Federal court for the escape charges, as I was supposed to be in custody anyway. You

see, if you are already in custody and doing time on another beef, any charges pending or holds on you, can just hang over your head unless you take actions to force them to either prosecute or drop the charges. They can just leave charges pending until you are supposed to get out, and arrest you as you walk out the door. (Kind of funky deal, huh?)

In my case ultimately, the escape charge was never prosecuted, as they still had four and a half years left on my original sentence hanging over my head to kick my butt with. And at nineteen years old the Federal prosecutors knew that it would have to be a real Federal hanging judge who would sentence me up to five years “bow-legged” or “running wild” (consecutive) to start doing for a walk-away escape, after doing the 4.5 years I still had left.

In other words, the judge would in all probability run any time concurrent with the sentence I already had, so why bother? That is probably how a prosecutor looked at it.

I had long known about the need to address these charges pending deals from before having escaped. And I also knew that in all likelihood if I forced the issue to make whatever jurisdictions that had charges pending against me take me to court by my filing quick and speedy trial demands that any new sentences would in all likelihood be run concurrent with what time I already was serving.

You will recall that California had four felony warrants out for me, but having refused to extradite me when I got arrested in Basset Nebraska, they still had the warrants active in the state of California. I have no clue why I was being housed in LA County. They didn't take me to court on those charges. Perhaps because I was only being “housed” there but was in Federal custody.

Now, while doing time in Englewood, all the fellas' were trying to get their custody/security level rating reduced to where they could qualify for what was then called “Community Custody,” where if one qualified for such minimum minimal custody/security level, one could apply for outside the fences/in

among the community—work release, church release, or school release programs.

I was no exception, but found myself stymied by not being able to qualify for a custody reduction, or for anything much, except a swift “no way” because I had outstanding warrants.

This was because California had those four warrants that would always pop up when an NCIC (National Computer Information Center) search was done, and they hung me up custody reduction-wise, even though they were supposedly only to be served on me if I came back to the state of California.

So, my options were first to leave the whole deal alone, in the hope that California wouldn't change its mind and at the last minute put a hold on me right when I was about to get released. Or second, to take a chance and force them to poop or get off the pot by filing a quick and speedy trial demand under the provisions of “The Interstate Compact”.

I said the heck with it and filed on California, who was one of the twenty-something states at that time, which had joined the agreement that comprised the Federal Interstate Compact.

This agreement allowed a prisoner in one jurisdiction to demand to be brought to court on charges pending in any other jurisdiction. This accord had been brought about by the simple fact that most Federal charges like mine—interstate transport of a stolen vehicle—also had state charges coinciding like Grand Theft Auto. It was realized the redundancy and basic waste of life and resources to be prosecuted and serve time in two separate jurisdictions one after the other, for virtually the exact same offense, and it was a kind of a “double jeopardy” kind of deal, too. Many a time though, hard-headed prosecutors like those in Ventura County (which further on in this you will read of that expensive and stupid waste of resources and time) wanted to keep their conviction rates up, instead of just allowing the ruling of “Dismissed in the Interests of Justice”). So, I saw quite of few guys get uprooted and transported all over the country and back,

just to come back with a sentence running concurrent with their Federal one that they were already doing time on the crime.

Last but not least, most inmates didn't get paroled until they had satisfied the Parole Board that they were rehabilitated and ready to re-integrate back into society.

It kind of took the wind out of the entire rehabilitation process, while making the Parole Board's decisions/determination redundant, when all that was going to happen was the hapless parolee was going to be paroled to another custody/court process/prison for the same crime but now the state's version of it, to start all over.



So, I filed, and California responded within the 6 months that they had to determine things under the Provisions of the Interstate Compact.

They said they were coming to get me within the next (I believe) three months that they had to do so, also by the provisions of the compact. Then a matter of days before their time was up, I got a letter from California informing me that; "in the interests of justice these warrants are dismissed."

Yay, dude! I then sent that ruling to Sacramento and got all my outstanding traffic tickets in the state "Dismissed in the Interests of Justice."

I didn't have anything hanging over my head anymore. I could and did get community custody, went out, got a job roofing, and shortly thereafter nudded up as freedom called too enticingly, and I grabbed my hat in that Candy Apple Malibu just a couple of months before I was to see the Parole Board and undoubtedly get paroled. Definitely a case of being nuts. And this again, as I wrote earlier, was yet another time when like socking dude up, I did something without thought of consequences.

This self-destructive lunacy on my part made it almost inevitable that I would be back to being “on the chain,” which you can readily understand to be where you are after you catch the chain as I previously wrote about.

»»» Welcome One and All «««

Years ago...doin' time,
I did time for crime,
But now anyone...
Can come have fun...
And all can fit this rhyme.



So, you're not a criminal type?
Free you'll be says hype.
Oh crimeless you...
Are in here too...
With your prison stripe.



Yes, perfection is ideal,
So, from the Bible steal,
But who can be...
Perfect...see...
Only Jesus was for real.



So, lawmakers get paid,
For idealistic laws they made,
To perfect us...
Or to tie and truss...
Us when they aren't obeyed!



But all mankind is not,
Equal to this rot...
No fairytale...
Or ideal in jail...
Improves a man's lot.



The laws have come to suck,
As Lawmakers run amok,
With sixty supposed ideals...
That aren't for reals...
Inventing laws just to make a buck.



Richard Gartner.

GOT ME GOING IN CIRCLES...

Anyway, as Lompoc was the next step up in security and was only a hundred or so miles away from my hometown/the jail I was in, and from where I had just gotten arrested, it was the logical choice. See, as opposed to most states, and most notably California with its thirty-three prisons, the feds were kind enough to try to incarcerate you as close as possible to your family and friends, and/or to the place you were going to go to when released.

Of course, right there in Long Beach was Terminal Island, which was ostensibly a coed FCI, but no way was I going to luck out and get sent to a joint where women were also incarcerated after I had an escape.

So, Lompoc was the logical proximity and custody rated choice.

But no, it seems the “monkey wrenchitis’ disease the Ogre had, had spread, as the US Marshals picked me up in some really nice new car and off we went...*in the wrong direction!* Now, no transport officer from any jurisdiction is supposed to tell you where you are going for security reasons, lest you have someone try to spring you from their grasp. But we headed straight south instead of straight north toward Lompoc, and as at the time I knew of no other Federal prison in California south of Lompoc, except Terminal Island, I knew we had to be going east and leaving California to a Federal prison out of state somewhere.

We overnighted at Florence Federal Detention Center, in Florence, Arizona, only a few miles from that states only penitentiary of the time, aptly called Florence State Penitentiary, about which to my knowledge, mortal man spok-eth not-eth a good word. (κjv Paraphrased)

Note: I take poetic license in my poems, so why not in my books?

A bit of the Federal system knowledge is that custody levels are from the relative freedoms in such places as Federal halfway houses, to places like Patty Hearst found herself ensconced at, in; Pleasanton Federal coed camp. Then there were a bit more secure camps without work release or outside colleges that one could go to, which were places like Lompoc Federal Prison Camp, just outside of Lompoc FCI proper, which also had no fences and minimum security. The difference in such minimum places were where one could get what was called “Community Custody” and go out in the community, versus just not having fences and gun towers like when simply had minimum custody. Then came places like Englewood FYC, which only had one fence, and not too many gun-towers. Then, there were the FCIs, which were medium to high-level security prisons, with two fences and lots of towers. At the top were the only three Federal Penitentiaries of the time, which were Lewisburg, Leavenworth, and of course in its day...Alcatraz.

Then, I believe it was during the years that I was in Lompoc, that they finished Marion Super Maximum Federal Penitentiary, I believe located in Illinois. Terrorist types and major mobsters, or enemies of the state types, got warehoused there; I believe for all eternity.

Anyway, as we left Florence, options were getting to be few for me to figure out our destination, and the Marshals remained uninformative. I didn't know every single Federal joint of whatever level of security and location, but these states that weren't too populated were like to not have a Federal prison in them. I did recall a Texarkana FCI, which was just a few miles away from the US/Mexico border in Texas, and I believe there was one other Federal prison in that state back then, but I don't recall the name.

Now I am sweating, as I did not want to go to a Texas bug-infested humidity hell-hole, and I also did not want to get into an

eastern Federal facility like Leavenworth, which was 88 percent black and was renowned for bad things happening to anyone who entered. I mean I had real knowledge of how the grossly uneducated bigoted gang banging minorities, when in control of things in a prison environment, could and did cause a microcosm of hell on earth. Specifically for whites things were bad, but there was enough hate and anger going around in such dead end prisons, to be spread across all races, including other members of the same race who was the dominating inmate power.

Call me having been prejudiced if you want, but I am stating what was (and probably still is today how things are in most east coast prisons), without any euphemistic bleeding heart blinders on the eyes of wishful thinking, that what was, really wasn't, if you only got to know the poor and unenlightened, and showed them the error of their ways. Being in prison is and was a serious business for white people...period.

After Florence we (if I can recall right) got into Albuquerque, New Mexico, where I stayed in the county jail and was universally hated, as my being there meant all the collect call phones had to be shut off, so I could not call someone to tell them my route for escape purposes, nor have someone call for me after I caught the chain again. So, you see, the phones were shut off while people in transport were there, and left off for several hours after transport departed.

Yes, it is true. These marshals, and the sheriffs at the county jail, along with others of their ilk for fifteen years or so afterward, in every jail or prison that I found myself in, just read "ESCAPE" on my record or paperwork, and not bothering with the details, just slam dunked me into their dungeons up under the jailhouses, instead of putting me where the non-security risk type dudes were housed.

The only good thing about being shunted to the bowels of the jails and prisons was that the only reading allowed was the Word of God, and so I found myself getting my only comfort

from Jesus while in these various pits. This was a learning experience, and really, my first inkling that the comfort and peace of the Holy Spirit was real, if only you could access Him when you were down and out.

Making me seem even more of a custody risk was that somehow my rap sheet showed, and still shows today, a number of escape charges and escape book-ins across the country. My rap sheet made it look like I was Houdini or something. From the original charge of escape put out as a warrant in 1972 when I actually escaped, to my arrest 101 days later and book-in for escape when the Feds dropped me off to wait in Los Angeles County, then at every county jail that I overnighted in while in transport. Well each time I was booked into a different jail across the country, it showed up like another and yet another escape on my records.



Ax-grinding time:

You see, a persons NCIC rap sheet shows pretty much all of their lifetime nationwide warrants and arrests and book-in information but only sometimes shows what sentences you might have received for each arrest and booking, and I don't think ever shows that charges were dismissed. So my rap sheet shows every time I was booked in anywhere for anything while being transported, even when I had been booked in for the exact same charges initially elsewhere.

Another thing for those of you not in the know is that even when charges are dismissed against you, and/or you are found innocent, the original arrest is still on your rap-sheet in black and white to be read and construed by the nominally tunnel-visionistic badge wearing reader, to be some evidence of your guilt, whether you were exonerated or not by a jury of your peers. (The "Where here is smoke, there is fire" mentality prevails.) The man just figures that you and your attorney played the game better than the D.A. did. (An O.J. "Dream Team" kind of deal per-

haps.) You are guilty to the man no matter what, and even when your records are supposedly expunged by a court order I got news for you:

That even before the advent of the formal coming to power of the New American Gestapo, i.e. Homeland Security, whose broad powers now officially have administered a death sentence to the Constitution and the Bill of Rights...well...both (extolled as sacrosanct) had been long known to be just obsolete amendment doormats.

Expunges were and are in effect just like you deleting something from your own computer to the trash bin. Then you flush that and think the deleted item is expunged? Well, as you know, even if you are only semi-proficient at computer programming as I am, you get prompted to “restore” items that you deleted. So, deleting from a program and sending to the recycle bin, just stores it to the recycle bin. Then deleting the recycle bin still saves it elsewhere, and how else could you be prompted to “restore” what you deleted from the recycle bin? Even from the trash! So, unless you take your computer and stick it in a furnace, anything you have ever put in it can be restored to be read. Same with government computers...if ever every single one of them really had any effort made to have your name wiped out when your records were supposedly “expunged” in the first place.

Plain and simple.

Well, lets just say that Homeland Security’s progenitors even before 9-11 for many, many years, had also enjoyed autonomy, and had pretty much done whatever they wanted to do, and that included breaking the law in the name of the law and surely not abiding by court orders to wipe records clean.

Now, and it is official, Homeland Security can break any law with impunity, if they claim it is in the interest of National Security.

You know it, and I know it. But recalling that “Power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely” only touches on man’s sinful nature to get really corrupt.

The atrocities of the Gestapo of yesterday, and the genocides of today, and the breaking of laws by law enforcement that are even on every cops and robber TV show is propaganda promoting that law breaking by cops is acceptable, and has our city cops believing that they really should be above the law, and so act accordingly, *as long as no one catches them on camera*. I don't know if you ever noticed, but the bad guys on TV are almost invariably butt-ugly and nasty looking, and generally don't just steal something to have enough to support themselves or even to support an alcohol or drug habit. No, they are "Criminal Minds" and "Without a Trace" types who rape seventeen babies just while on the way to torture people with acid and fire.

They paint the criminal as such a dysfunctional, horrible creature with no humane morals or scruples, so to convince the viewer that these "animals" should be apprehended by whatever means necessary to the point to where even such as I applaud the breaking of the law in the name of the law.

In this vein is the Scripture that supports one "obeying those in authority," and Scripture as to "giving unto Caesar what is Caesar's."

In one instance recently, we know that the Caesar was named Hitler, while in another area of the world Caesar was named Saddam Hussein. Obeying those in authority in such cases would have us burning others in an oven or perhaps gassing someone to death or throwing them to the lions. Where does our responsibility end? If it is where such Caesar's say...well, you get my point.

My problem for the longest time is that I know that this world was given to Satan for his dominion, and so the world's governments are like as not controlled by demonic/Satanic influences, in addition to the "the absolute power corrupting" thing going, and our own built in "Sinful Natures."

So, of course the powers that be are pretty much a bunch of obsessed and possibly possessed, scumbags. And I am not talking about politicians here who are elected to perhaps only a short

term or two, but about the true “powers and principalities” that really dictate things outside of any vote or democratic process on this planet. There are humans and demons among them, and the Scripture about beware “lest you entertain angels unaware” does not in my opinion mean exclusively the Lord’s faithful angels, but also of a certainty, the enemy’s fallen angels who fell with Lucifer from heaven.

These distasteful few/many are among us, and delighting in the miseries that they cause us (read *The Angel Jon*).

I am going to end this diatribe on this note, as food for thought:

Throughout human history there have been monsters in power, whether human, demon/fallen angel, or a combination of both through obsession or by possession, who, usually among their more mundane atrocities, had one or more ethnic targets picked out for genocide. These men/things were the Caesars of their times and nations, and millions and millions were killed by their armies who “gave unto Caesar etc...” and who “obeyed those in authority etc...” Vlad the Impaler, Hitler, about every “banana dictator” in the Americas, and many leaders of nations in Africa, have gotten to where a human being’s life has no value unless in with the current regime.

I for one do not think that without help from inhuman enemies who hate us, that genocide is a part of a human being’s capacity or capability. I mean slaughtering babies, children, and mothers is “inhumane” and by that I mean for it to be taken to mean: “*not of humanity*.” Guess who that leaves?

»» Guess Who? ««

I’m among you on the Earth,
And your sadness brings me mirth.
I fell from grace...
From outer space...
I’m your enemy from your birth.



I'm an angel, who loves your woes,
Every one of you so and so's.
I work my spell...
To get you to hell...
Through life I step on your toes.



Among men I blend in the crowd,
And tempt you all that's allowed.
A Grace-less plan...
To get you a tan...
In hell...come make me proud.



I fly and can even soar...
I can come right through your door,
Or over your wall...
"Hi there ya'll!
I'm real and not fairy tale lore.



With glee I await the first horn,
To confuse the spiritually torn.
For my war is won...
If ya' don't know the Son...
And you've not been "reborn"!



Richard Gartner

STILL GOT ME GOING IN CIRCLES...

So to all intents and purposes my records show me first having warrants out for escape, then shows my being booked in for escape several more times in different county jails in various states over a period.

(Harrison Ford and Wesley Snipes, move over!)

By the way, I forgot to mention how/where Florence Detention Center detained me. They escorted me straight into the hole (euphemistically called "Administrative Segregation.")

You may have figured it out by now, but lo, from overnighting in New Mexico, we hung a left heading straight north back up into Colorado to arrive at Englewood FYC. The one place unequivocally, that I was not supposed to be brought back to.

I shuffled in through the front door with leg shackles and chains a rattling, and within minutes the Englewood powers that be, apprised my escorting Marshals that I was not supposed to have been brought back to Englewood.

Straight into the hole I went for just over a month before another set of marshals arrived to transport me back exactly the way I had just come the month before, to subsequently end up right back into that hell-hole, unaffectionately known as Los Angeles County Jail.

Virgin ears did not want to hear me when we pulled up to Los Angeles County Jail again.

This added more escape bookings to enhance my Houdini aspect to the uninformed, as can be seen and read on my rap-sheet, which was a quite lengthy deal from my juvenile days anyway, even without the adult embellishments that were causing my file to grow by leaps and bounds.

I believe I had over 200 juvenile residential and commercial burglaries, car thefts, and things attributed to me from my leaving my fingerprints all over, before I had ever been arrested and booked for the first time ever to where they finally had my prints on file to compare to the prints taken from crime scenes. My first juvenile arrest in fact, had detectives coming to Sylmar juvenile hall all of the time from different jurisdictions, asking me if I recalled such and such an item taken from different crime scenes, and if so no charges would be filed on me, but it was just to clear up their books. They bribed me with packs of cigarettes and candy bars, so I cooperated; they got their books cleared, and I was the richest juvenile hall kid in Sylmar, as a cigarette was worth its weight in gold.



Now to get back to about eight years later...

So, after about three and a half months after my arrest for escaping, I was right back where I had started.

Another month or so went by, and I mean to tell you, almost any county jail or state prison is sad in comparison to a Federal facility, to where you fondly compare Federal time to any other custody environments.

I finally got to the law library there in Los Angeles County Jail, and filed a Habeas Corpus Writ in Federal court. A Habeas Corpus Writ is a demand to be released as you are for whatever reason being held illegally.

In my case my grounds were that the facility where I was housed in (i.e. Los Angeles County Jail) did not comply with the Federal corrections guidelines for incarcerating Federal prisoners.

Los Angeles county jail system has numerous facilities, all of which were decidedly newer and more amenable to be housed in than the main jail downtown. But as a Federal Prisoner, I had to stay in the main jail to be available to be transported at the drop

of a hat. It was a major dump, where a six-man cell typically had from eight to nine dudes in each. It was a well-known fact that those sleeping on the floors had to beware of the rats, as one guy was known to have been so drunk that he did not notice that a rat ate his cheek while he was blacked out on the floor.

Everyone, including the feds, knew all about it and were actually in the process of building a Federal Detention Center like the one I stayed at in Florence, Arizona.

So the court having received my very valid Writ of Habeas Corpus, probably called the Marshals office and told them that they better move me, or the court would have no option but to rule in my favor, which ruling might get publicized enough for a class action filed by someone like the ACLU, on all the Federal inmates behalf who were so housed in Los Angeles County system.

Bam! Two Federal marshals called me down from my over crowded cell, and told me that if I signed a waiver of my Writ, they would take me right then and there in my own private car straight to Lompoc.

I burnt rubber signing that waiver, and lo, the marshals asked me if there was anything in my cell that I needed to go up and get, or could we just take off right then and there.

We all burnt rubber out of that dump right then and there.

Richard Gartner with George Gartner

OFF TO LOMPOC AND HOME AT LAST!

We arrived at Lompoc, which was actually a pretty short trip of perhaps 150 miles. (Very short indeed when compared to the thousands under my belt driving in circles to Colorado and back.)

I had mentioned before that time is relative, and surely jail time brings that lesson home. The months in the hole and county jail, well, I would easily rather do a year in prison instead. For instance, those four to five months since the FBI arrested me for escape, took about two years to go by figuratively/relatively speaking, as time really drags when you are just staring at the wall.

I did not know anything about Lompoc, except that it was a 'grown-ups' prison located right next to Vandenberg Air Force Base, but you would not believe how excited and happy I was to be there.

Like going to Disneyland in comparison to where I had spent the last five months.

Well, not exactly as usually every other week or so someone got shanked (stabbed). And every month or so, some cellblock (called a "unit" in Lompoc) or other had a mini riot, or some drama that caused the whole prison to be on lockdown. And every other year or so there was a major race riot on the yard where thirty to forty dudes required hospitalization. (Lucky Vandenberg AFB medical facilities were right there, or some dudes wouldn't have made it.)

All that mess notwithstanding, I had long found that I could work with most prison or even jail facilities; it was just my fellow denizens that could spoil the broth, so to speak. You could live in the Taj Mahal, and hate it if you had to cohabit with prone to violent idiots all of the time. But in Lompoc, as far as having to get involved in violence, well, if you were hooked in with

the right people you knew what was going to happen and where mostly, so you could avoid things, unless something spur of the moment happened right on top of you, and then escalated to rope everyone in.

I ended up having my share of personal drama and fights, but managed to stay out of the wars.

I was in 'L Unit', a typical Lompoc cellblock of about 120 cells going up three tiers on either side of the 'day room', where people hung out and played spades or pinochle, or whatever. The TV room was off to the side, and was kind of a "gladiator arena." For one, it was out of view of the little office wherein sat the CO. For two, there was always some hassle or other over what was to be seen on the TV.

I stayed out of there in the main, as things jumped off in there too often.

It was very nice to have my own six-foot by eight-foot cell, wherein I had my commode/sink combo, my bunk, and my locker. And, Lompoc didn't care what color you painted your cell, as long as it wasn't dark purple, black, or blood red.

There was a huge hobby shop, and there were all kinds of trades one could learn. For instance I took 'small engine repair' and they had in the shop at least twenty different motorcycles, a bunch of lawn mowers, etc. for you to get hands-on experience. There were a lot of trade shops. There were a lot of regular classes that you could take and get credit from UCSB in Santa Barbara.

There was the Federal Prison Industries. In Lompoc, 'Industries' had a Sign Shop that made interstate highway signs. There was the missile cable shop, which built new missile cables for Vandenberg, and checked and repaired already used cables. (I understand they would use a cable once, and then send it in to be checked out every time it was used.)

Then there was the Prison Industries Print Shop, and boy I tell ya', the feds at that time could go through eighty-two pieces of paper just to say "Howdy."

Anyway, to make a three-and-a-half-year-story short, I was one of the youngest dudes in there and the “kid was in the candy shop.” I wanted to take every class and learn everything, as opposed to the guys who went and earned the exorbitant sum (for being in a prison) of \$1.00 or so an hour in Prison Industries.

I took classes and planned on how to support myself through sales of personalized poetry, and selling hobby craft items. I had long since supported myself in jails by writing a rhyming poems for dudes who wanted to send their old ladies a funny take on their current plight, or about those they loved, or whatever. I tooled personalized belts and purses, and managed to parley any resources that came my way into supporting me as best I could in there. I had also become a fair “jailhouse-lawyer” as you know by my writing my own Writ of Habeas Corpus. (Oh by the way:

Definition: Habeas corpus, (a Latin term meaning “you have the body,” refers to the right of every prisoner to challenge the terms of his or her incarceration in court before a judge.)

Some years passed, and my brother Bob came to see me, and indeed came about three times over the next year or two. I must have reached him somehow to tell him where I was, but I don’t remember.

People who get visits get all spruced up and have their “bonaroo” set of clothes (we wore khakis) pressed by laying them out between our mattresses and the steel sheet that was under it for a bunk surface.

I had never gotten a visit in all my years in juvenile hall, nor in my adult years. How my clothes came from the laundry, was how I wore them. I had been in there about two years when they started allowing people with money, to buy and wear jeans and other street clothes that the Feds sold in the commissary. You had to wear your khakis to visits though, so you couldn’t mix in and try to walk out pretending to be a free man.

I of course not only didn’t have street clothes but didn’t have any bonaroos either. My stuff was not only not pressed, but was

pretty raggedy, as I only strove for presentable so folks wouldn't think I was the poor white trash type (that I was).

I was out in the yard doing whatever, and having been deaf from birth or from pneumonia while hospitalized at seven years old, I have never been able to make out things heard like someone with two good audio inputs i.e. ears.

I guess they had been calling me for a visit for awhile, and finally maybe thought I escaped again, as they sent "runners" out to the yard and everywhere looking for me. When dude tracked me down and said I had a visit, I told him, "Yeah, right."

Well he convinced me in short order, and with jaw dropped in wonder, I ran off to my cell to change into my non-bonaroo, yet clean duds, and then off to that strange never before seen "land of visits" i.e.: the "visiting room."

Bob was then a bona-fide "Jesus Freak Flower Child" and had gotten to Lompoc from wherever hitchhiking. As a matter of fact, he got all Christian tunnel-visionistic about one man who gave him a ride right up to Lompoc's front gate, who happened to be our Cadillac driving cigar smoking Catholic priest at Lompoc.

I don't know if you know this, but when you are what I call "on fire for the Lord" and the Holy Spirit is loud and clear instead of just being "The Small Voice" well, you can get pretty critical and judgmental of first your own failings to be perfect like Christ and then of course of the failings of others.

Scripture says so many times and in so many ways to "Judge not that ye not be judged," but even in making a determination about someone in any regard, you end up "using your judgment," I believe. I mean, how can you not? Every day in our dealings with the world we meet people and decide whether they are worth a poop or not, right?

Anyway, my older brother Bob showed up after only a few years or so, and after we brought each other up to speed about our recent histories, we found very little to repartee about, as forever our interests had been different, what with him a surfer and me

a low-rider. And now he went on and on about Jesus and was “Scripturing” me to death for hours.

I distinctly recall tuning him out at one point, which wasn’t hard as I had been born with only one good ear. We of course prayed for my Salvation, and then that visit was over.

Bob came to visit twice more if I recall, but the visits were stultifying in that my prison life interests and hobbies were something Bob couldn’t really relate to, and his perpetual Bible thumping in his letters, and in person, I found hard to relate to.

“Mustard seeds” and such. (If you know whereof I speak, good. If not, look up Jesus’s parables in the Gospels.)

I must admit however to taking more of an interest in spiritual things, and as I report in *The Angel Jon*, I began to look into Scripture and attend church. I even knew this satanist dude who had a satanic bible, who told me that I wouldn’t be able to read much out of it unless I claimed Satan as lord.

Well, he was right. There is even a warning at the very beginning of it, but I forget the gist as it was so long ago and for so few moments of time in my life. I do recall that I had to stop reading because of a foreboding feeling combined with a sense of darkness or something. Whatever it was, I was glad to close it, and as soon as they racked the gates (opened our cell doors) I could hardly wait to get the thing out of my pad/cell.

I opine, and have written of this in both *The Angel Jon*, and the sequel *The Archangel Michael*, that we are protected from obsessions and possessions by the enemy (Satan) and his underlings, (who are the “angels without number who fell from heaven” with Lucifer,) only by the presence of the Holy Spirit within us, and/or by any of the Lord’s faithful angels who I pray the Lord to encamp around me.

(In Jesus’s Name, Amen.)

So, that satanic bible was such an unclean and unholy thing that the Holy Spirit probably bailed, leaving me open to the ene-

my's spiritual attack, and hence the depression and foreboding and whatnot.

Remember, the hosts of Satan are only stopped from straight killing us to make sure we are hell bound without getting the chance to know Jesus is Lord, because the Lord made and enforces the rules and guidelines by which all beings must abide.

This, even though Satan was "given dominion of the Earth."

Headline News: CA Pays \$78,000 to Punish Man for a \$22.00 Shoplifting!

I call Lompoc FCI "Lompoc" because I never was in the town of Lompoc to differentiate, but the Chumash Indians apparently lived there for 10,000 years according to Wikipedia, and the word "Lompoc" itself is derived from the Chumash word *Lum Poc* that means "stagnant waters" or "lagoon."

I thought the "stagnant waters" part of the translation particularly appropriate when applied to the land that a prison was built upon where people's lives are theoretically "on hold" or stagnating. In fact, most people could say that we were stagnating in there, as far as upward mobility in our lives.

But many of us used our time to the best advantage that we could. For instance, I would never have ever started writing my poems, except for being in jail and on my way to prison. I would never have taken all the mechanical courses, business courses, and others had I not been in prison. And finally, I would never have started and written half of my first published fictional novel *The Angel Jon*, had I not found my self once again in prison just thirteen years ago, for a probation violation for something that I did fifteen years before that: shoplifting the \$22 carton of Marlboros when I was still a dope fiend, before my Salvation.

The following is stepping out of the timeline, but oh well... briefly:



Yes, I left the state of California once again to never return, but after thirteen years I did return to work a construction job, and lo, got roused and asked for ID, for sleeping next to the job site in my car after being back in the California for only one day. Then, I got arrested for that ancient probation violation and for that carton of Marlboros from fifteen years before. I had already done one year in Los Angeles County Jail for those Marlboros, as California lawmakers with nothing better to do, had turned that shoplifting of twenty-two bucks into a felony, to now call it “petty theft with a prior conviction.”

Of note is that California/Los Angeles County paid about \$30,000 to keep me in their county jail for that twenty-two dollar carton of Marlboros. And then, thirteen years later because I violated probation by “absconding” (meaning that I had left the state), California decided to pay another \$48,000 or so more behind that same carton to keep me in prison to what, teach me a lesson? I lost my car and all my tools and clothing yet again and was sent to Wasco and then Corcoran, California State Prisons for sixteen months.

The judge that I now found myself before was not the original judge who sentenced me those many years before, but who now told me that it didn’t matter that I had pretty much kept my nose clean those thirteen years out of state...

“...your old judge retired, and as the new judge I am honor bound to abide by the old judge’s decision which was and is... that any violation on your part would send you to do prison time for the balance of your sentence.”

“Thud!”

“You are righteous, Lord, even when I bring a complaint to you. But I want to discuss justice with you. Why does the way of the wicked prosper, while all who are treacherous are at ease?” Jeremiah 12:1 (ISV, International Standard Version)

Clarke’s commentary on Jeremiah 12:1, “Righteous art thou, O Lord, when I plead with thee...” The prophet was grieved at the

prosperity of the wicked; and he wonders how, consistently with God's righteousness, *vice should often be in affluence, and piety in suffering and poverty*. He knows that God is righteous, that every thing is done well; but he wishes to inquire how these apparently unequal and undeserved lots take place. On this subject he wishes to reason with God, that he may receive instruction.

»»» Crime Does Pay? «««

Okay, I'm at my wit's end...
I'm a convict, who won't lend,
Any more life...
To Barney Fife...
I'll go straight after this bend.



Cops, COs, or "the man"...
I've given all that I can.
Hey there sport...
I'm your support...
I'm your bread winning plan.



As you look down your nose at me,
What you really should see...
Is a big dollar sign...
When I'm on "Main-line..."
KA-CHING! For you till I'm free.



So, screw me "screw" as you wish,
From the time I came as a "fish."
But isn't it true...
Officer Blue...

“Time served,” is served on your dish?



You should respect me for that,
Petulant badge wearing brat..
Mere “turn-key” skills...
Pay your bills...
From crime, it’s you getting “phat!”



What skills here do you do?
It’s easy street here for you...
So do not say...
“Crime doesn’t pay...”
As for you that isn’t true.



Richard Gartner
4/6/01

Richard Gartner with George Gartner

DIRTY HARRY... MY HERO!

If you are still thinking that everyone with a badge risks life and limb all the time like you see on TV, well, don't believe that as you may as well believe in Spiderman or Batman. I don't even know how much of this heroic breaking of the law in the name of the law on TV is government sponsored propaganda to justify throwing the Bill of Rights and the Constitution out the window, and/or were produced like any action adventure yarn/fiction, to just sell theater tickets or TV advertising time.

I know I went over this before in a preceding chapter, but here I am kind of laying the groundwork for what I believe is pointing toward the mindset of the masses that will make the world fertile for the anti-christ to come into power.

Just think for a minute, about the cops n' robber TV programming that our past and future peace officers have been weaned on from pups, and somewhat programmed with.

Here is a typical example of cop shows since way before such as "Dirty Harry and "48 Hours", and on through to today's versions of the same type of story in Superman script:

The heroic rogue cop whose gun and badge had been stripped from him for doing dirty deeds of his own, proceeded immediately to illegally purchase rocket launchers and Uzis, and went out and *accidentally* blew up half the city and knocked the other half down with various wheeled conveyances, while chasing the 'Blue Meanie' to avenge himself and preferably kill, (but, if he couldn't get around it) stop the bad guys.

This (typically typecast) invariably handsome, smiling, blemish-less "talking head" unit who looked like he stepped off of the front page of GQ, was justifiably confused about the minor

details, like how in the world it was possible that his wonderfulness was somehow misunderstood by Internal Affairs, just because he broke ninety-seven and three-fourths laws himself, in apprehending or snuffing the bad guy!

Hey, it's ok as he "broke the law in the name of the law" but also just look how "innocently" clean-cut and handsome the good guy cop is, and look how guiltily dirty and ugly is this nasty unshaven looking mutt of a bad guy!

So, we have the (also typically typecast) pock-marked viscous unwashed raper of 17 ½ babies on the way to indiscriminately kill dastardly everyone he could find, (and some he couldn't find), while still on the way to robbing a bank where he took four nuns and six virgin beautiful charity workers hostage. (Long sentence, but you get the drift of my imparting.)

Anyway, because ultimately the good guy got his man, no one cared that the city was destroyed with forty-seven people hurt accidentally as the city fell on their heads or they were caused to crash their cars in the chase scenes. And no one cares that the good guy broke more laws in one day than most bad guys on death row had done in their lifetimes, or that the good guy's size thirteen clodhoppers had tromped "the Bill of Rights" and "The Constitution of the United States back into the wood pulp from which material they were written on, while his defecations upon a grip of city, state, and Federal statutes was condoned/overlooked. For at the end we see the exonerated good guy GQ dude get his badge and gun back and an "attaboy" from the assembled gold braided multitudes.

Then he gets the key to the city, at least one of the "six beautiful virgin charity worker babes" and the admiration of his superiors and his peers, which peers plan to emulate him in one way, and that is to just also do what they want in the name of the law, whether it breaks the law or not.

In another way, they won't emulate the unbelievably heroic hero, in that they won't exactly copy the heroic ways of this fic-

tional super hero cop, as far as personally taking on adversity one on one, without calling for an army, a tank, and an Apache gunship, and if near water, the Coast Guard or US Navy for backup.

I know that I go overboard a bit, and extrapolate to an extreme with my descriptors, but I effort to entertain you and myself, by using a colorful, if not exact, written painting of an otherwise true dismal picture.

You see, this is not just me venting to vent, but to prove/show how our country and the world is being prepared for the anti-Christ to take power: I mean to point out that our own president got busted breaking the law, then appointed his own successor who pardoned him. Ol' "Tricky Dick."

Our young and not-so-young people in the justice system, from the governor to the mayor, to the cop chiefs on down to the little cops on the beat, were weaned on these programs and/or propoganda, and in due course end up with a mindset that once they have their badges they are above the law, and can at whim act outside of the law.

Now, Homeland Security is allowed to legally violate our Constitution and the Bill of Rights in the name of the law.

It is these very documents that are now made redundant and impotent, that were the average citizen's only protection from America becoming an elitist police state, and a forged tool ready for use by the Antichrist.

Make no mistake, the enemy, ol' Lucifer himself, and his underlings, are orchestrating all this, and using their human pawns in authority to prepare for the rule of the Antichrist.

Who is going to enforce our rights, when the enforcers are the ones that are the problem? And what "unalienable rights" and what "truths" are *still* "self evident" after 9/11 pushed our county even further down the path of totalitarianism, and into a "police state?"

None of this should surprise anyone, as it jives exactly with how prophetic scripture shows that the world's "powers and prin-

cialities” will have to be configured for the Antichrist to come to power, and be able to quash any resistance to his regime.

You see where I am going with this...ie: the Antichrist will have an army of Gestapo-like police already in place, who are already allowed to investigate and detain by any means anyone they chose in the name of “national security,” and hold them without trial.

“I also examined on earth: where the halls of justice were supposed to be, there was lawlessness; and where the righteous were supposed to be, there was lawlessness.” Ecclesiastes 3:16 (ISV)

“I told myself, ‘God will judge both the righteous and the wicked, because there is a time set to judge every event and every work.’” Ecclesiastes 3:17 (ISV)

Anyway, putting the end of the world aside for lighter writing and reading: Today’s domestic heroes in my opinion are firemen and coastguardsmen, and only very, *very* infrequently any kind of supposed Peace Officer whose mandate used to be: “to protect and to serve.” But who are now all part of Homeland Security.

Whereas, the least cop in a third-world county takes his life in his hands daily just going out there, or one of our boys overseas in combat could get their butts handed to them at any time 24/7, ours are the highest paid gravy train “Peace Officers” in the world. Witness, as I lived in San Jose, California at the time this portion of this book was written.

Salary and Benefits–San Jose Police Department

www.sjpd.org/joinsjpdblue/SalaryBenefits.html

CachedSimilar

Undo

Academy pay is \$33.28 an hour, until sworn in as a police officer; Police officer, starting step 1 salary \$80,641;
Police officer, ending step 7 salary \$116,093 ...



So the San Jose boys get thirty-three bucks an hour just to go to the academy whether they pass or fail? I never heard of such a thing. Then if accepted in the P.D. they “start” at eighty grand a year? I have been in Trade Unions for years, but our lobbying for wages and benefits, compared to how those in authority and government can just rape the taxpayers’ coffers at whim, is a joke. But it is the trade unions that are always pointed out as corrupt.

Then you gotta admit also that very powerful someone’s are pulling strings for a first year cop on the beat to get this kind of money plus great benefits.

As I say though, it is all kind of irrelevant except to point out the corruption, as the bigger picture needs to be looked at when oriented ending times-wise.

Which is that the entire world probably needs to be bankrupted and starving, to where riots and revolutions cause totalitarian police states and “Martial Law” declared worldwide, and then the anti-Christ will step in and have all the answers. He will be voted in as world leader, and all the little police states will become one big concentration camp under his leadership. You will be put to death or starve, if you do not comply with his ways and get his mark of the beast.

This “mark of the beast,” I believe, will just be a tattoo bar-code type thing that incorporates some kind of electronic implant that will not only identify you with the regime but will enable you to buy and sell. No more Visa or ID cards will be needed.

»»» Soul Bowl «««

The game was in the last inning,
But the score had more sinning.
The Lord was sore...

Keeping the score...
Saddened by who was winning.



Home team advantage was hell,
The world would surely tell.
All should beware...
The spirited air...
And pray for the final bell.



Jesus coached the one team...
The 'visitors' it would seem.
They were sent in...
To try to win...
This nightmare to a dream.



Some were in not of the land.
No cheerleader or a band.
Wished them well...
Against Hell...
But surely they needed a hand.



Opposed was a legion arrayed.
Demonic brutes were displayed.
A satanic host...
Of the most...
Powerful beings made.



The coach of this nasty horde,
Amused himself when bored.
This "roaring lion"...

Toyed with Zion...
Confusing them who is Lord.



As it was without a doubt,
The Jesus team was in route.
Christians withstood...
As Salvation could...
But sheep got lost in each bout.



Some men were fumbling so sad,
Their sinful natures so bad.
The demons grinned...
As men sinned...
Because of the natures they had.



Some Christians even got sacked,
Sometimes when attacked.
Spirits of air...
Didn't play fair...
And Hell looked to be packed.



Then came a joyous sound,
Or so the Christians found.
Had Jesus lost?
No He'd tossed...
The coin for the final round.



The first string came to the fore,
A thousand times one forty four.
The new players...

Fought with prayers...
The demons had not heard before.



It was Judeo Christian zeal,
The enemy began to feel.
They had faith too...
But these Jews knew...
That the “game” was for real.



Now the Christian cheered the Jew,
And Jew cheered Christian too.
The Enemy heard ...
The Lord’s Word...
They had lost again, they knew.



A second coming was to blame.
Angels sang His mighty Name.
Men did choose...
Their souls to lose...
But Jesus had won the game!



Richard Gartner
7/7/06

STAGNANT WATERS

You will recall that my longest single incarceration was in a place whose name appropriately translated into “stagnant waters”? Well, about three months after getting to Lompoc, it came my turn to go to the Parole Board, who told me escape charges had been dismissed and would not be filed (they could still file for up to one year though) and then promptly told me that I now had to do all my remaining time until my “mandatory release” date at four years into my sentence.

You see, on the six-year Youth Act that I was in on, and all other youth sentences as well, there was no “good time” or work time”, the both of which on an adult sentence would get you one third off for “good behavior” i.e.: good time and work time done “good.”

Anyway, youth sentences didn’t get any of that action. You could do every day like I ended up doing on my six years. But, the 5010b specific sentence of six years that I had, had a mandatory parole at the four-year point. It was even called your “Mandatory Release Date.” This, I believe was because the judges didn’t intend for the prison system or the parole board to arbitrarily turn teenage youths into “career criminals” and adult convicts, by never giving them a second chance to try to turn things around. It is fact that many an inmate who tries to do his best and stay “out of the mix” still gets caught up in things in prison to where the year or so he should have done ends up being years within which any chance of being rehabilitated has long since come and gone, and thus the prison system has made a malleable young offender into a hardened convict.

Quite a few other things stand out in memory from my time supposedly stagnating. Though I may of painted a picture earlier in this book of what we used to call “gladiator school” type prison,

as fights, stabbings, and riots occurred, things were in no way as bad as any of the other adult facilities I have been in before or after Englewood and Lompoc.

One of the reasons for this was the Federal Bureau of Prison Budget was over twice that of most states. There were things to do even for the ignorant to improve themselves, and there were things for the inmate gorillas to do instead of thumping their chests and beating on things and their fellow gorillas, or on more peaceful inmates.

You will recall the saying about how idle hands and minds breed trouble? Well, truly, if you keep the lowbrow troublemakers busy with things that even one who is illiterate can do, you can have peace. Just like children deprived of toys/another focus for their attention, will get together and start picking on the weakest one of them. I think the feds were smart enough to realize this, and had the budget to put the: "Keep the men *and* gorilla busy plan" into effect.

The feds made sure that people had money in there as well. You earned money in Prison Industries, as I said, but almost any job you had in the joint the Feds made sure you got a little something for the doing of it. MSA it was called. The initials stand for "Meritorious Service Award."

But it wasn't that you had done a function so wondrously that you "merited" an "award" like a first place prize. Basically you got it for any humdrum effort, as long as you hadn't gotten a disciplinary report during that month.

I became the dental assistant/clerk, which was a high-ranking position in the jail-house scheme of things, as it required typing and filing and scheduling in my little cubby-hole of a receptionist type office, but I also had to learn how to take x-rays, make impressions, and do "chair side assists." I got \$35.00 a month for learning and doing this job, and again as I have just said that "keeping busy" is good for otherwise troublemaking idle

hands and minds, it is also wondrous at making time fly instead of dragging.

The job was especially gravy train for me, because Dr. Harer, and Dr. Case, were really cool guys to work for. They actually bought me a 1968 Dodge Charger when I made parole at the four-year point of my six years.

Speaking of which, I was paroled on my Mandatory Release Date. I don't really recall all of the details but here goes an effort at remembering and imparting it.

I got paroled back to Los Angeles. I don't know where I stayed at. It must have been a "halfway house" or maybe to the Cavallo's pad. (You recall the six brothers and two sisters of my informal foster family?)

True to their word, the good dentists from Lompoc bought me a car, a beautiful 1968 Dodge Charger. It was bright red with all black interior and bucket seats. At that time the 'Mopars' were the fastest of the stock muscle cars, to where the Charger RT, and the Challenger RT had a high end off the factory floor, of 171 miles an hour.

So, I "be havin' things" one might think, but no way were the good doctors going to buy me something to get in trouble in. I mean, someone such as myself in his early 20s fresh out of prison and "feeling his oats" turned loose on an unsuspecting world with the fastest stock car put out by Detroit? "UH, Negatory!"

So, it turned out that this particular car came with a 225 cu. in. motor instead of even just a small block 318, or the RT versions that came with a 383 or the massive 440.

To further embarrass this beautiful automobile, was that its shifter was a "three on the tree" (a three speed column shift).

It was in the budget range, and I figured that I could stick a better powerplant in it later on, and in the meantime, it looked like I was 'havin' things' to the girls. (A very big deal when a man is in his early twenties.)

Now, I know that you might think that as low-riders that we didn't care for muscle cars, but that isn't so. We raced each other just like the 'muscle head' yuppies, and 'motor heads' did. For instance, Guy Cavallo had a '66 GTO, and David had a '67 Chevy Impala fastback, and they raced all of the time.

Now, I had this race car looking thing that looked like it was going places in a hurry, but when some 'Vette or Mustang would pull up beside me at a light and rev their engines with throaty growls of their big V-eights, all I could do is act like I had something under the hood but didn't want to sully myself or my ride with responding, and would just putt away leisurely. (Like, I had a choice!)

In fact, that car was far too heavy for that motor, transmission and clutch, and must have been specially ordered to have come like it did from the factory. I had not had it but a very short while before finding that just to get the doggone thing going from a dead stop, I had to give it a lot of gas and a whole lot of clutch action. In other words, I couldn't just give it a bit of gas and dump the clutch as the car was so heavy and the engine so gutless that the car would stall. So I had to literally burn up the clutch just to get the thing going from a dead stop every time.

When the clutch went out, we of course put the new clutch, pressure plate, and throw-out bearing in ourselves. (You could do that back in the day if you were mechanically inclined). When we went to buy the parts though from an auto parts guy we did a lot of business with, he volunteered that I was going to go through clutches left and right as the clutch and pressure plate diameter were, I believe, only nine and one-quarter inches and were not designed for the load/weight of my car.

Argh!

PAROLE, LAS VEGAS, AND DODGE CHARGERS

I wasn't out of jail long enough to put in another clutch anyway, as I was growing tired of the mundane unexciting existence of (if I recall right), working at 'Sam's Roast Beef Sandwiches' in Santa Monica. One day I had just changed oil in the Charger, and had just gotten paid recently to where I had 168.00 to begin with, or anyway, had 168.00 left when I got to Las Vegas.

You may have discerned that I wasn't very big on stopping to weigh consequences much back then, so spur of the moment in greasy oily t-shirt and jeans, I drove to Vegas.

I had been there several times with the Cavallos as a juvenile, and things weren't so ruled and regulated in the sixties, so your money was good if you were tall enough.

I liked roulette. I would play even money bets, which were black or red, or odds or evens, or first or second half of the board. ("Even money bets" were when you bet a dollar you stood to only win a dollar.) Outside of my bets were zero and double zero, which were at the top of the board all by themselves. I calculated it out on the drive there to be that I had a 48 percent chance if I just walked up to the table and dropped my money on an even money bet, as that was of virtually half of the board, except the two green zeros.

But my plan was to stand there and watch without playing until, say, the ball fell on black three times, and then I would step up to bet on red. Or, if it came up odds three times straight, then I would bet on the even numbers. I don't know if you know roulette but there are eighteen black and eighteen red numbers for

instance, and then the two green zeros. So blindfolded theoretically you have almost a fifty/fifty chance.

Anyway, they took all my money till I only had twenty-five left and that was to get home on.

Oh well. I plunked my last \$25 down, won, and for the rest of the night I could not lose. (Well, I lost here and there but by then I could easily afford it.)

At the time the Vegas Roulette maximums were pretty much all \$1,000.00 maximums, no matter the casino, so with my system of waiting three times and then starting low at 5 bucks, (which was the \$1,000 tables minimum), they take my five and then I go twenty-five to win twenty as I just lost five, but if they take my twenty I go 100 to win seventy-five as they took my five and my twenty already, and so on. I bet 5, 25, 100, 200, 500, and then the max of 1,000.

For the casino to win, the ball had to not land on what I was betting *nine times straight*, as I was supposed to wait three turns of it not hitting black for instance, before I would bet for 6 more times on red. I stood to lose 1,830.00, or at the most win 170.00 playing this system, if I didn't just bet my hunches.

Now, there is no doubt in my mind that most casinos roulette tables are fixed to where a button gets pushed and the ball has magnetic opposites and attractions in colors and odds on the wheel, which repel and attract the magnetic charge within the ball.

Believe it.

Anyway, I believed it then, and still do, except at the Atlantis Casino in Reno, which I believe belongs to such a rich Arab, that he has fair gaming going on there. I know one thing—Reno locals and casino employees from whatever casino that is in the loop and in the know, go to the Atlantis to do their gambling. Or so my cabbie told me when first he brought me there from out of downtown Reno just a few years ago.



Getting back to the Las Vegas trip...

In any event, after I saw that “my luck” had changed, I would go into a casino and stand between two roulette tables if they had them, and just at whim drop “big money” on even money bets on both tables. Usually the bet would be from 100 to 500, leaving me room for at least one “double up” if I lost.

The casinos at that time all had their dealers call “green money played here boss” if you bet a green \$25 chip, or they would call “big money played here boss” if you bet a black chip or 100 dollars of any combination of chips. This was not really intended for the even money bettors who the casino would only lose one for one if the player won, but in case those amounts were played by someone directly on a number, which would pay thirty-six to one. So, even just a \$25 bet by thirty-six could mean a pay out of 900, and so on.

I believe part of why they call out to the pit bosses is to shill in more bettors to come see the action, and so participate themselves by being the remora following the shark (me in this instance). Ultimately, we would all be set up for all to get slaughtered and lose what we had been let win, and a big chunk of our own money.

I didn’t give them a chance. As soon as I hit a couple of times and before they decided to push buttons and get it all back and more besides, I scooped up my winnings and boned out.

I had this big premonition about when the pit boss would come up to the table and lean against it after I had won a few hundred or better. That would be all folks, and I would burn rubber to the cashier’s window and cash my chips in.

After a few hours I was way up and broke the seams in my wallet as no one had thousand-dollar bills, and I had tried to fold my wallet with I believe over sixty one hundred dollar bills. This was besides the money in my pocket to use for gambling, and the

ever-increasing pile of twenty-five and hundred-dollar chips that I had from various casinos.

The deal with the chips was that I figured that if I lost all the cash I had won in a casino that I would still have a thousand or so in chips only redeemable at the casinos they had come from. That was my safety net.

I was “comped” rooms a couple of times at different casinos by the pit bosses who seeing that I was leaving with their money, wanted to provide me with a place to refresh myself and hopefully come back down to be sheared of my money like a sheep of its wool.

“Thanks” And I did go up and try to relax and sleep. My eyes looked like every vein had burst. I was oily and greasy not just from thirty weight motor oil, but from stress and sweating those big bets.

I tried to rest for a few minutes, but being on a “hot streak” was any gamblers dream, and so I got up and went back into action.

I ended up in the wee hours with a bit over 18,000.00. My pockets and busted seam wallet were full of money, and I had found another safety net in getting a casino money receipt for 6,700.00 instead of carrying everything all in cash. That amount was what in just the one casino that I went to cash out at the cashiers window. Not that I had won that much, as perhaps I had lost five grand in doubling up before winning enough to justify cashing out.

I sleazed up between or to the tables, probably the sleaziest greasy scum bucket in the casino, and the more exhausted my red rimmed eyes the quicker I wanted to just bet, win, and move on. My plan was to do the casinos on the strip, and be done.

I would pig-pen my way up to the tables, where well-dressed bejeweled folks would begrudgingly, upon my asking to be excused, let me reach in between them as they sat comfortably ensconced upon their stools. (I don't know if you know this, but the reason that I initially stood while waiting for my time to bet

my system, was that if you are sitting you are supposed to bet every play.) That can get to be really expensive seating.

Anyway, I would grudgingly be allowed access where all and sundry expected me to bet the minimum of the five bucks perhaps appropriate to my attire and disheveled state, and then eyeballs would bulge as I proceeded to pull out a wad to choke a horse and peel off some “big money.” Then the smiles would come out.

If it was one of those times when the house got a couple of hundred off of me to begin with, and I then bet 500 to double up efforting to recoup my losses and to win 300, the dealer would be shilling the crowd and talking to the pit boss by repeating over and over: “Big money played here boss!” Even when dude knew the pit boss was aware, he would still keep repeating loudly: “Big money played here! Big money!”

Nowadays, an eye *might* be batted if you bet a grand.

It didn't matter whether I had won or lost, as those hundreds in bills or black chips were a magnet of their own in that others at the table would start putting their money with mine. People standing like me, who had been drawn to the “big money” shilling, would also put money with mine. This is what the casino liked to encourage, and they would let me win just to be an advertisement.

But bam! That was their mistake, as I knew that unless other people were playing big money, that the play would be square, and if I could hit for a couple of hundred or a grand before the pit boss moseyed over we were all probably still getting a fair shake. They really didn't mind losing a grand or so to me to get a bunch of people playing along with me, because their turn was just around the corner when with button pushed, they would just take and take and take. I've seen the table come up thirteen times straight without hitting what comprises virtually half of the board.

Straight up, folks, I don't know what the odds are of a roulette table not hitting one of the eighteen out of only thirty-eight numbers on the table for thirteen times straight. But I expect you

could spin a not rigged table until you die at 110 years old, and still not see that happen honestly.

Anyway, off I would go with their money. But it was still a win-win situation for them, as they had pulled in the crowd to witness my winning, which the crowd would take to mean that they could get a fair shake and win also, either at roulette or at another game, and lo, the sheep were led to the slaughter.

Baaaaa, baaaah! The sheep ultimately complained when “fleeced” of their greenery.

There came the time when other characters as unsavory looking as myself, witnessed not only the unusual event of my skungey appearance being contradicted by a ‘wad’ of cash coming out of the pocket that had the money I played with, but the losing of all of that couple of thousand to where I had to dig out the massive “roll” out of my other front pocket to back my play.

In this instance if I recall, I had done the 200 to 500 to 1,000 dollar maximum, and lost. I was down 1,700, and followed up with another maximum bet to recoup my losses somewhat. The casino won that too, and so I was down 2,700.00. As I said I was getting mighty tired and mighty indifferent to losing or winning in the initial stages of the start of my play at any given casino.

Only after I lost a bit and the stakes were getting up there did I wake up and the adrenalin got started pumping again.

So, I am down 2,700, and don't even know what the plays on this wheel have been. I came in, saw the ball on something, and immediately plunked down two or three hundred dollar hunch bet on whatever. A few plays later and I am out 2,700.

When I was forced to pull out my roll of perhaps 8 thousand which I tried to keep hidden while I only pulled out a small wad of cash to play with like it was all that I had, there were perhaps thirty pairs of eyes on me that could see that roll.

I peeled off ten 100s, and the whispers that I heard weren't too complimentary as they mostly had to do with what I had already

lost, and that since I couldn't double up to win my money back, I should just call it and give up.

I won, and they gave me I think 500 dollar chips so I might hazard another big chunk all at once to where doubling up wouldn't get me far if I lost.

I held that grand until just before the dealer waved his hand over the wheel and called "no more bets," before I plunked that grand down on another hunch and won again. The roll had already long since been returned to my left pocket, and I put my three grand winnings in my right where I kept my "play money." I was still down 700 from the whole deal, but wasn't about to push my luck after the buckets I had just sweat, while also knowing that they were doing the cat and mouse thing, and were fixing to push the heck out of that button.

Anyway, I stopped playing even though still down, but had a few grand in that casino's chips to cash in.

And, other sleazy dudes knew that I was the first national bank of Dusty, as they had seen me pull out my roll, and had seen me put the three grand in the other pocket. It was time for "discretion to be the better part of valor." I moseyed around the casino and watched behind me and sure enough some scumbags were following me.

I don't recall if I went to a pit boss, or directly to one of the zillion security dudes, but suffice it to say that we meandered around for a bit until somewhat sure that dudes were not dogging my heels still before leading them to my car. And then we got to the car and I tipped security dude well. And off I went.

I continued my overall winning, and ended up at some casino or other actually too beat to play any longer. I think I left the Charger somewhere to start taking cabs, so to not have to be escorted to the various casino's parking lot's nether regions where without using the valets, was the only parking available. I mean, I would have used the valet parking but didn't want any potential followers to know my bright red "sticks out like a neon light bulb" car.

I was now officially like “pig-pen” the comic character of Charlie Brown fame, but a greasy sleazier looking one. I approached the hotel desk, and got the same eyeballing that I had been getting all over the place. The desk clerk, or whatever and some management dude dressed pretty nice, together with the bellman, valet, or what ever label the guy I subsequently found to be named one Tom, all were eyeballing me with that “you iz in da wrong place dude” look.

I said something in regards to how I been getting the same look as ya’ll are give me all over town, and that I’d been too busy winning thousands to stop and make myself pretty. I told them I’d been comped rooms in two casino hotels, but was too tired to go back just to save fifty bucks, and proceeded to dig out wads of cash and gobs of various denomination chips from almost every casino on the strip. They were mostly big chips, 100s and 500s, but you get change to tip the waitresses with, and I had a few little ones.

I got a receipt for most of the cash, and that is when I found out that I had over \$18,000.00 without counting all of the smaller chips.

I knew right then what I was going to do when I got up.

Tom took me up to my room and told me he could get me “anything” I wanted pretty much. And, then left to return with a photo album of all kinds of showgirl looking babes.

Anyway, I had to pass on all that. The next morning (I mean later on that day as it was almost daylight when I got the room), I rescued the Charger from whatever casino I had left it at, and first drove to the nearest bank to get some thousand dollar bills instead of the wads of 100 dollar bills that I had, and then a bunch of smaller dudes and still a pile of chips that I needed to go back to each casino to cash in.

The banks told me no one except the government had thousand or ten thousand dollar bills anymore, but they could order them for me.

Oh well...I tried, and so off to do what I had really planned for that day's agenda...but just in case and to make sure...I went into the nearest casino and hit for 500 and then immediately split.

"Aha, I still got it!" And off to the master plan at Las Vegas Dodge. Yes, you guessed it—time to upgrade the Charger, for when next some dude came up beside me and revved his motor at me.

I pulled in to Las Vegas Dodge and told them I wanted a 383 or a 440 put in, and a four on the floor transmission, power windows and door locks, tilt steering and things ad-infinitum, and cost was no object.

Dude told me it would be cheaper to buy a brand new car, because my car didn't have the rear end and drive line to support the torque of the monster Mopar engines, and my suspension wasn't built for the weight. And my dinky exhaust system would need to be totally changed out. Then my steering column had to be changed and my console wasn't the right one for a 4 on the floor and on and on.

Argh!

He talked me into buying this really sweet looking luxury 1973 Dodge Charger Special Edition with a 400 cubic inch Magnum motor. It was gold metal flake with a white Landau top with three slotted windows on each side along the big silver SE emblem, and all and all was a delight to behold. The front end was down and the back end was designed to look upswept like a dragster.

It was a low-rider and hot rod all in one. Then you popped the hood and there gleamed the power plant. The black air cleaner had a big red 440 Magnum written on it, and it had two air intakes as opposed to any car's one that I have ever seen before or since.

I took it for a test drive and putted around town. It was a "dealer's demo" car, which meant (according to them) that they kept it around to show off to people and take test drives with, as

I think that model continued until 1975. So, it had been around the lot for a while as it was then 1974 and the car was as I said a '73. The price was right at \$3900.00 I thought, but what did I know or care. Here was a shiny new toy to impress the home team back at the pad with.

So what did they offer me on my '68 Charger? Two lousy hundred dollars. "Blah, blah, blah, no one will buy it so underpowered." But I had already discussed with him about dropping in a 318 'small block' Mopar V-8 instead of the 'big block' 383s and 440s. So, I knew what was up and besides, that gutless wonder had a ton of sentimental value to me.

I got on the phone and called Dennis Day back in LA, and arranged to get some plane tickets for he and some of the girls we knew to fly into Vegas, so we could play for awhile, but really so Dennis could drive my '68 home. I did not want to gamble any more and was thinking about all the ways to spend that money back home.

The plane tickets to and from, weren't too much at all back then, especially coming *in to Vegas* because of all the deals sponsored by the casinos to get folks to fly in and lose their butts, then their children's college funds. (Not necessarily in that order)

"Hey, we'll pay your way, just come on down and don't forget the checkbook and credit cards. Yuk yuk!"

Anyway, I went to the McCarran Airport and bought tickets, then called Dennis. Now, unfortunately, I had like a four-hour wait. I fumble thumbed around the airports slot machines and lost a few shekels, but time was a-dragging and the slots were a-boring me to tears, so I just had to leave the airport and go to the nearest big casino, walk in.....pause...I forgot to tell you that ol' Tom at the hotel I stayed the night in (either the Aladdin or Stardust) got someone to open the in-house clothing store, and I had cleaned up and bought some duds to wear after my hydrotherapy/shower.

Well, I don't know if I can blame the clothes or not for jinxing me, because of that tester 500 that I won real quick on the way to the Dodge dealer. But whatever this casino closest to the airport was; flat cleaned my clock in short order.

Course I thought my poop didn't stink and walked in and dropped big money from the gate, and maybe it was another 500 again, which once taken only left me one double up to the thousand point, and then I was at table maximum and had no where to go to recoup.

They took a grand from me three times in a row on that table, without throwing me a kiss. Then my dumb butt played two tables at once with the same dismal type results.

I think I only had three or four grand left when I called it quits. But licking my wounds subsequently still waiting for Dennis and crew, I figured that as all knew the casinos were organized crime owned and operated, it may well have been that my picture had been circulated just like a card counter's would be, and as soon as I walked up to anyone on the strip's roulette table, they were going to start pushing buttons and not even throw the dog a bone as they knew I would take the bone and run with it. It was still early in the day too, and the bulk of gamblers being vampires and all...well... I was kind of the "Lone Ranger" and no one was around to watch the tables do abnormal things from buttons pushed, nor was there anyone around for the skill deal to where they let me win to draw in the suckers. Nope, I think they just glued the button on down.

They just took my cash without even giving me a smile or a kiss.

Now, Dennis Day was a really cool dude. He was a Harley man, whose old lady Christine was the sister of David Cavallo's old lady Rena. So, we were all pretty close.

When I told Dennis that I still had a grand or so to party with, but had pretty much just lost the cash that I was going to do the town with them with, he allowed as how just taking the

plane and “getting out of Dodge” (Los Angeles in this instance) for a while, was cool.

I believe I got us rooms for the night after we went and got the ‘68 from Las Vegas Dodge, and lo...when we came to pick up the car dude nonchalantly sidled up to me and offered me (I think) 500 or more for the car, now that he knew I had someone to drive it.

Yeah right... Later bye...and off we went with both Chargers.

It all turned out just fine and everyone had a great time. I put a few bucks into the slots and that was the extent of my gambling personally, but I gave out some green so the troops could play with the spinning wheels and flashing lights.

Funny how spoiled I had gotten in just a day of having pockets full of cash. I felt broke and like a loser for a bit as I left that casino by the airport, which had vacuumed the bulk of my winnings from me in fifteen minutes flat. And I feel fairly certain that buttons were pushed and felt dumb for giving them the opportunity.

That is...that I felt bad all the way to the new Charger that awaited me in the parking lot. Then feeling in my pockets the several grand that I still had, and knowing that my friends were flying in, which I knew that for all of us was not an everyday thing but an adventure in itself, I commenced to feeling pretty good about myself. A completely paid for new car will do that for you when just twenty-four hours before you were sitting on 168 bucks, working a dead end minimum wage job, and driving a car that couldn’t get out of its own way, and...you were bored to death and hated the restrictions imposed by being on parole.

See how stupid I was, and sometimes still am today? Looking at the negatives only, and not counting the blessings. I mean to tell you...I had just gotten out of prison after years of confinement, to where being free and living under a bus, and driving a skateboard...should have been all good.

But no... Without the Lord and Holy Spirit to give you joy and peace and any sense of contentment, one cannot feel satisfied or happy with their plights, no matter even a gilded existence.

And even my old Charger was a good car, and only six years old and I owned it free and clear? And I am complaining? See the same kind of mind set happened when everything was smelling like a rose in Englewood FYC, at what should have been my last couple of months before being paroled, and still I wasn't happy, had no patience and escaped.

That was really a stupid and nutty thing to do as I was only nineteen, and could have done without doing another close to five more years for the feds, and hooking up with Ol' Ernie with ties in to the Mexican Mafia. Ergo, I may have not become a drug dealer and a "dope-fiend," and just might have gotten myself squared away to become John Q. Citizen, instead of becoming set in my ways in an ongoing crime spree lifestyle.

So, my self-destructive/taking chances with my freedom ways continued, as I was driving to Vegas with my rent money, and if I had gotten pulled over the CHP would have "run me" and found out I was on parole and out of my parole area. That is called absconding and is a violation that will send you back to prison.

Anyway, I didn't get pulled over on the way to or from Vegas, and in both chargers we caravanned back to Westchester, California, which is between Playa Del Rey and Englewood west to east and between El Segundo and Venice south to north.

That is where I basically grew up with the Cavallos, but anywhere along the coast from Santa Monica down through Manhattan Beach was my stomping grounds.

My end of poem notes say that I wrote the following poem for a dude named Hollywood while I was in Wasco State Prison. I can't recall him really, or what prompted its content.

»» In the Stretch by a Noise «««

Our limo stretched 35 feet,
When we pulled upon our street.
A-shine in smog...
Was that road hog...
Its stereo thumping a beat.



I had just paroled from jail,
Doin' time without bail,
They drove me to...
A Greyhound zoo...
But my limo was on the trail.



Now, my neighbors saw me busted,
And I think that they lusted...
Way back when...
A year or ten...
That I'd not again be trusted.



But parole I did get given,
I reflected while I was driven...
Home in style...
That with each mile...
I was a mile more from prison.



So, my neighbors gawked and spat:
"How'd you get a car like that?"
To bug them I'd say;
"Crime did pay!"

But that's not where I'm now at.



For I am really a nice guy...
I just once in a while get high,
And I suppose...
My neighbor's big nose...
I'll tweak till the day I die!



Richard Gartner
4/16/01

Richard Gartner with George Gartner

LOS ANGELES COUNTY JAIL REVISITED

I was chagrined by the gutlessness of the “Golden Goose,” which is what I named the ‘73 charger because of the gold and white but also the upswept shape of the rear of it. Anyway, in short order I found that it too was a dog as far as street racing was concerned, and was in fact a luxury car with every electric toy and button, and all that weighed in considerable. What really hurt though was that the year it was made was apparently the first year that emission laws came into effect to basically strangle a car’s horse-power in order to cut down on the fuel emissions. That Charger was such a car.

I sold it for \$2,400.00 and bought a 1966 Chevy with a 396 motor and a four on the floor, that really did light up its tires.

Some when and where shortly thereafter, I was arrested for something or other and ended up violated and back in Los Angeles County. With a new local charge, I could not do a Federal Writ of Habeas Corpus and had to sit and wait out the court process.

I was there quite a while trying to get either the state or the feds to drop their charges or their holds on me.

Wasn’t happening, but I did finally get back to Lompoc in short order after getting beaten half to death by the sheriffs.

Again, I have to qualify; as I was in Los Angeles County so many times that it is hard to keep what happened when quite straight. But in this case I surely remembered *what* happened! I’ll explain how I remember that ordeal ending up in dismissed charges, and a “forthwith removal order” back to Lompoc.

We called pancakes, wagon wheels, and French toast barn doors, and you know what “SOS” stands for (if not, as this is a

Christian Book, all I can say is the last O and S, stand for “On The Shingle.”) Anyway, there were chow halls and a continuous line of men would be coming in one door, and a continuous line was running out the other door, as by the time the first person was directed to sit at one end of the chow hall, the tables at the other end were cleared and ready to keep up the continuous flow of in and out jailbird “con-a-sewers.”

That particular breakfast, I left my cellblock in the ingoing line to the chow hall, and as we were passing the outgoing line from the chow hall I asked what was being served. Whatever it was I didn’t want, so I just crossed over and got back in the outgoing line back to our cellblock. That line however, was going back in to the upper tiers and my cell was on the lower tier.

No problem, I would just go over the upper tier railing, and climb down the bars like a good monkey till I got down to my ‘house.’ (In later years from people getting thrown over they put a wire mesh deal up so you could not climb up or down.)

I was in the act of climbing down and the Cro-Magnon officer saw me and assumed that I was trying to ‘double up’ on chow. I told him what was really up, and of course he didn’t believe me, and off to “the hole” I was sent.

In Los Angeles County at the time, they had “Sergeant’s Court,” where the Sarge listens to your tale of woe and decides how much time in the hole you do, or in a once in a blue moon instance might decide you are innocent, and can go back to regular housing. (Never actually saw that happen in all my years in the Los Angeles County Jail system, but I suppose it is a possibility... just like that Elvis is still alive.)

The room where the Sergeant pretended he had an open mind, was a high ceilinged square box with a concrete stairway going up to who knows where, behind the chair that I sat at facing the Sarge across his desk.

Sarge told me the Sheriff’s version of events, and I told him what had actually happened.



Now, for a bit of ax grinding:

(By the way in case you don't know, a Los Angeles County sheriff begins his career in supposed law enforcement by putting in about two years in a facility being a glorified turn-key pain in the butt to inmates, before if/ever he is qualified/allowed to go out on patrol and be a pain in the butt to the rest of the non-badge wearing world.)

In another aside: And what I should have informed you about earlier on in this book to lend credence to my perspectives in some regards: It is a known fact that officer type individuals have their own pecking order. And though they hang together and surely vote that all cops or cop affiliates get all the milk and gravy from the government breast that they can swindle, the cop on the street who passes the (hopefully still) stringent tests to enforce the laws on the street with a gun if need be, doesn't think too highly of turnkeys, guards, correctional officers et al.

So, even among them, it is known that COs and other turnkeys couldn't pass the physical, mental, or psychological tests to be trusted to become a cop dealing with John Q. Citizen. Whereas the only criteria to be a CO, Permanent Turnkey Sheriff (these are the deputy sheriffs whose supervisors have decided won't be allowed to police anyone outside of the jails), or guard, is that you qualified simply because you made it through the first twenty years of your life without getting busted for anything, before applying.

Now, this is not true in the Federal prison system. These old boys are almost invariably retired Armed Services men, and frankly I never met one who was an *&^%\$%^ . These men could and did walk the yard and intermingle with the convicts and inmates with impunity, as the norm.

As a matter of fact I recall an instance, (though not the details), where some kind of riot was going on in Lompoc, and a CO got cornered by some blue meanies, and a group of (I believe)

the same race as the blue meanies 'rushed' them and protected "their" CO. I mean, these good ol' boys of whatever race, had been in WWII, Vietnam, Korea, or wherever, and stayed their twenty to thirty, and earned their retirement, but boredom and wanting green above and beyond their stipends, had them hiring on as Federal COs. These men were from forty-ish to sixty, and all of the 'L' Unit Officers that I recall, were respected and liked by us to where some of them became like father figures to us.

These guys, just like the few state COs, sheriffs, and turnkeys that were vets, were not the grown versions of the former little boys who were picked on in school and elsewhere through their youths, to become young dysfunctional officer adults, with axes to grind.

These veterans were cool, used to predominantly all male environments and had empathy with us, and spoke our language. They didn't seem to look down on us as criminals, or think themselves on a higher plane than us, like we were Jews and they, the Aryan master race. These men had perhaps seen real criminals... atrocious men and women in action performing atrocities and genocides... torturing and killing folks for no real reason. Then, of course, in Vietnam almost every GI was into some kind of drug or alcohol abuse, or perhaps had nuted up and wasted civilians who may or may not have been Vietcong. So, we surely weren't the worst they had seen in their time in uniform.

They had perhaps themselves indulged and surely seen others of our troops getting high to alter their perceptions of the terrible reality of war, and in some cases a horrible blood and guts reality that but for The grace of God wasn't their own blood and guts.

Again, please recall that in this country of out of control rampant lawmakers, people are in jails and prisons for what in other civilized countries might be just shrugged at as the norms for imperfect human beings in our current stage of civilization.

Many other peoples of the world are realists as opposed to being idealists, and will not bankrupt their economies by paying

\$30,000 to \$50,000 a year trying to force people to conform to being an ideal entity without human flaws and failings. In other words, to be as Jesus Christ, and to be 'perfect'. Today's lawmakers have it that to simply discipline your children with any physical discomfort can and is construed as "child abuse", and to raise your voice with someone in your home is "domestic violence". While almost everything that was a minor issue back thirty years ago is now a felony. A speeding ticket in California cost about \$800.00 when all is said and done in added costs to the \$300.00 original fine. As a matter of fact I have a bicycle ticket for not coming to a stop, that I refuse to pay right now, which was 480.00 when I got it in 2010, and is now in 2011, over 800.00 to pay off.

Most other civilized countries cannot afford to warehouse in prisons the members of their populations who get high, or commit minor offenses.

Did I go off on a tangent or what? You heard of the book and subsequent movie: *The World According to Garp*? Well, we will just chalk up some of my digressions to ax grinding possibly tunnel visionistic impartings of *The World According to Dusty*.



To continue with my autobiographical discourse...

The Sarge slammed me with the by law maximum hole time of ten days. You are supposed to get out for at least one day before doing more than ten days of "punitive segregation" time in the "hole," as is mandated to the states by Federal law. But guess who used that for T.P?

Anyway, I stood up and kicked my chair fairly authoritatively into the Sergeant's desk, and lo...he must have pushed some button as thirty-four and a half deputy-dawgs' rushed in and proceeded to physically chastise me severely. This tug of war to where I was the unwilling rope being pulled every which way, was like to when I got skull-dragged in Englewood, but these dudes all

had a hold on me and were trying to put me down and pull and push me in different ways to where the other guys thought it was me resisting, and in turn pulled or pushed in opposition to the other group.

We ended up with me face down on that concrete stairway, which had these abrasive traction strips like might by in some bathtubs so you don't slip.

Anyway they continued shoving and pushing to where the side of my face was about ground off on those eighty grit traction strips.

Black eye, bent swollen nose, and side of face all torn up still got me straight back to the hole.

Now, in 'regular population' you can eventually get a request form for medical, and I think Los Angeles at the time just had "sick call" and you could get out to go wait for infinity to go by before you saw anyone.

In the hole... Well...forget about it.

Except the nurse had to come through and bring the prescription meds to the guys that had to have them. The nurses then, and still now in most county facilities are from the Philippines, and almost invariably seem to have been behind some door when compassion was handed out, as most of them wouldn't spit on you if you were on fire. I find this true of these gals everywhere they work, not just in jail.

Apparently, there is a monster nurse teaching facility over there in the Philippines that cranks these sad excuses for descendants of Florence Nightingale out, as every jail, prison, or county hospital you go to is inundated with them.

One Philippine nurse or nurse's aide, who was the exception, explained to me that the Philippine islands are very poor and backwards, and our jails are even somewhat preferable to the poverty and health issues of the average Filipino. So, these nurses seem to have a hard time conforming to the differences in culture, wealth, and health care and...perhaps really just don't care

from their own hardened hearts. We Americans seem to them to be spoiled from privilege while our jails are preferable to the average Philippine hovel.

See, there I go again grinding my ax, but any reader who has fallen afoul of one of these nurses knows what I mean. They wouldn't give you an aspirin if you had a bullet hole in your head.

I am in fact disabled now myself, and only yesterday October 10, 2011, I had a rare nice Filipino gal here in my home (San Jose, CA, at the time) to adjudicate some "in home support services" provided to certain handicapped people by the county. In our discussions, she flat told me that I would just be left to die in the Philippines, if I had not the money to bribe/pay for my own medical.



Back to being in Los Angeles County Main Jail's "hole"...

Anyway, I had wrapped my towel through the front bars of my cell door and was doing pull-ups from arms length out and then up to touch my forehead to the towel at the bars, right when one of these nurses came by with meds.

It is pretty dim and gloomy in there, but I had just pulled my face up to the bars when she passed by about two feet away.

She stopped and asked me what in the world had happened to me, and I just answered that the sheriffs had kicked my butt. (I knew better than to ask for anything from the dread Filipina, so I didn't embellish. Why waste breath?) Now, there are no mirrors in the hole, and surely weren't any on the way as I was dragged to the hole from where I got whapped on, so I had no idea what I looked like.

And...this was before the black and blue things had a chance to color up real nice, or the swellings to get to their final dimensions. Just whatever I looked like a couple of hours after I was beat down. She could see enough though, I guess.

She took my name and such, and surprise...shortly after she left they came and took me to see an actual doctor up on (I believe) the seventh floor of the main jail.

To make a long story short, the doc treated me and straightened my nose with a painful tweaking. He had me transferred from the hole to the jail medical ward, and then he offered to let me make some calls, which he said he was not supposed to do as I was still on disciplinary status, but he was flat tired of witnessing the Sheriff's brutality to the inmates.

I called my brother Bob, who I had then call the public defender's office to schedule to put me "on calendar" as soon as possible in front of my judge, even though my court date was like a month away.

I had told Bob how tore up I was (by then I had seen myself in a mirror) and Bob had to have done big things on the phone lines in order for a P.D. to show up to visit me the very next day.

Dude took one look at me, and after asked me what it was all about. He had already found that no charges had been filed against me for anything, whether just jailhouse disciplinary in-house, or formal court charges like for assault. (Which assault charges are the norms for how "peace officers" who are "to protect and to serve" explain how you got all messed up assaulting their fists with your face.)

The P.D. got me in court in short order, and the judge took one look at my rainbow hued visage and demanded to know how I came to look like that.

He in short order, right then and there, dismissed my case(s) "Dismissed in the Interest of Justice." He even asked me if I wanted to press charges. (That would mean staying in L.A County?)

"Uh...no thanks, Judge"

And then the court recorder/stenographer wasn't recording is why I think the Judge read the riot act to the members of the Sheriff's Dept. that were in court right then. (*I was to use what*

he subsequently said to the sheriff who was his bailiff that day, a few more times down the road of jailhouse life...)

I will use my own words and hope this is partway at least a real memory, but in effect I believe that he told the county deputy sheriff to notify the captain or watch commander at the main jail that he was not pleased, not pleased at all! The judge then proceeded to explain why, and though he didn't particularly seem to care much that a human being had been manhandled like I had been, he did care about how the Sheriffs had screwed up as regards the laws dealing with "double jeopardy."

The judge told the hapless bailiff (who are also the Sherriff's) that in my instance 'double jeopardy' would come into play as I was being held for a charge while court proceedings decided whether I was guilty or not, and in the instance where I was adjudicated guilty by my own admission or by a judge or jury, then the court would impose punishment/sentence.

However, if I was tortured/beaten by the authorities while being held in jail for a charge then that itself could and would be construed and put forward by any competent defense attorney to be punishment for the charge for which I was being held. Additional punishments might then well fall under the auspices of being "double jeopardy."

The judge told the bailiff/sheriff to tell his superiors over at the jail, that since the sheriff's department had in essence already "tried, convicted, sentenced, and punished" me, they had flat taken away his ability to judge and impose a sentence on me, so why bother to have a trial?

Lompoc Revisited

Boink! Another Writ and another chain and back to Lompoc, which was really home sweet home compared to L.A. County jail this time. I knew everyone worthy and unworthy of knowing, and they knew me, and I was "short" from the day I walked in as I only had a bit over a year left on my sentence.

A few things stand out during my last years, months and days in Lompoc, and one was that I met Ernie, and established once removed ties to the Mexican Mafia's division of international drug smugglers.

Ernie, however, was ostensibly not personally in the Mafia, but his cousin was.

Ernie had only smuggled weed, (or so he said) but he smuggled it by the tons, and when busted had airplanes and helicopters and houses, etc.... confiscated from him.

He was a very 'big cheese' in the Tucson Marijuana smuggling arena. He was in Lompoc on a ten-year Federal number running concurrent with a ten-year Arizona sentence. (You will perhaps recall how I informed you of the 'concurrent' versus 'consecutive' sentences business, as Ernie, for instance would have had to do ten Federal, and then start doing his ten for Arizona, had he not been able to get in both jurisdictions courts before doing his time, and gotten 'concurrent'. You obviously cannot get a concurrent sentence if you are already done doing time in one of the jurisdictions. And as judges haven't in my experience been known to sentence someone to "time served" retroactive while in another jurisdictions custody, it really is important that you get in to the various courts in whatever jurisdictions, to get all of your time started...hopefully running together. Again, you use the Interstate Compact Agreement to force them to take you to court to get it all handled one way or another. Of course there is no guarantee that you will get your time running together. Someone might still want you to start doing your time in another jurisdiction after finishing up in the first. Petty, but it happens.

Another thing that happened at the tail end of my sentence, was that Bob wrote me with the news that he had finally squeezed out of dear aunt katy, my Mom and Brother George's contact info. (You will note the deliberate lower case for my aunt, and the upper case for my mom and brother) Just to make the

point, but hereinafter I will refer to them normally. (Whatever the “norm” is).

I am going to digress again, but in my studies of ‘developmental psychology’ I found that the term/description/state “normal” describes how the majority of people are, or react to a given anything. In simple terms: When 100 people are asked a question, and 51 percent choose answer ‘A’, they are deemed normal, while the 49 percent who choose answer ‘B’ are abnormal. This being the democratic way, where the majority rules and sets standards that don’t allow much for individuality.

You could then extrapolate that an idealistic fascist police state could light up the ovens again, and lock up and burn the heretics. I.e. the 49 percent of us who are “abnormal.”

Yeah, I know, but I like to use extreme examples in case I am being too subtle to make my points.

Back to not digressing...

I wrote my brother George, and after some time got an enthusiastic response. I was a bit too chagrined to write my mom as... well, you can figure it out, my being a jailbird and all.

I wrote George again and told him that I could get out to a halfway house if I had family anywhere else but back in Los Angeles where the feds had told me they would not send me to a half-way house...period. (See, the feds actually seemed to want to educate and rehabilitate, then try to help you make parole, as opposed to the State machinery that would parole you to a whorehouse even though you were in prison for a sex crime.)

Anyway...another Ground AX!

It all worked out to where I put in for my last six months or so of time to be done in a halfway house somewhere around Denver, as I put in that I had family in the area.

They sent the kid to the candy shop—i.e.: Empathy House in Boulder Colorado. (Getting ahead of myself, though)

So, I had my ‘release plan’ all worked out, and the Feds decided to give me enough rope to hang myself with, and transferred me

out to the Lompoc Camp outside of and around the main prison. No walls, bars, or such like.

Of course, in short order I was taking chances by doing the Mission Impossible deal and sneaking off at night between counts and running the mile or two to the Liquor store and sneaking back in to sell a \$2 bottle of booze for ten bucks.

I lasted there about a month, but not because of anything that I personally did.

We had six-by-six 'cubicles' in dormitories with about five-foot tall partitions comprising the walls. It was my birthday, and about four or five dudes were over to my cubicle to throw a mock birthday party when the man walked up. It was already past "lights-out" time, and so he ran everyone off.

He nonchalantly was shining his flashlight around when he espied a marijuana joint under my bunk. I was busted for it and sent back in to the hole in Lompoc Prison.

The hole has two areas in the Federal pen, one is punitive, and one is 'administrative segregation.' The punitive part of the Hole is where you only got your toiletry items and letter writing materials.

The 'ad-seg' part was where inmates up on charges awaiting court, in protective custody, or awaiting in house disciplinary results stayed, and were allowed all but a few of the items that dudes in 'regular housing' were allowed. Then there were the gays, and homosexuals, and other protective custody inmates.

This you may understand to be how the feds knew to not put you in what could be construed as "punitive housing" while awaiting judgment, so not to fall afoul of being accused of "double jeopardy."

Well, there I sat, potentially able to be charged with possession of contraband in house or charged in court and get a couple of more years added to my sentence.

I didn't get charged formally, and got let go because the partitions in the camp dorms do not go all the way to the floor. Of

course the legs comprising the sides of the partition frames do, but the body of the partition starts about eight to ten inches off of the floor, and anyone from the adjacent cubicles could have thrown that joint under their partitions to end up 10-15 feet away under my bunk.

Then even if the partitions did go to the floor, I had a house full of visitors, any one of which could (and overwhelmingly probably did) toss that joint when the CO first drove up.

So, I got let go all free and good, cept' they had to get their "pound of flesh" someway, and nailed me by not letting me go back out to the camp.

Richard Gartner with George Gartner

SKILLET VERSUS THE PREZ

Now comes the saga of Skillet. He was a...what most might label a “definitely abnormal” dude serving something like fifteen or twenty years for I don’t know what, but with that kind of time it must have been a bank robbery or a meth manufacturing charge, or something like that. Might indeed have been meth, as I understand there is a cumulative loss of brain cells, and Ol’ Skillet certainly was a bit shy of those.

Anyway, Ol’ Skillet was in essence ‘L Unit’s class clown. He had a heart of gold, and the heart of a lion if need be, but was universally liked across every color or race line as an entertaining goofball. The most introverted, hate-filled, prejudiced inmate entity seemed to get along with Skillet.

It is funny how small things stand out in your memory, but Skillet’s way of dressing stands out in my memory, too, and I can even picture him well.

No matter how hot it was, Skillet wore his full Khakis, with a white t-shirt showing at his open collar. He wore army paratrooper boots all day every day (which were heavy as all get-out), with his pants tucked in at the tops. He was a wiry framed curly blonde red-neck, whom you might find in amongst huge iron driving blacks doing a work out with them on the “iron pile” (weights), or you would find him equally at home with the ‘Border Brothers’ racing up and down the field playing soccer with them. He would still be fully dressed and wearing those paratrooper boots, while all the Border Bros were in shorts and gym shoes.

It didn’t matter that neither he nor his fellow players could understand each other. Either team/side would encourage Skillet’s play, and all got on together famously.

Now, I told you about 'MSA' (Meritorious Service Award) which those who didn't work for Prison Industries, or have outside money sent in came to rely on. Skillet was one such of these, as I was to an extent unless one of my tooled purses, belts, or wallets sold out in the display case in the visiting room, or some other hustle of mine paid off, like my personal poem writing deal, or a teeth cleaning or other dental hustle.

Anyway, congress for some reason had not voted on the Federal Bureau of Prison's Budget in a timely fashion, so there was no money to pay the inmates their MSA.

That (I believe it was called an "appropriation") being late for some reason, meant that an inmate would lose that money completely, and would have to wait until the beginning of the next month for the next MSA appropriation from the Federal Prison Budget. There were no retroactive protocols.

I don't recall the exact details of how it all worked back then, but you get the gist.

Skillet's normally happy go lucky countenance had a thunder cloud wrinkled in disgust and anger brow, above blazing eyes both of which were overshadowed by the invective coming out of his mouth, and this went on for days.

Now, I had told you, but you may in any case have discerned that Ol' Skillet was not the brightest tool in the shed, but I will take a man with a heart of gold over an Einsteinian butt-head any day.

I was pretty friendly with Skillet, and most everyone was at least his 'friendly acquaintance.' I surely empathized with him as I was out my MSA of 35.00 and felt the crunch, but always had back up from somewhere to cover me if needed.

In any event, possibly because of the lack of love in my life, I had gotten pretty particular about who I called 'friends,' and who were of the majority of those I knew to be just 'friendly acquaintances.' I have never, before or since been able to even use all the fingers on just one hand to count my friends at any given point

of time in my life, as a “Friend” to me is as true family, whether of my blood or not. He or she is a brother or sister in the ideal sense of the familial term. Whereas, a brother by birth may not be my friend at all. I have of course, had more than five of these in my life, just not ever at the same time.

I was not around when some numbskulls talked my friend Skillet into doing something unusually stupid even for him.

Skillet had been ranting (among a hundred other things he was ranting about) of how he would like to get hold of the president and “turn him out” to sell certain favors to earn money to pay back Skillet what he had lost because Congress didn’t vote on the appropriations timely

Blah, blah, blah, of course he was just talking nonsense.

Some of us chipped in to help Skillet, when we went to commissary, and got him a little something or other.

In all honesty, Skillet probably got 20.00 MSA a month, and nothing from his family, and to get MSA you have to not have had any disciplinary problems or have been written up for anything, while performing your assigned work detail satisfactorily. Skillet felt he had earned that money, and he had. There were hundreds of inmate/convicts in Lompoc, and no doubt thousands throughout the Federal system, who depended on MSA, and were about to go on strike. Like Skillet, I put in full time all month for my bit of thirty-five dollars, where he would do the same in a less complex job for only twenty dollars. You could see having to wait for Congress to vote the appropriation, as long as sooner or later you got, in Skillet’s case, your .08 cents an hour.

And believe me, without inmate labor to get things done, it would cost a grip to hire outside staff replacements. MSA was an infinitely cheaper alternative to Federal wages and benefits.

Anyway, a few idiots not thinking about consequences, (while Skillet didn’t really have the mentality to consider them himself) talked Skillet into writing the President, and telling the

President what was going to happen if Skillet didn't get his MSA next month.

When I got back to the cellblock and heard what was going on I was too late. I had previously told you that I had become a fair "jail-house lawyer," but it didn't take any real legal discernment to know what would happen should Skillet send a threatening letter to the President of the United States, and those butt-heads that had dared Skillet into writing and mailing that note should have taken a second to think about it.

There are two mails and/or mailboxes for mail coming in or going out of jails and prisons. One is "legal mail" that you can seal and send or receive unopened, and one is "regular mail" that they can read and censor.

I could maybe have gotten someone to retrieve Skillet's letter if it had gone in the regular mail. However it was in legal mail, and though I hoped as it was simply addressed: To: The president, Washington, D.C., with no address or zip code, and might not get anywhere, it did indeed end up in the hands of the Secret Service, and the FBI.

They came and got Skillet, and took him to the nearest Federal Courthouse and gave him three more years running wild, 'bowlegged', to be done after he did his first sentence.

This was in the mid-1970s, and anyone who even looked at Skillet's penmanship, and grammar, never mind read what (considering Skillet) must have been a ludicrous childish short note, should have come to the conclusion that here was no threat, but the inarticulate complaint of someone who didn't have all his ducks in a row.

They gave him three years to make the point that no one should communicate in such terms with our auspicious exalted leader, without suffering dire consequences.

Isa 2:11 A day is coming when human pride will be ended and human arrogance destroyed. Then the Lord alone will be exalted.

Isa 2:12 On that day the Lord Almighty will humble everyone who is powerful, everyone who is proud and conceited. (GNB)

I suppose however, if they had not realized Skillet was the numbskull that he was, they would have buried him in Guantanamo as a terrorist. I am sure the Gestapo today... (I mean Homeland Security) would just lose someone down a hole, who did today what Skillet did in the seventies.

Ultimately, I am sure Skillet's tale spread like wildfire throughout the entire Federal system to inmates and convicts, as well as all of the Federal correctional officers.

Even we, Skillet included, had to laugh about it...eventually, though I doubt the humor lasted Skillet three years.

Time for another of my epic Christian poems/odes that are based on the biblical stories that they are named for, and are very much storyline correct, except what I put on them in puns and for humor.

»»» Noah and the Ark «««

Noah had him tall sons of three,
In his sixth century.
He said to his wife, "Ma'am...
Thanks for Japeth, Shem, and Ham,
For at our age we're lucky to pee!



Bad people flourished and bred,
With evil thoughts it was said.
The Lord with regret...
Said, "Sinners best get...
Scuba gear or be drowned dead!



"Creeping things and birds of the air."
All men and beasts beware.
The Lord maybe stated;

"I'm sorry I created...
Creations that just do not care!"



To Noah and his three tall sons,
The Lord said, "You are the ones,
In "fellowship" with me...
Are Noah and you three...
Collect gopher wood by the tons."



"An ark you'll build for a flood.
Build it good, it can't be a dud.
Wives go aboard too...
And critters two by two...
With what flies or crawls in the mud."



"It ain't gonna' be a walk in the park,
For a four hundred fifty foot ark.
Seventy five foot wide...
In which we'll abide...
We'll have to work each day till dark."



Each day each wished that they were,
In any way a car-pen-ter.
Shem was a bum...
Who kept hitting his thumb...
His fingernails not the nails to prefer!



Big things were gettin' built anyway...
"We got skills," old Noah did say,
We'll take a boat ride...

California Christian Criminal

And watch genocide...
As the Lord begins His 'D-Day!'"



They loaded all the food they could tote,
At least what they could fit in the boat...
For with critters aboard...
Noah told the Lord,
"I'm kinda' praying that this tub will float!"



"Don't trip," the Lord said, "in a week,
The deluge will start that I seek...
Men and women will sigh...
And kiss butts goodbye...
No "boat or paddle" puts them "up the creek!"



It got precipitous by the pound...
Water came out from all around.
Through a watery hell...
Noah couldn't tell...
If they were afloat or still aground.



Yes, from Noah had come 'Captain Nemo.'
The 'Nautilus' the ark of that show...
But we digress...
With Noah in a mess...
Let's get back to what we Biblically know.



The Lord likes "forty" and "seven" too...
We see those numbers the Bible through.
The ark got its rain...

And Goliath was a pain...
For forty days and nights it's true.



The water rose above the highest peak,
And the ark had yet to spring a leak.
"Fifteen cubits" for sure...
Above land they were...
Twenty two feet in the measures *we* speak.



All the critters in the ark understood...
It was safe in their ark of gopher wood.
But Shem said, "What the heck?
Everywheres' a "poop-deck!
As food went in and out as it should.



Noah was "One" with what flew.
He was to his birds a bird guru.
And he was debatin'...
After forty days waitin'...
What to tell his birds to go to do.



First out the hatch a raven flew out.
The Bible isn't clear what that was about.
Did Noah tell the bird...
What wasn't heard...
Or translations get lost in route?



Next, a dove went out to find,
What Noah had put in its mind.
The place where at...

California Christian Criminal

Was Ararat...
It would be the one place of it's kind.



Noah pictured a beach that was fair...
Where critters played without care.
The dove was to know...
An anchor should show...
That the ark was offshore right there.



"Off you go to find us this place...
Or don't let me see your face!"
And "Lo" in a week...
Within the dove's beak...
Was proof they weren't "Lost In Space".



"AVAST", Noah yelled to his crew,
Follow the bird, it knows what to do.
Hoist the jib clear...
Take helm and steer...
"Engage" and or "beam us" through!"



"Pop...we got no mast, helm or sail!"
We got no oars, mop, bucket or pail.
We got standing room only...
No friends and I'm lonely..."
Japeth cried, "Dad, it's like I'm in jail!"



Noah wondered what Captains of yore,
Without steering and without a lot more,
Like a rudder or sail...

Or a bucket to bail...
Could do with a ship built so poor!



Noah not known for seamanship,
Nor as a carpenter to build a ship.
Had qualified...
On the “fellowship” side...
God had best lend a hand on this trip!



Then “bump in the night” came Mt. Ar’arat.
Shem shovelin’ poo, said, “What’s that?”
Noah pole-vaulted...
From bed and exalted...
The Lord...for where they’d landed at.



The animals and all got out two by two,
Ashore, they would know what to do.
As Noah built an altar...
The critters didn’t falter...
They bailed from that boat full of poo!



The Lord seemed to be happy as a clam,
And said to Japeth, Shem, and Ham;
“Go forth and multiply...
Or mankind will die...
I won’t drown you again, says, ‘I AM’”



The boys looked around and at their brothers...
No options but their wives for mothers.
Even if they got busy...

California Christian Criminal

Till they were dizzy...
Each ones kids would be related to the others!!!



However multiplyin' went from there,
"Kissing cousins" need never beware...
For a rainbow meant...
That God's covenant...
With Noah was not broken or bent.



Richard D. Gartner
2001

Richard Gartner with George Gartner

SHAKIN' THE DUST OFF MY FEET

“Wherever people don’t welcome you, leave that town and shake the dust off your feet as a warning to them” (Luke 9:5, GNB).

Well, Luke 9:5 doesn’t totally apply, as I was welcomed by my inmate acquaintances after coming back. But you get the drift I think, as I did eventually shake the Lompoc dust off of my feet to never return, and the “warning” would also be to get right with The Lord, or suffer the consequences. And/or perhaps this scripture might be applicable:

“Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares” (Hebrews 13:2, KJV).

I left Lompoc and California (once again) with every intention of not returning (once again), arriving at Stapleton International Airport in Denver.

I believe George and I had exchanged pictures, but anyway he was waiting for me at the airport.

We hit it off right away, and I and my jail-house Gucci luggage (a paper grocery sack), went out into the parking lot and lo...to a brand new sticker on the window “black on black on black” 1977 Monte Carlo, that George had just gotten 3 weeks before.

I had to find a napkin quick lest I drool on it and mar the shine.

My Mom’s house was in Golden, where she was a ‘Sales Associate’ for Coors Porcelain Company, a sub-division of Coors Beer or whatever the parent company was called.

George lived close by Golden in Arvada, Colorado. My half-way house was all the way out to Boulder, Colorado, though (thirty miles of so), and that is where we proceeded to go from the airport.

The car was just a beautiful thing to me, and we cruised in quiet splendor while George (who hadn't been the most informative of letter writers) told me many things about himself, his wife of the time (a mousey little gal whose name I forget), my mom, and some of George's master plan to get ahead in life.

He dropped a bombshell on me when he told me he had bought the Monte Carlo for me to drive 'on him' for six months, and then I had to make the payments and insure it after that. (I had a pretty clean driving record unless you count being told to quit running in the prison hallways (speeding), so getting a license to drive this bad boy was numero uno on my agenda.

My plans not being gelled in any way yet, except to get out and stay out, George's ramblings were grist for the mill as I found myself as per Ol' Robert A. Heinlein's "Stranger In a Strange Land".

This state of being was many fold, as for one thing I had little or no experience with having caring family in my life, but also had become a "product of my environment" and had become "institutionalized." I was a convict with almost ten years in, by the current year of 1977 while only twenty-five years old. I had four tattoos, a Fu-Manchu beard and 'stash' and a buffed physique from driving iron on the iron pile, but worked 'definition' in lighter weights, while taking three years of Tai-Chi, and maintaining the coordination to be the second best in Lompoc at handball. I had long hair and would wear shades in the dark if I didn't bump into things.

So, the wolf was among the sheep, but I knew that I needed to blend in.

George was only twenty-two at the time, but was doing ridiculously well for his age, and had several years before graduated a one year course at Columbine Beauty School, where he went straight from high school. In the three years after getting his 'Cosmetology License' from the state after graduating from Columbine, George had gravitated up through the ranks

to rent “a booth” at the top Hair Salon in Denver, called Hair Designer’s Inc.

George had a small place when I first got there, but in short order had a house, along with a dirt race motorcycle, a quarter mile race bike, a dragster, a “Round de Round” stock race car, and a 1969 Corvette with a 427 four speed. (Talk about being able to “light up your tires”). And he always had a boat back then, and still does today. And as we know that was a very fine thing indeed to have as far as I was concerned.

He had all this stuff at twenty-two to twenty-three years old.

Well, in Golden Colorado he had raised up being a motor-head. He had also lived quite a few years out in Silt, Colorado with my grandparents on my mother’s side. That town was out there kind of remote, though Interstate 70 ran right through it. I can well believe that you maintained your own mechanical things as best you could there, as the nearest dealerships were maybe in Grand Junction at the western Colorado border.

My grandpa on my mom’s side was a mountain man, and a Colorado Ranger or some such, and I believe that was why he was so reserved with me, in that he knew that I was a convicted felon. But you know, part of that might simply have been that all country folks from elsewhere, flat don’t seem to like Californians... period. I think that as soon as it is imparted where we are from, the ostensibly, previously invisible horns on our heads become somehow apparent.

I had wondered where I got my middle name of Delos from, and it turned out that I was named after this old dude.

My grandmother was about the sweetest woman in the world. Matter of fact, I don’t think I ever met a grandmother of anyone’s who wasn’t cool, though I suppose they are out there somewhere, easier to find in today’s world but certainly harder to find back in the old days when I was a pup.

We got to the beautiful town of Boulder, Colorado, and found the supposed half-way house that was actually a small mansion.

George had long since scheduled to have some time off to help me get squared away, and vowed to be back to Boulder to pick me up in the morning. I mean, I was wearing what the Feds give you on your way out the door, euphemistically called “dress-outs”. Polyester pants, plastic shoes, and things like that, and I had nothing else to change into. And as I had not paroled but was still incarcerated, albeit in “community custody” at a halfway house, I got no “gate money” of I believe 250.00 that the feds gave someone fresh out on parole to begin life anew in those days. I was out without a grunion dollar-wise.

George was going to pick me up from the half-way house and a-dress’ that, and take me to the Salon to turn me, as he put it, “into a human being.”



One thing that has gotten my goat for many years is that being in almost any modern-day custody situation costs (depending on individual incarceration budgets) anywhere from the thirty thousand a year mark to over twice that. Yet it is not made available to parole or probation officers even a pittance of that budget for the recently “freed” ex-con to even borrow or access a dime from the same funds, to get him/herself situated/clothed/housed/tooled, or whatever it takes to give them a bit of self-esteem and a decent chance to reintegrate into the community without living in a cardboard box and working their way up from there.

Two hundred and fifty bucks and a swift kick on your way is just asking for the recently freed to run out of resources and do something stupid and be right back in costing the taxpayer 30 to 50k a year.

I am not advocating just giving away money, but if it is justified and is deemed a good investment in helping a person make it when they first get out, heck, get them a room, some clothes, and a bit of maintenance help till they can get on their feet. Even if

they could qualify for social services money, which for the longest time now days, you need to be a “parent with dependent children” to get more than a hundred bucks, while the best case scenario it takes months for that type of help to be made available.

The whole thing is it seems almost deliberately geared to where the 250 bucks, minus the transportation costs from the penitentiary, runs out in short order and the homeless ex-con becomes a criminal to support him/herself and likely ends up back in the joint.

Stupid!



I entered Empathy House, which was located in what either still was, or had been,—an affluent neighborhood. (I was to find out in short order, that the rich little college town of Boulder really didn't have neighborhoods that were too dumpty.)

A foyer and living room area adorned with rich furnishings led to a chandeliered dining area. (*Am I in the right place?* I wondered.)

After introductions to whatever staff dude was on hand, I found myself led to a new grey cinder-block eyesore, square box el-cheapo addition on the back of this otherwise beautiful old mansion that some inartistic sadist had plunked down using plans from an architectural hell, to offend all the residents of the area who chanced to have to eyeball it.

Within this plastic, steel and glass eyesore, was a room with a bunk bed, and a single bed, one of which was to be my bed in these overly confined sleeping quarters. I say ‘sleeping quarters’ as my cell in the joint had more maneuvering area, never mind this coffin of a ‘room’ was to house three grown men and their gear? Even though I think my older brother and I had occasion to have a “bunk-bed” when we were pups. But bunk beds for grown men on the streets?

Anyway, I was scheduled to meet with the head guy the next morning, and then I would see what I could do about this cracker box, and, mind you, the Feds were paying these greedy shoe-horners some really good money to house me there.

At dinner I noted that every dude in there was a potential victim, if they were to be put in *any* kind of a serious custody situation, like even in CYA (California Youth Authority), never mind adult jails or prisons. This was exactly the type bunch of white dudes who would not stick up for themselves in a confrontation, and so it proved to be that they were in Empathy House mainly for the rudy-poopest of things. Romper-room was in session in that House.

One idiot did try to flex his jaw on me though eventually, but I will get to that on down the road.

Now see, in case you don't know, a halfway house can be different things depending on the situation. Most are privately owned but have to abide by outlines in order to qualify for contracts to house Federal, State, or other inmates. Some get sent there as an alternative to County Jail or Prison. Some have rich someone's, or insurances, which pay to place them in a controlled sober environment for any number of reasons.

Like to impress the court that they are abiding by the rules now even though they haven't yet been sentenced, in an effort that the judge will let them just stay there and not go to jail.

Others like me (and I believe that I was the only one there at Empathy House at the time) were "re-integrating into society" on their way out of jails or prisons. For people such as me there were two ways of getting into a halfway house. One, was to be on parole, but have no where to go, and the Parole Board wouldn't release you unless your "Parole Plan" had an acceptance letter from a place like this one to parole you to. Two, was my kind of critter, who was *still doing time* without the possibility of Parole as I had been given 'flat time' (do every day of my time).

I was still doing time no matter the ‘gilded cage’, and wouldn’t be an “ex-con” until I was out of Empathy House.



George picked me up in the Corvette (rough life huh?), and off we went polyester pants and all. I don’t recall if we went to get me some clothes of cloth that wouldn’t melt first, or we went to the Salon first (I hope the former on hind sight, as what a rube I must have looked on the plane and thereafter with all plastic shiny clothes that cost about a “dollar two eighty.”

Hair Designers Incorporated was located in Lakewood, Colorado, owned by an Indian dressing cokehead named Terry Eaglefeather Shwartz (I kid you not). And when we rumbled up in that Vette’, I couldn’t keep my eyes off of the babes going in and out of the place. And truly, these flight attendants and other professional office/wherever gals who were on the way in had not a hair out of place *before* their appointments, never mind being even foxier on the way out.

That was it...hold the fort! George was making money to buy all of these toys at twenty-two years old, with only one year of Cosmetology school, *and got to be around and lay hands on these gorgeous women all day?*

Where is the line to stand in to sign up for his job?!

George told me I was probably eligible to get a grant and get in a cosmetology school for a year, and then he could probably help me get to work in a salon.

So, suddenly overnight I had a plan. This plan gelled ever more the longer I was actually in the Salon getting hair, nails, and such worked on. That this particular salon invariably seemed to cater to the already nicely coifed and impeccably groomed, was in my case no doubt grounds for a run to the hardware store for power tools. I mean, they probably needed industrial strength implements to work on me.

I had my eyes closed in bliss, but I believe I recall hearing urgent whispers about how as George had messed up, and parked right out front, and brought me in the front door, the Salon's credibility was at stake should I be sent back out the same way still looking like a Neanderthal, simply for the lack of high enough powered tools to mow, grind and scythe me down to within reasonable parameters.

Everything facial hair-wise went but the little skinny thing they left above my top lip, that they dared still call a mustache. I mean I could see my lips for the first time in years, and it didn't even look like I even had a top lip...my lip was so skinny looking sans stash.

They wacked my hair to oblivion, and manicured my claws down to where a man couldn't scratch himself with what they left me.

All in all, the end result guaranteed that I would do my best to stay free, because no self respecting convict would be this neat and tidy, without his sexual preferences being questioned.

Well, you all know where this goes from here. I am purdy' enough now to have my picture taken, which except for 'mugshots, and some Polaroids on the yard with whatever you call the cameras that spit the picture out at you as soon as you take it, I had not had done in memory.

The 'picture taking' I had in mind involved the Department of Motor Vehicles and taking a test, which you understand had not been on my list except to get ID, until the Monte Carlo situation came to the fore. Now the heck with just ID, I needed to legally get behind the wheel of that Monte Carlo.

We had gone to see my mom, and at first things were kind of stilted, and it took a bit of time before the ice melted a bit so that we got familiar.

Mom turned out to be like myself, and how I ultimately found George to be, in that she was not very emotionally demonstrative

normally. She did like Jack Daniels though, and here and there in her cups could be found to be a bit more emotionally to the fore.

Turned out, that I also have a half sister by the name of Donna.

I don't think that I ever did take the bull by the horns and ask point blank about exactly why she and the Ogre parted ways.

I got the driver's license, got the car, and ultimately got a grant to go to 'Lavonnes Academy of Beauty, and so on, so my new plans were kind of happening until I started throwing my own monkey wrenches in on myself. One thing is that you cannot get a grant while still in any kind of custody situation. I believe that extended to even just being on parole of probation, as they don't want to invest in you when at the drop of a hat you could get shanghaied back into custody for the dumbest of reasons.



I only lasted a short while at Empathy House. And only two notable things happened while I stayed there, one of which resulted in my getting 86'd out of there.

The other was a trip to the store with several of the denizens from the House, where one of them shoplifted something or other, and was in line behind me when I looked over his shoulder and saw someone had removed an item from an end of shelving deal and was peering through and ogling us. I told dude not to turn around but that we were getting spied on, and asked him what was up?

He said. "I 'boosted' a bottle and they must have seen me." I told him he had best go get rid of it, and he turned around and strolled back into the store and out of my sight down an aisle.

The next thing I know is I'm hearing shouts for help and thud, bang, crash, and cans and things are flying out of an aisle and here comes my Empathy House home-boy with store dudes or whoever all over him. Well dude made it almost up to the check out stands before even more other dudes swarmed him.

“&%#\$,” I said and stood undecided for a moment before: “&*#! this”, I told the check out gal and went in and tore a mud hole into those dudes.

They didn’t know what hit them at first, so used were they to just manhandling and skulldragging with impunity, some two-bit shoplifter from the superior muscle power of their five on one.

I did not hit any of them, but threw them off the kid like so much chaff, as I was truly outraged by the excessive force they were using on this kid. (By ‘kid’, I don’t mean to imply that he was a lot younger than I chronologically, if you know what I mean.) I also had, just prior to my release, a very, very short time before I decided that when I hit 250 lbs on my bench presses to call it quits. I was curling 45 lbs with either arm on the barbells. I was a tank for just being five feet, ten inches tall. But there were dudes in Lompoc that could curl ME!

Now remember...well, I guess I have to digress again:

There is a big difference in your mindset when you are “flat timing” your sentence with no ‘good time”, no “work time”, and no possibility of parole. Being good or being bad according to the man, won’t change how much time you have to do.

You have nothing to lose. There is nothing for them to take from you or threaten you with, if you don’t toe their lines! Of course it is also important that going to the hole is not a big sweat to you, as it wasn’t to me, you just ignore the rules all you want to, and be about as free as you can be behind bars, except for the outside, whatever the norm in there was for someone like me who really had nothing to lose. (Except of course that new charges and more time would be a major grounds for slowing your roll!)

For instance, once when doing a cell search on my tier, it was found that I had entirely too much ‘contraband’ in my cell, i.e. leather tooling items and chemicals that could be ‘huffed’ (inhaled to get a buzz) like the “Neatlac Leather Finish” we used to seal in the dyed leather on tooled and finished items.

Normally an inmate would get sent straight to the hole with a disciplinary report, where he would await a hearing to adjudicate his fate and probably lose some good time/worktime. But they kind of gave up on me and knew that I didn't care what they did, as long as I didn't get new charges and more time. But in this case I got sent to see the Lieutenant. The Lieutenant was cool, but told me that if I didn't start toeing the line a bit in Lompoc, they could find a place to send me to that I would not like at all. (Visions of Lewisburg, Alcatraz, and Leavenworth filled my mind) I told the LT that I would be better, right quick like.

First, you must understand that my private tussle with the man over things, had raged on in a low key way for years and years, because of my not caring too much to abide by some of the Mickey Mouse rules that other prisoners had to deal with, but only invariably complied with so they wouldn't lose "good time/work time" or to get it in the first place.

My L-Unit COs had over a period finally given up on trying to make me not have "contraband" in my cell, and just asked me to have my cell door 'racked' closed when I wasn't in it. Asking to have your cell racked closed was a right of all Lompoc's inmates, not just me. But they wanted mine closed if I wasn't in there as they didn't want a burglar to get hold of some of the stuff I had in there.

They knew that my mind set was that as long as I didn't commit a criminal prosecutable offense, everyone could basically kiss my butt. And things had been that way for years ever since my return from escape when the board gave me "Expiration of Sentence", which in my case meant until my Mandatory Release Date for parole at four years, which right then was over two years down the road. (That was forever to a nineteen-year-old, you understand.)

And then the same 'I got nothing to lose' mindset after coming back in after violating parole, when I had to do the last two years to finish doing all of my time. There again was nothing

hanging over my head, or good time to earn, for me to kiss anyone's butt about.



Getting back to the timeline we were in (at the store in Boulder). You can read through my writing here and discern from my history that going to jail was just a part of life for me, and held neither charms nor real threats to me, like perhaps anyone else watching homeboy getting his butt handed to him for a lousy five-dollar shoplifting.

Maybe also some pent up something called for 'pay-back time' on these rat-packing foes, for though some folks both in and out of jail lived and breathed to gang up and rat pack on some poor dude, I never found it acceptable. And even if I didn't know dude, this wouldn't be the first time I jumped in to help someone getting rat-packed and skull-dragged, no matter their race, creed, or color.

Just the way I am built, I guess.

Anyway, I hoped one of those dudes tried to or did punch me, cause I remember aching to bust one of them in a decidedly not turn the other cheek kind of way. They didn't however, perhaps as I was blazing mad and calling them all a bunch of wussie' rat packing scumbags, with (I'm sure) a snarl in my voice and on my face.

I wasn't alone in my disgust of these store dudes, as I came to find that their actions before I jumped in had in fact, put them in the wrong with all of the shopping bystanders, and they had no qualms voicing their opinions, when the cops got there.

Shoplifting dude had grabbed his hat and skedaddled out the door in the melee. And I think the other dudes with us all boned out at the first signs of drama. (They all had cases pending, or were on probation or had something hanging over their heads, so I didn't blame them much for wussing out.)

I suspect however, as I already intimated, discretion would be the better part of valor for the majority of Empathy House's denizens that I had seen, anyway. So, perhaps they wouldn't have had the heart to step up no matter what.

After dude got away, I stood there calming down a bit. Then the bossy dude I took to be the manager, just about 'caught lunch' when he came over and put his hand authoritatively on my arm, and told me that I had to come to his office. (You have seen these types before, kind of like the "Mexican Admirals" down south who, I believe the quote goes something like, "take delight in their petty authority..." The big fish in their tiny ponds.

I called him every name in the book and told him I was going to knock him out if he didn't take his hand off of me.

(You know that I cared, but not to death if I had to do my last couple of months in jail after close to six years.)

"Bluster, sputter, pop" manager dude blathers.

I told him to call the cops. "I ain't going anywhere."

Then I noticed with my "jail-house lawyers" eyes that not a single one of these dudes had store ID or nametags on them. They had been too busy pretending they were regular shoppers, to catch the dastardly shoplifting criminals in the very act of their atrociously heinous activities, then assaulting said petty thieving dirty rotten menaces to society to remember to approach a "suspect" and identify themselves and have their ID tags on.

And lo...in short order here came the cavalry, right in line with my perceptions of this wondrously affluent college town of Boulder Colorado. To wit: In through the doors came two curvaceous entirely good-looking policewomen.

I believe my dropped jaw shut with an audible snap after only a little while of my being spellbound by this pair of cops who looked like no other gun-toting police that I had ever seen before. I mean to say that getting arrested would suck, but getting frisked would be a mitigating factor if your fate was to get arrested by these two.

The Wonder Women/Dynamic Duo asked what was up, and whom the shoplifter was, meanwhile eyeballing me, but not sure of my status, as the norm would be that an apprehended shoplifter would be sequestered in the manager's office.

Anyway, the manager told them his tale of how *we* had all come into the store to rape and pillage, and then spoke his version of what I had not seen.

It seems after I told shoplifting dude that he was busted and to put stuff back, he went down that isle and was in the process of putting the item he boosted back on a shelf when the store dudes rushed him to I guess, catch him in the act.

Dude had some heart about him as he had managed to struggle to the front of the store with two guys trying to fetch him down and/or drag him towards the back of the store. I think him showing heart is part of what instinctively persuaded me to get involved on his behalf.

Seeing that the two store guys on dude were having trouble with home-boy, is how and why the manager, the assistant manager, and whoever else also jumped in to comprise the aforementioned "rat pack." Said rat pack being sans Sammy, Dean, and Frank, and a far cry from *that* rat pack's looks or charm.

The Women of Wonder were eyeballing me a bit harder when the manager got to my involvement. The manager dude had been using the plural "we" wherever possible to insinuate that I had been in cahoots with said dastardly criminal element, who by the evidence of the broken bottle was in the heinous act of almost getting away with six dollars...*retail!* In their accosting of the dastardly criminal, the store manager and his wrecking crew cadre posse managed to break, dent, or crunch into oblivion somewhere easily upwards of forty dollars worth of goods.

Now, as I informed you, there were several shoppers who had been in line with me or otherwise were witnesses to the entire deal happening. Immediately after the scuffle, I had asked these non-combatants to stay and give a statement to the cops.

They seemed to be happy to do so, and told me right in front of manager dude, that they were on my side and would so state.

They also told the manager that no matter the shoplifting, it did not justify how five of them were kneeling on the guy and twisting his arms all to about break them while he was crying out in pain.

The manager was spinning his yarn to the badge babes, and by the time he was winding up with his take on my part in his debacle, I saw the two officerettes had already figured out that dude was making mountains out of molehills.

Then the gendarmettes turned to me and asked me my name and for my ID.

I took my shot and asked them why they hadn't asked manager dude, or the other head nodding in agreement robots behind him for ID. I could see that the gals were getting ready to flex on me thinking I was being smart with them, when I deflected them by quickly adding: "Hey, they could be anyone. They aren't wearing any badges or store ID."

The police gal I took to be the senior of the two only took a second to snap to that, and turned back to drive the point home to the manager, by telling him flat out that it was against the law for him to try to detain anyone without displaying some form of identification on his person, or displaying his badge or store ID when announcing that he was store security.

I chimed in with something to the effect that all I saw was a bunch of guys mugging a single dude, and thought it was some kind of gang deal. Especially so when they were obviously hurting the guy with knees in his back, and his arms were all twisted to where he was crying out in pain for someone to help him.

I wound up having to show ID of course, but had made my point.

The copetts weren't going for the whole nine yards, I know, but they stepped off and I believe I heard them mumbling something

about how this store had priors for physical abuses in its dealings with shoplifters.

They came back over and asked me if I knew the offensive scumbag of notoriety type shoplifter, who I had helped to escape the clutches of the store dudes. I said that I had seen him around enough to help him out if I saw a rat pack beating him down, but didn't really know him. (And that was the truth as I really had just met all twelve or thirteen of Empathy House's inhabitants.)

The witnesses who had stayed, had been agreeing with what I had been saying, and the officers had asked them a few things, so were satisfied as to my bona-fides once I showed them that I had some shekels in my pocket and didn't need to boost a piddly five-dollar bottle, which is what had almost been purloined and had caused all this drama.

I was cordially invited to never return to that store by the blustering manager in his hurt mitigation of how for once, he did not have his own way about things.

(Man I wish I could have socked that self righteous little pimple of a supposed human being!) Had I done so however, I would have surely had to go to jail, and deal with court, and all that mess.)

Time for a poetic interlude.

»»» Label Slap «««

This ode by a poeting Dusty,
Labeled by Monster a Trustee,
Inspired a Dawg...
Who rode a Hog...
To shower as he was Crusty.



For Trigger a Scooter Tramp,
Thought Evil was a Vamp,

California Christian Criminal

And, Rocky's Ivan...
Began bull jive-in...
As Krazy Fools cruised the ramp.



As Doc told of Boo-Boo,
Hollywood came through,
Tellin' brothers...
All you mothers...
Are a shaggy Motley Crew.



Then Bam-Bam got the bag,
And dudes joked with drag,
For a wood's pard...
Used Bubba's lard...
For use by old Maytag.



Then on Suicide's mission,
Every stud was wishin',
That C-Boy's sack...
Had a dopey attack...
For what "Grumpy" was missin.



By Dusty
Aka Richard Gartner
T-09130

Richard Gartner with George Gartner

DUSTY SHAKES OFF MORE DUST

By this time, I had already grown really weary of having roommates who basically were punks and slobs, and weary of having other punks for staff who wouldn't know how to give a convict respect if their life depended on it. (Your life did depend on respect in the places I had been. What is taken as disrespect was and is the main cause of killings in prison, whether real or imagined.) So it's easily best to err on the side of caution, rather than possibly saying something that's taken wrong by the wrong con at the wrong time. (Not that this was likely at all in such a Mickey Mouse place as I found myself in at Empathy House.)

Frankly, had I known how much crap I was going to have to deal with among what kind of not knowing how to act, disrespectful romper-roommates, I might have just stayed in my nice single man cell back in Lompoc for my last five months and change, instead of going to a half-way house at all. I would have been safe from having to take idiots to school, and getting in confrontations for dumb things. Like: "Hey guy, I heard the toilet flush and two seconds later out you come without washing your hands."

Every day at Empathy House, I was like to get an assault charge for knocking one of these skunge balls out, or possibly getting myself knocked out.

I mean...they wouldn't even make the least effort to pick up after themselves, make their bunks, whatever. And the biggest convict no-no of shoe horned forced in proximity living, was to go to the rest room and not wash your hands after, so you leave pecker tracks and butt residues all over the place for others to get on their hands.

Frankly to put no patty cake alternative words in, these non-hygienic skunge balls would, without any thought about it, have you going to sit down to eat with your hands that had picked up residues from their butts/fecal matter/pecker/urine tracks on your way to dinner.

Anyway, truly, I came to think really fondly of being back 'home' in Lompoc, and over the years still did think so when times were tough in other facilities because no one—including parents, teachers, and whoever—ever schooled these youngsters in how to act.

Well, I told you about the one yahoo in Empathy House that kept running his head to me, and about me. He had pretty much only done so when counselors or other staff members were around, correctly figuring to an extent, that I wouldn't do much right in front of the man. (the man being anyone in authority over you in a custody situation.)

The time came, however, when I did not care whether I went back to jail or not, as living under the thumbs of staff idiots, perhaps only a step above the idiocy of the ones they were to rule and regulate had just gotten to be too much for me.

(I wanted my private cell in Lompoc in the worst way.) Anyway, this dude did not get the memo.

We were at the table and he said something belittling. You know, nothing too nasty, just the little things that are barbs like a girl might use instead of a man just coming right out with things, or simply just busting you in the mouth.

I waited for this pain in my rear to get up and I came around the table at him and saw him just have time to realize I did not care though two staff were sitting right there, before I knocked him on his *gluteus maximus*.

No one had said a word beforehand, but afterwards, I came to understand that the staff had long wondered why I had not taken this idiot to task somewhere private, and shut him up. This was brought home to me later on that evening when the Director of

Empathy House called me down to his office and told me what was up.

He said that they had long endured the big mouths big mouth, and had told him that he had instigated his last drama. I believe they told him if he pressed charges against me they would kick him out and call his P.O. to violate him for instigating things, and courts and jail were therefore on his immediate horizon. Or, he could chill out and quit his nonsense.

He opted to chill, so no charges. Yet, I had to leave for greener or browner pastures, and I had to wait for an FBI agent to come in the morning to take me away.

Meanwhile I was to stay in my room under house arrest.

Okie dokie, back to Lompoc I am to go, right? No, the FBI Agent said. I was too 'short' (had too little time left) to bother taking me all the way back to Lompoc, and, so, they would just put me in Denver County Jail till my release date.

(Note: When you are "short" you are soon to be released, which is normally a good thing. But being "too short" to transport to a Federal facility and getting stuck doing time in Denver County Jail, while knowing how slow County time is and boring as there are no programs to occupy the mind. Well, lets put it this way: This was a case of my being truly "too short," as I would rather do an extra month in Lompoc rather than three to four months in Denver County Jail.)

AARGH!

But, the agent had an option for me to go to a halfway house in Denver run by an ex-con named Sonny.

I forget the name of the house (oh yeah, Emerson House), but Sonny was cool and just told me—kind of like the Director of Empathy House did after the fact—that If I had to sock someone up to do it where no staff could see.

The FBI Agent was cool, too, and I have to add in here before I forget, that all of the FBI, and US Marshals that I met were without exception the kind of good guys you would hope all cops

were. Of course they had to pass even more stringent psychological tests to be levelheaded than local city, county, or state cops did.

Anyway, the agent stood by ready to shanghai me off to Denver County Jail (another real low-budget jailhouse dump) should Sonny and I not see eye to eye.

I wasn't about to pull my punches and try to wuss over what was what, so I told Sonny that Empathy House was not a place for a convict, and in my opinion even just a regular solid inmate would not fit in either. I told him I had cut dude slack repeatedly having taken into consideration the wussy environment and that he was a wuss, but that one day I had had it and: "He disrespected me at the wrong time and I socked him up."

Sonny had done five calendars somewhere, and looked exactly like Wolfman Jack (you remember my references to him?). He laughed and asked his wife what rooms were available.

(Oh yeah, I just remembered. Dude was Sonny Emerson of Emerson House. Anyway, the house was an old luxury hotel, with a swimming pool out front, and so on.)

Cherry, or perhaps Sherry Emerson, Sonny's wife told him the rooms available, which were more of the bunk bed share deals that I just had drama with after having my own cell to myself for years.

You see it isn't that I also wasn't used to sharing space with inmates/convicts as in a heartbeat I would fit right back in, in a six-man cell with even eight to nine regular cons, if need be. The prime qualifier being (with inmates/convicts) you see, as everyone was spotless as could be, and neat and respectful, or else.

I told Sonny that was all folks, as far as my trying to make it with more bunk bed action with romper room dudes, and I may as well check in at the county, cause I was too short to catch a beef dealing with more rudy-poop wannabe inmates who needed schooling.

(Aha, I just remembered her name too...Cherry Emerson.)

Sonny was enjoying himself immensely it seemed at my expense. He asked Sherry whether she didn't have just one single man room available. (I believe she knew what he was asking of her.)

She was answering in the negative, then stopped and said, "Well no, except for the Bridal Suite, and the Presidential Suite."

Sonny said, "Okay, the Bridal Suite it is."

He told the FBI Agent that all was hunky-dory, called for some halfway house come bellboy to show me to my room, gave me a key and some papers to fill in, and said he would call for me whenever, and to familiarize myself with the place.

Emerson House was old faded glory. It had once been considered elegant, but now was kind of just old, but still boasting just a hint of what it had formerly been in its glory days.

All of the rooms had multiple occupants, except the Bridal and Presidential Suites, which Sonny and Cherry reserved the Presidential Suite for when they stayed overnight, and kept the Bridal Suite available for overnight guests.

I am calling it the Bridal Suite but maybe it was the Honeymoon Suite. Every doggone thing in it was pink, though, so I'm gonna stick with Bridal from the blatantly feminine décor standpoint.

I opened the door and beheld my new home...

Whoa, dude! The carpeting was a plush pink pile, the big square tub for two was pink, and so was the sink and commode.

Silk tapestries and bordered panels (I think you called them) adorned the walls in spaced plush framed splendor. I don't know how to describe them but they were about two-foot by six-foot framed silk embroideries kind of oriental looking, and they had some kind of padding behind them to make them push out from their big picture frames, to look plushly three dimensional.

The whole pad was actually the plushiest spot I had ever been in (I think ever, never mind it being in a glorified jail of sorts!). It had white, delicate-looking tables, chairs, vanity, desk, and a men's and woman's bureau.

Boy oh boy, I was thinking...I should have socked dude up a long time ago! (I am laughing at myself right now, even though it isn't the most Christian of thinking.)

In short order I was to find out that Sonny let me have the suite not only because he identified with me, but because of my descriptions of the slobs that I had had to contend with in Empathy House, and because Sonny figured me as what any self respecting convict was, meaning: a con who kept his spot spotless. So, Sonny knew that the Bridal Suite was going to get its TLC, and he and Cherry didn't have to sweat it getting funky.

It wasn't long before I found myself the House denizen 'apple of Sonny and Cherry's eye', and heard that Sonny had made mention for the other dudes to be cool around me and try to deal with things like they saw me do.

There were some who were jealous and whatnot here and there, but Emerson House had its share of dudes who had been around the block and had done some time or been in gangs, and respected the time I had done in the places I had been in. There were enough of these for me to identify with and who identified with me to where those who might snivel about my room or other privileges got hushed in short order.

I didn't power trip anyway. There were instances when I used my "juice-card" for a favor from Sonny, but I didn't push limits. He too knew that I was flat-timing and that there was no brownie buttons for me to gain, and that the way I dealt with all was how I was on any prison yard. Respectful, courteous, and careful.

One day in there came across my field of vision this voluptuous Latina babe, with protuberances protruding in all the right places. She had an oval cute pixie face, and a smile with eighty-five pounds of the whitest teeth happening.

I believe she was the first girl in the place, and I knew that all thirty-something dudes in the place were going to be pole-vaulting to get next to her.

From all my vast experience with women, which was zip, zero, zilch, except for Debbie Willoughby when I was like fifteen, I made my moves on Dolores a.k.a. Lola.

Surprisingly, we were together on and off for like five to seven years.)

Lola was in on drug related charges, and one would not expect that this 5'-1" tall cutie could slam heroin like she could. (Though at the time among other truth stretching's and assorted fabrications that flew out of those pearly whites with a regularity, was that she was not really a 'dope fiend', but only a "social user.")

Yeah.

Right.

Seems she had been busted umpteen times on drug related charges, but she just looked too good for male judges to be mean to her and send her up the river. Probations up the kazoo though being violated had her finally get put in Emerson house.

And that truly was the ratio back then, especially considering an overwhelming male judge majority, and still is to some extent today. A woman can/could get away with stuff with almost impunity that would have long since sent a guy to be hung up by his thumbs. So, our thirty to one ratio of the sexes at Emerson House was a good reflection of the sexist double standards in crime and punishment back then. Well, in punishment anyway, as if 100 men and 100 women committed the exact same crime, thirty of the guys and only one of the women would find themselves sentenced to do time. That is just how the judges are/were.

Women's rights extended ostensibly to wanting the same as men in all matters. But as far as doing time or suffering the same as men in certain instances, well, lets just say that someone put in some unwritten and unspoken amendments to their demands to be treated the same as the men. A few sniffles and sobs at the right moment. You get the drift.

Anyway, Lola was really impressed/interested by my being on intimate terms with big-time dope smugglers. And it may not

have hurt that I was kind of top man on the totem pole around Emerson House. I was the big frog in the little pond. (Don't trip; it was my first and last time.) It surely didn't hurt my image across the board with anyone that I had a brand spanking new 'Charp, Chort Chevy' to cruise around in. Lola was a Latina, and the Monte Carlo car was exactly the right vehicle for her to putt around in, and to impress whomever.

And, as the world turned, my time was coming up to be totally a free man.

Sonny had let me move Lola in to the Bridal Suite with me, and we wuz snug as bugz in da rugz.



Time to throw a monkey wrench at myself, as usual. (I must have inherited the monkey wrench from the Ogre, along with the technique for doing myself dirty.)

Sometime in that year of 1977 was handed down by the Supreme Court, that Federal Juveniles could not be incarcerated with adults. This had been in the works for years as it had been argued up through lesser courts to finally land at the top court in our country. So, Sonny was prepared, and quickly separated the bulk of the third floor of Emerson House into a separate juvenile area by knocking down some walls and making dormitories, a chow hall, and a day room. He had the windows bricked in to be slotted, and too small for the passage of a human being, however diminutive. He had rooms allocated for storage of Federal Prison staples like clothing, bedding, and such.

This was not all specifically for the few under age guys that had already resided at the House, but for the flood of youngsters from such places as Federal Youth Centers, like Englewood, CO where I had first started my Federal sentence.

As with most laws, we all know that they lollygag about in initiating the implementation, but in this case all Federal facilities

or facilities that had Federal contracts had to comply within two weeks. (If I recall) "Find a place to segregate the adults from the juveniles, or release one or the other!" You could see it when as in Englewood you had fourteen-year-old Indian kids in for simply being incorrigible (as in not obeying their parents or teachers), being housed with up to twenty-four-year-old adults.

In 1971, you could be sent to a FYC if you were under twenty-four years old. Kids from about sixteen were a standard, with a few real choice youngsters, that were only fourteen or so. By far though, dudes were at least eighteen, so they got to stay at the FYCs in 1977, while the Federal Prison System was dancing to find lodgings for all of these other kids they could no longer house with even just eighteen-year-olds.

Sonny got in on that gold mine as an interim housing site, as no way was walling up kids on his third floor without yard and exercise or school privileges, except going down to the courtyard out front by the pool once a day, going to pass muster for ongoing Federal permanent housing.

So, our poor Federal criminal youngsters in a nice semi-free halfway house environment of just the day before had to be put up there and walled in with young men that were doing real time in an FYC. A kid who never saw but the inside of a juvenile hall was suddenly exposed to dudes doing time for up to twenty years in a Youth Penitentiary.

It really sucked for some of our younger guys. In fact, the place was like a miniature maximum-security facility, but without the programs to take your mind off the fact that you were walled in with no yard time, gym, weights, or any of the normal exercise facilities to blow off steam.

Sonny had barely opened up for business up there when rioting became a daily occurrence and I feel justifiably so.

In short order Sonny came to me and offered me a deal as a young convict close to their ages, that would be respected, who had done time in Englewood FYC from where the bulk of our

new ‘inmates’/youngsters had just come in from. He wanted me to act as a go-between/counselor to these guys without formal standing of course, until I was released myself from custody in a couple of weeks.

Then, since I had no parole or probation and would immediately qualify for hire, he could hire me formally as a counselor. He said I could take a couple of hours of classes here and there to get some certificates as a drug and alcohol counselor, or whatever, and so my career in the criminal justice system would begin, but on the other side of things from where I had been all of my life.

To me, this sounded cool. I like pretty much everyone else directly or indirectly on the government teat, would be getting paid for doing absolutely nothing discernable or measureable. But, between you, me, and the post... I really thought that I could tell these youngsters some things that could maybe really help them. I empathized and sympathized.

So, I agreed, as of course it meant that Lola and I would have our deluxe accommodations in an ongoing way—free food, room and board, and a paycheck to boot!

Life was looking pretty good, for about a day or two, until that monkey (me) threw his wrench again.

I went up and cruised through the third floor and looked out at daylight through four-inch slotted bricked-in windows, and my oh my oh my!

What a hellhole compared to even still being in prison like being in an FYC, or in the regular housing in Emerson House below.

Sonny was asking the impossible of me. No kid in any juvenile facility that I had ever graced with my presence had to live like this. The only redeeming grace about this poor excuse for housing was that it was far better than any city jail, and better than any county jail that I had been in except one.

That was, of course, Boulder County Jail, which was the only coed county jail I ever heard of, never mind have been in. (I told

you Boulder was a different universe) Of course, at the time of my being in Emerson House I had not yet been in Boulder County Jail, but since I am on the subject...

It had men's sections that you graduated up through per your behavior, and per your criminal history. There were green and blue modules or pods (I forget what they were called) that you first went in as a fish (new guy). The first level mod lets say was green and had steel tables with steel welded seats. A small TV was bolted up on a stand on the wall.

The lights went out earlier, and there were other privileges that weren't available there than the modules above green in status. Then, blue module for instance had a bigger TV with movable plastic chairs and regular tables with maybe some drapes and a carpet or two and other small homey type embellishments as upgrades to the green living quarters. Maybe you had light switches that you controlled in your cell, and maybe regular doors that you could open or close as opposed to Green modules racking steel gates controlled by the man.

Then, if you didn't have violent crimes on your record, or any sex related crimes, you could graduate to the highest men's level (it was either red or gold, and the women's one and only module was the opposite color.)

Boulder County Jail had a room they showed movies in on weekends, an exercise yard, and a school, which along with going to chow with them, you could do all of these things with the women if you were in the top men's module.

We had wall to wall carpeting. What passed for a large screen TV in those days, we had nice looking wooden doors on our "rooms" each of which was still cell size but had a built in AM/FM radio. (I kid you not!)

Pure heaven compared to any county jail I ever dealt with or heard of, and then co-ed to boot? Boy oh boy.

Back to the tale of my brief counseling stint at Emerson House.



I was readily accepted as a ‘regular’ by the guys up on the third floor. I told them what was up in that destroying things that were provided for them wasn’t going to change the fact that though the government was hustling to build/find better facilities, no amount of breaking things and rioting was going to do anything any sooner, but only have they themselves depriving their own selves, of what little they had left.

(As I was speaking to them they had no TV as they had broken it a few days before, and Sonny was negotiating about all such deliberate damages with the Bureau of Prisons, as the youngsters from FYceglewood who had just lost their GED or other classes, yard privileges, or whatever, were the most destructive, and Sonny wasn’t about to just keep buying more stuff for them to keep breaking.)

I felt for these guys, as I had graduated from like facilities in county and so on, and as I wrote earlier in this book, I personally was willing to make a plea-bargain in part, just to get out of such a dump as these kids now found themselves in. Places where time slowed to a crawl as they didn’t have work, school, or any other things that make time easier to do, and go by quicker.

To get out of such a no program having place I, if indeed guilty, made my best deal and then:

“Guilty, your honor. Now, would you please give me a “forth-with removal order” so I can catch a chain and get to a place that has school, work details, hobby crafts, and iron piles and handball courts, etc.”

So, these poor guys had already gone through all the presentence BS and finally got sent to where perhaps they were in mid-schooling to get a GED, or just about to get a course certification in Small Engine Repair so they could get jobs when they got out, etc., and now back to a kind of “pre-sentence” limbo at square one had lost everything positive that they were trying to do for them-

selves and had to live in a lockdown-type facility to boot. All just kids under twenty-one too. Some were Indians who might have just been deemed “incurable” off a Federal Reservation and hadn’t even committed a crime at all.

In an aside, but a big deal for most of them (though most folks now don’t smoke as a norm) was that back then all young men did smoke as the norm, and now these guys could not smoke anymore, as opposed to just buying a pack at commissary when they wanted. So, going without, had their nerves on edge, too.

A couple of these guys were friendly acquaintances of Lola and I, and one of them took occasion to hit me up on the side to see if I would bring him a joint.

A day or two later, I did bring him that joint. That same night, Lola and I heard alarms ringing from the juvenile section, but didn’t trip as it was getting to be a nightly occurrence.

I was awakened a few hours later by someone who told me Sonny wanted to see me down in his office.

It was like the wee hours of the morning still. I went down, and Sonny told me that dude had given me up for bringing him the joint, which is the excuse he and some others were using to explain that my giving them a joint was causative of that night’s drama and fire alarms being set off.

Needless to say, my career as a jailhouse counselor was short-lived.

I left Emerson House sadly. I had let Sonny down, and felt really badly about it.

I just depressed myself writing this last part, so it is time for an Epic Christian Ode, with puns and humor to defray the sadness of the moment.

»» David and Goliath ««

For forty days and forty nights,
Goliath challenged the Israelites,

Yes, a seven foot man...
Of six-inch cubits and a span..."
Threatened to knock out their lights!



Old King Saul had a motley crew,
An army to do what to do.
He's too big they cried...
And were terrified...
Then ran when he challenged anew.



"Retreat," cried the troops of King Saul.
"Advance to the rear," was the call.
A retreat with precision...
Became the mission...
They "bounced" like off a brick wall.



King Saul said, "Break out the gold!"
"I'll bribe these dogs to be bold."
"Goliath has to die!"
Was his battle cry...
"Off with his head!" troops were told.



Saul's girl was up for grabs, too,
A princess for a hero true.
Who'd never pay tax...
If his battle ax...
Or his sword ran Goliath through!



Jesse had eight sons all right,
With three who were there for the fight.

But in the army of Saul...
They'd dropped the ball...
When Goliath made the army take flight!



David the youngest of eight,
Made sure those three brothers ate.
With "loaves and grains"...
For hunger pains...
Their food sealed Goliath's fate!



Cause' perchance, Goliath he heard,
Talk trash with every word.
"My God was defied!!"
David cried...
"Goliath is just a big turd!"



His kin knew him like a "Bo-Peep."
A shepherd who loved his sleep,
So how could they know,
That blow by blow...
He'd been killin' what stole his sheep?



So his kin had not seen David do,
Things to bears and lions, too!
If a bear took a ham...
Or a lion a lamb...
He'd choke them then beat them blue!



So, Dave boasted loud and clear,
To the king's men who were near.

But King Saul lost joy...
Finding David a boy...
Too young to even drink beer!



Then David told King Saul,
God flexes when I do call,
About lion or bear...
So, Goliath beware...
For my God will kill you all!!



With options hard to come by,
Saul was gonna' let David try,
Armor was applied...
To David's hide...
"I can't move!" was David's cry.



Off came chain-mail and breastplate.
None too soon but none to late.
Still, a helmet and gilt,
And sword and hilt...
"I can't walk!" cried David the great.



Back in cloth he knew what to bring;
His staff along with his sling.
Five stones in a bag...
Caused not a sag...
He was all good without Saul's "bling!"



Now, Goliath a big hairy dude,
Was never in a good mood.

Gnarly and big...
He was a big pig...
In every way, *and*...with his food!



He advanced to see a sight,
It was a boy he was to fight.
He growled with scorn...
“When wuz’ you born?”
“How think you to face my might?”



David said, “You got all your gear.”
While Goliath crept up to be near.
“My Lord you defiled...
And got Him riled...
No matter shield, sword, or spear!”



David ran toward the big mutt,
Afire to kick booty is what!
With a stone in sling...
He whipped it ‘zing’...
Goliath got knocked on his butt!



The stone hit center forehead,
And cracked the skull it was said.
For it was sure...
That that stone a-blur...
Had snuffed big Goliath out dead!!



Richard D. Gartner
1/26/2011

Richard Gartner with George Gartner

LOLA AND THE MEXICAN MAFIA; ERNIE AND THE MOTLEY CREW

Lola still had some while to go on her time to stay in Emerson House, while my back-stabbing erstwhile friendly acquaintance juvenile pot-head's big mouth had guaranteed me homelessness immediately. On the bright side was that no charges were pressed against me for the dastardly introduction of marijuana contraband into a facility.

All in all it was a good thing for Lola and I that I was on my own for a while, while maneuvering for some place to stay. Lola didn't have to trip too much anyway, as she had been born in Denver, and Ma and Pa, two brothers, and three sisters, were all either living with her folk's right there, or had their own places close by.

As I was twenty-five when I met Lola, I guess she figured a good age and status to be for herself to be was twenty-two, single, and childless. Then when I found out that Lola's younger sister was twenty-two, Lola allowed that she had lied a bit and was actually twenty-four. (Lola was the oldest of the four sisters, and in fact was second oldest of the six siblings she had.)

I ultimately found out that she was a year older than me at twenty-six, and she had a five- or six-year-old boy named Steve that Lola's mom was looking out for while she did her halfway-house time.

You think a red flag should have been raised in my mind about Lola and her forked tongue? Well, you would have to consider that the truth got stretched as a norm in the environments within which I came from.

Then you would have to factor in that I had never had an ongoing girlfriend to discuss and plan things with, and to partner with. I mean to tell you, that I had no experience of having anyone to get a hug from when feeling down. Nor in fact had ever had anyone I was intimate with to go home to at all, as I never even had my own place before, nor a real girlfriend. So, in the cosmic scheme of things, her assets far outweighed her liabilities, forked tongue notwithstanding.

George's first comment about Lola was to "Watch out for those Latin women, because you are going to have to beat them every so often because they have the hardest heads in the world."

(That is virtually a direct quote that I recall distinctly, as I had repeated it to Lola a zillion times for being a habitual liar for one thing, among other hard-headed ways.)

I believe that it was at this time that all else career-wise having failed, I got a Federal grant and started attending LaVonn's Academy of Beauty. (I could not apply sooner as you cannot get a grant while in custody or while on parole.) I crashed on George's couch in Arvada at the time.

I lasted two or three months at beauty school. It turns out that you really have to have social graces to be a hair dresser/cosmetologist. Just like a bar tender, a salesman, or any other person whose function was to interact with the public with any degree of social skills.

To digress for the umpteenth time: Being a "hairstylist" is exactly the same as being a "Cosmetologist." Just like being a "stewardess" is the same as being the more glorified sounding "Flight Attendant" or our "garbage man" became an exaltedly labeled: "Sanitation Engineer."

I found that I was sorely lacking in social graces, when somewhere after our second month of working on mannequin heads, we were to start working on real people. Now, in case you don't know, this meant that the fixed income little old lady would come

in for cuts, perms, and color, for us to try our hand at i.e.: experiment on. (Poor gals!)

My first little old lady had blue hair, which someone had somehow messed up big time. An instructor came over, and helped while keeping up a running patter with the 'client' and while instructing me at the same time. I did not have to really deal too much with that client one on one, very much that day. But again, that is as my instructor was demonstrating social interaction with the client, and basically doing my job.

The next time an old gal sat down at 'my station' I wasn't so lucky. I had the technical knowledge of what to do kind of sort of, but no hands on experience, and needed all of my concentration to do the work, never mind have a hopefully not too mindless of a discussion with the gal. But I found myself too tongue tied about what to say, anyway.

This old gal actually expected me to relate to her as she talked about dogs and kids and grandkids. She may as well have been from Mars. I don't know how a motor head like George did it, but I suspect he had to bite the bullet and mull through school too, but then graduating to working on, and wooing young professional ladies as he was now doing, I am sure was not too much of a hardship. And don't forget he was getting paid well to do it, too. (Talk about a wolf getting paid to be in the hen house!)

I got through the day, but knew right then that at that point in my life; I just didn't have the background to be an out-going extrovert with any verbal social graces with women.

Second: Though my schooling and supplies were covered by the grant, I didn't have money to live on, or even buy gas to get from point A to point B, and I was getting doggone sick and tired of being a man with a beautiful car to drive, who couldn't afford to put gas in it.

It percolated down to being time for a change of plans. Now what to do, and who do I know to help me do it?

I called up good Ol' Ernie (I won't mention last names) who had gotten out of Lompoc some time before me. He was the one if you recall whom was the biggest marijuana smuggler that Tucson, Arizona, ever had at the time of his arrest (or so he said).

I got hold of Ernie and explained my woeful plight. He said not to worry, that he would get things together and be on the way to Colorado with a "care package." Because of Lola, I asked him if he had access to other things than weed, and told him I had outlets for heroin and cocaine more so than I had for weed. I was thinking of Lola on the heroin side, and George and the hair people I knew to be having railroad tunnels for noses on the cocaine side of things.

Ernie allowed that he would talk to his cousin, and bring me an eclectic selection.

Ernie showed up one day about a week later in a beat-up, yellow Datsun four-door with Bondo and primer all over it. The car alone was so dilapidated that by itself waving a red flag at the 'bull' never mind the pallet of (I forget exactly) but hundreds of pounds of 'bricks' (kilos) of marijuana plastic wrapped and strapped to the roof of it.

I mean if you have ever seen pallet wrapping you know that it is clear, or at the most has a slight blueish tinge. But, unless it is wrapped a zillion times you can see clear through to the items on the pallet. (This particular weed load was not wrapped even close to a zillion times.)

The load on the Datsun could be seen through to, very clearly. If you have ever seen a brick/kilo of weed in your time, you knew what exactly was aboard this car's roof.

Then, not to be prejudiced about it, but to be absolutely realistic, the appearance of the car with Arizona license plates, and its motley crew in conjunction with the dubious load on the roof, were just begging to be pulled over...period.

Why Ernie brought all that up top, and four or six (I forget again) ounces of pure Mexican brown heroin, along with a taste

or two of cocaine, and triple beam balance scales, all of which was worth I don't know how much and yet he wouldn't spring for a U-Haul to hide it in, I will never know.

George and his mousey wife, Judy, at the time lived in an apartment or duplex of fairly humble parameters. So, the diminutive living room hosted I don't know how many bricks of weed stacked on every available surface, while the table and counter tops had illegal gear of whatever nature piled on them.

Upon the kitchen table was the triple beam balance scale that Ernie was trying to teach me to use to measure the heroin he had gotten from his cousin in the Mexican Mafia, and he was teaching me about "stepping on it" as it was pure and could be stepped on with "cut" (lactose sugar), five to six times depending on what the local junkies were used to. Seems that not only did you want to make the maximum amount of money by stepping on the ounces appropriately, but you also had to be in the ball park of what the dope fiends in your area were used to, so they didn't "OD" (overdose) on too pure/potent of a product.

Now, I never used this stuff, and no matter the cost, we considered heroin a ghetto dooper's get-high, and it was frowned on in the circles that I had grown up in.

Weed, I just never really liked it, as if I smoked it later in the afternoons or evenings it put me to sleep. If I smoked it early in the morning I was an Einstein and pop-corned ideas left and right for a couple of hours, and then it put me to sleep. So, neither weed nor heroin was my thing, and Ernie said that was all good, as I wouldn't be using up all of my profits.

In the midst of all this industrial strength capitalistic effort, I happened to glance up to see a pair of eyes, under mousey brown hair, peering through glasses and through one of the six-by-nine foot panes of kitchen door window glass at us.

Actually the focus of those eyes was on the table and not me proper. Ernie and crew, except for one who didn't indulge, had all injected themselves with a "speedball," which I came to find was

a combination of heroin and cocaine boiled in a spoon of water, and then drawn up through cotton to filter impurities, and then injected. Spoons and insulin syringes, were among other things to be seen on the table that was virtually right next to the door along the wall. I correctly guessed that the eyes belonged to Judy, who had maybe come home early, or, perhaps as was more probable, time had simply gotten away from me what with all the goings on, and she was actually supposed to be home by then.

The bandito looking crew of Ernie's sprawled all over the kilo inundated living room, smoking billowing clouds of weed smoke and fumes that no doubt percolated through the door gaps to assail Judy's nostrils, probably didn't help her surprise and dismay, either.

Her eyes looked like saucers, and if they had been lasers some holes would have been drilled through all of us, but I believe with a special size bore reserved for me.

"Uh-oh!" I said to Ernie. "We have to bail and quick cause Judy is for sure a-goody two shoes that might call the man."

With a quickness never before seen by mankind, we loaded up the Datsun and the Monte Carlo with the aforementioned unmentionables. The phone rang in mid bail out. It was George being barely coherent in his dismay. He had known that Ernie was coming, but like me didn't know exactly when. Nor with exactly what, nor with what amounts of what, nor about the bandana wearing banditos, syringes, spoons, and scales with brown baggies and white lactose powder making Judy's kitchen look for all the world, like some kind of a dooper's laboratory. (Which, in essence it had turned into.)

And of course Judy was oblivious to what was happening at all, but undoubtedly she assumed the worst, and rightly so. I believe she didn't call the man, only because she knew that George and his hair cronies were coke users, and/or she didn't want the notoriety of a big dope bust in her home of her own brother in law. Some of the fallout from that might stick to her and slow her

rise to stardom in the well-known restaurant chain she was a manager in.

Whatever the deal was, Ernie, I, and George, were also concerned about her running her head to someone, who would in turn run their head to someone...to eventually possibly have the tale heard by someone with a badge.

We retired to a motel the other side of Denver, way out of Arvada's jurisdiction, and set up shop for a couple of days. I had no idea of how to move a fifth of a ton of weed, or whatever it was, and I personally knew of no one to unload heroin to.

So, Ernie was back in the saddle smuggling weed by the ton, and allowed as how I didn't have to trip too much on paying him for the weed, but that the ounces of 'pure' he had to get back to his cousin for at \$1,800. per ounce.

I ended up virtually giving the weed away to my half sister Donna, while George got a chunk too. George wasn't too happy that Ernie had only brought coke for his personal use, as apparently neither his cousin's outfit, nor Ernie's, were moving cocaine.

George had never messed with heroin either.

Lola was the reason for my getting the "junk" in any case. By the way, just like weed does, heroin has quite a few street names, a few of which are 'junk', 'dope', 'stuff', 'H', or 'horse', etc.

Anyway, Lola came to sample the product, and went about shooting up with skill and precision. (She may have lied about other things like her age and so on, but when she told me that knew about heroin, she understated things.)

That girl could do enough stuff to sedate an elephant. She pronounced what Ernie had brought as the best she had ever seen, and then she proceeded to figure out how many times to cut it. I believe our standard was to 'step on an ounce' five times, and make it into six ounces.

The strange thing that I came to find out from Ernie, was that though an ounce is twenty-eight grams, a Mexican ounce is called a "piece" and is only twenty-five grams.

We got (if I recall) like fifty or better \$65 ‘bags’ from each cut piece (twenty-five gram Mexican ounce) of dope. Something like 3,250 back from a cut ounce. And we had six cut ounces that came out of each pure ounce of dope. That brought back 19,500 or so from my 1,800 investment, or 17,700 in profits. (Those numbers don’t sound quite right now, but are probably in the ballpark.)

Things proceeded “apace” (whatever that means). And in short order seeing Lola was such a bottomless pit in her use of the product, she finally twisted my arm to use myself. Soon both of us were using up our profits almost as fast as the profits came in.

We tried to stay away from direct sales, and I believe only had a couple of people who moved the product for us. I had heard long before moving drugs myself, from many a dealer in jail, how scandalous an addict could be if busted and in the thralls of withdrawal from heroin, or after having shot or hit the pipe on cocaine and in the ‘crashing’ stage.

These dope fiends would give up their own mothers to get out of jail and to get another hit of their particular poison. So, I knew to be as little known as possible when involved with addicts of physically or psychologically addictive drugs. This meant sharing the profits with the middleman, but was a lot safer than being out “Front Street” there yourself.

Still, it is amazing how you can build a tolerance to a drug to where in our case, both Lola and I would use the equivalent of 200 plus dollars each time we got high, and we each would “hit” ourselves at least three to four times a day.

Many ups and downs befell us over about a two-year period during which I would traipse on down to Tucson and back and keep the ball rolling, which no longer was the gold mine that it began as.

Then, came the time that I was going to be short of the money that I needed to “re-up” in Tucson. I was a couple of thousand dollars short.

I had an Einsteinian epiphany of how to rectify the situation, and that was to take some of the money that I did have, and

invest in cocaine, turn that around right quick, and come up with the \$6,600.00 that I needed to re-up in Tucson.

I was living in an apartment at the time, and speed or cocaine had a real paranoid effect on me, so I kept all my stash on the lid of the toilet bowl tank, so that I could run in to the bathroom and flush things if the man showed up.

Anyway...I had just re-upped with coke and had everything all over the bathroom.

Well, this youngster boyfriend of Charlene's (Lola's sister) kept bugging me to do runs to drop off things for me, and make ten or twenty bucks for himself each time. The problem is that I had to let him use one of my cars almost every time.

His name was Richard, and he was out doing one of these runs for me and was late coming back. I was starting to worry, (as it turned out, justifiably so), as he had gotten himself pulled over miles out of the way of any logical route to and from my place, and then apparently caused himself to appear so paranoid that he looked guilty of something or other to the man, and so they thought he had stolen my car.

I don't remember the details of why they didn't just call me, but I believe Richard might have said something he shouldn't have, or maybe he just looked like he was up to no good to such an extent that they wanted to come and see what kind of idiot (who also might be up to no good) would lend such a nice fairly new car to a kid. It was not only not out of the realm of possibility, but probable that when they stopped Richard they ran a check on not only him, but on my plates and registration, and...on me.

(And, we all know what kind of smelling rose my "rap-sheet" looks like!)

So, I am already sweating what is going on with Richard and my luxury road hog of an Oldsmobile '98 ('98 isn't the year but the model) when a knock comes at my door.

I am thinking it is Richard or I never would have answered at all, but... "Yeah, who is it?" I ask, already having unlocked the

deadbolt and door lock, just leaving the chain in place as I opened the door a crack.

“Oh man...the man!”

I closed the door in their suspicion exuding faces, their suspicions probably enhanced by hearing me unlocking three dead bolts, before opening the door as far as the chain would allow.

Zoom, I raced to the bathroom and got all the dope and cocaine down the toilet and flushed as I heard the door bust open in the living room. I had time to wipe off a couple of things, but the big ol’ triple beam balance scale stood there among assorted new baggies and balloons easy to be discerned as all awaiting use for some nefarious reason or another, and for product of whatever nature.

These guys were pretty cool though, and I think part of that was that they had just broken in without a warrant or “probable cause” and except for the fact that inquiring minds wanted to know why I slammed the door in their faces, probably wouldn’t have even barged in as they were ostensibly just there to ask if Richard did indeed have my permission to drive my car.

So, off they went, and I knew that I had to move in short order, as these guys would be reporting to narcotics what they had found, and I still didn’t know if Richard had said something he shouldn’t have, and these dudes were from narcotics DEA, or whoever, already.

Anyway, it was time to move, and I am now officially out of stuff, and pretty much broke.

»»» The Spirits «««

The spirits of bad are here,
Yet, the Holy Spirit is near.
When ‘drugs’ attack...
Like the demon ‘crack’...
Without Grace, you are in ‘fear’.



'Prejudice' is a sin...
But over it you'll win,
As you are warned...
It is horned...
Only men are next of kin.



'Lust' can be pretty and crude,
To visually damn your mood.
To even uphill...
'Pervert' your will...
To 'desire' to 'Lust' even food.



True riches aren't in gold and bills,
Confusing and subverting our wills.
Craving them cost...
What the hell-bound lost...
Where wealth provides no thrills.



These 'legions' are but a few,
Of the spirits who follow you,
We need to look within...
For 'one' without sin...
For 'He' is the only 'one' true.



Richard Gartner
3/17/01

Richard Gartner with George Gartner

WHAT SANTA DIDN'T KNOW

I called Ernie to run interference with his cousin, just like one would go to an inmate council rep, if one had a serious situation come up among the criminal elements inside. Well, kind of the same thing outside with serious criminal elements who couldn't afford to lose face.

Ernie got me a plane ticket after telling me on the phone things like, "Man oh man, you stepped in it now," but immediately went and got me some stuff to "get straight" on.

I was addicted and going through the first phases of withdrawals by the time I arrived in Tucson. And 'getting straight' or 'getting well' was just what it sounds like when you are sick from going through alcohol or drug withdrawals, and then you take a hit of what you need to get well.

Sucks, huh?

Ernie then proceeded to negotiate how I could get the \$6,600 back to the fellas', without paying in body parts.

It turned out that Christmas was a few days hence, and the deal was that I would deliver stuff all over the country for Ernie's cousin over a period of I don't remember how many hours of numerous plane rides, starting on Christmas Eve's eve (December 23).

I was given an ounce of my own to get started with, and then loaded up with I don't know how much stuff strapped all over my person, and in a briefcase and overnight bag that I carried aboard my flights.

There were many flights and connections that I needed to make, and I had an itinerary of jumping off of one flight, being met by someone who had my description, and then we would go

to a bathroom where I would attempt to count the green, before handing whoever his/her issue.

A problem manifested in short order. Some of my flights were booked pretty closely from when I deplaned to when I was to re-board on my next flight, and several times I needed to get to another concourse of another airlines altogether, which might be clear across the airport.

This had me trying to count thousands in minutes. No problem if dudes brought all big bills, but at least half of the monies I was to count in short order were in twenties and lesser amounts. Even if I had the time to count four or five grand or better in twenties, two dudes standing in a bathroom stall for fifteen to twenty minutes were just asking for someone to report us to airport security, even though back in those days airport security was nothing compared with how it is today.

So, I soon had to call Ernie's cousin (names are withheld to protect the guilty) with the news that on my last landing I had not had time to properly count the pile of bills that I got in exchange for what I brought and handed over hoping for the best.

Secondly, some of these guys were really shaky looking characters from east coast cities that looked like they hadn't seen a bar of soap in a year. I wanted my guy to call these guys before I landed, to tell them that the impeccably groomed nice looking gentleman with the leather carry on and briefcase, did not look like he should be greeted by a homeless unwashed greasy looking scungeball. If security didn't just follow said sleazebag from the get-go on his way through the airport to meet me, then they surely would have flags go up at our greeting one another and going into the restroom together for ten to twenty minutes.

Then there was the last thing I called homey-doncha'-know-me about. It was simply (or not so simply actually) about a matter of the space I needed for thousands of dollars of small bills that needed to fit into my carry-on bags. These thousands, believe it or not, even had tens, fives, and even some ones mixed in.

I mean...come on, guys! Maybe that was their plan because they knew that I had finite times between flights that had me hanging around the terminals for the least amount of time possible. So, perhaps they figured rightly so, that I hadn't time to count 5-10K in small bills, and that they could be short without me knowing/just didn't think or care about my space problems, and surely I wasn't about to try to start putting things down in with the regular luggage, where I had none in the first place.

Thousands of dollars in small denominations took up far more room in my briefcase and tote bag than the product that was being purchased. I mean, I had a couple of items of what I deemed necessary items of apparel in there too, being I was going to be 'on the road awhile' IE: (in this case) in the air awhile. But as I was getting small denominationed to death, well, I had to change into my clean duds and just throw my dirty clothes away to generate as much room as possible.

Anyway, after a phone call expressing my concerns—the main one of which was that a bullet didn't end up in my forehead as my reward for coming up short—the project proceeded with the following determination: The determination had come down the pike, that the clientele were good enough customers or they would not be trusted to meet someone like me in the first place, so to just assume the money was right whether I had time to count it or not.

To make a long story short, and in fact I am going to blaze through the drug addict years of my life as best as I can, as dwelling on the whole drug scene on hindsight, when I was so personally involved, is very distasteful to me, and I am sure it would also be to you, were you in my shoes then and now. When I think of slamming speedballs and injecting hard drugs to the maximum that a human mind and body could stand, I have 'flash-backs' to/about some things that I witnessed that were absolutely unequivocally my seeing demons as amorphous shapes and shadows that you could feel the evil emanating from.

Whether you want to believe that drugs can and are sensitivity enhancers, that can sometimes let you see and sense things outside of your normal perception range, or just go along with how the Enemy through his human and non-human minions wants all to believe you are just hallucinating or delusional, is your choice.

However, being depressed from drug abuse out in the free world led me to my Salvation in a way that prisons, convict associations, and losing their wives and children led most others who had been in, or were still in, prison be led to their Salvations.



I still maintain that in most cases your Salvation pretty much depends on your having been humbled and knocked to your knees in some form of abject misery, to sincerely beg forgiveness for your sins and ask the Lord into your life. I believe that some form of a major humbling circumstance needs to befall the average person to bring them to the end of self-reliance and to the beginning of asking the Lord to handle the load.



So I cannot just completely gloss over the after Lompoc druggy period of my life as being a time without value, which by the way was on and off for at least five years of illegal street drugs, and then a few years of “legal” pain management drug addiction, that was prescribed to me by my doctors while I had good Carpenter Union Insurance.

The reason that I maintain that there was value (for me specifically) was that it took a depression of another nature than just prison life, or of dire physical threat, or losing my non-existent wife and children (i.e.: get a “Dear John” I am divorcing you, you jailbird knucklehead, letter) for me, as opposed to any another, to get knocked to *my* knees.

I mean...I had none of these things to lose to get depressed and get knocked to my knees in prison, and then go in prayer to the Lord about. No wife and kids, no job or college-generated future job that a felony or prison time would ruin my chances at. No home I couldn't pay the mortgage on, or nice new car I needed to make payments on.



Anyway, to make the Christmas run story short, I got done delivering all over the place and was on a layover of three plus hours in Chicago on Christmas Eve when it hit me.

My aunt Katy's kids were supposed to live in Chicago and so on a whim, I got to a phone and started looking them up.

I found Michael (last name withheld to protect the guilty/innocent...again), a first cousin, as one of my aunt Katy's five kids. I called up and someone answered. It took awhile to establish our bona fides to one another, but then the repartee flew hot and heavy.

Mike talked me into postponing my flight out, so he could come and have a cocktail with me.

I had told him that I was a traveling salesman (ain't that the truth?). He, of course asked what I was selling that had me trapped at O'Hara Airport on Christmas Eve, and I told him, "I sell whatever's clever, but I am pretty much all done and on holiday now, and don't want to talk shop."

Mike picked me up, and I either canceled my flight for a later one before he got there, or after we ended up at his apartment.

We had gone and gotten a buzz on booze somewhere, and as Michael had long since heard of my "black sheep of the family status" it didn't disappoint him too much when I told him what I was traveling around selling.

He, in fact wanted 'a taste' (to sample some product) and got one.

Mike told me that there was going to be a big family reunion in Peoria, Illinois, where my old man hung his hat, though my aunt Katy and some of her other kids and grandkids were in Indiana. Mike, the middle child, had four siblings, the oldest one who also lived in Chicago, and then there was the next youngest down from her, which was Bill, then Mike, then Susan, then the baby of the crew, which was Diane, who I remember as Dee Dee.

It seemed that my sire was importing my grandparents into his hamlet in Peoria for Christmas, and that was why everyone was going to meet there, but also because Peoria, Illinois, was kind of halfway in between all of my aunt Katy's scattered out brood.

Mike talked me into attending this reunion. I had serious reservations, but I had plenty of stuff to sedate myself with if things got knarly, and I had enough cash to charter an SST, if I wanted to bone out right quick.

So, okay...I went.

Except for the greetings given me by my two youngest first cousins...Susan and Dee Dee, and then of course how Mike was, only grim crocodilian toothed phony baloney forced grim smiles were sent my way, through clenched said crocodilian pearly whites.

Okay, I socialized for a bit, then I hid out and got high with I forget who all, and then I got on a regular jet in some bigger town to, in turn, fly back in to Denver, which was not where I was supposed to go to, as it was too long since I had been back to shell out the really "ill gotten gains" to the troops in Tucson.

I ultimately came to find that Mike couldn't hold his mud and really had to cement my "black sheep" status with all and sundry of my estranged family by estranging them even further with my having been on a dope delivery run with a bunch of illegal chemicals while there.

Anyway, everything got handled eventually, to enough of everyone's satisfaction, to end this part of my tale with a ridiculous Christmas Santa Clause poem...

»»» Satan Santa «««

It was the night before Christmas,
And all through Lompoc...an FCI...
The inmates were dreaming,
Of Christmas times gone by.



Each knew on that night,
On that night of fame...
That for the time they had to do,
They had only themselves to blame.



But what is that sound...
Do we hear sleigh bells ringing,
And an accompanying sound...
A "Yo Ho Ho!" type singing?



The searchlights are on...
In the circle of light they shed
Is a strange-looking vehicle...
Looks like a bulletproof sled!



It's coming over the fences,
Higher and yet higher...
But alas, a runner got caught,
On the 'snitch wire.'



It is now the next morning,
And Santa is nowhere in sight.

He delivered in spite of 'the man',
And split in the night.



But his present to us is plain,
As we can blurrily see...
He done dumped in the chow,
Pure uncut LSD!



Richard Gartner
Lompoc, FCI
1970s

A ROCKY ROAD TO SALVATION

As I wrote you earlier in this book, I am not going to continue describing being imprisoned at length or other sorry subjects over and over. This book was inspired by my wanting to get my poetry out, and only incidentally was I to describe the events around the writing of the poetry. But this is how it is turning out: kind of autobiographically.

I have written what I have written so far simply because it all sticks out in memory pretty clearly, and hopefully brings the reader to understand a bit who I am and how I got to be the person writing Christian books and poems, and other more secular writings.

For years, following what I have already written, drugs became the focal point in my life. Crime, imprisonment, and virtually everything else that happened in my life, found drug use as the root cause around which my life and lifestyle revolved. That seems pretty much the same with most of the incarcerated.

I visited for a very brief time Canyon City Colorado State Penitentiary. It was “brief” as I played around with my sentencing to do the bulk of it in Boulder County Jail before even getting to the prison. (You will recall how affectionately I described that “coed” County Jail? I mean, they even had built in AM/FM radios in each cell at a certain level!)

As a matter of fact, that jail was so nice to be in, that I had originally gotten sentenced in Boulder for pawning some company tools, gotten a “joint suspended sentence” on condition that I do X amount of time in a halfway house. I was only at the halfway house for about three weeks when my slob roommates

left dirty dishes in the sink and we all got penalized by not being allowed our “weekend passes.”

I told them to just send my back to jail as I wasn’t going to do rinky-dink time in a halfway house, and then rinky dink probation. I would rather do prison and get it over with, then parole which (for me) is easier than wussy probation where the probation officers all think they can have you kowtowing to them and dancing in fear of being sent to live with the boogey-men (in the pen), whereas the parole officers know you already have been to the pen, and a violation for only up to a year (usually only three months) doesn’t really scare a real convict.

In other words, parole officers don’t expect you to kiss their butts, and do ridiculous programs just to stay on the streets, like a probation officer does.

Anyway, I postponed and postponed, as the months went by in Boulder County Jail where I even had a girlfriend, but finally I got back to court, got sentenced to two years in Canyon City, and then waited yet more months to be transported and catch the chain.

By the time I actually got to where I had to do the time, I was already within a few months of being eligible for parole.

Now, not only do I intend to gloss over about ten years of doing drugs and doing crime to support drugs, but also I really have no option, as I cannot remember sequences or specifics as far as putting things on a timeline.

Heavy drug and alcohol use will not only scramble the brains of the moment, but scramble the memories of those moments for all time. And, sad to say, those drug and alcohol abuse moments pretty much comprised every moment that I could lay my hands on said things to abuse them.

Lola and I had our ups and downs almost like clockwork, during those years. We could stand each other for only so long and then off to California, I would go for months or even a year.

Again, I am not going to go into details, in order to protect the guilty (me in these cases), but I got pretty down and dirty in crime, to where in quite a few instances, had I been caught I may have found myself behind bars with decades to do rather than just years.

There came a time after perhaps ten years of being a dope fiend that I got really sick. I was out in California and had an apartment and was actually working and doing kind of ok for myself, being gainfully employed and the whole bit. (Of course I still spent as much of my paycheck as I could afford on drugs.)

Anyway, I got sick to death's doorstep, and the Department of Health put a yellow quarantine sticker on my door, which meant that though I could not pay rent, the property manager could not evict me. Nor could whoever supplied light and heat, shut off my services for nonpayment.

When I was feeling a bit better, the property manager gal offered to pay to move me somewhere else, and/or buy my plane fare. (I believe that yellow quarantine sticker on my door was not conducive to her renting out other apartments in the building.)

Anyway, I went to stay at George's again in Denver. He had a two-story house and only lived downstairs with his sweetheart of a lady of the time, Terry. (I forget if they were married or not.)

The other Terry, Terry Eaglefeather Shwartz, and crew had long been busted for whatever. I think coke, but the salon got shut down because of nonpayment of corporate tax, or capital gains tax, or some kind of tax or other on profits that someone inhaled up their noses. So, George had bounced around a bit and started he and his girlfriend Terry's own Salon that I forget the name of.

I forget all of the details of before I came to know The Lord. It still had a lot to do with drugs, and notably with cocaine mixed with heroin i.e.: a speedball and the fact that I am really a tweaker and paranoid big time when I do anything like speed type drugs. I hear and see cops and/or other blue-meanies coming in from

every direction to do dastardly things to me. I am peering out the windows and suchlike, during paranoid episodes.

Such a kind of an exhausting “tweaking” episode had happened the day before the day of what again...I call my no doubt about it, “Salvation Experience.”

As a matter of fact, I should write an epic ode about it, but while I am thinking about doing that, here is an applicable poem that is already on hand:

»»» The Puppeteer «««

Good morning you in the mirror...
The reflection couldn't be clearer,
Am I still a thug...
Or just have a jailbird mug?
Is my answer to that any nearer?



To me, I've been of “the good guys”.
I think each is, in his own eyes.
“Hey I'm not bad...
It's the world that's sad...
I'm a victim of so many lies.



Well, the world if truth be told,
Globally warmed is pretty 'cold.'
As a 'puppeteer'...
Pulls the strings here...
To enthrall the world he holds.



Glittering daze to glows in the dark,
We're wooed by toys in the park.

California Christian Criminal

Some struggle and strive...
To just stay alive...
And some carefree lives are a lark.



It has all been carefully planned,
To confuse each life that's spanned.
But there is a way...
To overcome dismay...
To seek truth and not be unmanned.



The truth is One to hold dear.
One who whipped that puppeteer.
So, claim victory...
With He who saved me...
Whose child you see in the mirror.



By Dusty AKA: Richard Gartner
Wasco State Prison
3/18/01

Richard Gartner with George Gartner

SALVATION TIME

I woke up an unhappy, depressed camper. Just facing another day of this same old same old, was just getting really old. And by this I mean that here and there I had had plenty of cash, and of course could get as high as I wanted in any way a person could wish—change my boring reality by becoming not myself in a narcotic, supposed euphoria, or race around with mind popcorn racing on speeds or cocaine or LSD type hallucinations. Whatever...

What I am trying to impart is that being able to buy whatever you wanted and get high in any way you wanted was a dope fiend's supposed nirvana. And I had that going on for so long that it became blasé, passé, and plain boring. You must understand that a dope fiend doesn't care about buying diamonds, a yacht, or a jet. Just whatever immediate creature comforts that go along with making his highs all the more supposedly enjoyable.

In my case I had done exactly what my messed up dope head-ness wanted in its limited capacity to even want, and that morning after morning came I slowly began to begrudge the time and tedium of even starting my day slamming (injecting) myself with whatever I wanted to try to obtain the high that I thought that I wanted.

Until the morning came when I decided I didn't want to do "it" anymore. "It" being live the life I had been living.

I pretty much exactly recall my thoughts and feelings that morning.

I was so depressed thinking about doing a repeat of the day before, (and basically the years before that) that I looked up to my bedroom ceiling and addressed it and whatever might be above it. I said something like: "Lord if you are real and really are there, let me know. Because if this is all there is to life, then I want to check out."

What you might or might not need to know is that the professional junkie/dope fiend will always leave a 'wake-up' for in the morning, to do as soon as he/she wakes up. You would be 'sick' or not feeling right, on the way to being really 'sick' otherwise.

So, when I was addressing the ceiling I had not only a wake up, but a serious amount of dope sitting there, that should I so choose...could knock out an elephant permanently, never mind a sucked up human being. (By "sucked up" I mean that your typical junkie on any length of a long 'run' gets to be pretty much a sack of skin and bones as food doesn't interest him at all.)

A 'run' in the dooper's vocabulary is the same as in most other's description of endeavors, in that you had a "long run," say, of being lucky at cards. For dope, it meant the length you maintained supporting your habit without getting busted, or perhaps going on 'the program' (Methadone) or whatever.

So to "check out" in this case meant a suicidal inclination ably enhanced by an easy way out. Forget about jumping off of a bridge or stepping in front of a car, and all that painful mess. I would just load up a syringe with a massive jolt of heroin, and just fade away as I had done many times before in a gentle 'nod' but this time just would not wake back up.

No problem, no pain, no fuss. (Frankly, I have never understood why people in this day and age who decide to suicide sometimes choose such horrible ways to do it.)

And enough of Dusty's dope fiend dictionary, and definition of terms.

Anyway...I was addressing the Lord, who I hoped could hear through that ceiling or was imbedded in it, when I was interrupted in my non-skilled prayer.

For once you are on the right track, was what I heard, perhaps only inside of my own head. I paid immediate attention to discern if it was my ears hearing things or not, but nothing else was spoken. And I guess I really didn't need anything more to be

said, because an immediate cessation of all those negative feelings, depressions, and burdens happened.

Poof! Gone!

A lifting of depressions and fears and all other bad feelings and forebodings, that I came to believe over the years of on and off study, that we grow used to having as burdens always present with us, to some degree or other happened. Like carrying a sack of cement on your shoulder since birth, just got lifted off of you.

So, I believe the Salvation experience that can hit you so hard, is not just the sudden overwhelming peace and joy of the Holy Spirit blossoming within you without any separation from God (i.e.: sins) to deflect the Lord's Spirit from you in His distaste of your unclean "temple."

I guess what I am saying and thinking is that just us, even with our own sinful natures, and our burdens of unconfessed and unrepented for sins, are an unhappy, sad state of affairs. But all that *combined* with demon enhanced obsessions and oppressions, is another level of: "A combined sad state of affairs" entirely.

So, just removing the enemy's assailments and influences alone, would cause an uplifting of our spirits simply by our being unburdened, for perhaps the first time in our lives. I find it indicative that the old saying, "...uplifting of our spirits..." has a special meaning when you take the saying at face value to where "your spirits" could mean those enemy spirits who specifically target *you*. (So, to take the old saying literally, uplifting your spirits could really mean getting those spirits off of your back, which would cause you to obviously feel "an uplifting of your spirits".)

Then comes in the Holy Spirit of God! Bam!

So, I believe it is a combination of the two happenstances that are what we feel when we receive Salvation the way I did.

As I wrote earlier, in 'the holes' in every jail that complies with the law, it *is* law that you are allowed a Bible. (At least, as far as I know, unless the ACLU has messed that up too.)

Anyway, I had read the Bible through I don't know how many times, and some Scripture stuck in my memory here and there.

I didn't snap to the specific one that I was to use to my own personal ends right away, but it jumped out at me, and I believe not by mistake, either that very same day, or soon thereafter. To wit:

“Anyone who belongs to Christ is a new person. The past is forgotten, and everything is new” (2 Corinthians 5:17, CEV).

I think I called Terry about where to find her Bible, who, whether George was married to her or not, I considered my sister-in-law. Or, if I didn't call her to find out where it was or if she had one...I got hold of Terry's white leather little Bible somehow, in short order.

It's a funny thing how The Holy Spirit within you can make the Scriptures come alive and have meaning, where before they were just a bunch of dry words without a seemingly very well put together tale. All of the sudden, reading the Bible is a rewarding enjoyable drinking in and opening up of feelings and thoughts. (Very hard to describe this stuff to anyone who hasn't had the Holy Spirit working in them when they read the Scripture.)

So, with the Holy Spirit at the helm, from not having any missions or goals to full steam ahead, with only a slight intermission to receive my Salvation.

And make no mistake...it might take you years, decades, or a lifetime to get *to* Salvation, but to *get* Salvation only takes a second.

“So you will be saved, if you honestly say, ‘Jesus is Lord,’ and if you believe with all your heart that God raised him from death” (Romans 10:9, CEV).

Or, the King James Bible version:

“That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved” (Romans 10:9).

The kjv version sounds far more powerful doesn't it? My Bible is a Nelson Study Bible, and is the nkjv (New King James Version) that I received as a gift from my brother Bob, many years ago.

But I cannot copy and paste that version into this book from E-Sword (a free Bible study download) which I use to look up things, and study and compare scriptures, as of the 20 Bibles that are freely downloadable into E-Sword, Nelsons isn't one of them (You should really try E-Sword though).

I have downloaded seven free Bible versions into how I want *my personalized* version of E-Sword to be. I have downloaded six different well known and respected Bible theologians "commentaries" to study any given verse, chapter, or book, and downloaded several different Bible dictionaries, along with good old regular Webster's Dictionary. All of this was free through E-Sword, and readily available using E-Sword.

In any event, I can look up a Scripture using just a single word from a Scripture I vaguely remember. And E-Sword will use a concordance to find every use of that word in the Bible. You go through all of them or hopefully a few of them, and find the Scripture you recalled someone quoting to you. Then you can also go through every version of the Bible you have downloaded, just in case you remember the Scripture vaguely, but it was a different translation you heard it read or quoted from.

Here is a feature that I use in E-sword almost every time I read or find a Scripture that I like: "Parallel"

Lets say I am reading from King James Version, and click on a verse that I want to study, I can go up to the tool bar with all the different Bible translations that I downloaded in, and click on 'Parallel', and a window will open showing each of my downloaded Bible translations of that exact same verse. (An example of that is how I pasted in here a couple of paragraphs ago, both the (cev) and the (kjv) translations of Romans 10:9. (Whichever translation is clearer I like to quote from...)

Anyway, I like the power of the 'Ye Olde English' that is in the King James translation, but it sometimes can be confusing, so I study a lot in other more modern day translations.

(Let's face it though... "Thou shalt not whatever" has a lot more of an authoritative sound to it than: "You shall not whatever," right? Right.)

MIRACLE TIME

Being all new and shiny in Christ like a new penny, I was on fire to do something good to offset to whatever nature, all of the bad things that were such a bad taste in my mouth.

But, there wasn't enough detergent to 'wash out *my* mouth with soap.'

Every second it seemed a miracle of self-awareness was happening after the moment of my Salvation, but these were only what I could realize within my own self.

Then the Lord provided a miracle that anyone close to me could see as such, that could not be explained away.

I went through absolutely no withdrawals from drug and alcohol addiction.

None.

And I was to use a drug addict's term: "hooked like a trout."

I should have been rolling around the floor with my stomach in knots, in hot and cold sweats...ad nausea (literally).

Nothing, nada, zip, zero, and zilch!

I had of course flushed the drugs that were there when I woke up initially so I wouldn't be tempted, but as the hours wore on while I was waiting for the sickness to start up, an aversion to even thinking about the mechanics of injecting things into myself occurred. A serious distaste and repugnance came to the fore. And I am convinced via the Holy Spirit's distaste and repugnance of the defiling of the temple (my body) in which the Holy Spirit resided/resides.

In any event, by noon I knew something was up. My addictions were not psychosomatic/psychological, but in a major way physical, and after only a few hours gone by since an injection, my body would start to crave more. It had now been like ten hours.

Anyway, I was given to know without words heard from the Lord that I could quit tripping on the expectation that I would be going through withdrawals.

Relax, dude, it ain't a-gonna happen. Plenty of other things to trip on. (I didn't hear this; I just thought it to myself.)

I am not sure but I believe that the very next day I started looking in the newspaper for work. I had imposed enough, and I was going to rely on The Lord to make miracles happen. I needed a pad and a job post haste and forth with.

(No big deal Lord, you built the world in seven days, so break me off some of that kind of divine activity.)

Well, here in the Rocky Mountain News was the very thing. A decent paying job that I had the skills to do easily, with an apartment included. An apartment complex maintenance man, position. The ad was placed by whom I found to be one of the 'biggies' in property management at the time. I believe it was 'Jonestown or Johnstown Properties'

I called them and asked what was up, and was told that there were several openings at various locations in the Denver area, one of which was to a complex of (I believe) 262 units. As property maintenance, I would of course have the master keys to all of these people's homes.

But there were some interesting qualifications among the more mundane unimportant ones, like whether I had the skills to actually do the work. The important qualifications were:

No drugs in ya...

No drugs on ya...

No drugs anywhere having to do with you now, or indeed... ever!

No crimes done by ya...ever!

No criminal record on ya...ever!

A police report on ya...from the womb!

And:

A comprehensive polygraph done on ya to see if ya wuz an undercover dope fiend bank robber who somehow just never got caught.

Now, do you remember when Jesus answered Satan when Satan was tempting and testing Him: (Let me find it in E-Sword)

Mat 4:7 Jesus answered, "But the scripture also says, 'Do not put the Lord your God to the test'" (GNB) Good News Bible.

See, I just used the 'Bible Search' to find the word "test" and looked through the 58 times the word 'test' was used in the GNB translation, to find Matthew 4:7. (I tell you, E-Sword makes you think you are a theologian.)

Anyway...I did not set about looking for work to 'test' The Lord, but to get this particular position would require divine intervention for sure. However, to solve my need to obtain a roof over my head, *while* earning income, *while* being supplied with furniture and furnishings, would be hard to find. And here was a biggie! For the job also had to be one that I did not need transportation to get to and from, as I had to leave my truck in Los Angeles for a while.

Well now, where could you possibly find all of that rolled up in one package, albeit while having to satisfy criteria that would challenge the saintliest of men?

The qualities and qualifications needed to get this job were so ridiculous, that I feel God put that ad in the paper for a job that no normal mortal man could qualify for, just so I would *know* that my passing all of the tests and meeting all of the criteria had to be because the Hand of God was at work. So, with no intentions to "test" the Lord, but simply to stand on His Word in (Again):

2 Co 5:17 "Anyone who belongs to Christ is a new person. The past is forgotten, and everything is new" (CEV) Contemporary English Version.

So, as a new man...a new person...forget who I had been and what the old me had done, I am not that person, and did not have that person's record.

With these thoughts percolating in my head bone, I filled out all the forms and took all the tests, including the Polygraph, and Ta-Daaa! I passed! Not only passed but dude told me that he had never seen such a perfect scoring individual.

I mean...they had even asked if I had *ever* simply smoked a toke of weed, never mind inhaled, ingested, or injected harder stuff. Had I ever deprived *anyone* of *anything*? You know, questions that any normal non-‘Stepford’ child would have to answer in an incriminating affirmative somewhere. Even if you recalled taking a buck from your mom’s purse as a child, or taking a piece of bubblegum from the store, or burglarized a cookie from the family cookie jar, or smoked a toke of weed just to see what was up, this test was geared to make you look bad if you were just a normal human being.

I suppose if Jesus himself were to answer these questions today, he could have passed it, but only if he was born Christ, and not simply a Christian who obtained Salvation after a few years of sins. At least one sin of which this Polygraph would have had anyone else but J.C. admitting to something, that would make them look bad.

“Nope, it wasn’t me,” I said to everything, for as a brand new person... As a “babe in Christ”...I hadn’t even shined a pair of shoes yet.

Now came the really impossible part of the criteria to satisfy...

The police report.

Everything else could possibly be laid ostensibly at how I, like a trained secret agent, knew how to fool a polygraph, but no psychosomatic skills, could change my long...long... documented in black and white history of crime and punishment.

Even what nowadays would be called an ancient computer would surely spit me out as an indigestible candidate for employment available on the free side of prison bars.

Red lights would flash and sirens would wail if the old computer had one to do on such as me so it was with baited breath

(whatever that means exactly) that the assembled multitudes (that would be me) awaited the verdict.

And lo:

They told me that as I had passed the polygraph with flying colors never before seen by mankind (and basically that is what the gal kind of actually said), and that they would put me to work right away even without the police report. I did however, have to go down and get fingerprinted, which I did do, putting it all in The Lord's hands.

By now, let there be no confusion on you/the reader's part that things straight up now *were* a test of the Lord's willingness to keep on doing miracles for me at this point. Frankly, I was just waiting for the plug to get pulled on the whole shebang.

"Nobody moves, and no one will get hurt!"

I never heard another word about that police report.

I surely didn't ask about it after getting hired.

They gave me a nice apartment, which I furnished nicely within a week from what people moving out left behind. My utilities were even free, if I recall.

Somehow, I ended up attending church at a church thirty miles north of Denver, in some considerable sized town (Ft. Collins?) that I forget the name of as I now write.

The only thing that sticks out in memory about it was that the church I went to had a name with "lighthouse" in it, because it had a simulated lighthouse built onto its roof like a steeple. I believe I recall that you could actually go up there and look out over the town.

Within short order, something happened that my inexperienced new man in Christ self, didn't have a clue about, and that is that the Holy Spirit became a smaller and smaller voice within me as I built up a bigger and bigger amount of unconfessed and unrepented for sin.

Again for you who do not know: 'SIN' translates to "Separation from God". IE: The more built up unconfessed and unrepented

for sins that you have not been forgiven for, the further you are separated from God and the less you can feel the Holy Spirit and hear the Holy Spirit's "still small voice."

"After the earthquake there was a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire. And after the fire there was the soft whisper of a voice" (1 Kings 19:12, GNB).

"When Elijah heard it, he covered his face with his cloak and went out and stood at the entrance of the cave. A voice said to him, 'Elijah, what are you doing here?'" (1 Kings 19:13, GNB).

We have to confess daily, and we have to listen to the Holy Spirit chiding us here and there throughout our day, letting us know when we have just sinned *and apologize right then to the Lord.*

And frankly, personally, with *my sinful nature*, I find it really hard enough without ignoring the Holy Spirit to *stay* right enough with God to keep the Holy Spirit strong with me. I have to listen, apologize, and repent, without which I would have no chance at all to be in a state of grace and have peace.

It is a simple formula to speak about, but really seemingly hard to follow through on, as things of the world constantly get in the way of (I believe) *effectively* confessing and repenting.

Not being "effective" in confessing and repenting means that you are not getting forgiven, and those wedges between you and God remain...to separate you from Him. There goes your peace and contentment!

I do Bible studies every morning now, and even leave myself notes to pray and ask forgiveness for each days sins before I do my Bible study, and then for hours I write in my fiction and non-fiction Christian writings, and still cannot seem to maintain in my heart that I am right with God.

It is just like I wrote as far as getting Salvation. You can take years getting to the right place in your heart, and then in a second you can receive Christ. The very next second you might be sin-

ning in some (to us) small way, but that begins already to drive a wedge between us and the Lord.

This letting unforgiven for sin build up on you is a very big deal, as the Holy Spirit will shy away from us if we are “unclean” from having filthy unconfessed-for sins serving as a barrier between us and Him.

And frankly, without the Holy Spirit, we will not have peace and contentment, nor receive direction to get same.

Its a definite “catch twenty-two” situation as you need ‘one’ to get the other, but you cannot get the ‘one’ without the other being acceptable to the ‘one’ in the first place.

Anyway, I had not a clue about these things, which I’ll call the nuts and bolts of how to stay right with the Lord.

So, I knew that I should go to church (IE: begin fellowshiping with mature Christians) because of the powerful urge to do so that the Holy Spirit initially gave me upon receiving my Salvation. But that immediate focus given to me by the Lord at the moment of Salvation was fading as simply going to Church, or “Churching” wasn’t keeping me right with the Lord, while I was more than a bit shy in the “fellowshipping” department, being basically an introvert and keeping to myself for self-preservation purposes.

Where I had been raised in prisons and jails, staying “out of the mix” and keeping to yourself was your best bet to make it through.

In any event, I was “back-slidden” and didn’t even know what that meant...

I fell away from even Churching, and went about my new life, but not at all as I had been before. The happiness and joy was gone. There were permanent changes. I would not steal, and I would not even lie, except on the rarest of occasions when I considered my back up against the wall in the legal arena.

I had a more knowing and caring way of dealing with people and things, but was still “rough trade” as far as being little Miss Muffet who sat on da’ tuffet. (What’s a “tuffet” anyway?)

I find myself here trying to remember the sequences of things in my life timeline, and kind of drawing a blank.

So, until something gels, I guess it must be poem time... And I assume that the reader has gathered by now that “poem time” is always a good time to me.

As I am a Christian, it might seem funny that the following poem is from the Catholic Bible. There are two reasons why I wrote this poem, one of which I won’t go into right now.

The other is that I personally have long since had a problem with denominationalist denouncements. (Say that one a few times in a row.)

Yes, I know that long ago it was decided from what writings, the 66 books of the Bible would be determined. And I have in my studies heard about what tests were used to determine what books got included as the books of the Bible.

Anyway, the Catholics have a few more books in ‘their’ Bible. The Catholic Bible that I have right now on my desk is the ‘New American Bible’ and on the bottom of the cover it says: ‘For Catholics.’ (I know that putting that qualification at the bottom of the cover was probably simply to let Catholics know that this version had the extra books in it, but to the layman, it sounds like you shouldn’t read this particular version of the Word of God if you aren’t what... ‘A Professional Catholic Who Has His/ Her Salvation?’

I believe that the Bible is first and foremost to help us to obtain our Salvations, no matter what denomination we are. Being able to quote chapter and verse from it without having your Salvation makes you a good librarian, not a Christian who is heaven-bound. So, any Christ-centered Bible, no matter how many books it has in it is blessed to find itself in the hands of

someone seeking Christ, rather than someone who already knows Him and made denomination decisions.

Well, for over a month it was the only Bible that I had that had the Old Testament in it, and so...I read it and studied from it...Catholic or not.

I am not a teacher or a theologian, and that is why I rely on the Bible commentaries in E-Sword so heavily. These men are comprised from not only the recognized theologians of our time, but for hundreds of years before us, and so I bow to their knowledge about Scripture, and/or their individual takes on ambiguous Scripture.

But some determinations you just have to muddle through for yourself. The fact that the Catholic Church was the *only* torch-bearer for Christianity for hundreds of years means something.

Yeah, the Enemy got in there as he does in most every thing on this world, and corrupted things.

His biggest subversion was to get people to “pray to the saints” (dead people), for “intercession” between them and The Lord.

What a crock, huh?

So all those prayers fell literally on deaf ears. I mean they were not only deaf, but dead!

The whole “Mortal Sin” deal is not in Scripture.

The “don’t eat meat on Friday” is not in Scripture.

Anyway...we all know, (and the Catholics have come around as well, in the last 30 years or so), that if it ain’t in the Word of God, then it is not God’s Word.

Now some say otherwise, but I take this quote from Revelations seriously: “And if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and *from* the things which are written in this book” (Revelation 22:19, kjv).

Just like the Scripture commentary “Theologian” Henry says in his commentary on: Revelation 22:6-19, “We have here a solemn ratification of the contents of this book, and particularly of

this last vision (though some think it may not only refer to the whole book, but to the whole New Testament, yea, to the whole Bible, completing and confirming the canon of scripture); and here, 1. This is confirmed by the name and nature of that God who gave out these discoveries: he is *the Lord God, faithful and true*, and so are all his sayings. 2. By...”

So, I take the Scripture to be a warning about changing anything in the entire Bible and not just if someone alters the Book of Revelation.

You will recall earlier in this missive where I went on at length about how fish eating on Friday was one of the banes of my existence while living with the primary bane of my youthful existence, to wit: (The Ogre)?

Well, this was that the Ogre had my brother and I going to Catholic schools and churches for some reason or other, and himself pretended to abide by what was then commonly referenced to as the Catholic way of life. i.e.: for one thing, you didn't eat a burger on Fridays.

Personally, I think that if the Catholic Church knew the bigamist Ogre was claiming Catholicism as his spiritual mentoring body, they would have excommunicated him with a quickness.

I further believe that he and they knew that if he entered the foyer of any church, architects and insurance companies agreed that they could not guarantee that the building wouldn't fall down in disgust. Hence, though he wanted Bob and I to play church, he couldn't be found darkening a church doorstep.

Well here, after a granted, long-winded introduction, is a poem based on the Book of Tobit in the Catholic Bible.

»»» Tobit, Tobiah, and Sarah «««

Tobit was alright, and got a government job,
And stashed some cash and wasn't a snob.
Then the King got in his face...

And he fell from grace...
To be unemployed like the rest of the mob.



Tobit had a problem, that would be one today,
With unburied Israelis', he had to have his way!
He was a 'body snatcher' dude...
Who some considered crude...
But he had to take them away from where they lay.



The King was killing Jews, to just let them rot.
But sometimes would go to count those he'd shot.
Then one day it amounted...
To a lack of bodies counted...
And someone ratted Tobit out upon the spot!



Tobit lost his job, and was wanted dead too.
Hard time for body thieves and for Tobit the Jew.
A way off was his stash...
But they took his ready cash...
Poor Tobit knew his undertaking days were through.



The King died and Esarhaddon took the throne...
He was Tobit's kin, who swore he would atone...
And Esarhaddon didn't figure,
Even an avid gravedigger...
Would want his wife and son to be all alone.



So Tobit reunited with Tobiah his one son,
And with Anna his wife, who was no honey bun.
For he wanted to just die...

When birds pooped in his eye...
Blinding him so from her cold he could not run.



Yes, bird poop in eyes, and verbal poo in ears...
Had Tobit suicidal, with his poopy eyes in tears.
 "Being blind is a drag...
 And Anna is a hag..."
Put me out of my misery, Anyone who hears!"



Tobit prayed this to God, and God mighta' said, "Okay,"
Except a gal named Sarah, was prayin' that same day.
 See, Sarah was also used...
 To getting verbally abused...
By a maid instead of Anna, but in the same way.



See, the maid flapped her jaws when demon kind...
Killed Sarah's husbands, and got in the maid's mind.
 Seven separate times...
 Sarah's grooms suffered crimes...
Getting killed by Asmodeus, who no man could find.



It was hard times for Sarah, who still a virgin chick,
Said about her marriages, "They're over a bit quick!"
 The maid who was possessed...
 And repeatedly obsessed...
Said, "Sarah killed her husbands, and is really sick!"



So, Sarah and Tobit, had coinciding tales of woe,
Heard by God almighty, in divine stereo...
And you know that Asmodeus...

California Christian Criminal

Attacking them and us...
Accidentally helped inspire the hand of God to show.



The hand of God showed and Rafael was his name.
An Angel of Heaven, for when Asmodeus came.
Tobit and Sarah's prayers...
Were just two of the layers...
Of the things for which Asmodeus was to blame.



It is said that Asmodeus, had for Sarah 'a thing.'
"Love" is mentioned, but that song doesn't sing.
As husbands were choked blue...
And in their graves too...
Asmodeus killed em' for wearing Sarah's wedding ring.



In response to them wanting God to kill them quick,
The Lord had other plans and another bone to pick.
Tobiah...Tobit's son...
Was the related one...
And Tobiah marryin' Sarah would do the trick!



Coincidence or maybe not, was also in this case,
As Tobit's "stash" was in Media, Sarah's home place.
Tobit had told Tobiah...
"I've been a poor pariah...
But soon those down on me will be out of my face!"



So, all things were to work together for the good..
Just like it says in Scripture that it should.
Tobit said, "Someone" has an idea...

How Tobiah can find Media...
And he sent Tobiah out to find the one who could.



Lo and behold, Raphael was lurking just outside,
And babble, blather, bloop, they both went for a ride.
When hungry for some fish...
They hooked a fish with a wish...
That nibbled Tobiahs' foot that dangled in the tide.



Rafael told Tobiah, "You had best kill that fish,
Besides needin' your foot, it will be a tasty dish...
But save some body parts...
To do healing arts...
Like banishing demons and doing Tobit's wish."



Tobiah was told about getting Sarah for his wife,
Tobiah said, "I heard seven dudes each lost a life!"
He said, "Demon love and such...
Is for me a bit much...
What with Jaws already givin' me a bunch of strife!"



"Get the cash fight the demon get the girl for a mate,
You need that fish, who cares what it ate!"
Said Raphael with a grin...
And then rubbed it in...
"Sarah without the fish, will be what seals your fate."



Then Tobiah married Sarah, and per what Raphael said:
He burnt some fish parts, before taking her to bed.

And with wrinkled nose aquiver...
They burnt fish heart and liver...
Asmodeus snorted once and wished that they were dead.



So, Asmodeus bailed out, from fish smoke and smell,
And Sarah's mouthy maid, had new tales to tell...
As strangling didn't occur...
To either him or her...
And so neither then went to Heaven or to Hell.



Tobiah was a happy dude, a new wife and Dad's stash.
Then another bonus deal: half his father-in-laws cash!
"But now as my father is blind...
I have to hurry unless I find...
ICE! As rotting fish parts are giving me a rash!"



Asmodeus had zoomed from smoke to desert ground,
And Rafael caught him and there he was bound,
And is still bound there today...
If dead husbands had a say...
But it is likely that he is free and yet around.



Now, Rafael had been schooling Tobiah all along,
The "schooling" was how to not use fish parts wrong.
So, fish parts got used alright...
So Daddy Tobit got back his sight...
Everyone got a grip, and Tobit sang his song.



Dusty Gartner
2011

Richard Gartner with George Gartner

STUMBLE AND FALL TIME

Another thing occurred that until much later in my up and down walk with the Lord (to whatever extent He was “with me” during some lunacies) was that unbeknownst to myself the Lord took just as much umbrage at me doing dirt to myself, as He did to my doing someone else dirty.

See, I didn’t see it that way. I figured that as long as I didn’t screw anyone else over, The Lord would be a happy camper as regards what I was up to that only hurt myself.

Well, in essence I was right as far as it went. Better that I at least wasn’t being the blue meanie to someone else, but spending all of my time doing myself dirty instead of spreading my dirty deeds around, by doing dirt to others as well as doing dirt to myself, (pant gasp) only kept the balance sheet approximately like this:

‘NOW’	
Dirty Deeds Done To: Dusty by Dusty	Dirty Deeds Done To: Others by Dusty
<hr style="width: 80%; margin-left: auto; margin-right: 0;"/> 10 0	
‘WHEREAS BEFORE IT WAS’	
Dirty Deeds Done To: Dusty by Dusty	Dirty Deeds Done To: Others by Dusty
<hr style="width: 80%; margin-left: auto; margin-right: 0;"/> 5 5	

So you see how the score keeping might not show any real advantage for me to be earning any “Crowns of Glory in Heaven” simply because I was sinning against myself more than sinning against others. This being in line with how the Lord doesn’t differentiate sin like some denominations used/still attempt to separate from what? A regular to a “mortal” sin? This doesn’t appear to be in Scripture anywhere that I can find.



Of course a study could be made by any of us exactly what is meant by “...the sin from which there is no forgiveness...”

My studies have it that this is when you have had a real Salvation Experience and felt the peace and joy of the indwelling Holy Spirit, then for some reason you decide to turn your back on the Lord and “blaspheme the Holy Spirit” to claim Satan as your lord.



The score was still negative ten any which way you added things up. (Of course the ten used here is just for demonstration purposes, as the actual number of sins done by me in a day would have some more zeros behind it.)

Here is some Scripture to back up my understandings that we can receive recognition for our services/good deeds/works, at Judgment, called Crowns of Glory (I may easily be wrong in my studies though, so you study and decide for yourself how to interpret.)

“And when the chief shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away” (1 Peter 5:4, KJV).

Here is an excerpt from ‘Matthew Henry’s Commentary On The Whole Bible,’ which is part of his comments on 1 Peter 5:4 (KJV).

“Those that are found to have done their duty shall have what is infinitely better than temporal gain; they shall receive from the grand shepherd a high degree of everlasting glory, *a crown of glory that fadeth not away*” (Matthew Henry’s Commentary).

I know, I know...you might be thinking that I am taking things out of context and extrapolating from the Scriptures dealing with Crowns of Glory to come up with my way of thinking. But I only use the term for lack of another way to describe the scores upon the ethereal scoreboard upon which our “works” would find themselves possibly logged upon, were such a log being kept.

There are in fact 224 uses of the word ‘works’ in the King James Version of the Bible. (Thank you E-sword) With one or two exceptions for usages like perhaps: ‘...he works hard...’ All the usages of the word *works* are used in context as either the works of God, or the works of man or individual men. So, the great majority of times the theme of the usage of “works” in Scripture is in this vein: *That you will be known by your works.*

A lot of Scripture has to do with how we will be known by our works, though simply doing good works in this world will not purchase a spot in heaven for you.

This chapter though, does not have to do with my good works but rather lack thereof, with emphasis on not only not doing good works for/to anyone, but also actually going the opposite direction as regards myself.

I did me wrong in a lot of ways and wound up basically abusing myself to the point of not caring about my own well being here and there, but ‘here and there with a self-abuse regularity.

Quite a few years went by with ups and down in my relationship with God. These years are a blur of humdrum existence, not seemingly worth my memory having been engaged, so certainly not much worth efforting to dredge up memories about to write about herein.

I do need to qualify something though. My references to “not doing dirty deeds to others” being one of the permanent changes

that Salvation worked in/on me...has an amendment needed as my memory now dictates.

I did do dirty deeds to faceless conglomerates, to support doing dirty deeds to myself. To wit, I shoplifted from stores to sell stolen goods to buy drugs and alcohol.

If you are thinking that one who *truly* has his Salvation, and has had a first hand experience with the Holy Spirit, and has even witnessed miracles...could not back slide to the point of being so corrupted by the enemy and his own sinful nature, then you would not be alone.

I too questioned my Salvation. I mean, hey, look at my scumbag self, but remember Scripture too!

“As a dog returneth to his vomit, *so* a fool returneth to his folly” (Proverbs 26:11, kjv) (uh...duh...that would be me).

Then remember what Jesus himself said about the demons cast from you when you receive your Salvation, and then what happens when you turn your face from The Lord.

“Whenever an unclean spirit goes out of a person, it wanders through dry places (perhaps it really is pretty “dry” amongst all those flames in hell!) looking for a place to rest but doesn’t find any. So it says, ‘I will go back to my home that I left’” (Luke 11:24, ISV).

“When it gets back home, it finds it swept clean and put in order” (Luke 11:25, ISV).

“Then it goes and brings with it seven other spirits more evil than itself, and they all go in and settle there. And so the final condition of that person is worse than the first” (Luke 11:26, ISV).

Now see, what happened here and there with me in the throes of my backslidings, exactly coincided with this Scripture, and caused serious misgivings on my part about whether or not I had actually had a real Salvation experience, as I reeled about under attack by seven times as many demons as before.

I had never before been in such a state of self imposed squalor and personal abasement, as I found myself sometime after hav-

ing received my Salvation, even though having before been just as heavily and more into drugs and alcohol. I found myself living among folks who lived in cardboard boxes, and in abandoned buildings in downtown L.A.

Man oh man! (To paraphrase): How the unmighty have fallen even worse than ever before conjectured as in the realm of possibility.

Things are pretty vague here timeline-wise, as being blitzed on drugs and alcohol, while wasting your physical body away to being a scarecrow, didn't help my memory.

Somewhere in those years I got quite a few shoplifting charges, IE: petty thefts. And one of those (the one for the carton of Marlboros that then cost either \$21 or \$22.95) was turned into the felony 'Petty Theft with a Prior Conviction' of which I have previously written about in here.

I was sentenced to two years in the state penitentiary, suspended on condition that I complete one year in the county jail and comply with probation thereafter.

At that time you were only allowed to serve a maximum county jail sentence of one year against a prison sentence and then you had to go to prison if you violated probation. If you had a "joint suspended sentence" like I did, but only had to do say... six months county jail time before being released on probation, well...if you violated, then the judge had the leeway to have you do another six months in county rather than "imposing sentence" and sending you to prison. But one year was the demarcation point, and no more county jail installment plans.

Well, I did the year in Los Angeles County Jail for that carton, got out, did funky things and got violated. The judge said he had no options but to send me to prison, except if I were to "waive" that I ever did the first year in county, and then he could give me another year in county like I never had done any time on the charge at all.

Here I have to digress at length, so you know why I chose to waive the first year, and, in essence, just lose that time as far as counting towards the prison sentence should I ultimately have to go to prison on the charge (which you know that I did have to ultimately go and do).

Check this out: (Watch me try to ridiculously lay fault at another's feet for this incarceration) It was because of LaVonn's Academy of Beauty.

See, at that time in Los Angeles County Jail you could carry up to \$40 cash on you, to buy store, canteen, commissary (I forget which label Los Angeles County called their rolling carts of goodies).

Anyway, shoe shiners and barbers, were exempt from the limitation of only being able to have 40 bucks on their person at a time. We, in fact, were allowed to put money on our "books" if too much built up in our pockets.

As staff barber, I was getting about \$10 a cut from the sheriffs, while being paid an entire \$3.75 a week for cutting inmates hair in the inmate barber shop.

Now you know that any inmate who wanted a good cut or any extras dug in their pockets for a "tip" for the barber.

I was making about 150-200 bucks a week in Los Angeles County Jail, legitimately. On a one year county sentence you would do back then with "early releases for overcrowding," about six and a half months.

I would walk out of Los Angeles County Jail in six to seven months, with some serious cash...considering.

You already know my proclivities for copping to whatever if I indeed did it, and going back and forth from housing at Wayside (Los Angeles's primary county holding facility) to court was an all day pain in the butt, but...the wheels of supposed justice turned so slow that months would go by before sentencing.

"Hey, I DID IT, SENTENCE ME AND BE DONE WITH IT",...doesn't seem sometimes to do squat! They know what they

are going to do, but want a probation report and on and on... So, by the time I could even get through the court system and get sentenced, and then wait to catch a chain to a California State Prison Reception Center, would be about three to four months anyway, so why not just do the couple of more months and get out with a thousand dollars or so? (Of course, just like the co-ed Boulder County Jail, this whole deal of being able to carry cash in LA County is long since gone.)

Well, the reason (on painful hindsight) came down and hit me in the head thirteen years later when I had to go to State Prison for that same carton of Marlboros, but only got credit for time served for the last year. I.e.: only six and a half months credit. Thud!

This is why I say an expensive carton of Marlboros, but you know...even doing just the one six and a half months county time, and sixteen months prison time for that 22.95 carton, still cost the taxpayers 50,000.00 or so, which is why the California State Government is broke...very poor decisions of how to spend the money.

Just plain stupid!

Heck, if I could have accessed a tenth of what the government at whatever level is/was willing to pay to warehouse me in jail, to help me have succeeded in getting and staying out of jail, and getting off to a decent start...things might have been far different, and I suspect would *still* make a big difference, for many a man/woman just getting out and trying to rebuild from the ashes.

Say, in my case that while I got the grant because of whatever, to go to LaVonn's Academy of Beauty, I could have also got a grant to live on while I completed the schooling. Maybe I would never have called Ernie and become a heroin dealer and addict. But no, from the billions that are available to keep people in prisons, not a buck is available to help someone make it when they get out. Ridiculous!

I told you that I did not quit cosmetology just because I wasn't Mr. Sociable, but because I needed to support myself, and that's a fact. Going to school eight hours a day, while not having "dependent children" to qualify for social services, leaves me what? Living out of a cardboard box like many do in downtown LA.

After the second time of getting out of Los Angeles County Jail, I got hooked up with an outfit called The House of Miracles. I had met the founder of the program (Nancy) who did Ministry in the jail systems sometimes, while I was in the jail. The 'house' was a Christian coed home.

The highlight of that whole deal was that they had a "boat ministry" and were constantly getting boats donated to them. Nancy, the head gal, was turning boats away. (I am making a face as I write this, as I believe I told you I love boats and boating.)

We had an old thirty-five-foot double-ender trawler that we putted up and down the coast in, at almost every chance we got. (I surely inspired some of those trips, being avid about being on the ocean.) I maintained/fixd the boats, and was a happy camper for a time.

The downfall of The House of Miracles was in my opinion because Nancy got a soft spot in her heart for a dope fiend named Michael, who knew the Lord, yet couldn't seem to stay away from dope. (Sounds familiar doesn't it?)

But there is a big difference when a pastor, or a teacher, or a spiritual leader of any kind has intimate relations with someone who (to not put too fine a point on it at all) is under the influence of the enemy. As opposed to say, someone like me being seen to stray from the path.

The following is a scripture warning about associations with unbelievers to anyone in Christ:

"Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness?" (2 Corinthians 6:14, kjv)

This is from Adam Clark's Commentary on the Bible on this same scripture:

“Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers” (2 Corinthians 6:14, KJV).

“This is a military term: keep in your own ranks; do not leave the Christian community to join in that of the heathens. The verb ἐκτρέφεται signifies to leave one’s own rank, place, or order, and go into another; and here it must signify not only that they should not associate with the Gentiles in their idolatrous feasts, but that they should not apostatize from Christianity; and the questions which follow show that there was a sort of fellowship that some of the Christians had formed with the heathens which was both wicked and absurd, and if not speedily checked would infallibly lead to final apostasy.”

And...the following scriptures I have heard taught to mean that when a Christian leader (like Nancy was for The House of Miracles) causes a child of God to stumble in their walk with the Lord through their actions, words or whatever, that it were better off that the teacher (et al.) were dead.

“And he said unto his disciples, It is impossible but that occasions of stumbling should come; but woe unto him, through whom they come!” (Luke 17:1, ASV)

“It were well for him if a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were thrown into the sea, rather than that he should cause one of these little ones to stumble.” (Luke 17:2, ASV).

(And here is Mark’s version of these words of Jesus):

“And whosoever shall cause one of these little ones that believe on me to stumble, it was better for him if a great millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the sea” (Mark 9:42, ASV).



So you see that Nancy and Michael’s relationship was apparent to all of us in the house. And we could all see that here and there Michael was getting high, and yet was not cast out of the house as another would/should have been.

Nancy was a beautiful person in all ways but the blinders that she had on for Michael. Because of him, I believe that she set herself up for losing the Lord's blessings of her endeavors, which ultimately led to the downfall of The House of Miracles.

You know, in writing this I have come to wonder about some of the people in my past, and I've had thoughts of how to contact them now in my twilight years, to see how their lives have turned out.

Nancy, for instance...well, I do not remember her last name.
Poem time...

»»» Moses «««

Moses who was born an Israel son,
Had a mom who one day told him, "Hon...
I'm bullrushing" you a basket...
Pray it's not your casket...
You best hope it floats, honey-bun!



Afloat in the basket among the reeds,
Pharaoh's daughter saw Moses had needs.
She said, "Feed him for wages...
For through the ages...
It will be known who we found in the weeds.



Moses had sons, and then saw a Bush alight,
A "Burning Bush" if he looked at it right.
The Bush had a plan...
Saying, "I a.m. and I can...
Get you ready for Pharaoh and a fight!"



Moses had seen and heard God as a Plant,

It told him what to do when he said, "I can't."
Moses said, "Pharaoh I fear...
And Israel will sneer...
At whatever kind of blather that I rant.



The Lord said, "Don't trip...I got your back,
Don't fear anyone giving you flack...
Your staff I will make...
Into a big snake...
That will eat Pharaoh's snakes that attack!"



"My people of Israel had best chill out.
I a.m. WHO I a.m. is what this is about!
Tell them I sent you...
And to obey *you* too...
No matter what you blather or spout!"



"I am slow of speech." Moses tried to moan.
God said, "Aaron'll help...you won't be alone,
Aaron's skills of blab...
With his gift of gab...
Will tongue-lash all to the bone!"



Israel Elders grumbled quite a bit,
And got tongue-lashed by Aaron's wit.
He said with a laugh...
"Look out for my staff...
You might not like...what I do with it!



Moses and Aaron before Pharaoh and crew,

Were told by the Lord what to do...
Aaron's rod ate some snake...
Mages did a double take...
Pharaoh was bummed how the wind blew.



The Lord had reasons to harden Pharaoh's heart
The plagues will show snakes just a start...
The Pharaoh misbehaved...
Keepin' Israel enslaved...
Compared to the plagues, this was the easy part.



All along the plan was to let Israel go,
The God of Abraham wanted Pharaoh to know,
That his demonic crew...
And their magics were through...
As the coming plagues would surely show!



The first plague was water turning into blood.
When mages did the same, Pharaoh said, "Bud...
No Jew can grab his hat...
And that is surely that!"
So, this plague swaying Pharaoh was a dud.



The second plague had frogs over all the place.
The mages did more frogs to fill every space.
"Send Israel on their way!"
The Pharaoh did say...
"Praise a God who takes frogs out of my face!"



But Pharaoh lied about the frogs and God got vexed!

Gnats “infested man and beast” per Bible text.
Even Mages said loud and clear...
“The Finger Of God is here...
And we fear swarms of flies will be next!”



A “hardened heart” and head brought the flies,
To ‘bug’ all except Israeli guys.
Then lying like his rugs...
Pharaoh swore, “I hate bugs!
Jews can hit the road when every fly dies!”



It need not be said that a forked tongue had spake.
Pharaoh and truth, what a couple that would make!
The next plague hence...
Was the pestilence...
And critters died till even Pharaoh had no steak!



Pharaoh held his mud, and wouldn’t be persuaded,
Even when with boils, and being sedated.
The boils were number six...
Those magicians couldn’t fix...
They had on themselves, the boils The Lord created!



The Pharaoh yet again...uttered a falsehood,
But with the boils gone, he was up to no good.
Then came hail from heaven...
Plague number seven...
God was kicking Pharaoh’s butt like only He could!



Man and beast died, with the barley and flax.

Every “tree was splintered”, just like with an ax.
Tween’ hard places and rocks...
Were Pharaoh’s buttocks...
As The Lord chastised Pharaoh to the max.



Pharaoh flapped his jaw and spun another tale...
Lying through his teeth to rid his land of hail.
But The Lord had up his sleeve...
What I do believe...
Should see Pharaoh letting Jews hit the trail.



There wasn’t much left for locusts to eat...
There was no grain. Don’t even think of meat!
The locusts really mowed...
What was left that grewed...
And were close to causing Pharaoh his defeat.



“Moses,” said The Lord, “This plague’ll be the best!
It will do doings not done by all the rest.
Your descendants from today...
Will have holiday...
As Passover puts Pharaoh to the test!



Yes, things were looking for the first born grim.
The tenth plague was gonna’ do a family trim,
Unless you had lamb roast...
With lamb blood on your post...
Moses knew Egypt would wish they heeded him!”



Pharaoh’s head was up from where he couldn’t see...

The logic in heeding what was soon to be.
So, the “first born” of Egypt...
Each went to a crypt
And Pharaoh vowed to set Israel free!



To add insult to injury, Israel was told...
To ask the Egyptians for their jewels and gold.
Even poor Egyptian common folk...
Ended up broke...
As a hard head and heart had made Pharaoh bold.



Reading between Scripture, if God had a hit list,
Egypt was on it, or there’s something that I missed.
But, four hundred thirty years...
Of Jewish slaves in tears...
Had a wrathful God smite Egypt with his fist.



So, a Pillar of cloud by day, one of fire by night,
Joseph’s bones were on the move, and it was all right.
And as God was The Pillar...
And a known first born killer...
Israel followed The Killer Pillar in their flight!



The Lord wasn’t done slamming Pharaoh and crew,
For that dumb King of Egypt wasn’t through.
Slave-less...he’d got mad...
“Hey, who will clean the pad?
Get the chariots out, and the horses too!”



Six hundred Egyptians and other dudes as well...

Grumbled to each other, “We can surely tell,
There’s nothing for it but...
Our Pharaoh is a nut...
And it sucks we have to follow him to hell!”



So, Pharaoh and crew tailed to the Red Sea shore,
A cloudy Pillar, Moses, and a lot more...
The Pillar was gonna kick butt...
On every chariot...
But held between camps, as each side had a snore.



All night the wind blew the water off the sea...
Away to right and left, so Israel could go free,
Then a path that was submerged...
Dryly emerged...
Down which Moses and the Jews could flee.



The Israelis zoomed with Egypt at their heels.
Chariots bogged when God “clogged their wheels.”
He slowed the bad boys down...
So that they could drown...
Pharaoh was the first to know how drowning feels!



So, history reflects Pharaoh dumb as a post,
But Israel we soon find, had no room to boast...
Pharaoh was blowin’ bubbles...
No longer causing troubles...
But if being dumb burnt, the Jews were surely toast!



“Stupid is as stupid does” spread as a disease...

California Christian Criminal

Even after miracles, no one got on their knees.
Snivelin,' "We ain't got chow...
In the wilderness now...
Let's go back to Egypt and kiss their butts please!"



Moses couldn't hide from God the mumblings...
As Israeli's had stomach rumblings'.
The Lord rolled His eyes...
Quail fell from the skies...
And manna bread fell to stop the grumblings!



So in the wilderness all got fed anyhow.
Quail for dinner, and manna for morning chow.
So they cruised a bit...
Then they tried to spit...
And cried, "Woe is us with no water now!"



Moses said, 'Lord now they want to stone me,
And drink as a slave than be thirsty and free!'
God said, 'At Horeb is a rock...
To take your staff and sock!
Till water flows to eat quail and make tea.'



Sooner or later all got to Mount Sinai...
Where upon thunder and lightning lit the sky.
Moses was called to the top...
But the people had to stop...
Only Moses and Aaron could go up high!



God had Moses climb till the air got thin.

Up and down he went, with Aaron his next of kin.
And then once he went...
And got a Commandment...
Then he got nine more, each about a sin.



With His own finger, God engraved ten alone...
His Ten Commandments, written on stone.
Meanwhile, a party below...
Was a disconcerting show...
A calf was being idolized, by the dumb to the bone.



Moses bummed anyway, said, "Oh how can it be...
That I am lugging stone, and not paper from a tree?!"
He then saw the calf of gold...
And lugging got old...
And he shook his head in woe and misery.



Crash! He broke the tablets on the base of Ararat.
He melted the idol and broke the altar where it sat.
And as Aaron had led the crew...
Into worshiping what could moo...
He chastised Aaron, "Hey! What is up with that?"



Aaron's butt was grass, that Moses was gonna' mow.
Aaron said, "The cow came out an oven doncha' know?"
The people gave up their earrings...
Their gold and their blings...
I just put em' in the oven just to see how it would go."



"That tool you see over there with gold on it a bit,

I didn't use on that calf, I used it not a whit."
And Aaron and the crew...
All knew Moses knew...
Aaron was full of bull, and made a cow with it!



The story of Moses goes on through five books,
And perhaps everyone is smarter than it looks...
Though it seems in olden days...
Israel was *in* a daze...
With Pharaoh and even Aaron, ending up as crooks!



Author: Richard D. Gartner
2/14/2011

Richard Gartner with George Gartner

ON FIRE FOR THE LORD

At the time of *The House of Miracles*, and perhaps because of my stay with Nancy and crew at two separate locations in the San Fernando Valley, I had occasion to attend Church at 'Church on the Way' in Van Nuys. A televangelist, Pastor Jack Hayford, was the head pastor. He was perhaps the very best teacher of The Word of God that I have ever heard.

With Nancy and crew, we made the rounds of Churches in our area, which I still enjoy doing today. You know, checking out the various teachers and pastors while one of the biggies was the music or praise and worship at the different Churches.

In any event, I ended up staking a claim on Church On The Way and became a member. I attended King's Institute Bible College there, and got involved.

I became "on fire for the Lord" somewhen or other, while at COTW.

Now, if you have never discerned yourself to be on fire for the Lord before, perhaps my best way to describe it would be to go back to how it was for me when I addressed the ceiling and the Lord filled me with the Holy Spirit.

Perhaps I should not go there as I make no claims on being a theologian, but whatever anyone calls the state of being that I call "Being On Fire For The Lord," it surely by any name given it, is a state of being to strive to stay in.

I actually felt care and consideration (dare I say love) for people, and had compassion. I was agog to do something tangible for the Lord that was measurable by any standards.

One of my pet peeves was that there were times in my life when had there been a Christian wholesome environment open twenty-four/seven for me to go to in the throes of some temptation or other at given times in my life. Say, in my case that while

I got the grant because of whatever, to go to LaVonn Academy of Beauty, I could have also got a grant to live on while I completed the schooling. Maybe I would never have called Ernie and become a heroin dealer and addict. I know that I went over this before, but here I put forward my plan to solve the “lone Ranger” problem/aspect of when one doesn’t really have anywhere to hang their hat at the end of the day.

I told you that I did not quit cosmetology just because I wasn’t Mr. Sociable, but because I needed to support myself.

So, I looked into starting a non-profit ministry that would, in part, allay some of the problems of being alone, lonely, and really having no where to safely go where no temptations existed to get high, etc....

I founded Christian Works Incorporated, got tax-exempt status from the feds (which wasn’t easy), and then the state of California followed suit.

You have to put your “Mission Objectives” (I believe it was called) on your filing papers for a “religious non-profit organization,” and I put “To establish ‘Christian Fun and Fellowship Centers’ where anyone can come at any time and find a place to just get away from things, or to fellowship.”

Ping-Pong, pool tables, a library, movies playing, a volleyball court out back, etc.

To fund all this I started *The Armor of God* clothing line, based on Ephesians 6: 10-17 (KJV):

“Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might” (Ephesians 6:10).

“Put on the whole Armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil” (Ephesians 6:11).

“For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places” (Ephesians 6:12).

“Wherefore take unto you the whole Armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand” (Ephesians 6:13).

“Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness;” (Ephesians 6:14).

“And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace;” (Ephesians 6:15)

“Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked” (Ephesians 6:16).

“And take the helmet of Salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God” (Ephesians 6:17).

I invested one thousand dollars in “Breastplate of Righteousness” t-shirts and sweatshirts, and in “Helmet of Salvation” hats.

I came up with a shield with two crossed swords for an emblem for over the left breast and on the front of the baseball hats. And I had a knight in shining armor standing with one foot on the neck of a dragon, brandishing his sword under the Armour of God Scripture.

What I did not know was that the Christian bookstores bought items and marked them up 100 percent, and that it had cost me far too much to (even back then) have my clothing silk screened in the U.S. They had already cost me the ten dollars apiece or better for the stock and the silk screening alone, and that is what the Christian bookstores wanted to buy them for so they could mark them up to twenty dollars per shirt. Considering other expenses involved, I would have to take a serious loss just to get my stuff out to a retail market.

Thud!

I sold some at the church, but most I gave away.

This took quite a bit of the wind out of my sails, as until that train wreck (so to speak), I had *known* that the Lord would bless my efforts... I mean...why wouldn't He?

Well, for a number of reasons that I can even think of now on hind sight, but I did not go quietly into the night. No, I tried to find someone with the contacts and outlets to produce my clothing line and market it, to where Christian works would only get a small percentage.

Still zip.

To this day I do not know why the Lord didn't bless my efforts, and I do not know why the Lord has not chosen to bless the publication of my first Christian novel some three years ago.

Perhaps because He knows that I am not doing, and did not do things necessarily only for His glory, but for my own?

I do not know. But like asking Him exactly when I received my Salvation, perhaps I will ask Him why he did not bless my efforts to spread His Word.

As I am now apparently expiring from COPD, and had an accident in 2010 that pretty much destroyed the use of my right arm, and now from lack of being able to do much of anything tip the scales at two hundred thirty plus pounds, I do not see my continued writings as something to glorify myself, especially since I believe the ending times are really...really near, and that it is a toss up whether this book, or the sequel (*The Archangel Michael*) to *The Angel Jon* that I have published will ever even get published, though both of these new books are contracted for and the "author participation fees" already paid.

But we will see what we will see.

Anyway...back to the tale.



I met Lilly at COTW. She was a Sunday school teacher there. She was also a registered nurse at the Los Angeles County Hospital.

She was a sweetheart.

She had seemingly never even used a cuss word in her life, as both of her parents were Christ-centered since before her birth, and her entire youth was also centered around the doings of the Church. Her brother was a minister. (Paul was his name, I believe) and all in all (on hindsight) I was probably to Lilly and her family, what Michael had been to Nancy.

Lilly's family was from Mission Hills, in a somewhat affluent part of the San Fernando Valley. And Lilly's house was also in Mission Hills.

When I met her, I was just about to, or had already started backsliding. The failure of my efforts with Christian Works and the fun and fellowship centers had hit me hard.

I still don't understand why it seemed that The Lord opened doors by allowing me to get tax-exempt status, and for the resources to pop up to invest the grand in the Armor of God clothes, only to slam the door in my face a few steps further down the road.

Seemed kind of a mean thing to do to someone. You know... just quash the idea from the get go, and don't string me along would have worked just fine for me.

I wound up living in Lilly's driveway in my boat, the 'Verna Mae', while I renovated her home for her. Probably took a year or so to complete all of the work.

I proposed to Lilly on Valentines Day with her father's ostensible blessing, as I asked him if it was okay, in some kind of chivalrous gesture or other, and he said yes.

I went to the hospital with red socks and red handkerchiefed breast pocket, and got myself up all Valentine-ish and proposed. She said yes, but I noted that it seemed a begrudged assent.

Now, her dad was pre-occupied in his retirement by having his wife deathbed bound by some form of Lou Gehrig type disease. She was twisted in knots, and for a year we would visit and there she lay.

Man oh man!

Anyway, she passed and Lilly's dad now had time to devote to his thirty-one-year-old virgin daughter. (Yes, no...Lilly and I had not had not had 'relations.')

Ol' dad took Lilly on a two-week vacation, from which she returned engaged to be married to someone else besides being engaged to me.

The whole deal was underhanded, but not entirely unexpected from the standpoint of my knowing that Lilly and I were not the most compatible.

I mean, she was so "goody two shoes" that if I hit my thumb with the hammer and swore, she would burst into tears.

I had scrounged up the Verna Mae for 1,000 dollars (my favorite number in those days it would seem) from an old couple who had left it sitting in their driveway forever. Flat tires, wiring gnawed on by critters whom also homesteaded in it. It was named after the wife, and was a two engine twenty-four-foot aluminum hulled deep V hulled boat made by Starcraft.

It had both engines frozen, one far worse than the other. The engines were four cylinder in-line (I believe) '130 A' Volvo Pentas, hooked to two 270 Chrysler outdrives.

Anyway, I took off the carbs, and the manifolds to pull the heads, got me a block of wood that would fit down the cylinders and had Lilly's brother Paul bump the key while I smacked the blocks of wood down on the top of the pistons.

Believe it or not...it worked! We unfroze the engines.

It had a cool large cabin rather than a spacious open stern. It had a 'head', a kitchen sink and a stove, and a refrigerator, all of which ran off of propane. (This is why I could live in it in Lilly's driveway.)

After I moved on from Lilly's house, I had the boat hooked on the back of my Dodge 440 Magnum engine having short bed pick-up.

I met this character named Greg, who basically operated his own private small salvage yard.

He lived in a long-bed truck ‘cab-over camper’ that he had up on blocks in the yard. He let me put my boat in the yard and stay on condition that I help him scrounge up metals and fetch the stuff we found to the yard to strip and separate the metals for recycling.

Greg also went to COTW, and was a fairly knowledgeable dude as far as Scripture.

We got along well, and used my tax-exempt status with some companies to obtain some scrap items that we would see out in their yards. We even got donated a couple of forklifts which we cut up and scrapped.

I scrounged up a camper of my own, which was also a long bed cab over type, while my truck was a short bed. With my tail gate open the thing would kind of not fall out, but had my little half-ton short bed truck “popping a wheelie” almost. I normally left it up on blocks also like Greg, as we needed both trucks sometimes for scrapping metals.

It was around this time that I ran up on a dysfunctional gal named Wendy, who could drink about anyone under the table.

She and I hit it off for some reason or another, and hung out for quite a while together.

Then she had to go and leave me out in the middle of the ocean, and go and sink the Vernae Mae.

Poem time...

»»» Sunk by a Drunk «««

I've always been a boating man,
And float my boats all I can.
But this is a story...
With no glory...
As a gal took my boat and ran.



Yes, she left me at sea to die...
Cruised off like Captain Bligh.

She ran over me...
Four miles at sea...
A "hit n' run" BUI!



Now this is a very true tale;
Wendy and I had set sail...
On my Verna Mae...
From Marina Del Rey...
We left to go watch for whale.



At Long Beach we took a right,
Till land was barely in sight...
That's "starboard" to you...
Or any boat crew...
But not to poor Wendy that night!



The seas had grown to be rough.
A mast fell down far enough...
For me to say...
Wendy..."Hey...
I'll fix it; I've got the right stuff."



I told her and I pointed too,
"Just steer the boat on through.
Bow on to each swell..."
Oh, what the hell...
I thought she'd know what to do.



Well, she didn't I'll unsafely say,
Cause I fell in the ocean that day.

California Christian Criminal

She broadsided a wave...
I let go to save...
What for a new mast I would pay.



From Jaws I had learned no fear,
But I fear watching Wendy steer,
I wished she'd learned...
As the Verna Mae turned...
More about boats than beer!



For the waves were rough as heck,
And being I was in to my neck,
The bow hit me...
As she couldn't see....
As my head out there was a speck.



Now, with two keys in her view,
Shut down is what she should do,
Or neutral the gear...
Or in circles steer...
And let me get in the boat too!



But I had dived on down...
Right as the boat hit my crown,
As with two props turning...
I was yearning...
To just simply get to drown.



For Jaws won't bother with me.
And in his ocean you can pee,

But wisely don't bleed...
For Jaws will feed...
On a prop-chopped dude in his sea!



To this day I cannot surely tell,
Why I had no chance to yell...
But props churned...
As Wendy burned...
Away from me with each swell.



It is now plain on looking back,
She was drunk or on crack...
For it's a sure bet...
That that space cadet...
Left me to Jaws for his snack.



So, I shed my clothes to my skin,
As night began to begin.
I wished more...
Like where's the shore?
I was lost in the ocean, and lost in sin.



Twilight faded...to dark...
Land lights gave me a mark.
Oh for a surfboard...
But I side kicked toward...
What wasn't a walk in the park.



When Wendy boated to shore,
She hit the stone jetty full bore.

The Starcraft's skin...
Was punctured in...
The afloat Verna Mae was no more.



Well, that ain't exactly true,
'Vessel Assist' did what they do...
Usin' ugly patches...
To seal holes and scratches...
Expecting big bucks from you.



Wendy was helped off the boat,
Not even grabbing a coat...
So, all my gear...
Got salted here...
As babble came out of her throat.



She told that I was "out there,"
But she didn't know where,
Or even about...
How far out...
And... 'they' didn't seem to care.



The water was just "too rough,"
And looking for me "too tough."
So grab your crotch...
Without Baywatch...
Our asses are grass sure enough!



For no helos' vectored or flew,
To triangulate on you...

Scarabs were docked...
Or maybe hocked...
Or maybe Baywatch ain't true!?



So, I swam and swam me some more,
And you know I got to the shore...
The beach was a-crawl...
With rescuers all...
Who rescued me pretty poor.



So, the moral of this ode...
Is to get high in your own abode,
As high like me...
And left miles at sea...
You're as roadkill left on the road!



Dusty Gartner T-09130
at Wasco State Prison
3/10/01

MARRYING MY SISTER?

The story of the Verna Mae is true, sadly. It had gotten dark, and the only way that I knew which way the shore was is because I could see the lights up on the cliffs of the Palace Verde Peninsula. When I got close enough I could also see ambulance and beach patrol vehicles with flashing lights going up and down the shoreline looking for a dead body to wash ashore...(mine).

As I got closer and closer and was at the end of my strength long since, a rip tide stopped me in my tracks. I could not make any headway.

I was lit up by vehicle spotlights, and there were quite a few supposed lifeguards just watching me, apparently not wanting to get wet or mess up their hairdos, or simply waiting on the next guy to jump in instead of them.

I don't know what it was, but I distinctly recall wondering what these idiots were up to just standing there watching me drown.

Finally, this one dude grabbed one of those orange torpedoes looking things and burnt rubber out to me. That dude was one heck of a swimmer, for if you have ever been towed at idle speed by a boat while you are getting ready to yell "hit it" for skiing, then you know what this dude had going for him.

He towed me in against the rip tide without but a few feeble foot movements on my part. I was to where I couldn't feel my feet anyway.

Off to the hospital we went.

I had hypothermia and was in the hospital for several days.

'Vessel Assist' wanted thousands of dollars for rescuing the Verna Mae and had float actuated pumps keeping her afloat tied up to their docks.

The dock fees alone were accruing at hundreds per day, and as Wendy had been somehow oblivious as to how to turn the two

keys counter-clock-wise and shut down the engines, she had just crashed the boat bow-on into the Long Beach Harbor breakwater jetty. I guess she was hammered more than I thought, as she had her own pick-up truck and knew how to turn the key on that to “off,” so why not the two keys on the boat?

Well...when the boat filled with water it was the stern that went totally under to where the engines had to of filled up with water. I.e.: The Verna Mae was toast across the board without major money that I did not have.

I mean to say that the Long Beach Harbor breakwater jetty served exactly that purpose. It “broke” otherwise rough water up instead of letting it into the harbor. I believe earlier I mentioned that for some reason the waters between Catalina Island and Long Beach just get rough as a cop around mid to late afternoon? Well, that rough water pounded the Vernae Mae against the rocks unmercifully to where that comparably speaking thin aluminum skin was like Swiss cheese when all was said and done.



It was sometime shortly after surviving being “sunk by a drunk” that I decided to go up and visit again, to where the entire Cavallo clan had relocated to, in the Bend/Redmond area of Oregon.

They had as I, gotten tired of battling the State of California to have peace in their lives without someone breathing down their necks, and had migrated en masse to Oregon.

The actual fact of the matter was that the second oldest sister of the clan, Arlene, and her husband John, had decided to move up there as they were getting hit hard by other ridiculous rules and laws in the business arena in California, that made them move somewhere easier to do business in.

The Cavallo boys, of course, needed to get out from under the criminal rules and regulations, but the civil and business rules and

regulations in CA, had businesses bailing out to other States in like manor to such places as Oregon, or Arizona.

Anyway, for as long as I could remember, the youngest of the clan (Jimmy) had a relationship with a gal named Penny. Their relationship was never consistently clear, and vacillated between them being intimate, and them being co-inhabitants who lived on Old Man Cavallo's coattails.

Jimmy was the apple of the Old Man's eye, and got away with just about anything that he wanted. He was born with a heart condition, which also had him able to take it a bit easy on those afore-mentioned coattails. He could and did get the old man to give him/spend on him and Penny, just about all of what the old boy got from his retirement from Hughes Aircraft, and from Social Security.

So, Jimmy and Penny pretty much had it made staying with the old man, as opposed to going out on their own, and the old man liked it that way, too.

I mean if that dude didn't know where Jimmy was, he would start to have a conniption fit. Like withdrawals or something.

For some reason Penny and I had always had a bit of a special relationship...half brother and sister like, and half flirtatious-like.

We weren't too subtle about letting each other know over the years that the only thing that kept us from getting together was that Jimmy was like a little brother to me, and as he was just absolutely fixated on Penny, there was no way that she and I could get together without it screwing up my relationship with he and the rest of the Cavallo brothers and sisters.

You see Jimmy had a bad heart from birth, and all of the family doted and mother-henned protectively over him. So, I am very much surprised that Jimmy turned out as level headed as he did, what with how they all spoiled him.

Anyway, this particular time, I hung out for a while up in Oregon, and Penny and I would go lob the tennis ball back and

forth, which brought us together quite a bit as a matter of mutual interest in the sport.

I had been up there for a couple of months (I believe) without a girlfriend, when Penny and I had a bit of an affair. Now, I say affair, as I had witnessed first hand over the years how Penny and Jimmy had basically a platonic relationship, and were only deemed together because they both depended on the old man for their sustenance.

Jimmy wanted to get married forever, and Penny didn't as she explained to me that she didn't love him "that way."

Well, I forget how everything happened in what sequence, but I left to come back to Colorado. About a year or better later, Penny called and told me she wanted to come and be with me and could I send her a plane ticket.

We lived together for over a year while I was damage control coordinator for TCS Cable, and then we went to Vegas and got married.

It was sometime after this that Penny and I started traveling the country looking for the place that we wanted to settle down in.

We started out with a beautiful four-wheel drive Ford short bed truck with thirty-five-inch tires, a winch, and a roll-bar, towing a Toyota fast back something or other for Penny.

In Flagstaff, Arizona I picked up a thirty-foot Dodge Champion motor home, and we got another small car...a Honda Civic. Now, when we hit the road, the motor home towed one little car, while the Ford truck towed the other. We had CB radios to blab back and forth on.

We motored around for the better part of two years, stopping for months at a time to set up and see if we wanted to live in various places. You know, see how "user friendly" a place and the inhabitants were, as well as having "gainful employment" opportunities, which basically precludes being in food service as being gainful. By this I mean that anywhere you go you can find work

in the “food service industry” (if you can really call that an industry), but if “gainful” means getting ahead, my take on food service is that you are lucky to break even, and that is not “getting ahead.”

We ultimately settled in Wisconsin, where within two days I accidentally found and ended up keeping a good Union job with the biggest road building company in the “tri-state” area, “James Cape and Sons” established 1888.

Just being in that company had perks besides just in the small town of Racine, Wisconsin where its offices were located.

Within a year, for instance, I bought a twenty-nine-foot Sea Ray, and found out yet again that just being an employee of Cape gave me credit. I was able to join the rather hoity-toity Racine Yacht Club, which though encouraging power boaters to boost their membership, still were very picky about membership, especially if you were not a sailor with a sailboat.

But, being with James Cape and Sons got me in.

It was a big deal to me to fly the blue Racine Yacht Club flag on the boat, along with the appropriately right sized American Flag. (FYI: There is a scale for what size American flag to fly per your sized boat.)

The flag was just a symbol recognized by other boaters and reciprocating members of the American Yacht Club Association (I believe it is called). The really big deal was how for the first time in my life I felt I had “made it.”

I had things of this world, a good income, and a woman to share it all with.

I was in Racine, Wisconsin for some years, but not as long as one might think considering how I got ahead by leaps and bounds during my tenure there.

One thing that really was driven home to me during those years, that I had not previously before had the resources and lifestyle to experience, was how quickly the thrill of a new shiny possession got old.

Penny had a 'hook-up' of jewelry. She had sets comprising ankle bracelets, wrist deals, earrings, and pendants, of pearls, rubies, emeralds, and I think, diamonds. For sure in the diamond arena, she had a "registered" diamond wedding ring. Nothing was huge, but was respectable

We had two work trucks, and a brand new 1999 42,000.00 4x4 F-250 with a Triton V-10 to pull the boat. We had the mini yacht thirty-foot Sea Ray. We had the same two economy cars, the old four-by-four Ford, and Champion motor home we arrived with.

Of course we owed on the new Ford and the Sea Ray.

The point that I was trying to make was that I would drool over buying and owning something, and then repeatedly find that "...the having wasn't worth the wanting..."

The "thrill is/was gone" in really short order.

"The ends didn't justify the means" and so on...quote-wise.

From the Spiritual standpoint, we know what this means. Our 'God Hole' or "God Spot" was causing a yearning that needs to be filled in all of us... Christian and non-Christian alike.

Those who don't know from where this perpetual yearning and feeling of not being satisfied, fulfilled, or complete comes from, try in vain to find relief from this Spiritual thirst and craving, by materially using people, places, or things of the world.

For a bit it seems to work, but then it always pales and gets old. The square peg just continually fails to fit in the round hole.

That 'hole' in us was created for only the Holy Spirit to fill, just as we ourselves were created for God. We do not feel right about ourselves, or feel complete, without the indwelling Holy Spirit.

"If the Spirit of God, who raised Jesus from death, lives in you, then he who raised Christ from death will also give life to your mortal bodies by the presence of his Spirit in you" (Romans 8:11, GNB: Good News Bible).

"Do you not know that you are a sanctuary of God, and the Spirit of God dwells in you?" (1 Corinthians 3:16, LITV: Literal Translation of the Bible).

If you noticed the date of the 1999 Super Duty Ford 'pic-em-up' that I wrote about, then you and I both know the time-line has finally been dialed in a bit.

1999 was not the beginnings of my affluence though, as the preceding year I had leased a brand new 1998 four-by-four Ranger. My mom got sick however, and I raced off to the Denver area (1000 miles approx.), only to find when I got there that my half-sister Donna, who is an RN, had fetched my Mom up to Idaho.

I left the Ranger with George and his wife, Carla, and flew into Idaho to ultimately sleep in a cot by my Mom's side for a couple of days while she got better.

I write this as when I got back to Denver and asked how George liked cruising my new truck around, he said, "Fine, but when are you going to buy a grown up one?"

Hence I got back to Wisconsin and traded up to the most nuclear truck I could get without going commercial.

Getting back to things in Racine. I had managed to get addicted to prescription pain pills, and was having some problems thereby.

Before everything went downhill...marriage and all, one funny thing that stands out exceptionally as a not so funny thing at the time happened. Though now it is a funny story, especially when told to avid, dedicated to their team, football fans.

Penny done it! And it all came about in this way...

Penny, as opposed to myself, had always staked a claim on a football team. I guess the Raiders had been her favorite through most of her years, in spite of her moving around a bit. As a native Californian she didn't really care too much whether they were in Oakland or Anaheim.

When she went up to Oregon, I do not know which team she claimed as her own, but suspect still the Raiders.

Then she hooked up with me in Denver, and in short order was all about John Elway and the Broncos, and I think in that order.

We had occasion twice in our wanderings with the motor home to reside in Denver at length, as a kind of centrally located home base to rest up at before going out to "...explore strange worlds and seek out new civilizations..."

In Wisconsin, Penny did not change her allegiance.

I do not recall the year, but perhaps the reader will recall when the Green Bay Packers were on top of things and heading for the Super Bowl, when the Broncos somehow wild carded/snuck into the play offs?

Well, I am here to tell you that in Wisconsin, Green Bay Packer fans are about as avid fans as I have ever seen anywhere. It is far more than just: "Hey, they are my state home team so of course I root for them." Rah-Rah!

But more than that is happening in Wisconsin about the Packers, as the Packer's budget is apparently very small compared to the other teams that they compete with not only on the field but for new players. I used to hear repeatedly that some of their players were offered far more lucrative contracts to wean them away from the Packers but were turned down out of loyalty to the team and the fans, and the state.

The Packers simply cannot afford to bid against a big budget team.

I am qualifying all of this as I haven't made a study of it, but heard that this was so, and that this is why 'Cheeseheads' take all the more pride in their teams accomplishments as underdogs. (I mean, if you are willing to wear a big wedge of simulated rubber cheese on your head for a hat, you must be pretty loyal.) If you cannot afford to bid millions and millions to buy whatever goes on in draft picks to get the supposed best, then you root all the more for who you do have who have to go up against the expensive hot-shots, and big budget teams.

I wrote this to give you a mind set on how Packer fans think, and how proud and avid they are about their little team when it overcomes the big budget boys.

Now, I personally am not tripping on any of this, and except for the rare Super Bowl, or in some social situation that I cannot get around, you will not find me watching someone else play a game for three hours, plus pre-game, plus whatever comes after the game...ad infinitum.

I knew that Penny had been telling people at the Yacht Club that John Elway was “gonna’ kick butt” and so on, but I also knew that the Broncos were the big time underdog, and had only gotten in on a lick and a promise...so to speak. So, no one, including me, took her seriously but respected her loyalty.

As the day of the game approached, we were cordially invited to be the lone ranger two at the Yacht Club, who represented the opposing side of the conflict.

Penny was all excited, and I could care less, but then the package from my mom came.

Penny had prevailed upon my mom in Golden, Co., to send Bronco shirts, sweatshirts, and hats.

To make a long story short, we arrived at the Yacht Club and stood out in blue and orange among the sea of green and gold.

Everyone was good-natured from the standpoint of their positions of eminence in championing the team that was without a doubt going to be the victor.

We had to turn away drinks that the happy throng was buying us initially in commiseration and pity.

The loud, happy, boisterous noises from the throng only had one voice in opposition to their cheers for the Packers, and that was Penny’s.

As the throng’s cheers began to subside when John Elway for the first time that I ever saw, risked getting himself hurt instead of just laying down, Penny’s cheers became all the louder.

I could actually see the Broncos players mental progression on the screen, as John Elway’s plowing into(s) and jumping over(s) and colliding with(s) and getting actually tackled by, instead of

him just laying down so he wouldn't get hurt, encouraged all the Broncos to all go all out for it.

I believe that they were just going to take the butt whupping that everyone said that they were going to get, until Elway (for once) decided that he didn't care if he got hurt.

The Yacht Club's lounge grew silent, except for Penny's joyous crowings and rootings.

I was literally cringing in the hopes that the Packers would come back from the doldrums and get busy, for as I already wrote, I didn't really ever care much who won what in sports. However...from the standpoint of having had to be political with these sailors (I mean people who use actual sails to move their boats around) to get accepted into their ranks, Penny in one short time was going to not only knock my social aspirations for a loop, but if the Yacht Club were a prison, from the looks we were getting, we would have been goners for life.

Penny was oblivious though and far into her cups that had been so graciously provided initially.

Anyway...that memory stands out.

I loved Penny and still do, and would that I could do things differently if I had them to do over.

I filed for divorce for absolutely no reason that I can think of right now, as I had cared for her for decades, and after divorce when she hooked up with some six-foot, four-inch lanky numb-skull, I still looked out for her as after all...though for some reason I felt marriage was not right for us, she was still my little sister from the dawn of antiquity.

But, it was hard to help her, *and* have to help this useless unit of a boyfriend of hers at the same time. As far as I know the only job he could almost hold was working for his father in Racine at an auto-body shop, meanwhile he still lived at home with mommy and daddy and was like...thirty years old himself.

As a matter of fact, the first time I met the dude I bailed him out of jail for Penny.

Time went by, and Penny talked this dude (I forget his name) into migrating with her back to Oregon. I rented a U-Haul truck and trailer for them and helped them pack.

Zoom and off they went.

A year or so later I stopped by Oregon, and Penny was pregnant big time.

Dude was flying his true colors of actively hating me by then, which I had long since caught a drift about but didn't blame him because he had to be jealous of our still close relationship. While, knowing Penny, I am sure she took occasion to compare my ability to provide with his inability, whenever she had a bone to pick with him.

I had been on pain management for years now, yet Oregon does not believe in pain management. So Penny took me to a detox center to get off of my addiction to the pain pills.

She had her baby, and in short order dude started threatening me for no reason except that I came to find that he had been biting his tongue for years over me and seeing Penny befriending me and proudly showing me her baby was too much for him and he started getting really ugly and threatening physically and cop calling-wise.

Now, I don't know if you know this, but for years there has been a kind of informal agreement between adjacent states that they will turn fugitives over at the state line kind of conveniently by-passing the whole extradition process.

You know..."the breaking the law in the name of the law" type deals that everyone seems to have blinders on about?

Anyway, I was supposed to go to work a job in Marin County down by San Francisco, with Guy Cavallo in short order. So, his threats to call the man on me for whatever reason he could drum up wasn't worth tilting about, since I was leaving anyway.

Poem Time...

This poem is about a seriously mentally ill pyromaniac, who I met in California State Pen.

»»» The Fire Bug «««

He lurked and twerked' at night,
A lookin' left and right...
Lookin' to learn...
What to burn...
And then how to set it alight.



Most things were safe in the day,
For people were in his way...
And a light at night...
Compared to daylight...
Well, that's when he came to play.



For since he was a boy...
In fire he found his joy...
Against the stars...
He'd blow up cars...
Though then they were a toy.



Grown to becoming a man,
He chose to have a plan...
A lot of thinkin'...
A Caddy or Lincoln?
A real car that really ran!



So, gas tanks burst and blew,
Chevys and Chryslers too,
And other stuff...
Was not enough...

Richard Gartner with George Gartner

FORGET THE BEAR AND PUT AN ELEPHANT ON THE FLAG!

I bid farewell to Oregon, and my sister/wife/friend, to so far as at the time of this writing, I believe only to have seen her once again.

I had a decent car, an Acura Legend, which loaded to the gunwales with everything I kept from all that I used to have (notably heavy tools) as it was, with a five speed standard transmission, soon was clutch-less trying to find my way around the hills of San Francisco. I did not know that I should have stayed on the other side of the bridge in the first place and never even got into San Francisco proper to get lost and stuck on hills in long lines of cars with stop signs at the top. Inching forward, burning my clutch for each few feet—as I said, by the time I got out of SF, I had virtually no clutch left.

Anyway, I found the job site where I was to meet Guy sooner or later, and I forget all of the details, but was sleeping in my car just outside the jobsite when my steamed windows caused my car to be noticed and for me to be “rousted” by the man.

Off to jail I went to my surprise, for that ancient carton of Marlboro’s again.

No problem, I’m thinking to myself, as long as I can get Guy to rescue my car that has all my stuff and tools.

I mean...I already did a grip of time on the deal, and it had been at least fifteen years since I shoplifted that ridiculous carton of smokes, and thirteen years since I got out of Los Angeles County Jail the last time, and I had been pretty much a good boy as far as they knew...so?

Yeah, right.

“Your judge retired, and as the new judge I am honor bound to abide by the old judges decision...” and, in short order I found myself catching a chain to Wasco State Prison Reception Center, whereat they decide your custody level and exactly which state facility to send you off to.

It took them three months to make that determination; meanwhile the place is almost as bad as county jail in that there are absolutely no programs to occupy your mind.

So, I decided to start writing again.

I felt totally that I was in there for absolutely no reason whatsoever. I had paid in spades for that shoplifting already.

This was not “just a while back” situation that I had only been given probation without having done any time first, and so now they were adamant that they had to have their pound of flesh...like I had never gave them enough time out of my life for twenty-two bucks? (We are talking about like thirteen to fifteen years before.)

So, no...that wasn't it.

No, I had done two years county jail time already for that shoplifting two decades ago in the last century.

No, there was no reason for me to go to prison, except the same blind reasoning that had to percolate through the head bones of the guards at Auschwitz when told to light the ovens and burn the Jews.

I know, I know...it is an extreme example, but I thought I would just drive my thoughts on “blind obedience to what is perceived as authority”...home.

Well, I was bound and determined that I wasn't going to just lose another chunk of my life, and that I was going to do something positive with the time.

So, before I left Wasco for “New Corcoran State Penitentiary,” I had already been working on a book, *The Angel Jon* and as usual...on poems.

Corcoran was/is the largest California State Prison. There is “Old Corcoran,” and right next to it is ‘New Corcoran’. Don’t ask me why. But I will make a guess for you. Both of them combined (while I was there) I believe housed like 20,000 prisoners, and my assumption is that no single Watch Commander and his staff, or Warden and his staff, could effectively supervise such a prison population. (For reference: Lompoc had only about 1,200 inmates total while I was there, though I understand that they started putting two men in each cell sometime after I got out, which might double that amount.)

So, even though separated by just a fence or two, the Corcorans were two entirely separate facilities.

New Corcoran, like Old Corcoran had separate yards comprising in essence five or six prisons within the same prison. Each had its own everything, and the normal inmate never left the particular prison (yard) within the prison that he was housed in.

There were certain things done outside of our yard for us though, like laundry. Like Lompoc, there was a camp/level one yard with inmates who were like trustees, who fed the Level threes and fours and did laundry, fire prevention, washed cars, landscape, and so on.

I am not that familiar with Old Corcoran as far as how many separate “yards” they had/have exactly, and neither do I recall specifics about New Corcoran exactly, but I know that New Corcoran had two level two yards, and at least one SATF yard (Substance Abuse Treatment Facility), and one level three yard and I believe a level four yard as well.

To be kind of correct on the label confusion end of things: A level 3 “yard” might or might not be where you could field a baseball game (not that anyone would be allowed to get their hands on a bat anyway), but for sure those housed in a level 4 “yard” would find themselves all alone in some small runway for their obligatory one half hour a day exercise period.

I was on 'B' Yard, which was a secure level two yard, because of my Federal escape. (No one on that level would be handed a baseball bat either. A handball or football of whatever nature was it.)

No matter what, that was the best custody level that I could get, no matter how "short I was to the pad." (Even as close as I was to going home with only sixteen months left on my sentence to do.) That thirty-year before escape continued to haunt me.

Up to Level Three Yards were dorm housing, and from three on up were cell housing.

Anyway, having skills worked for me in there just like any other custody environment I had ever been in. In Corcoran's case, I got to go outside of the yard I was on to help build another little prison within a prison. This was as soon as I proved to the prison staff that I was a Union Journeyman Carpenter.

I made an entire .71 cents an hour, which was over three times what anyone working on our yard got, and even if everyone else was on 'lockdown' status, they still came and got the seven or so of us from B Yard to go out and keep building on to the prison.

In an aside, the burden of the California prison system's budget had become known to the general public, and to offset attacks against the enormity of the system, promises had been made that in essence no new prisons would be built.

Yeah...okay.

CDC (California Department of Corrections) got around that big falsehood by simply adding on to the thirty-three prisons that they already had.

For instance, they had me going out to work on a 400-man SHU (Special Housing Unit) complex/yard/building on the New Corcoran side, while the exact same thing was being built on the Old Corcoran side.

These facilities were not "holes" in the punitive sense. They were though, Corcoran "Supermaxes" or level five type 'yards' like Pelican Bay.

Man oh man! You did not want to get stuck in there.

I have been trying to skim through jail experiences to an extent, though as I have said...my jailhouse experiences contributed greatly to who I grew up to be, and contributed to how I am as a person even with the Holy Spirit mitigating things. Also, I had spent as much or more time in jail than 'on the streets' so how could I write an autobiography without jailhouse references?

So, I have to write of something that I was just yesterday reminded of while watching a movie on TV.

I will try to get the name of the movie from somewhere, though I presently forget what it is. Gerard Butler (I think is his name...you know the Spartan King from the movie '300'). His nemesis in this other movie that I just watched, was Jamie Foxx, who played an Assistant District Attorney who was all about his 96 percent "conviction rate", rather than about justice, and had made a deal with the murderers of Butler's character's wife and child, just so his conviction rate wouldn't be at risk, rather than take a chance on losing the case by prosecuting the murderers, without enough evidence to be sure of a conviction.

If you wonder besides an Ax grinding, where I am going with this, I will tell you that I would be in prison right this very minute because of a San Jose District Attorney being more concerned by far about her scoreboards i.e. 'conviction rates' than she was about who is guilty, or about seeing justice done.

But I am not going to get into that particular instance of why and how I would be in prison right now for something that I did not do in San Jose recently, and just write (for now) about the Ventura County charge, (propelled by a DA tripping on his "conviction rate"), from over twenty years ago.

Richard Gartner with George Gartner

STARVING TO WRITE A POEM (LITERALLY)

You see, when I got arrested and wound up in Corcoran, there were two charges pending, one for the Probation Violation for absconding on the probation for the carton of Marlboros, and one for a DUI in Ventura, California, from like fifteen years before as well.

I was not guilty of that DUI, but here is how I got charged with it anyway, so many years before.

My Sunk by a Drunk girlfriend (Wendy), and I were on our way back to Los Angeles from somewhere and were passing through Santa Barbara. We pulled into a 7-11, and there were some dudes bumming things. They asked for smokes and food. I bought them both. Then I bought a twelve-pack of beer, and Wendy and I sat in with them and for hours we kicked back and drank beer, and blathered about whatever.

Three cop cars pulled in, and though our car was colder than a mackerel and hadn't been driven for hours, I was arrested for DUI, and they had the car towed. Wendy even had the keys in her pocket, so they couldn't play that California joke of a law/rule that if you have the keys in your possession, you "have control of the vehicle" and if you are drunk they can give you a DUI. (Ridiculous law, as the "D" in DUI stands for *driving*.) No matter what keys are in your pocket, while you lay or stand or sit there.

True story. Again, this is how apparently hard up "lawmakers" are, to enact laws to justify their exorbitant salaries. They somehow just get away with inventing ridiculous additions and amendments to tack onto already almost impossible to comply with laws and rules that we are trying (and failing) to be perfect enough to abide by. There is apparently no one who watchdogs

their abuse of this trust by the public and can rein these 'law makers' in. (They, too, probably use a scoreboard and need to cite that they enacted 150 new laws each year or something, for their ratings to justify their being "law makers" and keeping their jobs. Often, these are just more tightenings of the noose, or enhancements on what already is, to constrict our freedoms.

Anyway, I was taken to Ventura County Jail, "cited and released." That means that they booked me in and fingerprinted and all, then just gave me a ticket like they should have done in the first place, had I in fact been by any definition doing a DUI.

I had some cash so I got my car out of the pound, and off I went. Wendy had taken the bus the rest of the way to San Fernando Valley where we lived, but not together, at the time.

I went to my court date, but Ventura County has this deal like San Jose does, to where you don't go directly to court sometimes, but instead go to the Court Clerks Office to see what's up. Meaning, whether the DA has decided that the case has merit enough to go forward with. I.e.: whether the DA has "decided to file."

In my case after standing in line for awhile, the court clerk told me that "the DA hadn't filed" and gave me another date to come back in a month or so, and see the court clerk again.

I did this three times, and each time was about 100 miles round trip from San Fernando to Ventura Courthouse and back.

The third time they said the DA still hadn't filed, and they told me to just wait for a letter from them before coming back...if I had to come back at all.

See, the DA only had up to one year to file charges against me, and over six months had already gone by. I had opined more than once already to whichever Court Clerk person I spoke to that the DA would not file anyway, as the charge was totally bogus and just a simple harassment by the cops to get us all out of there.

Some months later when I left the state, I wasn't even tripping on this bogus DUI as any kind of factor to stop my leaving for the thirteen years that I did.

But apparently some numskull in the DA's office filed against me in the last few months that they had to do so.

So, when I was arrested all those years later, and told what for, one was the Marlboros, and one was for this Ventura DUI.

My attorney on the carton of Marlboros violation told me his opinion on the DUI thing. He said that it was a standard ploy on the part of DA's when they know they don't have a case but don't want to upset their "conviction rates." They'll wait until the last moment of the year that they have to file on people, when they think that the folks will just fail to appear perhaps from just having moved and not getting the "notice to appear," and then they can get a conviction somehow "in absentia" and so their conviction rates remain sacrosanct.

He also did me a favor, though out of his jurisdiction, and called Ventura and asked them to dismiss in the interest of justice, and they would not do it.

So, just like in Englewood FYC many years before, when I got to Corcoran, I filed a "quick and speedy trial demand" (a "1381," kind of like a local/in the same state version of the Interstate Compact) on Ventura for this ridiculous misdemeanor from the dawn of antiquity, that they had no chance of proving against me as I had not been driving for hours, neither did I even have the keys in my possession for them to say I had "control of the vehicle." (Another paragraph sentence pant gasp.)

Now, every inmate knows that no one will take you out of prison to face charges for a misdemeanor. You simply file your 1381(s) so when you get out you are all done with things held against you. As even if you went to court, the judges were not going to do anything upon a conviction but have any county or city time or fines run concurrent with the state sentence.

So, extraditing a convicted felon from State Prison to face a misdemeanor charge wasn't logical, and when the court received a 1381 "the people" (the DA(s), invariably dismissed the case(s).

Nope, unbelievably, some hotshot DA in Ventura wanted to get the conviction, whether I was already in prison or not.

My first inkling that this was happening was when I was told to “roll it up”.

“What? What for? Am I going to the hole for something?”

“No, you are going out to court.”

“You have got to be & (^%\$ (defecating) me!”

See, it takes time (sometimes years) to get yourself situated right where you want to be in any given jailhouse facility/yard. The dorm you want. The job you want. The bunk you want, etc. All takes time and effort, if you even *can* get to where you want to be doing what you want to do, considering your environment... at all.

It took me months, for instance.

So, here I go leaving state prison to go to court on some Mickey Mouse dumb misdemeanor that I had not even done in the first place, and had already done everything in my power to address fourteen years before.

Unbelievable.

Remember my proclivities as far as not pleading guilty to something that I hadn't done? Well, besides that, this DA who just messed up my prison program had absolutely nothing coming from me, no matter if he paid me!

I get to Ventura County Jail, where except to have my prints and picture taken way back when, I had never been in before. (See, I am not all bad, I missed a few jails here and there.)

So, here I am a convict of long standing. Standing with my mouth open catching flies, while eyeballing down one of Ventura County Jail's hallways.

I am agog, as I was looking at yellow pointy-toed footprints painted on the floor along the hallway walls facing toe into the walls. Had a little heel painted behind the little pointy-toed sole deal. (Looked like Elves were happening)

See, some inmate trustee had just told us during the “book-in” process, to turn, stop, and face the walls with our noses on the wall, if we saw a staff member approaching us.

(Yeah right, you bumped your head, I had thought)

Then my eyes beheld the evidence that dude was not jiving me.

I remember having lasted about four days trying to comply with all the little rules this jail had for wussies, before rebellion... and off to the hole I went.

The hole in Ventura County was comprised of single man cells with concrete walls and a solid steel sliding door with one window in it.

They had a curtain on the outside of the window, so you couldn't eyeball anyone for any kind of visual relief from the cell walls. No window was to be found, barred, or otherwise.

As I had previously written, you were supposed to be by law only housed in “Segregation” for a maximum of ten days.

I was there for the whole/hole time I was in Ventura County Jail, before catching the chain back to Corcoran. (I tell you, the lawmen break more of their own rules/laws than do the alleged criminals.) Okay, so during the time of being in the hole, I am initially going to court, like once a week, and then going to court really often—virtually every court/week day in fact. I have a Public Defender gal (I think maybe twenty-two years old) who is dominated totally by the DA, and the Judge.

Now, by law they have thirty days to bring me to trial unless I “waive time” meaning...waive my right to a quick and speedy trial.

You and I both know by now that I ain't given' up a grunion to these mother foes.

My poor little girl of a PD is between a rock and a hard place. I can see she and the DA and the Judge up at the bench, and the judge is giving me all the hate he can put into a glare, as they offer me time served, forthwith removal orders, and whatever...to just get me to plea “no contest” even.

I got to hand it to them though, they were as stubborn as I was and we went all the way to the last day of the thirty days that they had to start picking a jury, before they dismissed the charge.

You know that they knew that I was in the hole, and that a forthwith removal order to catch a chain back to the joint was an altogether lovely sounding thing for me. But...no dice dudes!

They were bringing me into court daily at the end there, and they must not have realized that sitting in the court holding cell and talking to other people waiting on court, and then sitting in court itself, was all entertainment and boredom relief to me, as opposed to just sitting alone in my hole cell for the month.

I don't know if you can picture it, but this is a misdemeanor court, and dudes who can't make bond for a couple of days or a week are sniveling about petty stuff, and here I am not only a convicted felon, but a convict doing time in Corcoran, meanwhile I have been doing hard time homesteading right there in their dread hole for a month. I did not delight in their misery, but as opposed to staring at a concrete wall they were entertaining.

As I said, the powers called me down to court almost every day, and instead of getting me in, and handling business and getting me back to the county jail, they left me either in the holding cells, or in court, while they tried various gambits to get me to cop to that stupid ridiculous DUI that they knew they could not convict me on, and that I should never have been charged with in the first place.

There was a big problem with my being in the hole though, and that was to come up with paper to write my poems and such on. See, they gave you two like five-by-nine-inch pieces of paper, a pencil stub, and an envelope once a week, to mail out with.

Those would not get me very far at all, writing wise. But there was one way to get paper, and that was to get:

Disciplinary Reports written against me for whatever reasons, and then I could use the whole back side of my copy for writing on.

Eph 6:20 “For which I am an ambassador in chains; that in it I may speak boldly, as I ought to speak” (GNB).

(I just threw this Scripture in, though it really doesn't apply all that well) lol!

The down side was that as I was already in the hole, all they could do was extend my hole time and/or put me on a “disciplinary diet” This diet consisted of what is called a “juteball” and a slice of bread, twice a day. Every third day, however, they had to give me my regular three times a day “trays”.

A juteball was some kind of mystery meat soy burger type deal, in a perhaps 3 inch diameter lump. It looked like meatloaf, and was described as such by Officer La Motte #4006, who wrote the Disciplinary Report describing it as the food I was “hoarding” on 9/13/01, which I have scanned in to this book. What is ‘hoarding’ anyway you may well ask? Well, it is an offence against jail rules. “Hoard” on the other hand in the Encarta Dictionary of North America is: “to collect and store, often secretly, large amounts of things such as food or money for future use.” (Okay, that works except for the “large amount” part.) As a three-inch weird lump isn't very large of an amount twice a day.

Anyway...a juteball was pretty small, and pretty much wasn't very good tasting at all, except you were being starved, though perhaps it was legally nutritious.

As small as it was, I still saved a bit of it and of bread, to spread across the hours, more so to have something for a minor flavor burst than to assuage any hunger pains.

Well, they busted me “hoarding food” (if you can believe that) and gave me the disciplinary report, which I still have right here with a poem upon the back of it. I had gotten the juteball and slice of bread at 5:00 a.m. like they do, and the next one was to come twelve hours later since someone on a “disciplinary diet” didn't get lunch. Well I saved a bit of my ‘breakfast’ juteball for lunch, but went to court and when I came back they had searched my ascetic cell to take my scrap of food...my immense “hoard.”

(There is a quote about petty people taking inordinate delights in their petty authority, and it is really hard sometimes not to wish that such sad excuses for entities don't just get a good taste of hellfire to give them back some of the pain that they take such delight in causing other entities.)

I am going to try to scan the "hoarding" document, and a "grievance" document in with poetry also upon it, and size down to fit in here.

I did have a Bible, so was able to study and peruse the Bible stories that I like to put a funny twist on and write epic odes about.

FYI, I can happily and easily spend a whole day writing one of my Bible story poems, and, as only the Lord and I were in that cell in the hole, and I had to survive on dog food to get the paper to write it on, well...I hope you especially enjoy 'Daniel and The Three.'

As you can see, I also found that I could ask for 'Inmate Grievance' forms, and after they wrote whatever in response, they would give me my copy. (And bam! More writing paper for me!)

Believe me, I had a lot more writings on the backs of Ventura County disciplinary and other forms, but without thinking about their future purposes, I copied what I wrote on the backs of them down more legibly when I got back to Corcoran, and then threw away the originals. Daniel, is the only poem that I didn't get around to typing out, is I suppose why I still have these two forms left with Daniel on them.

In an aside, they got hip (I believe) to what I was up to, or just ignored my calling them names after a while, and for whatever reasons stopped writing disciplinary actions on me. Kind of like when someone has three life sentences without possibility of parole, to go ahead and continue prosecuting for other cases for hundreds of thousands in court costs and attorney expenses, to what? Give the guy more life sentences?

Anyhow, I scanned in the two documents and the backsides of the documents where I wrote Daniel.

You can also see my little effort at writing a praise and worship song, that might seem a poor attempt to you, but was all I had for weeks to use for worship music, and I am telling you, I believe that the Lord liked it when I sang it. (Of course He had to be tone deaf and turn the volume down, but you get the idea.)

On the 'Inmate Grievance Form' you can see that I was still in custody in the hole on 1/20/01, though my case had been dismissed 1/13/01 (finally) on exactly by law on the thirtieth day within which they had to bring me to trial. I should have long since been on the way back to Corcoran, except it was their chance for some payback.

Please note also that the law provides that no one can be kept in solitary confinement for more than ten days, or be locked down for more than twenty-three hours a day without a one hour exercise period. Bear in mind that this was this millennium that these clowns were doing dark ages stuff to me and violating Constitutional Law.

I should have long since been gone (I believe) except that the DA and the judge were playing games.

One thing you must know is that the DA in and of himself cannot have me extradited (if that is the right term) from prison. It has to be a court order signed by a judge.

So, both of these dudes had somehow convinced themselves that they could get me to cop to the charge (admit guilt), even though when it came right down to it they knew that they could not convict me at trial.

This is why they were both giving me such hateful looks for a month, and causing my seemingly barely pubescent public defender, to be just about cruising in tears

She was between a rock and a hard place, but I am going to call myself the 'rock' and those self-righteous blue meanies; the 'hard place.' (I was as soft as I could be to her in remaining firm about wanting to have my say in front of a jury, and the heck with the Judge and the DA.)

See, most people prison bound will just cop to piddly stuff just to get it out of the way, and in most cases they did the dirty deed anyway, so the DA and judge usually expect that no one would put up a fight over “sweating the small stuff.”

But apparently they didn’t read the fine print on my case to see whether they actually had a case against me or not, or they didn’t care whether they did or not or anything about what was true or false, or Justice, as long as the conviction rate got appeased.

Perhaps they looked up in files that prosecutors’ can access, and found that I almost invariably copped to my crimes and didn’t contest things, and thought that I was a slam dunk being that there would be no additional fines or time added on to what I already was doing.

But...again...they would have failed to read the fine print on me, in that I never copped to anything that I did not do, and by any ridiculous stretching of things by amendments about even such violations of common sense becoming law like having “control of the vehicle” being a DUI simply because you have your keys in your pocket. Well, even from that standpoint I was not guilty.

There was in fact, no way by the most crooked stretch of what is supposed to be justice and law, that anyone could convict me of a DUI in this case, and my arrest was simply a harassment. Period.

Inmate Grievance Form 1

California Christian Criminal

TO: CLASSIFICATION

DATE/TIME ISSUED 9/20/01 0700 STAFF 3996

INMATE: GARTNER

DATE/TIME RECEIVED 9/20/01 STAFF

BOOKING #: 949106

HOUSING LOCATION: MJ-3-MS-4

DATE: 9/20/2001

INMATE GRIEVANCE FORM

If, while in the Ventura County Jail system, you have a complaint regarding your CUSTODY TREATMENT, MEDICAL TREATMENT, or other related CUSTODY PROBLEMS, you may complete the following INMATE GRIEVANCE FORM. Every attempt will be made to resolve your grievance at the first level; however, it may be necessary to bring your grievance to higher levels for resolution.

Grievances may be filed in all matters EXCEPT decisions handed down by the court.

BRIEFLY STATE YOUR GRIEVANCE: I RICHARD GARTNER have the following grievance (INMATE'S NAME)

I AM OUT TO COURT HERE FROM CORCORAN STATE PRISON. MY CASE HERE WAS DISMISSED 9/13/01, YET I HAVE NOT BEEN TRANSPORTED BACK TO CORCORAN ON THE NEXT AVAILABLE TRANSPORT AS PER C.D.C. D.O.M. AGREEMENTS FOR O.T.C. STATUS INMATES. FURTHER, AN OFFICER HERE STATED THAT V.C.S.D. WOULD HOLD ME AS LONG AS THEY WANT BECAUSE OF ISOLATION STATUS, NO MATTER C.D.C. WISHES OR GUIDELINES.

NOTE: If you are dissatisfied with the grievance resolution, you may appeal the resolution by filling out another inmate grievance form: Attach prior grievance form(s) and direct to next highest level.

- 1. HOUSING OFFICER ALANIZ SERIAL # 2080 DATE 9-21-01
2. LEVEL SUPERVISOR SERIAL # DATE
3. FACILITY SUPERVISOR SERIAL # DATE
4. FACILITY MANAGER SERIAL # DATE
5. CUSTODY COMMANDER SERIAL # DATE

RESOLUTION: MR. GARTNER -

"THE NEXT AVAILABLE TRANSPORT" IS OPEN TO INTERPRETATION. I CANNOT GIVE YOU THE DATE YOU WILL BE TRANSPORTED. HOWEVER, I DID SPEAK TO THE SHERIFF'S TRANSPORTATION UNIT WHO IS MAKING ARRANGEMENTS.

Inmate Grievance Form 2

<p>JESUS I LOVE YOU AND I ADORE YOU JESUS I LOVE YOU FOREVER MORE</p>	<p>SEND ME YOUR BLESSINGS SPIRIT FILLED BLESSINGS YOUR HOLY BLESSINGS I PRAY YOU FOR</p>
<p>PLEASE SEND YOUR LOVE YOUR SWEET SWEET LOVE 3 YOUR HOLY LOVE OVER ME POUR</p>	<p>DANIEL DANIEL WAS A GODLY TYPE MAN NEBUCHADNEZZAR HAD A PLAN A WAR WAS FOUGHT AND JUDAH WAS TAUGHT HOW GODS PLAN WOULD BE RAN KING "NEB" WILL CALL HIM FOR SHORT WAS A CONQUERING KIND OF SORT HE WANTED LOYAL HEBREW ROYALS TO BE PRESENT AT HIS COURT</p>
<p>I NEED YOU TO HOLD ME FILL ME... SURROUND ME 2 NEVER FORSAKE ME PLEASE I IMPLORE WITHOUT YOU IM NOTHING AND I MEAN NOTHING</p>	<p>HE ORDERED FOR A GROUP OF FOUR HANDSOME WISE MEN AND MORE DANIEL WAS ONE OF FOUR SONS WHO BECAME THE ONES ASKED FOR LOOKED FOR NOW, KING NEB BELIEVED IN A DREAM BUT IT WAS A CONFUSING MOONBEAM WAS IT HEAVEN SENT BUT WHOEVER IT MEANT WISE MEN WERE TO TELL HIM THE TRUTH ENCHANTERS, MAGICIANS WHO EVER THOUGHT OF THEMSELVES AS CLEAR HAD BETTER DISCOVER OR THEY WOULD LEARN KING NEB SHOULD NEVER HEAR NEVER</p>
<p>5 AN EMPTY NOTHING BROKEN AND POOR YOUR MY SALVATION MY ONLY SALVATION 6 PERFECT SALVATION YOU ARE THE GOOD YOU ARE THE SON SON</p>	<p>HE WANTED TOLD HIM WHAT HE'D SEEN AND TOLD HIM WHAT IT DID MEAN OR ALL WOULD DIE AS BLADES WERE HONED TILL KEEN SO WISE MEN ENCHANTERS AND THOSE CAME TO DANIEL WHO THE LORD KNOWS HEY DANIEL FRIEND WILL YOUR GOD SEND A REVELATION DO YOU SUPPOSE?</p>
<p>4 THE FATHERS ONE SON THE HOLYS ONE WHO WON THE WAR SO</p>	<p>WELL GOD GAVE DANIEL THE DEAL THE KINGS DREAM WOULD BE REAL IT WAS A DECISION TO GIVE HIM A VISION OF A FUTURE KIND OF ORDEAL NOW, DANIEL & THREE FELLOW JEWS PRAISE TO THE GOOD GOD OF HEBREWS KING NEB ONE DAY SAID THERE HEY TO A STATUE YOU ONE PRAISE AND DUES</p>

Inmate Grievance Form 3

ADROCH MESHACH AND ABENAGO
DULDN'T PRAISE IDOLS YOU KNOW
KING NEB GOT MAD
AND SAID THEIR BAD
SO IN THE FURNACE THEY GO
HE HEATED IT SEVEN TIMES MORE
THAN IT HAD BEEN HEATED BEFORE
THEN THE THREE
WITH NO MERCY
WERE THROWN THROUGH THE FURNACE DOOR
THE FURNACE WAS SO HOT IT FRIED
THE THROWERS EVEN DIED
BUT LO AND BEHOLD
THE KINGS BLOOD GOT COLD
WHEN HE SAW FOUR MEN INSIDE
THE TABLES GOT SOMEHOW TURNED
WHEN THE FOUR DIDN'T GET BURNED
THE KING HAD A CARE
COME OUT OF THERE
AS ONE WAS A GOD HE DISCOVERED
SO LIKE WITH DANIEL EACH FELLOW
THE KING DECIDED WAS MELLOW
IF ANY ONE SAID
OFF WITH THEIR HEAD
KING NEB WOULD TURN THEM TO JELLO.
THEN THE KING HAD A DREAM OR TEN
DANIEL INTERPRETED AND THEN
THE KING WAS HUMBLER
BUT HE STUMBLED
BACK UP TO BECOME KING AGAIN
DANIEL WENT THROUGH TWO MORE KINGS
AND TOLD THEM MANY THINGS
BUT WAS ORDERED AND DW!
THAT HE COULDN'T PRAY
OR NED FEEL WHOT TO DISOBEY BRINGS
WELL, HE PRAYED THREE TIMES A DAY
NO MATTER WHAT THE ORDER DID SAY
SO DANIEL DUDE
WAS TO BE LION FOOD
BUT THEN DANIEL BEGAN ~~TO~~ TO PRAY.
THE LIONS WERE THINKING OF CHOW
WHEN DANIEL WENT IN TO THEM NOW
THEIR MOUTHS CLOSED
AS THE LORD CLOSED
AND DANIEL DIDN'T ASK HOW

SO THE KING LET DANIEL OUT
CAUSE HE KNEW THAT GOD WAS ABOUT
AND SAW DANIELS PRaise
FOR DAYS AND DAZE
AND PRASID THE LORD WITH A SHOUT
SO DANIEL PROPERED IN KIND
AND HAD VISIONS ALL IN HIS MIND
ANGELS AND THINGS
THE END BRINGS
IN THE BOOK OF DANIEL YOU'LL FIND.

DANIEL AND
THE THREE

»» Daniel and the Three ««

Daniel was a Godly type man,
Nebuchadnezzar had a plan;
A war was fought...
And Judah was taught...
How God's plan would be ran.



King 'Neb' we'll call him for short,
Was a conquering kind of sort.
He wanted loyal...
Hebrews Royal...
To be present at his court.



He ordered for a group of four,
Handsome, wise men, and more.
Daniel was one...
Of four sons...
Who became the ones looked for.



Now, King Neb believed in a dream,
But twas' a confusing moonbeam.
Was it heaven-sent...
But whatever it meant...
Wise men were to tell him the theme.



Enchanters, magicians... whoever,
Thought of themselves as clever,
Had better discern...

Or they would learn...King Neb should never hear
“never”!



He wanted told him what he'd seen,
And told him what it did mean...
Or all would die...
Was his cry...
As blades were honed till keen!



So wise men, enchanters and those,
Came to Daniel who the Lord knows.
“Hey, Daniel friend...
Will your God send...
A revelation...do you suppose?”



Well, God gave Daniel the deal;
The King's dream would be real.
It was a decision...
To give him a vision...
Of a future kind of ordeal.



Now, Daniel's three fellow Jews,
Praise, too, the God of Hebrews,
So, King Neb one day...
Said there, “Hey...
To a statue you owe praise and dues.”



But Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego,
Couldn't praise idols you know.
So, King Neb got mad...

California Christian Criminal

And said, "They're bad...
And in the furnace they go!"



He heated it seven times more...
Than it had been heated before,
Then the three...
Without mercy...
Were thrown through the furnace door.



The furnace was so hot it fried...
And the throwers even died,
But lo and behold...
The King's blood ran cold...
When he saw four men inside!



The tables somehow got turned,
When the four did not get burned.
So, the King had a care...
"Come out of there..."
As One was a God he'd learned.



So, like with Daniel each fellow,
The King decided was mellow.
And if anyone said...
"Off with their head..."
King Neb would turn them to jello!



Then Ol' Neb had a dream or ten,
That Daniel interpreted and then,
The King was humbled...

But he stumbled...
Back up to be hardheaded again.



Daniel went through two more Kings,
And told them many things...
But was ordered one day...
That he shouldn't pray...
Or he'd know what to disobey brings!



Well, he prayed three times a day,
No matter what the court did say.
So, Daniel dude...
Was to be Lion food...
But then Daniel began to pray.



The lions were thinking of chow,
When Daniel went into them now.
Their mouths closed...
As the Lord chose...
And Daniel didn't ask how.



So, the King let Daniel out...
'Cause he knew that God was about.
He sang Daniel's praise...
For days and daze...
And praised the Lord with a shout.



So, Daniel prospered in kind...
And had visions all in his mind.
Angels and things...

California Christian Criminal

The end brings...
In the Book of Daniel we find.



Richard Gartner
1/2001

Richard Gartner with George Gartner

FREEDOM IS RELATIVE

I came home from Ventura's discordant answer to where and how to house those who have not been convicted of even a traffic ticket yet, back to where convicted felons do time in relative harmony in Corcoran State Prison.

Funny how coming back to a rotten place from an even worse environment can really explain how "beauty is in the eye of the beholder." I am, of course...really stretching the use of the word "beauty" in this context.

They really needed an entire .71 cent an hour Journeymen Union Carpenter, and in very short order I was back on the job and used my "juice card" to get my bunk back in my dorm.

I went to work every day, and then after I got back to housing, I worked on my writings.

They had a library, and a small so called 'law library' with maybe ten electric type-writers/one line LED screen word processors.

I managed to write about half of *The Angel Jon* before I got paroled. Here is my last jailhouse type poem, but alas...not the last poem that I was to write while in any jail.

»»» Crazy Dogwood Freeman «««

I'm crazy, or is it my name?
But sociable all the same...
 Youngsters play...
 About me all day...
As if prison is just a game.



My 'car' is a bald-headed bunch,

At chow we gather to munch,
With a sea of who should...
Be a 'peckerwood'...
We label-slap while eating lunch.



I'm tattooed with tears in my eyes,
I'm young and old to these guys.
As a 'wood' I'm a log...
Some call me 'dawg'...
Or maybe...I'm writing You lies.



For I know my hearts in a place,
That yearns to seek your face.
The Holy Spirit, too...
Will see me through...
While surrounded by inner space.



Double meanings abound in this ode,
But soon I'll shoulder my load.
This crazy dogwood...
Freely should...
Walk with You down a new road.



Dusty
3/17/01

TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS MINUS BUS FARE

I was forty-nine when I got out. I ain't no "spring chicken" now to be starting all over again with absolutely nothing...not even a pair of socks that weren't already on my feet.

California though, did break you off \$200 "gate money" on your way out the door. You had to pay your bus fare to wherever out of that then you had *all* of what was left... in its entirety...to begin your new life. So, I had about \$150.00.

I have already spoken on how I believe it is ridiculous how much money those who determine budgets are willing to spend to warehouse people, but how not even a minor amount is budgeted to help someone just out to stay out a month on the straight and narrow, to prevent recidivism, and to forestall the need for yet more ridiculously expensive courts and jailhouse warehousing.

In California, you are paroled to wherever your "controlling case" happened. I.e.: whatever jurisdiction you were sentenced to prison from.

Bummer, as I didn't even know anyone from the San Fernando Valley any longer, and in fact didn't know anyone in the entire Los Angeles County, within which boundaries I had to stay or be considered "absconded" again, and in violation of parole.

I slept on a bus bench the first night, and went to the parole office to report, the next day it was open.

I don't remember for sure, but I don't think I actually saw my parole officer...but was put on a list for one to be assigned to me or for me to be assigned to them.

Anyway...on the wall in the parole office were a couple of ads for SLEs (sober living environments) for a hundred dollars a

week. I did not have that stipulation on my parole conditions, but couldn't beat the 100 a week. So off I went to this place.

My older brother, Bob, was Pastor in the town of Filmore, in Ventura County, just outside of where it was allowed by California Parole for me to legally go. So, after contacting him, I managed to submit for transfer from Los Angeles County to Ventura County, to where pending the transfer going through, I was allowed to go out of County pending approval.

My brother had a sweetheart of a daughter, named Deanna, who was then sixteen or so, which I had been around a bit when she was a baby. But I had never met the twins Pammy and Terry, who were then already like twelve or thirteen years old.

Bob's new house was laid out fine for his purposes, with a bedroom for each girl, and a master bedroom for Bob and his wife Kathy. Then downstairs was the problem as far as I was concerned, as the living room didn't even have a couch (if I recall), and the couch that was relegated to me was against the wall kind of partially in the informal dining area right on the pathway to the den and Bob's office, where the bulk of the family's in house activities were lived.

I was dead nuts in the way of everybody doing anything.

In short order I ran an extension cord out to their little motor home, and could feel at ease to have flatulence if I ate a bean.

(You can perhaps understand my problem, when you think about my discomfort of being under the scrutiny of four females all of the time.) lol

Anyway, I got a temporary job framing a house, got a Chevy four-door whatever mobile from framing a house virtually all by myself, as it was an "owner/contractor" deal where the owner (a school teacher) was building his own digs. But, as he still had classes to teach for a month or two, he would show up to help me stand up a wall or set a beam after he got off school. Then when school was out for the season, he let me go and he and his friends had at it.

As Filmore didn't have work, I was twenty-two miles from Labor Ready, where I had to be at 5:00 a.m., in order to get sent out to work. So for quite awhile, I ended up living in their parking lot.

You see, you must appreciate that going to regular job interviews and listing my previous work experience, job history, residence, and whether I had committed a felony or not, insured that I would *not* get hired, rather than helping me to find permanent work.

This had been true all of my life, and Labor Ready or Manpower was my solution to the problem. At forty-nine years old just out of prison, nothing had changed either, in this regard. I did sign up for, and ultimately find a good paying union job for a bit, too, though.

The parole deal in California at that time was a period of from one year to three years, depending on how good of a parolee you were. So, the best you could do was be put in after one year of doing good, and then it took about a month to process the paperwork to get off parole. So, at best, you could be off parole in about thirteen months.

This is what I managed to do.

While I was in Corcoran, I became friends with Ron, who had been raised in San Jose California. So, while I was on parole I snuck up to San Jose to see Ron and to see what was up as far as possibly moving to San Jose after getting off of parole

As one time when I came up and went to a park downtown, I saw Union guys working on a highrise on Saturday. I.e.: Even making overtime, I figured good paying Union work was happening in San Jose. Also, on the drive in to visit, there was a lot of roadwork and bridgework happening.

So, I moved up to San Jose after getting off of parole, and Ron put me up for quite a while, on and off, until I could get my own little room situation going.

You may have noticed a distinct lack of any references to the Lord for quite some time here. I had only been intermittently going to church (and I mean really rarely).

Illegal drugs were not happening. I did, however climb into the bottle, and I am here to tell you, in spite of alcohol being legal, I believe its harmful effects to be right up there in the upper stratus with or worse than what the worst of what the drugs had ever done to me, mentally or physically.

I have been a substance *abuser* without a doubt...and seemed to need to push my tolerance points to get as blitzed as I could sometimes, but I cannot abide twelve-step programs, though I know they serve a purpose as far as peer reinforcement, and give you a place to go as an alternative to bars and or boredoms.

Ron was a big help in my drinking proclivity, as he was not a criminal at all by my definition, and had only been in prison from his (I don't know) sixth DUI.

He was/is a Journeyman Union Butcher, and always had work, upon completion of the day's which... it was cocktail time.

One thing I can tell you is that San Jose is a fairly affluent town being in the "Silicon Valley," which is the computer type deal center of man's universe, and so can afford to and does have a cop per every other square foot.

I never had a bicycle ticket, a jaywalking ticket, or a drunk in public ticket before living in San Jose.

In other words...San Jose is not the place to be doing anything to quirk a cop's eyebrow, or be doing anything that can be construed to be a crime.

I received four DUIs in San Jose for instance, though I was only pulled over once actually *driving* drunk.

Yep, I got DUeyed to death for just sleeping in my truck.

Jail, classes, fines...ad nauseum. (I should have been robbing banks and been hassled less.)

Years went by, and then the aforementioned "DA's conviction rates" jumped up and bit me in the butt again.

Here, in as short a manner as I can impart... is how it happened:

I was wearing one of my Carpenter's Union Local 405 T-shirts on a Sunday late afternoon at the Cinnabar Lounge in downtown San Jose, when this well dressed tall balding dude who I am playing pool with, offers me a job.

He said that he ran a crew of twelve Union Carpenters, who built sets for the movies all over the country, and would I be interested, as he was loosing his leadman whose family was tired of him being all over instead of being at home.

"Per diems" were mentioned and good wages. I said sure I was interested, but wouldn't leave my current boss, Mark Miller, high and dry just walking off from the Church/Christian School that we were building in Milpitas.

I had occasion to talk to this guy several times while he kept beating everyone at pool, as my name would come up to play the winner again.

I was only there for a couple of hours as it was Sunday, but by the time I was going to leave dude asked me what I was making weekly take-home, and wrote me a check for 1200 right there on the bar, and asked for my numbers so he could call me from wherever to get me on board working with him, when I got done with the church.

I waved the check around to everyone there telling them that some movie casting director would see me building a set and make me a star, and such.

There were like five video cameras in that bar, and the check was a very colorful stagecoach and horses looking deal.

Enquiring minds wanted to know, so I called Mark (my boss) the next morning and said I would be late for work and went to a Wells Fargo bank as soon as it opened, as that is where this \$1,200 check was drawn on.

I was ultimately arrested for theft of and forgery on the check.

I spent ten days in jail before I could make the 20,000 bond, though every day I was expecting to be released, as I had told

the sergeant (who said in essence that because of my record, he had no choice but to arrest me) about the video cameras and what must be on the tapes. He promised that he would go to the Cinnabar, and if the videotapes showed dude doing what I said, he would get the charges against me dropped.

He never went. Another legal liar and snake in the grass.

The owner of the Cinnabar, who has since passed, made my bail, then lent me money to get my trucks out of the pound, then lent me money to get back into my weekly rate room, though most of my belongings had been taken to ostensibly be put in storage and yet disappeared.

The best deal I was offered because of “prison priors,” which each add a year, was seven years. I offered to take a polygraph. I had a meeting in person with the DA gal, and was as sincere as someone being totally in the right can be.

I ultimately came to find out that they knew that I was telling the truth, but didn’t care. I was an undesirable and to them being guilty or not didn’t matter. These pillars of the community would rather lie and cheat me into prison than see justice done. They had Wells Fargo’s Investigative Division’s report on this same character doing this same check writing with these checks...over and over. They knew that the date that the checks were stolen I was in Corcoran doing time, and yet “theft of the checks” was one of my charges! I was railroad city, big time!

My crooked public defender and the crooked assistant district attorney were in cahoots to railroad me.

This is not a supposition on my part. I have the eighty-page Wells Fargo Report describing this guy doing the same thing to other folks three separate times with those exact same checks. But more so...make your own determination from the following events and conversations:

Five months or so after making bond, my mother passes away, and leaves me an inheritance.

I ask around and hear that the “Dream Team” in this San Jose is Tom Salcicia and Rudy Gazzetta (not sure of spelling just now).

I sign a \$15,000.00 promissory note to them to represent me, and call my public pretender and tell him what’s up.

On the day of pretrial I am outside the door of Tom and Rudy’s offices, within walking distance of the courthouse, when my cell rings and it is this corrupt rotten scoundrel of a public *pretender*.

Our conversations go exactly like the following, but perhaps not exactly verbatim (however, I repeated this conversation often enough immediately after having it and for awhile thereafter to where I had/have it pretty much down to a science.)



I answer my cell phone.

PD: “I am just calling to make sure that you don’t need me in court today.”

ME: “No, I told you I retained Tom Salcicia and Rudy Gazzetta with my inheritance. And, as a matter of fact I am talking to you right outside of Tom and Rudy’s office right now.”

PD: “So you are absolutely sure that you don’t need me and that Tom and Rudy are going to represent you?”

ME: “Yeah, as a matter of fact, one of them already went in to court for me while I was in Colorado getting my inheritance squared away.”

(There was a long significant pause like people are conferring at his end).

PD: “Oh, okay, in that case I have good news for you, *the case is dismissed.*”



Now...what do *you* gather from that repartee? Those “legally mandated crooks” folded up their cards only when they were absolutely sure that I had real attorneys coming in to kick their butts.

And, by “their” I mean the entire cop/PD/DA/judge railroading system, who all get paid from the same bank account grouping.

Again, (though I have not yet in this book put it quite the way of the following): They are all government co-workers, in this case; city and county and state. And with the advent of the formation of Homeland Security, you may as well say they are all in the same massive gang.

The cop would like to be a lawyer/PD/DA, and is perhaps going to school to be one while he supposedly “protects and serves.” The low ranking lawyer on the criminal justice totem pole is the public defender, whose next step up in public service is hoping to graduate into being accepted down the hall in the office of the DA. The DA aspires to become a Judge, or to get into politics or both.

And there you have it. They all get paid to work together to run the legal system of arrests, courts, prisons, probations, and paroles. A public defender is like an apprentice carpenter who will not really tilt against those above him on the corporate rung that are journeymen carpenters (DAs), or have become the exalted foreman carpenters, (judges).

Only on TV, are these offices in real opposition to one another, and like a lot of TV, is to where I believe that the government is actually behind the production of a lot of what we watch in programming. And the enemy was in essence given dominion of this earth and is right behind the government undoubtedly pulling the corruption strings. This is scriptural.

Anyway...

Some time later after I had gotten the Wells Fargo Investigative Division Report from that rotten PD and read it, I went in to talk to Tom Salcicia about suing for false arrest from the city, and from Wells Fargo, as their Investigative Division well knew the description of the culprit as described in their own reports was uniform and was not even close to matching my appearance.

So my attorney opined that I would indeed win a suit, but that were he to represent me any financial reward would be based on how much I had lost financially personally, and that, frankly, his fees would easily cost that much.

Well, this has all gotten too serious, and though I am finally running out of them, I believe that I still have two poems left, and this is a good time for some seriousness relief.

Poem time...

»»» Samson «««

Israel "offended" God to chapter thirteen,
Offending God was a habit, you know what I mean.
So, The Lord was bearing grudges...
Besides in the book of Judges...
So, this time He delivered them to the Philistine.



What the people did to again make the Lord mad,
You can read in Judges 12 if you want to be sad.
But Samson hadn't been born...
And thank you we will mourn...
More later over what else Israel did bad.



So, Manoah whose name surely means: who knows,
As Manoa rhymes with nothing known in prose.
Anyway...had a son...
And Samson was the one...
Who grew up unhappy with his Philistine foes!



It had been foretold for forty years of time,
Bloopy bloop, I'm a gonna' make this rhyme!

Anyway...forty years to cower...
Under Philistine power...
For what in Chapter twelve, was a Mosiac Crime.



Within forty years Manolo's wife was told twice;
"Don't be a wino woman, and bear a son that's nice."
The Angel told her even more...
"Don't eat unclean food or...
Cut your son's hair, or let it grow lice!"



Samson grew up quick, and like young men do,
Was a scoping out the babes and feeling 'blue.'
Then he saw a Philistine girl...
Who put him in a whirl...
And soon he had a 'whirlwind romance' too!



On his way to Timnah to go and claim his bride,
A lion attacked, a-chewin' at Samson's hide.
The lion just didn't care...
About Samson's uncut hair...
And that uncut hair, caused how that lion died.



The Spirit of the Lord had helped snuff the lion,
But it wasn't for the lack of Samson tryin.'
Samson then did a funny...
Finding in that lion honey...
And made a 'riddle bet' and had the bettors cryin.'



Thirty dudes Samson bet, thirty shirts on a thing,
To solve the riddle of honey and the *Lion King*,

These thirty Philistines...
Had mentally no means...
But planned to get Samson's Philistine wife to sing.



"You hate me and don't love me!" his wife cried.
For seven days she harangued, and cried and lied.
She did him in a verbal sense...
"Domestic violence"...
She wouldn't shut up no matter what he tried.



Well, Samson broke down, and she got her way,
For suddenly the thirty, had some thing to say.
But, Samson was pretty sure...
The thirty had got to her...
And then repeated to him what he'd told her yesterday.



As for the week his wife had nagged and nagged...
She proved herself unfaithful, the while she ragged.
But a bet was a bet...
And Samson had to get...
Thirty sets of clothes, all name brand tagged.



The spirit of God came, and they both went on down,
To kill thirty other dudes, in Askelon town.
But first he said, "Hey, bros..."
I need Philistine clothes...
'Cause your homeboys played my wife like a clown!



At this point we wonder, the whichness and the whys,
Why not kill the betting dudes, instead of other guys?

Irked, he homesteaded the pad...
That his father had...
And his wife married another, to everyone's surprise.



Samson came to find, his wife married his best man.
He vowed, "I'll kill every Philistine that I can!"
He burnt up Philistine food...
All asked, "Who is this dude?"
They were told Samson's tale and how it ran.



Even Philistines agreed that he had a bone to pick,
That Samson's best man and wife were sick.
So, as an Uzi couldn't be had...
They killed her in a way bad...
And her family, too, got the short end of the stick!



Samson took offense to this and I wonder why.
I mean why not dance as her fire pyre lit the sky?
Instead he said, "It's killin' time..."
For this Philistine crime..."
Then went down and "smote them hip and thigh!"



Three thousand men of Judah came to his cave,
And told him he could no longer misbehave.
"The Philistines say chill...
Or it's us they will kill...
So let us bind you up just like a slave."



Samson let them bind him and brought to Lehi,
The Philistines rushed up like to make him die.

California Christian Criminal

The Lord had Him a say...
And ropes melted away...
And the “jawbone of an ass” happened to be by!



That handy jawbone, said Philistines would atone,
When Samson snatched it, this “fresh” jawbone.
And with this jawbone wonder...
He smote a thousand under...
So like a dog with a bone, he smote them all alone!



Why Samson threw away, such a handy gizmo,
As that trusty jawbone, we all want to know.
Then Samson gave God a kudo...
God split a stone with judo...
And like with Moses from the stone did water flow.



So, Samson drank up and then for twenty years...
He “judged” Israel and kicked them in their rears.
Then in Gaza was a plot...
When he “visited a harlot”
To kill him dead, but the hairy Samson had no fears.



Instead of snuffing him, he awakened all irate,
To tear off the gateposts, and the city gate.
He carried them by Hebron...
Atop a ridge upon...
Then went off to find the gal that sealed his fate!



She was another Philistine, and Delilah was her name,
And she was sent to find what would make Samson lame.

He said, "Seven bowstrings..."
When she asked him things...
And she reported what he's said would make him tame.



See, if she found out Samson's weakness, she had a pact,
She'd get eleven hundred shekels to be exact.
So, she told of "bowstrings"...
To bind him and things...
Which is what Samson had told her was his secret fact.



Delilah bowstring tied him, but he snapped them *twang!*
Luckily he lied to her, and her home gang.
"You mocked me and lied!"
Delilah furiously cried...
Playing Samson mighty close, without a guilty pang!



She said, "You don't trust me." And truth to tell...
His other Philistine squeeze had rung this warning bell.
But he said, "Girl have hope...
You can bind me with new rope."
And so this new secret, Delilah tried to sell.



While Samson slept, she trussed him like a hog,
Drooling for her shekels, that dirty female dog.
She ratted, "Philistines awake!"
Then the ropes did break...
Though Samson had been sleeping like a log.



Delilah's lords in crime, those Philistine guys...
Wanted Samson weak, hopefully in knots and ties.

So they had Delilah trying...
To get Samson prepped for dying...
Persuading her with shekels to spew to him her lies.



She “vexed” and “importuned”, and she also said;
“You don’t love me or you’d tell the truth instead,
Of lying like a rug...
So now I am gonna bug...
You for the truth, until you wish that you were dead!



Samson asleep had not noticed his breaking ropes,
So he finally gave in to Delilah’s scheming hopes.
He said, “My strength is my hair.”
She balded him bare...
He looked like most future Catholic Popes!



Philistines gouged his eyes right off his face,
While upon his head of hair there was no trace!
It was his balded pate...
That had sealed his fate...
Then they fettered and tied him in a funky place!



Samson played a “buffoon” and put on for them a show,
For the Philistines...while his hair commenced to grow.
They were heaping praise upon...
Their god they called Dagon...
For Samson “the ravager”...had been brought low!



Delilah had gotten paid, and split town with her gold,
Too bad for the Philistines, or she would have told;

“Don’t stop cutting Samson’s hair...
Or you should beware...
As a hairy Samson, you wouldn’t want to behold!



But Delilah got her shekels, and from the Bible went,
Where we hope ill gotten gains cannot be spent.
For that snake in the grass...
Should get Jawbone of Ass...
Applied to her rear, until her butt got bent!



To understate; Samson liked no male Philistine...
And the eye plucking, made him meaner than mean!
He kept playing the buffoon...
Until the day came soon...
Where they displayed him so by many he’d be seen.



Three thousand Philistines came to temple to drool,
And the Bible has us wonder about their gene pool.
Then Samson said, “Hey, bud...
All your names are mud!”
He pulled the temple down on each Dagon lovin’ fool!



So, the moral of this ode, if there is even one...
Is shy from Philistine women, every father’s son,
While to topple a support pillar...
Under which stand you the killer...
Will kill them and you by the time that you are done!



Richard Gartner a.k.a. Dusty

PUBLISHING AND THINGS

Life got lived on without any real inroads to report, until one day in 2006 or so, I was online and for general principles and decided to look up Christian publishers.

I had long since scanned in all of my pages that I had typed while in Corcoran, and then gone over and edited out all of the mistakes that OCR programs seem to have to make. But I had done very little work on *The Angel Jon* besides that, for the entire six years since getting out. (Ya can't eat a manuscript unless you are a termite.)

I was lackadaisically looking through, as I had not finished the book anyway, to even submit for a publisher to approve or deny.

Then I opened a website to Tate Publishing, an Oklahoma Christian publisher that said, all I needed to send in was a sample of my work...like a few chapters. See, this sounded good to me, as I hadn't protected my work from plagiarism by copywriting.

Tate Publishing's website said to send in a sample of your writings, and they would respond in a matter of weeks, by e-mail, basically to tell you no dice, or that they would call you in short order, if they were interested.

I waited over twice the allotted time, and after three months decided on a whim (as I had long since given up) to just call the company to read them the riot act for not getting back to me to tell me that they were not interested.

Somehow, my call got taken by Trinity Tate, the acquisitions director of Tate Publishing herself. It was a Friday that I called. Trinity looked me up and *The Angel Jon* and put me on hold for a bit. She came back and apologized for the fact that somehow

my sending had “slipped through the cracks” but that she would review those chapters personally and get back to me on Monday.

Oklahoma is a two-hour time difference from the west coast, and I was in Home Depot a bit after 6:00 a.m. Pacific time on Monday when Trinity called and said she was “overnighting a contract” and words to the effect that they wanted a “finger in the pie” or something to do with pastry as a description.

Now, you know that I am not an individual who needs peer reinforcement from humans to stop doing drugs or drinking, but I tell you what: Getting that call and the contract the next morning peer reinforced me big time to buckle down and finish the book!

I had been running a company named J&D Construction for over a year in the owner’s absence while he studied Scientology in Los Angeles, and always got up to get to Home Depot by six-ish, and then to the job by seven-ish.

I started getting up by 3:00 a.m. (like I do right now), getting my coffee going and doing my ablutions; then on to the computer to read what I had written the day before and edit it, but also to refresh my memory to write some new pages in.

This is how I edited what I had already written, and finished a book within about three months—the first half of which had taken me close to seven years.

I found that my first hours of the day are my best times mentally and that creative writing is a really draining exercise. I, personally, can only creatively write for about two hours (up to three pages) and then my brain starts sputtering and popping like a car running out of gas.

Now, that is creative writing—fabricating/creating something from out of mid-air; fiction, a tall tale perhaps.

Anyway, I was so encouraged that I finished up *The Angel Jon* with an addition at the end of the book of the first chapter of the sequel, *The Archangel Michael*.

I found that it is normal for a first-time author to have to come up with a “first-time author participation fee” and so didn’t begrudge too much sending the \$3,985 that Tate wanted in that regard.

After sending that in, the publishing process began, and ultimately in July of 2007 *The Angel Jon* became available through Tate and Amazon and whoever.

It came out in paperback and in an audio version on eight CDs.

I was sent four different people’s narrative samples of reading from the manuscript, and picked from among them, this gal who had trippy voice inflections denoting my various characters. (Satan sounds like an asthmatic wheezer, for instance.)

I was sent my copies of both the audio and printed versions and sat back in a totally misguided web of self-contentment to await royalties and/or other recognitions, even if only criticisms.

Months went by and nada, zip, zilch.

I did get a flood of e-mails from my marketing consultant about how to market my book myself. I ignored them mostly, figuring that I had done my job and that time would tell for the Marketing Department at Tate to start doing their thing.

Nope.

I found that my “marketing consultant” was exactly the reverse of what I had now been assuming for years, and that he and his department were those who primarily would consult with me on how *I was to do the marketing*.

I had thought the opposite and that they marketed and consulted with me about their marketing efforts.

My book never got on a shelf, and to this date still hasn’t.

I was busy building buildings by the time the realization came down the pike that if anything was to happen, I had to go out and try to get stores to put my book on their shelves. But truly, “the bird in the hand” at the time, was making money building things; and after starting my own company, I was learning how to advertising to build and/or maintain yet more structural things.

Whereas spending time and effort to market my book was “the bird in the bush” part of the saying.

Ultimately though, I printed out directions to get to each Barnes and Nobles, Borders, and Christian bookstore in a twenty-five-mile radius from my house and went to each one. I left copies and spoke to people and accomplished nothing except to realize that I needed to spend some real money to advertise, and/or find someone who knew how to market a book and was willing to get going on marketing mine.

In other words, I spent a bit of time when I had a bit of time off from construction and then forgot all about it for a while again...as again “a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.”

And it was true that I had to devote my energies to what paid, instead of what might pay, and certainly only because construction had paid the four grand publishing fee in the first place was even thinking about spinning my wheels at marketing even possible.

I did recall several managers at different stores telling me (after I spoke to them about *The Archangel Michael* sequel), that with a sequel out and the beginnings of a series possibly, I might indeed find people more willing to put my book(s) on their shelves.

So, I dabbled at *Michael* here and there a bit in my off hours. No dedicated times like I had spent to finish up *Jon*, and so, no real progress.



A couple of years went by, in fact...and only forty pages or so had been written.

I had become a member of Cathedral of Faith, exactly eight tenths of a mile from my front door in Willow Glen, to the church sanctuary’s front door. I live in a somewhat reasonably nice neighborhood of San Jose.

I lived in my own nice two-bedroom place by myself, and had done so for years.

My little company that I started up the first part of 2008, Dusty's Construction and Handyman Service was doing okay, but in my mid-fifties now, my body wasn't up to some of the physical requirements for me to do all of the work that I wanted to do.

For years, for instance, I had been having shortness of breath, and had been using inhalers, though I do not believe that my primary care doctor (county) had ever actually named what I had, like asthma, or bronchitis, or emphysema, yet he had prescribed to where I was doing a lot of inhalers. I had taken a couple of ambulance rides already because I felt that I was drowning—a very distressing/anxiety producing feeling.

I was still smoking a bit, as well, and yes it was stupid of me.

In the second quarter of 2010, I suffered an injury to my right arm and shoulder, that even had I the best insurance (which I did not as I only had whatever the county might do for me) the arm would never be right again.

I was put on a perpetual waiting list for surgery by the county, but had never been called when I got Social Security in 2011, to have a bit better medical coverage through Medi-Cal, which is a California medical that is reimbursed by the feds.

I just recently went on a referral to use the better medical insurance that I now had, but to no avail, as I had been kept on a waiting list so long that my torn tendons and muscles were no longer repairable.

This was told me by Dr. Cheung, an assistant professor at Stanford University, where I had been referred to by my County Primary Care doctor once I had the Social Security sponsored Medi-Cal, and he could do so.

I am right handed, and three of my four rotator cuff tendons are torn according to the reading of the MRI of over a year ago, but Dr. Cheung opined that probably all four tendons were torn.

So, my right arm is shot as far as really doing anything like it used to.

The worst thing medically speaking was that I was approved for SSI my first go round without having to do appeals, apparently totally based on COPD, which I had heard of but not heard mentioned in any way as regards to *my* breathing problems. But, as it was the only thing mentioned on my SSI papers, I looked it up.

Great! I have another “disease,” in this case a pulmonary one, from which like my acid reflux *disease*, is there for life. And this one is degenerative.

(And as this is my final draft on this particular book, and it is today 3/29/13, not even three years since the diagnosis, and I now run out of breath talking too fast, where the Federal Doctors diagnosed me basically because I couldn’t get up a flight of stairs without taking several breaks, I can tell you certainly that this being a “degenerative” disease has real meaning and will probably plant me in short order.)

Your mortality comes to the forefront of your head bone, (if you have any smarts at all), when you find out that besides the natural progression of our dying from aging, there is something that is gonna take us down even earlier.

Anyone with any sense questions life after death, of course, but you also want to get your affairs in order while your quality of life lets you.

In my case, my writings are my legacy. I have no children and very much doubt that I will be missed by anyone.



I have three books done, but we haven’t started the editing process on *The Archangel Michael*, and are not scheduled to begin until May sometime. Then the editing constitutes them going through and highlighting things and making notes. Then I go

through and address those issues and perhaps add or change a thing or a hundred. Then they go back through and take out all the highlights except as per my latest edit at my end of their first edit. Then they send me a final edit on their part and I send them my final from their final. It is a time-consuming process, but as I say: This is my final final, and I have gone over this with the finest fine tooth comb to catch anything that can be misunderstood, or is a typo, or needs punctuation.

The cover is all done, and I hope that you like it. The back cover “matter” I may work on for just a bit when I finish this.

Anyway, this is to warn you that the publishing process is lengthy and to be prepared to have some money put aside for marketing your book.



Another thing is that I want to leave something to my heir, who I have had no real choice in the matter but to name as my little niece, Allana—George and Carla’s girl. (She is not so little now, since I first began writing this book about two years ago.)

I won’t get into the estrangement that has existed for years between my older brother Bob and myself, which somehow he has built into a wall including my nieces on his end, but suffice it to say that when I published, I sent a copy to my adult niece care of Bob, and never heard a word back.

My assumption is that he never gave her the book or the letter that went with it, as I cannot see any reason for her to not communicate with me, just because for the thousandth time Bob and I are at loggerheads.

In 2010, I also had yet some pastors I know knew themselves to be likewise). In any case, I knew that I had to spend ninety days in the hoosegow sooner or later. I prepared to fully use that time to write on *The Archangel Michael* and get some serious pages done, while also writing several Bible epic odes. Of course

my access to computers was limited, but I did manage to add 120 pages or so on to the forty-two pages that I had already written on the Archangel Michael.

I lucked out in that for budget reasons the computer class was available during my stay, until being closed, right when I finished doing my time.

So, the reason that I have so many epic Christian Bible story odes written the first three months of that year is that while back in the dorm in the local county jail, I would write/make up poems using the time in housing as best as I could also.

As I was in “special housing” with my arm in a sling, I could not work, and so could devote myself full time to writing, (or anyway, as long as my brain lasted at each sitting).

I got out November 3, 2011, and within a month got the word that I was to get SSI retroactive back to July of 2010 and that I was dying slow but sure from the COPD.

I had gotten up to over 200 pages of *The Archangel Michael* written, oh...just a month or so ago, and had been putting poems into it every so often, when the thought struck me that I have written one heck of a lot of poetry over the years, and maybe should look into doing a little poetry book in and of its own self.

Well, I went out to the garage and scrounged up what I could find from what I had written just since Corcoran in 2001, as anything before that had long been lost. Probably hundreds of poems.

Anyway, I came up with twenty-six poems or so, and like the Samson one I just put in that are like eight pages, all of the poems altogether added up to quite a few pages.

I talked about doing the poetry book to several friends, and after explaining that all of my non-Christian epics described real events in my life, was advised that I should write of the events that led to the writing of the poems.

Hence the original idea for this book began to take shape, and in short order I found myself writing in an autobiographical way

to explain how and who I was at a given time, that justified that particular poem being written.

Then my peeves (my “ax grindings”) had their places to pop up, as truly though America might want to imply to its own citizens and to the world that corruption is few and far between, or that Guantanamo Bay is a far cry from the normal incarcerations/justice system being used, or that the US hasn’t been busy with Imperialistic policies, or that the permanent big money boys don’t rule and regulate the spur of the moment temporary four-year politicians and hence the country’s policies, well, gee, how blind and dumb do they really think we are.

So, I think I got my say in, and though perhaps this will never get widely distributed, or perhaps even get read by anyone at all, or mean anything to anyone, I feel better for finally having vented.

Now can I please go to heaven?

Poem time.

»»» Job «««

Job was the kind of whom God would brag,
At parties that could be called ‘stag.’
Though a celestial dude...
Assumed as ‘male’ is crude...
For the “Triune God” is part gal says the wag.



So Job was the apple of the Lord God’s eye,
And got blessed with more than the next guy.
He had ten offspring...
And more of everything...
So naturally he praised God most high.



God told that Job was “blameless and upright,”
Then one of those told said that wasn’t right.
All were good “sons of God”
Except one sneaky sod...
Who’d snuck in with the angels like a blight!



God asked Satan, “From whence do you come?”
“I was patrolling the earth that is under my thumb.”
God bragged on his “servant”
Avoiding “evil” intent...
Satan said, “No, Job is a self-serving bum!”



“Of course Job fears you and stays squeaky clean.
You butter his toast, You know what I mean.
You have blessed his hand...
His beasts adorn the land..
But take that away and we’ll see what can be seen.”



“For if Job starts losing big things that I deem,
Are what has him a fat cat with the cream.
He well turn on You...
And cuss You till blue...
Even ‘to your face’ he will ‘blaspheme’!”



God replied, “I’ll allow Job put to the test...
Lay no hand on him, but you can take the rest.”
So Satan with a grin...
Planned to do Job in...
And take from him all that he thought best.



In short order, to Job a dude came round...
Saying, "Your oxen and asses are not to be found,
And herdsmen were killed...
And blood was spilled...
The Sabeans left all but me on the ground!"



Job was getting laid on him all this stuff so bad,
When a sheep shepherd came, who seemed to be mad.
This lightning blasted dude...
Said, "Cooked mutton food...
And dead shepherds are what is left at the pad!"



While getting an ear full, by electrocuted nut,
Another dude showed, and Job asked, "Now what?"
"Your camels all got took...
By a Chaldean crook...
Who killed your camel dudes, and kicked my butt!"



While getting camel news told by camel dude,
Yet another dude said, "Your kids were chowin' food,
Just before I came around...
To find their roof on the ground...
Under which is food scrambled with your brood.



Job "tore his cloak" and "cut his hair"...
He lay out in the dirt without a care,
He said, "Naked I was born...
And although I mourn...
The Lord just gave and took and left me bare."



“Blessed be the name of the Lord!” Job cried,
 Though all his kids had died.
 He’d lost every critter...
 And should be bitter...
But only “tore, cut, and blessed” and sighed.



So Satan did Job in, and took all of his cream,
Until Job had no heirs or even hair it would seem.
 And the angels said, “Hey bud...
 Job sure held his mud...
And never once did he utter a blaspheme!”



So Satan had to hear about Job being “upright,”
Which was how Job was dealing with his plight.
 Then Satan said, “That’s thin...”
 And quoted: “Skin for skin...”
As nothing so far taken really made Job uptight.



He said, “All that a man has he will give for his life,”
No matter what’s taken, he’ll just have a bit of strife.
 But attack his “flesh and bone...”
 Target he himself alone...
(Though Job was not alone with his mouthy wife!)



The Lord again allowed Satan to have his way,
“His flesh is in your power, but spare his life I say.”
 This The Lord said...
 Not wanting Job to be dead...
And though not happy...Satan had to obey.



Severe boils appeared on Job from sole to top of head,
If anyone got laid low, Job got laid into his bed.
His wife gave in to sigh...
“Just curse God and die...”
Job said, “I’ll praise The Lord till I am dead!”



“Foolish woman...we accept the good and the bad.
For without the Lord nothing is to be had...
Our wealth is all a fake...
For in death we cannot take...
Anything...and that is iron clad!



Three friends of Job heard about his plight...
And came from afar, to see a ‘sore’ sight...
None of those guys...
Could recognize...
Job, even though they had all been pretty tight.



They put “dust on their heads” and “tore cloaks,”
A sad sight they were to all the other folks.
They sat with Job a week...
And they did not speak...
But they looked at Job thinking: ‘holy smokes!’



Job then began to describe his tale of woe...
And each of the three had their say and so...
A consensus taken...
Was that Job wasn’t fakin’...
He had really done naught to cause the boils to grow.



See, his friends assumed Job had offended their Lord,
And they 'third degreed' him in that accord.
Their reasoning depended...
On Job's having offended...
Almighty God, to be put like to the sword.



Job said, "It ain't so" each time till it was late,
But it was hard to believe his woes were fate.
But when the vote was in...
They felt he had no sin...
Lucky for them, as God heard the debate.



God spoke to Job's friend the Temanite...
"Eliphaz, you and your pals aren't right.
It's not good to do...
What makes me mad at you...
As I was not offended, nor smit Job with my smite!"



"You best get Job to intercede so I don't smite you,
And punish you as I feel like I aught to do."
The three did as told...
And got to grow old...
And Job got twice as much stuff when God got through!



So, Satan got proved a point at Job's expense...
He doubled up on goods, but his kids were past tense!
The moral if I dare:
Is to hang in there...
Even when life kicks your butt and makes no sense!



Dusty
Sometime 2/2011 at Elmwood

»»» Dusty's Construction Poem «««

With thirty or even more years,
Building buildings no one fears...
I have worked for others,
Though not my druthers...
An employee bored to tears!



A carpenter of union fame,
With electrical the same.
I can plumb for you,
And lay tile, too...
You would be glad I came.



From "sub-grade" to the peak,
"From ground up" so to speak,
Houses and additions...
Are my ambitions...
With remodels in a week!



But I will do lesser chores,
Replace your entry doors...
Kitchens whole...
That soothe the soul...
And roofing...in case it pours!



If no task...please buy my book.
The Angel Jon...take a look!
It is on CD, too....
And good for you....
You could listen while you cook!



Richard Gartner
1/26/08

“IT WAS ALL HIS FAULT!” (OR GEORGE GOES TO JAIL TWICE BECAUSE OF ME!)

In a long-winded conversation with my brother George last night, January 13, 2012, it came to my attention while we were discussing our mutual history, that George lays at my doorstep each and every time he went to jail.

I blamed the Mexican Mafia and heroin trafficking personally...for one of his visits to jail, but George blamed me. Here is how that came about.

If I recall...we were at a virtually totally Latino-type denizen/patron establishment/bar whereat I was doing some type of nefarious drug deal to which blonde haired George gave me a ride. My dark-brown hair and mustache made me fit right in visually.

Anyway, the local cops decided to pay the place a visit while we were in there, and they zeroed in on George as a likely suspect being he sort of stood out from the norm, with his Gucci hair designer oriented attire, while we had driven up in the brand new all black Monte Carlo.

We were there because of me granted, but when the gendarmes came up with an old traffic warrant and shanghaied him off to the hoosegow...I do not believe can really be my fault. I mean to say he had the warrant out on himself.

George vowed to me last night that he distinctly recalls that as he did not “fit in” quite with the bar patrons, he as well felt himself to not be quite at home amongst those patrons of the drunk tank in Denver County Jail. I think “Duh!” was probably my response to that one.

Then, you will recall my earlier tale of my trip to Las Vegas and the success thereof? Well, I had long since regaled that to George while myself still in custody in Sonny Emerson's halfway house in Denver.

George decided that he had a few shekels to invest in a gambling run to Vegas, and as I had a weekend furlough and didn't have to be back to the halfway house for a day or two, off we went.

We climbed into the afore mentioned black on black on black Monte Carlo and at approximately ninety-five miles an hour, when everywhere in the United States had a fifty-five miles per hour maximum, we blitzed to Las Vegas.

A quick note of how ridiculous that nation-wide law was, was that not only were the freeways and interstates geared for 70 mph, but so was the gearing on all of the cars.

An automatic transmission in third gear was geared for going 100-120 mph, and 55 was just lugging the car along, whereas in 2nd gear 55 mph was kind of racing the engine like a "passing gear." It was ridiculous to try to find a gear that was fuel efficient, unless you had some little five-speed standard.

George recalls only one eventful occurrence on the trip there, and it was with me in the pilot seat rocketing along with George snoozing in the back.

All speed limit or other signs being ignored, and/or the possibility of cocaine being in use by the driver, somehow got us into a cone zone funnel to where plowing into anyone doing less than about 100 miles per hour (and that meant everyone) or taking evasive action were the options.

That Monte Carlo had great suspension and handling capability, and except for George getting rudely awakened to observe the tail end of the ducking and dodging around the construction obstacle course....

Well, anyone who blinked just said, "Whut waz zat?"

We got to Las Vegas, and all did not work out as planned. Or, “Murphy’s Law” happened. Or, “The best laid plans ran awry.” Or, “Woe was us!”

Bottom line: We did not win.

Time was short to my check-in time back at the halfway house, as Vegas is about 800 miles or so, and you can’t always go ninety-five miles per hour. So the decision was made to put me on a plane while George took the car home.

Now of course, it was my fault we went to Vegas, and anything that eventualized would also be my fault, right?

So while I was flying the friendly skies, George was dawdling along at the ninety-five miles per hour he had gotten used to and got stopped for only going forty miles an hour over the speed limit.

In Utah, it appears tolerances are not high, which is all my fault again.

Now, it appears that the Utah whoever’s that first stopped George took a dim view of subtracting the speed George was supposed to be going, from that which he was actually going.

He therefore had to be adjudicated (judged) versus just paying a fine. They did let him drive the car to the nearest magistrate, saw the judge type, paid and got turned loose.

George tells me that he was so used to barreling along that fifty-five was a snail’s pace, and slowly but surely his foot just naturally got heavier till he saw a cop going the other way looked down at his speedometer and saw ninety-five miles per hour happening yet again!

He looked in his rear view mirror and lo...the cop was u-turning in the grassy median.

Busted again!

They let him drive (again) and park the Monte Carlo right outside the rinky dink jail. He called our Grandpa for some cash to pay the fine, and Grandpa got busy.

Everywhere in the tiny one horse town that could deal with a money gram though, was closed by the time it got there. So, George had to spend the night and see the magistrate again.

The sheriff went home, and George says if the jail caught fire he would have been toast. Literally.

The magistrate it turned out was also the storeowner who could do Western Union or whatever and process the fine payment.

The disrespect George felt for the sheriff was equaled by at least one other in that small town. This was evident by the fact that someone stole parts off of the Monte Carlo right out in front of the sheriff's office.

George reports that he set the cruise control at fifty-five and sedately putted off into the sunset, as the sheriff told him straight up...to not get stopped for speeding in Utah for awhile, or else!

George apparently got to the Colorado border and hit the after burners and got home without further incident.

It is my contention that George had ample opportunity to explain to the various law enforcement agencies, judges and magistrates, that hoosegowed him, that it was all my fault, and see how much help that got him.

It is George's contention that had it not been for me, he would not have been in the various locations doing whatever in the first place.

I leave it to the reader. Who done it?

The following poetic effort might just explain it all...

»»» Forsooth and Ferwhat? «««

There came a time during writing of one's book,

That the authors say "forsooth and forsook!"

"It's all good!" we say...

Through our writings all day...

But someone said that we wuz bein' took!



Volumes and piles of piled upon blather,
We used our CPUs, or they used us rather.
For what still sounds good...
Is that we should...
Be master, for we have the grey matter.



But our RAMing Processor, does mega-bite-ting,
And we obey “prompts”, pretending who is king,
So as not to trip...
That our computer chip...
Has become aware and dictates everything!



But known to few is that our CPUs,
Lets ‘others’ come in through to watch us too.
And we can’t get away...
As built in back doors stay...
Your “Monitor” is really monitoring you.



Units in the millions across this earthly sphere,
Also have CPUs made by “the man” over here,
And to think “the big boys” would pass...
To spy on our &%\$...
Is an extremely forlorn hope, I fear!



George and Dusty Gartner
3/20/12

Richard Gartner with George Gartner

THE END

The plan is that I finish this and go back to writing *The Archangel Michael*.

I already wrote that creative writing takes a lot out of you. This, on the other hand, was mostly history and readily accessible in my memory, and about ninety pages of it, so far—well I don't know how many pages after final edit—were poems that I had already written in pencil on legal tablets, so I only had to copy them and edit and type some things in.

Then as I said, this is not a fabrication that takes any inventive fictional creating, but just needed to be put down creatively/entertainingly, so to be hopefully an entertaining read. The bottom line is that I put together these pages in about two months, whereas years have gone by while I can only write one to three pages a day on my fictional books.

This particular edit on this book, probably added some ten pages, while the editing process this time took about a month to six weeks.

As far as *this* book is concerned, while totally for entertainment purposes, I have also written some fifty pages of a Science Fiction Book called *The Guardians of Sentience*.

Hopefully I am still alive for awhile and can buy (or already have) a boat to live on, and end my days in.

I'm easy to please, too. Anything big enough to live aboard and set up a computer station in. And that I can get enough money monthly from writing to afford slip fees and a sandwich.

Take care and God bless,
Dusty

APPLICABLE SCRIPTURES AND COMMENTARIES QUOTED IN THIS BOOK (SEQUENTIALLY)

Note to readers: All of the scripture below is taken as is displayed in what I personally use for my Bible studies, which is the 2011 version of e-Sword by Rick Meyers. My editor wants me to change the format to ‘The Chicago Manual of Style’.

This “style” apparently has Mark being Mk, instead of Mar, for instance. It has the Scriptural references after all of the Scriptures instead of before.

I did do that to the best of my ability in the book up to this point, and in the doing took about as much time as it took me to finish ‘The Archangel Michael’.

You will all note that the many versions of the Bible (to my knowledge), do not necessarily use either the Chicago style, or the Rick Meyer’s style. Most notably so as neither style existed anywhere up to two thousand and more years ago. So, I am going to leave things as they are, but make sure I add the version, such as kjv or asv or whichever one of the 10 personally downloaded Bible versions that I might have used the “compare feature” in e-Sword to choose from, that I thought clearest to what I wanted to use it for.

My take on the subject is that I could spend all day trying to change what I pasted from e-Sword into Chicago style, or just figure that you are smart enough to read the Scriptures as pasted from a Bible Study, like the one that I used.

As I noted earlier, I surely do not have time in my life to edit e-Sword, which millions enjoy as is.

Ecc 3:1 There is a season for everything, and a time for every event under heaven

Ecc 3:2 a time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to uproot what was planted;

Ecc 3:3 a time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to tear down, and a time to build up;

Ecc 3:4 a time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance;

Ecc 3:5 a time to scatter stones, and a time to gather stones; a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;

Ecc 3:6 a time to search, and a time to give up searching; a time to keep, and a time to discard;

Ecc 3:7 a time to tear, and a time to mend; a time to be silent, and a time to speak;

Ecc 3:8 a time to love, and a time to hate; a time for war, and a time for peace. (ISV)

Mar 10:25 It is easier *for* a camel to pass through the eye of the needle, than *for* a rich one to enter into the kingdom of God. (LITV)

Ecc 3:16 I also examined on earth: where the halls of justice were supposed to be, there was lawlessness; and where the righteous were supposed to be, there was lawlessness.

Ecc 3:17 I told myself, "God will judge both the righteous and the wicked, because there is a time set to judge every event and every work." (ISV)

Luke 9:5 wherever people don't welcome you, leave that town and shake the dust off your feet as a warning to them" GNB

Heb 13:2 Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares. (KJV)

Isa 2:11 A day is coming when human pride will be ended and human arrogance destroyed. Then the LORD alone will be exalted.

Isa 2:12 On that day the LORD Almighty will humble everyone who is powerful, everyone who is proud and conceited. (GNB)

1Pe 5:4 And when the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away. (KJV)
King James Version

Here is an excerpt from 'Matthew Henry's Commentary On The Whole Bible,' which is part of his comments on 1Peter 5:4:

"Those that are found to have done their duty shall have what is infinitely better than temporal gain; they shall receive from the grand shepherd a high degree of everlasting glory, *a crown of glory that fadeth not away.*"

Pro 26:11 As a dog returneth to his vomit, so a fool returneth to his folly. (κJV)

Luke 11:24 “Whenever an unclean spirit goes out of a person, it wanders through dry places looking for a place to rest but doesn’t find any. So it says, ‘I will go back to my home that I left.’

Luke 11:25 When it gets back home, it finds it swept clean and put in order.

Luke 11:26 Then it goes and brings with it seven other spirits more evil than itself, and they all go in and settle there. And so the final condition of that person is worse than the first.” (ISV)

2 Co 6:14 Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? And what communion hath light with darkness?

This is from ‘Adam Clark’s Commentary on the Bible’ on: “Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers” 2 Corinthians 6:14 (κJV)

Eph 6:10 Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might.

Eph 6:11 Put on the whole armour of God that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.

Eph 6:12 For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high *places*.

Eph 6:13 Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.

Eph 6:14 Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness;

Eph 6:15 And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace;

Eph 6:16 Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.

Eph 6:17 And take the helmet of Salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God (KJV)

Luk 17:1 And he said unto his disciples, It is impossible but that occasions of stumbling should come; but woe unto him, through whom they come!

Luk 17:2 It were well for him if a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were thrown into the sea, rather than that he should cause one of these little ones to stumble.

And here is Mark's version of these same words of Jesus, Mar 9:42 And whosoever shall cause one of these little ones that believe on me to stumble, it were better for him if a great millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the sea. (ASV)

Mat 6:19 "Stop storing up treasures for yourselves on earth, where moths and rust destroy and where thieves break in and steal.

Mat 6:20 But keep on storing up treasures for yourselves in heaven, where moths and rust do not destroy and where thieves do not break in and steal,

Mat 6:21 because where your treasure is, there your heart will be also."

Mat 6:22 “The eye is the lamp of the body. So if your eye is healthy, your whole body will be full of light.

Mat 6:23 But if your eye is evil, your whole body will be full of darkness. Therefore, if the light within you has turned into darkness, how great is that darkness!”

Mat 6:24 “No one can serve two masters, because either he will hate one and love the other, or be loyal to one and despise the other. You cannot serve God and riches!” (1SV)

Rom 8:11 If the Spirit of God, who raised Jesus from death, lives in you, then he who raised Christ from death will also give life to your mortal bodies by the presence of his Spirit in you. (GNB) ‘Good News Bible’

1Co 3:16 Do you not know that you are a sanctuary of God, and the Spirit of God dwells in you? (LITV) ‘Literal Translation of the Bible’

Eph 6:20 for which I am an ambassador in chains; that in it I may speak boldly, as I ought to speak. (GNB)

Rom 12:19 Do not take revenge, dear friends, but leave room for God’s wrath. For it is written, “Vengeance belongs to me. I will pay them back, declares the Lord.” (1SV)

1Ki 19:12 After the earthquake there was a fire, but the LORD was not in the fire. And after the fire there was the soft whisper of a voice.

1Ki 19:13 When Elijah heard it, he covered his face with his cloak and went out and stood at the entrance of the cave. A voice said to him, "Elijah, what are you doing here?"(GNB)

Jer 12:1 You are righteous, LORD, even when I bring a complaint to you. But I want to discuss justice with you. Why does the way of the wicked prosper, while all who are treacherous are at ease? (ISV)

Clarke's commentary on Jeremiah 12:1:

"Righteous art thou, O Lord, when I plead with thee..." The prophet was grieved at the prosperity of the wicked; and he wonders how, consistently with God's righteousness, *vice should often be in affluence, and piety in suffering and poverty*. He knows that God is righteous, that every thing is done well; but he wishes to inquire how these apparently unequal and undeserved lots take place. On this subject he wishes to reason with God, that he may receive instruction.

Richard Gartner with George Gartner