

THE ANOINTED, THE ELECT, AND THE DAMNED!
THUS SAITH THE MOST HIGH!

0761 ""Only a fool is offended at knowing the Truth about themselves! Only a fool burns in Hell for perpetuating the sins of their fathers! And only a fool perpetuates any lie as a Righteous Truth!""

CHAPTER SEVEN
POWER EMERGES

0762 Bobby hadn't been chief farm clerk very long when the dairy barn clerk was caught doing some silly thing or other and was about to be 'busted' off his job. Only Bobby, of all the other inmates, had any access to know where his next assignment was going to be. Once busted off any job the next assignment was sure to be a shit-detail!

0763 The clerk was in near panic, and he wasn't one of the bad-asses, but he hung out with a few of those who thought they were! One of those friends tried to put 'the muscle' on Bobby to tell him where the clerk was going. That was a mistake. Even if Bobby owed nothing to the State of Indiana or anybody else, he would not be pushed! Bobby told him just once to get off his back. It was damned good advice. The punk took it and left.

0764 The next day the clerk entered where Bobby and some other inmates were playing music in the basement of the barracks. He had four or five of those reputed bad-ass 'jags' ("jag" is the white equivalent of jig, short for jigaboo, another of the derogatory terms for Negro) with him, but Bobby was unimpressed. Bobby walked over to the group as if he didn't give a damn if they were an army, and he didn't! Firepower is the sole security anywhere, and Bobby had made enough loans and supplied enough storekeepers that no one dared give him any lip! It was to their own advantage to take care of such problems for Bobby, as they had to be sure of their own supply! A hush fell over the place as Bobby approached – the signal that something had come to a head. Con-bosses and their staffs waited for action or signals.

0765 Even if the clerk didn't suspect, his jags were had and they knew it. One loud word, one wrong move, and they would be cut to pieces with the hundred or so shivs that were represented. ('Shiv' and 'shank' are prison terms for knife, usually made in one of the shops, although a few are stolen from the kitchen or smuggled in with the help of guards.)

0766 Had the clerk just asked Bobby instead of the big, bad, coercion attempt, Bobby would have gladly given him the information for free!

0767 The clerk was understandably nervous, "Bob, I'd like to know where I'm going. If you can tell me, I'll give you four cartons!" Clerky was desperate. With that kind of money you could get a shiv into the Warden!

0768 Nevertheless, when moved to a new job from a bust, it is a good idea to 'pay the toll' to the con-boss of that assignment before arriving.

0769 "Sorry, that information is not mine to give." Bobby was unconcerned.

0770 "When will you know for sure?" Clerky asked.

0771 "When the old man tells me to write the transfer." Bobby didn't lie, but the fact that he had already been told the clerk's new assignment but hadn't been told to type the order yet was beside the point. There were often changes at the last minute. Bobby continued, "I can tell you this much, you don't have long to wait – not more than a week, anyhow!"

0772 Clerky was one of those nauseating, 'real cool' white men that insulted the Negro race by trying their damndest to walk, talk and act like those uneducated masses. The Negroes who were friends of Bobby's and countless thousands of others hated his kind as much, or more, than Bobby did.

0773 Bobby let him stew in his own juice. The orders were to be effective the next day, and he was coal pile bound! Bobby didn't need his four cartons of smokes; he had over one hundred twenty (120) cartons out on loan! At that time, the street equivalent of that many cigarettes was about a quarter of a million dollars and that didn't include the provisions! To top it off, Bobby doesn't smoke.

0774 First thing the next morning the dairy barn manager learned of Bobby's flat refusal of a gossip-worthy amount of cigarettes. Prisons are full of gossip and most are built on a grain of truth, but such a thing as turning down multiple cartons of smokes is unheard of! So he called Bobby into his office. He was a rather heavysset man, good natured, and honest with those he could control. "Bobby, how do you like cream?" The absolute institutional prize is cream!

0775 "Exceptionally well!" was Bobby's answer.

0776 "Good!" He motioned for one of the inmates.

0777 The inmate entered the office, looked around, and recognizing Bobby let out a knowing grin. He was obviously queer, but he knew better than to be anything other than polite to Bobby!

0778 "Get me a quart of fresh cream out of the chiller," the manager told him matter of factly. When the inmate had turned to obey, the manager motioned for Bobby to take note of him, still talking, "You can have all the cream you want. Milk too, if you want it. Just tell the man on the pump, and don't pay him either. I'll set it up for you."

0779 He wasn't kidding. The inmate was back in a minute or so with a large coffee jar of cream, con-value: one carton of filter longs, a carton-four of anything else! Bobby had just struck oil! He could have all the cream he could handle and couldn't get busted for it. That is a storekeeper's dream of heaven! Anyone could move a gallon a day, probably before noon, since the biggest problem is getting it delivered.

0780 "Thanks!" Bobby told him, ready to leave.

0781 "Wait a minute, let's have some coffee. I've got a few things that can make you some good dough and help me in the process. Bobby, you're in a position to . . . sit down, sit down . . . make yourself comfortable . . . to do us both a lot of good, but let me explain.

0782 "I'm new here at the barn, and the crew I've got is more occupied with sodomy than anything else. I want rid of them – every damned one of them! I can tell you're not a con nor a criminal, and I know how you feel about these bastards screwing one another.

0783 "You help me, and I'll do the power work. If anybody wants a good soft job, regardless of how little time he has, you send him to me. I'll talk to Kinder and he'll back your play any way you play it. I'll sign the transfers coming and going, and I won't tell a damned soul he's leaving until he's ready to go!

0784 "If you want paid, tell me how much and I'll collect for you!"

0785 No inmate ever had a better bargain! Bobby was really in the driver's seat now, but as usual, he dismissed his own comfort and concerned himself with the greater job before him for which he would give full account to The Most High.

0786 "How in the hell did they get out here to begin with?" It was a sensible question and he wanted a good answer. Boy, did he get one!

0787 "They fucked and bought themselves out here, god-damn it! And I'm sick and tired of running a whorehouse! These cows have to be milked and fed, and I can't do it by myself! Damn, there's about 700 head of milkers alone."

0788 Bobby fell off the chair laughing. The manager didn't see the humor, but he continued, "Every god-damned time I need a job done, I have to find somebody, take a dick (penis) out of his ass, and give them both a shovel!"

0789 Bobby was in hysterics. He was trying to get up off the floor, but making little headway. The manager, deadpan as a statue, never missed a word, "I can't throw them in the hole; I need the work done! If I threw everyone I caught in the hole, in ten minutes flat I'd be out here by myself, and up to my ass in cattle!"

0790 "OK, Let's go find Kinder," Bobby finally managed.

0791 They went down the hill to the main barn where Bobby's office was, and from where Cecil Kinder ran the two thousand seven hundred (2,700) acres, one hundred (100) acres of soil bank, and grazing lands for the hundreds of cattle and hogs. Twenty-eight hundred acres in all, growing all the food for the prison and selling the excess into the graft machine the Lodges run these places to be.

0792 "What's that?" Cecil Kinder asked, seeing Bobby's quart of cream. Being in possession of such contraband was a serious offense behind the prison gates!

0793 "I gave it to him," the manager injected before Bobby could answer, "and he can have all he damned well wants. I'll pay for it myself if I have to." He was as good as his word. He continued, "I want rid of that bunch of queers and queer punks I've got up there, but I can't do it alone. I can only transfer men out as I get them in!"

0794 "By God! How many do you want?" Kinder was being evasive, with good reason.

0795 "As many as it takes to replace every god-damned one of the ones I've got!"

0796 "By God! I can't replace the whole crew!" Kinder was right.

0797 "We can if we do it my way," Bobby injected. He had seated himself and put his feet upon the slide board of his desk.

0798 "By God! How's that?" Kinder didn't doubt Bobby could do it, and he certainly didn't expect Bobby to reveal the process! But Bobby did.

0799 "Each morning at count, I'll give the dairy barn whatever new men we have. He can let the first one go that he catches in violation. We can actually give him every man to begin with and transfer them out as we need them. It'll take a lot of work typing transfers, but all you'll have to do is sign them for the record." It was simplicity itself. There were always more inmates eligible for outside trusty than there were jobs, or beds, outside the walls for them.

0800 But transferring an entire crew at one whack is dangerous. It starts the rumors flying, and nothing is more

dangerous in a prison than a running rumor!

0801 "By God! How do I know you won't be selling jobs?" Kinder had a point, normally.

0802 Again the dairy barn manager came to the rescue before Bobby could speak, "Because he turned down four cartons of cigarettes just last night! The man only wanted to know where he was going. If we catch him selling jobs, we can always bust him too!" He winked at Bobby; Kinder missed the signal.

0803 "By God! Well, all right, but where in the hell are you going to send them? They bought their way out here. Where in the hell are you going to send them that they can't buy their way out of?" Kinder had another good point, but Bobby had the answer!

0804 "Isn't the coal pile the most permanent and dirtiest job inside or outside the walls?" Bobby knowingly asked.

0805 "By God! Right! Right, the god-damned coal pile! Let me talk to Mr. Benoit." He was ecstatic. The coal pile was the bottom of the list in preference. It was a twelve-hour-on-twelve-hour-off detail of hard hand labor. The prime duty was to keep the institution's power plant fired by moving sufficient coal in wheelbarrows loaded by the inmate. The guard in charge was one Sergeant "Hog" Wilson, a man with the intellect of a brick, except for how to be brutal, considerable physical size and physical strength sufficient to enforce the labor and schedules!

0806 Mr. Benoit was director of industries and answered directly to the Commissioner of Corrections, who in turn answered directly to the Governor. Bobby carried a number, and was five men from the Governor with only these three in between, Kinder, Benoit and the Commissioner!

0807 Mr. Benoit was coming down to the office in person, as Kinder couldn't get the full picture across over the phone. In the interim, the dairy barn manager took the time to inform Kinder of the episode of his former clerk.

Kinder was shocked!

0808 "Four cartons. By God! That's enough to get the Warden killed!" he exclaimed. Turning toward his chief clerk, "And you didn't take them?"

0809 Cecil Kinder had been at the institution for so long that he had over a year of accumulated overtime and vacation, but he'd never heard tell of an inmate turning down cigarettes! Bobby was emphatic, "Nope! I don't smoke, I don't need the cigarettes, and I don't like anybody trying to put muscle on me! I knew where he was going and when, but I do things on my terms, not anybody else's! If his buddy hadn't tried his 'big deal' I'd have told him for nothing."

0810 "By God! Never heard tell of an inmate turning down cigarettes before! Let alone four cartons! Do you know how much four cartons is in here?" Kinder was flabbergasted that an inmate might have moral standards.

0811 "Yep. I have over a hundred and twenty (120) cartons out on loan, not counting the sugar, tea, coffee, drink mix, cocoa, cigars. You name it, and I've got it."

0812 "You running a store?" Kinder asked, grinning sheepishly. Even if Bobby had lied and admitted that he was running a store, Kinder wasn't about to bust him. First, Bobby had enough supplies to get him killed; and second, Kinder had never looked at an inmate as being anything other than beneath contempt. Bobby fascinated him, and Kinder suddenly found he had a great respect for number 45289!

0813 "Nope. Just living as comfortable as this damned graft-hole permits." It was obvious to Kinder that Bobby was 'in the know', and he wouldn't have touched that subject in the presence of Christ himself!

0814 "By God! You going to sell that cream?" Kinder was teasing.

0815 "What of it I don't drink," Bobby teased back. They were chuckling at his remark when Mr. Benoit walked in the door.

0816 Mr. Benoit was one of those people who always tried to make his presence superior to anybody else's except those who could ship his incompetent ass to the ranks of the unemployed, and the only time he felt anything was bite-pain from his terminal case of 'foot-in-mouth' disease.

0817 "Now, what's this about the coal pile and the dairy barn?" His superior act was in full blossom. But if he'd have had any sense, he'd already know the situation since Kinder had explained it to him on the phone.

0818 Kinder shrugged and looked at Bobby.

0819 Benoit didn't like inmates because they were the only people he could rule with an iron hand. Like all other bureaucrats he liked to play god, and inmates were the only people on earth that couldn't tell him to go straight to hell. He was well aware of the Avenger before him, and his attitude had put him in a box of no small discomfort. If he maintained his superiority act, Bobby would kill him, and if he gave in to save his own hide, the two civilian employees were sure to disrespect him and tell everybody who would listen.

0820 Bobby let him off the hook. "The dairy barn is full of punks and daddies. Even the cattle are showing signs of sexual abuse, improperly fed if fed at all, and the calves really catch hell when there are no punks available.

According to Holy Law we should kill both the inmate and the animal. Killing inmates wouldn't bother anybody in

high places; however, the loss of livestock would upset the profit margins of this damnable graft machine.

0821 "Even so, we have a solution. At present there is a crew on the coal pile that works both inside and out, but most are barracked outside. Those few that work outside have it a lot easier, as they pull the night shift. But let's say that those outside the walls, except inmate foremen and meter readers were sent back inside and given wheelbarrows and shovels with a twelve-on, twelve-off shift. It'd be a hell of a place to do time. Right?"

0822 Benoit nodded.

0823 "Go on," he said evenly, trying to border between the extremes of his own predicament.

0824 "I don't suppose we can ever totally eliminate sodomy in prisons as long as this jackass system remains in effect, but we can put those energies to some better service.

0825 "First, transfer all coal pile hard laborers inside the walls. That'll give us more beds outside for those who have earned it. Move all the inmate foremen and meter readers outside in their place.

0826 "Second, institute the practice that once a person makes the coal pile, he stays on the coal pile until his release! That ought to get somebody's attention and direct it toward something useful.

0827 "Third, we'll give "Hog" every punk and daddy that gets caught! No exceptions and no transfers. After twelve hours on the business end of a number-four canal wrench (shovel), they won't have enough energy left to play with each other's asses!

0828 "Then maybe, just maybe, we can turn our return rate around. Sixty percent is bad news, but if we can keep just one man out of here, it's worth it."

0829 Benoit was had, and he knew it. He was also a Mason and knew Bobby knew it.

0830 The part about instituting action that would possibly prevent a criminal repeat was strictly for public consumption. It sounds good to the taxpayer, so the politicians would love it! Benoit boasted, "I'll have the changes made before you can give me the first man!"

0831 His superiority got the props kicked out from under it when Bobby handed him the former dairy clerk's transfer order. Bobby's only comment was, "Good."

0832 The officials laughed. Benoit laughed more at himself than anything. He had been set up and shot down by a Past Grand Master of the trade.

0833 "Done and done. How would you like a job up front with me?"

0834 Bobby let him have it again, with both barrels, "No thanks. I don't associate with undesirables!"

0835 Benoit was stunned, but he had better sense than to push the issue. He might be stupid, but he wasn't insane. He just shook his head and left the office.

0836 Cecil Kinder was elated; the dairy barn manager was ecstatic! Afterward at each count, morning and noon Bobby gave somebody a chance at a good job. With the coal pilers – except for inmate foremen and meter readers – inside the walls, there were more beds available outside which increased the manpower on every crew. The reduced workload and near absence of homosexuality improved the atmosphere outside the walls tremendously.

0837 The Black Muslims elimination of homosexuality and further 'criminal' activity by its converted members never has, and never will, be given the recognition it so richly deserves. No one will ever entirely remove homosexuality from the prison system. Homosexuals are in a second heaven while doing time: no bills, no responsibility, no security problems, and no competition from women!

0838 One of the first effects was an improvement in the food. There was more of it and it was better prepared. It doesn't take much to improve prison chow.

0839 Mr. Benoit enforced the punk-daddy-coal-pile-bound proposal into every crew outside the walls, and it worked like a charm. The one thing it did that wasn't part of Bobby's plans at all was to blow his powers far out of proportion. Gossip is bad enough anywhere, but in prison it's a real force.

0840 Knowing that the primeval urges within living entities will prevail, Bobby did not sit in Judgment of those who engaged in sodomy or homosexuality, even though he didn't approve of it. But he knew one thing for sure and certain: any toleration is dangerous. Toleration infects those around it, giving a semblance of acceptability, approval, and with practice and precedents, making it appear to be right.

0841 That is often the case when convicts get together after release and try to 'out bad' one another. That 'extra entity' becomes a driving force, and before it can be stopped, the 'easy mark' has become a tragedy, often even murder. That is why in most states it is a parole violation for a parolee to associate with any other parolee or known convict except at places of employment. It's one of the few laws that does more good than harm.

0842 Bobby didn't have the power to transfer inmates from one job to another, and because he did not take payment for any given job, it was supposed that his rates were beyond reach and reason. Once people come to a conclusion, right or wrong, even if it's stupidity personified, they will not change their minds. And so Bobby received a great deal

of awe and acclaim for powers he didn't possess!