



*Great Cities &
Great Leaders*

Volume 50 - Kansas City, Missouri
Strategic Planning Leaders Edition

Francis E McIntire

Great Cities – Great Leaders

Volume 50 – Kansas City, Missouri Strategic Planning Leader's Edition

Nine Chapters with Leader Bonus Material



Francis E. McIntire, CVE

golzup.com



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ISBN: 1973886162

ISBN-13: 978-1973886167

1st edition.

THE GOAL

Deploying strategic planning and deployment at all levels as a key tenet of Golzup government and industry leadership development initiatives.

Strategic planning deployment of in-house expertise fosters leadership development and growth, business planning and communication, identification of emerging and innovative products and services, feasible new technologies, expertise in government service delivery, supply chain management, and cyber security. Government and commercial strategic planning also includes:

1. Developing proofs-of-concept and market testing for all types of leadership development initiatives for the agency or company.
2. Value propositions and strategies for development and release of new and innovative products and services.
3. Creating high-performance teams to identify new and innovative technologies.
4. Employ best practices and lessons-learned to demonstrate new skills, capabilities, and expertise in public & private service delivery.
5. Expertise in turn key technical and business operations matched to business stakeholders' vision. Example: supply chain management expertise.
6. Business advisory services for senior executives, growth planning, and succession planning.
7. Experienced in technical business process outsourcing for streamlined operations and focus on mission. Example: cyber security.
8. Achieve enhanced skill and experience with nationwide distributed services.
9. Train-the-trainer to build in-house competency, facilitators, and consultants.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

To the patriots – young, old, and departed. To the soldiers, sailors, airmen, and marines. To the coastal guardians and merchant mariners. To the men and women that support and defend the Constitution of the United States.

Thanks to the military commanders at Army, Navy, Air Force, and Marine Corps installations worldwide. The commanders set the tone for installation excellence, security, quality improvement, and cost avoidance for the benefit of the American people, the taxpayers, and those that fight to defend our freedoms.

To the military family members and business owners, to the veteran business owners, and to the military entrepreneurs and innovators who support and serve the nation and each other, and who strive every day to make America the greatest country in the world.

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OTHER WORKS BY

Bulk orders of these books may be requested by contacting

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1 LEADERSHIP PLANNING

Strategic planning falls under the general category of leadership and leadership planning.

Leadership business and strategic planning for city, state, local, and municipal government agencies and industry consists of facilitated offsites and exercises, brainstorming, the development of a narrative (vision, values, mission, goals, objectives), development of a strategy, and empirical data that includes several financial spreadsheets. GOLZUP strategic thinking skills and strategic planning may include disciplined business planning and case studies.

We start with a business plan, partly to begin with the end in mind. Most government agencies and private companies have every intention of changing the world for the better with product and service offerings that are at least as good as the best available services.

Competition for government and commercial efficiencies drives labor rates lower and quality of service higher until the mission or activity that you are very proud of is reduced to the role of commodity (with no quality standard).

Let's take some time to do something that will have a huge impact in your results – let's do strategic planning.

Plans are nothing, planning is everything.

General Dwight D. Eisenhower

The value of a strategic plan is not in the document; but in the leadership activity that clarifies your vision, mission, goals, and objectives – and is reflected in the document. Good planning includes well thought out goals and deliberate actions that will define your brand and make you different from any other agency or company on the planet.

Face it, most organizations are defined by a customer – their first customer. Exercise: search the System for Acquisition Management for names of industry

partners that define a technology service or offering. There is a very good chance that the name of some of these companies (as well as the day-to-day activity) was defined using the government agency or the name of a government solicitation. Some were named after a service or technology (e.g.; ‘cyber’).

Most of us already know that one of the formal steps in strategic planning is to define the vision, mission, goals, and objectives. There is a lot of wisdom in doing this, but first let’s take a look at what happens first.

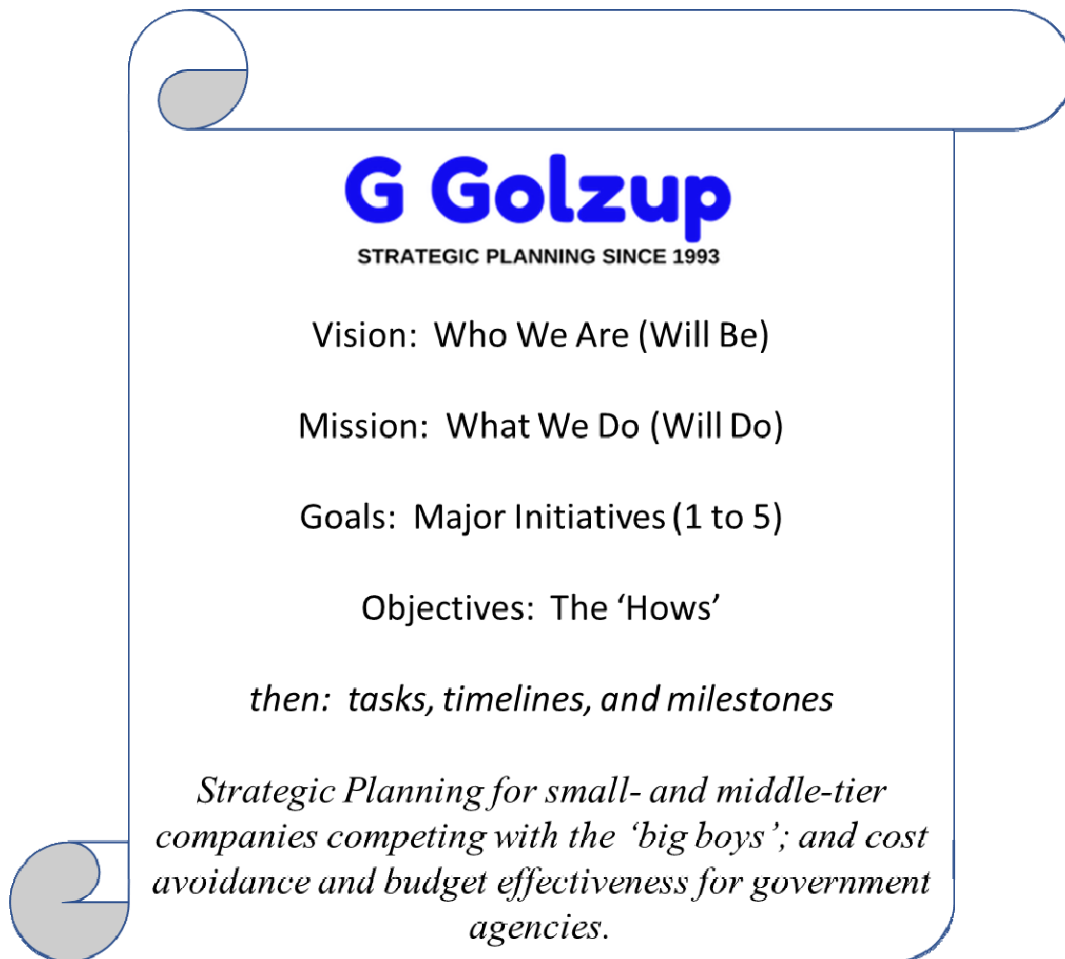


Exhibit 1.1 – Vision, Mission, Goals, and Objectives

In order to get from where we are to where we need to go, let’s take a look at what happens first.

Strategic Planning Toolkit

Take a look at FBO.gov or GovWin.com and you will find solicitations for all sorts of business planning and strategic planning support. The GSA MOBIS vehicle is designed to categorize companies with the ability to support Management, Organizational and Business Improvement Services (MOBIS).

Government agencies and commercial providers that require and offer strategic planning, business planning, financial planning, business transformation, organizational development, change management, and business improvement services are characterized by this genre.

Fun Facts for Agencies and Bidders (findings)

Before you jump the gun and get too excited, a few facts to keep in mind:

1. The mass exodus from investment banking has flooded the market with business and finance majors who hang out their consulting ‘shingle’,
2. In order to discriminate between the critical few and the trivial many, you need to look at **specialization** (as a client and as a consultant),
3. Some of the most skilled and experienced strategic planning consultants operate from small or ‘boutique’ consulting shops (more **flexibility**),
4. Trust and compatibility in the client/consulting relationship is paramount (just like other relationships and personal preferences),
5. Bain, McKinsey, and Boston Consulting Group recognize that most of their new business comes from referrals (key factor is trust),
6. KPMG and the other Big-4 tax, assurance, and consulting firms know that approximately 80% of next year’s business comes from current clients,
7. Recommendation A – for consultants, reach out to companies and agencies that you are serving now and have served in the past, focus on your specialized areas of expertise (not ‘we do everything’), be prepared to bring new ideas, quick hits, industry standards (project management); bring an approach to generate results and measure success, key factors that impact the client’s bottom line, and offer step-by-step methods that are

easily adopted by the client organization (based on their industry standards).

8. Recommendation B – for clients, just know that most procurements need to go through contracting, but the contracting officer may have no way to discriminate between consultants that really know what they are doing and everybody else. Bottom line: there is a very good chance that the strategic planning consultant that you hire will be a consultant that has worked for you before (same or previous life), or has worked for a trusted colleague at a different agency or Department.

Notes:

Strategic Thinking Skills

Strategic planning is the natural ‘next step’ in thinking about the best way to achieve the vision and mission of public and private entities. The key is to break out of old ways of thinking and viewing our organizations. Steve Jobs’ ‘Think Different’ concept and Eli Goldratt’s ‘Thinking Processes’ affectionately referred to by clients as ‘teaching us how to think’. Jobs made the same observation about the merits of learning computer programming – to learn ‘how to think’.

The purpose of GOLZUP strategic thinking skills, strategic planning, and implementation of innovative business planning is to help you define your government agency or commercial business in terms of more worthy goals than just keeping the lights on, just executing the budget, or next year’s promotion or bonus.

More Worthy Goals

Simply stated, strategic planning and the new ways of thinking will bring revelations that will appear obvious at different stages of the process. These ‘more worthy goals’ are recognized by city, state, local, and municipal leaders:

1. Results – leaders want results because they are hired to get results
2. Costs are too high – leaders want to reduce costs in order to get more
3. Speed is life – faster is better and leaders want excellent results fast!
4. Targets – give leaders a target to hit (begin with the end in mind)
5. Engage the client – make the process fun, work hard, make it look easy
6. Communication – learn the client’s language, don’t create a new language
7. Quick hits are mandatory – five to ten substantial quick hits in 30 days
8. One great thing – not 10,000 yellow stickies
9. Focus – great leaders focus like a laser beam to accomplish the goal
10. Large client organizations can have 5 or 6 major goals (big things)

And never forget: it is all about the client and client leadership team being great, not the consultant being great. The best consultants have clients with confidence and optimism about the future of their organizations.

The Way Ahead

To the consultant – provide your first customer superb product and service delivery at a fair price. But don't define your enterprise based on what you are doing for your first customer. Don't name your company after your first customer.

To the client – hire a consultant that you have confidence in and that you trust. Confidence – that they will elevate the leadership team to accomplish great things. Trust – that the consultant will put the leadership team's outcomes and results first.

The GOLZUP strategic planning document is suitable for all types of strategic thinking skills building and training. Where data is available, use empirical metrics and measurements to capture past results and forecast expectations.

Here's a sample table of contents for a strategic planning document. The difference between public and private organizations is usually the methods employed to accomplish the mission. Some of the for-profit categories can be adapted to support public agencies.

<i>Sample</i> Table of Contents	
Table of Contents	3
Executive Summary	4
General Description	5
Products and Services	6
Sales and Marketing Plan	7
Operational Plan	11
Management and Organization	15
Personal Financial Statement	19
Financial History and Analysis	23
Financial (Capitalization) Plan	27
Appendices	31
Refining the Plan	32

Exhibit 1.2 – Sample Business Plan Table of Contents

Discussion and Notes:

2 PLANS AND PLANNING

Plans and business planning are fully transferrable between private industry and government agencies. The terminology will change but the results are gained by focusing on vision, mission, goals, and objectives (Chapter 1).

Planning is bringing the future into the present so that you can do something about it now.

Alan Lakein

A step back – some key stakeholders don't develop a business plan because they don't know the purpose of a business plan. The same can be said for strategic planning. Some stakeholders don't know the purpose or the meaning of strategic planning.

GOLZUP strategic thinking skills and strategic planning demystifies this quickly. There are four major types of business plans and sometimes they are referred to using different terms:

- Financial Plan
- Capitalization Plan
- Strategic Plan
- Business Plan

Because money and accounting are the language of business, the financial and capitalization plans get more attention than is warranted at this phase. In reality, the capitalization plan warrants no more attention at this stage than would your business sales and marketing plan. The same goes for the financial plan.

When you hear the term 'business plan' or business planning, just know that finance, capitalization, strategy, sales, and marketing are all included.

When you seek investment capital (appropriated funding, non-appropriated funding, construction, etc.) it is appropriate to anticipate a greater emphasis on finance and capitalization. Still, the funding source will expect to see all aspects

of your business plan covered as seen in the Sample Table of Contents, Exhibit 1.2 (Chapter 1).

Notes: Develop and use a professional writing style. The veracity of your initiatives will be evaluated based on the appearance of your plan as well as on your ideas.

Spend several weeks in research and literature review prior to the publication of your business plan – first draft. Expect to capture hard data, assumptions, estimates, as well as soft data regarding new markets and breakthrough products and services. For government agencies, the budget execution plan or spend plan will parallel the commercial finance or capitalization plan. However, you look at it, resources are used to accomplish goals and objectives that support the mission and help achieve the vision state.

Public Use Case: GOLZUP strategic thinking skills helps you prepare for an executive offsite by understanding the complexities of government agency requirements. Find an example for a generic government agency (Chapter 4 – Case Study).

Engineering Use Case: 42 engineers stuck doing non-engineering work. Use strategic thinking skills to identify the key factors associates with high job satisfaction for engineers (hint: doing engineering work, not taking notes at meetings).

Start-up Use Case: GOLZUP strategic thinking skills helps you develop an abbreviated snapshot of your business during an executive offsite. Here's an example of a startup enterprise strategic planning assessment (Chapter 5 - Assessment).

Project Management Use Case: strategic thinking skills drive strategy to action. Leaders love strategic planning that naturally grows from strategy to action, and action that involves industry standards like project management (traditional PERT charts, Gantt charts, tasks, timelines, milestones, and results) (Chapter 6 Project Planning).

Strategy to Action Use Case: Not your first rodeo. Begin with the end in mind and examine best practices for driving from strategy to action for

government and industry (Chapter 8 – Strategy to Action).

Literature Review

Any decent business plan or strategic planning session includes a detailed literature review. Strategic Planning in Action: literature that presents strategic planning in fictional or allegorical ways.

Monty Post, Vol 1 – Life Lived Well, Amazon, Seattle. Provides an introduction and background story of a little-known man with the best of intentions and loaded with peculiar idiosyncrasies.

Amazing Leaders, Vol 5 – Le Remonstrant. Another Monty Post story; this time the adventures of a likeable misfit that has unique skill sets optimized to protect and defend a parochial community in SpringPark, Virginia.

Anarchist, Vol 2 – Alaska Transformation. An account of the enigmatic Adam Carter, and his quest to save the world from the do-gooders and truth-tellers in a deliberate way. Setting – a high tech lodge on Alaska’s Kodiak Island. Alaska is forged by a tsunami and a community that responds with ‘whatever.

Beautiful Mermaids, Vol 2 – Layla’s Mermaid Tale. Fun-loving adventure that kids and adults like (because the narrator does not talk down to kids). Mermaids are real and have the same interest in strategy as their land-based counterparts.

Educated Blackjack, Uncle Billy’s Secret. Examine your own theories about one of the most cherished strategy games on the planet. Follow our hero on a vision quest to implement Uncle Billy’s secret in a step-by-step fashion.

Monty Post, Vol 6 – Global Safety Roadshow. True fiction covering protagonist Monty Post as he leads the SpringPark advanced echelon forward into global dominance. The message is Safety. The evangelical zeal is obvious and evident to each nation, people, tongue, and tribe.

These and other fictional works will help define the boundaries or constraints of your strategic planning initiative. Everyone knows that planning that takes place in ideal circumstances (conference room) will be tested in combat (SWAT Team). Nevertheless, begin planning with hypotheses, observations, and testing to find the right match between real and ideal for your organization.

The Scientific Method

Science give us good insight into the difference between how things should work (theory) and how they really play out on the battlefield (practice).

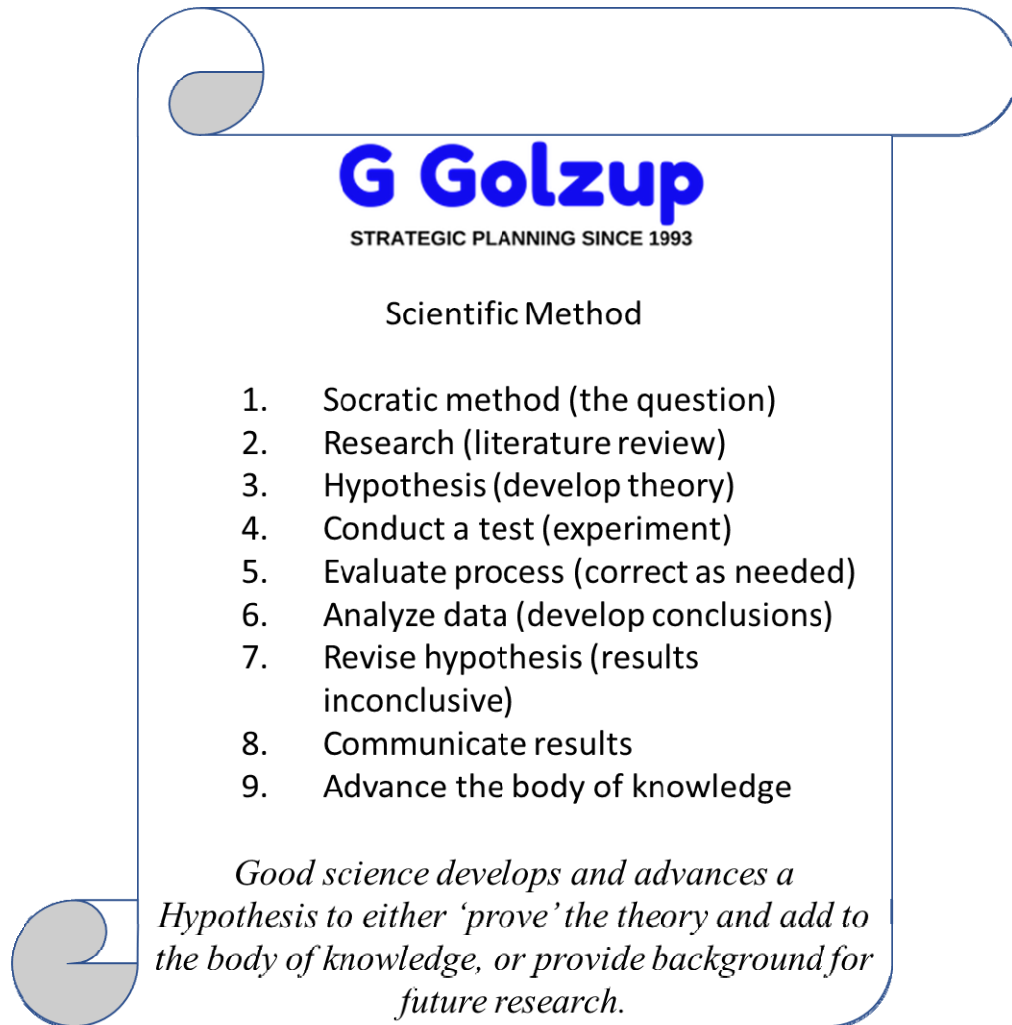


Exhibit 2.1 – The Scientific Method

The Consulting Method. Start with a Background statement that includes the Hypothesis that you seek to advance. Example: city, state, and local governments can participate in the economic growth that emerges from space exploration. Conduct an Assessment of the current state, and Analyze (slice and dice) the numbers to generate Findings that illuminate feasible future states (options). Once the data are collected by you or someone who preceded you, the process is sometimes called a Feasibility Study (looking backwards on the data, it

appears that thus and so is feasible). Conclusions represent the top five or top ten major findings. Important ones are described as ‘major’, minor conclusions that are easy to implement right away are called ‘quick hits’ or ‘low-hanging fruit’. At this point the client wants you to bring forward Recommendations for actions that will generate Results. Client leadership’s response will be commitment to Actionable Decisions to achieve these Results.

When you are done, it looks like this: Background, Assessment, Analysis, Findings, Conclusions, Recommendations, Actionable Decisions, and Results. The next step is project planning or project management to drive strategy to action.

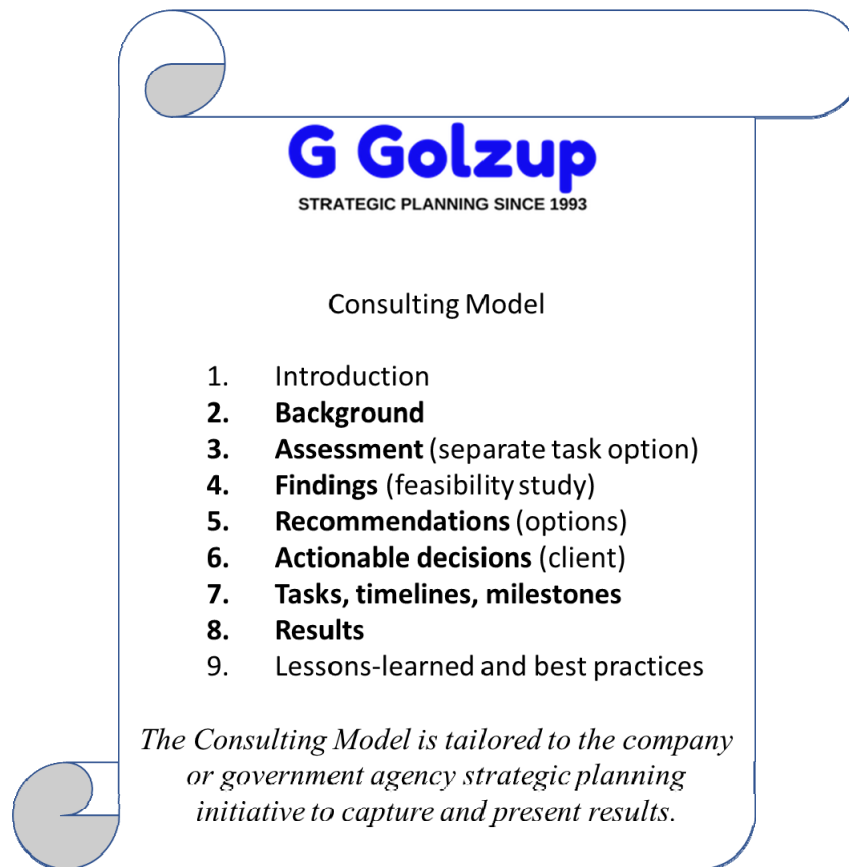


Exhibit 2.2 – The Consulting Model

Things to keep in mind for both the Scientific Method and the Consulting Method: every strategic planning effort is different. Feel free to borrow best practices and industry standards that help advance from strategy to action.

Note: Strategy to action may follow a well-traveled path. For some organizations, a project management or project planning approach may work well.

Project Planning in Action: check out literature that presents project planning in traditional or allegorical ways.

Military Installation Excellence, Vol 1 - Program Management, Amazon, Seattle. Provides an introduction and background for organizational development and business transformation. Perspective: the external consultant. Summary: Organizations accomplish work in a project or program method. Different from process functions, projects are often directed by installation senior leadership, are first-time efforts, and may have greater risk. To ensure that projects are managed successfully, a number of important skills are applied. A project manager is named. Project tasks are defined and the relationships between tasks are identified. Tasks become timelines with projected completion dates. Milestones are inserted for each project. Finally, resources required for task completion are identified.

Military Installation Excellence, Vol 2 – Project Reporting, Amazon, Seattle. Provides an introduction and background for organizational improvement and business transformation from the perspective of the internal consultant. Summary: The traditional method of helping an organization develop an integrated approach to resource management. The goal of strategy is to marshal resources to successfully execute the mission. Start with a review of the vision and mission statement. Then begin to identify strategic (long-range) goals and objectives. Strategy moves to action planning. Periodic assessment ensures that strategic goals and objectives are being met. The internal consultant guides this process.

Military Installation Excellence, Vol 3 – Strategic Planning, Amazon, Seattle. Provides an introduction and background for strategic planning as a method for advancing organizational development and business transformation. Summary: Business planning and the more deliberate strategic planning consists of facilitated offsite and exercises, brainstorming, the development of a narrative

(vision, values, mission, goals, objectives), development of a strategy, and empirical data that includes several financial spreadsheets. This method includes disciplined business planning and case studies.

Military Installation Excellence, Vol 4 – Veteran Business Planning Amazon, Seattle. Veteran business planning includes all aspects of basic business, financial, and strategic planning supported by Veteran-Owned Small Businesses (VOSBs) and Service Disabled Veteran-Owned Small Businesses (SDVOSBs). Perspective: the military veteran consultant. Summary: Veteran's knowledge of the mission, values, and culture of DoD, the U.S. military, and the Federal government place them in an ideal position to deliver value to government clients, reduce the total operating cost of government agencies, and prosper as a value-added provider of business and technical services to the government.

Notes:

3 YOUR CLIENTS WANT

Let's go full speed ahead now and identify what your clients want. Strategic planning clients are pretty easy to figure out. Clients all need to accomplish their missions in an effective way. Small- and middle-tier businesses need revenue and they want to grow more revenue streams. Government agencies need to get the maximum out of their budgets and they want to avoid costs.

As you approach your strategic planning clients, you can expect that they want strategic planning serviced up this way:

The goal – the client's goal for strategic planning will sound something like this: *We need a consultant or firm to provide long-range planning services that will result in a forward-looking, comprehensive, and actionable plan for the next five to ten years.*

Take note that this goal provides a good elevator statement that sounds like this: *I/We help clients develop forward-looking, comprehensive, and actionable plans to help them navigate the next five to ten years.*

A project work plan and proposed approach – you are standing at the white board; the client wants to know that you know where you are going.

Expect to provide every client a detailed narrative that includes a timeline, methodology, tasks, survey tools and plans, reports, documentation, and services to be provided.

They may not know what to do, but you do. Inspire confidence in your clients by showing them where you are taking them and how you will make sure that they get there.

Proof that you know what you are doing – this means references. Always ask your current clients for permission to use them as a reference. Name, phone number, contact person and mailing address of at least five references for which similar services have been provided in the last three to five years. References should identify the types of strategic planning services the strategic planning implementer has provided.

What's the cost? – even clients that say “money is no object” will eventually admit that the **cost** of strategic planning is a big deal. Be sure to include all costs associated with delivering strategic planning services. Effective delivery methods may transfer knowledge to the client's full-time employees using a train-the-trainer approach. This reduces the cost to the client and allows the client to spread limited budgets across the strategic planning life cycle. At a minimum, includes the hourly rates for strategic planning implementers, trainers, and facilitators. Once the project plan has been developed, some clients may prefer a firm fixed-price contract to deliver “all of the above” at a 10% or 15% discount.

Don't be surprised if the company or business agency invites competitive bids from strategic planning consultants or companies. If they do, try to find out the budget that has been set-aside for the strategic planning initiative. If you can, offer the client a substantial discount of 20 percent.

What is your process? – clients that are process oriented may ask “What is your step-by-step process to help us develop our strategic plan?”

If they are referring to the milestones that they can expect to identify along the way, here's one answer: *“I/We start by inviting stakeholders to identify/update their corporate vision, mission statement, business goals, and objectives that support goal accomplishment.”*

If they are referring to the learning experience that will take place, here's one answer: *“I/We will provide small and large group education and training to understand the strategic planning process, and to invite employee participation in the development of the corporate vision, mission, goals, and objectives.”*

What else will you do? – When the client asks “What else will you besides vision, mission, goals, and objectives?”, here's one good response: *“I/We facilitate (coach, administer, emcee) the process using participative and collaborative workshops that gives employees a voice; that supports data collection and analysis; and that supports traditional and ad hoc meetings, focus groups, committees, boards, library staff, stakeholders, and the public.”*

What else? – *“I/We facilitate the company's/agency's identification of priorities, goals, objectives, and activities for long term planning.”*

What else? – *“I/We Provide written reports, statements, drafts, summaries, white papers,*

and final copy that includes assessment, analysis, findings, and recommendations.”

What can we do to help? – When the client asks how they can help, you can say: *“You could appoint a strategic planning committee, internal consultants, in-house trainers and facilitators, and scribes to limit the implementation costs of strategic planning.”* or, *“You could provide facilities and meeting space to support on-site, off-site and/or distance learning sessions to limit the implementation costs of strategic planning.”*

What else can you offer? – Happy clients will ask “What other services can you provide?” Good responses may include: *“I/We provide consulting services delivered by qualified and experienced teachers, trainers, coaches and mentors; instructors who deliver soft skills training, professional development training, and leadership and management training to company and agency employees.”*

Other good responses include: *“I/We provide business assessments, feasibility studies, cost estimating, business analysis, white papers, budgetary estimates, rough order of magnitude estimates, acquisition support, case studies, contract consolidation, and change management.”* or, *“I/We provide classroom/conference room training offerings that are interactive and engaging. Training is adapted to requirements and include half day, full day, and concurrent sessions. Instructors are available to train on all three shifts: day, evening and mid-night. Materials are professionally packaged and prepared for each participating student. Class sizes accommodate the needs of the client and could range from 15 – 100 participants.”*

These responses incorporate business, educational, and administrative activities that complement strategic planning.

What is included? Clients want to make sure that strategic planning includes the things that will allow them to get funding and have credibility for implementing the findings of the initiative.

This is one of the reasons that I like the title ‘Strategic Technology Planning’. It gives credibility to the official sponsoring the effort, and it makes it easier to obtain funding for the initiative.

Here are some terms that you may want to offer your client in preparation for strategic planning:

Specialized professional engineering, management services, strategic, technology and

organizational planning, support of personnel, planning for space, planning for special projects, and advanced strategic planning; business leadership, organizational development, business transformation, change management, and strategic leadership development for mission areas (e.g.; space and directed energy); integration of space and directed energy with future command needs; cooperative requirements and technology planning with other agencies and technology development centers; and scientific and technical advice and strategic planning expertise in support of joint research and development technology programs with other agencies and commands.

We have done this before. This communicates to clients that we have ‘been there and done that’ regarding all things strategic planning. This may include:

Full time, part time, or temporary support staff to review the status of on-going problems. Skilled and experienced staff that can provide recommendations for redirection of existing or establishment of new programs, acquisition development, systems engineering analyses, trade studies, technology reviews and analyses, and develop and/or deliver information to directorate leadership, higher headquarters, department levels, and other organizations.

Delivery of information is in the form of briefings, papers, presentations at conferences, national symposia, and participation in meetings, etc.). Providing technical analysis reports, strategic planning documents, technical consultation, systems engineering analyses, system architecture analysis and consultation, senior financial advice on leadership, management, and technology investment strategies. Demonstrated experience must encompass government, industry, defense, and intelligence-based strategic planning.

Subject matter experts must be highly qualified (based on experience and/or education) and have documented professional credentials. To meet the needs of stakeholders, the strategic planners must possess a thorough understanding of the challenges facing leadership, management, and technical competencies for a wide array of domains. Examples include:

- Battle Management Command and Control,

- Space Communication,
- Space Environment,
- Space Control/Space Situational Awareness,
- Intelligence, Surveillance & Reconnaissance,
- Missile Warning,
- Position, Navigation and Timing,
- Nuclear Deterrence Operations,
- High Power Electromagnetics,
- Laser Technologies and Systems,
- Directed Energy and Electro-Optics for Space Superiority,
- Directed Energy Weapons Modeling and Simulation,
- Business Development and Outreach to Industry and Academia,
- Change Management,
- Business Transformation,
- Organizational Development,
- Engineering Change Management,
- Budgetary Estimates,
- Rough Order of Magnitude Estimates, and
- Contract Consolidation.

Flexibility is the key

The list of possibilities is endless and subject to the vision and mission of the client organization. Analyses of Alternatives to identify potential space and directed energy business development and organizational development opportunities and methods for pursuing these opportunities. Demonstrated experience must encompass organizational development and health for the improvement of the operations which includes the capability to align technical and functional strategy, structure, management processes, people, and rewards

and metrics as well as planning assistance to improve the efficiency and effectiveness of management processes or procedures (including those of an engineering and technical nature). Demonstrated experience with aligning military partnerships with industry and academia for business development, collaborations and technology transition

Interfacing directly with various major Commands', System Program Offices', academia's or commercial industry's plans and programs offices and leadership to provide strategic consultation on future space or directed energy systems taking into account projected science and technology advances; and conducting studies to evaluate the payoff of emerging, developing, and current technologies for application to advanced space and directed energy systems.

In order for the Government to determine if subsequent acquisitions can be set aside for small business concerns the SOC shall contain pertinent and specific information addressing the following areas:

(1) Demonstrated Expertise – corporate experience that has provided technical knowledge for full range of ongoing and future military Space Vehicles and Directed Energy technologies outlined in this announcement. For any work/or experience represented as similar to the effort described above, the SOC must include the contract number, and name, address, and telephone number of the contracting officer. If work was accomplished as part of a team, clearly identify corporate role, as well as roles of associate, prime, or subcontractors.

(2) Demonstrated Expertise – corporate experience having provided strategic research and development planning support, such as with Air Force and/or the AFRL Planning, Programming,

Budgeting & Execution (PPBE) process and program management support for the types of military programs outlined in this announcement.

(3) Demonstrated Expertise – corporate experience involving organizational development and health for the improvement of the operations which includes the capability to align technical and functional strategy, structure, management processes, people, and rewards and metrics as well as planning assistance to

improve the efficiency and effectiveness of management processes or procedures (including those of an engineering and technical nature).

(4) Demonstrated Expertise – corporate experience that has provided military partnerships with industry and academia for business development, collaborations and technology transition.

(5) For any work and/or experience represented as similar to the areas described above, the SOC must include the contract number, and name, address and telephone number of the contracting officer. If work was accomplished as part of a team, clearly identify corporate role, as well as roles of associate, prime or subcontractors.

(6) Clearly demonstrate the ability to complete at least 50 percent of the effort outlined in this announcement.

(7) Demonstrate the techniques to be used to mitigate the Organizational Conflict of Interest that will be part of this effort.

(8) Resumes demonstrating the experience of personnel relevant to the space and directed energy requirements outlined in this sources sought. If the resumes are for individuals not currently employed by the company, a letter of intent or process for hiring the individual shall be presented.

(9) Demonstrate the ability to obtain, within 30 days of contract award, the personnel necessary to support the full range of work outlined in this announcement, as well as the process to obtain Top Secret/SCI level clearances.

Core Strategic Planning Task #1 - consultant provides advice and assistance to the agency in strengthening relationships with the client community and in providing information to help the public understand the value of the client agency's vision and mission. The contractor shall perform the following functions within this task:

1.a. Prepare a Strategic Communications/Outreach Plan, annual themes and messages concepts, annual report, press releases, articles for publication, other communications products such as briefings, reports, brochures, videos, conference agendas, presentations and exhibit materials for DFBA review and

approval.

1.b. Support development of exhibits and speaking strategies; website support; providing ongoing development support for the agency's websites; providing programming and content development support for web-based initiatives.

1.c. Develop and maintain a Strategic Communications/Executive Level Outreach Plan for Government review; provide public relation (PR)/Media Support; support oversight and coordination of outreach efforts; and support in coordinating interagency efforts related to outreach.

1.d. Participate in travel to and/or attend meetings, conference calls, video-conferences, and other similar interactions, as needed to support the agency.

Core Strategic Planning Task #2 - Strategic Engagement Support; the consultant shall provide assistance to the agency for increasing awareness of the enterprise identity activities, logical access programs, and agency mission and programs. The contractor shall assist in the facilitation of enhanced coordination between stakeholders and in the unification of stakeholders and messages for a common purpose. The contractor shall perform the following functions within this task:

2.a. Support in the coordination with Combatant Commands, Interagency and International Organizations to facilitate a mutual understanding, synchronize efforts, and improve unity of purpose for identity activities.

2.b. Facilitate Military Services, Component Commands, and Combatant Commands efforts to achieve identity activity mission objectives, strengthen strategic relationships, and assess, develop, and improve operational processes.

2.c. Support the coordination and operation of the enterprise governance structure to ensure effective integration, alignment, and synchronization of activities the enterprise.

2.d. Support the engagement with agency stakeholders to promulgate the strategic planning process in support of national security interests and to achieve unity of purpose.

2.e. Participate in travel to and/or attend meetings, conference calls, video-conferences, and other similar interactions, as needed to support the agency.

Core Strategic Planning Task #3 (Metrics Support) – The contractor shall support in the establishment, management, maintenance, and conduct of timely analysis, and reporting of forensics and biometrics enterprises metrics for use by the Director and Staff in supporting resourcing decisions, and measuring the health and performance of the enterprises. The contractor shall perform the following functions within this task:

3.a. Development, maintenance, and execution of metrics reporting tool(s), products, processes in support of the measurement and reporting of the health and performance of the forensics and biometrics enterprises for stakeholder review and approval.

3.b. Coordination with metrics data providers.

3.c. Conduct analysis with supporting information and provide results in the form of information papers, technical reports, presentations for stakeholder review and approval.

3.d. Prepare a Metrics Reporting Strategy and Plan for Stakeholder review and approval.

3.e. Prepare strategic, analytic, and technical advice in the form of the analysis, issue papers, point papers, concept papers, white papers, information papers, trip reports, technical reports, and prepare presentations for meetings, and conferences for stakeholder review and approval.

3.f. Participate in travel to and/or attend meetings, conference calls, video-conferences, national conferences and symposia, and other similar interactions, as needed to support the agency.

Core Strategic Planning Task #4 (S&T and RDT&E Support) – The contractor shall support the coordination of agency science and technology (S&T) and research and development, test and evaluation (RDT&E) priorities with science and development communities. The contractor shall engage the forensic and biometric enterprises to recommend, assess, investigate, and

transition new technologies possessing potential application to forensics and biometrics enterprise solutions in accordance with the agency mission and guidance. The contractor shall support collaboration efforts with the agencies in order to recommend modalities and technologies appropriate for ongoing and future mission directives. The contractor shall support efforts to engage the Science & Technology (S&T) and Research & Development (R&D) communities and/or programs in order to recommend new or emerging technologies to meet current and future needs. The contractor shall support the review, coordination, and development of transition agreements in support of programs and projects across the enterprise. The contractor shall perform the following functions within this task:

4.a. Prepare analysis, information papers, technical reports, presentations, transition agreements for stakeholder review and approval.

4.b. Prepare a Data Management Plan and Data Management Strategy for stakeholder review and approval.

4.c. Prepare strategic, analytic, and technical advice in the form of the, issue papers, point papers, concept papers, white papers, information papers, trip reports, technical reports, and presentations for stakeholder review and approval. Support S&T and RDT&E meetings, and conferences.

4.d. Participate in travel to and/or attend meetings, conference calls, videoconferences, and other similar interactions, as needed to support the agency.

Notes:

4 MODELS & CASE STUDY

Models and Case Studies illustrate the elements that may be helpful for companies and agencies preparing for a strategic planning initiative. These elements may include vision and mission statements, examples of goals and objectives, industry standards and best practices, and task areas that may support project management and project planning (tasks, timelines, milestones, etc.).

Vision, Mission, Goals, and Objectives

Most strategic planning efforts start with leadership's vision, the organizational mission, and the 'hows' (goals) and 'whats' (objectives) needed to achieve the leadership vision and accomplish the stated mission.

Examining agencies mission, leadership may identify critical goals and objectives to include as part of the strategic planning initiative. Examples:

1. Institute strategic management practices whose outcomes align with the Information Resources Management Strategic Plan (IRM Strategic Plan).
2. Support the orchestration of a disciplined enterprise budget formulation and capital planning process that can help agency leadership select and control the most impactful investments in the IT portfolio.
3. Ensure major and non-major IT investments across the agencies measure 90% or above in areas of cost, schedule, and technical performance metrics.
4. Demonstrate steadfast commitment to stakeholder oversight.
5. Implement a data collection and reporting model that promotes fluid collaboration among agency's distributed organizations.

Notes:

Sidebar:

Strategic planning case study may include industry standards and commercial best practices. Generic model – the Malcolm Baldrige National Quality Award Criteria may contain elements that are helpful for organizational development and business transformation.

Category 2 provides a framework for strategic planning. The other Categories may be helpful for business planning and strategic planning.

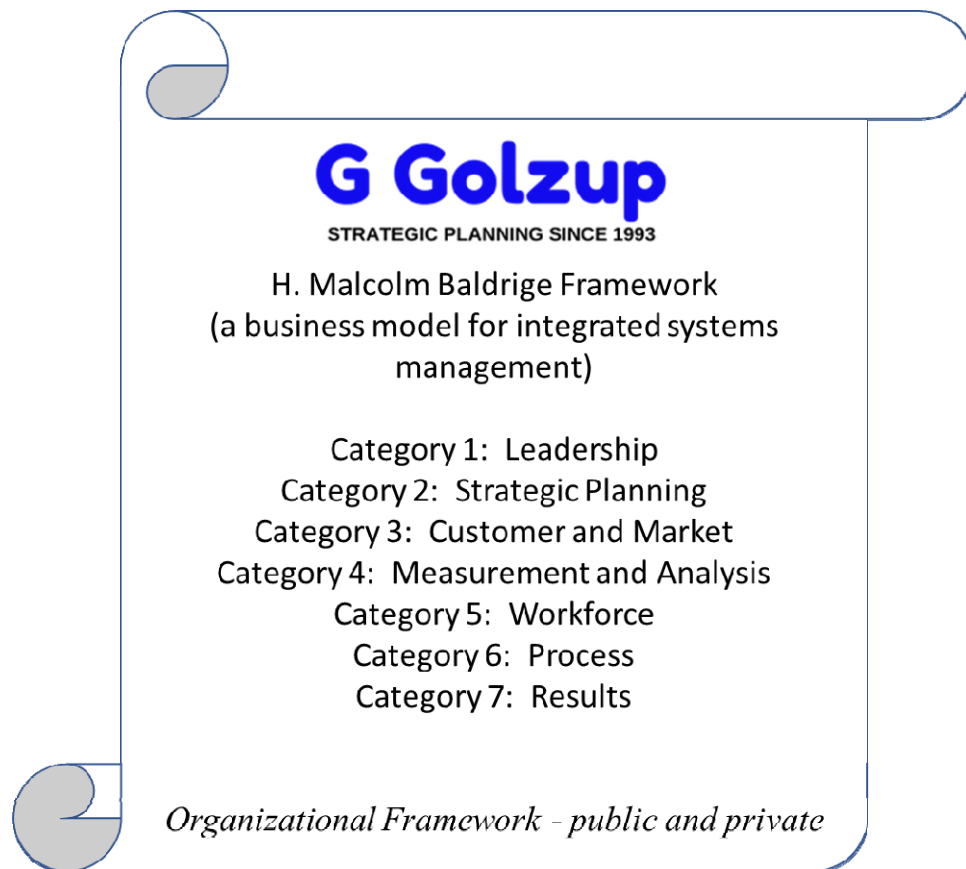


Exhibit 4.1 – The Baldrige Criteria

Elements of the Baldrige Criteria that may be useful for organizational development, business transformation, strategic planning, etc. may include the Baldrige Categories, Items, and Areas. These may provide useful content when crafting strategic planning Mission Areas, Goals, and Objectives. These may support strategy to action with Project, Tasks, and Milestones.

Case Study - Strategic Planning Initiative (Agency)

The following task areas may be addressed in strategic planning efforts based on the products or services that the company or agency provide:

Task Area 1: Executive Support Services

Task Area 2: Resources Management

Task Area 3: Financial Management, Budget, and Internal Controls

Task Area 4: Portfolio Management

Task Area 5: Strategy and IT Policy Development

Task Area 6: Records and Forms Management

Task Area 7: Privacy Management

Task Area 8: Data Collection, Validation, Analytics, and Reporting

Task Area 9: IT Governance

Each task area represents a general category of services. The consultant shall be aware that this task area structure is provided to broadly define the scope of the Strategic Planning contract. Tasks performed under subsequent efforts may incorporate any combination of services in any number of task areas.

Task Area 1: Executive Support Services (Examples)

The critical executive responsibilities include both information sharing and information safeguarding, through enterprise operations and shared services, architecture, engineering, policy, and cybersecurity. Functions performed to support the mission include cyber strategy support, Executive Administration support, Strategic Engagement and Communications, and Executive Secretariat. The agency seeks a consultant supporting the execution of its functions in the realization of a strengthened cyber posture, IT modernization, and organizational improvement.

The agency requires support in the following functional areas:

Cyber strategy and implementation support: Strengthened cyber focus defines a critical objective the agency promotes through the development and

implementation of enterprise cyber and related strategies. The agency seeks advisory services that augment and advise the agency's federal cyber expertise in the development of enterprise cyber and related strategies, which include but are not limited to: cybersecurity strategy and implementation planning; enterprise performance management; technology innovation and IT modernization planning; datacenter consolidation and cloud strategy; and the Cyber Strategy Implementation Plan (CSIP) and IRM Strategic Plan.

Executive Administration Support: the agency seeks a consultant experienced with supporting comprehensive administrative services. Consultants may provide executive-level administrative, executive leadership support, and staff action control/task management support to the agency and those executives with whom the agency executives collaborates in the course of developing strategic cyber and IT policy, guidance, and implementation plans.

Strategic Engagement and Communications Support: The agency develops and employs various strategic and informational communications that reinforce understanding and execution of agency's mission and strategic plans. To enhance these communications the agency requires contractor support for digital graphics design and data and information visualization. The consultant shall exhibit up-to-date knowledge of industry usability and user-experience design and production techniques, and marketing/communications approaches.

Executive Secretariat Support: The agency leadership facilitates the key decisions necessary to provide consistent, effective information management to the wider agency enterprise. Executive Secretariat support includes: diligent management of the logs and schedules that define agency activities; ESEC stakeholder engagement support, both internal and external to the Department; materials in support of executive-level conferences, meetings, communities of practice (COPs), and working groups (WGs); internal and external ESEC task management support; and ESEC Governance, Policy, and COP/WG coordination support.

Task Area 2: Resources Management

Promote the continuous improvement of organizational performance, and

provides workforce development initiatives to enhance the collective knowledge and skill of its staff. With respect to human capital, the agency provides operational personnel, audit, space, and physical security support, and leads strategic workforce development initiatives.

Human Capital Management is responsible for human capital management including performance management, organizational assessment, training and workforce development, diversity initiatives, telework programs, employee and labor relations support, and enterprise cyber and information resources workforce program development and coordination. Additionally, the office manages administrative functions including pay and leave, travel system, facilities support, space and inventory management, FOIA, IG/GAO audit coordination, and safety management.

Security Operations manages contractor onboarding and offboarding processes, manages security requirements throughout the course of contractor assignment, assists in the development of security procedures, provides administrative oversight of security procedure compliance, and provides security training to contractor personnel, monitors compliance with security procedures, opens reinvestigations of security records, and issues security surveys to contractor personnel.

Policy, strategy, and governance support conducts periodic reviews of physical access points, building security, and grounds vulnerability. Security operations provides training sessions to contractor personnel in order to introduce important security knowledge during the badging process, as well as to incorporate new security mandates into existing practices by issuing refresher sessions on an annual basis to personnel who have already received physical access to facilities.

The agency requires improved workforce development influences the long-term effectiveness of agency. Specifically, the agency faces challenges in the development and retention of federal talent. Human capital management addresses these workforce development challenges, evaluating the strength of human capital, and gauging the measures the agency must take in order to

improve organizational capabilities.

The agency seeks a partner well versed in the support and development of federal human capital resources, as well as in the physical security requirements of managing contractor personnel. The consultant shall provide expert support to human capital management functions including organizational assessment, business process reengineering, workforce development and training, as well as support to the agency in the satisfaction of acquisition guidelines that promote workforce development. Provide administrative support functions including facilities, space, and inventory. Consultants shall support the agency in upholding contractor personnel physical security standards.

Task Area 3: Financial Management, Budget, and Internal Controls

The agency expands its financial stewardship role. Detailed financial processes at the IT acquisition level ensure the agency manages its IT investments with the degree of responsibility mandated by Federal legislation. In order to support the agency's Federally mandated responsibility to oversee IT investments on behalf of the entire Department, executive leadership exercises financial planning, financial tracking, and expenditure oversight in concert with its contract management processes.

Executive leadership's operational responsibility spans headquarters sites and the many operational and staff locations. To provide expertise in managing its information resources, the agency manages a fluid cost tracking process, providing a clear perspective of the organization's financial activity.

With respect to contract management, agency leadership provides input to acquisition planning, oversees financial balances, analyzes IT operations costs, administers business lines for the Working Capital Fund, and performs Contracting Officer's Representative (COR) functions in the areas of acquisition planning, contract formation, contract execution, and contract close-out.

Executive leadership is responsible for both formulating the IT budget and for monitoring funds expended against the budget. Thus, the executive leadership must display confidence in financial management practices in order to make informed IT investment decisions.

In addition to the core responsibility of making innovative investments that benefit agency customers, leadership is responsible for developing and providing budget estimates, justifying budget proposals, and providing timely responses to budget and information queries about investment performance. These queries stem from Federal oversight entities such as the Office of Management and Budget (OMB), the Government Accountability Office (GAO), and Congress. OCIO issues budget Assurance and Assessment Reports to the agency Chief Financial Officer, and coordinates Agency Financial Reports for the CIO.

To support agency leadership in fulfilling these responsibilities, the consultant shall derive a complete understanding of the organization's financial obligations. The agency seeks a partner capable of supporting the organization's financial planning, invoicing, and tracking activities, as well as the budget formulation, budget execution, COR, and contract management activities that drive mission business. The consultant shall support all financial planning and tracking activities, including the impact of these activities on budget formulation and execution. Support shall include the configuration and maintenance of custom-built databases such as the Corporate Information Management Center (CIMC) that capture and track these activities.

The consultant shall support the agency in its cost taxonomy development, and in all activities related to enterprise category management. The consultant shall further support agency financial practices that correspond to in-house IT service provider. The agency uses a cost-recovery model that requires stakeholder groups throughout the Department to pay a fixed fee for IT services. The consultant shall support the agency in the capture of vendor service costs for the purpose of accurately tracking EITS operations according to its cost-recovery model. Support shall include telecom support: day-to-day system operational planning, analysis, troubleshooting, integration, installation, operations, maintenance, and administrative services for the computer networks; voice services, employee locator; and telecommunications billing. Additional support shall include the configuration and maintenance of custom-built databases such as the agency Business Reporting database that capture and track these costs.

Task Area 4: Portfolio Management

Portfolio management activities focus on the IT Capital Planning and Investment Control (CPIC) process. OCIO tracks the value of the agency's IT investment portfolio, and lends strategic support services through data-driven analysis. IT CPIC processes impact budget formulation,

IT CPIC support requires the continual improvement of the IT investment decision-making process, including the creation of a systematized framework in which all elements, from investment selection to investment monitoring and evaluation, are executed with consistency and transparency. The agency further subjects IT CPIC administrative processes to continual evaluation, basing revisions on measurable outcomes. Executive leadership regularly reports to OMB by detailing the status of each technology initiative or program, measured against a set of milestones approved by OCIO and OMB. Regular reporting processes include the monitoring and reporting related to the publicly available Federal IT Dashboard, and those related to the Open Data Initiative. More frequent reporting, either within the agency or conducted among the functional departments, supports the process of continual performance evaluation, monitoring the overall health of the IT portfolio.

Numerous tools assist agency leadership in the IT CPIC process. OCIO uses TechStat, PortfolioStat, and FedStat sessions to perform strategic portfolio reviews, the online eCPIC tool for automated portfolio management, and an IT dashboard to monitor program performance. For each of these electronic tools, and to the exclusion of no other tool or process, the agency provides training and outreach support to customers throughout the Department.

The agency requires a consultant partner able to assist with the continual improvement of IT CPIC policy, procedures, and tools. OCIO provides technical advisory support in selecting and prioritizing capital IT investments, in managing capital IT investments to control costs according to estimates, in managing program schedules according to budgetary restrictions, in determining performance outcomes, and in evaluating IT investment performance.

Task Area 5: Strategy and IT Policy Development

Effective IT management rests on the agency's ability to first apply strategic guidance across all systems that comprise the enterprise, and latterly, to provide analysis of both the processes that govern those systems, and the performance those systems achieve. In so doing, leadership supports the continual improvement of system processes and performance. Strategy and IT Policy Development comprises the development and application components of this strategic cycle, whose services, at a minimum, consist of the following activities.

Leadership supports the creation and maintenance of all IT policy documentation for the agency; leadership translates executive orders and other mandates into objectives that form the basis of IT policy.

Executive leadership is responsible for adhering to Federal mandates and enacting Federal initiatives that affect the agency's IT and IM functions. These initiatives—which include, but are not limited to the Federal Information Security Management Act (FISMA), the Federal Data Center Consolidation Initiative (FDCCI), and Section 508 accessibility requirements—depend on IM-20's enterprise governance capabilities. Executive seeks assistance with the governance of these initiatives at an enterprise level, working throughout the distributed organizational structure. Executive seeks assistance with IT policy development, and with the subsequent process of maintaining effective IT governance, including new Federal initiatives.

To plot an optimal course for IT service development, executive leadership's periodic assessment of strategy focuses on performance standards and sets targets for cybersecurity, information sharing and safeguarding, technological innovation, Information Management, and IT service delivery. These assessments include, but are not limited to the Information Resources Management Strategic Plan (IRM Strategic Plan). Executive leadership monitors changes in the Federal landscape, and applies new and revised mandates to its major strategic goals. The ability to adapt information from multiple sources—both within the organization and without—determines the effectiveness of the strategy. Executive leadership seeks assistance with processes related to the

capture of agency intelligence, the monitoring of Federal mandates, and the translation of strategic goals and objectives, compiling information from all sources into a cohesive plan for organizational progress.

Task Area 6: Records and Forms Management

Executive leadership develops, implements, and maintains a Federally compliant Records Management Program (RMP). Leadership carries out the collection, retention, and storage of all records—both in electronic and print format—produced by agency divisions and functional areas. These records include, but are not limited to those that document the missions, programs, projects, and administrative functions of the agency.

Executive leadership also fulfills a responsibility to manage forms on behalf of the agency. Forms management includes the workflow of requesting, approving, and publishing forms related to the agency's administrative, legal, logistic, programmatic, and personnel functions. While most forms are published to the agency website, there are still those that require manual submission. The agency maintains the most recent version of all forms in a forms library.

Executive leadership requires support to ensure that agency records are maintained in accordance with requirements set forth by the National Archives and Records Administration (NARA), coordinating the transfer, billing, and payment of records to Federal Records Centers (FRCs). The agency partners with records management specialists to continually improve the RMP, providing the foundation for its records management policy and procedures, records identification and classification, records

Retention, disposal, and records management training are done in compliance with Federal and statutory requirements. Leadership performs outreach among functional areas to promote records management policies, and seeks support to evaluate, improve, and implement its records management programming. Leadership also seeks assistance with the administrative upkeep of its enterprise forms library, ensuring that agency end users and customers receive the support they need for essential mission business, while adhering to Federal mandates to

reduce administrative burden and provide easy access.

All data collection activities related to records management practices shall support the agency's data sharing model, facilitating the application of data among multiple reporting outlets with reduced bureaucratic effort.

Task Area 7: Privacy Management

In keeping with the E-Government Act, which requires that Privacy Impact Assessments (PIAs) are conducted on all new Federal IT systems that collect information in any identifiable format, the agency requires support to ensure that all information collected and used by its divisions and Departmental Elements remains compliant with the Privacy Act of 1974, as amended, and the E-Government Act of 2002, as amended. The agency requires support for the administration of the Privacy Program through the development of standardized policies and procedures regarding all privacy matters.

The Freedom of Information Act of 1967 (FOIA), as amended, allows citizens to request Federal government information, provided the information requested is not protected from public disclosure. In support of FOIA, and in conjunction with the goal of supporting the agency's information consumers through the delivery of high-quality content, leadership facilitates the availability of public agency data and information, ensuring that information consumers have timely access to important information about the agency and its activities.

Considering the diverse needs of information consumers, executive leadership provides support to the office of Information Resources, along with any working group or team within the agency to process FOIA requests, doing so in full compliance with Federal standards for the timeliness and completeness of responses. Executive leadership develops processes for identifying and publishing frequently requested information in a readily available format, and further supports all administrative and technical responsibilities related to the maintenance of the agency FOIA Portal and its content.

With respect to the Department's processes for fielding Privacy Requests, executive leadership seeks assistance processing and managing privacy cases, preparing communication in the form of letters and transmittal memoranda, and

documenting information packages released in response to those Privacy Requests. Agency leadership further supports the legal review of all package content to ensure all information meets the threshold of the cited exemption.

In the event of a privacy compromise, privacy management support includes the execution of incident response protocols, primarily the formation of a Privacy Incident Response Team (PIRT), and the coordination of a schedule to consult with those who are affected.

Executive leadership seeks assistance with the administration of the agency Privacy Program, including the development and maintenance of Department-wide policies, plans, and procedures on privacy management, as well as guidance on privacy-related matters. Leadership also develops training for stakeholders at all levels of agency organization, defining each individual's responsibilities in the safeguarding of private information.

Task Area 8: Data Collection, Validation, Analytics, and Reporting

To satisfy obligations to Federal oversight groups—most notably the Office of Management and Budget (OMB)—and to agency executive-level decision makers, leadership collects and prepares a vast amount of data from the agency enterprise. In general, these data comprise information related to financial management, acquisition management, and performance monitoring.

While much of the agency's data collection activities stem from recurring information requests—for example, monthly and quarterly reporting for the Federal Information Security Management Act, executive leadership also manages a significant volume of ad hoc requests. Recurring and ad hoc information requests require careful attention; the former often change from one cycle to the next, precipitating fresh analysis to properly conduct each data call, while the latter often impose strict timeframes on data call completion. In short, the agency's data collection requirements undergo constant change.

To satisfy these requirements, executive leadership follows a data collection Standard Operating Procedure (SOP): evaluation, definition, collection, verification and validation, reporting, and archiving. While this SOP describes the basic data collection process, it remains a flexible construct that adapts to the

varied needs of each information request.

Executive leadership seeks a partner with experience supporting the stringent requirements of an enterprise data collection capability. The agency wishes to streamline its data collection workflow, and thus seeks a partner able to use currently available tools to refine data collection processes in the near term, while supporting the development of innovative data collection technologies in the mid to long term.

Agency data collection shall promote the leadership mantra of data collection and sharing, emphasizing data as an institutional asset. Executive leadership seeks a partner capable of supporting the objective of building a data-driven organization, one who can provide top-shelf service in the current environment while also providing flexible, innovative solutions.

Task Area 9: IT Governance

The Federal Information Technology Acquisition Reform Act (FITARA) provides the agency with strengthened authority to oversee critical aspects of the organization. The agency proposes that the executive leadership gain visibility into critical functions that, to date, have been managed with varying degrees of autonomy among the Departmental Elements. The goal, therefore, is to apply an enterprise approach to acquisition management, IT portfolio management, and organizational development. In so doing, executive leadership can identify duplicative IT investments, apply responsible portfolio management practices, and monitor IT resources throughout the enterprise.

FITARA gives executive leadership a broad view over the IT products and services used throughout the agency enterprise, enabling executive leadership to drive process improvements through its expanded IT governance role. The agency's analysis of system processes and system performance translates into progress toward organizational maturity. To implement FITARA—and, practically speaking, to achieve these organizational improvements, executive leadership works with numerous members of agency leadership, including but not limited to the Chief Financial Officer (CFO), the Chief Acquisition Officer (CAO), the Chief Human Capital Officer (CHCO), and the Department

Secretary (Secretary).

Executive leadership seeks assistance with the enterprise implementation of FITARA—and in particular, the governance of its IT portfolio—as well as with the continuous adaptation of current processes to grant the agency the expanded visibility mandated by FITARA. This role shall include, but not be limited to policy development support, advisory support, outreach and facilitation support, and support for reporting the agency’s progress toward FITARA compliance.

The agency seeks assistance with the review of IT investments throughout the enterprise, as well as with the continuous improvement of enterprise IT acquisition processes, the development of enterprise IT solutions, and the improvement of enterprise organizational performance. The consultant shall support these initiatives with the objective of placing executive leadership in a position best suited for FITARA compliance, and also of deriving meaningful benefit from the process.

Requirements

External consultants shall provide proven methodologies to satisfy every contract requirements. The agency has defined the expected performance the consultant’s solution must achieve at the Blanket Purchase Agreement (BPA), Task Order (TO), or Delivery Order (DO) level. The consultant shall bring to the agency the capabilities, processes, and systems that comprise effective solutions for all requirements, meeting all corresponding performance standards.

The consultant shall provide all management support, technical support, and administrative support, as well as the staffing, planning, scheduling, procurement, assembly, and tracking associated with contract requirements. The consultant shall provide economical and efficient performance and reporting activities for all services and tasks required by the agency.

Notes:

5 ASSESSMENT (IN A BOX)

Done skillfully, this chapter may represent your first strategic planning consulting engagement with a new strategic planning client. Or, a new strategic planning deliverable for an existing client. (No need to take notes; this is a simple transition from other consulting engagements to a commercial or government strategic planning effort.)

The transition from general advisory and assistance work to strategic planning work requires one element that some call an assessment.

The ability to say ‘Can you pay us to do an Assessment?’ or the less obvious statement ‘We can do that for you.’ represents an easy transition from discovery to asking for the business. ‘How can we help?’ is another good transition when face-to-face with a prospective client (new or current) who has just listed some of their most troublesome challenges.

Thought for the day: a medical professional makes a diagnosis before prescribing medication. An internal or external consultant conducts an assessment before offering suggestions for organizational development or business transformation. The assessment yields evidence that suggests the current state of the organization. The executive leadership’s vision, mission, goals, and objectives plus the consultant’s objective and independent skills and experience work to provide feasible next steps.

True Story: When asked ‘What are your biggest problems at the VA hospital?’, the chief of Finance for the VA hospital in Albuquerque responded by saying ‘We don’t have any problems here.’ (Discussion)

Clients will typically pay for you to complete an assessment of the current state of their organization. You may have figured this out by now: most senior leaders love their people, but hate the way that their organizations work (or fail to work correctly). Demonstrate your ability to show the client that you can collect data and deliver a report that is meaningful and actionable.

By maintaining open and candid communication with the executive

leadership, and by speaking openly about your observations as a consultant, you will gain the credibility and trust required to move forward with meaningful change.

Some external consultants are brought in to conduct a fee for service assessment. In these cases, there is a very good chance that the executive leadership team has already reached their own conclusions about what was going on in the organization. There is also a very good chance that the leadership team selected the consultant based on past performance or based on a referral from a trusted colleague. (Chapter 1; referrals)

Invite your current or new client to invite you to complete an assessment: ‘May we do an assessment to validate your assumptions (good or bad)?’ Time and cost required to accomplish the typical assessment (shown below).

Fee-for-Service Clients: If you ‘invite them to invite you’, be prepared to respond to the ‘how long?’ and ‘how much?’ questions.

Assessment Time and Resources				
Organization	Consultants	Hours	Findings	Quick Hits
50 – 100 FTE	3	120 - 360	3 – 5 major	10
100 - 500	3 - 5	360 - 800	5 – 10 major	15
500 – 1,000	5 - 10	800 – 1,600	10 – 15 major	Up to 25
1,000 – 10K	10 - 30	1,600 – 10,000	10 – 25 major	Up to 30

Exhibit 5.1 – Typical Assessment Costs (\$95,000 to \$250,000)


Typical assessments cost between \$95K and \$250K based almost entirely on the size of the client organization and the number of consulting team members required to collect, analyze, and report on the data.

Next: let’s discuss the approach or model that we will use for conducting an assessment.

Assessment Approach

The approach that you use to conduct an assessment will be based on your background, skill, or experience as a consultant. Most assessment approaches or ‘methods’ in the western culture are based to one extent or another on the scientific method. The scientific method is generally accepted in the western world because of the emphasis on observable evidence, analysis, and recommendations.

Scientific Method – 1) Make an observation, 2) Conduct research, 3) Form hypothesis, 4) Test hypothesis, 5) Record data, 6) Draw conclusion, and 7) Replicate. One thing that is designed to change in the setup of the experiment. The things that I can change - the Independent Variable.



Scientific Method

1. Socratic method (the question)
2. Research (literature review)
3. Hypothesis (develop theory)
4. Conduct a test (experiment)
5. Evaluate process (correct as needed)
6. Analyze data (develop conclusions)
7. Revise hypothesis (results inconclusive)
8. Communicate results
9. Advance the body of knowledge

Good science develops and advances a Hypothesis to either ‘prove’ the theory and add to the body of knowledge, or provide background for future research.

Exhibit 5.2 – The Scientific Method

Let's put the scientific method to work from the ground up. The startup use case allows us to examine the components of a simple business (a startup) that will be examined during an assessment using the scientific method.

The value of the startup use case is that you understand the basic elements that constitute the enterprise.

Startup Use Case - Business Planning at a Glance

Model: optimize startup revenue while increasing the quality of the client base.

Goal: deliver personal services to grow an established business, increase efficiency, decrease time invested, increase revenue, establish lasting value, leave a legacy. Current feasibility includes objective and subjective qualities:

		\$200	\$150	\$100	
	2 hrs per	per	per	per	
Clients/mo	Hours/Mo	Rev/Mo	Rev/Mo	Rev/Mo	
350	700	\$70,000	\$52,500	\$35,000	
325	650	\$65,000	\$48,750	\$32,500	
300	600	\$60,000	\$45,000	\$30,000	
275	550	\$55,000	\$41,250	\$27,500	
250	500	\$50,000	\$37,500	\$25,000	
225	450	\$45,000	\$33,750	\$22,500	
175	350	\$35,000	\$26,250	\$17,500	
150	300	\$30,000	\$22,500	\$15,000	
125	250	\$25,000	\$18,750	\$12,500	
100	200	\$20,000	\$15,000	\$10,000	
95	190	\$19,000	\$14,250	\$9,500	
90	180	\$18,000	\$13,500	\$9,000	
85	170	\$17,000	\$12,750	\$8,500	
80	160	\$16,000	\$12,000	\$8,000	
75	150	\$15,000	\$11,250	\$7,500	
70	140	\$14,000	\$10,500	\$7,000	
65	130	\$13,000	\$9,750	\$6,500	
60	120	\$12,000	\$9,000	\$6,000	
55	110	\$11,000	\$8,250	\$5,500	
50	100	\$10,000	\$7,500	\$5,000	
20 days	20 days	25 days	25 days	30 days	30 days
		8	6	6	4
8 hrs/day	6 hrs/day	hrs/day	hrs/day	hrs/day	hrs/day
160 hours	120 hrs	200 hrs	150 hrs	180 hrs	120 hrs

Assumptions

Business is defined by:

1. Flexible options
2. 2 hours per client
3. You control schedule
4. Lifestyle is important
5. Value given & received
6. More than revenue
7. Relationships
8. Referrals
9. Integrity
10. Wow factor (the tools)

Limitations:

1. Time (not clients)
2. Schedule
3. Life
4. Relationships
5. Freedom
6. Revenue
7. Sole proprietor
8. Legacy
9. Duplication
10. Expansion

Exhibit 5.3 – Sample Data Table (sanitized)

Paradigm shift: create a new model that builds on current success.

Dr. Ken Blanchard, Cornell University

"Your customers are only satisfied because their expectations are so low and because no one else is doing better. Just having satisfied customers isn't good enough anymore. If you really want a booming business, you have to create Raving Fans." (Typical business problem, not just yours!)

A lagniappe (LAN – yap) a small gift given to a customer by a merchant at the time of a purchase (such as a 13th doughnut when buying a dozen), or more broadly, “a little extra” widely used by Dr. Ken Blanchard in his consulting role.

Golzup strategic thinking skills use the vulnerability assessment delivered as a follow-on or in concert with a professional executive offsite. Agency or company business planning offsite training provides coaching to small business teaming partners to increase their value proposition as a member of the agency team or government consortium. Examples:

1. Business planning
2. Developing the value proposition
3. Revenue optimization
4. Expanding the product and service line
5. Professional consulting services
6. enterprise IT systems focus
7. Engineering change management
8. Program management
9. Cost and schedule optimization
10. Contract consolidation
11. Executive offsites
12. Strategic planning

Options: maintain business area profile (IT service provider, consulting firm) and raise rates to optimize revenue; expand service delivery format with site and

employees or 1099 contractors; expand to include program management and Cyber Security Toolkit.

Now, some recommendations on detailed strategy. (next page)

Notes:

Startup Exercise - Detailed Strategy

1. Use rates and schedule to control revenue and your life (current business).
2. Increase the business value to self and service value to clients (exclusive).
3. Optimize work life balance (spreadsheet and chart).
4. Employ the 80/20 rule (effective for established businesses).
5. Add a startup that fits the current vision, mission, goals, and objectives.
Invest a little time, smaller amount of money to grow revenue, expand nationwide.



Assess client services

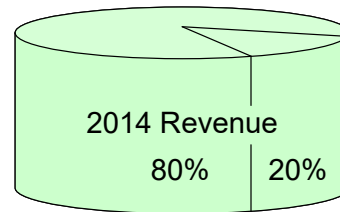
- Best practices
- Lessons-learned
- Value propositions

Market across current client base

- 80% of 2014 revenue from current clients
- Human nature: "hide, not share"
- Kill suboptimization "I've got mine; stay out"
- Client accounts are corporate assets

High margin, low risk for new clients

- Professional services, cost avoidance
- Research & data, processing and reporting



Grow 80% base contracts

- Change management
- Knowledge leadership
- Contract consolidation
- Value propositions
- Virtual COO
- Executive involvement
- Gold volume proposals
- Business transformation
- Managed services
- Leader development
- University Alliance

Exhibit 5.4 – Business Growth Strategy

The 80/20 rule says that 80% of next year's revenue will come from current clients. Use the 20% margin to develop new clients, a new format for the current business, or invest in a subsidiary line-of-business that shares the owner's vision, mission, goals, and objectives.

Vision – What do I want my business to be 5, 10, 15, and 20 years from now?

Mission – My business will accomplish great things (enduring principles).

Goals – The "whats". What targets will we hit? (Veterans' access to benefits, eliminate claims backlog, end the rescue phase of homelessness.)

Objectives – The "hows". How will my business grow? How will I hit targets? (Internal planning, human capital and technology management, preparedness.)

Sample Background Data (hard)

	2 hrs per	\$200 per	\$150 per	\$100 per		
Clients/mo	Hours/Mo	Rev/Mo	Rev/Mo	Rev/Mo	Work Hrs	Life Hrs
350	700	\$70,000	\$52,500	\$35,000	700	-160
325	650	\$65,000	\$48,750	\$32,500	650	-110
300	600	\$60,000	\$45,000	\$30,000	600	-60
275	550	\$55,000	\$41,250	\$27,500	550	-10
250	500	\$50,000	\$37,500	\$25,000	500	40
225	450	\$45,000	\$33,750	\$22,500	450	90
175	350	\$35,000	\$26,250	\$17,500	350	190
150	300	\$30,000	\$22,500	\$15,000	300	240
125	250	\$25,000	\$18,750	\$12,500	250	290
100	200	\$20,000	\$15,000	\$10,000	200	340
95	190	\$19,000	\$14,250	\$9,500	190	350
90	180	\$18,000	\$13,500	\$9,000	180	360
85	170	\$17,000	\$12,750	\$8,500	170	370
80	160	\$16,000	\$12,000	\$8,000	160	380
75	150	\$15,000	\$11,250	\$7,500	150	390
70	140	\$14,000	\$10,500	\$7,000	140	400
65	130	\$13,000	\$9,750	\$6,500	130	410
60	120	\$12,000	\$9,000	\$6,000	120	420
55	110	\$11,000	\$8,250	\$5,500	110	430
50	100	\$10,000	\$7,500	\$5,000	100	440

540 waking hours per month

20 days	20 days	25 days	25 days	30 days	30 days
8 hrs/day	6 hrs/day	8 hrs/day	6 hrs/day	6 hrs/day	4 hrs/day
160 hours	120 hrs	200 hrs	150 hrs	180 hrs	120 hrs

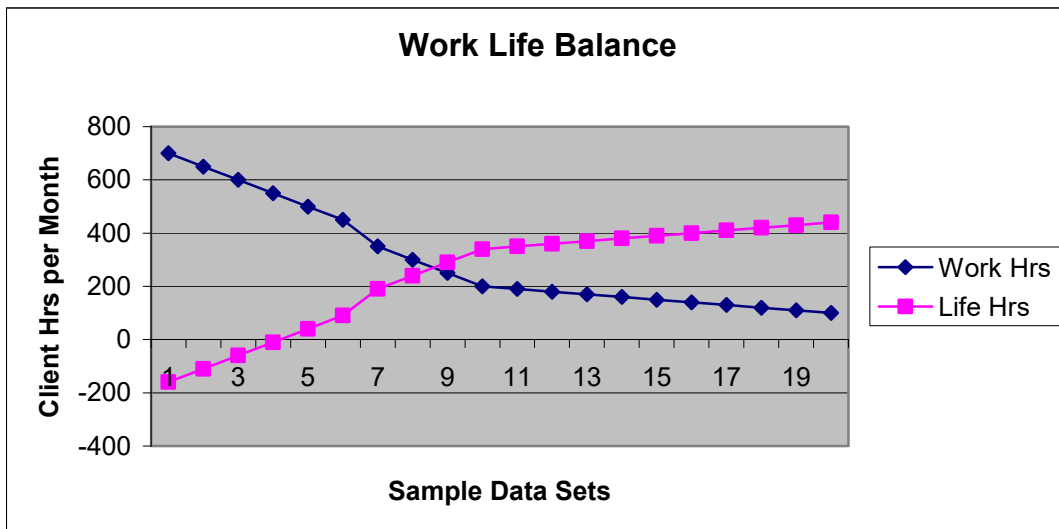


Exhibit 5.5 – Analysis of Business Data

Discussion and Notes:

6 PROJECT PLANNING

Golzup strategic thinking skills and strategic planning includes project planning, and describes the centerpiece of program management as the program network or the business process network. This message also answers some of the questions that are asked regarding project management implementation. The network is the centerpiece of project management.

Note: project network is also referred to as PERT (program evaluation review technique).

The Project Plan

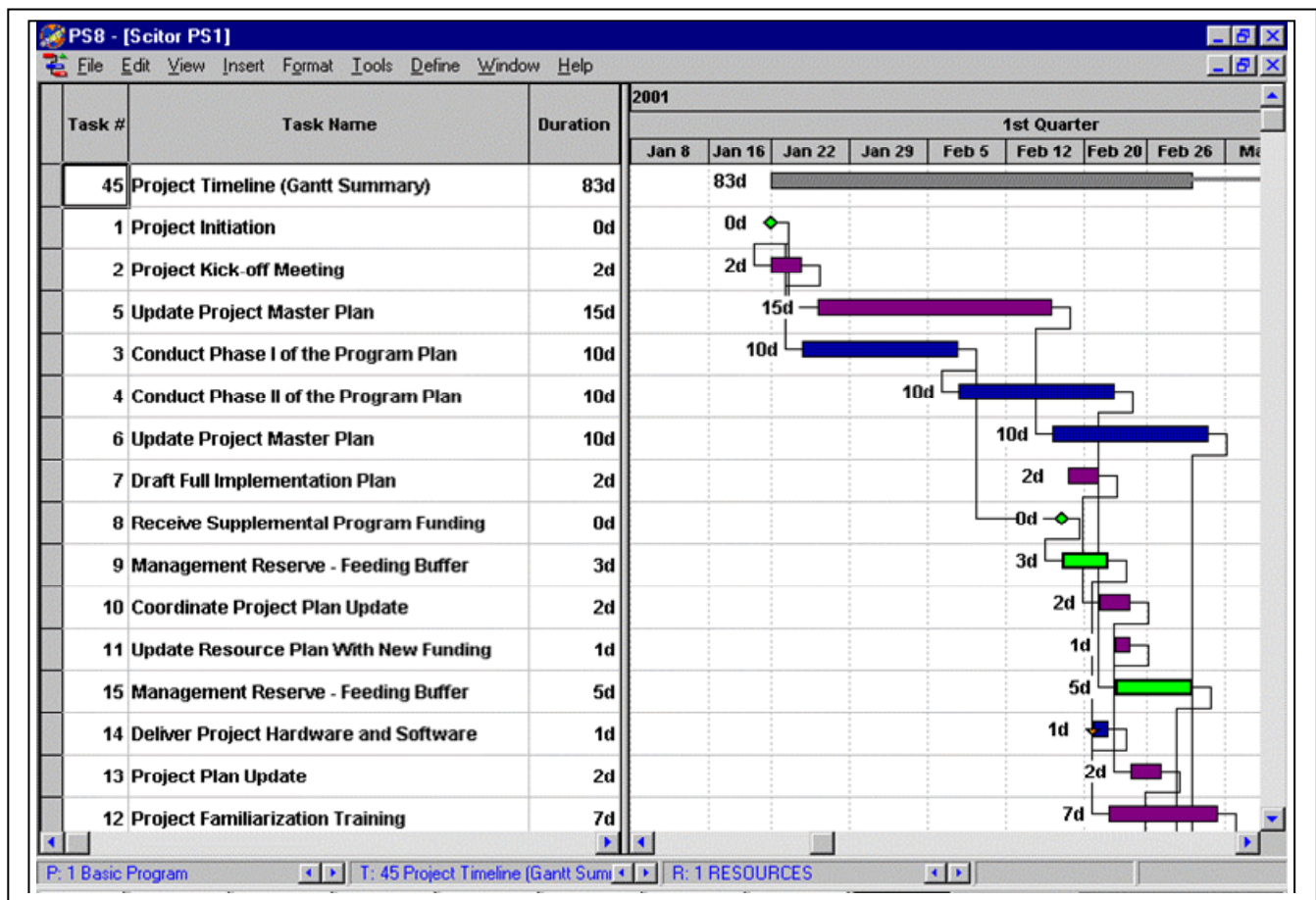


Exhibit 6.1 – Project Plan Visualization

The program network is the program management tool that allows a tremendous amount of information to be captured in both a graphical and database format.

The Gantt Chart

The Gantt chart is one graphical representation of the program network. It displays some of the critical elements required to successfully execute program. The Gantt chart offers a clear picture of the tasks, timelines, milestones, and relationships between tasks. The Gantt chart also presents the key elements of the action plan (introduced earlier).

1. The network is built using the principle of necessity, not flow. The starting point of the network build is the final task or goal of the program or process (not the first task). From this goal task, we build backwards to identify those tasks that are absolutely necessary to begin the goal task.
2. The network tasks are deconflicted to minimize the practice of multi-tasking. Deconfliction is achieved by planning to execute tasks as late as possible and moving conflicting tasks earlier in time to avoid conflict. The type of conflict that we seek to avoid is the multitasking that places unacceptable demands on individuals.
3. The network is a game plan, not a schedule. The dominant requirements of the network include dependent tasks that are based on necessity and are deconflicted to minimize the practice of multitasking. A network is static until the clock starts (project kick-off.) Once the clock starts for a program, tasks will shift to honor task dependencies and to minimize multitasking.

Note: One major difference between the network and Gantt view is that the network view is not designed to align with calendar dates. Our continued discussion of program management also considers the Gantt view as the first step towards creating a project schedule. For now, consider Schedule Start Date as “Projected Start Date”.

A. Project Timeline – see Task #45 in the illustration below. The Project Timeline is presented a solid gray line that represents the start and finish of the project. The timeline reflects the calendar time from project initiation to project completions.

B. Project Tasks – the individual project tasks are numbered 1 through 15. Ignore the sequence of task numbers from top to bottom on the Gantt chart.

Tasks are arranged based on the approximate task sequence adjusted for Critical Chain. See definition, at item “D” and on the next page.

C. Project Milestone – any milestone is a zero-time task that marks the beginning, transition, or end of a project event. The project initiation is shown here as the zero-time Task #1.

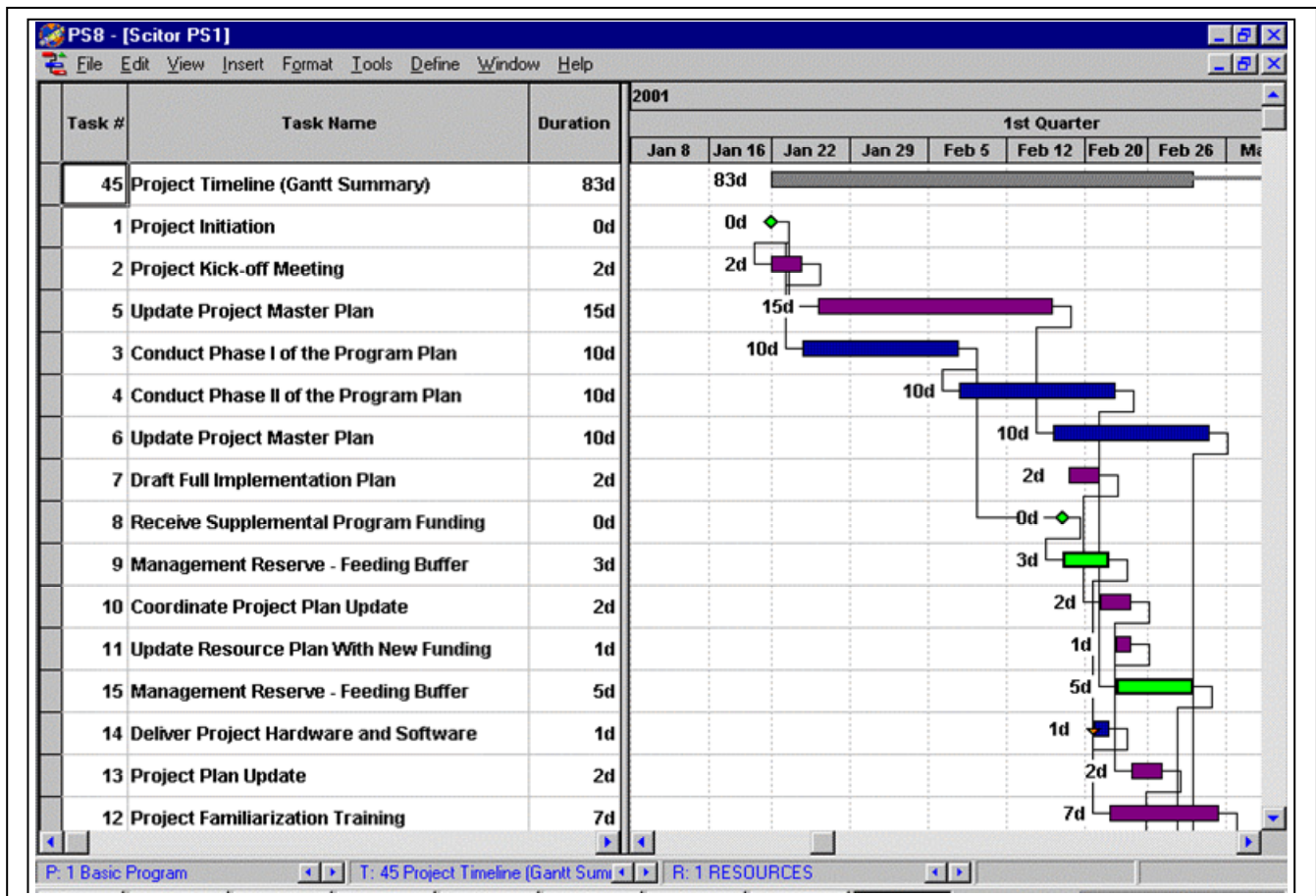


Exhibit 6.2 – Project Plan Gantt Chart

- D. Critical Chain Task – the Critical Chain tasks are shaded in magenta (see color cover) and represent tasks numbered 2, 5, 7, 10, 11, 12 and 13. Each Critical Chain task forms a link to all other Critical Chain tasks. The overall Critical Chain represents the longest string of task and resource dependencies.
- E. Non-Critical Chain Tasks – these are presented in blue and represent the project tasks that are not part of the Critical Chain. As non-critical chain tasks, these blue shaded (color cover) tasks are not protected by buffer.

F. Buffer – the green buffers are not tasks, but protect the critical chain against schedule delay (Murphy’s Law or “Murphy”). The green buffers may include feeding buffers to protect portions of the critical chain and critical chain tasks. Green buffers also include project buffers that protect the entire critical chain for on-time project completion.

G. Necessity - a term that identifies the tasks that must be completed before other tasks may be started. It is important to lay out Gantt chart (or schedule tasks) in such a way that the longest string of task and resource dependencies (the Critical Chain) can be easily identified.

H. Resource Deconfliction - a term that represents a need to not overlap tasks when the resource needed to complete two separate tasks are the same resource (person or machine). If two tasks rely on the same person or machine to complete both tasks, the two tasks must be deconflicted in time (accomplished in series – not concurrently).

I. Critical Chain - the longest string of task and resource dependencies (seen as magenta tasks in the cover illustration.)

Notes:

Pages 48 and 50 provide an illustration of an integrated master schedule (Gantt view). The master schedule is a helpful tool to verify that nothing has been missed in the Project Plan.

Both pages provide an illustration of how Project Planning develops and progresses from the initial tasking (or assignment of requirements), to the presentation of the Project Plan to executive leadership.

7 STRATEGIC FACILITATION

The goal of the Facilitator is to make the clients executive leadership extremely proficient at Strategic Planning. The best facilitators make the government or company leadership very skilled and experienced in planning.

Facilitator Introduction

Frank McIntire's qualifications: 100% dedicated support to the Small Business and Veteran-Owned Small Business community since February 1, 2000. Austin Automation Center 2007 - 2008. Corporate teacher, trainer, mentor, coach, and consultant (since 1985) – providing consulting, organizational development, business transformation, change management, and leadership development to grow Small Business, Veteran-Owned, and Alaska Native revenue, employee headcount, and location growth for the benefit of corporate executives, shareholders, and shareholder families. (**Facilitator intro** for strategic planning participants – Small Business, Veteran-Owned, and Alaska Native Board members and executives – **who may or may not have collaborated** on the development of focus areas for the pick list. The optimal pick list sets the stage for implementing the strategic planning outcomes – by identifying the **actions** Veterans Affairs executives and team members take to implement the strategy).

Strategic Planning Focus Areas – Sample Pick List Offsite delivers a representative sample of actual focus areas from multiple planning sessions with multiple Government agencies and industry. Many focus areas will not make the agenda for the strategic planning event.

1. Appoint a “virtual” Corporate Operations Officer (COO) to support Small Business, Veteran-Owned, and Alaska Native corporate executives at Veterans Affairs headquarters by tying together disparate competencies, best practices, lessons learned, change management, and leadership development opportunities seen in geographically dispersed subsidiaries and business units.

- Extensive travel to collaborate with all staff organizations, offices, and administrations

- Customer presentations to match customer priorities with our value propositions
- Provide formal sales training, leadership techniques and demonstrations for staff organizations, offices, and administrations
- Teach, train, mentor, & coach Veterans Affairs staff members to be ‘eyes and ears’ for opportunities, lessons-learned, and best practices
- Develop and deliver the value propositions; respond to customer readiness immediately
- Bring Veterans Affairs, Small Business, Veteran-Owned, and Alaska Native executives to demonstrate interest in the current customers’ priorities

(This emerged because these responsibilities are not accomplished by the typical COO.)

2. Appoint a transformation executive/program manager to implement the pillars of the Veterans Affairs Transformation Agenda – aligned with the stated Corporate values to deliver: the offsite/onsite method of establishing priorities, engineering change management for technical change and to grow revenue, contract consolidation to streamline operations and grow revenue, managed services to optimize cost avoidance and optimize budget execution, Higher Education Alliance to recruit, intern, train, retain, and grow top talent, baseline growth to all existing and new contracts, corporate growth through acquisition (healthcare, technology, education, and leader development).

(I introduce the concept of transformation in the planning sessions and tailor it to the culture, values, goals, and objectives of the Department. If those involved in planning like this focus area – it is included.)

3. Appoint a program manager to implement one or more of the ‘**top ten**’ principles (ten projects) that Veterans Affairs can begin to implement now to solidify the base, grow new work, and get quick hits: the 80% future success metric, executive commitment to current customers, prioritization of customer requirements, implement engineering change management, employees who

identify opportunities for contract consolidation, assessing strengths and launching new business offerings, develop the ‘gold’ standard proposal volume, identify commercial deals that decrease reliance on Government spending, and increase cooperation between Government and industry.

(I introduce the concept of “top ten” in the planning sessions and tailor the ten (10) projects to the strategic gaps in the Department. If those involved in planning like this focus area – it is included. Bonus: this is an ideal framework to **grow new leaders** as project managers.)

4. Appoint a professional practice leader for implementing a ‘Big-4’ style professional services (consulting) business unit, subsidiary, or joint venture. This delivers high margin organizational development, business transformation, change management, and leader development consulting (advisory and implementation) services for clients that will include: Government agencies, other Small Business, Veteran-Owned, and Alaska Native regional and village corporations, government clients, commercial clients, higher education, and the not-for-profit sectors. High profit margin, low risk.

(Small Business, Veteran-Owned, and Alaska Native Corporations have profound knowledge of methods to grow businesses and corporations. This knowledge can be transferred on a direct change basis using the professional services consulting model.)

5. Appoint a program manager for Higher Educational Partnership to increase the formal education, training, and leader development of Small Business, Veteran-Owned, and Alaska Native families and their children at the finest colleges and universities. Increase the leadership development options for Small Business, Veteran-Owned, and Alaska Native family members and children that aspire to formal leadership development at the finest universities including the five (5) U.S. service academies: West Point, Annapolis, Air Force, Coast Guard, and the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy. Give Small Business, Veteran-Owned, and Alaska Native Corporations access to the best and brightest new graduates from the finest business and technology schools.

(Formal and systematic method of growing Small Business, Veteran-Owned, and Alaska Native leaders from the grassroots level.)

6. Establish the lead office (and named program manager) to consolidate the proposal planning and development process for top priority, small deals, and engineering changes. Department proposal development process will be established using the **‘gold volume’** proposal volume standards. All proposal volumes are developed to include technical, management, cost, and executive elements. The technical volume includes all product and service offerings (representing capabilities and core competencies of all staff organizations, offices, and administrations). **Best Practice:** the ‘gold volume’ documents are reviewed monthly by technical, contracts, leadership, management, legal, and executive staff. Changes are verified and updated monthly and certified for publication. This elevates the understanding of core competencies across the corporation. This streamlines the strategy, proposal development, win, and delivery phases; reduces cost and increases Pwin (by developing customer intimacy). Future discussion: location for the proposal center of excellence (to create leadership development and employment opportunities for stakeholders).

(Formal and systematic method for **improving proposal development** results).

7. Appoint an Engineering Change Management program leader to support all business units and joint ventures with current customers to preserve and grow the base contracts. This delivers knowledge leadership to the current customer base to identify current customers’ top priorities for 2014 and beyond. Background: there is a huge deferred maintenance backlog growing for enterprise IT systems and for IT infrastructures. Engineering Change Management positions your office as the knowledge leader – responding with a Rough Order-of-Magnitude (ROM) cost, a budgetary estimate with labor and Bill-of-Materials (BOM), or a full Engineering Change Proposal for IT upgrades, recaps, and new implementations. Scope: this method cost avoidance of between \$65 million and \$179 million for medium-sized offices and administrations, preserves and grows the base, and opens new lines of business.

(This focus area formalizes the Department’s intent to offer engineering change

management services to current customers. By including it in the strategic planning session, all Board members and execs are informed and give input.)

8. Appoint leader to assess agency or company current best practices and lessons-learned regarding: providing managed services, cloud computing, applications hosting, and enterprise IT operations. These services allow the Government to optimize cost avoidance and optimize budget execution from year to year. Background: in the best of times all Government agencies strain under the perceived requirement to invest in enterprise IT infrastructure (data centers and server farms of all sizes and at multiple locations). Agencies also invest heavily and reluctantly in costly enterprise IT infrastructure recapitalization and technology refresh campaigns – just to perpetuate or upgrade legacy systems. Facts: fewer agencies will have the necessary funding available for new or refurbished national or regional data centers, the requirement to continue with legacy systems with lagging security or performance is no longer necessary, more agencies are requesting support that is available from a managed services environment (vs. a Government-owned IT infrastructure).

(First step to assess the feasibility of establishing a managed services line-of-business.)

9. Charter the Cyber Security practice. Appoint a program leader to identify Cyber Security product and service offerings for current and new customers. Include: Unified Threat Management, INFOSEC Compliance, the technical services most commonly referred to as “Cyber Security”. These include: Vulnerability Assessment, Patch Management, Penetration Testing, Intrusion Detection and Prevention, Cyber Dashboard (real-time visualization), Data Encryption, Deep Packet Inspection, Event Management, Data Loss Prevention, Access and Identity Management, Content Filters, & E-Mail Content Filters.

(Formal step to implement the agency or company Cyber Security practice.)

10. Appoint a strategic leader for agency or company growth through acquisition, participation in the global community, leadership development, and decreased reliance on government spending. For planned session:

_____ (government executive) summarize current activities in Alaska, the lower 48, and Hawaii. Project new growth areas, management options, and good leadership development options. Summarize Department experience with: healthcare, healthcare IT, and health and wellness commercial ventures; commercial information technology and enterprise IT systems; and education, training, distance learning, e-learning as commercial services. The goal: to ensure continued Agency growth in commercial and government markets, growing stakeholder value, and providing stakeholder participation in the global economy through acquisition, commerce, education, technology, and leadership development at all levels in many ways.

(This is one ‘cuss and discuss’ focus area that will generate the most discussion. It gives Agency team members and execs to offer opinions and engage in protracted discussions about acquisition targets. If selected for the agenda, it would be the last agenda item.)

Notes:

Golzup Methods:

- a. Most strategic planning sessions are 2 or 3 days. Most 3 day sessions can be consolidated to 2 days by setting expectations (to take action on 4-6 well-defined focus areas).
- b. Failed strategic planning sessions are characterized by: focusing on administrative and non-strategic urgencies, development and presentation of a 'state of the Department' address, covering topics that are best reserved for staff meetings, and by giving all participants the opportunity to talk about anything they want to (with no time limit).
- c. The best strategic planning sessions involve participants that are actively involved in agenda development and arrive ready to make decisions and take action (re: the highest strategic matters that are on the Strategy to Action list).
- d. I start with the end in mind: work with execs to develop the Strategy to Action deliverable.
- e. To do that, I review updated vision and values statements, current goals and objectives, the most recent strategic planning meeting documents, current programs and projects, and review current customer support provided by subsidiaries and joint ventures.
- f. Next, collaborate with executive leadership (responsible for the strategic planning session) to craft this strategic planning focus area pick list.
- g. Then, develop "homework" assignment for strategic planning participants to review, approve, replace, revise, substitute, and add focus areas to the pick list.
- h. Next, work with the executive (responsible for the strategic planning session) to identify the 4-6 high priority focus areas that will become the Strategy to Action list.
- i. Goal: distribute the Strategy to Action list to participants with instructions to prepare for the strategic planning event.
- j. Some facilitators work to provide 6-10 three-ring binders to every participant. These are chock full of all the unclassified/non-sensitive Department plans, processes, and marketing literature – that all have no hope of digesting or understanding. I provide each participant a 1/2 inch three-ring binder that contains: the agenda, the Strategy to Action list, and note paper to capture the decision and the actions that will follow (for each Strategy to Action item).

- k. Analogy: In my work with organizational climate surveys (with the goal of using the results to change processes to get improved results). If the organizational leadership has no intention to take action (to improve the processes) then the climate survey is a waste of money and time. Strategic planning is the same: the value is in making decisions to take action (to improve performance and results).

Notes:

8 STRATEGY TO ACTION

Post-Strategic Planning - Strategy to Action (sanitized). Many strategic planning sessions are a convoluted process of generating ‘ten-thousand yellow stickies’ that are good ideas with no hope of splicing them together to form an actionable plan. This quickly moves the executive team from strategy to action.

To do this, Department strategic thinking skills begin with the end in mind. (Dr. Stephen Covey) The facilitator presents a sanitized post-strategic planning action list (with executive commitment to take action to implement real change).

Participants: Veterans Affairs Executive; Frank McIntire

Thanks to all for _____ (I thank the participants for their hard work and commitment to action).

Frank’s Notes

1. I will treat all discussion items as company confidential (some ask for an NDA many do not)
2. I summarize the strategic planning agenda items (any exclusions, or refer to an agenda document)
3. Thanks for highlighting _____ (any new information, new agenda items)
4. I like to keep open channels of communication – so feel free to call/e-mail me anytime for free ideas and suggestions. I will give you periodic updates on new best practices, lessons-learned, and value propositions that will help the Department grow and thrive. (standard invitation and offer for first-time participants)
5. Action items (from strategic planning) and “big ideas” are _____ (I summarize the actions that the participants have agreed to implement). “Big ideas” are potential action items that emerged during strategic planning, and participants need to think about the priority or timing.

Actions and Commitment (a summary of the individual actions; need commitment for project planning)

1. Assess and summarize subsidiary best practices, lessons-learned, and value propositions to create a true Proposal Center of Excellence and a collocated Professional Services Consultancy (ideally located in _____). Note: specifying location helps drive commitment.
2. Charter a true proposal center of excellence based on the “gold volume” that includes all Corporate proposal volume elements. This is a business accelerator for all competitive proposals and all engineering change proposals in _____ location.
3. Charter a “Big-4” style professional services consultancy based on profound business and technical knowledge. A high-margin service for companies willing to deliver value to clients.
4. Charter the Higher Education Alliance (should include U.S. Service Academies). The Alliance center of administration, counseling, and training should be in _____ location.
5. “Big Idea” Plan how the agency or company would lead the way for managed services, \$0CapEx, business process outsourcing (for technical services and business services for the veteran community and for the global community).

Notes:

Detailed Action Items (the same sequence as Actions and Commitment, above)

1. Assess and Summarize. Most of the ideas that follow require someone below the Board of Directors and Corporate Executive level to work with the _____ and _____ to:
 - a. Seek out, identify, capture, assess, and analyze the best practices, lessons-learned, and value propositions that are being developed, sold, and delivered by the Department staff organizations, offices, and administrations.
 - b. Decide on Veterans Affairs' intent to "own" the best practices, lessons-learned, and value propositions to package and present to the subordinate staff organizations, offices, and administrations – to prototype a "Big-4" style professional services consultancy. Select the most compelling examples. Understand that human nature tends to "hide and not share" best practices. Recommend a brainstorming session before and after assessing the subsidiaries best practices, lessons-learned, and value propositions.
 - c. Assessment and analysis of best practices, etc. has been accomplished by many agencies and companies in the past and is often an academic exercise with no substantial benefit other than raising the level of awareness. This is different because the results of the assessment will become the intellectual property of the Department – for a true proposal center of excellence. This can be located anywhere and _____ may be ideal to boost shareholder employment. Most companies reinvent the proposal development process with each pursuit (for many reasons that I can share).

Notes:

2. Charter a true proposal center of excellence for the benefit of, and to employ shareholders. Many have tried, most fail for the same reasons. The difference here, is the use of proposal “gold volume” method to accelerate the proposal development process and improve quality and consistency of proposal documents.
 - a. Proposal center of excellence in _____ (location), is part of the value chain that starts with Department execs engaging customer execs in an onsite/offsite format. This continues through a process that includes Engineering Change Management, Contract Consolidation, competitive BD/Capture, competitive pursuits/bids, proposal development (using the “gold” volumes that are updated/verified monthly and cut or tailored for each new pursuit).
 - b. Teach, train, mentor, coach, and develop leadership at all levels to increase employment in _____ (location). From Para. 1 alone, stakeholders can be employed as direct charge consultants for Big-4 style professional services and management consulting. Veterans Affairs can develop education, skills, and experience levels for professional services analysts, consultants, and managers (knowing that shareholders will bring extreme credibility to key engagements – by virtue of their culture, heritage, and background).
 - c. The proposal center of excellence can be collocated with professional services at one facility in _____ (location). The “secret sauce” is already there in terms of the best practices, lessons-learned, and value propositions.
 - d. The method of developing proposals using the “gold volume” is already tested and proven in the context of Engineering Change Management (much more on this). Same preparation, same model, consistent method for delivering value, and the same process.
 - e. Lots more on how to do this in a future project planning session.

Notes:

3. Charter “Big-4” professional services (advisory/consulting work) as a high margin way for Veterans Affairs to realize cost avoidance, contract consolidation, and engineering change to improve performance:
- a. Participant _____ mentioned that the “services” tail for _____ sales is a factor of ___ x
 - b. Combine a best practice (Engineering Change Management) as an advisory service
 - c. Combine a best practice (Contract Consolidation) as an advisory service offering
 - d. Mgmt consulting example –

 - e. “Big-4” professional services can be home grown (and offered to other Alaska Natives)
 - f. Alaska Native shareholders (and family members can be trained to offer “Big-4” services)
 - g. Approach _____ about teaming with staff organizations, offices, and administrations to develop/deliver professionals services with _____ as a teaming partner in the global community, commercial clients
 - h. Anticipate that obvious service offerings will emerge and will demonstrate true value immediately (for consulting clients). Examples: Engineering Change Management and Contract Consolidation; and the use of onsite/offsite methods
 - i. Anticipate that highly profitable service offerings will emerge from the most unexpected areas. Example: Department may have some methods for processing, marketing, accounting for _____. Example: Veterans Affairs may already have a method for marketing and distributing _____ to create a niche market to boost employment in _____ (location). Example: Corporation may have developed internal processes to support the identification, capture, bid, and win for vertical construction projects that have higher Pwin or slightly higher margins.
 - j. Corporate leadership needs to work to develop a professional services “checkerboard” or matrix that describes the value that we can offer consulting clients (right now), and the delivery mechanisms

that can be employed (right now). Upper left quadrant: identify the client's #1 priority for engineering change management (current contract) by using the 2-hour executive onsite/offsite format. Department stakeholders with profound knowledge (currently on contract) can be part of a small direct charge team that delivers the offsite/onsite.

- k. Bill rates are based on education, skill, and experience. Professional standards are developed for the cost of the 2-hour onsite/offsite (a fixed-price for this service), and includes the time required to review client documents, prepare and deliver the 2-hour session, and time to develop the findings and recommendations, and present these back to the client. Direct charge shareholders that are part of the delivery team will increase in skill and experience very quickly.

Notes:

4. Charter Higher Education Alliance with administration in _____ (location).

- a. Engage top universities: a pipeline for shareholders to attend top schools, and a pipeline for the Department to recruit top business and technology graduates.
- b. Engage shareholder families, High School counselors, and Alaska Native High School Juniors to promote the U.S. Service Academies as a good way to formally grow professional Veterans Affairs leaders for the next generation.
- c. This is a valuable service to Department stakeholders, family members, and students that will have access to top educations and leadership development opportunities.
- d. How to establish a Higher Education Alliance is also a compelling “Big-4” professional services (advisory/consulting) offering for Departments, for higher education, and not-for-profits that need to show “results” in education and leader development.
- e. Lots more on how to do this in a future discussion.

Notes:

5. “Big Idea” – develop a plan for Veterans Affairs to lead the way in managed services, \$0 CapEx, business process outsourcing. Part of the service offering implementation includes delivering distributed services that provide employment for the shareholders in _____ (location).
- a. Strategy includes leadership in moving commercial customers and government agencies to Government owned or leased facilities (or shared facilities).
 - b. Assess the best practices, lessons-learned, and value propositions that are effective with current customers (intellectual property, already captured for proposal center of excellence and “Big-4” professional services).
 - c. Technologies include the standard IT infrastructure with special emphasis on leading the way in cloud computing, cyber security, visualization.
 - d. Delivering managed services includes 2 critical components that others neglect: technology demonstrations (in-house, laptop, and conference & symposium) and “show-and-tell” (bring prospective clients to Veterans Affairs’ facilities).
 - e. There is a natural education and training component to this as well. The “Big-4” professional services offerings include the “how-tos” as well as the financial and business reasons to move to a managed services environment.
 - f. Department’s dominance in this area is important for success in developing new clients, as well as Veterans Affairs’ ability to add managed services or BPO to the list of consulting service offerings.
 - g. End note: lots more to discuss on success strategies for conferences and symposia.

Notes:

9 FACILITATION LABORATORY

Facilitation Use Case (government or commercial)

The goal of a strategic planning facilitator is to make the executive leadership team look and feel awesome. To do this, the strategic planning facilitator must have a good attitude and a level of skill and experience.

Compliance Standards

Strategic planning facilitators can be internal or external consultants. The only requirements are that the facilitator knows what they are doing and the executive leadership team trusts the facilitator to guide the process.

One of the first tasks is for the executive leadership team to define the standards of strategic planning work to be performed. This could be:

- Statement of Work (SOW)
- Statement of Objectives (SOO)
- Performance Word Statement (PWS)

Consulting Model

Once the executive leadership team defines the standards of work to be performed, the next step is to prepare a framework that will capture the strategic planning model. A standard consulting model may be adopted.

Note: The development of the compliance statement is the responsibility of executive leadership. If the nature of the facilitator's agreement permits, the strategic planning facilitator may assist the company or agency with the development of the standards.

Thought: The executive leadership is smart enough to develop an actionable strategy. A good facilitator guides the process, keeps it organized, eliminates the need for 10,000 yellow stickies, and makes the executives feel awesome.

Facilitators can introduce best practices and lessons-learned to help the executive leadership advance smoothly from strategy to action. Leaders know that it is their responsibility to deliver results. Good facilitators help by providing a framework for strategy to action. Good facilitators eliminate frustration for executives as they move deliberately from strategic planning to action. Action includes making decisions, assigning tasks, establishing time lines and milestones, and appointing persons in charge (POCs).

Example: An experienced facilitator may introduce a Big-4 style consulting model that makes sense. The model shown below may include elements of advisory services (consulting), separate services (the assessment), good science (research, findings), leadership (actionable decisions, results), and a good summary to strategic planning session (lessons-learned and best practices).

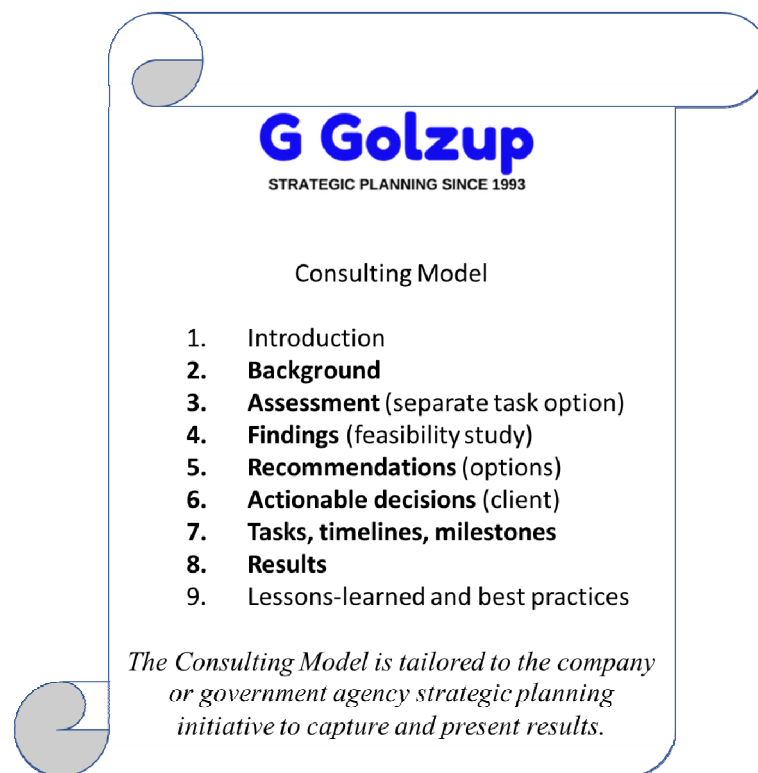


Exhibit 9.1 – Consulting Model

Real world example: Here's a good example of an agency standard for strategic planning.

Background (examples)

1. The Agency develops, interprets, disseminates, and uses the tools of natural and social science and resource stewardship to enable it to fulfill its core mission, vision, values, goals, and objectives;
2. The agency has established an executive leadership team to provide leadership, management, resources and programs, and addressing strategic issues.
3. The executive leadership team meets weekly by conference call and in person 3-4 times per year.
4. Facilitation services are scheduled for the in-person meetings, for the annual conference or symposium, and for ad hoc strategic planning offsites.

Facilitation services include planning and running successful meetings and events that help the executive leadership team address findings and recommendations, make decisions, and direct actions.

Meetings need to be designed and facilitated in a way that enables members of these teams to work together to solve problems, discuss issues, plan and implement activities, build teams, make decisions, and/or manage change.

Tasks, Timelines, and Milestones

Facilitation support services range from six to eighteen months. The major tasks include things like:

- 1) Pre-work (homework for facilitators and executive staff)
- 2) Facilitated Meetings (best practice is using an offsite workbook)
- 3) Post-work (assimilate findings, recommendations, and decisions)

Tasks

Task 1 – Pre-work (sample requirements)

Pre-work is required before each meeting. Pre-work includes meeting with the meeting planning team to develop and prepare the meeting agenda, handouts, and guidelines. All pre-work should be completed a minimum of two weeks before each facilitated meeting. Prior to any meeting, the facilitator will be

available to develop a meeting agenda with executive leader(s) that includes proposed objectives and outcomes, action items for participants, and recommended time frames for completion by meeting participants.

Notes:

Task 1 Pre-work (more examples)

The breakdown with anticipated hours for each item included as pre-work per year (to be repeated each year) is as follows:

- Two preparatory meetings in advance of each in-person strategic planning meeting to outline goals and objectives, and develop the meeting agenda with the executive leadership (offsite planning team).
- One preparation meeting the first morning of each in-person strategic planning meeting with the meeting planning team.
- One preparation meeting in advance of each teleconference meeting with the meeting planning team.

Next:

Task 2 – Facilitated Meetings (examples)

The contractor will lead in-person and teleconference facilitated meetings. Facilitation includes agreeing on ground rules; introducing main topic/theme of meeting; directing and focusing the discussion so that the agenda is accomplished; handling conflicts as they arise; maintaining visible list(s) of action items, tabled topics, and assignments; keeping the meeting on schedule; and reviewing each day's progress. It will also include note taking during the discussions. This list is not inclusive of all facilitation requirements.

The breakdown with anticipated hours for each item included as facilitated meetings work per meeting (to be repeated each meeting) is as follows:

- Each in-person strategic planning meeting will be 2.5 days (20 hours each).
Travel may be necessary and will add approximately 1.5 days to each meeting.
- Each teleconference will be 2-3 hours in duration.

Notes:

Task 3 – Post-work (examples)

Post-work includes preparing and providing summary meeting notes that include action items, pending issues, and schedule for completion, within 10 working days after conclusion of each meeting. This information shall be provided in electronic format.

The breakdown with anticipated hours for each item included as post-work per meeting is as follows:

- One meeting to recap each in-person SLT meeting with the meeting planning team.
- Preparation of draft and final meeting notes for each SLT meeting.
- One meeting to recap each NRAG teleconference meeting with the meeting planning team.
- Preparation of draft and final meeting notes for each NRAG teleconference meeting. Meeting notes shall be submitted in Microsoft Word format (doc(x)) format.

Deliverables: (examples)

The deliverables for facilitation services include:

- Consult with executive leadership on the goals, objectives, and extent of the meeting.
- Design successful meetings that help the executive leadership team and executives reach decisions and plan actions.
- Provide active meeting facilitation for each in-person and phone meeting.
- Debrief with executive leadership after each meeting to document the meeting outcomes.
- Prepare final meeting notes to include outcomes, decisions, and action items for each facilitated meeting and share with executive leadership.

Locations: (examples)

Strategic Planning sessions can be held in a number of different locations. Location offers the government and commercial client flexibility based on

proximity, budget, travel time, context, and other factors deemed important to the executive leadership.

Notes:

Venues:

- Client site (conference room, auditorium),
- Hotel conference room (offsite),
- Historic site (lodge, retreat), or
- Facilitator-hosted site.

Executive leadership sets the tone and the venue is selected to support the proceedings. A skilled and experienced facilitator can advise and assist in the identification and selection of the venue.

The major consideration when selecting a strategic planning venue is whether it should be onsite (on the client's premises) or offsite (away from the client's place of business). In the past, executives selected an offsite location when they wanted to isolate the executive team from their day-to-day distractions (ringing phones, email in baskets, interruptions by co-workers, and trash can fires and 'emergencies' that demand the executive's immediate attention.

With technology, we tend to bring our distractions with us. Still, it is possible to set strategic planning rules of engagement that minimize distractions. 'Nuf said.

How long does it take?

True story: At the start of a five-day strategic planning offsite a member of the executive team asked 'How long does a five-day strategic planning session take?' Good question. How long does it take? How long should it take?

Task Completion and Deliverables

Give executive leadership about sixty-days to announce and champion the strategic planning initiatives. Execs should be able to provide a concise description of the goals, objectives, and results expected from the strategic planning effort.

Once the strategic planning initiative is chartered, the executive leadership team and the facilitator(s) can determine the amount of pre-work that should occur before the a strategic planning onsite or offsite. The more pre-work, the faster

the strategies can be identified, established, and decided during the proceedings.

Most companies and agencies will schedule a kickoff to formally ‘start the clock on strategic planning. Pick a date for the strategic planning offsite and work backwards to create a schedule for the Kickoff, Pre-work, Offsite, and Post-offsite actions.

Strategic Planning Timelines	
Charter strategic planning effort	Aligned with calendar or fiscal year
Kickoff (window)	Charter date plus 60-days (window)
Pre-work start date (window)	Kickoff plus zero to 60-days (window)
Pre-work complete	2 weeks before strategic planning session
Onsite/offsite start (window)	Kickoff plus zero to 60-days (window)
Onsite/offsite duration	2 ½ days to 3 days
Post-offsite actions	Summary and action planning 2 weeks
Post-offsite all hands outbrief	2 weeks after strategic planning session
Project planning	Quarterly, semi-annual on-ramps
Semi-annual strategic planning	6-month cycle

Exhibit 9.2 – Strategic Planning Timelines

End notes: Strategic Planning is an executive leadership responsibility that can be facilitated by an internal or external consultant. The goal of a facilitator-driven strategic planning meeting or offsite is not to shift the responsibility of strategic planning. Rather, the use of a skilled and experienced internal or external consultant will accelerate the strategic planning process, generate meaningful outcomes faster, and move from strategy to action faster.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Frank McIntire, Facilitator and SDVOSB (CVE) for strategic planning, consulting services and cyber security, supporting small- and medium-sized business growth since 2000; and government strategic planning, budget execution, and cost avoidance since 1993.

McIntire is a 1974 graduate of the U.S. Air Force Academy, a management consultant, a U.S. Air Force fighter pilot, and an Assistant Professor of Behavioral Sciences and Leadership at the U.S. Air Force Academy. He led USAF operations in Europe and for NATO, as Chief of Operations, Quality Assurance, and the Functional Check Flight branch at Royal Air Force Upper Heyford in the United Kingdom. As Deputy Commander and Deputy Director for Air Force Quality Assurance, Frank directed the efforts of the 80-person global consulting agency for organizational development and business transformation worldwide. As Manager with KPMG he led the business process reengineering, organizational development, and business transformation efforts for DoD and commercial clients.

He earned his Master of Science degree at Vanderbilt University and developed the 'secret sauce' for implementing operational test program management, and program management for Air Force and Army senior leadership. Leading Project Management and CONOPS development include: the Psychology in the DoD Symposium (1985-1988); Battle of Britain Airshow (1989-1990); launch of the Air Force Quality Institute (1992-1995); the Quality Air Force Symposium (1993-1995); the Inspector General visit (1994-1995); the Peacekeeper Missile Action Workout (1995-1996); the Total Army Quality launch (1996-1998); the online Operational Test Program Management system (1999-2002); the Resource Allocation Management Plan (2001-2003); the Fort Carson Project Management Plan (2004); the Oracle National Security Strategic Plan and Conference (2005-2006); Oracle RDBMS, RAC, and ERP Federal Financial implementations (2005-2007); the Department of Veterans Affairs requirements definition for the Integrated Financial Accounting System at the Austin Automation Center (2007-2008); the Amtrak data center (2007-2008); the HHS ITO data center implementation (2007-2010); the ECP management plan for enterprise IT systems and IT infrastructure projects (2009-present). Other projects along the way using MS Project and Sciforma Project

Scheduler for planning, tracking, and reporting. Project Management Expert (1999) and Advanced Project Management Expert (2001) from the Avraham Goldratt Institute in New Haven, CT based on the Project Management Body of Knowledge (PMBOK) and Project Management Institute (PMI) standards. Implementing engineering change management for global agencies collaborating with NGA; providing system upgrades and implementations for network, storage, and database; and to support imagery deployment and exploitation for DoD units worldwide. These include all DoD branches, Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA), Defense Information Systems Agency (DISA), conformance with all DISA Security Technical Information Guides (STIGs), Department of State, and the broad US Intelligence Community. Total commitment to small- and medium-sized businesses, veteran-owned businesses, SDBs, WOSBs, minority-owned since 2000; Alaska Natives since 2006.

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Volume discounts for Alaska Native Writers Guild and the Alaska Native Artists Guild (shareholders and family). Contact Frank for free-to-share electronic books available for research, education, training, and advancement of Native American and Native Alaska cultures.

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BONUS SECTION

RACHEL VOWED to publish and promote the heretofore unpublished work of the man that she dearly loved but could not marry.

The body of work was extensive and included but was not limited to business and technical manuals, novellas and novels, one information technology service catalogue, two-dozen pro bono ‘how-to’ handbooks for not-for-profits and 501(c)3s, a college scholarship manual that proved to be of greater value to the parents than the students themselves. Universities demonstrated an unquenchable demand for syllabi, curricula, monographs, lecture papers, research findings and recommendations, case studies, strategic planning templates, hypotheses both tested and untested, algorithms, deep-dive research documentation on predictive analytics, heuristics, and fractional factorials. Works considered to be of the greatest lasting value to the global community included Monty Post’s fine art used for covers and to illustrate the chapters and illuminate the family trees, the poignant verses of poetry typically offered in iambic pentameter, haiku, free verse, ballads, odes, terza rima, and the occasional limerick. His use of literary devices was rampant and included alliteration, hyperbole, personification, synecdoche, pun, cliché, and onomatopoeia.

Neither time nor space would allow the presentation of a complete compendium of the extensive works drafted and published by the man known of by many, but truly known by only a few. The difference was illuminated by Post himself in preparing the mid-term exam for the cadets seeking the opportunity to be considered for a semester of study abroad at l’Ecole de l’Air – l’Ecoles d’officiers de l’armée de l’air. The exam required a comprehensive response – an essay – to a single question. La question: Quelle est la difference entre ‘je sais’ et ‘je connais’?

At the risk of being judged arbitrary and capricious, let the reader know that under Rachel Kay O’Keefe’s leadership an esteemed counsel of published authors and objective and unbiased academicians was assembled to select the most salient and representative examples of Monty Post’s most treasured work both in and out of print. The collected works proved invaluable to students preparing to sit for the standardized tests.



The Collective Works – Heretofore Unpublished

The Last Fusillade

Citizen soldiers marched into position, and harkened as Captains bade,
When the servants 'cum masters relented no further, demanded the Anarchist's head,
Full circle they rested with pathos they bested the villains that we ourselves made,
But suffered no longer and gathered far stronger – united for the last fusillade;
And citizen soldiers, with one to unite us - and now the one sent before time,
With the Eagle afore him, and the shibboleth rendered – safe passage was once again mine,
Once papers were drafted, and signatures proffered – oft rendered a bounty well paid,
Cloud watchers and readers, and sailors and soldiers - restitution now grudgingly made,
Now assembled to sing, dance, and pray in pavilions, arenas, and mountains, and glades,
Reigns of destiny-thine in the fullness of time – to the sound of the last fusillade.



Francis E. McIntire, *Anarchist, Vol. 3, Ecce Homo*, (Seattle: Amazon, 2012), iii.

A Dissertation upon Lobsters

The sea is full of dark blue-and-green lobsters. Lobsters are heavy so they crawl on the ocean floor. They crawl between those same dark and sharp rocks – the rocks on the bottom of the sea. The rocks give the lobsters a place to eat and meet, to strip and mate, and to grow their young. The lobsters are invisible to the white boats on the surface of the water. White boats have one goal – get the lobsters.

The lobstermen in the boats have a rule. Throw back the small male lobsters. They can tell which ones are males. This rule makes sure that the males grow bigger - bigger than the female lobsters. Female lobsters will not strip for small male lobsters. The female lobster knows that after she strips, only a large male lobster can protect her while she grows a new shell. Large male lobsters protect the female lobsters by hiding together in the rocks. A large male lobster can easily cover a female lobster while she grows a new shell. While she grows her new shell, the baby lobsters start to grow. Sometimes enemies swim by and only see the large male. They don't even see the female lobster hiding under the male. Some enemies can't see that well in deep water. Some can't see at all. The large male lobster protects the female lobster with his large front claws. Large male lobsters make sure that they back into the spaces between the dark, sharp rocks. That way, their claws are pointing out. One large claw is for crushing, the other is for cutting. Lobsters and other sea creatures stay away from the large male lobster claws. Lobsters are smart, they know what to do and how to do it. Lobsters are made that way.



Francis E. McIntire, *Anarchist, Vol. 9, Ogunquit*, (Seattle: Amazon, 2012), 2-3.

A Nation Once Proud

The citizen said, o'er the last man he buried, there is no end to the
damage they've done;
They have squandered our legacy, relinquished our heritage, our beautiful
daughters and sons;
Were it mine to bequest, and to undo the past, with the quickness that
dreams still do carry;
I would dispatch the few – and the names that we knew – would do it
fast, yea, do it fast and not tarry.

For their crimes not a few, from the law books we knew, to be more than
just sins of omission;
The accounts are in plain view, and we know, not a few, of the robberies,
murders, destruction.

In the end, it's our fault, for trusting their lot, with the future of our proud
Nation's freedom;
They drained our blood dry, back door deals, children cried in the streets
as they reveled in luxury;

Send them home, send them home was the banter of some, wise but too
few for the gravity;
With shovel in hand, home and family gone, the new work remains to be
done;
Here my brother sublime, take this shovel of mine, and bury the next one
– eternally.



Francis E. McIntire, *Monty Post, Vol. 1, Life Lived Well*, (Seattle: Amazon, 2013), 69.

The Picture

In the Carter family's ancestral home in Massachusetts – in the parlor - there is an ancient black and white photograph of Adam's great grandfather and his great grandfather's brother. A 'modern' photograph of two boys, no more than a year-old. The photograph is protected in an equally ancient oval frame, with a green, wavy pane of oval glass. There is nothing particularly odd about the picture, except that Adam had always assumed that the photograph was of his great grandmother and her sister – something like that. He was wrong. Adam assumed the gender of the children to be female because in the treasured photograph - both children wore dresses. They both wore dresses, or so it appeared to Adam at the tender age of five years-old. As he grew in stature and grace and became an adolescent, he was horrified to learn that 'boys wore dresses'. Back in the day, boys wore dresses. That part was true.

His German mother allowed the horror to continue unchecked even though the 'dresses' – the gowns really - were simply acceptable formal attire for infantile male children in that era. The fib was not related to the facts about the natty garb that his male ancestors wore – rather the fib was based on reason that the boys were outfitted in 'dresses'.

"They misbehaved frequently and were enrolled in Madame De 'Bovary's School of Charm and Dance," Adam's mother explained. Still a fine institution - she assured young Adam – 'where boys wear dresses'. That message was only verbalized once, but was reinforced for the next thirteen years as Adam lived in the house with the photograph that proved that 'boys wear dresses' – at least when enrolled in Madame De 'Bovary's School of Charm and Dance.

That was enough. Enough for Adam at least.

The harsh message was reinforced a time or two with nothing more than a raised eyebrow, strategically administered by a mother that knew better.

Years later on the other side of the globe, Adam would admonish his own boys from time to time about the need to behave with the decorum expected of young gentlemen. The boys were reminded that if they failed to behave appropriately, they would promptly be enrolled in Madam De 'Bovary's School of Charm and Dance . . . they already knew the rest . . . 'where boys wear dresses'. Adam and Rachel's male progeny had never so much as seen the fine institution, nor had they even seen the photograph. The idea of being enrolled was in itself enough of a deterrent.

Years later, as fine young gentlemen aged thirteen and ten, Adam and Rachel's two boys 'Junior' and 'Dex' did see the photograph at the family estate in New England. They saw it for the very first time. Upon seeing their reaction, Adam said nothing. They looked at their dad and knew that he had advised them well. Their dad had done what other dads had failed to do – or at least the dad of the boys in the picture had failed to do. Their dad – Adam Carter - had kept them away from the ghastly grey walls and oak paneled halls of Madame De 'Bovary's School of Charm and Dance. A wretched place indeed. The place where boys wear dresses. Junior and Dex were quietly thankful for a very long time.

As Adam's brothers grew and matured, wives were found and they were married and given in marriage. They had girls and boys of their own and passed the family legacy down through the generations. Some farmed the soil of the earth and some took to the sea.



Francis E. McIntire, *Anarchist, Vol. 3, Ecce Homo*, (Seattle: Amazon, 2012), 1-3.

Through Childhood Eyes

The piazza is the social center of the house during the long summer days and warm summer nights. Like the deck of a cruise ship, its beams and planks support dozens of people laughing during the afternoon if they are not at the beach. The piazza is loaded to capacity after the sun goes down and the lights inside the house come on. The soft wood of the piazza wraps around the house in both directions from the front steps and then it stops - the house keeps going. The piazza is quiet now. There are a few empty chairs. Soon the few will be full and more chairs will be brought out. Soon there will be laughing people on the piazza drinking beer and smoking cigars and cigarettes. Everyone smokes cigarettes. The grownups drink beer. Sometimes they drink 'highballs'. Kids drink tonic. Kids peek into the music box full of cigarettes.

When nobody is watching, Adam opens the top of the music box to hear the music and look at the cigarettes. He can smell the cigarettes in the box – the box smells like leather. If the cigarettes are messed up, he straightens them out and makes sure that they are in a line on top of the other cigarettes. Grownups use matches and a 'lighter' when they smoke cigarettes. The lighter looks like a small glass vase with a 'clicker' at the top. You click the clicker to light the cigarette. Grownups always turn their head to the side when they click the clicker and light their cigarette. Kids aren't allowed to smoke or play with matches.

People visit Green Gates in the summer. A family came over at night with their kid dressed up in a tuxedo and top hat like a magician. He put on a magic show and pulled a rabbit out of his hat. He did some other magic tricks too.

A lady visited Green Gates once and looked around for my nephew. She introduced herself to some of the grownups on the piazza and said, "I'm Kay". My nephew came out of the house and offered her a highball. "Something smells good," she said. "Follow your nose to the kitchen," he said. They walked into the house to the kitchen together. Kay is beautiful. Not beautiful like Adam's mother or his kindergarten teacher, though. She is beachy. Different. She may look like the Girl from Ipanema. That day, she was not wearing a bathing suit but a dress. A dress that Ginger calls a 'shift.' The shift is gold like the color of her hair. She carries a handbag that looks like a basket, and she looks like she always goes to the beach. Someone asked her if she had any kids. She is younger than Adam's mother and kindergarten teacher, and doesn't have any kids. Her hair is long and golden – like a girl's hair, but she is a grownup. From inside the house, Adam would look at her every time he walked past the window that looks out onto the piazza. Kay was laughing. The kids are all inside now. The grownups stayed up late and Adam went to bed before Kay left. Adam had never seen anyone that looked like Kay. Adam never saw her again either, but he always looks around just in case.

Francis E. McIntire, *Anarchist, Vol. 1, The Unveiling*, (Seattle: Amazon, 2012), 19-20.



Two Voices Cry Out

*The pilgrims are called and they do respond,
To servanthood without earthly bonds,
Of fleshly denials, and suffering trials, martyrdoms, and premature deaths;
And the choices are few, in fact only two, as we navigate circumspect shibboleths,
For the voices we respond to, and the response that we render – is but one - to the spirit called
wisdom or foolishness.*

Francis E. McIntire, *Amazing Leaders, Vol. 2, The Hedonist*, (Seattle: Amazon, 2012), 10.

Selected Reading – Safe Passage

Just as the present is defined as the razor thin edge between an eternity of ‘yesterdays’ and an equally eternal number of ‘tomorrows’, the pilgrim spends ‘the blink of an eye’ in this transitory existence known as the world. The world is sandwiched between two extremes. These extremes have been described as Heaven and Earth; Heaven and Hell; life and death; and the Devil and the deep blue sea. At times, the space between extremes has also been referred to as the ‘gap’.

During the incrementally small moment of time when a pilgrim passes a test, and is deemed untouchable – the actor on the stage is granted ‘safe passage’. The Lord of Hosts has prepared him or her for the next test. And the Lord’s test is never thwarted.



Francis E. McIntire, *Amazing Leaders, Vol. 1, Spiritual Warfare* (Seattle: Amazon, 2012), 36.

A Brief History of Invention

TRAFFICO took the twelfth spot in the greatest engineering masterpieces of all time. It is important to note that breakthroughs that occurred close to the dawn of time were often replaced by more modern technologies with little or no fanfare. This was the case for almost every Stone Age or Iron Age technology with one exception. Legitimate technologies that ended up on the cutting room floor included lead-based paint, carbonated tonic, and the bellows (used by alchemists and blacksmiths for more than four thousand years of recorded history). Others included the crayon, the pencil, and dental bleach (until the French royal court discovered that the dent-de-lion application actually destroyed the protective enamel and linings of the gums, which allowed bacteria to destroy the roots and nerves of the royal family members' brilliantly white teeth). The result was predictable. White teeth turned black in a matter of months and had to be extracted. A few of the more determined members of the Second Estate continued to have the bleach applied as long as they could. The pain at the root and gums was excruciating and required extreme doses of refined opiates and application of coca powder (from the new world) to the gum line of these unfortunate sovereign. The other result was predictable: heads rolled down the ramp into the basket below.

Technologies that stood the test of time began with the wheel at number one (regardless of composition, stone, wood, or steel). The Germans rode roughshod over the Continental Standards Institute and claimed that *der Schwungscheibengesellschaft* was the first major breakthrough for the twentieth century, with the bold assertion that the technology would be incorporated by every decent *motorfabrik* this side of Württemberg for every vehicle ordered with a *Doppelkupplungsgetriebe*.

The Institute (headquartered in Vienna) dismissed the claim while the Austrian firm Gräf & Stift worked their proverbial *hinters* off between 1900 and 1901 to incorporate the automotive flywheel into the general design of all double-clutch cars and busses.

Kaiser Wilhelm II *blies eine dichtung* when he learned that the Austrian automaker had filed technical documents with the Swiss Patent Office in Bern one year later (1902).

Inventions that preceded TRAFFICO TM (numbered two through eleven) as the greatest innovations in modern history were as follows: the LASER (number two, after displacing the phonograph, the radio, RADAR, and the telephone); the electric motor (number three, incorporating the industrial magnet and the magneto); the radio (number four, incorporating the ham radio and the Tesla coil); the RADAR (number five, determined to be a noteworthy advancement of radio, and supplanting all mind-reading technologies commonly used by Svengalis and carnival 'mentalists'); the automatic transmission (number six overall, number one for automotive, and incorporating all future advancements including the safety conscious Turbo-Hydrumatic patented by General Motors); the phonograph (number seven, and deemed a worthy predecessor of the compact disk technologies); the

telephone (number eight, and deemed a worthy predecessor of both satellite-based and cellular-based telephony); the satellite (number nine, originally labeled the ‘artificial satellite’ to distinguish it from a ‘natural satellite’ or moon); the compact disk (number ten, now referred to as the ‘CD’, a worthy derivative of the phonograph turntable – which requires both the phonograph player popularized by Garrard, and the phonograph ‘platter’ or ‘plate’); the cellular telephone (number eleven, referred to in the common vernacular as ‘cell phone’ or more recently ‘cell’).

With TRAFFICO’s installment at number twelve, it is prudent to mention the worthy technologies that were ‘bumped’ from the top ten list. These include the satellite phone (moved to number thirteen, commonly referred to as ‘satphone’ or by the commercial name ‘Iridium’); the refrigeration suite (number fourteen, formerly referred to as the ‘ice box’ (circa 1840), then the refrigerator (circa 1914), then by the commercial name ‘Frigidaire’ or the shortened moniker ‘Fridge’, and later expanded to incorporate all refrigerant-based technologies including the *climatiseur* or air-conditioning systems).

Other inventions received honorable mention by the International Institute of Innovative Technologie (I3T), but were considered either derivatives of other technologies, frivolous application of cognitive insight or of limited use by hobbyists or playboys. These included the ham radio (a derivative of the radio, popular with reclusive hobbyists); the battery powered swizzle stick (considered a frivolous use of the electric motor, and the within exclusive domain of playboys and lounge lizards); and the single frequency radio-controlled escapement that worked reasonably well for inducing yaw in rudimentary radio-controlled (RC) model aircraft (but was determined to be of such limited usefulness that it was removed from the list one week after it was added; the technology was quickly replaced by two-, three-, four-, six-, and eight-channel servo-actuated systems by the RC pioneer Phil Kraft and his colleagues).

The research, development, and operational test and development of TRAFFICO TM are matters of public record (with more than seven hundred awarded patents and the trademarked registered in the usual way).



Francis E. McIntire, *Amazing Leaders, Vol. 1, Spiritual Warfare* (Seattle: Amazon, 2012), 182-185.

Monty Post Revealed

The first time that Monty was responsible for the death of others, he was simply defending himself at the start of the debacle. In the first thirty seconds the first two perps that were chasing Monty were hammered by a bus that whistled toward the entrance of the Lincoln Tunnel and slapped the live bodies to the pavement, then drew the lifeless corpses into the huge front wheel wells.

Onlookers gawked in amazement at the man that they described to reporters as ‘neatly trimmed and fashionable’ sprinted clear of the advancing front bumper of the Wolverine bus with a ‘horrible grimace on his face’.

“He sprinted clear of the advancing traffic, he did,” said the grandmother-in-the-walker waiting at the same bus stop used by Monty himself the night before. “He had the most horrible look on his face as those men chased him across the lanes of rush hour traffic.”

She saw what the others saw. Monty sprinting like a gazelle across the first three lanes, then craning his neck to look up and to the right, then twisting his frame to look almost behind him as his momentum carried him straight ahead and out of the path of the oncoming traffic. His face was contorted and twisted to reveal whatever the more than thirty onlookers thought they saw.

Most thought they saw fear on the face and in the eyes of the sprinting Monty.

Monty felt pure exhilaration as he drew the first two of his six pursuers into the path of the oncoming juggernaut. What others saw as a tortured grimace, Monty felt as the raw and breathless thrill of the chase – with the selfsame knowledge that he was the bait that was being dangled like a choice plum for his pursuers.

No sooner were the first two gobbled up by the massive wheels and tires of the rolling thunder on the highway, than the other four shrugged and vowed neither to eat or drink until Monty’s lifeless body was released into the Hudson River.

The mistake they made as they followed the invisible but evaporating trail of breadcrumbs left by Monty as he crossed three more lanes was the same mistake that bunny rabbits make as they cross country roads during civil twilight before the headlights of the white pickup trucks. The bunny makes his move in an acceptable way until he is spooked by his own shadow on the ground. The shadow on the left forces him back to the right. A shadow on the right forces him back to the left. What follows for the bunny is the same fate that awaited the four remaining perps chasing Monty. An impossible zigging and zagging that arrests forward motion to the point that the bunny – and the perps – are brought to a near standstill at the most unfortunate time. They all become grist for the mill as they are immobilized as surely as the poisonous snake’s venom immobilizes the snake’s dinner.

As the assault began, Monty heard the ‘slap’ of the first two chasers hitting the pavement before they were caught beneath the wheels and mangled to the point of non-recognition by next-of-kin.

The tortured screams of the next two chasers were masked by the blasting horns and screeching tires and the sound of broken glass and metal from the SUV that flipped when the driver spun the wheel to the right to avoid hitting number three straight on. Instead, the upended sport utility rolled over number four and number five. They never knew what hit them as their sprints were reduced to a tiptoe with their eyes closed as they screamed like little girls. The traffic roared in anger around them as their souls left their bodies and each one observed the debacle from about fifty feet above the surface of the earth. Floating.

As if watching a movie, they saw their new leader – number three – make a valiant but futile leap

onto the hood of the Ford Focus with no understanding how time was now standing still and the movie-of-life was now being projected onto the 'big screen' of his consciousness. The final seconds.

The newly departed and the grandmother saw the same horrific scene that Monty craned his neck to witness. In real time, the new leader – number three – merely touched down lightly on the hood of the Focus. The decelerating forward movement of the Ford was sufficient to provide the rotational force needed to spin the leader into a 'g'-induced red-out that would have resulted in permanent damage, had he not smashed his head down hard on the sunroof of the world's most affordable sedan, causing instant unconsciousness. The limp, but still functional body fell to the pavement and would have survived as a vegetable had he not been run over repeatedly by more than three thousand cars, trucks, and vans that were making the end-of-day pilgrimage back to the 'burbs.

By the time that rush hour was over and the emergency response units had blocked the center lane leading into the tunnel, number three's body resembled not much more than a mat of discarded clothing and body fluids plastered to the asphalt.

In the eternal realm, the would-be leader joined his predecessors as their immortal consciousnesses slowly rose from the hot pavement and roaring traffic. They saw Monty looking up in their general direction as they continued to float higher and higher toward eternity.

They saw Monty reach the sidewalk, bend over, and place his hands on his thighs to regain his breath and await the settling-down of his pounding heart. What onlookers saw as a grimace of agony slowly melted into the now familiar Monty Post victory smile.

Monty assumed that he would not survive the crossing, and determined that he would sprint into the afterlife at full speed. As the fighter pilot who taps burner to fly through the thunderstorm, Monty knew that he would minimize his exposure to the very real danger of the enduring rush hour traffic. By selecting one immovable object – a telephone pole – on the opposite side of the causeway, Monty presented himself as a predictable target for the commuters to miss on their way home. They missed him by narrow margins on their left and right. But miss him they did.

One or more of the final four pursuers might have survived, had they not slowed imperceptibly to observe the path of a wobbling feathered object that floated upward above the traffic. The object – Monty's forest green felt Loden hat with the peacock feather – was launched by Monty himself. Tossed into the sky on blind faith that its floating presence in the air above the traffic might slow those in pursuit. It worked. The human eye detects motion, and those that sought to relieve Monty of the twenty-dollar bills that they thought he had extracted from the ATM found the wobbling and spinning hat irresistible.

The fact remains that the three remaining perps added a few imperceptible steps to their pursuit path on Post that caused cars, vans, and SUVs to swerve first to the left and then to the right. The beige MDX with the clear bra almost missed number six, but the left front Yokohama rolled over the trailing half inch of number six's left trouser leg and pinched his heel just as his right foot reached forward to meet the asphalt. That stopped him in his tracks and set him up for the kill. The grandmother wearing horned-rimmed glasses, and speeding her expiring husband to the emergency room saw nothing in front of her windshield.

The last thing that she remembers was the thump and the billowing object that filled the air and made the windshield of the Crown Vic explode. The punch in her face was the driver's side airbag.

During her medically induced coma, she missed the passing of her husband, the demise of the last remaining chaser, and the nightly news reporting the pile-up at the entrance to the tunnel. She dreamed of flashing lights and sirens. Her husband screamed bloody murder before he joined the others in the air.

In the end, Monty's blood pressure returned to its normal level, but he was changed forever. He now joined the ranks of the immortals that cheated death and lived to tell his story. And what a story it would become.

Monty, now hatless, pulled up his trousers, tightened his belt and lifted his tweed jacket up onto his shoulder – his posture now erect and respectable. He walked away from the twisted metal and sirens without looking back.

He fumbled through his billfold and removed the Marriott key card that he had saved for such a time as this.

Post skipped up the steps toward the revolving door and rendered a two-fingered salute to the concierge with the plastic card secured between his fingers. The bell captain smiled with admiration at the retreating figure that had discretely handed him a folded twenty-dollar bill.

Monty exhaled quietly as he entered the well-lit men's room with a dozen sinks on the left and stalls on the right.

The startled attendant snapped to attention before the advancing Monty. Post was disheveled in a stately way. He carried himself in a way that favored a Fortune 50 CEO after a hostile takeover or an heir to the throne after a polo match.

There was something that the valet saw in Monty, something that was rare and stately. The attendant regained his composure and nodded at Post as if they were long lost friends. Monty nodded back and said "Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon, sir" was the best response he could muster. He approached Monty with a folded towel, a small canister of shaving cream, and a Wilkinson Sword safety razor.

Post nodded in appreciation as he looked back into the mirror and unbuttoned the collar and next two buttons of his Hathaway shirt.

Steam rose as Monty applied hot water and foam to his rugged chin and ruddy cheeks.

When he finished patting his face, the handlebar moustache remained against the backdrop of a clean-shaven face and neck. He felt like a new man. Monty knew what most men do. When in doubt – cop a shave. A fresh shave works wonders, as does the love of a good woman, or the genuine smile of a well-mannered child.

Post left a ten-dollar tip with no fanfare, and walked into the hotel bar to fortify himself for the work ahead.



Francis E. McIntire, *Monty Post, Vol. 1, Life Lived Well*, (Seattle: Amazon, 2013), 10-14.

The Death of the Middle Class

Newspeak extended to the work place. It had to. Reasons needed to be contrived to justify the recent actions and to stave off lawsuits that were bursting out all over. They would have no effect on the outcome, but they consumed valuable time and resources, so the charges had to be addressed. The Fair Labor Standards Act was unchanged, but reinterpreted now to justify lower and lower salaries – to ensure that no group earned more than other groups. The same logic that was applied to increase taxes was used to lower salaries. The minimum wage was increased by fiat to ensure that fewer blue-collar jobs would be available, at a time when white collars were turning blue in record numbers. The fallout would be catastrophic. There was no alternative but to approve a new round of tax hikes to counteract the loss of tax receipts.



Francis E. McIntire, *Anarchist, Vol. 11, Rachel's Promise* (Seattle: Amazon, 2012), 190.

The Hockey Fight

His most memorable event was more than three years later, right after his school beat the rival hockey team. The game was almost cancelled due to record snowfall in the northeast. Lake effect they called it. Snow piled high on the ancient indoor arena and the last minute decision to go ahead with the match did not prevent a contingent of thugs from the neighboring town from showing up.

Adam knew that the Saint Mikes hockey team – ferried across Lake Champlain - was comprised mostly of international students from Canada and Russia. Just here for the love of the game and to seek fame and fortune with the NHL. The thugs were just here to teach a lesson to Adam's future flyboy friends and Captain Americas, who would win the hearts of the local girls, marry them, take them away, and leave the local guys in the dust.

Adam was on ambassador duty that night – a glorified seat-finder, helper, and directions-provider for the respectable moms and pops, girlfriends, alumni, and distinguished board of visitors that were here to watch the most popular game of the hockey season. The fact that Adam was on duty with his co-captain of the boxing team and the Irish fireplug captain of the wrestling team was no accident. Adam and his co-captain were both six-two and a half on a good day. The fireplug was five-eleven. As the game ended, two friendly streams of players skated past each other, offering congratulations and 'good game' condolences. At the same time, the three ambassadors stepped onto the ice with the precision and steadiness of sober New England natives that spend all winter on frozen lakes and ponds.

The colorful trains of players and clicking hockey sticks cleared the ice, the school song blared and the alumni, students, and guests stood in respect. The building hummed with loudspeaker music and human chorus as the drunken locals streamed to the far end of the rink, over the guards, and onto the ice. Their predetermined target was the opposite side of the arena, where the uniformed cadets were arrayed as an impressive green, black, and gold tapestry. The thugs had never been this organized.

As the leaders of the mob skidded onto the ice to make their way across, their attention was instantly drawn to three lone students in winter dress uniform – green, black, and gold. Against the backdrop of the empty arena, Adam and his two buddies looked like 'easy pickins' to the leaders of the mob. To anyone in the rafters, the brown, red, grey, and green mob became a human amoeba that turned away from its original path to head straight toward, then to surround the three warriors in full battle dress.

The humiliation raged for less than a minute. Victory was assured by maintaining sure footing on the ice. Adam and his two buddies were pushed toward the far corner of the rink slowly by the mob – but they were welded in the same relative position to each other.

A reporter's camera caught the scene from the 15th row in full color – a half-page spread on the front page – not the sports section. His Nikon showed Adam and friends in a perfect triangle – impenetrable. The full color image showed that the onslaught of drunken humanity was held back a foot and a half or more from the triangle. The physics majors figured that Adam and his co-captain's extended reach and the first two knuckles on each hand delivered punishing blows to the more

sensitive facial areas of the thugs that led the charge. Their powerful and painful retreat knocked their second- and third-line assailants to the ice like drunken bowling pins. The fireplug just pulled the next advancing victim in for a perfectly delivered hairline head-butt to the drunken local's face. Then, like a hydraulic piston, he just ejected the victim into the oncoming crowd as he yelled "Next!" at the top of his lungs. The photo showed the steady state – a perfect triangle with a small boundary of air and a crowd of thirty-five to forty drunks, mostly down or crawling away on hands and knees. Twenty-seven uniformed cops, Military Police, and contract security guards were already making arrests.

Adam, his two buddies and five others stood at attention in the college President's office the next morning. A copy of the local paper was on the desk. Adam and the two were reprimanded for fighting while on duty. The other five were not in the newspaper photo, but were reprimanded for fighting in uniform. Apparently, these students were the self-appointed clean-up detail. Students of military warfare all know that the rout is part of the battle.

Six months later in an oak paneled club in the state capital, Adam and the other seven were honored at a semi-annual alumni dinner. Each received a citation for exemplary community service.



Francis E. McIntire, *Anarchist, Vol. 1, The Unveiling* (Seattle: Amazon, 2012), 56-58.

Kelly the Mermaid

A MERMAID'S LIFE is an endless parade of dinners and dances and travel to far-away places with other members of the pod. The pod is a collection of mermaids and mermen – young and old – from the same barrier reef, island chain, or long-forgotten undersea castle or empire. Atlantis is an example of an undersea empire that is the home to hundreds of pods of mermaids and their families.

Kelly's pod includes her friends and family members. Her family includes her sister Layla – also a mermaid. Her mother and dad are only half mermaid and merman. They are half-human also. The mermaid gene is dominant, so Kelly and Layla look and swim like all the other mermaids in the pod. They have a human upper body with head and arms like most humans. Their lower bodies look like a fish's body – it is green with shiny scales and a fine tail, like a dolphin or a whale. The most interesting thing about the tail is that it is a magic tail. The magic is in the tail. Just as the magic is in the carriage return, the magic is in the tail.

The other interesting thing about mermaids is that they can sing magical songs that can be heard by other mermaids and mermen across great distances. The magical songs can also be heard by sailors as they sail the seven seas. The sailors listen carefully for the magical songs – also called siren songs – of the mermaids. The sailors must also be very careful not to steer their ships into the rocks where the mermaids and their families sing and play on nice, sunny days.

Factoids:

- The number of mermaids has increased substantially over the past decade. Prior to 1910, mermaids and mermen were classified as an endangered species. They almost went extinct!
- Since 1990, thanks to more restricted fishing practices, the mermaid population has grown to safe levels ensuring their survival into the next millennium.
- The Beaudelaires continue to be the greatest threat to the mermaid population. The exact reason that Beaudelaires dislike mermaids is not known. Just let it suffice that were it not for their magic tails, mermaids would have no chance of surviving an encounter with a member of the Beaudelaire clan.

Kelly and her sister Layla were the best swimmers in the pod.

When Kelly was in mermaid kindergarten, her mermaid teacher asked her “What do you want to be when you grow up?”

Kelly responded, “I want to be a marine biologist when I grow up.” That's what her daddy wanted to be when he was in human kindergarten. Her daddy was not sure what a marine biologist did, but had heard about marine biologists when he saw the movie *Free Willie*.

Free Willie was about a killer whale that was one of the best friends of all mermaids and mermen.

The movie also had good humans and bad humans. The good humans wanted to help Willie in any way that they could. This included the efforts of a small human boy who even tried to help Willie get back out to sea. The bad humans tried to hurt Willie, and even kill him so they could collect the insurance money. Insurance is a thing that pays you a lot of money when something really bad happens.

Oh, one more thing. Willie was a killer whale, but killer whales are not really bad – even though the name ‘killer whale’ sounds bad. They call killer whales ‘killer’ because they look ferocious, but are really quite nice to mermaids and humans. In fact, Kelly and Layla often go for rides on the backs of killer whales that stop by Atlantis. The only character flaw in the otherwise placid killer whale community is their penchant for a seal now and then. Killer whales’ parents admonish their children to keep it to a minimum.



Francis E. McIntire, *Beautiful Mermaids, Vol. 1, Ch. 1, Kelly the Mermaid Queen* (Seattle: Amazon, 2016), 1-3.

Quick Jet to ‘Litch

“You’ve got the takeoff,” Adam said to Boomer. “I’ll take the landing at Kodiak.”

“I’ve got the aircraft,” said Boomer, twirling the joystick and kicking the ‘rudders’.

“You’ve got the aircraft,” Adam confirmed, as he threw another log on the fire and pushed the cockpit air toward the windscreen.

The aircraft - seventy-five feet, four inches long, with a service ceiling of eighty-nine thousand feet. Adam and Boomer are in the 100K club, but the engineers claimed that the pressure suits were only certified to ninety thousand feet; with a leak, the pilots’ blood would boil. The cockpit is a two-seater, side-by-side – not tandem, and looks like the nose of the Concorde, as it dips eighteen degrees for takeoff and landing. The cockpit is nineteen-feet and one inch long and has redundant everything.

The cockpit is a fully enclosed lifting body with downward sloping canards and a fin that incorporates the HF, UHF, and Iridium antennae. In an emergency, the cockpit separates from the fuselage and can be flown to an unimproved landing strip for a forced landing. The canards become the main landing skids.

Behind the cockpit – inside the fuselage - are the hydraulics, fuel tanks, mini-twin turbines, and a centerline ramjet for operations above fifty-thousand feet. The fuselage picks up where the cockpit leaves off. It is a monocoque design, fifty-six feet and three inches long – all ceramic – poured in Ithaca, New York. The shell of the fuselage is extremely light, you can smash it with a sledgehammer, and it rings like a bell, but will not break.

The wing root emerges eleven-feet and three inches behind the red vertical cockpit sever-line marked CAUTION – EXPLOSIVE BOLTS.

The wing root supports two ‘stubby’ wings that swing from zero to eighty-three degrees – nearly perpendicular – from the fuselage centerline for takeoff and landing. The leading-edge slats, blown flaps, and vectored thrust allow takeoffs at sixty-seven knots calibrated airspeed – fully fueled. For landings, the Dash-1 calls for seventy-two knots with a full fuel load – five knots for ‘insurance’. At minimum fuel, the SF-3 ‘Screamer’ touches down at fifty-two knots, typically forty-two knots groundspeed in a ten-knot headwind.

During operational testing, a Detachment 5 crew landed the Screamer on a general aviation runway that was nineteen-hundred feet long, and twenty-five feet wide. The tiny airport had an ops center with a hotline to the FAA, a windsock, a fax machine for weather, and an attached diner that served the best pancakes, coffee, and apple wood-smoked bacon in the county. A DoD official read the test report and asked why they used *that* runway for testing the new space fighter.

For medium-altitude operations, the wings tuck back at eighteen degrees for max range cruise. Above fifty thousand feet, the wings sneak back to between fifty-seven and seventy-three degrees for ramjet operations. The fuselage performs like a lifting body and helps the wings lift the craft. Full wingspan measures out at seventy-three feet, six inches; fully tucked wingspan measures thirty-two feet,

nine inches.

The mini-turbofans each generate just over fourteen thousand pounds of thrust in military power, more than three times that in reheat. The ramjet's thrust and fuel type are classified, but it sips fuel and can power the craft in excess of Mach 4 - the top speed is classified.

"You're cleared for unrestricted climb above flight level five-zero-zero, deviations authorized," squawked the controller at Seattle Center.

"Tiger seven-niner, cleared unrestricted climb," Boomer said, then turned and looked at his reflection in Adam's facemask.

"Roger, Tiger seven-niner," have a safe flight.

"Thanks Seattle, Tiger seven-niner," Boomer rasped.

Boomer raised the nose to thirty degrees with reheat cooking at maximum thrust, then rolled inverted and let the nose drop ten degrees, then completed the roll. He maintained a twenty-degree nose high climb and reset the altimeter at flight level one-eight-zero. He called passing one-eight, dropped the nose, and let the horses run through the Mach. Next, he brought the nose up to thirty degrees and lit the ramjet, and throttled the turbofans back to min burner. The blue dome overhead started to 'crown' and reveal the black of space. The crown grew until black filled the windscreen and everything below the railing was smoky white with the occasional glimmer of the Pacific Ocean on the port side.

On the fast climb, Adam did the pressure check – twice – and told Boomer that he was cleared to join the 'club'. They did, he did, and then they began the enroute descent and preparation for landing at Kodiak Island.

When young Adam – call sign 'the Kid' - was flying jets in Europe, Kodiak Island was the proposed site for Spaceport Alaska. Top Secret back then, then Secret, then SBU, then Unclassified. That was some time ago. Kodiak provided the ideal location with one exception – the runway was too short. The runway is not any longer today, but the aircraft are completely different now. The Herc could always land here and did. Then the C-17. Then the fighters and fighter bombers. Now the Screamer. As the SF-3 lined up on short final, Adam called "Tiger seven-niner, final, full stop," and was cleared to land. Then he turned to Boomer and said 'going manual,' as he depressed the paddle switch with his pinkie and took manual control for the final approach and full stop landing.

Boomer called 'three green' and 'one hundred-feet' on the radar altimeter.

Adam eased the upwind main onto the porous surface runway like a butterfly with a sore foot – it squeaked and let out a puff of white smoke. He held the downwind main off the surface just long enough to make the point, and then eased it onto the runway with the same precision. He held the nose up to aero brake – standard for the manual landing – then eased the nose wheel to the surface and turned toward the parking ramp at twenty-seven knots.

The fact of the matter, Boomer thought, *is that these darn things can land themselves*. "Nice one," he said.

"Thanks," said Adam.

Showoff, thought Boomer.

And these things *can* land themselves, they both knew that. Still, the FAA requires pilots to

maintain takeoff and landing currency. Adam is current for landings. Boomer gets the landing on the return trip. That would be a few days later, though.

Adam continued the taxi at twenty-five knots and exited the blue-lined main taxiway for the mountain shelter – the doors were opening now – the crew chief was signaling for straight ahead taxi with the lit wands. It was still civil twilight, but the sun had dropped behind the mountain hours ago. The mountain shelter was fully illuminated – a giant hangar carved out of granite with forty-foot ceilings, industrial lighting, and giant exhaust fans that pumped the fumes out of the hangar and downwind over the water.

As he rolled forward, Adam bumped the throttle to eighty percent, and then chopped the throttle on the number one engine. He ‘goosed’ the throttle for the number two engine, and pulled forward until the crew chief spotted him, signaled ‘forward’ and re-checked the tires, then signaled ‘stop’ with the wands. Adam passed the crew chief the nose gear pin over the left side and revved the number two engine for shut down. He checked to make sure that the emergency generator, hydraulics, and O2 generator kicked on – then off again at five percent RPM.

“Checks good,” yelled Adam as he unhooked his oxygen mask and turned toward Boomer. The overhead exhaust fans screamed and the hangar doors began closing.

“I’ll do the walk-around,” said Boomer. “You got the paperwork?”

“Got it,” said Adam.

The flight was just ‘a quick jet to Litch’ as they called it – a term that was passed down from an ancestor. Any trip that required you to hurry up to get somewhere – to ‘Litch’ – so you could turn right around and get back to where you started from was ‘a quick jet to Litch’. Adam and Boomer had just completed their quick jet to Litch. They were back at the starting point.



Francis E. McIntire, *Anarchist, Vol. 2, Alaska Transformation* (Seattle: Amazon, 2012), 1-6.

The Battle of Chenega

Adam reintroduced Boomer to ‘Chach’ who was named after a song about an ancient battle fought by his ancestors more than a century ago. The battle was not against flesh and blood as many tales described, but against powers and principalities. Many tribes convened to talk and listen, and dance and pray, and watch throughout the night – just as they have done every year since the battle, and just as they were doing in the auditorium right now.

The battle was fought in the open on land and sea, and in the deep recesses of shelters, some lit some left completely dark. The warriors barked and droned and fought the battle with words and prayers – traditional weapons used for hunting, protection, and food preparation were useless against this foe. The enemy would have convinced the warriors to turn the weapons against each other – but it would not work this time. The tribal warriors were wise to the ‘natchka’ of the enemy and his minions.

Victory was assured when the tribal warriors were taught and learned a new language that gave them strength and courage to defeat the powerful opponent and decimate his legions. The tribal warriors passed the code from one to another in the open and in vibrant gatherings at night in the lodges. The qayaq’s were assembled on the coast and surrounding waterways to receive the blessing, and to spread the code. The land-based warriors gathered in the lodges and then trudged across the frozen northlands, streams, lakes, ponds, and rivers to teach the code to all who had ears to hear. The code spread rapidly and included shibboleths to prevent false shepherds from leading the flocks astray.

The war code included the syllables ‘cha’ or ‘ach’ that were designed to comfort and complete the warriors and to fortify the tribal members that held the home front and protected the children. The syllables ‘tak’ and ‘nak’ delivered mortal wounds to the foe’s army and sparked a retreat that was soon followed by an unrelenting rout of the enemy that would last for hours and in some regions for days. A small coastal village was almost completely destroyed by a tsunami that was the last desperate hope of forty legions of enemy soldiers that were being relentlessly pummeled by the ‘taks’, ‘naks’, kachatkas’, and ‘natachatakanatachas’ of every villager in the coastal community for more than six days. Runners were dispatched to the north and south to inform the neighbors in the neighboring coastal villages to run, not walk, to the battleground that was in full crescendo. As reinforcements streamed in, they were engulfed in wave after wave of singing, and dancing, and praying, and deliberate and focused chanting. The neighbors were captivated by the undulating battle dance that was a growing wave of humanity in the middle of the town. Against the backdrop of the wooden drying racks and the mountains rising to the east, and with all eyes focused on the water to the west, the neighbors donned the full battle dress of chanting and praise, and the numbers grew by the hour. They all joined in and their numbers grew. The salmon and seal that was their bread in winter, and source of protein and long life year-round, was brought out each hour to fortify each woman and man, and each boy and girl. The food was blessed and distributed and no thought was given to the ‘what ifs’ that are so common in the southern latitudes.

Then it came. An imperceptible rumble and the chanting stopped. The chanting resumed, and the water to the west was as a mirror. Not a glint or a ripple on a perfectly smooth surface. The qayaq's landed and were pulled ashore – pulled inland as far as possible. Tribal leaders barked commands to take the children to high ground – as quickly as possible.

“Turn not to the right, nor to the left, and look not around for the time of destruction is at hand,” they shouted.

The warriors – male and female – scooped up the children regardless of their village or tribal affiliation and headed for high ground. In accordance with the words spoken by the tribal chiefs, they ran and did not look back. Then they climbed and did not look back. They measured each step as they ascended the forested and snow-packed mountains to the east against the backdrop of deadly silence. They climbed for more than an hour before the gentle ocean swell closed in on the tiny coastal village. From far aloft, an observer would look down through the grey winter sky, past the high cumulus clouds at eighty thousand feet, and down upon the beautiful coastal village that was known for its abundance of salmon in winter. It was blessed and was a haven for travelers. At seven miles out, the gentle ocean swell rose to seven feet above its elevation just minutes before. At two hundred and forty knots groundspeed, total devastation was less than fifteen minutes away. Most life was saved.

The demonic ranks were devastated. Had the battle continued into the seventh day, all would have been lost. The quake and tsunami were the last desperate act of a badly beaten army. Just a remnant remained – a demonic remnant to fight another day.

And the tribal remnant remained in the mountains to the east. The villagers and neighbors had been warmed and filled by the salmon and seal that was their sustenance. Now they needed to return to the coastline to build fires and warm the children.

As the villagers emerged from the snow packed tree lines, they surveyed the damage and headed toward the few vertical structures that remained. They built fires and set out to fish, and they gathered up the flotsam that would be used to rebuild.

The next month went by very quickly and was marked by unseasonably warm air from the southwest. The warm air invigorated the villagers who hunted and gathered, and who rebuilt the common structures that remained. The warm air cooled as it was pushed upslope against the mountains to the east. This provided a blanket of protection at night from the vacuum of space. Fires burned all night and were kept burning during the day.

The fires were a constant signal and beacon to the south, west, and north.

At the end of one month, three ships anchored off the coast and dropped their sails. Boats headed ashore with food and provisions from the southern latitudes. The Monrovians had arrived and were welcomed. They had left their homes in a place called Pennsylvania more than a year ago with no knowledge of their final destination – the coast of Alaska. Their friends and families back home considered them mad – they were not.

The Monrovians began to learn the native language and the villagers and their neighbors helped them learn. The villagers and their neighbors also taught the Monrovians the secret code – the code for praise and the code used for battle – the same code. The Monrovians learned the difference

between the traditional tongue and the secret code. They were able to use the code right away. The translation of the ancient scriptures into the villager's native language took more time, but they were dedicated to the task. The villagers gladly helped. The Monrovians taught a great deal to the villagers and their neighbors, and helped them build new structures in the spring and summer. They brought sharp steel tools from a place called Bethlehem. The Monrovians had tribal leaders too, and they conceded that they gained as much knowledge as they had imparted to the villagers – and perhaps even a little bit more. The villagers had provided them a lagniappe – a little extra – and that was widely known.



Francis E. McIntire, *Anarchist, Vol. 2, Alaska Transformation* (Seattle: Amazon, 2012), 33-38.

Mermaid Kelly's Top Ten List

Mermaids are not that unlike everyone else. They love 'top ten' lists. In fact, Kelly most likes to do the things and eat the things that you and I like to do and eat. This is Kelly the Mermaid's 'Top Ten' list of favorite things to do and eat.

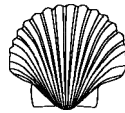
1. Sarsaparilla – a soda or tonic made out of carbonated water, sugar, and the fermented (sweetened) root of a tropical vine (found in the Caribbean). Europeans distribute a similar concoction using the bark of the sumac tree (typically grown on the southern or northern shores of the Mediterranean Sea).
2. Onion donuts – a favorite of mermaids and their families. Most humans think that onion donuts sound disgusting, but it is not that strange. Humans like onion bagels that are really quite similar to onion donuts that mermaids find so delicious.
3. Spiders – mermaids love the crunchy goodness of spiders. Unfortunately, spiders don't really go near the water, so mermaids don't get to snack on spiders all that often. One exception – pregnant mermaids that are expecting a new pup (a baby mermaid) have to eat spiders to nourish the growing baby mermaid inside them.
4. Sunbathing – mermaids love to sit in the sunshine on top of rock outcroppings in the ocean. Parents adjure their pups not to frequent the rocks close to shore for fear of alarming humans who have not evolved to the point of accepting that mermaids exist. As mermaids, Kelly and Layla don't need sunscreen because sunlight has no ill effects on mermaids. In the sun, mermaids become 'brown as a nut', although most mermaids are already darker-skinned than most white humans, and lighter-skinned than most dark-skinned humans. Mermaids know that on the inside, we are all the same color – pink! That's Layla's favorite color. Kelly's favorite color is purple. The other thing that the sunshine does is to recharge the magic in the mermaid's tail.
5. Ride seahorses – just as all mermaids love to ride killer whales, mermaids and their pups live to ride seahorses. Most seahorses are small. For this reason, only very small mermaids and pups are able to ride only the very largest seahorses.
6. Razbanyas – a razbanya is when a merman springs off the rocks and comes splashing down in the midst of twenty or thirty members of the pod playing in the ocean. Everyone laughs and almost no one gets hurt. Still, mermaids think that razbanyas are immature stunts for attention-seeking mermen. Occasionally, a fun-loving mermaid will execute a razbanya.
7. Booster shots – a booster shot is when an exceptionally strong merman will launch another merman or mermaid from the rocks and into the ocean using his tail. Sometimes booster shots are combined with a razbanya. Elders witnessing this stunt count the booster shot as 'dummy procedure'.

8. Cowboys – mermaids and mermen like cowboys but for different reasons. Only a few have ever seen a cowboy from a distance, typically on a cliff overlooking the ocean, or occasionally riding their eohippus through the surf. There is no known account of a member of the pod ever meeting or taking with a cowboy. Mermaids like the idea of a cowboy and the romantic way that he removes his hat in the presence of a female human. Mermen like the way that cowboys are reported to ‘shoot and ride’, and are particularly drawn to stories about the Pony Express.
9. Seaweed – mermaids love seaweed as an adornment for ‘dress-up’ and as a modest and traditional wrap for the mermaid cotillion. Mermaids hear disturbing reports of humans eating seaweed, and cover their ears in horror. ‘Don’t they know that seaweed is alive?’ they say. After playing dress-up or going to the ball, mermaids thank the seaweed and release it to the wild.
10. Turkish delight – sailors, children, and the occasional adult human will purchase a box of Turkish delight from a port city on the Mediterranean. Then, when out on the open sea, will open the box amidships and drop the candy into the water for the mermaids and mermen watching from below. Members of the pod exercise discretion by not fighting over the Turkish delight, and by not revealing themselves to the humans on board.

It is important to note that this is only Mermaid Kelly’s top ten list. Mermaids are so intelligent that each one has more than one thousand favorite things. In fact, the question ‘What do you like?’ is considered an absurd question in the Mermaid culture. Theoretically, if one Mermaid asked another ‘What do you like?’ the response would require more than a fortnight to complete.

It is also ‘normal’ for mermaids to like the same things. Within one standard deviation of the mean, it is likely that any mermaid you will never meet likes sarsaparilla, onion donuts, spiders, sunbathing, razbanyas, booster shots, cowboys, seaweed, and Turkish delight.

Other popular ‘likes’ are licorice, cough drops, candy corn, penuche, flying fish, and candy apples.



Francis E. McIntire, *Beautiful Mermaids, Vol. 1, Ch. 1, Kelly the Mermaid Queen* (Seattle: Amazon, 2016), 4-7.

The Prayer

I write with haste, knowing that the time is short and the days are evil.

At the end of each day, I stroll Adam along the Marginal Way. Not too long – just right. The Marginal Way is a path that connects Perkins Cove with the Town of Ogunquit. We leave the car at the Ogunquit Beach parking lot and I take the collapsed umbrella stroller out of the trunk. I lift Adam out of his seat and carry him with the stroller to the trolley stop. We wait. I notice that Adam's skin is turning light brown, and his hair is wispy and almost white. He smiles as the invisible sea breeze rolls across the hot tarmac. The smell of salt and hot tar – fried clams, and French fries. A scoop of blueberry ice cream melts on the pavement. He points.

The trolley carries us to Perkins Cove and we get off at the stop between Barnacle Billy's and the gangway for the Finest Kind. I carry Adam and the stroller to the north side of the cove, unfold the stroller, and strap Adam into the seat. He points to the masts of the ships anchored in the cove.

I roll Adam up to the place where the artist is drawing caricatures of the tourists with their children.

Then the walk begins – the Marginal Way. From Perkins Cove to the cliffs overlooking the rocks and the ocean. The ocean is powerful most days, sometimes it swells. Today it is powerful and the tide is coming in to rescue the crabs and shells that were trapped in shallow pools during the heat of the day. The black stones in the caves and in-between the outcroppings are wet and smooth. Smooth, after relentless polishing day-by-day for a million years.

As we stroll past the sea grass and gnarled bushes and scrub oak, I impart the lesson that is my prime reason for being. This lesson is not new, but each lesson the same. Somehow, I feel that Adam knows the importance of this lesson.

"Adam, you are a fine young man, and a man after my own heart," I begin. "Your name is Adam, can you say Adam?"

He turns to look up at me.

"You are here for a special purpose that you will learn as time goes by. When you are back home, I want you to always remember this place – the ocean, the rocks, the trees, and the smell of the flowers. Smell the salt, smell the pine, smell the sweet wood, and smell the flowers. Remember the smell. Remember this always. Remember this place. Remember the sound of my voice. Can you hear me Adam? I will always be with you."

The Marginal Way empties onto the sidewalk in town, just south of the movie theatre. I stroll Adam and turn right at the light and across the bridge to the parking lot and the car.

As we drive west across the bridge, I glance at the ocean in my rear view mirror. I wipe away a tear as I stop at the light. My skin is warm and brown. The tear mixes with the grit and dry salt as my hand brushes across my face again. Then I turn south on Shore Road and drive Adam back to Green Gates.

In the morning, I would dispatch the papers to New York. For now, I will impart the last of my blessings to the boy.

I take a deep breath and open the wooden door that leads to Adam's hall and room. I had sanded the door's edge and oiled the hinges long ago – for this ritual and in preparation for this night. I creep through the passage and into the room; I see the dark outline of the crib. The child sleeps with his face to the wall under one thin blue blanket. It looks light grey – the color of plaster. I place my hand just over his head. I feel the wispy strands. He draws a breath. Motionless now.

Barely a whisper, I begin.

“Adam, I set you apart for the work to be done. A decree from on high, since the beginning of time. May the Lord bless you and keep you, may his face shine upon you and give you peace. Be a good boy now. Obey your mother and dad. Be the leader. Be Adam.”

I lift my hand slowly taking care not to bump the crib.

I creep out of the room more quietly than I had entered - my eyes fully adjusted now. Having successfully completed my mission, it would be foolish to wake the boy now.

I had so much more to say, and more would come later. From others though, not me.

The papers, the book, the artifacts collected and assembled over the few short years and months – they would all play their part. Each one a clue, a buried treasure. And buried they would remain until called for – until each one was needed to provide a slight touch, the most delicate course correction. A missing element would cause alarm, but not catastrophe. One element skipped might allow the plan to drift off course – imperceptibly at first but then further and further from the mark if allowed to continue. The next element would measure the drift and deliver the course correction required. If good fortune prevailed, only minor corrections would be required – if at all.

The tome, the leaf, the subtle warnings, the lectures – handed down from one generation to the next. The ginkgoes planted along the Embarcadero – they would all play their part.

The legacy – that too would be revealed. It was massive now, but not the most important element. Many would find it hard to believe that the boy's character was far more important than the legacy. The legacy and all the rest – these would come into focus one by one. Now and at the appointed time.

I have done all I can. I have done my best. I have finished my race. I have no more time.



Francis E. McIntire, *Anarchist, Vol. 1, The Unveiling*, (Seattle: Amazon, 2012), 4-7.

Deep Cover

The father had successfully transformed himself into a trusted and ignored member of the expanding lower class. And those ranks grew to surround him in a convenient way for now. He became one of the nameless and faceless lost members of a society that either came from nowhere and died the way they lived, or that left their former lives and lovers in the past by adopting a new persona and social security number – virtually untraceable if done well. And the father did it well.

He made new friends easily enough and listened much more than he talked. He spoke when spoken to and never asked questions that the listener was not able to answer – easily and without the appearance of threat or danger. He never asked for more information than what was volunteered. And he bought the occasional beer for the ones that spoke in hushed tones and would be considered discrete by most standards. They had information that would prove useful in some way, and at some future time. For now, he just settled into his new life for what could easily become a new year or a new decade. Nothing else mattered. And he took no notes, nor did he record or otherwise document conversations or the names or details in any way. He was concerned about one thing and one thing only. The truth that he knew existed, but was carefully buried just out of view. He knew like the miners of old that if he just knew where to dig the answers would appear, just below the surface. So he listened, and in the listening did the digging that was required to reveal the truth. And the funny thing about the truth – it is revealed in many ways and through many means. There is no need to hurry the truth, for in observing the truth or a glimmer of truth, patience is the best companion. Many a seeker has been eluded by those that confounded the seeker of truth in his quest – once the objective was known.

The father was more shrewd than the others though, he had learned his craft through patience and perseverance.

First he never lied. This was not borne out of an archaic sense of right and wrong. Rather, it was a practical skill that he learned in his former life. It is simply easier to tell the truth all the time – there's less to remember. Still, truth-telling by no means implied any obligation to tell all or to even answer a question. Far from it, the wise father that told no lies would just as likely look you dead in the face and say nothing at all if there was no basis for intercourse. And in most cases that held him in good stead. He was a man of very few words, and all his words rang true.

Second, he never verified his own theories nor did he ask others to verify them. Instead, he was pleased to listen and learn, with hopes of discovering a similitude of connotation or denotation in the words superfluously used by so many others. And the verbosity exhibited in public would astound most readers, but not this patient man. He had quickly become a student of the verbal tendencies of his species as he pretended to read the paper and scribble on cross-word puzzles. He listened for patterns. Patterns that were repeated and patterns that were connected. He never asked for clarification, for that would have altered the natural discourse of thoughts and ideas. Instead, he just

listened, and in the listening began to see the salient and vivid truth all around him. He kept his own counsel, but he listened with thoughtful intent to the verities of life and love that filled the air. In the tavern on a quiet evening, he could nurse a beer and pick up on the quiet whisperings of a man with a maid, and, at the same time, could capture the one-sided essence of a telephone call being made by the man in the phone booth just through the door and down the hall. On a busy Friday afternoon or evening at the same tavern, he applied discipline and well-developed powers of concentration to filter key words, then focus intently on the conversation at hand, while pretending to do something else. He gained great knowledge of the truth, or the truth as defined by the common core experiences of others.

Thirdly, he observed and classified behavior as a numismatist works through the collection plate at church. As with collectables, the true value in the message lies in the behaviors associated with the speaker – even if the subject is saying nothing at all. Just as the inflection of the voice or a glance to the left imputes meaning, so does the selection of a song on a juke box, or the brand of beer on tap. So he became a student of human behavior which carried additional benefits.

A sullen glance by Teresa was met with his brotherly touch to her elbow, and that was followed by her collapsing like a wilted flower in his arms. She knew the meaning as did he, while others snickered or leered. His paternal instinct surged – he knew that she was dying slowly, but dying nonetheless. He would care for her during her last few months in the way that he knew best – as a father cares for a daughter. He took a room above the tavern, knowing that Friday evenings would be loud, but the unearthly silence would dominate the remainder of the week. He made arrangements for her to pretend to be well when needed, and to collapse under his care when she needed rest. The relationship was platonic, as he remembered those that he had left behind. And there was no physical attraction between the man with the gruff appearance of a merchant seaman and the wool factory co-worker that he would bring safely home to land. But their relationship deepened and did so in a way that is seldom seen in lovers. The absence of physical union created a propensity for honesty that is unavailable to those posturing to foster a great love of the romantic sort. Romantic love is idyllic at best and a papier-mâché illusion at worst, the result being no real intimacy save in the mind of the beholder. How else can a woman be distraught by observing her man exactly as he is? The distress occurs *not* in the difference between what he promised her that he would be and the feeble reality of his finite condition. The distress is borne out of the difference between what she promised *herself* that he would be and the visible reality of his frail and feeble condition, no less frail than her own. A visible reality that he hardly shielded her from. A visible reality that he learned quickly to defer to a time of her departure, if only prompted by her own raised eyebrow. In the case of the father and the factory maid there was no such pretense. They saw each other exactly as they were, with no hopes for more. And they talked, at times for hours. In the end, he knew as much about her as she knew about herself – and perhaps a little more.

When she was gone, he wept and lit a candle in the nave of St. Martin-in-the-Fields Catholic Church across the street. Then he prayed. Then he went to the package store and bought ‘two butts’ from the boy who stood at the register. Just two butts to fit in. One for now and one tucked behind the ear. Two butts meant ‘I’m one of yours’. Two butts meant the safety and protection of *not* carrying

a pack. You could get rolled for a pack. Two butts meant you were nameless and faceless and could blend in with the rest. So he lit the first butt, and set his course for the tavern. He had perfected his listening skills over the past many months. He was ready to resume his role as father and protector.



Francis E. McIntire, *Anarchist, Vol. 2, Alaska Transformation* (Seattle: Amazon, 2012), 229-233.

The Street Called Obedience

*The Lord did select and number elect as the chosen He sought to enlist,
‘Gainst dangers, toils, and snares that His anointed were prepared,
And found worthy and wont to resist;
All found on the street named Obedience;
The path rightly narrow, the door opens wide;
To walk bold in full strength of His countenance,
For the called and anointed who refuse to step aside.*



Francis E. McIntire, *Anarchist*, Vol. 5, Lt. Wesley Gimble (Seattle: Amazon, 2012), 17.

Predator Classico

His first wife was frail and timid, and joined him in the Dakotas a few years before their child was born. She sought comfort in the ladies' group at church. They described her as sullen, a shrinking violet. She drew close to a woman in the group who had an inner strength, but was separated from her husband for reasons that were not openly discussed in the group. They all knew though, all except 'Violet'.

The special friend hoped for the best, but suspected the worst. Violet's nice guy husband appeared similar to her own. They both looked good on the outside, but each had an inner weakness and sadistic spirit that was manifest in private. Both began the marriage relationship by isolating their wives from the wives' families. Possession was nine-tenths after all. The facts of each miserable relationship emerged and some of the facts became public knowledge, most remained hearsay.

The young detective listened without reacting to the observations that were known to him and his comrades in the public service. He heard nothing new and realized that the 'facts' and observations had poured in, once Churchill was operational. Yes, he knew that the so called facts were just hearsay and inadmissible in court; but still he listened. Women, and men, who were aware of the unhappy woman who was new to the community and married to the nice guy began to enter data into Churchill. He listened to the cops and the dispatcher, he listened to what the newscasters were saying on the Sylvania's in the briefing room – they were all on and tuned to different stations, and he listened to the private citizens who needed to report something – they wanted to make a statement. Between the time the chattering statement-makers got to the statement-takers, the detective was polite, nodded, and said 'Please sit here, an officer will be right with you'.

One 'fact', the snappy tune with the lyric 'I've Got a Woman' came to mind. Not the song by Ray Charles, the other one. That tune became his 'song of the day' – he couldn't shake it. That tune was also the perp's undoing. *I just need to connect the dots*, the young detective thought.

The friend at church was clever enough to maintain a degree of confidence in Violet's disclosures, but took note of the objective incidents that could easily be entered into Churchill without violating the confidence. The time that Violet cried in her presence and confessed that the police were called by a neighbor. Not an overt act of violence, rather she was locked out of the house in her nightgown – a neighbor called and reported something 'suspicious' to the police. The neighbor who called was the wife of a husband who was on patrol at the time. She assumed that her husband could be called to respond to what may be nothing more than a 'lock out'. Another team was dispatched, she knew them both, and the incident was cleared up when the nice guy emerged and apologized for falling asleep – unaware that his wife locked herself out of the house after midnight.

The bruised ankle was another observation, as was the couple's decision to stop attending the Episcopal Church – to find another church home. Others entered data. The death of a puppy and a back yard burial. The Christmas party – the one that the nice guy attended without his wife, and the

rumor that she was not at all ‘under the weather’, but was locked in the basement. It sounded implausible until a utilities worker, who was checking meters mid-day, reported that he heard a banging on the bulkhead in the back yard. The banging was coming from inside the house, from the basement that the bulkhead protected. He didn’t report the matter to the police or the utilities company, though. He reported it to members of the crew that worked the sectors in town. Each had a story or two to tell, some exaggerated, some true. The best stories were the classic tales of housewives flagging down utilities workers to report a ‘gas leak’ or the ‘smell of smoke’ in a house on the route. One of the utilities workers was legendary for his tales of daytime sexual encounters with lonely housewives whose unaffectionate husbands were at work and whose disobedient children were at school. Some adventures were entered into Churchill, some were ignored. Reports rolled in.

Under the categories of abuse, suspected abuse, and domestic violence were the forgotten then remembered incidents regarding Violet’s unhappy situation. These were entered in arrears by women and a few men who had been concerned about her suffering in silence. Then the reports trickled down to once a day, then once a week, then none at all. Violet had escaped her captor in broad daylight when an uncle from one of the coasts arrived mid-day, kicked in the back door, and took Violet and a small suitcase to a new home far away. All that happened more than a year ago, but that was enough to establish a file in the new system that they called Churchill.

Then it began. Within a month, Churchill registered more than forty entries of suspicious activity that centered on the nice guy, the house, and the nice guy’s background. Sometime after his wife left, a housecleaner reported being invited into the house on a Saturday, being asked a question by the homeowner, his blocking her exit, and her successful escape through the front door when a neighbor rang the bell. She was warning the community of housecleaners and nannies to stay away from that address. Churchill categorized this and other reports tied to the house and the man. A paperboy rang the bell to collect for the week and was invited in for some juice – the parents reported it as ‘peculiar’, and told him not to ring the bell again. They told their son’s supervisor to bill the paper to the office account. In October, the nice man offered kids their choice of candy from a huge wooden bowl in the kitchen, then invited one or two to stay for hot chocolate. Most said ‘No thank you’, but a few stayed. They talked about the ‘funny man’, and their parents inquired more deeply. Reports were entered. Then, apparently for no reason, the reports of invitations, juice, candy, and inappropriate comments stopped completely. Churchill registered the change as highly significant. The national database on crime revealed that in most cases, the perp had relocated. He had not. He had found his next victim.

She was a runaway that he found on a rainy night outside the Continental Trailways station that was part of a gas station and convenience store in the next town. She was skinny, pretty, and looked like an unmade bed. She said she was from California or Colorado, but was in fact from the same town – the nice guy’s town. Her plan was to travel to the coast to escape her single mom and move in with friends who had a place to stay – an ashram in Oregon. He offered her a ride.

Pretending to keep his promise, he headed south and turned onto the interstate headed west. He asked her about her aborted trip to Oregon and offered her a cigarette. Neither he nor the girl smoked, but she accepted his kind offer as a token of a well-meaning ‘older man’ who respected her

maturity and her ability to make up her own mind. The nice guy tossed the pack on the dash, and pushed in the cigarette lighter. It had been used before.

He pointed to the lighter as it popped half way out and said 'Be careful, it's hot'. She looked down to find it in the dark, but could not. He pulled over on the shoulder and stopped. There was little chance that she would try to get out and run at this point in the journey. He pushed the lighter in again. When it popped, he reached down and lifted the glowing lighter to make contact with her cigarette. He looked at the cigarette long enough for her to remember to draw a breath. She took a few puffs and held the cigarette, glowing end up, like she saw the models do on TV. Then she smiled at the nice guy the way the leading ladies look at the leading man after he lights their cigarette.

He accelerated and pulled onto the interstate again without looking at the girl. Once back up to highway speed, he 'remembered' that he left a few of his important things at the house.

"My briefcase," he added nervously. "Gotta grab my briefcase. Musta left it at the house," he added.

He apologized for the inconvenience and exited the highway to turn back to the east and to the house where he had kept his ex-wife a prisoner. He kept the conversation light and let the girl talk about anything that she wanted to. He listened attentively.

He pulled into the driveway and assumed that she would not enter the house willingly. He was right. He used a common ploy that con artists and vagabonds use frequently, he 'took it away'.

"I just need to grab my briefcase," he said. "I'll just be a moment. You can't come in, the house is a mess. I'll be right out."

His plan was to invite her in after all, but he felt awkward. He had never gotten to this point before. He went to Plan B. He entered the house, turned on a few lights, and rummaged around looking for nothing in particular. Then he went to the bathroom, brushed his teeth, and checked his look in the mirror. He went to the bedroom and changed his clothes – something more contemporary. He tucked in his shirt and adjusted his belt as if going out on a first date.

He emerged from the house and smiled at the windshield of his car in the driveway. The headlights were still on, just as he had left them.

He opened the driver's door and she was gone.

He sat in the den, and reflected on the evening. *Stupid witch ran away*, he thought. He turned on the news. Nothing. He flipped through the channels. Nothing.

Over the next few days he thought about the girl from Colorado or California. She was nice. He never really looked at her, but she had accepted his kind invitation and had talked about things that he really couldn't remember. It seemed pleasant though, conversation with a young girl.

He felt stupid. He knew that he left his briefcase on the back seat behind the driver's. *She must have seen it*, he thought, *my bad*. He felt stupid after having brushed his teeth and then changing his clothes. *Why did I do that?* he thought. He made other mistakes but they were lost on him. The girl was not from California, she was from his town. She had been in his house before, on Halloween. She knew him in the most basic way, but he did not know her at all. She knew that he didn't smoke, but

said nothing. At school, she could tell which boys smoked and which did not. She knew that he was not a smoker, but that was no big deal. She did try to roll the window down though, after he lit her cigarette. Her mom's boyfriend smoked, and always cracked the window in the car. As she searched in the dark to roll down the window, she found the handle that unlocked her passenger door. In the dark she pulled on it. The handle moved easily enough, but was not connected to anything that would open the door. She had slowly released the handle and turned back to smile at the man who had just lit her cigarette. A smile of pure terror. Then she prattled on about anything and everything that came to mind. And while she talked, she prayed silently. She prayed the prayer that we all pray at times like this. 'God please help me and I'll never do this again.'

The prayer was answered and she kept her part of the bargain. While he dawdled nervously inside preparing for the kill, she crawled to the driver's side, opened the driver's door, got out and ran like heck – still holding the filter of the spent cigarette in her fingers. He was such a gentleman, holding her door as she got in the car. But she saw the briefcase in the back seat – illuminated by the dome light in the car. She remembered a lot, but said nothing and reported nothing. She had escaped from the man that she thought was nice but turned out to be creepy like the others. Just as the nice guy had done this before, so had she. She had gotten into cars with men before, but she would not do it again.

The nice guy would do it again, though. He did it many times and lost his fear of making mistakes and being awkward. He became the nice man who would lend a hand to a traveler or a wanderer. He offered a ride to a young man once, but only once. As he perfected his craft, he became more and more comfortable with who he was and what he would do. *No more mistakes*, he thought, *no rookie errors*. He made a few, but these were unavoidable considering the law of large numbers and the new habits that he was perfecting. He still used cigarettes as icebreakers, but also candy and gum. He learned that parents taught kids never to get into a car with a stranger. He realized that his next victim may be a stranger to him, but that the victim might know who he was. He became more careful.

On a beautiful summer twilight he saw her from behind. She was a beautiful woman walking home from the YWCA that had an indoor pool. It was a hot July day that was cooling down as the sun set in the west. She swayed in her bikini and flip-flops, and held a mask and snorkel as she walked what should have been a short walk to one of the homes up ahead - on the same side of the street. *She was seventeen, maybe eighteen*, he thought. *His favorite age*, he thought. She was thirteen.



Francis E. McIntire, *Anarchist, Vol. 2, Alaska Transformation* (Seattle: Amazon, 2012), 116-125.

The Chincoteague Treason Trials Opening Address

“The basic problem is that laws were enacted using erroneous ‘if - then’ hypotheses to achieve ends that are destroying this country – outcomes that foster the ongoing marginalization of the American people. The continual slide into poverty and eventual decline. Marginalization of taxpayers. Marginalization of citizens. Elected officials as a whole have abrogated their responsibility to protect, defend, and represent the people who in good faith have placed them in office. Placed them in office to serve the American people – serve them as servants – not rule over them as masters.”



To preserve the illusion of self-governance, they provided a consolation and distraction - similar to the Circus Maximus of ancient Rome. Good versus evil; Christians versus the lions, church versus state; communist versus capitalist; liberal versus conservative; left versus right; states versus federal; and Republican versus Democrat. Any number of false ‘either/or’ choices to distract and divide, and to keep Americans in a bitter struggle against each other – to deflect the true purpose of the self-appointed masters – to rule and to reign.

Congressional hearings are telling in their design: the ruling class, the aristocracy sitting high on their thrones, like Nero – the Emperor of ancient Rome – looking down on the condemned in the arena. Passing judgment over the American people, the taxpayers, and the citizens of our great land. This is not what our founders meant when they ‘set out to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general Welfare, and secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.

We have compiled an extensive list of documented cases that highlight the extent and gravity of the betrayal. Our research is organized and aligned with the U.S. Code – the law of the land.



Francis E. McIntire, *Anarchist, Vol. 4, Rock n Roll* (Seattle: Amazon, 2015), iv-v.

To Protect and Defend

The soldier confessed that he might have been bested by the senior that wanted respect,

When the jet he was flying diverted to Vegas for a purpose he could not detect;

He'd been shot at and missed, then spit at and hit by the Colonel that snaked his first bride,

Then it happened again, he was almost nonplussed 'til the action to take was decided;

To protect and defend his second wife Wendy from a hedonist that picked his next target,

He took steps you'd expect, though none would detect his arrival, nor his departure;

When arriving at BasOps to file a flight plan, the others said 'Hey, sleepy head',

Then the wizzo named Camper King looked down at his wedding band and whispered 'Did you hear? – Keebler's dead.'



Francis E. McIntire, *Amazing Leaders, Vol. 2, The Hedonist*, (Seattle: Amazon, 2012), 138.

The Maestro

He was a man with a peculiar mix of qualities. Qualities that Adam would come to appreciate at such a time as this.

He was tall and thin, equal in stature and bearing to Adam. At their introduction, the approached each other with respect and a familiarity that seemed strange to Tiger and Roof, who just looked at each other as the men clasped hands. They seemed drawn to each other, although it was more than unlikely that Adam had ever seen or met the man before.

He presented himself with the gravitas of a Norwegian naval officer, and looked the part. He wore John Lennon-style spectacles – Oliver Peoples in wire frames. His hair was closely cropped and his head was crowned with a Greek shipping-captains chapeau. His beard was neatly trimmed, not bushy – it resembled that of a Viennese or German psychoanalyst from the era of Jung or Freud.

His response to Adam's enthusiastic greeting and handshake was an equally firm grip, with a muffled 'Humph', that communicated neither disinterest nor disrespect.

His penetrating eyes fixed on Adam's and both knew they were in good company.

After the brief introduction, the Maestro tilted his head in the direction of the hallway leading to the cages. There was nothing else for him to do, no other reason for him to be there. He would spend the next four hours with Adam in the secure operations center. No need to fiddle-fart around with small talk.

Once he began, he spoke with authority and continued without interruption. Adam knew that – in the presence of a genius – the best thing to do was to hang on for the wild ride and let the man say his piece. He had a lot to say and communicated his knowledge of the systems and capabilities with a technical vocabulary that was laced with expletives and wry humor.

No madman, thought Adam. *Brilliant!* His prevailing thought was *Where did you find him?*

The 'Norwegian's' animated passion was fueled by more than his amazing and dominating familiarity with the technology that was 'his baby', his creation. Having an audience with the unassumingly regal and stately presence that Adam projected gave him the confidence he needed to communicate the impressive processing power of the secure facility in excruciating detail – perhaps for the last time.

The way he threw himself into the tour – spinning, flexing his long legs while pointing and gesturing – Adam knew that the Maestro was presenting not just his *masterpiece* for the transformation that would occur. Adam knew that he was presenting *himself* as a willing and brilliant commander in Adam's great campaign.

Adam knew that he had this effect on great minds. Minds that knew that great change was coming. Winds of change.

He finally exhausted himself showing Adam the full functional and technical capabilities of each utility that had been baked into the technology.

Still seated, the Maestro pushed himself back away from the complex workstation that reminded

Adam of the massive pipe-organ in the National Cathedral. Three horizontal working surfaces with rows of keyboards, illuminated push-buttons that glowed green or red, white, or yellow. Something that resembled a sound mixing-board in the Rolling Stones' recording studio in Bermondsey. Vertical sections includes three massive screens that were impossibly thin. The seam between the three vertical panels could not have been more than a quarter of an inch.

Seated in his chair with his spider-legs pedaling backward, the 'Norwegian' put on the 'brakes' and came to rest under a transparent cylinder – three feet in diameter – that was mounted in the ceiling of the cave and extended at least twenty-feet down into the chamber. The madman punched the green mushroom shaped plastic button that was mounted on a pedestal under the Lucite cylinder and the air induction fan accelerated to a high-pitched howl.

The Mäestro reached into his tweed hunting jacket pocket and withdrew a leather wallet that contained four Davidoff cigars – Cuban, tightly-wrapped – and a stainless steel and ceramic tube-shaped butane lighter with a piezo-electric igniter that was as proprietary as the technology that was driving the madman's console.

He ignited the torch and tilted his head back to allow the harmonic flame that resembled the exhaust plume of an RAF Jaguar in reheat. The white-hot flame hit the tip of the cigar and was drawn into the brown tube as the tobacco fibers inside glowed red-hot. When the Mäestro stopped drawing back on the Habana, the flame shot up a foot and a half, carried by the upward draft of the turbine in the cylinder. He then blew the first mouthful of smoke directly upward to be carried away through the clear cylinder above him.

"Houston, we have freaking ignition," he smiled as he looked at Adam, and chuckled to himself. He was exhausted but the blood was flowing back into his extremities. The Mäestro closed his eyes again and took a long hard draw on the stogie.

In the presence of this master, Adam turned back to Tiger and Roof behind him. The three smiled and nodded at each other without breaking the silence.

The turbine hummed in the roof of the Cave.

All systems were 'go' and the top three knew that the Mäestro's tour de force would easily keep up with the massive and rapid-fire changes that would be initiated over the next seventy-two hours. The resignations and arrests, the fines and penalties, and the sound of the last fusillade.



More than three hundred fifty million numbered accounts were established and populated with each allotment that had been weighed in the balance for each man, woman, and child – prisoners too. The basis was the birthright, the citizenship. Adjustments were applied based on the documented good or evil that each taxpayer had meted out over a lifetime long or short.

The Prisoner

KELLY the mermaid was captured – but not in the way you would expect. Her mom had to double park the seahorse and just ‘pop’ into the dry cleaners to pick up her seaweed wrap and a silk blouse that had a button pop off and needed to get it sewn on again.

Mermaids did not have sewing machines because the electrical motors and extension cords were a safety hazard.

When Kelly’s mom ‘popped’ into the shop, she left the motor running and told Kelly and Layla to stay in their car seats and admonished them not to unbuckle or to jump up and down on the seats (like they did last time).

Kelly and Layla obeyed pretty good, but a barracuda swam by and bumped its nose on the window and looked at the girls.

The barracuda used sneaky tactics to try to get the girls away from their mommy so he could have a little snack.

The nasty barracuda used three ‘sneaky tricks’ that worked very well on little mermaids and mermen who didn’t obey their parents. There include:

1. Telling the mermaid that there was an emergency and the girls had to come with him right away,
2. Telling the girls that he had a bunch of candy, and
3. Telling the girls that they didn’t need to obey their parents anymore.

Fortunately, Kelly and Layla had already made a decision to obey mom and dad. Both vowed neither to smoke nor play with matches. Similarly, both agreed that they would keep an eye on each other and say something whenever the wheels fell off.

The other thing that Kelly and Layla agreed to do was their homework. Some of the less mature mermaids and mermen had stopped doing their homework and some even started smoking in the back of the bus or in the school bathrooms.

By exercising good judgement, Kelly and Layla demonstrated that they could get better grades than most of the ‘famous kids’ or the ‘cool kids’ or the dopers and skaters who had stopped doing their homework right after starting freshman year of high school.

In spite of their wise adherence to the mandate to ‘do your homework’, Kelly and Layla were caught up in a whirlwind not of their own creation.

A bunch of kids thought it would be a good idea to light a trash can full of paper on fire at the beach. This was done on a lark, and constituted bad judgement even though humans were wont to do this from time to time when having a clam bake in the dunes overlooking the sea.

Although Kelly and Layla had nothing to do with lighting the fire, the Beaudelaire child interpreted the trash can fire as a signal to attack – and attack they did.

Upon seeing the fire on the beach, the Beaudelaire child fired the fish net torpedo and prayed that she would catch a few hundred mermaids who were drawn to the bright light on the beach.

Kelly and Layla were actually swimming away from the beach to tell mom and dad what happened when Kelly was snagged by the fishnet torpedo.

Layla escaped by the hair on her chinny chin chin.

Poor Kelly was reeled in with a few odd sea shells and a manta ray.

By the time Layla got back to the castle in Atlantis, Kelly was already in the pokey. As the Beaudelaire child reveled in her having captured a mermaid with a magic tail, Kelly was getting the message of her capture out on the wide area network of seahorses and starfish.

Her rescue was not far off.



Francis E. McIntire, *Beautiful Mermaids, Vol. 2, Ch. 5, Layla's Mermaid Tale* (Seattle: Amazon, 2016), 21-23.

His Story

The man of lawlessness, man of sin,
The standard in the inner sanctum;
Trampled under the gentiles' feet,
The pigs blood - an abomination;
The Ancient of Days and the heavenly hosts,
Showed restraint, 'gainst the hour of desolation.

The Temple destroyed, by the hand of men,
Given dominion over the earth;
Did squander the blessing – an abuse of power,
In three days He would rise again;

In the fullness of time, rulers good, wise, and cruel,
Did relinquish their reign to the Devil;
Worked through the hands blessed with authority;
Abusing the servants under their command;

Paul warned Thessalonians, as did Christ in the garden, and the prophets of God often said,
Kings, queens, dukes, and earls – as the Caesars and czars, the Kaisers and dictators too,
Did err in pronouncing the sentence.

The managers good and evil, the innovator wise,
And the entrepreneurs plying their tradecraft;
Did relinquish their freedom to the predatory elites,
Who sold them into slavery – to the last man.



Francis E. McIntire, *Anarchist, Vol. 5, Lt. Wesley Gimble*, (Seattle: Amazon, 2012), 106.

Wresting America

As the last fusillade sounded, Logix-a Priori went live and devolved the tangled web of tax codes and public funding streams using database partitioning and analytical processing. What had become an impossible layer-upon-layer of taxes and fees that included excise and import levies described and defined by more than seventeen hundred terms with Greek, Latin, and Old English etymology.

Blade servers in racks deep underground belched data tables that characterized the commonwealth and individual investor accounts for the American citizens and taxpayers – the new owners of America. The worm had turned.

The old system collapsed. Self-serving elected officials and their cronies were offered ‘take-it-or-leave-it’ plea bargain agreements that would be served out in community service camps across America. Life sentences with ‘generous’ compensation packages that were easily quantified using the Goose and Gander Clause. Most were disqualified from the option to elect Contingent Liability.

Logix-a Priori character recognition and integrated search technology generated the plea bargain compensation packages for more than ninety-eight percent of the forty-three million, seven hundred and twenty five thousand, four hundred and twenty-eight felons who were found guilty of high treason against America. High treason against the American citizens and taxpayers, many of whom had perished as elderly or infirm victims of three of the most common practices of the now defunct regime: medical malpractice, insurance fraud (perpetrated by the financial services industry), and denial of services.



Evidence against the accused was conclusive and not circumstantial. Boasts and claims presented in political rallies, at special interest group conferences, and in the national media were quickly analyzed and entered into evidence for the prosecution.

Overqualified leadership and management teams were brought in. Ranks included retired flag officers, military veterans, skilled and experienced middle managers who were offloaded in round after round of layoffs – a planned and executed thirty-three year campaign that began with the exodus following the first Gulf War; and gained momentum with the military drawdowns, shipment of production facilities and taxpayer funds offshore, the post-9/11 recession, the housing crash, and government sequestration – an oxymoron implemented to punish the ‘innocent as well as the guilty’.

Plea packages were withdrawn for those most onerous perpetrators of premeditated and grievous taxpayer fraud – not against the IRS – but against the taxpayers that funded large system integrators who then filled their coffers with taxpayer funds, then systematically laid off the skilled and experienced citizen-taxpayers that built those once-proud corporations.

The strategists and authors of the now redacted Lowest Price Technically Acceptable source selection process and associated contract type were sentenced to life terms at hard labor. Logix-a Priori

analysis revealed that the motive for LPTA was to support the systematic and widespread practice of hiring unqualified drive-through restaurant employees (at a pay bump to the new minimum wage) to replace help desk technicians and experienced call center operators whose competitive salaries of \$22,000 to \$25,000 per year were determined to be ‘excessive and unwarranted’.

Media men and women who conspired with the truth-tellers and do-gooders to report unemployment rates at the semi-interquartile range or below met the same fate as did their puppet-masters. By reporting false unemployment rates, they were named as co-conspirators in the now-treasonous practice of masking the purpose and intent of idling skilled, experienced, and formerly productive members of the workforce. The cause and effect was hidden in plain view. As the actual but unreported ranks of the unemployed swelled to more than thirty-percent, salaries and wages plummeted. Tens of millions of these formerly productive managers and executives filled the conference halls and convention centers across America in the vain hope of starting over at a salary that would allow them to recapture a portion of their dignity, and meet their financial obligations – while marriages and families disintegrated, and while homes were foreclosed, and while the second car was sold to the highest bidder.

University students were advised to withdraw and enroll in community colleges and trade schools – for their own great benefit – to reduce student debt. Again, the real motive was hidden in plain view. The major corporations would no longer be scooping up the majority of the business, finance, and technical graduates with degrees from the top colleges and universities. The new world that had been planned and engineered over almost a half a century had become a reality. The ‘good jobs’ were either replaced by technology or moved off-shore.

The trades fared no better. Closed-door and secret-chamber sessions – backed by research – accurately predicted that by allowing a few illegal immigrants across the border – to fill the ‘unskilled jobs that Americans didn’t want anyway’ – the public would be lulled into a false sense of security that would persist until it was too late. The flow of immigrants over the unprotected borders began with a trickle at first, then a steady stream, then a river until the dam burst – with established illegal and non-documented families growing in number and generations, and flooding the labor ranks with willing-workers that would help drive wages and salaries lower and lower.

Displaced American citizens and taxpayers were offered the best advice available from government and civic organizations. ‘Humble yourselves, be willing to start over at the entry-level, go back to school to gain new skills, and for those nearing retirement age – consider following your passions by volunteering your skill and experience for the greater good.’

The evidence against the traitors was abundant and compelling.



Francis E. McIntire, *Anarchist, Vol. 4, Rock n Roll*, (Seattle: Amazon, 2012), 221-224.

Home Invasion

The weather was miserable – the kind that keeps families inside – but Adam had flown in today from Germany. Two days travel on military leave. From a city with a funny name in Germany – Frankfurt – to a military base in New Jersey, and then by bus to Newark, then a short hop to Windsor Locks. Flights were delayed but Adam was flying in and they all wanted to see him. His mother and dad, the younger brothers – all of them - except for the brother at school in New York. He is a plebe at another military school and could not get permission to leave. The car ride to Hartford, then to Windsor Locks was slow-and-go but steady, and took less than three hours with parking and getting everyone inside the terminal safe and sound. They checked the arrivals board and saw that Adam's flight was slightly delayed – delayed enough to meet him at the gate. The thought of seeing him get off the plane in his military uniform was what his mother and dad had dreamed of – a scene from some movie long ago. The brothers just wanted to see Adam. See if he changed, see if he was still Adam. They had to hurry though. They found the concourse to the gate, went through security, and got to the gate just as Adam's plane was pulling in. The little ones jumped up and down and looked at each other, then up at mother and dad. "That's Adam's plane!" one said.

The ride home was no better. Adam had offered to drive after retrieving his olive green duffel from the turnstile – he had cleared customs in New Jersey. Dad said "No Adam, you relax." Then, Dad made a joke about Adam's arms being tired after flying all the way from Germany. They had all heard that one before. Lots of questions and answers on the ride home – before and after stopping at HoJo's for dinner. They turned the car onto their dead-end street. Almost home.

"Whose car is that?" said dad, referring to the late model Chrysler sedan parked across from the Tully house. He knew the Tully's were away and he had never seen the Chrysler before. "Nice car." It was the new model with a push-button transmission – the buttons were on the dash – he had seen one in a show room. The Tully's had a Rambler. The mystery car was parked across from the Tully's all right, but on the opposite side of the road – next to a small pine grove where the neighborhood kids had reenacted the Summer Olympics months before when the weather was hot and muggy. The grove was on a lot too small for a house, but big enough for the Olympics.

"Dad, pull in and stop at the top of our driveway," Adam said, pointing to the driveway. "Keep the engine running, and lock the doors when we get out," Adam said to his dad. "I'm taking mother across to the Thurgood's house to make a call . . then I'll be right back."

The Mabel Thurgood answered the door – surprised, and glad to see Adam and his mother – and welcomed them inside. "Thank you Mrs. Thurgood," said Adam, "my mother needs to use your phone." He turned to his mother – looked right at her – and said "Mother, call the police. Tell them there is a robbery in progress at our house. Tell them that the robbers are still here and they need to come right away." Then he left after telling his mother and the Thurgoods not to leave the house and reminded them to call the police 'right now'. They did.

Adam would have instructed his dad to take the kids to the convenience store and call the police from there. But he knew that his dad loved a good fight and would never leave. He also knew that his dad's sense of responsibility and provider instinct would compel him to stay, fight, help, and find out 'what the heck was going on' even if it meant that he would be doing all that with five of Adam's younger brothers still in the car.

Instead, Adam said "Dad, give me the house key. Dad, stay here and watch the house and don't let any of the kids get out of the car."

His dad nodded, took the house key off the key chain and looked at Adam. "You know what you're doing son?"

"Yes Dad, I've done this before." He lied.

Adam looked over his left shoulder – the Chrysler was gone from its parking spot. He saw its brake lights at the end of the street. The Chrysler turned left onto the main road. *One down*, he thought.

Adam had lived in the house since he was ten years-old. He left at eighteen, and returned home on breaks from military school – all Christmases but one, three spring breaks, every summer, and once during the fall for a sporting event. The house had never changed – not changed much at least. Before leaving for Germany he stayed with his family for three days. He found things that his parents had 'misplaced' but rarely used – a corkscrew in the bar, a martini strainer in the cupboard, and a tin of tea that Adam gave his mother for Christmas more than five years earlier. They were all right where he remembered them being.

He knew that the treasures were all on the main floor and in the finished basement. His parent's room was on the main floor, then up three steps – over the garage. His parent's closet was the scene of a break-in years ago. They had stolen his dad's camera equipment and rare coins – and left the closet light on. This night, no lights could be seen from the outside.

After circling the house once Adam tested the front door knob. It was locked. He opened the door with the house key and paused. He inched the door open. No sound. He gave his dad the universal sign for 'wait' a single index finger in the air – he learned it from his dad a long time ago. It was the best he could do now – he was going inside.

The treasures were in the basement. The basement was a trap. The home was built in the colonial style before the current fire codes were enforced. During lights-out hide and go seek as a child his strategy was to get all the kids into the basement, then guard the stairs to the main level – just out of sight. There was no other way out. As the oldest of seven boys, Adam knew that if he could keep the kids in the basement, he could find them all eventually. Tonight's strategy would be different though. Adam would defend the house from the inside out. The top of the steps would be his Thermopylae. The door to the basement was closed. It was never closed.

He lifted two glass vases from the cabinet above the refrigerator and picked up the Cutco knives in their plastic holder and placed them all on the counter in the kitchen – the counter closest to the basement stairs. He took the glass cake holder – the one with the glass pedestal from the 'dessert counter' – cake wrapped in saran wrap and all. Then he crept into the dining room and took the

Alaskan ulu – an Eskimo woman’s cutting tool – in its decorative base off of the top shelf. He felt the wooden handle, and gently touched the metal blade – it was heavy but razor-sharp. His mother had never used it.

They turned from whatever they were doing down below when the door creaked open and the kitchen lights came on full bright. All the lights. They paused. Two vases whistled down the basement stairs and smashed against the Mexican tile in the basement as two police cars skidded onto the dead-end road leading to Adam’s house.

Adam heard “Let’s get him!” from below, but could not see the leader push the underling toward the base of the steps and toward the shards of broken glass. Adam stood at the top of the stairs, left foot forward – hoping they were too stupid to bring a gun – or guns. Adam wore his service dress trousers tucked into his combat boots – boot laces double knotted. He had carefully placed his military jacket with ribbons over one of the dining room chairs – and neatly placed his military shirt and tie over the next chair. He stood in his crew-neck tee shirt, trousers, and combat boots – ready to kick butt. At the repeated prompting of the leader, the underling showed his face in a reluctant attempt to ‘take the stairs’ and get Adam. Before his second foot hit the steps at the bottom he felt the impact of the heavy glass cake holder in the chest. It thudded against him and did not break until it bounced off the back wall and onto the tile. The miscreant smelled chocolate and the wafting fragrance of the ‘Duncan Hines delicious’ cake that had lifted from the platter and unwrapped itself on its accelerated journey down the staircase.

The invisible leader in the basement shouted something, then the front door crashed open and five or six armed policemen in riot gear and clear face masks assaulted the main level. Adam stepped back into the full light of the kitchen and his right hand signaled the direction of the fight to his newly found backup. They rumbled down the stairs and beat the puddin’ out of the robbers. They had been looking for them for more than six weeks. They were certain that these were the culprits that had worked the upscale neighborhood for a month and a half.

While the officers were securing the criminals, Adam quickly and carefully returned the Cutco and the ulu to their original resting places.

The team chief comforted the family and thanked Adam and his dad for their quick thinking. Dad thanked the police officers for their service. Adam handed the team chief a folded piece of paper. The license plate number for the Chrysler.



Francis E. McIntire, *Anarchist, Vol. 11, Rachel’s Promise*, (Seattle: Amazon, 2012), 46-51.

The Bulls of Bashan

*As the Bulls of Bashan rallied 'round,
The Lord looked down and said 'This one's Mine',
Do-gooders and truth-tellers out of time,
The predatory elite were stripped, then fined,
For a time, times, and half a time they whined,
The commander lifted the phone and said 'Mighty fine',
Then the trumpet sounded to answer the call,
And the song-of-the-day rang like a bell.*



Francis E. McIntire, *Anarchist, Vol. 7, God's Man* (Seattle: Amazon, 2012), 74.

Father's Counsel

Dad showed them how to use the first two knuckles on their dominant hand. Then he told them what to do if they were cornered by a group of bullies.

"There's the big one that's the leader," dad said. "He's a gom or a lummo, and he's usually the biggest and slowest and has probably thrubbed each of the other bullies at least once."

My brothers paid close attention and I stood back and listened to what dad said.

"Don't let the big one grab you. The other bullies have probably been subjected to his vice-like grip at least once, that's why they let the big one do all the talking."

They nodded.

"If you are cornered by a group of bullies, find the big one and don't let him grab you. If he grabs you, don't let him start twisting or you're a goner. If you can't tell which one is ox-like, watch for the one that is the leader. The one that does all the talking is the leader. The other bullies will talk too, but they will just say 'yeah' a lot whenever the leader speaks."

Then dad asked them to repeat what he just said. The answered him and started to shuffle back and forth.

Next, dad showed them how to break a hold, if the big bully grabbed them. It looked easy, but dad said they had to 'give it everything'. "No holding back," he said, "You have to put your full force into it to break the hold on the first try."

Then he told them the part that I was waiting for. He told them how to get out of the corner if they were trapped by a group of bullies. What he said sounded mean, but I guess he knows what he's talking about.

Dad told the boys to find the biggest, then find the smallest. He told them that in a group of bullies there is always a biggest and there is always a smaller one – maybe a little brother or the 'runt of the litter'.

"Once you find him, think about it first, then haul off and punch the smallest bully in the face," he said. "When you do that, you want to punch right through him and then run right over him as he goes down. Just run like heck."

Dad turned toward the entry way to the family room to make sure mom didn't hear that. Then he reviewed what he just told the boys. He said after you punch a bully it's okay to run like heck. "You don't have to stick around and let him hit you back."

Then he talked about 'balls'. Before he started, he looked back again, to make sure mom was not there. He talked about kicking a really big bully in the balls, then kicking him in the head. Then he said 'run like hell'.

Then he started talking about adults that were bad. He told the boys that if an adult tried to grab you, you should kick him in the balls and run like heck.

"Never get in a car with anyone that you haven't ridden with before," he said. "They will tell you

it's an emergency and you have to come with them right away. When they say that, just start yelling and if they grab you, make as much noise as you can and kick them in the balls and run. If it's a real emergency, you will do the right thing if you just come home."

Dad told the boys that sometimes there are adults at school that are bad. He said "If you don't like the cut of his jib, get his name and write it down. Then tell me the name when I come home from work at night."

"What will you do?" my older brother asked.

"I'll talk to him. I'll go to the school and talk to him and I'll talk to his supervisor."

"What if they don't believe you," my brother asked.

Dad paused, then looked up and smiled at the boys. Then, he said "I'll kick them in the balls and run like heck."

Mom heard that.

Then the younger brother asked Dad "What's a jib?"

I had a pretty good idea what would happen at school if an adult tried anything with one of my brothers, any 'monkey business' as dad called it.

Then dad called me over and talked to the three of us together. He told us about how a lady at his work was shopping at a mall and was walking out to her car at night. A van with no windows on the side pulled up alongside her car to park. Then the side door slid open and two guys tried to get her into the van. She was a tennis player and swung her handbag and hit one of the men. She didn't push the Coach bag at him or slap him with it. She turned away to the left and dropped her right shoulder as if she was trying to run away, then she reeled back and smashed him so hard in the face that it knocked him over and he smashed his head against the side-pipe near the open door. Then she punched the smaller man in the face and grabbed his collar and bashed the back of his head against the sliding door so that it dented the sheet metal in some places and just made a steel-pipe sound where the metal was reinforced around the edges. Then she let him drop and opened her trunk and got a baseball bat and smashed the windshield until there was nothing left. Then she did the same with the back windows – they were painted black on the inside and left broken pieces of obsidian on the pavement and inside the van. Then she smashed the van's lights – front and back. Then she hammered the back license plate until it fell off and she tossed the van's license plate into her open trunk. The small man groaned and tried to get up on all fours and she brought the bat down on his spine for the final grand slam. She threw the bat in the trunk, slammed it shut, and drove to the Fullerton Campus Police Station to file the report.

"It was a terrible fight," she said. She had lost a shoe and wanted to file criminal charges. She didn't mention to the desk officer that she had four rolls of quarters in her handbag.

The morning paper showed a picture of the van and the few column inches on page three said that one man was pronounced dead at the scene, and the other was indicted on felony murder charges associated with the attempted kidnapping. He was pushed into the courthouse in a wheelchair.

The van did not belong to them.

The SWAT team aimed the rifles at the three hinge-points of the industrial strength door and

fired simultaneously. The hydraulic ram caved the door in like it was cardboard. The second echelon fired the first salvo of flash-bangs and tear gas into the darkness beyond the door. Then they fired a second salvo that included white phosphorous flares. The first echelon – in full armor – encountered mild resistance and light gunplay. The officers responded by returning fire with shotguns that ‘barked’ and subdued the toughs who refused to throw down their weapons in a sign of peace. The second and third echelons streamed past the first with automatic weapons with nifty halogen beams that made the night turn to day. The lone guard at the top of the stairs threw down his shotgun and filled his pants. The lead officer grabbed him by his mane and pulled him forward and let gravity do the rest. He sounded like a fifty pound bag of potatoes bumping his way down the wooden stairs. All resistance was quelled.

The door at the top of the steps was easily opened and beyond it was a prison hospital with more than three dozen women doped-up and chained to Army surplus cast iron beds, with steel springs and thin mattresses. Everything reeked of urine and human waste. Two of the women were cold.

The teenage guard that was bumped and bruised and reeked of filth was read his rights, and taken downtown. Showered in freezing cold water and dressed in fresh prison garb, he sang like an angel – he told them everything.

“Things turn out alright when you have a plan,” dad told us – me and my brothers.

“So if a teacher or a coach or a counselor at school tries any ‘monkey business’, just run home and tell me,” dad told us.

“Don’t talk to strangers, just keep moving. And they will say ‘We will kill your family if you tell’. Just plan to run home and tell me everything, and I’ll go get them right away. Okay?”

We all nodded.

Come home and tell dad. He would go to school and talk to the adult. I knew what that meant. He would talk to them like he did with the man at the car dealer’s.

Nothing happened, I thought. Nothing happened, except that we all had a plan. I don’t know if I could ever do what my dad did at the car dealer’s that day. I don’t know if I could be strong like the lady tennis player. But I would try.



Francis E. McIntire, *Anarchist, Vol. 6, The Children Grow Strong* (Seattle: Amazon, 2012), 126-131.

High Treason

What was previously defined as the American middle class is gone for all practical purposes. For a while, it appeared as though they would hang on by tightening their belts and down-scaling both their expectations and their hope for their children's future. Then, by working harder than ever – two jobs, then three. The sentiment sprung eternal, but the word is no longer used – it had been misused and was no longer used at all. Those with a spiritual background now use the term 'pray' in place of 'hope'. Free-thinkers use the term 'trust' as a far-from suitable replacement. 'We trust that the employment levels will improve' was heard on the evening news. Still, they trusted no one. That term was on its way out as well.

Since 1946, the median price of new homes in the U.S. had risen from less than ten-thousand dollars to more than two-hundred twenty thousand dollars. The cost of living to cover basic needs and utilities increased in proportion. In some cases more. The cost of some commodities increased as much as three-thousand percent, much of that attributed to taxes upon taxes, though not *called* taxes. Usury was four hundred percent or more. Not the federal funds rate, that was a point and a half. Citizens who least could afford it are charged more than two thousand percent interest by the banks. The President announced that 'the banks are strong', and that's all he said. Cost of living adjustments are the Newspeak for taxes on taxes. The effect is the same though, they are losing their homes. Government sponsored reverse mortgages offered Citizens a chance to hang on for a few months more. Before long most titles and deeds were transferred to the corporation that had a name that sounded official, but was not. For a while, the middle class was encouraged to 'hold on' and live the American dream by 'taking advantage of new government programs that encourage home ownership'. Immigrants stormed the beaches, not to pay taxes, but to live the dream and to vote. The dream of being cradled in the arms of an open society.

Thirty years ago, home ownership had its blessings, but that was not their motive. Home ownership promoted commerce to power the tax base. It worked. But home ownership was the type of thing that makes free people think more with their hearts than with their heads. They knew that. Social scientists conveniently reversed their stand on nature vs. nurture, and vehemently defended the position now that the environment was the predominant factor that would predict intellectual development in the next generation. All for political expediency. They believed them. They had appealed to their most primitive urges. They used this to drive a healthy increase in commerce and all the secondary benefits that would flow across the land. Lumber, steel, utilities, furnishings, landscaping, and the jobs that would flow from home ownership – all good. Then the median price of new homes would increase – slowly at first then with reckless abandon. Then automobile sales would be boosted by the commuters, preferring life in the suburbs over apartments in the crumbling cities. Then the natural move to find a second income to cover the increasing home ownership and maintenance and utilities costs – and to cover the cost of the second car and to fund the increases in

health, vision, dental, life, and automobile insurance. Then the abandonment of making extra mortgage payments and building the all-important nest egg which would later become an individual retirement account and later still a 401(k). This strategy made sense they told them. Americans get the dual benefits of reduced personal income tax from home ownership and the ability to decrease taxable income in what they would learn to call 'qualified' investment plans. Later the 529s would offer max flexibility for their kid's college. And the dream of free-and-clear home ownership would become a thing of the distant past, just one generation ago.

Meanwhile in the business community, skilled managers and executives would be pressed to do more with less, and to absorb the 'reasonable costs of doing business' that could not be passed along to customers. These costs – more taxes – but hidden taxes, tax on tax. Farmers were taxed to death and had their family farms mortgaged to the hilt. Their profit on a loaf of bread amounted to less than the cost of the plastic bag. Ninety-three percent of the cost of a loaf of bread was a complex array of taxes that was all but impossible to unravel and examine in the light of day.

Newspeak extended to the work place. It had to. Reasons needed to be contrived to justify the recent actions and to stave off law suits that were bursting out all over. They would have no effect on the final outcome, but they consumed valuable time and resources, so the charges had to be addressed. The Fair Labor Standards Act was unchanged, but reinterpreted now to justify lower and lower salaries – to ensure that no group earned more than other groups. The same logic that was applied to increase taxes was used to lower salaries. The minimum wage was increased by fiat to ensure that fewer blue collar jobs would be available, at a time when white collars were turning blue in record numbers. The fallout would be catastrophic. There was no alternative but to approve a new round of tax hikes to shore up the loss of tax receipts.

And new costs needed to be justified in order to raise prices to meet the analysts and stockholder expectations and to increase the percentage and the margin. New laws were passed that it was acceptable to charge more for less. The old saw 'what did I pay for, what did I get?' was not producing the right level of commerce to suit both the corporations and the tax collector. More corporate profits meant more tax; more consumer spending meant more taxes for the state and local government. Alliances were formed between would-be political leaders and the major corporations and major donors. Allow us to increase the interest rate on debt for the high risk consumers and we will make a substantial donation toward your re-election. We don't give a dang what you promise them, just give us what we want. They agreed. Allow us to charge consumers bank fees and penalties that the last administration considered 'abusive' and we will fund your political action committees – both sides now. Allow us to shackle the American taxpayer under a burden of debt and financial slavery for generations to come, and we will keep the both of you in power until Kingdom come. Just limit financial relief to governments and corporations and everything will be fine – we will tell them so on the nightly news. We'll tell them that the wealthy will pay more, we will tell them that legislation is being introduced to provide affordable health care, and to provide for the basic needs of all Americans. If they don't believe it at first, we will just keep telling them. We will deliver the message to their homes twenty four

hours a day.



Teach them to be good consumers then start raising prices – negligible increases at first, then more dramatic price increases when they are busy raising their families and working to get ahead. That rascal Nixon tried to sabotage our plan once – we fixed *his* wagon but good. Keep the employment high for a while and sell the American dream of home ownership for all. Raise the median price of homes from less than ten-thousand dollars to more than a half a million dollars. Grant liberal tax deferred savings plans for the future and for their children’s education and for ‘retirement’. Continue to print money and don’t worry about the balance of trade. When the slope of the curve drops to zero, we will give you the words to say, but it will be too late – not for you, but for them. The system will collapse for the Third Estate, but that’s okay – every other nation in the history of mankind has thrived without a middle class. We will keep you in power – both of you – but you will have to take turns. That way, the little guy will rush to blame one of you, but by then you will have passed his ball to the other party and you can say ‘blame them, don’t blame me, I don’t have your ball’. They will be too frustrated and too deep in debt to do anything other than beg for relief from the state. Not the kind of relief that restores what was taken from them. Just the relief that will allow them to put enough food on the table and enough relief to allow them to keep working the little jobs for a little money. They will get less for more, but we will hold them captive. Don’t worry about taxes, the tax rate will climb to cover the immediate needs. And don’t worry about having to support the middle class with welfare and food stamps – not yet at least. The benevolence of granting tax deferment for qualified savings plans was a huge success and will buy you time as the former middle class deplete their life savings and funds set aside for retirement and their children’s education. They won’t need college anyway; we have a plethora of very bright students and business leaders from Asia and the former Soviet Union to lead our scientific and engineering innovations and breakthroughs. Give them preferred status for government contracts and free tuition at major colleges and universities. Don’t forget to ship manufacturing jobs overseas, you will have the full support of American businessmen and even the former middle class consumers – for a while. American business will thrive overseas with tax breaks and cheap labor. They will use Japanese management principles and technology to produce low cost, high quality products that will have great appeal for all consumers. Initially, they will be attracted by the cheap prices for quality goods – they will think they are ‘making it’ in the new economy. That will buy you another four years before they send you home – but just for a while. The stockholders will benefit as prices slowly rise to their former level. By then it will be too late – all the good manufacturing jobs will be overseas – but the high margins will be locked in for the corporations. We will give you harsh words to say about the corporations that are making record profits, but hiding record income overseas – out of the reach of the IRS. Don’t worry, this is just cotton candy to appease

the American taxpayer who has lost his home and marriage, and whose kids will have to attend night school or work janitorial jobs instead of going to fine American universities. By then it will be too late for all of them. We will preserve a remnant of the former middle class to administer the final waves of transition to New America.

We will give them the illusion that the others were somehow a peculiar brand of ‘deadbeat’ or ‘loser’ and they are special, they are the new middle class.

In time they will realize that we were just using them to deliver the bad news. They will accept the mantle with pride and discharge their duties with aplomb. In the end they will pay a dear price for their role in the re-engineering. They will be found out. Those they once called co-workers and colleagues will rise up from their low station and cut the life out of those that betrayed them. They will cut them down and then stability will reign. There will be the First Estate – the ones who will rule and reign from on high; then the Second Estate – the ruling class that will administer blessings and cruel punishment, and the people, who with up-turned faces will seek their daily bread, and will receive it with grateful thanksgiving from the kind and all-knowing hand of you – the high and holy ones. The New America will emerge - solid and stable – the envy of all the other great powers. A new brand of freedom will be ushered in. A freedom from revolt and upheaval. The power will rest in the hands of a capable few, discharging their duties with loving care, enjoying the fruits of their labor, and administering a new brand of justice. We will come full-circle; peace will flow like a river from coast to coast. Rebellions will be quickly quashed, the rebels will be punished with zeal and in the full view of the global community. Advances in technology and science will preserve the new order. We will overcome!



Francis E. McIntire, *Anarchist, Vol. 6, The Children Grow Strong* (Seattle: Amazon, 2012), 187-194.

Insider Trade

She never really knew what happened. Her advantage? She was in the right place at the right time. *Times*. She took the puzzle pieces and carefully made sense of them until she saw the picture that others would not see. She was rigorous? Yes. Lucky? No. Neither luck nor determination had anything to do with it. Determination – she would find – would be her undoing. Her best traits were her intellectual curiosity that allowed her never to conclude prematurely that anything was a ‘coincidence’. Her staying late that Thursday, meeting the executive at Baxter Gold, finding the spreadsheet that reported the underground assets of the North American mining companies - none of them coincidences. Not to her at least. She followed each one with diligence. In the end, it was her diligence, and the ruthless way that she researched every clue about the North American mining industry that brought her to the point of decision – ‘yes’ or ‘no’. She said ‘yes’. And she followed through.

She had diligently followed a trail that led her to the decision. The trail itself was already there. Others had been there before. She did not ‘invent’ the trail that led her to this decision, any more than two teenagers in the back seat of an Escalade ‘invent’ sex. It was already there – from the beginning of time. And the gold was there from the beginning of time. The time that mattered at least. The gold was already deep underground for millions of years before she came along. Before the auditor with the spreadsheet. The spreadsheet that is no longer found online – it is gone. So she diligently followed a trail that had been there for a very long time, had carried travelers like her for a very long time, provided a few clues that she was diligent enough to pursue, and then carried her to the point of a decision.

She still does not know what really happened, and perhaps she never will. The investment bankers had summoned the CEO to a series of meetings in Alberta, Toronto, and New York. She knew that from her research. She smiled when she looked at the sketch of the CEO in the Wall Street Journal – the man she met that Thursday night. *I know someone famous*, she thought. How odd, a chance meeting with a man in an office that he would never return to – and he did not. He was still on the road as he said that he would be. She did not know that the investment bankers had ordered ‘zip-locked mouths’ on the Baxter deal. She did not know that the floor traders would be staging a massive sell-off of Baxter Gold shares as precisely as the D-day Invasion. And she did not know that the financial community had scheduled the sell-off for ‘Freaky Friday’ and that they would let the bottom fall out on the share price for Baxter Gold shares at the ‘triple witching hour’. And they did. Sometimes in the world of business and finance, meetings are held in secret chambers and luxury resorts. Decisions are made and actions are taken that affect the lives, and families, and homes, and marriages, and wives, and mothers, and husbands, fathers, and men and women, and boys, and girls for the rest of their lives. Sometimes those actions are played out in broad daylight. Sometimes they are hidden in plain view. This was one of those times. Just as her stars were aligned to make a decision

and take action, their stars were aligned for a decision they had already made.

The decision that was already made was very simple – Baxter Gold was to be acquired in the largest leveraged buy-out in recorded history. Maybe Solomon's mine was bigger, but that was then, this is now. The prize – the underground assets – silver and gold that was deep underground. That information was highly confidential. On the surface Baxter operated at a paper loss each year, but the steadily increasing annual revenues – three percent on average – and the strong employment record in seven states and three provinces made Baxter the darling of the political community and put Baxter near the top of the list of the top industrial companies to work for. Baxter's safety record was beyond reproach – more than 724 days without a reportable accident or incident. Workman's compensation claims were among the lowest in the industry. Baxter was a gem hiding in plain view for all these reasons.

The announcement of the acquisition of Baxter Gold was scheduled for early October. The inner circle knew and a few others did also. The typical non-disclosure agreements, gag orders, cease and desist orders were issued to ensure lock-down as best as possible. Several injunctions were slapped – for good measure. Some were red herrings, some were not. The 'nots' worked the best and sent reporters and analysts into the rust belt to investigate 'collusion between the molybdenum miners, the London Metal Exchange, and the Chicago Board of Trade'. The 'Mo' miners were holding London and Chicago hostage, and causing no small concern in Motown as cold rolled steel prices soared. They later crashed thanks to the diligent work of one investigative reporter on cable news. An accountant from a former Big-8 accounting firm was recruited for the Baxter transition team. He was a dark horse with the right people speaking for him, so the others played nice. They knew not why he was there. In a former life, he conducted the research that led to the publication of the spreadsheet. The spreadsheet that no longer existed. He would be well paid – at the full corporate bill rate, and would be allowed to taste the kill.

The announcement would come but not before the 'adjustment' – street parlance for the reallocation of shares to protect the best interests of investors, the investment community, the institutions, and to ensure that the Securities and Exchange Commission would not find fault before or after the acquisition. Everything was in order. Baxter's stock price was stable and had been for the past 24 months. There was no financial or technical reason to get excited about Baxter. The acquisition would be sweetened by offering a three and three-eighths premium to shareholders of record on the appointed day, on the appointed hour – in October. Less than five percent, but considered 'substantial' to the stable base of investors and institutions that 'liked' Baxter. All that was left was the 'adjustment'.

Every once in a while an event occurs that leaves a vast ocean of people looking on in amazement – mouths hanging open – and asking 'what happened?'. We expect this in Las Vegas – we expect to see the Boeing 474 appear on stage at the MGM Grand Hotel and Resort. We would be disappointed if it did not. On the third Friday in September, though, people were disappointed, asked 'what happened?', shrugged their shoulders, and went on with their lives. The adjustment happened. Floor traders and investment bankers began the day in the usual way with a 'cappie and a cornie' at the

local Italian bakery and café – at the Battery. They exchanged glances to determine if their counterparts had the necessary game for the ride that was coming. The events of this free-market day were choreographed as precisely as opening night of a new Broadway play. They too, were under the direction and supervision of a master – a dictator – a real rathscalion. They would each clear between two and three million in fees and compensation for their time and effort – all perfectly legal, all under the watchful scrutiny of the SEC. They had done this before. They were ready.

The opening bell sounded and nothing happened. Baxter held the same price that I had for the last two weeks – ‘up an eighth, down a quarter’ – less than a three-point spread between its fifty-two week high and low. Two of those three points were attributed to the street’s ‘possible interest’ in Baxter in late August and early September – the interest waned for some reason and Baxter was now ‘flat’. Sound and steady. Small blocks were sold by several of the key institutions – small for them, titanic for the commuters on the bridges and in the tunnels. Baxter eased down gently – just a ‘slight correction’ on Freaky Friday. It stabilized. Round one – over. Coffee and sandwiches were brought in. The phones would have rung and rung again. The institutions would be calling now, asking for assurance and issuing ultimatums. No such calls were received. It was very quiet for the Baxter team, and would remain so for most of the day. Round two was coming and it would be exactly like Round one. Steady, stable, and controlled. Baxter dipped, then stabilized – like the 747 descending from flight level 320 to flight level 300 – passing traffic. Nothing to worry about. Most of the large institutions – those deemed trustworthy – were out of Baxter, or had decreased their positions substantially. This was all by design and had been set in motion months before. Internal and confidential discussions at the large institutions concluded that Baxter’s share prices were slightly inflated.

For the benefit of the investment community, these institutions would ‘substantially decrease’ their position in Baxter – and allow prices to settle to a more reasonable and sustainable level. This Newspeak would satisfy even the most ardent SEC auditor. “See,” the fund manager would say. “We’ve been planning this ‘big block’ sale and repurchase for more than three months.” And it was true, it was clearly published in the 10Qs for all, the Annual Reports for some whose fiscal year ended in August or September. Their skirts were clean. This was not the first time, either. “Thank you for your time,” the SEC toady said, leaving the office in the Manhattan high-rise. “Everything seems to be in order.”

No joke, thought the junior member of the fund management team as the door closed and the SEC auditor walked to the bank of elevators.

A symbiotic relationship for sure. Let us do what we need to do to live in Manhattan and get our kids into the best schools, and we’ll cover your tail so that you don’t get yelled at by your supervisor. We’ll make sure that the paper work matches the story line, and you plan to visit once a quarter – and keep the meeting to fifty minutes. Whatever you read in the Journal will not surprise you. If it does, you can show your supervisor this document and this page in the 10Q and that should do it. “Does everything seem to be in order?”

“Yes it does, you guys are extremely organized.”

“Well thanks, we run a pretty tight ship around here.”

At quarter ‘til Noon the Baxter team in Manhattan, stepped out for a short walk to the Battery for a smoke break. They each grabbed a soft drink and street food from a vendor and looked at their watches. The typical vodka martinis were out on Freaky Friday. They were on duty and would effectively keep each other in line. They would catch up at MacGillicuddy’s at four fifteen. And be fully caught up by four thirty – no need to stick around for the aftermath. There would not be any aftermath. The Nikkei and Hong Kong would take care of that in after-hours trading. By the time the Saturday paper hits the stoop, Baxter would be right where they found it – within one point of the fifty-two week high. Trading would resume on Monday in New York with Baxter no worse for wear. The traders learned long ago that you don’t really need to *watch* the market. Just follow instructions and do your job and the market will be fine. Don’t stab your buddy in the back and you’ll be fine too. They all played by the rules.

Back in the command center – twelve forty-one. Everything was quiet in the oak paneled room. The analysts worked quietly in cubicles at the back of the conference room separated by a barrister railing and more oak paneling to hide the typically vulgar appearance of the cubes. Their mission – alert the floor traders of any hint of anarchy. The traders disliked ‘surprises’. They *created* surprises, they did not want to be caught off guard themselves. There were fortunes swinging in the balance, and those at the top wanted fortunes to swing in the right direction.

There was no horseplay, typical of initial public offerings or the dark days of December when trading was light, except for the Friday. There were no distractions either. No cable news, no interest in the European markets. Europe was done for the day and the cafés and bistros were full and buzzing with the excitement of the trades made – City or Bourse - of fortunes won and lost, and the hot new intern at Reuters. For all they cared, Europe was a million miles away. No papers or magazines, either. No Barron’s, no IBD, no Journal. The season had started and the playoffs were months away, then the Holidays, then the Super Bowl, then the Swimsuit Edition. No excitement, no anticipation, no small talk. Mostly silence. They felt like Churchills or Ikes, in an oak paneled bunker, just waiting for the balloon to go up. Serious. Somber.

The tall skinny ‘kid’ with the curly black hair – the one they called ‘Yale’ – brought a memo to the trader at the head of the conference table. *Holding steady 1 and 15/16 points below opening bell.* That’s all it said. The trader nodded, handed the memo back to Yale. The analyst shredded it on his way back to his cube. The room was silent save for the occasional whisper between analysts in the cubes. And it stayed that way for nearly two hours. On Freaky Friday, no news was good news.

At three-thirty, the chief trader nodded and the man in suspenders, white shirt, French cuffs, and bow tie flipped the red switch that was used four times a year. The police car domes on the ceiling lit up, and the red lights inside began spinning like dervishes in a trance. Soft red light splashed the oak paneled walls. “Total comm-out,” the bowtie yelled, then made eye contact with everyone in the room. “Comm-out is in play, sir,” he announced to the head of the table.

“Thank you.”

For the next twenty-nine minutes Baxter Gold was on autopilot. For fourteen minutes, nothing happened – that was the test. The street had not cracked the code on Baxter. Outside the room, advisors and brokers would comfort their clients on the Friday afternoon – maybe over drinks – and tell them to stand pat on Baxter. Just a mild dip that would correct itself in a week or two. Nothing to worry about for investors hunkered down for the long haul.

Comm-out was in play and it was working. No selling, no real buying, just a little nibbling around the edges for a few day traders – strictly small time.

At three forty-five the machine kicked into gear. Three major institutions dumped Baxter – just like they told the Fed’s they would. Manhattan shuddered, then waited. Nothing. Six-point-five on the Richter scale. Still nothing. Then it happened – by design. The sell-off triggered a mini crash for Baxter and her sister mining companies that went like this. Bloomberg and Reuters reported the sale and flashed the logos and impressive skyscrapers of three major investment houses on the screen. No big deal, a planned correction. What *was* a big deal was not the institutional sell-off, but the timing and proximity of the sales. At three forty-seven, and again at three forty-nine Baxter’s bid and asked jerked lower once, then again. This triggered more than twenty five hundred stop limit orders for the widely held Baxter Gold. Between three fifty-one and three fifty-three the bid price slipped and crashed to almost fifty percent of the price at the opening bell. The asked price followed suit. The sell-offs continued with automatic stop loss orders triggered by the big brokerage houses holding customers’ shares held in the street name. This would never have happened a hundred years ago, or even forty years ago. The brokerage houses simply did not exercise this type of control over these many shares. Besides, they didn’t have this wide a range of investment vehicles - stock index futures, stock index options. Index futures are a recent phenom in the investment world, thanks to automated systems that were not available even in the go-go days of the sixties. IBM and DEC led the way for the big machines to process trades and trigger automated buy and sell orders. For the most part that was a good thing. A good thing today, at least for the wizards pulling the levers behind the curtain.

The last jolt was delivered at three fifty-four. The bottom fell out of Baxter’s stock price following systematic and persistent machine gunning of Baxter’s bid and asked prices – each direct hit being delivered by a seeming incessant triggering of stop loss orders from every brokerage house on the street. From start to finish the Baxter castle crumbled in seven minutes – a relentless barrage of sell orders. And there would not be one stone left standing on another. The advancing army of Wall Street knights in shining armor had undermined the castle, burned the gates, stormed the castle keep, and taken no prisoners. The golden rule prevailed.

In far-away Denver, a young Big-8 project manager had basically entered a series of limit orders. Baxter was in a power-dive, so each limit order triggered an almost instant execution of each order at or below the limit price. She picked up Baxter for a song.

The nightly news covered the story of the devastation on Wall Street. The Baxter team was at MacGillicuddy’s Tavern with an open tab. The analyst was at the Palace on her second foreign feature and third glass of wine. The watchdogs would have suspended trading, but they were lethargic – they

got the news after the closing bell.



Francis E. McIntire, *Anarchist, Vol. 11, Rachel's Promise*, (Seattle: Amazon, 2012), 148-159.

The Oasis Drive-in

The Chevy Corvair station wagon - unsafe at any speed – is sailing south on the U.S. highway and passing to the east of Lompoc. The passengers in the back – all children – had been loaded into the family wagon in the early hours, still asleep for the most part. Their mother had a pillow that she brought to catch some sleep herself in the front passenger seat. The father drove hard and had an almost-full cup of very strong coffee that would help him stay ‘ahead of the trucks’. And that he did. With the eastern sun still below the horizon, he maintained at least fifteen miles-per-hour over the posted speed limit. It is early and there are few cars on the road. Fewer ‘cops’ he prayed. The Firestones hummed as he maintained a constant speed over mostly flat terrain along the coastal highway with hopes of clearing the big city before it awoke, and before the sleeping trucks took to the road. *It’s the trucks, you see – those blasted trucks – that get out in front of you and go so slow.* It is the trucks that he is ahead of now and is determined to stay there. For the time being everything is fine. Everyone sleeps, except the dad at the wheel. In little more than an hour he will become the demon at the helm who will not stop for any reason. The Corvair will transform itself into a sort of prison-on-wheels that will maintain its advantage over the trucks that were beginning to wake now. The prisoners? The children of course, with special needs that would be unmet. Conflicting needs like thirst and the need to pee. Other needs - like to stretch or to eat. Those needs would be ignored as well – for a while at least as their mother slept. Dad’s response to their most urgent pleas was always ‘Don’t wake your mother.’ The requirement for silence was assumed and the spoken request ‘May I ask a question?’ was met with a silent rebuke. The memory is fresh but the emotions are gone. The children, now adults, somehow know that their parents had done the best they could. They all know that.

More than anything, they learned to work together. As adults now, they laugh about being united by a ‘common enemy’. It’s true, they are united. They became united as they grew up and learned to work together to defeat the forces of evil. Their brother had long since stopped ‘pounding’ his sisters for minor infractions – throwing a rubber rabbit at him. The older sisters had long since stopped using the youngest sister – Kay - as a ‘human sacrifice’ to the ‘boogie man’ or to things that went ‘bump’ in the night when their parents were not home. Now they were united. United in letting their brother sneak into their room after a night out with his buddies – even if he did scare the crap out of them when he tapped on their bedroom window to be let into the house. The image of his face in their window – just a silhouette, backlit by the neighbor’s flood light – is enough to give good reason to believe in the boogie man. Yes, they continued to check under the bed and under the covers for tarantulas – and they fully expected to see dozens of them; and they *always* checked the closet for snakes and monsters. Why a monster would have any interest in what was in the closet made no difference – they checked the closets then – and, truth be told, they still do now.

And they laughed at work, or about work, or after work at least. Kay – the blonde – and her redheaded older sister, were able to sign-on at the local drive-in movie theatre. The manager knew that

attractive young ladies working in the canteen would boost food and beverage sales like nothing else. So he hired them both – first the redhead, then the younger. He did not care that they were sisters. What he *did* care about was their *other* sister – the big sister. He had his eye on *her* since he was a senior in high school. She was a freshman then, and he was shy. Bold enough to say ‘hi’ in the hallway, too shy to ask her out on a date though. Then there was her older brother – a junior at the time. There was no possibility of a date – a senior with a freshman – with an older brother like that. He was afraid of her older brother alright – still is. He minded his business back then. And now as well. But now he is the newly promoted manager of the Pacific Grove, the local drive-in movie theatre. The name was a loose reference to the ocean and the once-neighboring orange groves. Safely out of high school, it was now or never.

The girls worked wonders on weekends. Still in high school, they were not allowed to work on school nights. Their parents forbade it. This suited them. The line of cars on Friday and Saturday nights was legendary during this era in southern California. The station wagons, convertibles, and sedans arrived early – before sundown – and found their favorite spot. Black plastic trash bags tied over the top of the posts alerted the movie-goers to the speakers that were scheduled for repair. Doors popped open to allow the dads to stretch and check out the scenery – and to allow the kids to run between the parked cars for the swing sets and slides up close to the giant screen.

The small town was situated in the midst of the greatest population boom in the nation’s history. From the time the early explorers and Pilgrims landed and cautiously established towns and villages in the New World, the population increased slowly. The rate of population growth increased dramatically as immigrants arrived – mostly by ship – from foreign shores to escape religious and political tyranny. With the end of the second great war, the soldiers returning home, the globalization of the world after the first great war, and the increased production and consumption – the stage was set for an explosion of marriages and families on a quest to live the American dream. And they did. What’s more, this small town was not itself a thickly-settled community – far from it. It was a still small town nestled between growing population centers to the north, east, and south. Only the ocean to the west would experience the placid calm of not being encroached upon by the steady migration westward toward paradise and unlimited opportunity.

The first ones came when they were driven out of the dust bowl. The next wave came as ambassadors of the ‘beat’ generation, in search of the freedom and liberty that the mild climate and easy living promised. These were small in number – adventurous free-thinkers - that would soon be overtaken by a wave of humanity that would change the world forever. Before that happened, though the adventurers would lay down a new set of values that would both inspire and challenge the very soul of the nation. This advanced echelon would say and do the unspeakable. They would carry the unspoken hopes and dreams of their predecessors. And they would carry a message that would be the rebel yell for the mass of humanity that would follow them. Their sacred proclamation was simple and elegant and would disrupt the California landscape – and then the nation – more than anything that the San Andreas Fault could dish out. They would pass the baton of their heartfelt beliefs to the girls and boys, young women and young men who were nipping at their heels. Their battle cry was irresistible.

Their battle cry was ‘Anything is Possible’.

The final wave of humanity was watching and waiting for their turn. And their advance was methodical and systematic and financed by their moms and dads, aunts and uncles, and grandparents – for a while. Then they became big and strong, then more of them came and they just kept on coming. They had outgrown their Gerber baby food, Buster Brown shoes, Mattel toys, and were ready for Ford Mustangs, Pontiac GTOs, and Harley Davidsons. And they kept coming. And they came to the Pacific Grove Drive-in.

They were here for last weekend’s Planet of the Apes marathon – a triple feature that started at nine and ended well after midnight. This week they streamed in for a trio of Sergio Leone’s dark horse blockbusters featuring one of their own. The star was familiar from the old black and white boob tube that their parents swore would rot their brains out. Against the backdrop of the big screen and the heavens above – and sporting drive-in movie pants - they would learn about the deepest mysteries of the human psyche and would discover the heights and depths of human thoughts, emotions, and behaviors.

Their exertions, concentration, and dreams of the future generated a deep hunger – a practical hunger for delicacies that would only be satisfied at the Drive-in’s snack bar. Inside, Kay and her sister worked without the assistance of the absentee manager. They worked as fast as they could. Their high school friends and other strangers surrounded their Alamo in a relentless drive for nachos, cheese fries, corn dogs, corn on the cob, taquitos, and soft drinks that would later be spiked with Smirnoff vodka and Seagram’s 7. The featured special was the foot-long hot dogs that the Pacific Grove Drive-in made famous. Last week’s sell-out crowd had exhausted the provisions of the snack bar – to the very last Frito. The sisters relayed the ‘sold out’ message to the manager. He emerged from his ‘office’ to shut down the snack bar and tally the day’s receipts behind shuttered windows with a CLOSED sign prominently displayed.

That Saturday night, he made a note to himself to replenish the shelves and freezers with ample provisions for the next week and the weekend that followed. He had taken time enough to issue orders to the sisters to report early for next weekend’s triple feature. “Be here right after school on Friday, I’ll pay overtime,” he said. Then he retreated back to his office to pick up where he left off – thinking about their older sister.



They arrived early on the following Friday afternoon to thaw the foot-long and pre-heat the nacho cheese. Everything was ready. The girls had no less than seven gallons of cheese either loaded or at the ready, a gross of corn dogs thawed and ready for the deep fat fryer, and more than two hundred foot-longs thawed and either on the rollers or dripping in the sink. The French fries were still in the freezer and the fountain drink dispenser was fully charged. The girls waited. The sun set. They

came, but only trickled in. The manager was gone. Joshua had gone to Barbados.

The sisters easily managed the few customers that had not stopped off at Taco Bell, then the liquor store for the week's special - André Cold Duck. The first feature ended. The 'good guys' won. The second feature started and the manager call in.

"How's it going?" he squeaked.

"Nobody's here," the redhead answered.

"Just found out - they're at the Alice Cooper concert," he said. "They'll come out after the show. Keep everything hot."

The sisters looked at each other. *Apparently, the manager has never been to an Alice Cooper concert*, they thought. They were right. The manager was likening a rock concert to a major league event or a Saturday afternoon college game. Sure, at times, if the mood and weather were right, the fans would migrate from the stadium in the big city back home and catch a late feature at the Drive-in. The food brought them here as much as the movie. More than anything, the Pacific Grove offered a reason to stay out – just a little longer. Tonight was not that night.

"Keep the food hot, and thaw out more foot-longs," he added. "Gotta move 'em – I have a full order of food coming in Monday for next weekend's marathon. You gotta move the stuff we have."

In typical manager fashion, he just gave the sisters orders without knowing what the heck was going on. All he knew was that he had to move everything this weekend. He had signed an order for a full delivery on the following Monday and needed an empty freezer and storage closet to fit it all in.

"Thaw the rest of the 'dogs' and give 'em away – two-for-one," he said, and then he hung up the phone.

They did. They took every corn dog and foot-long out of the freezer, then put a paper sign in the window. The sign was very simple, a paper sign taped to the order window that read '2 4 1' in Magic Marker.

In-between the occasional customer, they both rolled up their sleeves. Kay began laughing as she lifted an armful of thawed foot-longs out of the sink. She bent her knees slightly, and tilted backwards a little to keep the slippery dogs from escaping from her arms. Her redheaded sister scooped up the rest of the dogs from the sink – no more than fifty. The sisters began laughing as a customer approached. Their mission in life was to get the foot-longs into the refrigerator behind them before the customer's face appeared in the window – the face of a boy they recognized at school. The fridge door was closed. They looked at each other and started laughing. It might have been obvious that Kay's sister with fifty dogs should move to open the refrigerator door. Still laughing, they both took a step toward the fridge door and collided – laughing, now screeching. Then they began to fall. Just a few at first, then a few more. The door was still closed as they moved together to help arrest the flow of dogs onto the floor. They both stepped on a few of the dogs that had already broken away. The panic and laughter increased as the customer looked under the glass and said 'Hi'. As they turned in response and in the depths of laughter they lost control of the dogs – they all spilled onto the floor to begin the process of rolling across the uneven floor to collect spicks and specks, and hair, and all manner of dead skin and dust mites that are carried by the wind and tracked in on the soles of shoes.

They looked at each other and could not contain themselves. To the utter amazement of the young male customer, these young women were transported to the place where words are no longer necessary to form bonds that will last a lifetime. They picked up the escaping foot-long as fast as they could, rinsed them in sink from whence they came. Kay retrieved the large empty plastic freezer bag that she had just recently thrown in the trash bin. The large empty freezer bag that held the eighteen packages of sixteen each frozen hot dogs that the manager had directed them to thaw. They both stuffed the hairy hotdogs in the large empty bag, and put the large bag in the fridge. The packages of still-frozen dogs were in the sink now with hot tap water splashing on the packages and at times splattering on the dirty floor. The laughing continued as they turned back to the customer in the window – he was gone.

“Good,” said the redhead. “And no hot dog for you.”

The rest of the second feature was spent following the manager’s instructions to the letter. He never called back, so the sisters used their own good judgment on the best way to do the manager’s bidding. The crowd was sparse and thinning as the second feature ended.

They took a calculated risk and told the projectionist to ‘hold’ the third feature for an announcement from the manager – the manager who was not there. The projectionist was a home town hero who graduated more than two years ago and had dreams of trying out for the farm clubs that practiced in California and Arizona in the spring of each year. Two springs had come and gone, the next was six months away.

By her reference to the ‘manager’ and by virtue of his crush on Kay - the blonde sister – he complied. The redhead made the announcement after composing herself and rehearsing the brief message with the microphone turned off. Then she was ready. Kay looked away, but listened intently.

“Phew, phew,” the redhead blew into the microphone to clear out the dust and cobwebs between the mike and the array of speakers over the screen that showed the Drive-in’s logo against a backdrop of a sprawling citrus orchard - a plantation that had long since been sold to real estate speculators. “Attention movie lovers,” she paused and released the mike button. She turned and looked at Kay. “Movie lovers?” she said, “Why did I say that?”

“Just finish,” Kay pleaded. “Say it slow.”

Mashing the mike button down with excessive pressure she announced “Attention movie lovers, the manager has a special,” she paused without releasing the mike button, “and all moviegoers may buy ten family car passes for five dollars.” She released the microphone button and took a deep breath. She looked back at Kay.

From where they stood inside the brightly lit snack bar, the sisters could not see what was happening outside – the reflection of the interior lights against the glass windows was all they saw. In the parking area, doors popped open and fathers and young men began sprinting toward the snack bar. To an onlooker high above, it might appear that they were storming the high ground held by the two girls and the projectionist. They were, in fact, responding to the offer made by the redhead. The opportunity to pick up ten family car passes for what amounted to fifty cents a throw set them running. The opportunity to pick up enough passes at that good price for the next year or two, meant the

gauntlet was thrown down. At a minimum, they could use the passes for any feature or marathon that they wanted. The sprinters with extra cash could buy up whatever passes were left and sell them to their friends, neighbors, and relatives for twice the price.

The redhead being older and more experienced had opened the manager's office door with the key that was hidden above the wall light in the employee bathroom. She opened his upper right desk drawer and removed three spools of passes coiled around cardboard spindles. The three spools of passes were red, white, and green – the white passes had punch squares numbered one through ten. Punch squares one through five were on one side and punch squares six through ten were on the other side. Enlisting the help of her sister Kay, the redhead completely unrolled the spool of white passes in a single and unbroken ribbon onto the office floor as fast as she could. She placed a pencil through the cardboard spindle, had Kay hold both ends of the pencil, and the redhead drew the ribbon of white passes off the spool and onto the floor. Slowly at first, then faster. As the diameter dwindled, the continuous ribbon of white passes grew into a pile around their feet. She slowed down and the end of the white ribbon of passes fell to the floor. The empty cardboard spool bounced on the pencil and slowed to a stop.

The redhead took the last white pass in the ribbon of white passes and gave it to Kay, who held it between thumb and index finger. Then the redhead counted by twos until she had about one hundred and eighty passes and broke the ribbon. She looked up at Kay and said "Five bucks apiece."

Kay turned toward the order window and was met with faces in the window yelling numbers, and hands outside the window - and some hands poking through - holding tens, twenties, one fifty, and fists full of dollar bills. She exchanged passes for the money offered, one pass for five dollars and so on.

The redhead, still in the office, began rolling the white ribbon of passes back on the cardboard spindle, starting with the highest sequence number marked on the last pass still remaining. She worked quickly, with no concern for the uneven sides of the spool that was quickly growing in diameter. When she finished, she banged the spool flat on its side on the manager's desk and strapped the green rubber band around the circumference of the spool to keep the passes from unraveling. She looked at the spool for the very first ticket and smiled – the sequence number was 0001.

She placed the three spools back in the manager's desk drawer, flipped off the lights, and locked the manager's office door. Then she put the office key back where it came from, and helped her sister sell the passes.

In time, the crowd became orderly. It was clear that there would be plenty of passes for anyone who wanted them.

The redhead grabbed a plastic tray and began loading foot-long hot dogs from the heated rollers into buns and onto the plastic tray. She could fit about thirty dogs in buns onto the tray. Then she opened the door with the tray still on the counter, held the door in-place with her right foot, and stepped onto the wooden platform and handed the tray to a man who had just bought twenty dollars' worth of passes.

“Hand these out free to everyone, please. There’s ketchup, mustard, and napkins on the counter – right there,” she said as she looked at the counter.

He complied, and she went inside for a second load of dogs. After the dogs, the nachos. After the nachos, the French fries that had been salted and were kept warm under the lights. After that, the taquitos. After the taquitos, the corn dogs – hot from the deep fat fryer. And after the corn dogs, she opened the pantry and took out every one of the large ‘institutional sized’ bags of nacho chips and buns. She motioned for the men waiting eagerly outside the door to the snack bar’s inner sanctum to ‘come in’. Then, she handed the large institutional sized product bags to them one-by-one. They left the last plastic bag of nacho cheese where they found it. In the rush to empty the pantry the half-full bag of Fritos tipped and spilled its contents on the dirty wet floor. The men carrying bags of chips and trays of buns disappeared into the night. The fountain drink syrup and cylinders were safely inside the dispensers and under the floorboards – and there they would stay until the next weekend.

The redhead told Kay to call the projectionist, and tell him to ‘roll’ the third feature. She did. He did. The crowd was satisfied and milled about for more free dogs and anything else that was worth having.

They pulled it off. The sisters followed the manager’s instructions to a tee. They got rid of all the food, and emptied the freezer and pantry for Monday’s food delivery. The snack bar receipts were the largest in the recent history of the Pacific Grove Drive-in – more than nine hundred and forty dollars. They left the uncounted silver in the cash drawer. They filled out the deposit slip for the bank and put the cash in the bag for the commercial drop box at the bank – on the way home.

The redhead asked the projectionist to ‘close up’ and they secured the snack bar – turning off the lights and locking the door. The CLOSED sign showed.

Kay’s parents were at home watching an Andy Williams special on the tube. They had left the farm and were satisfied with their new lives and their time-saving appliances. Their children were here now, for a while, and learning the lessons that they would need to complete the migration to the city. The kids learned that everything real was tactile. If you could see it and hear it and touch it and feel it – it was real. The children becoming adults would need this knowledge to complete the migration from farm to city. And they learned faster and better than their parents did, and better and faster than their parents learned from *their* parents.

There would be two more migrations, but they would come later – much later. For now, Kay and her sisters and brother devoted themselves to the task at hand – to learn as much as they could, as fast as they could. And they did.



Francis E. McIntire, *Anarchist, Vol. 11, Rachel’s Promise*, (Seattle: Amazon, 2012), 31-46.

Lieutenant Wes Gimble

On a sidewalk leading up to the apartment building in Dayton, Ohio the moment of destiny was approaching. Colonel 'Chocks' Wilson, who had bedded Lieutenant Gimble's wife was walking out of the apartment building – the third one on the left. Lieutenant Gimble walked across the parking lot headed for the same red door that the Colonel had just emerged from.

Lieutenant Gimble was dressed in GI grey sweats and a navy blue watch cap on this cold January morning. He had left the gym with every intention to go to the Colonel's apartment, knock on the door, and tell his wife hiding in Wilson's bedroom that he would agree to the separation that would lead to divorce from the woman of his dreams – the one that he had loved above all others since the day that he met her at college more than four years ago. He would release her from her vow, then shower and shave, have a peanut butter sandwich for breakfast, and drive to the base for an eight o'clock appointment at the legal office.

He had rehearsed it in his mind over and over again for the past two weeks, and just imagined himself addressing his wife in Wilson's apartment with no thought of Wilson, or what his role the Colonel would play in the drama. Gimble was ready to be done with it and move on.

He had done all his research, he knew all about Article 134 of the UCMJ and the penalty involved. He also knew that Colonel Wilson was the Base Commander's golfing buddy. The Colonel had made that clear a time or two.

He knew that the maximum penalty was severe – dishonorable discharge for the Colonel. He also knew that the maximum penalty had never been meted out in recent history, not to a field-grade officer at least.

He knew that his dad's business partner had some experience with this, back at Columbus Air Force Base, Mississippi – during the 'permissive' era following the Viet Nam War. Dad's business partner was a new 'butter bar' with a new bride, a new Mustang II Ghia, and two weeks of 'casual status' before his pilot training class started. They lucked out and got 'married quarters' – on-base housing that was crawling distance from the Officer's Club.

One of the flight instructors was a young Major that had returned from a second tour in Viet Nam eighteen months ago, and was graduating his third batch of students from T-37s to T-38s. The Major was wise in the ways of the world, and knew that some codes of conduct were enforced and some were not. The Major applied the standard of the world to matters of the heart, particularly when he had lined up his next target. *Stay out of my love-life and I'll stay out of yours was the order of the day*, he thought. Never spoken, just an attitude.

The Director of Operations had made it clear that he would end the career of any flight instructor that 'snaked a student's wife'. The Major knew that 'fresh meat' had arrived and he had less than two weeks to cut one out of the herd. Two weeks provided an ample margin to move in on the leggy blonde who was married – but not to a *student* – her husband was not a student pilot *yet*.

The peculiar thing, thought young Gimble, is that the Director of Operations didn't cite the UCMJ – just a personal threat. The DO was not a particularly noble man, he just had no interest in standing in front of the Wing Commander – to explain the extracurricular activities of one of his errant flight instructors. The DO had the Major's number alright.

And young Gimble has the Colonel's number in the same way.

Dad's business partner just moved on, Gimble thought. He went to Randolph Air Force Base to learn to be an instructor, then was banished to Laughlin as a T-37 instructor pilot, his punishment for something. The Major was sidelined in the quality assurance branch at Columbus Air Force Base – a leper colony of sorts for decorated war heroes - that just couldn't keep their hands off student pilots' wives. The seasoned pilots in the QA branch flew hangar queens and flew with other *instructors*, but never with students. Somehow, this was deemed sufficient insulation.

Dad's business partner finished up his tour as a first-assignment instructor pilot, or FAIP, and separated from active duty to live in Peachtree City, Georgia and fly Boeing 727s for Delta Airlines. He met a southern belle, married, and had four kids - three boys and a girl. They were raised in the fear and admonition of the Lord, and at last count the kids were out there living their lives, graduating from college, marrying and being given in marriage, starting their careers, and raising their own children. Everything was fine, but still, something was lost that could never be replaced. Dad's business partner doesn't talk about his first wife or the Major anymore – not that he talked about them that much in the beginning. But he remembers what happened. He forgave, but he will never forget how that felt.

"The worst part of it all," he told me once, "was that *I* became the Pariah – the marked man."

"Pariah?" Gimble asked, his dad and the business partner looking back at him.

"Right, I became the thing that had to be pushed out of sight. I was the one that they sent to Laughlin – not the Major. I was banished to the desert. And when I got to Laughlin, I was the one that the other instructors looked at – the Lieutenant who lost his wife to the Major. I was a Captain by then, but I was still the Lieutenant that lost his wife to the Major. I was defined by that. That became my legacy, and it took a long time to get over that."

Dang, Gimble thought back then. *I hope that doesn't happen to me.*

The funny thing about fears, not funny at all really – is that the same fears are floating around in the collective consciousness. We don't cause our own downfall, by thinking thoughts of "what if?", that's just the awareness that there are many dangers, toils, and snares out there – John Newton reminds us of that. We are wise to watch out for them. *To anticipate them* as Sarge Bekins always told the campers.

Still, there is one more thing that we can do. More than just anticipate these dangers, we are able to take action.

In the few short steps from the parking lot to the sidewalk, then a two-step skip to the walkway that led to the entrance to building 3303, Lieutenant Gimble snapped from daydream to surprise. Colonel Wilson! As they approached each other, the Colonel smirked at the Lieutenant that he bested

and expected Gimble to turn his head to the left and lower his gaze in shame.

Gimble leveled his gaze straight ahead, then turned his head just a few degrees to the left - a feint away. The Colonel's smirk turned to a devilish smile the moment before Gimble's fist shattered his jaw. The Colonel flopped to the pavement like a sack of potatoes. Out cold.

Gimble went to his apartment shaking the blood back into his broken hand, called the police and requested an ambulance. He provided his contact information and went back outside to stand sentry over the Colonel and to wait for the officers to arrive.

The police report documented an altercation between two parties outside of apartment building 3303 on a cold Ohio morning. To Gimble, it was a matter of public record. He folded his copy of the police report neatly in thirds. The parties were named and the police were sympathetic to the young Lieutenant who was standing in grey gym clothes, with a shivering brunette – his wife – standing by his side. The medical technicians loaded the Colonel, sporting a foam collar and spine board, onto the gurney – and pushed the gurney into the back of the ambulance. The stainless steel legs retracted and the back door was closed.

"Anything to add, Ma'am," said the uniformed officer to the young woman.

She shook her head 'no'. He jotted something on his pad.

"I'm referring this one to the Base," said the cop to his partner once inside the police cruiser.

The police car pulled out ahead of the ambulance.

The ambulance door opened and the med tech hopped out. He had one more question.

"This guy's soaked!" said the technician. "Was it raining out before we got here?"

"Nope," said Gimble as he turned to go inside. His bride followed.

My legacy, thought Gimble. The engineer that cold-cocked the Colonel that tried to snake my wife. Correction – snaked my wife. He was in no mood to explain the next steps to his bride. He missed the appointment at the legal office and would take this dog-and-pony show straight to the Wing Commander himself. As an engineer, all he could hope for was a decent assignment – an advanced degree at a real school. A Master of Science would look good on his resume, and two years at Stanford or Northwestern would give him and his bride a chance to lay low and start over. If she wanted to that is.

Like others before him Gimble was a pilgrim and was encountering a little turbulence on his journey. He was learning that spiritual growth was powered by suffering.

Let's pray that Gimble and his bride will take steps to heal the brokenness, and end up with a strong marriage that will stand the test of time. Stronger than the marriages that aren't tested at least.

As for the Colonel, he was checked into the regional hospital in town, and spent a couple of nights. He bashed his head pretty good when he fell – a concussion – and was released with orders to follow up at the Base Hospital. His career took a direct hit, as much as the system would allow. Before he was released from the hospital, the Base Commander triggered a personnel action that was talked about, but rarely used. The Base Commander 'sundowned' his golfing buddy – on orders from the Wing Commander.

Both senior officials were furious with young Lieutenant Gimble for forcing their hand. Gimble

didn't give a darn. He knew what had happened to his dad's business partner and figured that he had nothing to lose. *I'll take it to the papers*, he thought. Never had to, though. The last thing the Wing Commander needed as an aspiring two-star general was a scandal on base – on his watch. The best thing to do now is to send Gimble off to Palo Alto for a couple of years, and send the Colonel to Shemya – a remote assignment in the frozen north. Wilson would decline the assignment, of course – and would elect to retire in lieu of the reassignment. In doing do, the glad-handing Colonel would dodge an Article 15 and the possibility of a year in the slammer and a dishonorable discharge – however unlikely.

Gimble told his supervisor that he was being hand-picked for an advanced degree, and was working a special project for the Wing Commander.

"I'll be back in two weeks to out-process," Gimble said to the Captain – a senior project engineer, a friend and colleague. "Can't say anything else – direct orders from the Commander."

"We'll okay! Mister tough guy," said the Captain, standing up and smiling behind his desk. "Are you and Becky gonna be alright?" he asked, lowering his tone.

"I'm pissed, but committed. Nothing like a little stubborn determination to try and save a marriage," said Gimble. "You know – the stuff we talked about last Saturday. Divorce is not the solution – it's the problem. I'm gonna move on and try to make the best of it."

The Captain gently 'bumped' Gimble's broken fist. "I've got your back here, Gimble. Send me a postcard from California."

"Two weeks," said Gimble. "See you in two weeks."



Francis E. McIntire, *Anarchist, Vol. 7, God's Man*, (Seattle: Amazon, 2012), 115-121.

House Call

On a snowy and icy February day in western Mass, Adam and his brothers were all sick and home from school. The boys stayed in their pajamas all day and played quietly in the finished basement of the family home. Mother worked upstairs on the main level, cleaning, cooking, and making sure the boys stayed downstairs. Adam felt a little better and grew bored – so he crept up the basement steps until he was just below the threshold of the main level. From his vantage point he could see his brothers playing quietly below, and he could see Mother working in the kitchen. He could see the Mexican tile at the bottom of the steps. He was invisible. He sat there quietly for quite a while, happy to sit, and watch, and listen. His mother made a phone call to the family doctor. He inclined his ear toward his mother's conversation and learned that the doctor would visit the home. He listened intently and heard Mother say the word 'shots'. He continued to listen and knew for sure that the doctor would indeed be giving shots to the children – later today. The idea of a doctor making house calls was common. The idea of a doctor visiting their home to give injections to all of the children – all together - had never happened. Adam knew that this was an opportunity to create some excitement on an otherwise cold and icy day. He would demonstrate a rare form of leadership as the oldest child.

In time, Adam found out that leaders 'go first' and do things that lesser men and women are too lazy or too passive to do. Adam will learn that leaders take the initiative to discover the way that things work. I taught him that. Leaders always tell the truth in a clear and unequivocal way, and connect with the heart of the listener. The leader creates a true emotional connection with his followers. Adam will learn that leaders see opportunity where others wander aimlessly. Much later, Adam will accept a sacred mantle and step forward and demonstrate his leadership in a powerful new way.

For now, Adam scurried down the basement steps like a spider. He sat down in front of the fireplace - the same fireplace that Santa had visited a little more than a month ago.

"Here boys," he whispered in a firm, older brother voice. "Listen to me."

Their eyes opened wide as Adam began to speak. Then their mouths opened too.

"The doctor is coming over," he said and he looked directly at each of his younger brothers. "When he gets here, you will hear the doorbell ring upstairs. He will come in the front door, and then he will come downstairs."

Adam looked over at the basement steps and his brothers followed his gaze.

"When he comes downstairs, he will be wearing his black pants and overcoat, and he will be carrying his little black bag. When he gets to the bottom of the steps, he will call for each of you by name. Then he will take a giant needle out of his black bag to give each of you a shot. And the shot is going to hurt like crazy!"

The open-mouthed brothers all looked at each other in silence and amazement. The trusted older brother who had built countless submarines and robots out of cardboard, and impressive go-carts out of wood and carriage wheels had spoken. Adam had no fear of shots.

“Let’s play a game,” Adam said.

All was well for more than an hour.

When the doorbell rang – silence. Then the footsteps across the hall upstairs and into the kitchen. More silence. The black shoes and pants carefully descended the basement steps – the little black bag came into view. As the doctor reached the bottom of the steps and turned toward the boys - the screaming began. And it continued for nearly a minute. Mother was there in a flash comforting the uncontrollable sobs of the younger boys who were clinging to her skirts. The sobs died down and the inquisition began. All fingers pointed to Adam, and Adam confessed.

Adam learned an important leadership lesson that day. Leaders need to prepare the battlefield in such a way that the results of leadership actions are tempered with compassion and good judgment. Adam also knew that the best leaders execute strategy with flawless precision. Adam’s execution was flawless. As he sat in his room for the rest of the day, he was somber. At one point he smiled wistfully, though - he knew that he would display better judgment from this point forward. He also knew that he had passed an important test. That’s why he smiled.



Francis E. McIntire, *Anarchist, Vol. 1, The Unveiling*, (Seattle: Amazon, 2012), 21-23.

Chincoteague

Captain Ezra Carter prospered as a merchant seaman with considerable financial investment in the port that would become the bustling destination for all modes of transport. The full moons of March and April 1848 saw much planning and bidding on options for everything from raw materials to manpower for drayage. There had been little change in the landscape of the port and wharfs, or the town for that matter. Ships would sail to Seattle for lumber – of that he was sure. Regular steamship service to San Francisco was still a year away.

The Captain was running fully loaded clippers in all directions now, from San Francisco to points south in California and Central America; points north to Seattle and Anchorage; and key ports in Asia. He secured the interest of two dozen investors at a secret meeting of industrialists in Colorado; and sold an eighty-three percent interest in his clipper ship enterprise running max capacity. He was keenly aware of the profit-generating power of leasing ships while selling a majority interest in his shipping management company. From the perspective of his the investment deal he owned nothing, but controlled everything - through leases, options, and his ability to control routes and schedules.

He turned his gains into options on steam transport, freehold port facilities, and hundred-year transferrable leases on peninsula farmland that was deemed to be of little value to the agricultural community.

The Gold Rush began as a trickle, and gained momentum by the late spring of 1848. The clippers imported cheap labor from the Far East to man construction projects that had been drafted in late winter. Investment capital continued to flow from New York, Boston, and Philadelphia - some from Chicago - and the value of his assets blossomed with the arrival of spring. The Captain controlled new enterprises now - the mercantile was sold to investors. This allowed the gambling merchant to cash out and return to the east. Steamers from Seattle, Los Angeles, and Latin America brought the next waves of prospectors to strip the bulging mercantile of supplies. Carter's investors declared him a genius - they were right. Bins and bays were replenished quickly from fully stocked barns and warehouses that he had bought and built just beyond the limits of the township. The fully loaded clippers were redirected and loaded with more. Then the wagons arrived. Some from the north, most from the south and east along trails that had been grooved deep for a century or more.

Rail was faster, but not a reality for a sleepy burg like San Francisco - or for California for that matter. They came by sea and they came by wagon.

As he prospered, his family grew. He sired three sons and a daughter, all born between 1852-1861.

In 1859 Carter bought a fleet of clipper ships and harbor facilities in Manhattan with the welcomed assistance and capital investments of the patrons whose fortunes grew alongside of the Captain's. The ships were fully loaded on trips to Liverpool and Southampton and back, and on the occasional trip from New York City to the Falklands, then to California and Seattle, and back. For a

brief time, the clippers ferried mail from South America to Europe – along a route that would eventually be supplanted by the French Air Mail service.

His dealings were above board but not without intrigue. Chincoteague and Assateague Islands are home to the small ponies that were reputedly washed ashore when Spanish ships were bested off the coast years ago. Chincoteague was prospering as an exporter of oysters for New York, Philadelphia, and major population centers to the north. During the War Between the States, the Captain was summoned to a high-level meeting in Washington D.C. A nor'easter drove his schooner hard from New York past Delaware Bay as they headed toward Chesapeake Bay and the Potomac. He gave orders to harbor at in Chincoteague overnight with a verbal order that the crew was to remain absolutely silent - mute - until all hands were ashore. As the schooner turned right to pass between Tom's Cove and Wallops, the schooner was joined by two ships – one on the left and one on the right – guns leveled. *Privateers no doubt*, thought Carter. To protect the shipping lanes and oyster cargo headed to New York. He saw the canal ahead and would swing wide to the leeward side of the island to safe harbor at the narrows. One action awaited and he was familiar with the code.

“What’s your business?” was the challenge.

“shing-kuh-TEEG,” the Captain’s response. One word.

The schooner was waved on.

After docking the Captain assembled the men and explained what had happened. The privateers were hired to protect the shipping trade between the island and the Union cities to the North. Oysters. The island was aligned with the Union. The response was a shibboleth – an ancient code that would alert the privateers if the incoming ship’s intentions were for good or for evil. Outsiders pronounced the name of the island ‘CHINK-a-teeg’ – a sure sign of trouble. A sure sign that the incoming crew had never been to the island before. The ordered silence? The Captain had to make sure that the correct response was rendered. The Captain knew the shibboleth.



Francis E. McIntire, *Anarchist, Vol. 1, The Unveiling*, (Seattle: Amazon, 2012), 44-46.

Kay Fleming and the Squadron Leader

The phones in the Upper Heyford Command Post lit up as they always did following a two ship departure. The tiny and respectful voice on the other end of the British Telecom line – Miss Penelope – delivered her predictable report.

“The aeroplanes were very loud this morning. They were flying so low I could see their propellers.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” we’re very sorry, “. . . we will report the matter to the Base Commander.”

They hung up the phone and went to the chalk board. This was a milestone, the twenty-fifth call from the village since the last time Wing leadership paid a house call to the village.

The first visit by the Base Commander and the RAF Station Officer was a commitment that was made in error, but once made had to be followed through. The error was understandable as the United Kingdom and the United States are sovereignties separated by a common language. The first visit was precipitated by the Base Commander – an American – directing the Command Post to tell Miss Penelope that he would ‘call’ in response to the next overflight. The RAF Station Officer had told the American staff on numerous occasions that direct contact with the subjects of Her Majesty the Queen - the inhabitants of the village of Upper Heyford - was his duty and responsibility. His advice had been ignored, but action did follow.

“For Colonel Remington,” said the RAF Squadron Leader, rolling the “r” and clicking the heels of his impeccably polished shoes. He smiled and nodded to the petite American secretary – Kay Fleming - who served as ambassador and gate-keeper for the Base Commander.

She blushed seeing the handsome Brit. He was more distinguished than the American jet jockeys, and more charming than the typical American field-grade officer. She resisted her favorite day dream – riding through the Cotswolds in the Squadron Leader’s MGB convertible, her silk scarf flowing in the breeze. Kay pressed the buzzer to warn the Base Commander that his ten o’clock was here a bit early. *Mustn’t keep the Squadron Leader waiting*, she thought, her eyes fixed on the door to the Base Commander’s office.

The Base Commander emerged and welcomed his British counterpart with a confused look on his face.

“Are we walking?” asked Remington.

“Riding, I’ll drive,” said the Squadron Leader.

“Where?” asked Remington.

“To the village,” said the Brit “. . . to call on Miss Penelope Wheelright, the cottage at the departure end of runway two-seven,” rolling the “r” in ‘runway’.

“Your meeting?” asked Remington.

“No sir, your meeting,” said the Brit as he raised an eyebrow to nudge the American. “Your Command Post told Miss Penelope that the Base Commander would ‘call’ on her this morning . . . at

least that's what *she* heard." The Squadron Leader gracefully referred to Remington in the third person as the Base Commander squirmed into his service jacket and reached for his 'wheel' hat.

The Squadron Leader nodded and smiled at the secretary as he left the Command Section, and led the way down the stairs to his MGB parked in front of Base Headquarters. He opened the passenger door for the Base Commander who was still buttoning his service jacket.

So the first village meeting was the result of a misunderstanding over the words 'call' and 'will call', but now the precedent was being set. The Squadron Leader was regretfully aware of something that he had not yet disclosed to the Base Commander – the visits to the village, once begun, must continue. *These blasted visits will continue*, he thought, as he turned and smiled through his neatly trimmed moustache at Colonel Remington – and the MGB rumbled its way into the small village.

As with most campaigns, both sides escalated their commitment to win, outwit, or out-charm their opponent. The Americans added handsome young lieutenants to disarm the fragile villagers that called the Command Post. The Base Commander, the American Operations Officer, and two lieutenants were the standard 'urban assault team' that was deployed with regularity to the village of Upper Heyford. The Squadron Leader had trained the 'Yanks' well to fulfil their commitment in his absence. As the visits progressed in frequency and duration, the tiny villagers combined forces with Miss Penelope to pile the kitchen table with baked goods, jams, and jellies, custard, pies, and spotted dick. On a lovely spring or summer morning or afternoon, or a crisp morning or afternoon in the fall – American officers could be observed in Miss Penelope's back garden, sipping cups of PG Tips tea, and nodding in acknowledgement at the thunderous engines that roared past the village in five, ten, or fifteen minute intervals.

For the time being, all was well. The allies were winning the Cold War, and the Brits and Yanks were in violent agreement that the cakes and pies were indeed very good, and that the sound of freedom was indeed 'very loud'.



Francis E. McIntire, *Anarchist, Vol. 8, Heyford on Alert*, (Seattle: Amazon, 2015), 17-19.

Prophesy 232

Then Elisha said, Hear ye the word of the LORD; Thus saith the LORD, Tomorrow about this time shall a measure of fine flour be sold for a shekel, and two measures of barley for a shekel, in the gate of Samaria.

- 2 Kings 7:1, King James Version

The siege is broken. American people have spoken. Citizens, taxpayers, Americans - have taken America back. Taken the country back for Americans. Americans have taken their country back from the government. Taken America back from the do-gooders and truth-tellers. Taken America back from the smiling do-gooders that promised them everything and delivered them into poverty and financial slavery.

The veil is lifted. No longer do they labor under the illusion that the American government is America. They strained to think back on how all this had happened anyway. They strained at other things too. How was it that the government was able to pit Americans against each other? How was it that the do-gooders and predatory elite – as they now call them – were able to get hard-working Americans to blame other hard-working Americans for the conditions that led to the upheaval? Not the upheaval itself, but the conditions that led to the upheaval.

How was it that Americans allowed the do-gooders to assume the role of masters? The role of masters over them. The role of masters over the ones that had elected them to serve. The ones that had elected them to serve them and represent them in all matters of law and governance.

How was it that the Americans had allowed the predatory elite to steal America away from the Americans and keep it to themselves? Not the idea of America. The assets of America. How was it that the American people came to the point in their brief history that they allowed their new-found masters to take ownership of the assets of their nation, to steal the wealth of America? To steal the wealth of America, and call it 'ours'. Steal the wealth of America, and call it 'theirs'. Steal the wealth of America, and call it 'mine'.

They did more. They took back what was taken from them. Living Americans took back the wealth that was taken from them. This upset many. This upset many living Americans who were not repaid the wealth that had been stolen from those who were now gone. This much is clear - the living are being held accountable for their crimes. And the living who were robbed are now sharing in the wealth that is there. The wealth that is America. And there is great wealth.

The do-gooders and predatory elite are now being held accountable like everyone else. They worked together, now they suffer together.

In a day, the dignity of Americans was restored to Americans. America is now the greatest country in the world. Americans are now the greatest people in the world if greatness is measured by

wealth. Americans are now the wealthiest people in the world. American's wealth now belongs to Americans. America is no longer the 'land of opportunity'. The term 'opportunity' is no longer used. That term originated when only the ruling class had wealth. The ruling class that needed laborers for farms, then factories, then cities. Then to buy products and services – the ruling class needed consumers to buy products and services. The use of the term 'opportunity' spread as immigrants came to hear a message that they had never heard before – come to the land of opportunity. They came. They found opportunity. Opportunity to do what the ruling classes had for them to do. No longer, though. Opportunity is all around, so they do not talk of it any longer. Americans are wealthy now. They talk about wealth. Americans now own the wealth that is harnessed to industry. Americans are becoming more and more wealthy every day.

Americans have dignity. Dignity that had been subjugated behind 'personal responsibility' for so long. Personal responsibility - the term that the predatory elite used to explain why or why not some Americans were homeless, or jobless, or loveless, or wealth-less. "Take personal responsibility" they said, for the conditions of your life, your family, your home, your community, your city, your state, your country, your planet. Take personal responsibility and do not expect another to accept the responsibility that is yours. Take personal responsibility for your finances as we rob you blind – as we steal your wealth and make it 'ours', steal your wealth and make it 'mine'. Take personal responsibility as we use taxpayer funding to enrich financial holding companies that trigger round after round of layoffs, rake in hundreds of thousands of homes in foreclosure, and marginalize tens of millions of taxpayers – all to keep the ruling class in-place. Take personal responsibility for your family as we pollute the minds of your children – as we fill their minds with the duplicitous double-speak of calling good evil and calling evil good, as we fill their minds with garbage in schools and clubs and after-school activities. Take personal responsibility for your community as we release perverts and rapists and thieves and pushers and thugs into the streets – for they need love too, and they need a second chance, and they did not have the opportunity that your children have, and they did not grow up with all the advantages that your parents gave you.

In a day. It all changed in a day. One day they were enslaved and had masters, the next day they were free. One day the Syrians were encamped outside the gates, the next day they were gone. One day their masters lorded it over them, the next day they did not. One day they served their masters, the next day the masters were gone. One day they were impoverished, the next day they were wealthy. One day they were losing homes, and families, and marriages, and children, and jobs and the next day their homes, and families, and marriages, and children were restored. The next day they turned their hand to the plough – to the plough of managing their assets – managing their assets with diligence. The assets of Americans. The assets owned by Americans. They manage their assets with diligence because the assets now belong to Americans – again. The assets are theirs! The assets owned by Americans are now in the hands of Americans. The American people wrested their property out of the hands of the masters that had lorded it over them for so long. The assets had been theirs all along, but had been taken by the masters who were elected to serve. They took their assets back. In place of the

masters are capable managers to oversee the affairs of the law and of governance.

The masters had been elected to serve, but they served themselves instead. Not all of them. But all of them are gone. The fabric of America had been torn by a system that enslaved the ones who elected servants to serve, but the servants had become masters instead. Not all of them. Enough of them. Now, none remain. The fabric was torn and none remained behind. None of the 'good ones' remained behind. None were good enough, after all, to prevent what had happened. And it happened. The servants who were elected to serve began to serve themselves almost from the beginning. Then it grew worse. The servants who were elected to serve became masters instead. Then it grew worse. The servants who were elected to serve took that which belonged to others. But it was not stealing. It was not stealing, because they told them that they were going to take it. They took it, then it grew worse. The servants who were elected to serve then gave away that which belonged to others. They gave it to whomever they listed. They were pleased to give to those who needed it the most. They were pleased to keep only a little for themselves. Then it grew worse, they kept a little more. Then they gave away a little more. Then it grew worse, they gave away a little more still – so that they would remain in power a little longer. Then it grew worse. They took it all.

Then they gave away power. At first they kept the power that was given to them by those that elected them to serve. Then they gave the power away to those that pledged to keep them in power as long as they gave the power away. Then they gave away more than the power. They gave away the legacy of the Americans who had elected them to serve and had elected them to govern. In giving away the power, they gave away the legacy. In giving away the legacy, they gave away the bodies and souls of men and women, husbands and fathers, mothers and wives, children too, men servants and maid servants, and the bodies and souls of men and women sold into slavery. In giving away the bodies and souls of men and women they remained in power as long as they gave the power away. In giving the power away they gave America away. The masters gave power away to the banks. The banks that were created with taxpayer money, but who lorded it over and abused the taxpayers. The banks that were bailed out with taxpayer money, but then abused Americans because the masters allowed them to. The banks that set the time value of money at between twenty and four hundred percent, then paid the taxpayers between one and three percent. The banks that paid their managers staggering end-of-year bonuses, then gouged the American people for more and more taxpayer money to keep the whole thing afloat – to safeguard the system that they themselves had brought crashing down at home and abroad. The banks that marched forward and proclaimed that 'the banks are fine' and the president that proclaimed that 'the banks are fine'. And their self-paid bonuses increased based on carefully thought-out formulae. 'Look what we did,' they said to each other. 'Look what we get,' they responded in return. More and bigger bonuses for fixing the problems that we ourselves have caused. 'More and more taxpayer money for me,' they said.

Then, the Americans said 'no more'.



Now, they have it back. They got America back. The Americans who had elected those to serve, got America back from those who had become their masters. Americans took America back from those who gave the power away to those who pledged to keep them in power as long as they gave the power away. America was back in the hands of Americans. America was back in the hands of the citizens and taxpayers of America. America was back in the hands of the hard working men and women who now own the wealth of America. America is now back in the hands of the Americans who had built America, but were told that they did not build America.

America is now back in the hands of Americans who had built America and knew that they had built America. America is now back in the hands of the hard working American men and women who built America and were telling each other 'you built this'. 'You built America.' 'You built this.' 'We built America.' The masters almost destroyed America, but we got it back.

It worked well for two hundred years, then it did not. Then it did. It did because it ended. It ended suddenly. It did not work, then it ended suddenly and it worked again.

Sometimes people want their neighbor to believe something so assuredly, or want another to take an action or to accept a truth most desperately – for their neighbor's own well-being – for their neighbor's own great benefit. In doing this, people often encounter resistance. The community will resist the urging of the runner who wants his neighbor to be a runner, and resist the urging of a Christian who wants her girlfriend to be a Christian. The resistance is not bad, it is born out of a healthy skepticism and self-preservation.

Adam was no such leader. Adam had the opposite spirit. Adam had a quiet confidence that made others sure that he knew exactly what he was doing. And he did. And they followed him. Adam had the quiet confidence of the Texas oil man who knew that the bottom would fall out of the market in October of 1987. He calmly advised his friends, neighbors, and relatives to 'assume a cash position'. Some did, some did not – not right away. The fact remains that he did and eventually – within a month – they all followed. Adam had the same spirit. He never begged, nagged, pestered, pleaded, or ranted. He never lectured or scolded. When he spoke, he touched their hearts. He touched their hearts as he did with the Song-of-the-Day. Within a month they were all on board. Within a month, they would follow him 'to Litch and back again'. And they did.

Still, some would call him 'Anarchist'.



Francis E. McIntire, *Anarchist, Vol. 2, Alaska Transformation*, (Seattle: Amazon, 2012), iii-xi.

A Dynamic Leader

Notwithstanding the Bishop's mischaracterization of Monty as a hedonist, bombastic showman, and 'no friend of organized religion,' the spark of freedom was re-ignited as it had been on rare occasions in our nation's past.

Post ushered in a time of public reflection and celebration that he led with the solemn determination that once characterized the underground railroad, the rhetoric of the ancient philosophers, and the cry to arms that Massachusetts school children learn and recite by rote.

The public's response to Monty's dynamic leadership was something else entirely. Dignified attorneys, bankers, and industrialists dismissed the phenomenon as they had other movements of the recent past – the anti-war protests, civil rights marches, Jesus freaks, and the 'flower power' mantras of the hippie counterculture. Spiritual leaders plead for restraint – the same restraint that Post himself demonstrated. But the working classes and members of the former middle caste abandoned their inhibitions as the shackles of financial slavery fell from their ankles and wrists.

"Bullsheet! Bullsheet! he's for me; he's the man's got us off our knees," sang the street vendors, sashaying their carts into the center of commerce – Times Square. As if the major motion picture director had just issued the command 'Action,' the traffic cops directed taxi cabs to 'circle the wagons' as they had done yesterday and the day before.

The food carts, already on the move, joined in to create massive and colorful counter-rotating orbits inside and outside of the line of cabs that were circling slowly with horns a-blasting. Cabbies pumped the fists of their left arms extended outside of the rolled-down drivers' side windows. Female passengers burst from the back seat passengers' doors and joining in the celebration of life in the Square. The naked cowboy, guitar slung over his shoulder, carefully climbed to the top an abandoned garbage truck and began his signature guitar hero shtick – the one that CNN broadcast as the top human interest story on last night's business report.

The celebration continued until well after sunset. Then subsided, in preparation for the next day, and the next.



Francis E. McIntire, *Monty Post, Vol. 1, Life Lived Well*, (Seattle: Amazon, 2013), 71-72.

Spirit Warfare

The battle was not against flesh and blood as many tales described, but against powers and principalities. Many tribes convened to talk and listen, and dance and pray, and watch throughout the night – just as they have done every year since the battle, and just as they were doing in the auditorium right now.

The battle was fought in the open on land and sea, and in the deep recesses of shelters, some lit some left completely dark. The warriors barked and droned and fought the battle with words and prayers – traditional weapons used for hunting, protection, and food preparation were useless against this foe. The enemy would have convinced the warriors to turn the weapons against each other – but it would not work this time. The tribal warriors were wise to the ‘natchka’ of the enemy and his minions.

Victory was assured when the tribal warriors were taught and learned a new language that gave them strength and courage to defeat the powerful opponent and decimate his legions. The tribal warriors passed the code from one to another in the open and in vibrant gatherings at night in the lodges. The qayaq’s were assembled on the coast and surrounding waterways to receive the blessing, and to spread the code. The land-based warriors gathered in the lodges and then trudged across the frozen northlands, streams, lakes, ponds, and rivers to teach the code to all who had ears to hear. The code spread rapidly and included shibboleths to prevent false shepherds from leading the flocks astray.

The war code included the syllables ‘cha’ or ‘ach’ that were designed to comfort and complete the warriors and to fortify the tribal members that held the home front and protected the children. The syllables ‘tak’ and ‘nak’ delivered mortal wounds to the foe’s army and sparked a retreat that was soon followed by an unrelenting rout of the enemy that would last for hours and in some regions for days. A small coastal village was almost completely destroyed by a tsunami that was the last desperate hope of forty legions of enemy soldiers that were being relentlessly pummeled by the ‘taks’, ‘naks’, kachatkas’, and ‘natachatakanatachas’ of every villager in the coastal community for more than six days. Runners were dispatched to the north and south to inform the neighbors in the neighboring coastal villages to run, not walk, to the battleground that was in full crescendo. As reinforcements streamed in, they were engulfed in wave after wave of singing, and dancing, and praying, and deliberate and focused chanting. The neighbors were captivated by the undulating battle dance that was a growing wave of humanity in the middle of the town. Against the backdrop of the wooden drying racks and the mountains rising to the east, and with all eyes focused on the water to the west, the neighbors donned the full battle dress of chanting and praise, and the numbers grew by the hour. They all joined in and their numbers grew. The salmon and seal that was their bread in winter, and source of protein and long life year-round, was brought out each hour to fortify each woman and man, and each boy and girl. The food was blessed and distributed and no thought was given to the ‘what ifs’ that are so common in the southern latitudes.

Then it came. An imperceptible rumble and the chanting stopped. The chanting resumed, and the water to the west was as a mirror. Not a glint or a ripple on a perfectly smooth surface. The qayaq's landed and were pulled ashore – pulled inland as far as possible. Tribal leaders barked commands to take the children to high ground – as quickly as possible.

“Turn not to the right, nor to the left, and look not around for the time of destruction is at hand,” they shouted.

The warriors – male and female – scooped up the children regardless of their village or tribal affiliation and headed for high ground. In accordance with the words spoken by the tribal chiefs, they ran and did not look back. Then they climbed and did not look back. They measured each step as they ascended the forested and snow-packed mountains to the east against the backdrop of deadly silence. They climbed for more than an hour before the gentle ocean swell closed in on the tiny coastal village. From far aloft, an observer would look down through the grey winter sky, past the high cumulus clouds at eighty thousand feet, and down upon the beautiful coastal village that was known for its abundance of salmon in winter. It was blessed and was a haven for travelers. At seven miles out, the gentle ocean swell rose to seven feet above its elevation just minutes before. At two hundred and forty knots groundspeed, total devastation was less than fifteen minutes away. Most life was saved.

The demonic ranks were devastated. Had the battle continued into the seventh day, all would have been lost. The quake and tsunami were the last desperate act of a badly beaten army. Just a remnant remained – a demonic remnant to fight another day.

And the tribal remnant remained in the mountains to the east. The villagers and neighbors had been warmed and filled by the salmon and seal that was their sustenance. Now they needed to return to the coastline to build fires and warm the children.

As the villagers emerged from the snow packed tree lines, they surveyed the damage and headed toward the few vertical structures that remained. They built fires and set out to fish, and they gathered up the flotsam that would be used to rebuild.

The next month went by very quickly and was marked by unseasonably warm air from the southwest. The warm air invigorated the villagers who hunted and gathered, and who rebuilt the common structures that remained. The warm air cooled as it was pushed upslope against the mountains to the east. This provided a blanket of protection at night from the vacuum of space. Fires burned all night and were kept burning during the day.

The fires were a constant signal and beacon to the south, west, and north.

At the end of one month, three ships anchored off the coast and dropped their sails. Boats headed ashore with food and provisions from the southern latitudes. The Monrovians had arrived and were welcomed. They had left their homes in a place called Pennsylvania more than a year ago with no knowledge of their final destination – the coast of Alaska. Their friends and families back home considered them mad – they were not.

The Monrovians began to learn the native language and the villagers and their neighbors helped them learn. The villagers and their neighbors also taught the Monrovians the secret code – the code for praise and the code used for battle – the same code. The Monrovians learned the difference

between the traditional tongue and the secret code. They were able to use the code right away. The translation of the ancient scriptures into the villager's native language took more time, but they were dedicated to the task. The villagers gladly helped. The Monrovians taught a great deal to the villagers and their neighbors, and helped them build new structures in the spring and summer. They brought sharp steel tools from a place called Bethlehem. The Monrovians had tribal leaders too, and they conceded that they gained as much knowledge as they had imparted to the villagers – and perhaps even a little bit more. The villagers had provided them a lagniappe – a little extra – and that was widely known.



Francis E. McIntire, *Anarchist, Vol. 2, Alaska Transformation*, (Seattle: Amazon, 2012), 34-38.

Keebler

From his perch in the tower, the SOF called the DO who was watching his secretary take down the Christmas decorations in the Director of Operations wing of the headquarters building. She wore red high-heels. Christmas was just another day to the senior ops guy – two tours in Vietnam, one in Thailand. His secretary was something else though, a real tease. *Off limits*, he thought. *Married. Married to the Wing King's exec.* Nice though, very nice to watch. *A perfect ten. Just she and me*, he thought. *Nice buns.*

The DO returned wistfully to the Macallan 25 in the bottom of his official coffee mug and highlights reel of his time in Asia – those were the days. The mug had the silhouette of his jet – fully loaded with twenty-four Mark 82s, and his call sign. Call sign 'Keebler'. He could do the things over there that he hoped that his second wife – back home – was not doing. He did, and she did too. It was a lost cause from the start. He made the fatal mistake of bringing home a rare catch. A slender but well-endowed native from the PI. A wily fox who played hard-to-get, but knew the native ways and made sure that she moved into his field of view at the Officer's Club, while feigning to ignore him completely. It worked.

The 'accident' that brought them together was the round of tequila shots that her blonde wingman got a self-absorbed Captain to buy for the fox, her BFF, and his fly-boy buddies. All the blonde said was "Let's do shots."

The Captain was Keebler's exec at Clark Air Base. She knew that. There was one shot left on the tray – on purpose – and the blonde BFF, without hesitation, dragged Keebler into the fray. The circle of shooters licked the salt, downed the tequila, and bit the limes. Keebler looked up and saw the fox's eyes padlocked on his. She cut him out of the crowd and let him pull her into the solitude of the senior officer's lounge.

The next morning, she let him know her dream was to finish her degree to make her grandparents proud. They were Filipinos and her sponsors while she completed her degree in Manila. Her dad was a GI – now retired and living in Texas. Her mom – was remarried and living off base with the 'Super' - her family called him Super. He was the DCM's Production Superintendent, a respected Chief Master Sergeant on the base.

The jackpot. Keebler – the 'boy Colonel' - had hit the jackpot. The fox was an American citizen, born and raised in paradise. No one-night stand, no impact to his Top Secret security clearance. While she showered in his senior officer's quarters, and towed off with Keebler watching every move, he made his decision. The fox would be his third wife. He had met his match.

Her English was perfect, she was native-born, but educated in the American school. She could communicate with the locals – her grandparents kept her current. And she could keep her man in a way that drove him quietly insane. She knew the rules of engagement. Keebler would not fraternize with the troops or their juicy girls. She had her wingman arrange the shots at just the right time and

then rescued the Colonel from the uncomfortable need to stand around after the tequila shots and say something brilliant. By pulling Keebler away from his underlings and by letting him pull her into the senior's lounge, she had rescued him. Now it was *his* turn to rescue her. She did it in the usual way and according to the local customs.

The remaining four months of that assignment were a blur of ecstasy for Keebler. She thought his name was cute and called him 'Keebler' without asking how he got that call sign. They went everywhere together. And they *did* everything together in the privacy of his senior officer's quarters.

Francis E. McIntire, *Anarchist, Vol. 3, Ecce Homo*, (Seattle: Amazon, 2012), 36-38.

The Birth of Churchill

A funny thing happens in large organizations when failure is not an option. Very little happens. It is much easier to prevent failure when you do absolutely nothing at all. The wicked servant knows this and buries his master's talent in the ground. The director of research buries data in the ground. The director of institutional investment is retained and commended for eliminating any possibility of the loss of principal while quietly limiting the yield to one and one-half percent. The commander eliminates liberty, with the exception of Christmas and Spring Break – with the hope that the students will flee the local area – and with hopes of nearly eliminating any opportunity for the 'kids' to get into trouble 'downtown'. In the absence of true empirical data that matters, the administration developed the script. Thank goodness for the script. It is the script, after all, that is true. It is true because we purposed it to be true. We knew what we did about the place and we knew what we could tell and we did. Of the truth that we knew and could speak of, we developed the script. And the script presented the truth, and the script is the truth. Once the script became the truth, it was reviewed and edited.

"Here's what you need to know," said Adam looking at the faces around the conference room. "The 'kids' out there know what's going on – and you don't."

"Poppycock!" squeaked a heretofore silent member of the new team.

Ignoring the desperate plea for attention, Adam launched into his seven minute presentation using the same two props that he used last time. "Here's the first analysis of what Sir Winston Churchill needed to know about the Axis before and during the war with Britain." He held up a hardcover first edition of a book titled *Continue to Pester, Nag and Bite, Churchill's War Leadership* written by Martin Gilbert, and published in 2004 by Vintage Canada. "You need to build a strong leadership team that meets every day," said Adam. "Do this and live." Then, he held up the next prop titled *Supreme Command: Soldiers, Statesmen, and Leadership in Wartime*, written by Eliot Cohen, and published in 2002 by Simon & Schuster. "You need to get intelligence data from as close to the source as possible, and subject that data to the filter of rigorous analysis. Forget about the presentation to the Board of Visitors, that's not your standard, and neither is the script." Then he recited the lesser-known quote by Sir Winston:

Never, never, never believe any war will be smooth and easy, or that anyone who embarks on the strange voyage can measure the tides and hurricanes he will encounter. The statesman who yields to war fever must realize that once the signal is given, he is no longer the master of policy but the slave of unforeseeable and uncontrollable events.

Then he began. He described the technology that was simple, elegant, and secure. There would be consoles in the library and in the common areas that were accessible for any student with school identification, but required no log-in credentials or authentication. These stations were for the students

that did not trust the administration's claims that the source of the data input was scrambled and not traceable. The data was what they needed, not the source. During initial testing, the veracity of the data was established by the preponderance of evidence and the consistency of the data – with no relationship to the source. Analysis of the key behavioral, cognitive, and affective factors produced results that were astounding – to five or six 'nines'. The purity of the data allowed the development of six new formulae that were reported in the leading scientific journal that covered the studies of heuristics and scientific analysis. The pentagon would have kicked-in for advanced research, but the Churchill Project was never implemented or even considered beyond initial testing. And even then, that pre-assessment was done under a shroud of secrecy – the administration told the Board of Visitors that a new wide area network was being tested.



"They jeffed it up though, and did something else, Boomer," said Adam. "They commissioned a special breed of cloak-and-dagger types that would infiltrate the ranks. In doing so, they set the 'kids' up in opposition to them. They were the de facto good guys and the students were the bad guys – girls too. They unknowingly established seventeen key assumptions that they had never heard of or would never have thought it possible to levy. They failed to recognize the power of self-serving bias and three age-old problems emerged: two based on the fundamental attribution error and one based on the error most commonly attributed to statements about the truth."

"What *did* they do?" asked Boomer.

"Jeffed it up – in a word," said Adam. "They had little Boris and Natasha-types running around campus, ratting out every minor infraction that they themselves were participating in."

"Entrapment?" asked Boomer.

"Maybe a case of entrapment by bad example," said Adam. "One of the spies brought a case of Corona and a handle of Cuervo Gold into one of the common areas on a weekend night – just to make friends with the natives."

"How did it end up?" Boomer asked.

"Poorly, like all amateur research. The body shots started about eleven PM in the TV room and spread to the assembly room. The administrators are smart enough to stay out of the dorms at night, particularly on a Saturday night. A freshman was on duty answering the phones, and delivered a message to a senior's room as he was taking a shot of tequila off the navel of a freshman – she was stretched out on his bed and completely naked."

"Did the excrement hit the rotating oscillator?"

"Not officially," said Adam. "The quick-thinking senior popped to his feet and regained his balance. The on-duty freshman froze long enough for the senior to grab him by the sleeve of his

uniform jacket and pull him toward the sliding door of the closet. With his right hand on the freshman's sleeve, he slid the closet door open with his left hand and opened the door to the mini-fridge in the closet. He took a can of Budweiser out of the fridge, and pushed it toward the freshman who was shivering in his uniform, and said 'drink'. The freshman balked. The senior knew that if the freshman took just one sip, the secret would be safe and neither the senior nor the naked female – now hiding under the covers – would be written up. To move things along, the senior set the beer can on the dresser, and popped the top with the index finger of his left hand and again said 'drink'. The freshman smiled a wicked smile and chugged the whole can, being careful not to spill a drop; and pausing at the half-way point to emit a ferocious belch."

"I don't believe it," said Boomer looking at Adam suspiciously. "You were the senior!" Boomer added.

"Nope, and not the freshman either," said Adam.

"How could you possibly know all that?" said Boomer. "The story could be true, stuff like that happens all the time. But you told it like you were in the room."

"I wasn't," said Adam. "I implemented Churchill."

"You said they jeffed it up! You said they didn't do it – they did something else."

"Correct on all counts," said Adam.

"How did you do it then?"

"I just did it. I sent the link to three students in the Comp Sci Club – after seeing their story in the Journal," said Adam. "I asked them to evaluate the site and one did. Then he sent it to other club members and by the end of the week Churchill was up and running."

"Collecting raw data?" asked Boomer.

"Correct," said Adam. "Raw data. No names. No contact information. No IP addresses. No accounts – no log-ins – no passwords."

"Just the three? You sent it to just the three members of the Comp Sci Club?" asked Boomer.

Adam turned to Boomer and smiled. "Nope, someone else – but I can't tell you who."

"Someone who was in the President's office when you gave the presentation?" Boomer asked.

Adam smiled. "Just know that the raw data trickled in at first, then tumbled in, then it poured in like Niagara Falls."

"So the data rolled in and the program categorized the data by key word – you let the main categories emerge, and were able to assign weights based on the use of other key words. The same program that you used for organizational assessments," said Boomer.

"Almost," said Adam. "Each new entry generated an applet that presented a five-point Likert scale."

"What factors were you measuring?" asked Boomer.

"Whatever the students wanted to report," said Adam.

"So they entered the site with a bee in their bonnet – an itch that needed to be scratched. They first entered the strength of their comment in the Likert scale, then added comments to explain the weight assigned?" asked Boomer.

“Almost there,” said Adam. “Enter the site; enter a weight from ‘really bad’ to ‘neutral’ to ‘really good’ on the five-point scale; then assign a one-word label to the Likert window; and then add any comments – up to four thousand characters.”

“Sounds bass-ackwards to me,” said Boomer.

“The results were amazing,” said Adam. “The Churchill Project generated what I called ‘true hearsay’. It all started with a question, not the software. The question – What if you could know the truth with five-nines certainty? . . . six-nines? Would you want to know? Would you want to know the truth, even if it were inadmissible as evidence in a court of law? That question has been plaguing mankind since the dawn of time. My hypothesis – they *do not* want to know the truth. The administrators are *much* more comfortable reading a script that is carefully crafted to say what they want it to say. To be what they want it to be – the organization, the nation. The script is edited and worked until they have it memorized. The script becomes the truth. The script is the only acceptable message.”

“The truth is dangerous, the truth makes us accountable, they don’t want the truth – so they replace the truth with a script,” announced Boomer.

“Right,” said Adam, “They replace the truth with a lie. And then they do it again, and again.”

“Once you replace the truth with the script, then you can re-edit the script to make it say whatever you want it to say,” said Boomer. “That’s why they get so bloody angry at each other on the nightly news. They are adamant that *their* script is right and the other guy’s script is all wrong. They know that their script is right because they wrote it. And it’s right because they mean it. And it’s right because they were told it was right, and they were given permission to present the script. They consider it a great honor to present the script – to present the truth.”

“That’s why they sound so stupid,” said Adam. “They present balderdash as if it the absolute truth, and are taken aback when the American people call for their heads. The truth makes you accountable, so they do not want to know the truth.”

“Amazing,” said Boomer. “The courts claim they want the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth – but they do not! They don’t want the truth at all – just enough of the truth to make their case and win the legal battle. And the press – they don’t want the truth either – just enough to spin the story – to the right or the left.”

“Amazing enough,” said Adam as they moved from the open space called the ‘hub’ and started down the narrow corridor in the middle. The stone ceiling was visible above, the white strobes and whirling red lights were still on. “Boomer, you are ready to see this, but first a riddle.” Adam paused. “Boomer, what’s the definition of a lie?” Adam paused again then answered his own riddle. “A lie is when you present just enough truth to deceive the American public.” Adam was not smiling.

“Right . . . well said,” said Boomer.

“Next riddle,” said Adam. “Boomer, what do you call it when you can no longer lie to the American public?”

Boomer turned to look at Adam as they walked together and responded. “One word – Churchill,” said Boomer.

“Correct,” said Adam. “Welcome to the club.”



Francis E. McIntire, *Anarchist, Vol. 2, Alaska Transformation*, (Seattle: Amazon, 2012), 54-62.

Jus Cogens

The fabric of the country is unraveling. It is clear that something has changed. There will be losses immeasurable and casualties - many casualties. What we had appears to be gone forever. What's needed is a master weaver to splice it back together again. It has to be different, though - not the same. Without change we will end up with the same thing that we have right now. Not the same, worse. Much worse.

Human resource directors are being offered bounties for big game now - husbands and fathers who have been in the workforce thirty to forty years or more; soldiers just returned from the front lines; or women - single or married who don't bring the right 'attitude' to work every day. Bounties too, for managers of all races, religions, colors, or creeds who fail to get proper results for the senior execs; managers who fail to do 'whatever it takes'; and bounties for supervisors who put archaic principles of right and wrong in the forefront. The game is simple enough and it is played with reckless abandon - the ruling class had, after all, established precedents for any director needing to defend his or her policies. Newspeak is rampant. The goal is to shovel as much of the taxpayer's money as possible into corporate coffers, the game is not to get caught, and the sport is to see who could accumulate the most 'skins' - trophies - careers of co-workers who had built strong companies - and whose careers, lives, families, homes, and marriages were now on the cutting room floor - collateral damage - 'skins'. What these present day Nerons don't realize - are not taking the time to ponder - is that they are next in line. The Emperor killed himself with the assistance of a scribe at the age of thirty years-old. The Director took pleasure in the mutilation of enemies, as did Nero. The Director, like Nero, and in a similar way, would find a willing paraclete to assist with the final act. History repeating itself.



The ground floor stairwell entrance to the upper floors is the security breach that is used daily by the FedEx and UPS delivery men. The concrete and steel stairwell provides equal access to the basement of the tall office building that defends the California coastline so well. The mechanical room is never secured, and provides the necessary staging area and seclusion during Friday's mass-migration, followed by a weekend of torment for two. The tormented and the tormentor - roles reversed.

The newspapers will cover the grueling torture, mutilation, and execution of the Director with as much delicacy as possible, he thought. Perhaps a few column inches on the third page. The motive - workplace violence - why not? Terrorism is acceptable enough in practice now, never generating the

level of outrage that is warranted. It is the use of the *word* that the do-gooders object to. The practice of financial terrorism on a microeconomic level is now perfectly acceptable – so much so that any semblance of public outrage is now gone from the town square. What the Director had carefully justified as ‘a business decision’ and ‘nothing personal’ – just a year ago – is dismissed now by pinning the simple label of ‘deadbeat’ or ‘loser’ on the next victim – with no public response at all. And, the targeted victim’s complicity in their own demise? - no more malice than would be attributed to the third-grader losing-out in a game of musical chairs. The revolution is crackling just over the horizon.

His tools are tactical; he will complete the mission without drawing any undue attention or spooking the quarry. Calfskin work gloves, duct tape, the piano wire, and a special knife. A plastic trash bag with a five-pound bag of self-rising flour inside – waiting at the base of the stairwell. He had already secured the delivery man’s door with a metal device that cupped the door handle and prevented anyone from opening the door from the outside. He sprinted up to the sixth floor landing and waited five minutes. As if on queue, the Director - the legendary tormentor, now victim - emerged from the executive suite, stepped into the stairwell, and was descended on from above by the phantom. The Director was pushed down the concrete stairwell from the fifth floor landing. The first impact quashed the attempt to resist. A pathetic moaning and attempt to yell for help was stifled with one solid uppercut to the lower jaw and followed by duct tape wrapped quickly around the mouth, face, and neck. An ugly wrap job, but an effective muzzle. The victim moaned and drooled blood as the nimble executioner first dragged by the collar, then bounced the victim step-by-step down to the fourth floor landing. The roles were finally reversed – the tormentor was completely helpless. He rolled his victim over like a sack of honeydew melons, and with knife butt in his right hand broke both collar bones. This assured the needed flexibility for the next step. The victim was rolled again, this time face-down on the landing, and the piano wire was looped between the wrists as the executioner held the arms close together behind the back. Then, the loop was flipped up over both hands, and the duct tape was used to keep the hands together and keep the piano wire in-place – snug as a square knot. The phantom paid-out the double strand piano wire and ascended like a gazelle to the fifth floor landing. He looped the reel through the railing and over the smooth handrail, then leapt over the railing – with the taught wire secured in the glove of his right hand. The weight of his body was concentrated in his work glove and he descended as he had rappelled a thousand times before. The body dragged, then lifted with smooth precision as it swayed under its own weight and slowly stopped moving. The Director’s body now sagged just a foot or two above the landing. During the synchronized and smooth ascent, the arms snapped the wrong way, but the screams were inaudible.

He secured the piano wire by quickly looping the reel between the bars and horizontal railing in the stairwell. Then he threaded the reel through a loop in the piano wire and pulled the reel and wire tight. The knot was secure – he had done this before. He dropped the reel, drew his blade and went to work carefully.

He was not a mad slasher – nothing of the sort. He would carefully and unemotionally eviscerate the tormentor - the Director – the one who had destroyed the lives and careers of innumerable husbands and fathers – leaving a trail of broken marriages, homes lost through foreclosure, and not a

few suicide victims in the wake.

On Monday morning the building superintendent was called to unlock the stairwell – the FedEx delivery woman could not get in. Within thirty minutes, the El Segundo Police, Fire, and Hazmat teams were in-place. The crime scene was rumored to contain what was left of a man, they thought – really just a skeleton with ribbons of skin and muscle – drained of blood and dusted with powder of some sort – maybe lime. The stairs were grey concrete and were covered with dried brown gravy – assumed to be the dried blood of the victim. Entrails and organs of some sort were in a pile beneath the thin carcass and also dusted. The revolution had begun without a shot being fired.



Revolutions have always been bloody, but there was always a touch of humanity extended to the losing side. Over the centuries these courtesies have included a last meal, a smoke, or a simple loin cloth to cover the private parts of the condemned that were to be impaled, or pressed in the iron maiden. In more genteel times, skilled swordsmen were commissioned who could finish the job with one slice. In days past, there may have been a handmaiden or an ordained minister to hold the wig, wrap, and crucifix of the unfortunate who would soon make the crossing. For this revolution, no such consideration would be given.

And no quarter would be given to the do-gooders who, with coffers bulging, would report record earnings to shareholders and at the same time would approve the release of the announcement for the next round of layoffs. No quarter would be given to the corporate bounty hunters. No quarter would be given to Americans who ‘skinned’ or ‘torched’ other Americans – all in the name of corporate profits and annual bonuses. Big bonuses were easily justified as stock prices soared. It was all perfectly legal.

The duplicity of driving record earnings with an endless supply of taxpayer funding, while systematically disqualifying the most ordinary taxpayers from participating in the economy was not lost on these. It was simply ignored. No consideration was asked; none given. The devastation that was imposed on American citizens and taxpayers was completely legal – encouraged even. This duplicity revealed the twin objectives of securing a victory in the next election for the ruling class, and ensured the increase of stock prices and substantial bonuses for the predatory elite. The chaff is expendable. We killed our children and now we are killing each other. We see ourselves as wise – we are fools. We see ourselves kind and loving - we are murderous, evil. We are astonished by the evil perpetrated by others on the nightly news.



The brutality is not new. It's part of our history. On a quiet Sunday in Gehenna, a father left church with his two small boys in the car. He drove to the mill where he worked and turned on the electric cauldron. Then, he fed his children into the fiery arms of Moloch.

Outrage is not new but it was gone for a while. Outrage is back. We have killed our children and now we are killing each other. The children cannot fight back and win. We can. We do. Self-defense. Jus Cogens.



Francis E. McIntire, *Anarchist, Vol. 6, The Children Grow Strong*, (Seattle: Amazon, 2012), iii-ix.

Loch Ness

PUSSY! thought the native New Yorker.

The only problem is that he is out of his element, thought Kid in return.

“I’m getting a nose bleed up here,” said the right seater from the Bronx. Slightly disrespectful, but nothing that could penetrate a thick skin.

Thick skin and soft heart, thought the Kid as he lifted the nose five degrees, squeezed right rudder, and brought the left wing ‘over the top’ with the throttles in idle, five hundred and thirty-five knots calibrated and the colorful fishing village out the right window now. Now it was gone, a mile behind the jet carrying the Kid and his right seater north along the right-hand shore of Loch Ness.

The blokes drive on the left-hand side of the roads, but they invented right-hand rules. In the air, the Kid stayed to the right, and let the Vulcans, Buccaneers, and Jaguars take the western side as they flew south from Tain Range, Glenmorangie, and RAF Lossiemouth to points further south – Conningsby and Wainfleet Range.

“Nothin’ like that back home,” said the Kid to the New Yorker. The New Yorker that thought he was better than Kid. The Kid who knew that he was no better than the New Yorker.

No response.

“Nessie’s watchin’ us,” said the Kid, looking over at the right seater’s face mask and visor.

From the ground, the school children saw something that they would never forget. A brown and green rocket that whistled but did not roar the way the RAF jets did when they crested the rooftops with reheat cooking, and the tell-tale harmonic torches extending from the tailpipes.

Their parents and teachers thought *that’s nice*, and it was. An air power demonstration that did not rock the china cupboard, cups, and saucers. It rocked the students, though. *It inspired one of them down there*, thought the Kid. And that was the mission for the day. Low-level entry at York, mostly north in uncontrolled airspace to enter the highlands at Balmoral, then a few ‘whiskey tour’ turnpoints for a cleared-hot entry at Tain Range. Use the smokestack at the distillery as the pop-point. Drop six high-drags, and six ‘slicks’ for three shacks and nine respectable hits.

A quick flying lesson for the calcified New Yorker, too. “Remember the entry point just east of Balmoral?” asked the Kid on hot mike.

“What about it?” said the right seater, copping a ‘tude.

Free will, thought Kid. *You can like the people you like, and not like the people that you don’t like.*

“Timing triangle,” said the Kid, not wanting to annoy the poor man any more than was necessary. He looked at New York and hacked the aircraft clock, reenacting the moment. “Hack,” he said while turning east off the target at Tain. “Straight-ahead ten seconds,” said the Kid, “. . . then a hundred and twenty degree turn to the left – roll out – hack again.”

He paused.

“Ten seconds, then a hundred and twenty degree turn to the left again,” he said, angling north-

west on a modified base turn that carried them wide, and set them up for the turn to the final attack run.

The right seater was annoyed, but the lesson hit home.

“Go manual,” said the Kid.

“Manual,” said the New Yorker.

“Gambler seven-seven, final, hot,” said the Kid.

“Gambler, cleared hot,” said the range controller.

“Ready, ready, pickle, now,” said the Kid, scoring a direct hit on the rusty scupper beached on the shore.

“Nice one Gambler,” said the range controller in thick brogue, “. . . hows about a low approach on range tower for a snap?”

“Roger Tain, Gambler off target switches safe, for a left base and final.” He left off the rest.

“Safe ‘em up,” said the Kid to New York.

“Switches safe,” said the right seater.

As the jet made the low pass across the eastern-facing Plexiglas of the range tower – the radar altimeter froze at one hundred feet above the mud flats. Time stood still. The right seater took a snapshot of the range tower, and the range controller snapped a picture of the jet. The lighting was perfect – grey winter sky, high cirrus.

“Gambler, cleared off range,” said the controller, lighting up a Marlboro Red. One from the last pack left behind by the Yanks.

“Roger Tain, cleared off range,” said the Kid. His right seater squirming in his seat.

“You’re got the aircraft,” said the Kid.

“Roger, I’ve got the aircraft,” said the New Yorker.

That’s all he wanted anyway, thought the Kid.

Give people what they want, thought the Kid. *As long as you can and it is good for them.*

The flight back was uneventful. The Kid knew three things for sure.

He respected the New Yorker, even though the New Yorker didn’t respect him. Something about the Kid struck the New Yorker as ‘wrong’. The Kid didn’t cuss, and he didn’t make comments about the other guy’s wives. The real problem is that the Kid went to the Base Chapel, but that wasn’t it – the squadron commander and the wing leadership went to the chapel too, there was something more. The Kid taught Sunday school, maybe that was it. Maybe New York didn’t like the Kid because he thought that the Kid thought that he was better than the New Yorker. The Kid had flown these skies when the New Yorker was in High School. The Kid had a lot of tricks of the trade to share with all the new guys – and he did. Still, there was something about the Kid that the New Yorker despised, and it was not just the New Yorker. There was the pilot who called the Kid ‘Preacher’, when he saw him walking to the Nellis Base Chapel during Red Flag. For the Kid, it was not a holy day of obligation, or anything like that. It was just that the Kid liked to go to the Base Chapel to hang out with the other believers on base. And to dig into the ‘family style’ dinners that would emerge from the chapel kitchen, even on a Wednesday night while at Red Flag. Kid ‘got’ that.

Kid was bound and determined to teach the other guys everything that he knew. Flying was a modern thing, but the passing-down of lessons-learned and ‘tips and techniques’ was a tribal thing. The Kid knew that you either passed them down or you did not. Kid did, and the squadron was all the better for it. Kid also liked to do things that nobody else did. *Maybe that makes me arrogant*, he thought, *maybe not*. When the Kid went to the Wing Commander’s ‘stand-up’ meeting in the Command Post, he always took notes. He took notes for the commander, and he took notes to read to the guys in the squadron. The Kid would go to the duty desk and announce “Minutes from wing stand-up in the briefing room . . . five minutes.” Some showed up because they thought it was mandatory – it was not – and some showed up out of curiosity. Kid remembered back to the last time he was here at the base in England – more than twelve years before. He remembered that nobody ever brought notes back to the squadron to tell the crewmembers and support troops what was going on. They didn’t even tell the guys in the squadron that the Kid and Sums should have been the third crash that month. That was then. The Kid knew that it was his responsibility to pass along information and tips to the guys in the squadron. So he did.

The last thing that the Kid was always aware of now was the definition of love – God’s love. The Kid knew that the New Yorker just wanted to fly the jet, so he let him. The Kid made a practice of not frustrating the guys in the squadron any more than he had to – to accomplish the mission. The Kid knew that they would do enough to frustrate themselves anyway.

Love, frustration, and trust. The Kid knew that it was not his place to frustrate the troops. He carried the burden himself. Give the people what they want – as long as it is good for them. If they thought that the Kid did not trust them, the Kid responded with conviction. You guys will get busy and try to cut corners. I trust you to get busy and cut corners. I’m here to make sure that nobody gets hurt.

And that’s what happened. To those that needed grace he gave them grace. To those that needed to be admonished he admonished. And to those that needed a well-placed word, he delivered the message and did not nag or lash back in frustration. When the wing leadership needed to deliver a message unfiltered, the Kid was there to listen.

And when the second-, third-, and fourth-graders at the Base Chapel Sunday school needed a lesson from a pilot who did not cuss – he was there to deliver the message.



Francis E. McIntire, *Anarchist, Vol. 7, God’s Man*, (Seattle: Amazon, 2012), 100-104.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Frank McIntire, Facilitator and SDVOSB (CVE) for strategic planning, consulting services and cyber security, supporting small- and medium-sized business growth since 2000; and government strategic planning, budget execution, and cost avoidance since 1993.

McIntire is a 1974 graduate of the U.S. Air Force Academy, a management consultant, a U.S. Air Force fighter pilot, and an Assistant Professor of Behavioral Sciences and Leadership at the U.S. Air Force Academy. He led USAF operations in Europe and for NATO, as Chief of Operations, Quality Assurance, and the Functional Check Flight branch at Royal Air Force Upper Heyford in the United Kingdom. As Deputy Commander and Deputy Director for Air Force Quality Assurance, Frank directed the efforts of the 80-person global consulting agency for organizational development and business transformation worldwide. As Manager with KPMG he led the business process reengineering, organizational development, and business transformation efforts for DoD and commercial clients.

He earned his Master of Science degree at Vanderbilt University and developed the 'secret sauce' for implementing operational test program management, and program management for Air Force and Army senior leadership. Leading Project Management and CONOPS development include: the Psychology in the DoD Symposium (1985-1988); Battle of Britain Airshow (1989-1990); launch of the Air Force Quality Institute (1992-1995); the Quality Air Force Symposium (1993-1995); the Inspector General visit (1994-1995); the Peacekeeper Missile Action Workout (1995-1996); the Total Army Quality launch (1996-1998); the online Operational Test Program Management system (1999-2002); the Resource Allocation Management Plan (2001-2003); the Fort Carson Project Management Plan (2004); the Oracle National Security Strategic Plan and Conference (2005-2006); Oracle RDBMS, RAC, and ERP Federal Financial implementations (2005-2007); the Department of Veterans Affairs requirements definition for the Integrated Financial Accounting System at the Austin Automation Center (2007-2008); the Amtrak data center (2007-2008); the HHS ITO data center implementation (2007-2010); the ECP management plan for enterprise IT systems and IT infrastructure projects (2009-

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Master of Science degree from Vanderbilt University and leads Project Management and CONOPS development include: the Psychology in the DoD Symposium (1985-1988); Battle of Britain Airshow (1989-1990); launch of the Air Force Quality Institute (1992-1995); the Quality Air Force Symposium (1993-1995); the Inspector General visit (1994-1995); the Peacekeeper Missile Action Workout (1995-1996); the Total Army Quality launch (1996-1998); the online Operational Test Program Management system (1999-2002); the Resource Allocation Management Plan (2001-2003); the Fort Carson Project Management Plan (2004); the Oracle National Security Strategic Plan and Conference (2005-2006); Oracle RDBMS, RAC, and ERP Federal Financial implementations (2005-2007); Veterans Affairs requirements for the Integrated Financial Accounting System at the Austin Automation Center (2007-2008); the Amtrak data center (2007-2008); the HHS ITO data center implementation (2007-2010); the ECP management plan for enterprise IT systems and IT infrastructure projects (2009-present). Other projects along the way using MS Project and Sciforma Project Scheduler for planning, tracking, and reporting. Project Management Expert (1999) and Advanced Project Management Expert (2001) from the Goldratt Institute on the Project Management Body of Knowledge (PMBOK) and Project Management Institute (PMI) standards. Implementing engineering change management for global agencies collaborating with NGA; system upgrades and implementations for network, storage, and database; and to support imagery deployment and exploitation for DoD units worldwide. These include all DoD branches, Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA), Defense Information Systems Agency (DISA), conformance with all DISA Security Technical Information Guides (STIGs), Department of State, and the broad US Intelligence Community.

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