

Francis E McIntire & Monty Post



*Vol. 6 - Global Safety
Roadshow (SpringPark)*

Monty Post

Vol. 6 – Global Safety Roadshow
(SpringPark)



Francis E. McIntire

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Volume 6.

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Cover art – *Mount Wachusett*

DEDICATION

To Papa and Emmanuelle – intercessors and high-guardians of the legacy.

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

This is a work of fiction. The geographic landmarks and historical dates are real. All characters appearing in this work are fictitious. Any resemblance to real persons, living or dead is purely coincidental.

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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.

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. . .and to my faithful Editors: Duff and Richard.

And thanks to the Alaska Native Writers and Artists Guild for all that you do for the families and children, artists, authors, and illustrators; and for your collaboration with top 100 colleges and universities.

QUOTABLES

“Brilliant! A tour-de-force that will be found on the top shelf of libraries of future Presidents, Royal Families, and Fortune 500 executives.” The Alaska Native Writers’ Guild

“Who is John Galt?” Ayn Rand

“Helluva read for the Holidays!” Editorial team



PAIRINGS

Rodney Strong Cabernet Sauvignon Reserve 1997
Gundlach Bundschu Heritage Selection Pinot Noir 2011
Mexican Radio, Imperial Stout; Blue Jacket WDC
Mexican Hot Chocolate, Imperial Stout; Aslin Brewery
Snack: Bacon-wrapped tiger shrimp with red onion
After: Gâteau au yaourt avec du chocolat

COVER ART

Original art – *Mount Wachusett*

Alaska Native Writers and Artists Guild members contribute to the body of work and receive credit for all that they do for the families and children, artists, authors, and illustrators; and for their collaboration with top colleges and universities.

Writers and Artists receive a full page in this Acknowledgements section to showcase their biography, “works by”, studio, contact information, and website.

Your fine art, portraits – for novels;

Your graphic and computer generated art -

for technical manuals, business manuals,

and IT service catalogs.

Original cover art provides a vehicle for those in the visual arts to get exposure to the global community. Novels serve as the backdrop for fine art and portraits. Business manuals, technical manuals, and IT service catalogs serve as a vehicle to present original graphic and computer generated art to the global community.

Artists and authors are invited to contact us for the opportunity to showcase their work on the global stage.

frank@golzup.com



“Submit something in your current portfolio.”

MONTY POST

Monty Post - not like the others not like Sven or Jost,
He has the hutzpah to run like the wind, and to sin without sinning,
and to win without winning, in every arena that we like most;
The lovely ladies love their Monty Post;

He's brave and daring like the knights of old, and he's often told he'll
never grow old;

That's our Monty Post (pause) he twirls his 'stache with a little wax,
and reviews the facts for the takeoff roll, and to take his toll on the
ones that have crossed him, tried and missed him, but he didn't miss;

Chancel Choir: No Monty don't miss (pause) no Monty don't miss,
no Monty don't miss 'cuz he's Monty Post, Monty Post, Monty Post,
he's the one we love most.

And Monty's rare, he's a knight of the air, and the ladies don't care
that he's Monty Post, yeah he's Monty Post, he's the one they like
most, the one they love most, yeah the one we love most, he's our
Monty Post;

When you see the glimmer of the fiery prop, or the baseball bat, or
the man in hat like the down-unders sport then its Monty Post,
You should never look back, and never turn back, and never turn
back (refrain),

Chorus and refrain: And you'll never go back, you'll never get back,
'cuz you crossed the man, you dissed the man, in your hidden past
that you did forget, but Monty remembers he's been looking for you
and he's got you now.

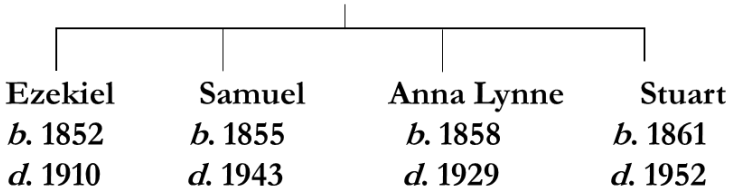
'Cuz he found you now, yeah he caught you now, you'll never get
past him, Monty Post, yes its Monty Post, Monty Post,
He's the one they love most, the one we love most, and the one we
love most, he's our Monty Post, Monty Post. Monty Post!

Monty Post, the Anthem
Francis McIntire

GENEALOGY

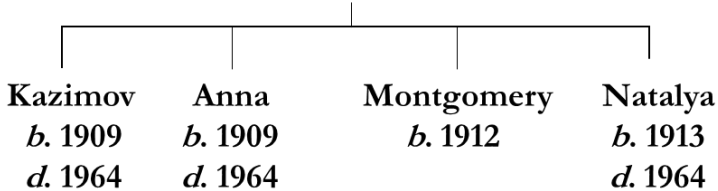


Captain Ezra Carter *m.* Anna Lynne Carter
d. 1895 1848 *d.* 1861



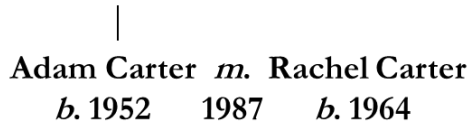
Alaska

Ivan Alexei Potresov *m.* Penelope Ann Carter
b. 1886 1909 *b.* 1877



East Coast

Colonel Gregory Carter *m.* 'Berney' Carter
b. 1924 1951 *b.* 1929



GLOSSARY



A-ahhhh

A verbal interruption followed by a pause that the SpringParker uses to garner the attention of the others in the Vault. Delivery typically includes spinning around in a swivel chair and standing to a nearly erect posture. Delivery is followed by the announcement of imminent danger or a current condition that is not quite right. See: Vault.

Afterburner

An appliance installed in a jet engine by the manufacturer to dramatically increase thrust by spraying raw fuel into the engine exhaust. Synonym: reheat (British). See references for Burner, Reheat.

A-roo

The suffix added to verbs and nouns to emphasize an important matter at hand. Examples: Reload-a-roo (v.); reload the Glock and return fire as expeditiously as possible. Lunch-a-roo (n.); food that appears between 10 AM and 4 PM local time.

A-roonie

A suffix added to nouns and verbs to add a touch of informal familiarity to a personal pronoun, noun, or verb; and to reflect the fun-loving aspect of living at SpringPark. E.g.; Here comes Chuck-a-roonie.

Asset

An article of property that generates revenue

for the owner. Incorrectly defined (in the common vernacular) as an article of property that has intrinsic or extrinsic value.

Bacon (n.) Cured meat from the back or sides of a pig. Connotation: *raison d'être*. SpringPark jargon for life and a life worth living.

Blue Jacket Brewpub in the Washington Navy Yard that features an Imperial Stout called Mexican Radio.

Breakfast brownie (n.) Day-old or older pastry that is too good to throw away or leave in the kitchen, but not good enough to eat quickly.

Burner Military jargon for afterburner. See references for Afterburner; Reheat.

CCD Confraternity of Christian Doctrine. The obligatory 'Sunday School on Saturday' that was delivered by priests and nuns for the young women and men who would become the next line of defense for the Catholic Church. CCD was loosely referred to as 'Catechism' by the kids. This was a colloquialism that referred to the book used to confer the Holy Doctrine.

Call sign An aviator's nickname ('Kid', 'Sums', 'Brownie', 'Easterbunny', 'Corndog', 'Nick', 'Gambler', 'Blowfish', 'Boomer', 'Torch', 'Weasel', etc.) A personification of the aircraft or flight call sign used when communicating with FAA (United 232, Tiger 79, Gambler 77, or U.S. Airways 1549).

Charles	The proper noun used by the denizens of SpringPark to refer to any in-resident male of the species (e.g.; Charles pressed a stack of Benjamins in the George Foreman grill, wrapped them in a freezer bag, and placed them in the safe with the other bundles of unmarked currency).
Commodity	An item of marginal value that is necessary but common, with price set by the market based on prevailing rates (with little or no consideration for differences in quality).
CONOPS	Concept of Operations. A military planning document that describes the details of the mission or the campaign.
Cop a Shave	(v., American English) denotation: To take a break from the day-to-day and grab a quick shave in a hotel rest room or the men's room in an airport. Connotation: to take an active and deliberate step to change the course of the day; to engage in a physical act (shaving) that signals the subject's readiness for a major life change in the short-term.
Curiosity question	A question that the asker already knows the answer to.
DA	(n., American English; colloquialism) Duck's Ass. Coiffure developed in the mid-century and adopted by losers, street toughs, and teenage boys who rode in the backs of busses. A signature look combed and feathered to look like the hind quarters of a duck.

DARPA	Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency
Dash-1	An aircraft flight manual (military aircraft).
Detachment 5	An agency of the Federal government that is responsible for operational test and evaluation of aircraft, aircraft components, aircraft systems, and aircraft support equipment.
DoD	The U.S. Department of Defense.
Do-gooder(s)	A person or people in positions of authority who claim to have the best interest of others in mind; but who continually make decisions that are in their <i>own</i> best interest, and make decisions that inflict considerable financial or personal harm on others.
Donna	The proper noun used by the denizens of SpringPark to refer to any in-resident female of the species (e.g.; Donna loaded the Glock 17 and 43 pistols with 9 millimeter [9mm] ammunition, and placed them carefully in the safe next to the unmarked currency).
Doppelgänger	(n., German etymology) literal translation: ‘double walker’. Connotation: a ghost, look-alike, or ‘dead-ringer’ for a living person that you know. Example: Pat has a doppelgänger at the gym, she looks just like her (Pat). Implications: they are both ‘hot’; and they have never seen each other. Teutonic legend holds that the living human will die when confronted by her doppelgänger.
Elite	A person or persons in positions of authority

or trust who have no cognitive, behavioral, or affective recognition or consideration for any person or persons considered to be of a lower social caste or status. See predatory elite.

Ethiopian (n.) Synonym: Xenophon. Also a loose reference to the state of mind of all SpringParkers. A language developed at SpringPark to encode sensitive information.

FAA The U.S. Federal Aviation Administration.

Famine A political, military, or social assault that is characterized by depleting the assets or commodities of the opposing forces or collateral parties – in order to drive the opponent out of one geographic area or sovereignty, and into another geographic area or sovereignty (or into refugee status). Disambiguation: see Siege.

FICO Acronym: Floundering in Commercial Objectivism (FICO). The universal practice of do-gooders charging the ‘unwashed masses’ obscene interest rates while allowing the hyper-rich free reign to rape, pillage, and plunder. (v.) FICO the citizen-taxpayers, they can’t do anything about it anyway.

First Aid Kit (n.) A SpringPark shaman’s bag-of-tricks.

Flight level The height of an aircraft or alien spacecraft above mean sea level, measured in hundreds of feet. Example: flight level five-zero-zero is fifty-thousand feet above mean sea level.

Freshies (n.) Denotation: fresh fruits and vegetables. Connotation: smart-ass males of the species (Charleses) that try the patience of females (Donnas) in and around SpringPark. (proper noun) The Twins that were drawn to SpringPark by an invisible force.

GI Government Issue

Glove(s) Do-gooders enlisted to provide manual labor in support of a truth-teller's campaign. The lowest caste of the predatory elite. Thug(s). Named after the supple calfskin gloves worn on surreptitious campaigns. Expendable(s).

Janitor A problem solver or 'mess cleaner' the likes of Monty Post or any other in a number of Donnas and Charleses in-residence at SpringPark. An evoker or invoker of the SolvIt philosophy. See: Plumber.

Jeff (v., English etymology) denotation: to screw-up or mess-up beyond measure. Connotation: to make a dog's dinner out of something that would have been fine if just left alone. Example: the CEO jeffed-up the corporation to the dismay of the board of directors. Conjugation: I jeff, you jeff, he jeffs, she jeffs, we jeff, they jeff, they all jeffed it up.

Jerry Jeff Walker Ronald Clyde Crosby

Jimmy Buffett James William Buffett

Jungle	A suffix applied to the title of a book that renders the very contents of the book sacred to the inhabitants of SpringPark. Example: the book title Acronym Jungle renders the glossary sacred and unimpeachable.
Kid	The call sign for a young Lieutenant, referred to as ‘the Kid’, ‘Kid’, or ‘Keed’. Seasoned aviators in Europe recommended that Kid grow a moustache to project a more ‘been there, done that’ persona. See: Call Sign.
Kitchen	(n.) The unsecure location at SpringPark where Xenophons congregate to graze and to exchange raw spice, spice mélange, tealeaves, and coffee. Blending of spice, tea, and coffee occurs there also.
Lagniappe	(n.) A little extra; something unexpected that is a benefit or a treat. A bonus. A plum.
Lending Library	(n.) Synonym for SpringPark’s Library.
Library	(n.) The secure but unclassified deep-freeze where racks and stacks of Monty Post’s business and technical manuals are stored. Note: novels and monographs are stored in bookshelves scattered throughout SpringPark.
LIDAR	Light Detection and Ranging. A technology that can ‘see’ impressions in walls.
Life’s Better Here	The signature tag line for SpringPark.

Litch	An abbreviation for Litchfield.
Litchfield	A fictional location in the United States that inspires travelers to go to and from, and to return back again. Always abbreviated when referring to a trip to and from, or back again. Example: ‘Let’s take a quick jet to Litch.’
Mach	A reference to the speed of sound measured in units. Example: an aircraft traveling Mach-4 is flying four times the speed of sound.
Maestro	(n., Italian etymology) literal translation: ‘master’. Connotation: master teacher from the original Latin ‘Magister’. Example: Magister Ludi, the master of the game.
Mighty Fine	Akin to ‘damn fine’ in the common vernacular. At times, a wistful prayer with hopes that all will end well when conditions or circumstances are less than optimal.
Monocoque	An aircraft fuselage designed and engineered as a ‘single shell’ providing structural support.
Monty Post	The proper noun, the noun, and the verb. Associated with Monty Post – the man, the myth, and the legend. Monty Post – the thing that the ladies love most. To ‘post’ – the action taken to subdue opponents or to put rambunctious recalcitrants in their place.
NATO	The acronym for the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. An alliance of governments

with common strategic mission, objectives, and values on the world stage. Countries in this alliance include Belgium, Greece, Turkey, the U.K, and the U.S. See: USAFE.

Not Too Fine

Synonym for fine; as in beautiful (adjective), or exquisitely (adverb). A robust and enthusiastic exclamation with emphasis on the middle word; i.e., not TOO fine.

Outpatient Surgery

To get a cut and color in an upscale salon that serves wine from Napa and Sonoma.

Patricia

The name of an Air Force ‘brat’ who was born in Tokyo, and raised in Arizona. Of Native American (Cherokee) descent; call sign ‘Indian Princess’. See: Call Sign.

Philistine

Hypocrite

PI

Philippine Islands

Plumber

A problem solver or ‘leak fixer’ the likes of Monty Post or any other in a number of Donnas and Charleses in residence at SpringPark. An evoker or invoker of the SolvIt philosophy. See: Janitor.

Portmanteau

A double-sided suitcase; and metaphor for a new word that is a fusion of two other words. Example: Xenophons are described as ‘Frangers’, a portmanteau derived from ‘fridge’ and ‘ranger’.

- Predatory Elite** A person or persons in positions of authority or trust who have no cognitive, behavioral, or affective recognition for or consideration of any person or persons considered to be of a lower social caste or status – and take every opportunity to inflict grave harm to the financial standing of those they consider common, unworthy, or ‘less-than’. See: Elite.
- Rasputin** (proper noun, Russian) A member of the clergy who had frequent and continuous access to the Russian Czar and his family. May be used as a nominal reference to describe a person who the speaker believes has been given an inordinate amount of access to senior decision-makers in the government. Example: He is the Rasputin of the (Federal Agency or Department).
- Red Bull** (n.) Ambrosia; nectar of the gods.
- Reheat** (n., British) The portion of a jet engine designed to increase thrust by spraying raw fuel into the engine exhaust. Synonym: Afterburner (U.S.) See: references for Afterburner; Burner.
- Remonstrant** (n., Dutch) A protagonist who protests or disputes the common practice of subjugating any people group under the cruel hand of truth-tellers or do-gooders.
- RON** Acronym: Remain Overnight at a U.S. or NATO military installation. Not a ‘gas and

go’. A stay at an overnight transient quarters within crawling distance of the military clubs.

Ronald Clyde Crosby

Jerry Jeff Walker

Ruling class

See: Elite; Predatory Elite.

Safety Minute

The report of a devastating accident or injury that is transformed into a teaching moment to extend life and prevent recurrence.

Sir Francis Bacon

Monty Post (term of endearment).

Shire Reeve

(Old English etymology) Sheriff.

Showering

Singing.

Shred, Shredder

A verb or noun that describes the act of pulverizing inanimate objects by SpringPark inhabitants. Any derivative of the term ‘shred’ can be used to describe a person, place, thing, or activity observed around SpringPark.

Siege

A political, military, or social assault that is characterized by holding the opposing forces (refugees) in a fixed or immobilized position – then depleting, or forcing the opponent to deplete their resources in order to eliminate the opponent. Disambiguation: see Famine.

Shibboleth

An ancient pass-code; a word that alerts the gatekeeper whether the incoming vessel’s intentions are for good or for evil. Outsiders

pronounce the shibboleth incorrectly; they err by pronouncing the word phonetically, or they are not linguistically conditioned to pronounce it correctly. Example: outsiders pronounce 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.

Snick-snacks

Delicious and nutritious food that arrives unannounced at SpringPark. Eats and treats appear at random times during the day and night to fortify the Donnas and Charleses working their skill sets around the clock. Nobody knows exactly where the food comes from. Leftovers are brought to the kitchen where they are devoured to the last scrap by the Xenophons. See: Xenophon(s).

Soigné

(adj., French, masc.) Well-groomed, elegant dress and appearance, dapper; in the tradition of Monty Post. Feminine form: Soignée.

Solstice

The celestial events marked by the sun being at the greatest relative distance from the earth’s equator, to the north or to the south.

SolvIt

A state of mind that compels both the sender and receiver to plug a leak or clean up a mess. See: Janitor; Plumber.

Song-of-the-Day

The gift of a new song that blesses the giver as well as the recipient.

Spice	(n.) Commodity brokered and blended by the Xenophons of SpringPark. Spice is traded or consumed in its native form, or blended in hopes to achieve the penultimate ‘spice mélange’ that extends life.
Spiritual warfare	Recognition that we are in a battle, not against flesh and blood – we are in a battle against powers and principalities.
SpringPark	The utopian society modeled after Robert Owen’s vision for New Lanark in Scotland.
Studio54	The secure but unclassified workspace where SpringParkers kick back to open their mail and return phone calls.
Suboptimization	The universal practice of taking positive and deliberate action to optimize the performance of one feature or characteristic of a system; while allowing the entire system to go to hell. Analogy: the act of ‘putting lipstick on a pig’.
Summer solstice	The celestial event marked by the sun being the furthest north distance from the Earth’s equator; the longest day of the year in the northern hemisphere.
Sunday School	The unofficial organized religion of the many diverse people groups of SpringPark.
Sunday School Picnic	The only packaging and labeling that would prevent ‘frangers’ from devouring leftovers. For a Xenophon, to devour the contents of a massive food cache labeled ‘Sunday School Picnic’ would be anathema.

Sweetchie	A poultice of tobacco used to invigorate the subject and suppress the appetite temporarily.
Tiki Bird	A native species of Ethiopia rumored to be extinct; then reintroduced in a questionable campaign to save the endangered species.
Truth-teller(s)	(n.) A person or persons in a position of trust whose speech is characterized by a barrage of true statements that are designed to garner the trust and confidence of others. Once trust is established, they present a diabolical lie (from the pit of Hell) that is accepted as truth.
Universe	(n.) The cosmic entity that spews out evil-doers (do-gooders and truth tellers), and that rewards Monty and his legions of Donnas and Charleses.
USAFE	The United States Air Forces in Europe.
Vault	(n.) A Cold War fallout shelter in SpringPark. Repurposed by Monty Post and others to plan and execute secret missions during times of great danger or national emergency.
Vault 2	(n.) The SpringPark annex that is disguised as a fully functioning brewpub serving an Imperial Stout called Mexican Hot Chocolate.
WATCHER	(n.) Western Alliance of Technical and Centro-Heuristic Enterprise Remediation. A tight-knit group of selfless champions that include SpringParkers, singers, dancers, and poets that battle do-gooders and truth tellers.
Watcher(s)	Monty and his SpringPark cohorts. The

seemingly passive moniker belies the active and aggressive role that they take in subjugating evil across the planet.

Wealth

(n.) Accumulated assets that are either harnessed to industry or held in reserve at the time value of money. Incorrectly defined (in the common vernacular) as revenue, income, or savings that are held in reserve to purchase commodities.

Who Gets This?

Double entendre in the form of a question and a rhetorical question? Primary meaning in and around SpringPark: Who knows *why* this just happened? The secondary meaning (rhetorical question): Who gets to live this life of thrill and danger other than the team that lives, works, and plays at SpringPark?

Xenophon(s)

(n., Ethiopian) literal translation: The indigenous people groups of SpringPark; discovered by Donna and Charles during the initial site survey. Common vernacular: innocuous kitchen-dwellers, refrigerator checkers, and blenders of spice.

Zeitgeist

(n., German) literal translation: The ghost of the current time frame. Connotation: the prevailing spirit or consciousness of the times that we are living in now (or in the recent or distant past). The ‘vibe’ at SpringPark.

Holy Writ

For I know the plans I have for you, declares the LORD,
plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give
you hope and a future.

- Jeremiah 29:11, New International Version

Song-of-the-Day

Humble Pie – *Rollin' Stone*

FOREWORD

SAFETY. The most precious commodity in all of SpringPark. Taken for granted – yes. Assumed to be a given – yes, and yes again. Precious in that safety allows our chicks to grow from hatchlings to yearlings, and then into the fullness of their beings. Tender young Donnas and tender Charleses, living and loving at SpringPark and learning to fight the good fight against the Truth-tellers and the Do-gooders that seek to enslave the citizen taxpayers. Fight the good fight and do that with a cloak of safety. Good examples to follow? Yes and amen! Donna Prime, Donna Due, Monty Post, Charles d’Vine, the Chaplain, Donna Quattro, and all the rest. The leadership works very hard to inculcate the tenets of safety to one and all at SpringPark. Safety when discharging firearms. Safety when chasing a perp on foot or across an open field on a turbo-charged motorcycle, the Dodge Coronet 500, the Watcher-mobile, or anything in-between. Safety, safety, safety, safety. It’s not our mission, but it’s the way we roll at SpringPark. It’s the way we execute the mission. Like the bumper sticker so aptly states: *SpringParkers do it Safely*.

“But in assuming safety to be a ‘given’, we’re givin’ ourselves

way too much credit,” Donna Prime said in Her summary to the keynote address for the fourteenth annual International Safety Rodeo in Jackson Hole, Wyoming.

She spoke to the open-air audience of more than twenty-seven-hundred of the world’s most esteemed health and safety experts. Some were consultants for air and ground transportation, a few were reps from the multi-national corporations, and still others represented major manufacturing plants on four continents. A few were symposium ‘junkies’ and a few were safety wonks from Idaho and Montana.

The list of presenters included distinguished academicians and researchers from the top ivy league schools, two from France, a busload from French-speaking Quebec City, and one distinguished visiting professor with her doctoral candidate in tow. The pair hailed from the Gesellschaften, Globalisierung und Entwicklung Universität an der Rheinische Friedrich-Wilhelms-Universität in Bonn, West Germany. While a few acknowledged their academic credentials, most of the English-speaking conferees avoided them and considered them completely insane. The Francophones were terrified of the diminutive Germans. It did not help that both petite women appeared to have moustaches. What made it worse was that they appeared to have no idea that their facial hair was a major impediment to their expected and anticipated vorübergehender aufenthalt berührenfest. Apparently, German boys have no aversion to excess facial hair on their love interests. No so in the new world. The duo kept to themselves until after their demonstration in the open-air arena.

The aforementioned ‘demo’ would become their acknowledged magnum opus, and would result in the total obliteration of any hesitation to formally and enthusiastically embrace the duo, moustaches and all.

When interviewed on the nightly news on the newly licensed Wyoming Public Radio, interpreters offered the sparse audience a plausible explanation for the white-hot fireball that friends and neighbors had seen the night before.

Listeners were comforted that reports of an airliner crashing into the Grand Tetons or the commencement of an alien invasion were unfounded.

Donna Prime and Her colleagues at the Safety Rodeo saw it first hand and offered a reasonable explanation of what they saw and why it made perfect sense to anyone who took the time or trouble to just ask or to just listen to their response.

The petite pair completed their paper presentation and concluded with proof beyond a reasonable doubt in the form of a most spectacular ‘demo’. The German professor permitted the doctoral candidate to close the session in the customary way. As quickly as the mustachioed pixie stepped forward to the microphone and said ‘Fragen?’, more than three-hundred attendees charged the platform from their seats in the open-air bleachers. They sprinted across the red-dirt rodeo arena toward the podium to offer their congratulations, exchange business cards, and to ask not just a few questions.

“Mmmmmmmm,” was Donna’s only response to this most satisfying presentation by the Germans.

Donna Prime stood at the periphery of the respectable throng. With an eighty-twenty mix of introverts over extroverts, there was less than a three-point-two percent chance of and all-out riot. Less than fourteen-point-eight percent chance of even one shoving match between two eminent colleagues from competing ivy league schools who might reach the podium at exactly the same time.

She opened her eyes and listened intently to what she thought she heard. *Impossible*, she thought, as she reflexively elevated her stance by rising up on the balls of her feet.

There, she thought, I heard it again!

The esteemed crowd was peppering the duo with questions about their hypotheses, the literature review, peer reviews, double-blind studies, the use of confederates, two-way mirrors, findings, and recommendations for future research.

There, I heard it again, She thought. A question?

Donna Prime moved in and the well-heeled crowd grew

silent and parted like the Red Sea. As Her Grace moved forward all eyes followed her in silence. The babble continued ahead of Her until only three spoke. The Germans were actively engaged with the director of safety from New England Nuclear. When Donna stopped behind the man and tapped him on the shoulder, all three froze.

“What did you say?” Donna asked.

Silence.

“Did you say ‘Post’?” She asked again.

“Ja,” the elder responded. “Wo ist Monty Post.”

The whispering began and grew louder and louder.

“Listen, they’re asking ‘who is Monty Post?’” said the tenured professor of human factors engineering from Rensselaer Polytech.

“Silence,” clapped Donna Prime.

“No, they’re not, Mum” said the Robert Goddard scholar from Worcester Polytech. “I studied the work of Wernher Magnus Maximilian Freiherr von Braun. Senior-level independent study. Had to deep-dive into the Peenemünde papers. A loose collection of secret documents smuggled out of East Germany after the war. I learned to read German and translate it into English for my dissertation.”

“And?” Donna Prime prompted him.

“And . . .” he continued, “German is bass-ackwards.”

“And?” Donna prompted him again.

“And . . .” he resumed “they’re not asking ‘who is Monty Post’, that would be ‘wer Monty Post’ pronounced ‘ver’, it sounds like ‘where’ but it means ‘who’. They didn’t ask ‘who’ they said ‘wo ist Monty Post’. It sounds like ‘who’ but it means ‘where is Monty Post’.”

Donna turned away from the podium with the ashen-look of total horror on her face.

Holy shit, She thought, *diese jungfrauen wissen Monty Post*.

A French-Canadian shrieked with horror and fainted face-down into a muddy patch in the outdoor arena.



Preparation for Travel

1 LINE UP

“YO FRESHIES, line up, chop-chop,” said Donna Prime. “You boys line up and drop your trousers for Doctor Francis.”

The boys giggled softly as they walked in circles in Studio54 with their leotards pulled down around their ankles, and their ‘unmentionables’ slung in a dangerously ‘low rise’ mode.

“Y’all keep your panties on boys, or I’ll woop you both with the paddle.”

“Yessum, Miss Donna,” they spoke respectfully. They had pushed Donna Prime’s buttons before, and were not about to try her patience now.

Donna Prime took great comfort that these young’uns were filling out nicely. *They better be growing into the fullness of what they will become,* Donna Prime thought. *They’re damn near six feet tall, still in school. They’ll barely escape and move on to trade school. Even if they had another year before graduation, we’d have to pull them out of high school at year’s end. They’re just too damned big for their own good. They’ll be feelin’ their ‘oats’ very soon, if they’re not feelin’ them now. The dancin’ hormones will kick in at any time now. Can’t turn ‘em loose on high school girls. There’s no tellin’, they might as easily as not try to ‘mate’ with a freshman cheerleader. Then all hell would break loose. That’s the*

way of the world. Thank heaven for SpringPark. Were it not for the Zeitgeist, the Twins would still be orphans cast adrift on the tracks with no hope for the future. It's really true, Life's Better Here, better for the Twins, better for the yearlings, better for the tender young Donnas and Charleses.

"Bring in the Twins, please," said Thomas Francis, MD. "Geez! They're HUGE," he exclaimed stepping over the hallway threshold into Studio54.

"Thank you Doctor," said Donna Prime. "The Library?" she asked.

"Yes . . . yes, please Ma'am," he responded. A long afternoon of experimental inoculations lay before him. Before Dr. Francis and his esteemed colleague, Dr. Salk. "Okay boys," he chuckled to himself, ". . . let's hippity-hop into the Library. If y'all are good y'all get a sticker and a lollypop."

The Twins keyed on the key phrase 'hippity-hop' and both assumed a stance that was more characteristic of a kangaroo than that of a jack rabbit. Then the hopping began. Hopping and giggling. Hopping down the hallway toward the Library.

Donna Prime glanced at Doctor Francis who was looking askance at Donna and they both lost it.

Those Twins are so damn funny, Donna thought.

That was then and not so long ago either. The Twins cried like babies, but not because it hurt. Doctor Francis and Doctor Salk were sharpshooters. They applied alcohol swabs on the boy's butt cheeks, left or right, at the spot where the needle would penetrate the skin. Then they administered a series of slappety-slaps to dull the sensation. When the Twins realized that the fanny-slapping had ended, the vaccine was already coursing through their veins on its way to the heart for distribution to the rest of their bodies growing strong twelve ways.

The part about the crying was no big deal, really. As soon as Doctor Francis said ‘all set boys, pull your pants up’ they looked at each other in total confusion and burst into tears sympathetically. They were confused and had not given a thought to what would happen next. Which Twin broke first nobody could tell. And it mattered not. Without delay Donna Prime had pulled her recliner into the center of the Library foyer and invited both boys to climb up onto her lap the way they did shortly after arriving at SpringPark. Mind you, they were a lot bigger now than when they arrived on their Playboy bikes.

“Don’t wiggle now boys, Mama’s got ya both, just lay still. Here now, lay your heads down on Mama’s shoulders.”



Safety Minute 59-1541. Annual Influenza Inoculations at SpringPark. Once again Charles d’Vine was appointed to deliver the ‘golden oldie’ safety minute in Monty Post’s absence. This was the fourth anniversary of what was casually referred to as the ‘Flu-shot’ safety minute.

In truth, Charles was less than enthused about having to stand in for Monty for yet another safety minute from the classic collection. SpringPark was rapidly closing-in on the top one-hundred Safety Minute Greatest Hits. The tally stood at eighty-three now.

Charles only objection was that Monty’s delivery of any safety minute drew critical acclaim and generated a nifty ‘spike’ in the Nielsen ratings when broadcast or simulcast on

SpringPark Live, SpringPark After Dark, or on SpringPark Radio Dinner.

There's no way that I can compete with Monty's style and delivery. I'm sorry. Too bad. I'm just not going to try.

“Yes Donna, I will stand-in for Monty,” he said wistfully, knowing it was a character and leadership test.

There's no way that I'm gonna climb up onto the conference table though, he thought. And I hope they don't expect to see an Olympic-style dismount. Ain't gonna happen.



Of course we all know what Charles d’Vine was referring to. Monty’s last presentation of *Safety Minute 59-1541. Annual Influenza Inoculations at SpringPark*, for the International Safety Convocation hosted by SpringPark’s sister facility New Lanark, Scotland – just a few years back.

The ancient and imperial safety conference was one of only a few that counted its recurrence in centuries, rather than in merely decades or years.

“This convocation is older than you Yanks!” was one of the tag lines that appeared on the handbills that were mailed out to the U.S. market every year.

Legend holds that the very first safety ‘primer’ was a meeting of seven peasant-farmers who each had a story to tell about loss of life or limb in their village or neighboring countryside. A renowned British historian published findings that attendance grew steadily each year with the exception of the period of time known as the Black Plague. A student of ancient history

recounted the dramatic increase in bona fide safety ‘tips and techniques’ that were introduced during the time of the Roman conquest of England and more specifically during the building of Hadrian’s Wall.

The annual gatherings continued and grew in formality until Robert Owen offered to provide what was then referred to as the ‘Safety Congress’ a permanent home at New Lanark.

Attendance continued to grow at the annual safety event and what was now loosely termed a ‘convocation’ was moved to the capital of Scotland, and there it remained.

The Black Watch and the Coldstream Guard pipers droned through their opening number, *Amazing Grace* by John Newton.

With chills still running down the conferee’s spines, the host introduced Sir Montgomery Xavier Post who sprinted down the center aisle of Saint Giles’ Cathedral in Edinburgh, Scotland.

A platform resembling a painters scaffold had been erected just beyond the steps leading up to the altar. It was draped with what appeared to be new white tarpaulins, the kind that plasterers and painters use to protect the wooden and tile floors during construction projects. In front of the scaffold a broadcaster’s microphone stood tall and proud atop a chrome pedestal with a heavy black base.

Monty, sporting in a natty hounds tooth hunting outfit - black, tan, and burnt sienna – with cape, sprinted up the steps, turned, and paused to smile at the audience and to catch his breath.

“Whew, what a crowd we have this year,” Monty said peering out as far as he could into the audience seated in pews in the massive sanctuary. He craned his neck as if trying to see the attendees in the last row, and shielded his eyes from the brilliant row of broadcasters’ lights swinging overhead. This conference

was being telecast live on BBC and ATV.

“Man-o-man it’s good to be back,” he added as the level of applause surged then died down to a respectful din.

Without warning the Drumlanrig Children’s Drum Line began a rolling boil on seven side drums and fourteen tenors. The tenors were split evenly between quads and quintes for a total of twenty-one drums in all. The majority of the drummers were red-heads of one variety or another. A few strawberry blondes at one end. A few auburn-reds at the other end. And a parcel of bright red-headed gingers in the middle across the semi-interquartile range.

The drum line paused and a big bass drum hidden in one of the transepts hammered out three beats in quick succession.

Monty Post snapped to attention, the judges and timers were ready. The audience gasped in anticipation.

The drum line resumed with the riki-tick-tack-tack of the Commonwealth’s standard military cadence. Riki-tick-tack-tack, riki-tick-tack-tack, and the ninety-second countdown had begun.

Monty sprang into action with a perfectly timed delivery of a most a propos ninety-second safety minute. The one that was referred to for the rest of the conference as the ‘Flu-shot Safety Minute’.

“That’s okay,” Monty said later that day from his perch at the Black Swan. “As long as they remember the importance of getting the inoculation, the safety minute hit fertile ground.” He took a deep draft of the Scottish ale, the one they called the ‘wee heavy’. “You know, hearts and minds and all that,” he added thoughtfully.



A free-lance journalist covering the Safety Convocation for Melody Maker said it best ‘The first was the best, better than all the rest’. The Times reported that the safety minute presented by Sir Monty Post was as expected – a tour de force.

Live coverage from the BBC and ATV, the Associated Television station, broadcast the entire ninety-second safety minute live and in black and white. The highlights were played back for the benefit of the home audience and anyone who missed the part with the first aid kit, Monty biting the orange protective cover off of the syringe and spitting it at the camera, or the Olympic-quality dismount from the scaffolding that was erected for just that purpose.

Creative types in the BBC control room spliced together a ten-second piece that included the dismount played forward, then backwards, then forward again. The home audience howled.

Sponsors included the usual. Piping hot Bovril, the Hovis loaf of bread that fell through the kitchen table, Butlin’s Holiday Camps, Vegemite, PG Tips Tea, and Embassy Filter cigarettes.

During station break, the conference organizers announced that subscribers would receive the codified Safety Minute by Royal Mail in eight to ten weeks.



For the benefit of the symposium attendees that had pre-paid the £1.85 for a copy of the conference proceedings, the following was provided at the registration tables set up at the entrance to the confessionals.

Safety Minute 59-1541. Annual Influenza Inoculations at SpringPark.

Greeting and salutation to the conference attendees; wink at the pensioners in the amen corner.

Invite the children in the audience to gather' round the foot of the altar for a fun-filled, hands-on safety minute with 'Monty'.

Have one of the older girls hold the first aid kit with instructions to open it once the kids shout 'Let's get shots!' in unison. (Producer's note: an older girl will be prone to demonstrate 'fairness' and restraint even if the 'lil rascals become unruly.)

Teaching moment: In 1938, Doctor Jonas Salk and his friend Doctor Thomas Francis came up with a vaccine to protect us against the influenza virus. (For televised sessions be sure to dance and prance in front of the camera as you present the facts.)

Children's moment: Can you kids say In – Flu – En - Za? Let's say it together. In – Flu – En – Za. That's right.

Adult moment: And parents, what else did Doctor Jonas Salk develop. Hint: it's a lot worse than In – Flu – En – Za. Right, Po - Li - O. Can you kids say 'Polio?' That's right, very good children.

Open the first aid kit: Okay kids, lets open the first aid kit. Let's all yell together. Ready – steady – go: 'Open The Box'.

Note to presenter: be sure to give the kids the 'dummy' syringes made out of plastic. The real syringe has a glass tube with visible liquid. The kids' 'dummy' syringes have an orange cover, but the tube is white plastic, not glass.

Demonstration: Okay kids let's take the orange covers off of our syringes and get ready to get our shots. Yaaaaayyy.

Note to presenter: The children will start out by simulating a self-injection. If the kids start ‘stabbing’ each other with the ‘dummy’ syringes, just don’t let things get out of hand.

Live demo: Classic Monty. The standard is the ‘evil syringe’ that is trying to stab Monty in the neck. During the ten- to fifteen-minute vignette, Monty rolls around on the stage or platform fighting-off the advancing hypodermic until he eventually dominates the syringe. Once under control, Monty self-administers the injection into his thigh or bicep. Done well, the kids will catch on right away and know intuitively that Monty is just playing the part of the victim. This will generate a lot of laughs from the kids and their parents in the audience.

Fun facts: A few nice-to-know facts for the summary and conclusion.

Influenza virus for vaccines are grown in eggs.

Be sure to tell your nurse or doctor if you are allergic to eggs.

Sometimes you get a fever after a Flusbot, but don’t worry, you can’t get the ‘Flu’ from a Flusbot – the viruses are dead. (Simulate a funny strangling or choking action to keep the kids and their parents laughing.)

Mostly, have fun with this safety minute. Shots can make some kids nervous, but by adding good-natured humor the kids will relax and have as much fun with this as you do.

Dismount: the dismount has become standard fare with most medical or scientific safety minutes. Classic dismounts include the forward summersault off of a conference table or platform, or the side-saddle dismount over an elevated barrier with a handrail or a bannister. Be sure to practice the dismount and be sure to stick the landing. Nobody likes to see their favorite presenter crash into the orchestra pit and break their leg. That’s no fun at all.

*Autographs: during the autograph session remember to keep smiling (even if you pulled a muscle or tendon during the dismount). Remember that your fans came to see **you** as much as they did to learn a new safety procedure. Also, don’t forget to remind the parents that this SpringPark safety minute is part of a three-part set. Let them know that the New*

Lanark and New Harmony safety minutes for Influenza shots are also available at the address shown on the back page.

As with most Safety Minutes presented for an international audience, once again, they served the best wine first. And who could blame them.



2 PAMPLONA

FOLLOWING the international safety festival in Edinburg, Donna Prime and her entourage made haste to the Iberian peninsula for what would end up being a quick jet to Litch. The SpringPark travel coordinator wickered together an impossible schedule that would allow Her Grace and Monty to arrive in Pamplona on July 6th to emcee the kickoff. SpringPark would remain ‘in da house’ until the morning of the closing ceremonies in Pamplona, then travel to Paris in an Army-surplus Heinkel He 111 bomber left behind after the Spanish Civil War. With fair winds and following seas, the SpringPark contingent would make l’entrance grand by touching down on l’Avenue des Champs-Élysées in the WWII German Bomber to co-host the kickoff of the Bastille Day celebration on July 14th. Vive la France!

The itinerary called for travel by rail to Felixstowe, England then a ferry across the Channel to Calais, France. From Calais, they would make haste, again by train to Pamplona, Spain for the running of the bulls and for the delivery of a most salient ninety-second safety minute.

The SpringPark ‘handler’ had the trip segments timed to the

nearest hour with ample margin for late departure of trains. “We’re not in Germany yet,” said Donna Prime, reminding her contingent of something that they all had learned the hard way. Unless you were in Germany, the train schedules were more of general approximation than anything else.

“Once in Germany though, you can set your pocket watch based on the arrival and departure of die züge,” Donna added.

Two nimble virgins looked at each other with wide-eyed anticipation, and then began scribbling in their journals. Neither had to be reminded to ‘write that down’.

The departure from Scotland to the English coast was a whirlwind to be sure.

“The English countryside is lovely,” announced Donna Prime in an attempt to remind the yearlings that although kanoodling was permitted on trips away from SpringPark, the tender young Donnas and Charleses were missing the view outside the train. “Just come up for air now and then and admire the rolling fields and hedgerows,” she whispered to herself.

She looked across the aisle at Monty who was snapping pictures of antennae on the rooftops of the row houses that were nestled in the quiet streets below the trestles.

“They don’t hear the trains anymore,” stated Monty in a matter-of-fact tone.

No response from Donna.

“They don’t *hear* the trains, not because they are deaf. They don’t *hear* the trains because hearing is a neurolinguistic function of the brain. The brain does not elevate the awareness of the auditory sensation to the cerebral cortex because the noise of the trains on the tracks are irrelevant – unless they are off schedule,” he added.

“Hmmmmmm,” Donna responded with eyes closed.

Monty continued by examining the postulate on why a tree falling in the forest makes a noise, but may not make a sound. *It all depends on the definition you use for the word 'sound',* he thought. *Funk and Wagnall's allows ample margin for those who would argue that sounds are not only transmitted but are also received.* The key to the puzzle is knowing whether the 'receiver' definition is being invoked. *If 'sound' requires a 'receiver',* he thought, *then unless someone is in close proximity to the falling tree, it does not make a 'sound'.* *Technically,* he thought.

Monty looked back across the aisle at Donna enveloped in a heavy cloak of slumber. She had the face of an angel. The sylphs to her left and right appeared slightly agitated at being abandoned by their liege. Or so they felt. They were reflexively dissipating their anxiety by gently stroking the soft wool covering Her Grace's forearms. Each one holding a Donna Prime forearm in their laps.

Both remained motionless but concentrated their distress in their foreheads. Neither were comfortable being 'left alone' with Monty. Both virgins fully understood the protective nature of the relationship between Monty and the denizens of SpringPark. Nevertheless, they were not accustomed to being left alone with the man. Once again, they both adjusted Donna's forearms in their laps being careful not to wake her.

Always the gentleman, Monty took note of their distress and turned his glance away from them while continuing to monitor Donna Prime's biorhythms using only his peripheral vision.



Donna was aware of the comfort being administered by the tender young Donnas and had no qualm about leaving them alone with Monty. She slipped deeper and deeper and finally entered the stage referred to in the medical journals as rapid eye movement sleep or REM sleep.

Donna's in her element now, he thought.

The virgins trembled as Donna allowed her subconscious being to cross the threshold of memories near and distant.

From across the aisle, Monty felt her shudder momentarily and then relax as she surrendered the last remnant of her consciousness to the dream state.

Once inside, Donna's body slumped to the right, leaving little room for the blonde virgin to maneuver in the richly upholstered pew with mahogany sides.

It was Monty's quick thinking that rescued the tender young Donna from having to accomplish the impossible feat of comforting a slumbering Donna Prime without waking her.

"Heeeeere we go Miss Donna," Monty said rhetorically as he cupped his left hand behind Donna Prime's swanlike neck, while elevating her right arm and forearm to allow the virginal yearling a path to extricate herself without awakening her benefactress.

"Bring those satin pillows," said Monty, looking up at the cabinet doors behind him.

Too afraid to respond to Monty's gentile request verbally, the newly extricated sylph offered a shallow curtsy and began handing Monty the beautifully embroidered pillows one-by-one.

The other virgin sitting on Donna Prime's left watched the poetry-in-motion with open-mouthed awe.

While the back-and-forth motion of the train on the tracks gently comforted Donna Prime, she arrived at the destination that she feared was waiting for her. The vivid and salient

dream-state that was a foreshadowing of an altercation with the Wombat.



The bright yellow Bluebird school bus ambled into the SpringPark parking lot and the brakes screeched to a halt. The front doors opened and a sole passenger got out.

After being deposited in the dream-state, Donna Prime's first priority was to don the clothing that she had hidden in the far left drawer in the ticket booth. She had prepared for such a time as this by stashing a sun dress for spring and summer, and jogging pants and a top for cold weather dreams. A pair of well-worn trainers were in the bottom of the drawer with a pair of fresh gym socks rolled up and placed inside of the right shoe. To put gym socks in the left shoe is extremely ill-advised and constitutes an invitation for bad luck to dominate the proceedings.

This is not my first rodeo, she thought as she sprinted up the concrete steps leading to the front door of the SpringPark facility. She was completely naked.

"The trick is," paused Monty, making sure that both virgins, one seated and one now standing, were following along for a most a propos teach-train moment, *" . . . to make sure that you know how you are going to get into the SpringPark facility in only your birthday suit. And, at all costs avoid any hint of grève perlée."*

He had the nubile virgins' full attention.

"Remember," he continued, "the doors will be locked and you only have your wits about you."

They nodded in unison.

“Know your cypher-lock codes by rote, so that you can recite them when asleep. The only way to do that is to craft a rhyme that you will put to music and sing to yourself day and night.”

Putting the teach-train to work, the two virgins each began humming their favorite theme songs from SpringPark Radio Dinner.

The yearling that was seated and looking up at Monty and her counterpart went first.

“Oh e oh, oh e oh,
Eee I bicky bye, eee i oh,
Seven, three, two, three-o,
Four, seven, five, two, four,
Doo dee doo.”

Monty nodded in amazement and looked at the virginal Donna standing by his side. She turned her head away and mumbled that she would put pen to paper without delay.

“The other thing to remember is that SpringPark will be replacing all the push-button cypher locks with the new card-key locks. The plastic cards with the holes punched in the leading edge are coming soon. Heaven help us all when we bend the dream then. Just know that Donna Prime has published the shift-change times, but the schedules are on the wall inside the Vault. When the change occurs, you will need to memorize the shift change times. At worst, you will need to spend up to four hours in the wilds around SpringPark as you await the changing of the guard.”

Monty paused.

“When a facility door opens, you can walk right in. You will be naked but invisible to the day-walkers. Walk in as they open

the door and move quickly and without delay lest you be observed by other dream walkers. We are not alone.”



Donna Prime moved quickly in bare feet, holding her trainers and socks in her left hand. She slowed to a tip-toe pace as she approached the back door of the Library through the loading dock.

The back entrance yielded to her will in the dream-state. Donna Prime thanked her lucky stars that the Library was dark. She quickly rehearsed the summary points from a Monty Post classic codified as *Safety Minute 62-0923. The Running of the Bulls at Pamplona; Dos and Don'ts.*

Most recherché, Donna thought. I can feel her presence in the facility. *The She-devil.*

The recondite nature of living and loving at SpringPark should have kept the Wombat a safe distance from the hatchlings. It did not. She was here.

Donna's first thought was for the health and safety of the tender young yearlings and interns. It was a tender young Charles that the She-devil was after. Donna knew that sure as shootin'.

At the very same moment that Donna closed her eyes to pray, the hallway outside of the Library was filled with a haunting and beautiful melody that chilled her to the marrow.

The unmistakable warbling of Ali Kalalabad could be heard above the whooshing of the new central air conditioning pushing air through the vents near the floor of the Library.

It's fucking freezing in here, Donna thought as she grabbed a long sheet of bubble-wrap off of the pack-and-ship table used to fill worldwide orders for Monty's books. Donna wrapped the plastic around her like a mink stole just as she wrapped her arms around her torso to preserve as much warmth as possible.

Forewarned is forearmed, thought Donna Prime as she clambered up onto the Library conference table to assume the lotus position. Her eyes rolled back in her head and she allowed the gentle waves of grace to lift her just an inch or two above the surface. With her conscious mind focused on her bliss, Donna's subconscious mind took over the most demanding work of projecting herself into the safety minute.



Safety Minute 62-0923. The Running of the Bulls at Pamplona; Dos and Don'ts.

With the threat of the Wombat's presence oozing like a poison gas throughout the facility, Donna injected herself into the moment.

First, avoid direct contact with the charging bulls. Her lips moved but uttered not a sound as she reviewed the lesson. *I will take account of my surroundings and use physical objects and natural obstacles to distance myself from the She-devil.* In doing thusly, Donna would place herself just outside the lethal range of the Wombat's powerful grip, more than a foot away from the She-devil's stiletto heel kicks, and a safe margin from the pearly white choppers. Donna warned herself that the Wombat's incisors would give the appearance of being razor sharp.

*Whether filed to a point,
Or ground like a blade,
Take note of those choppers,
And the bite that they made.*

Still in a deep trance, Donna Prime shuddered at the diabolical wisdom conveyed in the wicked nursery rhyme.

She knew that the Wombat's gallows smile was a tell-tale prelude to a nasty snap. Bone-chilling for sure, but Donna promised herself that she would maintain a margin of safety between herself and the She-devil.

Second, avoid the center of the stampede. Donna reminded herself to fear not the retreat when faced with a foe in great numbers or an enemy that drew power from the darkness.

*To stand and fight is noble they say,
'Gainst a She-devil that knows no bounds,
But to retreat and fight another day, of a truth
Speaks wisdom, once they've loosed the bounds.*

With stateliness and dignity fitting her station, Donna Prime mentally rehearsed the SpringPark maneuver called the 'touch and go'. The in-resident sensei had already begun teaching all staff and interns this nonchalant retreat shortly after the Freshies made the scene. In her dream state, Donna placed her left hand behind her and prayed that she was close enough to the immovable bulkhead to use it as a springboard. It was, she was. She extended the thumb and first two fingers of her left hand in what SpringParkers loosely referred to as a 'Disney parade rest'. According to Monty, 'A pillar or pylon in Pamplona offers the runner a refuge from the bulls' horns and

hooves'. For Donna Prime, the load-bearing wall behind her was a godsend. In a pinch, she could push-off to the left or right. Were the Wombat to attempt to administer a head-butt, Donna could duck left or right and allow the She-devil's forehead to smash onto the concrete façade reinforced with steel rebar.

Third, when the opportunity presents itself, run like hell. Monty's addendum to this final instruction during the upcoming Pamplona safety minute would suggest a move in a lateral direction from the path of an oncoming bull. Cut to the left or right. Look for an open door, vendor stall, or side street. The momentum of the herd will carry all but the most determined bulls in a forward direction, down the calle and into the arena. Donna Prime's cut and run to the left would prevent grievous bodily harm, but even in her altered state Donna's retreat would not be without the embarrassment of a nasty and Unholy Shove from behind.

While still in her elevated position above the conference table she shuddered momentarily with the full realization that the Unholy Shove was something that she would never be able to avoid.

Your Grace, it is your destiny, was the thought that was so clear that it seemed fully audible.

Yesssss, she responded to the kind and gentle thought-voice in her dream.

Donna Prime was powerless to stop the awakening that had begun. Her eyes were still closed but she knew that she was once again hovering over the glasslike surface of the Library conference table. In a brief moment she would open her eyes and continue in the dream state as her physical manifestation gently rocked back and forth in the train that was coming to a

stop for passengers at Newcastle upon Tyne.

Monty and the virgins were looking out the windows on both sides of the train to admire the shabby rail yards that were adjacent to the magnificent bridge spanning one of the major waterways in eastern England.

The dream had run its course and Donna Prime would soon awaken to join her retinue on the train for the remainder of the journey from England to France and then to Spain and Pamplona for the running of the bulls.

The SpringPark contingent of forty-three would be invited to the first class dining car for a very special feast that had been scheduled by the travel coordinator months ago.

In the crystal clear moments before regaining full consciousness in the physical world that seems so real most of the time, Donna reminded herself to never forget the lesson that she learned on this sojourn.

I will protect and defend the residents of SpringPark with all the power of my being. Still, I will never escape the Unholy Shove. That is my destiny. This is my cross to bear.



When Donna Prime awoke from her slumber she was embraced with the peace that passes all understanding. She felt alive and invigorated. Donna knew exactly what the eager throng in Pamplona wanted to hear at the opening ceremony. All preparation was complete.

Her spirit soared within her in spite of the inevitability and precognition of this thing that would come to be known as the

Unholy Shove.

The doors closed and the train trundled southbound again with a load of new passengers. A red-headed woman with two lovely red-headed children, both girls, paused as they passed the compartment where Donna Prime was seated between the tender virgins.

The woman nodded to Donna and smiled politely.

Donna smiled back at the woman then turned to one of the virgins seated next to her and whispered "Write this down . . ."



3 THE ARENA

EVERY once in a while SpringParkers are graced with an unexpected surprise. The trip to Pamplona had been a magical time that reminded Donna Prime and Monty of the stories of the wild west in their own homeland. Naturally, SpringParkers were destined to become citizens of the world. Nothing could stop that to be sure. All the same, Donna and Monty both knew that the history of SpringPark was inexorably linked to the birth of America and the growth of freedoms heretofore unknown.

In their naïveté and innocence, the citizens of Pamplona planned an American-style rodeo for the final full day before the closing ceremonies. Pamplona's Alcalde made the formal announcement at the conclusion of the festivities on the twelfth of July. This meant that the rodeo would start at first light the very next day. With no advanced notice, Monty would shift into high-gear to prepare a most spectacular ninety-second safety minute that would protect and defend not only the SpringParkers in Pamplona, but the Spanish citizens and their invited guests from around the world.

With a near-total absence of fanfare, Pamplona's civic leaders

embraced the SpringParkers as they stepped off the train. Donna Prime first, then the two virgins-in-waiting, then Monty Post, then the remainder of Donna's entourage, one-by-one.

Were it not for the notoriety that SpringParkers carried at home and abroad, this year's running of the bulls would have been just like the others.

As it was now and would continue to be well into the future, the prospect of kicking-off the annual event with a Minutos a la Seguridad piqued the curiosity of even the most cynical toreador. The opportunity of having Señor Monty Post himself deliver the safety minute was more than their pastoral psyches could contain. Uncontrollable weeping was evident in every quarter of the city.

The exceptional presentation and delivery became a matter of public record and was carried 'above the fold' on the front page of many Spanish-language dailies. Associated Press had expat correspondents who were all too eager to scoop the 'hacks' at the Times and Tribune.

In spite of the wild anticipation, the safety minute was a transitory event in the centuries-long timeline of Pamplona. For all the showmanship and aplomb, it was after all only a ninety-second 'blip' on the historical timeline of this once-proud community.



The real breakthrough occurred when the Alcalde delivered two complete ensembles right down to what Donna Prime described as 'boots 'n saddles' - a gift to both Her Grace and

Monty Post. Although the outfits technically did not include a saddle, everyone knew what Donna meant by the statement. The outfits were complete in every way and did include boots, gaucho-style trousers, a caballero shirt with two rows of buttons, a leather vest, chaps, a leather belt with a buckle as big as a license plate, and a hat with a leather chin strap. The only difference between the two outfits was a modest amount of ric rac appliqué on the clothing that was gifted to Donna.



When Monty was asked about the matter of the impromptu safety minute, he responded with his characteristic “Well, yeah,” followed by a pause that made the Spanish reporter wish that he either had a better command of the English language, or had just not asked this rough-and-tumble Americano the question in the first place.

Then the journalist freaked out and reverted to his native tongue with his signature “¿Pues lo que se puede decir?” Then he froze.

Monty, knowing that the poor bastard just ‘threw it out there,’ decided that this was the only chance that he might have to engage in a little good natured polyglot humor. He had perfected this type of linguistic legerdemain with the handful of Xenophons who were not scared shitless of him.

He adopted the persona of a tourist visiting España for the very first time. A ‘flatlander’ in the parlance of SpringPark. The key factor in appearing credible is to his subject was to cherry-pick a few key Spanish words that were phonetically

similar to English words with absolutely no similarity in meaning. ‘They are homonyms with an international border,’ Monty was wont to say.

Anyway, he keyed on the words ‘se’ and ‘que’ and asked the reporter “Did you say ‘Oh say can you see?’”

Then he paused and waited.

Whoever speaks first loses, Monty thought.

“¿Que?” was the journalist’s only response.

That was good enough for Monty, the ‘other guy’ had spoken first.

Monty took a deep breath in preparation for what would happen next. In the form and fashion of a flatlander trying to ‘get through’ in a foreign land, Monty knew to repeat what he had already said to the man, just make it *louder!*

“DID YOU SAY ‘OH SAY CAN YOU SEE?’”

After delivering the query with perfect timbre, he paused and nearly busted a gut laughing. He almost could not contain himself. *Holy shit, this is fun*, thought Monty.

Reaching the end of his rope, Monty knew that the ‘other guy’ had to go next, but this would be the grand finalé.

“¿Qué dijiste?” the youngster responded.

Oh shit, thought Monty working overtime to keep from bustin’ out laughing, *this is too much. This exchange could go on all day and into the night.*

To put an end to the madness, Monty decided to gird up his loins and stop this tennis match fast. Now. Monty knew that there was a slight possibility that he might offend the reporter and end up in a fist fight or a duel with flintlock pistols or something. *But dammit*, he thought, *I have a safety minute to get ready for, haven’t even set the pyrotechnics for the demo.*

Both held their tongues.

Here goes nothing, thought Monty. If I stick the delivery

we'll both have a good laugh and celebrate with shots of absinthe after la burguesía drag their asses back to the hacienda.

"Fuck you," said Monty with a smile that communicated genuine warmth and unbridled caring for the man.

Nothing happened.

Rigorous scientific research demonstrates that the nonverbal component carries as much as eighty percent of the meaning during a personal interchange between native talkers.

Monty knew from his shenanigans in the SpringPark kitchens and at the spice tables, that nonverbals can convey as much as ninety-five percent of the message between non-native talkers. At times, the nonverbal component accounts for up to three to four standard deviations to the right in a normal distribution.

Monty couldn't hold it in any longer. The veins in his neck made it look like Monty was about to blow a gasket.

The reporter began to sputter like a Model T.

By the time Donna looked back to check on Monty, the two men were howling like banshees. A new friendship was blossoming.

Chock up another one for SpringPark, Donna thought.

Later that evening Donna and Monty both rang the bell at the barra del rancho. Those that were there agree, they both sonó la campana. 'Yes they did' said the two virgins to one another. "They both rang the bell more than once."



As the Heinkel one-eleven hopped down the dirt road cum runway and kicked up clouds of dust, the Alcalde and his staff

reflected back on yesterday's spectacular minutos a la seguridad et demostración. "We must invite them back next year," the Mayor said, ". . . and the year after that, and the following year as well." The jefe then turned to his minions and said "Apunta eso".

"¿How the hell did Monty get the horse to jump off of that burning platform and into the river?"

"Damned if I know. What I can't figure out is where he rounded up the peasants that he dressed up as 'banditos'. He had them dismount behind the line of trees on the opposite side of the river from the arena."

"No joke, then he got his stallion to cross the river headed right into the arena."

"Damn straight. Then he started 'shooting' at the banditos who fell off their mounts and into the river."

"I know. It was fun, safe, and spectacular."

"After entering the arena he rode 'round and round' ringing the bell on every turn."

"I know. He rang the bell by grabbing the rope. Then he rang the bell with his cattle whip. Then he rang the bell six more times by firing rounds from his Colt 45 revolver. The bell looks beat to shit!"

Pressing up against the windows of the German bomber, Monty and Donna's entourage waved 'farewell' wildly at the enthusiastic gaggle of 'meeters and greeters' that had come to witness the departure of 'esos SpringParkers'.

Once safely airborne with gear and flaps retracted Donna Prime clapped her hands as she walked up and down the center aisle and said "Alright yearlings and interns, seatbelts please, one to a seat, seatbelts please."

Wistfully, Monty turned back to his wooden tray table and did exactly what he had promised himself that he would do. He transcribed the scribbled notes from yesterday's safety minute into his SpringPark loose leaf binder. Having developed and delivered the safety minute 'on the fly', now was the time to capture the fullness of the 'minute' for codification and future use.

The interns and yearlings settled down as the powerful engines droned and pulled the Heinkel higher and higher. The giggling and 'grab ass' settled down with only an occasional outburst. Most drifted off into the arms of slumber. Some fidgeted in their wicker seats. A few Donna and Charleses that couldn't keep their hands off of each other continued their make-out sessions that had begun the day before, or the day before that.

Donna Prime, Donna Due, Charles d'Vine, and the SpringPark Chaplain all closed their eyes to catch a few winks before Paris, and to reflect on all things SpringPark.

Monty turned back from his work occasionally to smile his signature smile and admire the detachment of SpringParkers that made him so very proud. *We have many miles to go before we sleep*, he thought, *but this deployment is going very well so far. Very well indeed.*

By the time that the SpringPark pilot lowered the landing gear and flaps for a straight in, full stop on les Champs-Élysées, Monty had completed his assignment.

A brand new Safety Minute, he thought. *Hot off the press*, he chuckled to himself.

***Safety Minute 64-0714. Riding, Roping, and Shooting;
Best Practices for Man and Beast.***

Introduction: my summer competing in the Buzkashi in the high mountains of Afghanistan, time spent bustin' wild broncs in Calgary, and logging time measured in seconds atop a Brahman bull taught me a few lessons that I will never forget. *Give them a show, but do it safely.*

Spinal and brain injury trauma is preventable, with a few simple tips. A beast well-riden or roped will return again and again to thrill the audience and provide good challenge to the cowpoke 'lookin' for eight' or just starting a career in the rodeo.

First, master the art of 'shootin' and riding' before stepping into the arena. The best wranglers start out with a healthy respect for their mount and their firearms trade craft before ever stepping into the ring. Just like the Olympics, a seasoned bull rider or bronco buster makes it look easy – but it's not. Any Donna or Charles that aspires to a life in the saddle should start spending time with the animals and take advice from skilled and experienced buckaroos. Just as the WWI pilots in the Lafayette Escadrille started out as children 'flying' around their back gardens with their arms extended, today's rodeo champions started out in the 4H clubs or as horse whisperers when they were 'knee high to a grasshopper'.

*Second, just because cowboys and cowgirls are renowned for their ability to 'shoot and ride' doesn't mean that **you** should do both at the same time.* What works on the silver screen looks good to the audience, but may result in harm to others the first time you try it in competition. Many a tenderfoot can attest to the inadvertent discharge of their revolver while calf roping or barrel racing. Seasoned rodeo riders will stash their firearms under the bench seat in their white trucks before they head off to the chutes. Avoid 'rookie errors' that result in self-inflicted gunshot wounds

or accidental discharges that scare the puddin' out of the audience or team of judges. Expect a downgrade from a judge or a short-count from a timer that has to duck to avoid a weapons discharge during the event.

We all know that judges are 'blind' (chuckle, chuckle), but they sure don't want to be shot at and hit.

Finally, champions respect their animals and respect their team. The stereotype of one-man, one-beast is incomplete. Both are important, but let's take a look at best practices for good team management.

Get to know your shankers and muggers. Buy them a few rounds the day before the event. A good shanker and mugger will steady the mount and make it easy for you to saddle-up your bronc at the gate.

Tip your hat and buy a few rounds for the pickup man. A good pickup man will make sure that you get off your animal safely after the bareback and saddle bronc events.

Get to know your rodeo clowns, slip them a few bucks before the event and buy 'em a few rounds after. They're the ones that will draw the bull or bronc away if you fall in the well.

Rodeo champions do all this and more; you should too. Safe riding, roping, and shooting; and happy trails to you my friends.



4 CITY OF LIGHTS

ON FINAL approach for landing, the SpringParkers seated on the right side of the bomber had a perfect view of the Eiffel Tower zipping past them. *Magnifique!*, thought Donna Prime.

SpringParkers that were first-timers to Paris were caught-up in wild anticipation as they flipped back and forth through their English-French dictionaries and their dog-eared copies of *Europe on Five Dollars a Day*.

Donna and the SpringPark leadership team each permitted themselves an assortment of implausible fantasies with French-speaking members of the opposite sex. Monty thought back to a too-close friendship that he fostered while in college with an exchange student from Versailles. The SpringPark Chaplain had heard one confession too many from soldiers returning to the 'States after WWII. *Too much information*, he thought. Charles d'Vine fancied himself a chevalier in the form and fashion familiar during the Golden Age of Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI. *I studied the royal family tree for my dissertation*, he thought, *too bad they got the axe*. Donna Prime couldn't help but think about the gendarmes and how handsome they looked in their uniforms. Their dark hair, their neatly trimmed

moustaches. *Stop!*, she commanded.

Flights of fancy continued as the pilot and co-pilot lined up on then flew right over l’Arc de Triomphe de l’Étoile. French speaking celebrants on the top of the Arch dove for cover. One white-haired elderly couple from Baden-Baden stood tall and proud as the Heinkel bomber flew right overhead. A cub reporter from the Match swore that the geezer gave the Nazi bomber the ‘Seig heil!’ salute as it passed. His editor said *Bullshit, they don’t do that anymore.*

The whimsy that the SpringParkers were experiencing inside the plane was in stark contrast to the horror that was witnessed on the pavement below.

One heavy-set woman with large breasts ran screaming down the middle of the Avenue hollering “They’re back, they’re back.”

A pack of American Eagle Scouts headed to a Camporee in the Alps reached for their Swiss Army Knives and looked through trash cans and dumpsters for empty beer bottles and anything else that could be fashioned into weapons suitable for hand-to-hand combat.

A Japanese tourist with a Minolta took his wife’s Yves St. Laurent silk scarf and wrapped it around his forehead in preparation for the attack.

A bus load of Dutch tourists from Amsterdam surrendered to a street food vendor selling beer brats and Weiner schnitzel. He was just a humble butcher, a native of nearby Saint-Maur-des-Fossés.

The driver of an antique canary-yellow Citroën 2CV crashed into a fire hydrant in front of a café. The patrons that rushed to his aid said that he either died of fright or had a heart attack.

A Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist from l’Indépendant phoned in a report that the Nazis were back in Paris.

The Bastille Day organizers managed to restore order to the madness about an hour after the Heinkel taxied to a stop and discharged its American passengers at la Place de la Concorde.

When the side door of the bomber swung open Donna made Monty hop out first. The man-in-tweed's head popped out first then he rendered his signature smile followed by a relaxed salute to nobody in particular. The City of Lights held its breath until he stepped out in a green tweed summer suit with braces.

“Mon Dieu, les Allemands jamais porter tweed.”

“C'est vrai, les Américains sont arrivés.”



With the hand of friendship extended to Donna Prime and her entourage, the city officials accepted the Heinkel bomber as a gift of friendship from their SpringPark allies.

“Quelue chose pour le Musée de la Grand Guerre,” said Donna’s pilot as he tossed the keys to Jacques Anquetil, the honorary Mayor of Paris.

Paris did not actually have a Mayor in this time in history, but ‘Jackie Boy’ had just finished the Tour de France in first place that morning.

Less than two hours ago the President trotted off to find a respectable toilette, and Georges Pompidou made the call. The Chief inspector removed his cape and draped it over the exhausted five-time first-place finisher while the half-naked hospitality crew planted red-lipstick kisses on both cheeks while pressing into ‘Jackie’ with monstrous bouquets.

The font-page full-color images appeared that afternoon in

La Monde and in the daily extra for La République.

Monty snuck off in the middle of what appeared to be an endless parade of Champagne bottles, toasts, patriotic songs, and cheers for the riders that were still streaming in from the Tour.

I've got to cop-a-shave while I have the chance, he thought as he gently rubbed the stubble on his prominent chin. *I'll be back before Donna knows that I'm gone.*



SpringPark Je t'Aime

(a capella)

*Dites moi Maman, dites moi,
Pourquoi je l'aime tellement,
Pourquoi je l'aime tellement;*

(section accordéon)

*A chaque fois que je regarde sur cette cité intemporelle
qu'il soit bleu ou gris son ciel
qu'elle soit bruyante sa gaieté ou soient douces ses larmes
de plus en plus je me rends vraiment compte que:*

(a capella)

*J'aime SpringPark au printemps
J'aime SpringPark en automne
J'aime SpringPark en hiver quand il bruine
J'aime SpringPark en été quand il grésille*

(section corne)

*J'aime Paris chaque moment
chaque moment de l'année
J'aime Paris, pourquoi oh pourquoi aimé-je Paris?
Parce que mon amour est tout proche
(refrain)*

SpringPark Je t'Aime

(chanté sur la mélodie de Paris Je t'Aime)
arrangée et réalisée par

L'église de la Madeleine Chancel Choeur
avec le SpringPark Bella Donna Sextet a Capella



‘Dave, stop me if I’m telling you something that you already know.’

‘Speak to me Etienne, what you got?’

‘There’s this guy up here in Toronto, he’s got a kids’ show on the CBC. The grown-ups hate it, but the kids in the focus group don’t move. They’re padlocked on him. Holding power like nothing we’ve seen up here. How’m I doing so far?’

‘I’m still listening, is this for real?’

‘A yuh, I’ve got a good feeling about this one Dave. I’d like to move him to a larger market, one with more kids. I know that you have the slots. I have already got commitment from a major sponsor that’s seen the tapes.’

‘Will they release him from his contract?’

‘A yuh, the show is in the afternoon, after school, but they’re trying to sell the wrong products. The sponsors are losing their patience.’

‘Whaddya mean?’

‘The ‘suits’ are trying to sell more ad time to Proctor and Gamble and Johnson and Johnson.’

‘I like P&G; I like Johnson – a family company. Will they move with the show?’

‘The sponsors are getting cold feet. I just want to let the current situation play out.’

‘Etienne, you’re talking about walking away from money on the table. P&G? Johnson?’

‘Don’t need them, I’ve got Mattel lined up with a new vendor campaign and with trade support. The kids will get their parents to buy the products. This new scheme’s got legs Dave.’

We'll pull five, maybe six more just like Mattel. Buster Brown, Wham-o, they're lined up outside my office"

'Dammit Etienne, send me the tapes. I like what I'm hearing. I'll hold your time slots.'



Back at Springpark the console on the Watcher-mobile in the parking lot lit up like a Christmas tree. The console operator reeled to an upright position and almost smashed his forehead on the bulkhead over the light panel.

Where the hell are you Monty, he thought as he spun the rheostats and adjusted the gains, flipped red-guarded toggle switches, and initiated individual press-to-tests on each of the domes that housed the grain-o-wheat bulbs.

The ham radio operator high atop Mount Wachusett was tapping out code like a hyper-caFFEinated Director of Admissions at one of the five service academies - clicking on a ball-point pen during a Congressional investigation.

The fine-tuned LIDAR revealed the caretaker status of SpringPark during this the most recent deployment of the majority of the SpringPark senior leadership, more than half the interns, three quarters of the yearlings, and two distinguished visiting professors from the Ivy League of the South. They were all on what most taxpayer citizens would refer to as 'the trip of a lifetime'.

On the other side of the 'pond' the Zeitgeist was far removed from the idyllic and serene vibe that all experienced in Herndon. By their own admission, Donna Prime and Monty

Post were working their collective asses off. What with the state dinners, special events, receiving lines at every stop, and the unpredictability of the trains (apart from those departing from West Germany).

Be not deceived though dear reader. Let it be said ‘on the record’ that as ambassadors of the only fully mission capable utopian society, Donna, Monty, and the other servant-leaders fully embraced their duty to deploy the lessons-learned and best practices that the outside world was dying to implement.

The stakes were sky-high.

The technician switched on the broadcast microphone that was mounted dead-center on the horizontal brushed nickel counter top. After completing his WATCHER-approved and American Society of Clandestine Broadcasters and Inconspicuous Operations Coordinators-sanctioned ‘yellow leather’ warm-up exercises, he turned the Roberts reel-to-reel to ‘record’.

As the intake spool drew in the new Mylar tape he double-checked that the ‘broadcast’ toggle was ‘off’ and the seventeen domed lights were yellow for monitor only.

Monty’s console operator paused momentarily to make sure that he had not missed the beginning of the coded message.

While he was violently awakened from his cat nap, he remembered hearing all seventeen stations go to station identification and test the two-tone signal that will announce the end of the world.

He nervously jiggled the pop-top can of ambrosia to confirm that it was completely empty, then tossed it into the plastic-lined steel trash can near the crawl-space entrance to the cab.

The console operator was wide awake now after about twenty-five minutes of flipping switches and testing systems.

The screeching carrier wave that had awakened him just a

half-hour ago was answered only by Tree Top. For now the infernal tapping had come to a stop. Fully awake, he waited patiently and decided to do a ‘soup to nuts’ check-out of all the systems on board.

Not quite ready to rehearse his ‘radio voice’ scales right now even though the Roberts had checked out zero defects or ZD, he popped the top on a second ambrosia.

First catch of the day, he chuckled to himself.

I really don't feel like going through the Mister Microphone challenge response exercises right now, he thought, *too much concentration*.

He took a long draught of the magic elixir and lazily opened the Watcher-mobile owner's manual.

Haven't cracked the cover of this since I was an intern, he thought, *too fuckin' busy*.

He felt an annoying nudge-of-conscience that allowed him to admit that he was drifting into the sand-bagging mode. This happened on occasion. Typically, when he was left alone in the parking lot, or occasionally, when asked to pull an overnight security detail in the Vault. All by himself.

Can't believe that they left me here all alone with a couple of interns, a half-dozen virgins, and a throng of Xenophons. Sure, Donna Quattro was deputized as the acting jefe during Donna Prime's sabbatical, but I haven't seen her all week.

He dipped his head slightly to peek out the two way bullet-proof glass into the parking lot.

See what I'm saying, he thought to himself, *the Dodge Coronet 500 is gone. Bet I know where Donna Quattro went*.

His low-grade pity party continued for the next forty-five minutes interrupted with only a few vain imaginings.

To his credit he did consider whether or not Ali Kalalabad was being given celebrity-level support for his demanding schedule of writing, composing, and dress-rehearsals.

Oops (chuckle, chuckle), he thought. *Un-dressed rehearsals.*

He also gave consideration to the polyglots who were accustomed to feeding off the table scraps that were left behind each day during times of preparation of the precious bundles.

With no precious bundles in production, and Donna Prime not here anyway, there would be no unannounced delivery of snick-snacks, and no leftovers for the ‘frangers’.

In a valiant effort to abandon the senseless hamster wheel of ennui, he admitted to himself that Ali was more than likely showering and singing all alone now. *Most unlikely that Donna had flown in lathering virgins from New Harmony or even New Lanark,* he admitted to himself.

And truth be told, Donna Quattro has probably just taken a drive out toward the south bank of the Potomac to conduct non-invasive surveillance of Reverend Weirnam’s winter estate.

Monty probably left that as a punch-list item for Donna Due to execute when he *Oh shit,* he thought. *Damn. Can’t believe that I spaced it out.*

His random noodling final brought the console operator ‘round to the thing that was foremost on his mind the day Monty left with Donna’s entourage. He procrastinated until the next day, never actually ‘forgetting’. He just never got around to it on the second day. Then he pissed away the rest of the week. And now he shuddered with the possibility that he was well on his way to completely forgetting to do the assignment at all.

The assignment was a simple one, but in no way optional. Monty would expect a report that included successful completion of this seemingly arbitrary ‘check the box’ item.

Like most men of the world, Monty wanted to develop the full range of skills and abilities in his direct reports. And like most WATCHER commanders, Monty knew that the best time

to do something is right away. Now, not tomorrow. Next, not next week.

The matter now at hand was to follow Monty's simple instructions.

"I want you to formally exercise then demonstrate your creative potential by composing a written work or song; a sonnet or sonatina, it matters not," Monty had commanded. "Self-edit, send it out for peer review, then publish it in-house. Use the mimeograph machine to make copies for distribution on our return."

The console technician had responded respectfully with a click of his heels, and had just as quickly forgotten to do it.

He mumbled a short prayer that the current state of 'All Clear' would continue without interruption until he completed the first part of the assignment.

Then he girded his loins and put his hand to the plough.

As an editorial note, the reader can take comfort knowing that the good natured console operator swung for the fences and completed his third review draft in less than seven hours

This was fortuitous. After putting the Olivetti-Underwood back in the Watcher-mobile cabinet an uncanny thing happened. In less than twenty minutes the console lit up like a Christmas tree again. This would be no test.



SpringPark's a Lonely Town

*I said g'bye to Monty and Donna,
Donna 'Q' said I really hate to tell ya,
It's gonna suck so bad 'til they all get back he-re,
It may not even be 'til next ye-ar;
(refrain)*

*My ass is outside,
A ding to my pride,
All you safe inside,
SpringPark's a lonely town when you're the on-ly
Watcher-boy in town ow-own,
Ooo, eee, ooooh, ooo, ooo*

*I spent all day re-pairing the LIDAR,
Monty said that it's even better than RADAR,
Donna Prime don't know how I fe-el,
Monty Post said 'don't touch the whe-el',
SpringPark's a lonely town, when you're the on-ly Covert Ops (pause)
guy in town; oh ee oh ee oh;
(refrain)*

*Not much to do all day, ooh oo ooh oo oo,
The Dodge is gone again today, ooh ooo
Chaplain told me not to pray, ooh oo ooh ooo*

SpringPark's a Lonely Town
(sung to the melody of New York's a Lonely Town)
SpringPark All Faiths Chapel Choir

5 BATEAU MOUCHE

AS THE wherry whisked beneath le Pont Neuf, Monty stole a glance at Donna Prime and knew that she needed to be comforted. Here she was, half-way around the world, thousands of miles from her beloved SpringPark. It was Donna who staggered under the load of responsibility for protecting and defending her krewe at times like this. When back at SpringPark, Monty and his security team took care of manifold problems day-after-day, even anticipating their enemies' diabolical intent. But on diplomatic missions like this month-long road trip, Monty fulfilled his mandate to drop back into the shadows so that Donna Prime could step forward into the brilliant sunlight of the new day. Step forth and emerge as 'Her Grace'. Move into the brilliant new day and personify the bright shining future that was characteristic of all things SpringPark.

Donna is SpringPark, he thought. Still, Donna Prime, as it is with Donna Due, Donna Quattro, and even the treasonous Charlene are women of great passion. And that passion creates an ache deep in their souls that must be sated.

This dilemma of responsibility troubled Monty deeply. Not

his responsibility to the livers and lovers of SpringPark - he was accustomed to carry that load.

We are creatures not of dissimilar passions, of that I am sure, he thought.

He noted the tranquility of their surroundings.

I know that there is a Lagnappe, a little something, that I can do for Donna that will release her from her tortured agony. Her groaning that cannot be uttered.

He knew that permission was not required, nor would Donna allow Monty to ask for permission in this matter. He also knew that her permission would not be granted, if asked for in the usual way.

What is required, Monty knew, is action, violent and deliberate action. Ask not, only do. Do the thing that is required, and ask not for permission to do it. Do the thing that will release Donna Prime from her self-imposed prison of responsibility willingly borne. Release Donna Prime from the prison whose bars are tension, and whose lock and key are in the prisoners own hands.

Monty climbed into the wheel house and spoke with the Captain briefly. He appeared back on deck with a coil of new rope whose only purpose could be to secure cargo or provide instruction to Sea Cadets on the tying of knots.

Under his left arm was securely tucked a neatly folded marine tarpaulin. It was white – Egyptian cotton perhaps - with several brass eyelets visible at one edge.

Is that a lanteen sail? thought one intern as Monty walked amidships, *perhaps a jib.*

The other objects that Monty carried were a hand flail, used by the ship's crew to move ribbons and streamers away from the smoke stack when passing under the many bridges on the Seine; and a lantern that was mounted on the tail hook of the vessel for night-time operations. Napoleonic Law carried stiff

penalties for failure to follow 'Droit Maritime' which specified in in excruciating detail the requirements for ships' lighting between civil twilight and the new dawn. Les Bateaux Mouches were required to comply with every jot and tittle of the law, even though la Rivière Seine was their exclusive domain.

Donna lifted her gaze from her sketch pad and charcoal and shivered as she saw Monty's dominant presence moving ever closer to her upholstered salon.

She pulled her silken wrap tightly around her shoulders and crossed her arms over her breasts as if caught by a sudden chill. It was a warm summer evening in the City of Lights.

She looked up and away only to witness lovers entwined as one on the archways over the river.

She quickly lowered her gaze to her new shoes. The red patent-leather towering heels with pointy tips that she had bought just this afternoon at Printemps. She felt ashamed and softly touched her heels together as she looked nervously to the left and to the right.

Her four virgins-in-waiting seated next to her, two on the left and two on the right, moved closer to their patron féminin.

We must protect our Queen from that beast, they thought, with no cognitive awareness that it was actually Monty Post, the lion-hearted champion of SpringPark who was approaching ever nearer.

Instinctively, six or seven more tender young Donnas responded to the silent alarm, abandoned their Charleses, and moved ever closer to surround Donna, and to minister like angels to her every need.

Donna Prime uttered not a word.

Les Charles who had suddenly been abandoned by les ingénues appeared flummoxed until they turned to see Monty crossing their path enroute to the stern of the boat. Their eyes

followed him intently as he walked with confidence. Then he stopped. Then he turned. What happened next caused them to freeze for a moment, as animals caught in a trap, then spring into actions to obey his every command.



“Okay Charleses, help me move these deck pews around. Create an open area in the middle of the ship,” Monty said. He thought pensively as he bristled his chin.

“Damn fine boys, now get me a table. The Captain said that I could use the one in the galley.”

The Charleses busied themselves with the matter at hand.

Donna Prime having been taken aback at what appeared to be a sudden change of course looked at Monty. The nubile Donnas looked at Donna Prime, some with a sense of relief, some with consternation at not knowing what the hell was going on.

The occasional Charles stole a glance at the tender young Donna that he may have considered ‘his’, but quickly and earnestly sought to finish the good work to which he had been called so suddenly.

“Damn fine, damn fine boys,” said Monty. “Now make the rounds and announce an all-hands call at nineteen bells, right here amidships.”

“Yes, sir!” they responded in a unison so loud that the lovers on the near bank and on the bridge railings above the barge disengaged momentarily, observed the peculiar and vigorous level of activity on the boat, before they went back to what they were doing before.

“Fuck that shit,” said Monty shaking his head. “Just get the job done. Be sure to check the engine room and the storage closets where they keep the orange life jackets. Scat the yearlings out from below decks, and bring me one of those life jackets.”

He chuckled to himself as he considered whether the ship’s fire hose and brass nozzle would be effective for separating disheveled Donnas from their Charleses below decks.

That would do the trick, he thought. Bad idea though. I want their full attention on the demonstration. Acts of disrespect however warranted never produce the desired result or garner the respect or admiration of protégés toward their mentors. Note to self – write that down.

Charles emerged from below deck, dragging the life vest by its straps.

“Four stragglers Monty, I told them to get their asses topside most riki tick. Here’s the life vest, the best in the bunch.”

“Merci bien Charles,” said Monty, “do you have time on your dance card to be my second for the all hands call?”

Charles hesitated, not knowing what was next.

“Worry not young Charles,” responded Monty to the uncertainty detected in the nonverbals being exuded by the yearling.

In his scholarly monograph on *The Dominant Tendencies for Non-verbal Communication of Adolescent Males and Females in the Western Hemisphere* Monty advanced the hypothesis that supported the presence six key factor-based emotions. During his presentation for the Psychology in the Department of Defense Symposium, he challenged the commonly held assumption that nonverbal communication was a busy, buzzing, cacophony of countless facial expressions and gestures that could in no way be understood universally, given the regional differences, genetic tendencies, and ‘carrot or stick’

reinforcement based on family of origin.

“These six emerged following the application of rigorous scientific standards that were subjected to peer review by the top one-hundred colleges and universities.”

Then he presented the six on a single overhead projector slide. The six are: ‘mad’, ‘sad’, ‘glad’, ‘fear’, disgust’, and ‘surprise’.

The yearling Charles stood before him exuding ‘surprise’ without uttering a sound.

“Fear not young SpringParker,” explained Monty. “You are called for such a time as this merely to ‘watch and learn’ this time. But . . . ” he paused “. . . the time will come when you and your bedfellows will surely surpass the pomp and splendor of Donna Prime, Donna Due, Charles d’Vine, and even myself provided that you set your hands to the plough and not look back.”

Charles beamed with pride.

Good, thought Monty, young Charles has morphed from ‘surprise’ to ‘glad’.



Safety Minute 64-0715. Les Bateaux Mouches, Safe and Sane (chuckle, chuckle) Operations Day and Night.

The River Seine and the barges add so much to the romanticism of Paris, the City of Lights. It is no surprise that l'Office National du Tourisme Français includes river boat rides on every top-ten list except one.

Monty held up the English language flyer: “The magic of the river and the lights add so much to the romance of the City. ‘Darling, let’s take a river boat cruise when we honeymoon in Paris.’”

Now take a look at a few of the benefits of a river boat ride on the Seine. A smooth ride to be sure, the river and the boats glide past some of the most recognizable structures and architectural styles. You can see la Cathédrale Notre Dame, le Musée d'Orsay (le musée d'impressionnistes), les Pont Neuf et Pont Alexandre III et plus de trente, l'Ile de la Cité, et la Tour Eiffel peeking above the skyline.

Les bateaux mouches travel at a speed of between five and ten nautical miles per hour (or knots). This allows for a smooth ride and keeps the captain from spilling the passengers' vin rouge (chuckle, chuckle).

“Let’s cover a few best practices to ensure that your ride on the River Seine is safe and enjoyable,” Monty continued.

First, the bateau mouche is first and foremost a boat! Be sure to perform a cursory inspection of the boats lined up at the point of embarkation. Not exactly a ‘walk-around’ inspection (chuckle, chuckle) these boats are in the water of course. But you can still perform a visible inspection that will give you a ‘warm fuzzy’ if the boat has been well maintained. Look for evidence of fresh paint and that the hull above the waterline has been scraped clean of barnacles and other marine life. Be sure to interview the captain and complement him on his stately

bearing and impressive watercraft.

“The French are a proud and noble people. If the ‘shoe fits’ the captain will beam with pride, stand a few inches taller, and close his eyes as he smiles, then responds with a heartfelt ‘merci bien’”.

This reaction will tell you everything you need to know about the captain as well as the boat. The captain will exercise great care to return the boat and passengers safely back to the starting point.

If the captain just shrugs his shoulders or looks over his shoulder beware. At best he lacks the customary sense of pride exuded by great sea captains and victorious military commanders. At worst, he forgot to check the bilge pump and the craft is slowly taking on water.

Second, remember that these barges are powered by internal combustion engines that are mounted below deck. As with every inboard-powered watercraft, there are a few important checklist items to review.

Just like outboards, inboard engines require the same ingredients to power the craft through the water: a source of ambient air (for oxygen), fuel (petrol or diesel), and a spark to invigorate the engine and deliver torque to the propellers.

A major difference between inboard- and outboard-powered vessels is the need to ventilate the engine compartment of the inboards. This is accomplished by air intakes that may appear as vents or ports above deck, ducting that provides fresh airflow around the engines and fuel tanks, and exhaust ports that allow the fuel vapors to escape overboard and behind the craft.

Together these allow for safe operation of the craft and minimize explosions below deck (chuckle, chuckle) caused by a static electric spark or a carelessly discarded cigarette butt.

Third, a little knowledge about marine lighting goes a long way for night time operations. You will be taking a romantic cruise that may

begin at civil twilight and continue after sunset. Let's take a few minutes to review the international standards for shipboard lighting for safe operations on the water.

Monty held up the white light lantern that he borrowed from the captain. Charles stepped forward, unfolded the tarp, fluffed it open like a magician would, then spread it out on top of the table in the cleared out space amidships.

"All watercraft are required to display the international maritime colors red, white, and green popularized by the Italian aerial aerobatic demonstration team," announced Monty who was about to go down a rabbit trail.

For all those who have not had an opportunity to attend one of their air shows, a brief summary is in order. The Frecce Tricolori is officially known as the Gruppo Addestramento Acrobatico. The 'Frecce' is the aerobatic demonstration team of the Italian Aeronautica Militare, based at Rivolto Air Force Base. They have a mediocre safety record which includes just a few more incidents and mid-air accidents than the Thunderbirds and Blue Angels. None hold a candle to the Royal Air Force's Red Arrows, whose flying safety record is known to be impeccable. When it comes to flying close formation, the 'Frecce', like all the others are world renowned for record setting. More than three hundred and thirty unmarried women can boast that they have a future fighter pilot in the family. Not just a few married females of the species can boast the same.

As farmers take to the sea, and as sailors take to the air, it is not surprising that the colors red, white, and green adorn seagoing vessels in the same way that they do their high-flying counterparts. Nor is it a mere coincidence that ships are attributed the characteristics of aircraft (a la 'the Flying Clipper'). Nor is it peculiar that an aircraft, whether it be powered by a turbine or reciprocating power plant would be

described as a ‘ship’ or ‘gunship’.

The external lighting in red, white, and green gives further credence to the generally accepted theory that aircraft evolved from their seaborne predecessors. Both sport a white light on the stern whenever the craft has started engines and is underway. Both ship and plane refer to the left side of the craft as the ‘port’ side (from the captain’s perspective in the wheel house or cockpit). Good fortune that port wine is red and that provides a device to recall that the port side is the left side (both being spelled with four letters), and that color of the port-side light is red (just like red wine or port wine).

This leaves only one color remaining, and that is for the starboard side of the craft, the right side. Monty pointed left, right, and center with the hand flail.

Just remember as you board the bateau mouche, check to make sure that the white lantern is hanging in the stern of the vessel. As you walk forward to your seat look to the port side (left) for the red lamp, and look to the starboard side (right) for the green lamp.



With a very romantic Safety Minute in the bag, Monty clicked his heels and insisted that his assistant Charles stand alongside him and take the first, second, and third bow together in unison. They did.

At the commencement of the ovation it was evident that Donna Prime had collapsed from exhaustion at the conclusion of the safety minute.

With more than ten tender virgins in attendance, Her Grace had first permitted herself the indulgence to wilt like a flower into the upholstered arms of her salon – an antique English fainting couch. That was at the moment when Monty approached her but then stopped amidsthips for a purpose yet unknown and unknowable.

At the advent of what we all now acknowledge to be a brand new safety minute – a command performance for Her Grace alone (albeit the members of her court were in attendance) – Donna Prime was overcome by what could only be described as supreme bliss at a level just short of rapture.

Were it not that every intern and yearling present had witnessed countless safety minutes delivered by Monty himself; and were it not that each safety minute was executed with the bombastic precision of a symphony conductor bringing Tchaikovsky's 1812 Overture to crescendo; the virgins that hovered like cherubs around Donna as if she were the subject of Il Sassoferato's masterpiece would have turned and railed against Monty's display of safety bravado as an emotional excess of the worst kind.

As it was though, the safety minute was deemed to be a propos and timely, and most relevant and compelling in light of the events of the evening which included the obvious fact that they were shoving off onto the River Seine in the City of Lights. In the end, there remained nary a Donna nor Charles, neither intern nor yearlings that had the basis for throwing the first stone in the matter.

A self-appointed squad of Charleses quickly returned the configuration of the barge to its original condition before the safety minute. The pew seating was restored much to the ship captain's delight. All passengers, including Monty and his assistant for the performance, circulated with the other

SpringParkers on deck to admire the iconic landmarks that were now passing off the port and starboard sides of the ship.

Red and green (chuckle, chuckle), thought Monty to himself.

If Monty were not reveling in the afterglow of having created a thing of beauty on the fly, he would have noticed a subtle but exceedingly dangerous development at the stern of the barge. Nothing having to do with Donna Prime herself, for she was resting comfortably with eyes closed and the look of an angel on her face.

It was the virgins-in-waiting. Unbeknownst to Monty, each of the four original virgins who moved instinctively to protect Donna Prime's right and left flanks were still exhibiting a level of anxiety similar to the 'fight or flight syndrome'. Any amateur psychologist could have anticipated that the heightened state of arousal caused by a real or imagined threat, in this case Monty's approaching the stern of the ship with rope, a hand flail, a white tarp, and a lantern, would also require either a transformational event or an extended period of time for the subjects' condition to dissipate.

Cultural anthropologists with even a rudimentary understanding of general psychology know that a Neanderthal's heart will pound to the point of bursting in his chest at the sight of a saber-toothed tiger. And it does not require the understanding of a thoracic surgeon to conclude that the cave man's blood pressure will drop very quickly in the near-term. Our knuckle dragging friend's heart will either burst, he will be killed by the beast, or he will kill and eat the beast and will live to finger-paint a scene of the battle on the walls inside his cave. In any case, the prehistoric state of high anxiety will manifest for a very short time and then return to stasis.

The condition of the four virgins was considerably more dire and bordering on acute histrionics. The events leading up to

the safety minute were traumatic thanks to their native protective instincts and the active imaginations of the four tender virgins who had not known a man in a Biblical way. In most cases the psychosocial anxiety would have dissipated over a period of time not unrelated to the time required for the advent of hypertension before the event. In a word, the onset of anxiety after seeing the rope and hand flail and watching Monty approach Donna was less than three minutes. Once the threat to Her Grace was dissipated through logic and inference that the stage was being set for a mere safety minute, the recovery should have begun and completed in three minutes or less.

That was not the case and for good reason. Monty's transitions are lightning quick and most occur without any warning or time for preparation.

Let it just be said that at the point in time when the virgins' recovery should have commenced, Monty's flamboyant delivery of the very special safety minute held the four in a state of heightened exhilaration for an additional eighty-two seconds. This does not sound like a great deal more than the initial three minutes it is true.

In the case of the tender virgins however, the nature of the preconditions, coupled with the bombastic splendor of the safety minute, together constituted a significant emotional event the likes of which most civilians outside of SpringPark may never experience. For the virgins, the vivid and salient four and a half minutes pushed them over the top.

The grave concern now was whether time alone would permit them to gradually return to the state of normalcy characterized by a complete absence of arrhythmia, violent palpitations, shortness of breath, fainting spells, and vain imaginings, or whether the nature of the arousal would require

each to retreat to her secret garden to close her eyes and allow her subconscious mind to transport her back to the remembrance of SpringPark that all yearlings and interns cherish in their heart of hearts.



6 KARL JUNG

“THIS CAN all be explained by the Jungian archetypes,” said Monty carefully examining the findings.

“Our efforts have borne much fruit,” said Donna Prime above the quiet humming of the four-engine, sleek and sexy Lockheed Super Constellation sporting registered ‘tail number’ N6915C. The Flying Tiger Line’s logo and any superfluous regalia was noticeably absent during Monty’s walk-around inspection an hour earlier. “Yet there is still much work to be done,” she added.

The lithe stewardess made a third pass to check on Monty and Donna’s champagne glasses. The second and third passes were overkill.

“Case in point,” said Donna to Monty, looking in the direction of the retreating beauty. “She’d like nothing better than to carry your baby. I can tell.”

“Your intuition is beyond reproach Your Grace, but may I suggest that the truth that you declare is evident to all. Even the most naïve and ardent neophyte will see the veracity of your conclusion – and merely acknowledge the reality in plain view.”

“Pray tell oh captain my captain.”

“Let’s examine the evidence that is known by all to be beyond censure,” continued Monty.

“That of SpringPark?” asked Donna.

“Yea verily, that which is known by SpringParkers one and all.”

“Do tell,” was Donna’s curt response.

“It is widely reported that Donna Due has shown great favor to yonder Tinkerbelle, the pee-shy goodie two shoes. And the Freshies demonstrate a level of pathetic fawning toward both Your Grace and to myself, but for markedly different ends.”

“This have I witnessed as truth,” said Donna.

“Yea, and verily. The Twins have submitted to thy mothering, just as they have embraced my luminosity as their phat daddy.”

Monty adjusted himself in the leather passenger seat and unbuckled his seat belt. He was prepared to defend his hypotheses with as much passion as the situation required.

“First, the idyllic romance of Gregory Carter and the lovely Bernadette Killian was no surprise. Greg brings the tall and quiet confidence that draws fair Berney as a moth to flame. And she presents the archetype of the slender waif with healthy breasts that complements his vanity in a way that suggests that he will not stray far from home. Their mutual urge to procreate is evident by the documented behavior that was captured on LIDAR and will result in the birth of a native SpringParker, born and bred.”

“And the second romance?” asked Donna.

“The second romance demonstrates the inscrutable truth that beauty is indeed in the eye of the beholder.”

“Pray tell,” Monty, “pray tell.”

“The aroma of a blossoming romance may trigger a

sympathetic response in adults of the species that have been conditioned by the environment.”

“Conditioned how, pray tell,” said Donna Prime.

“Conditioned by the key factors of time, fitness, nutrition, experience, and the release of pheromones,” said Monty.

“Oh . . . okay, I thought you were going to advance the Jungian constructs . . . the classical archetypes,” said Donna.

Their psychobabble continued unabated and would have continued ad infinitum were it not for the most perfectly timed in-flight emergency. Not that airborne emergencies are anticipated or even expected in these days of modern air travel.

For Donna Prime the event that happened next was deemed untimely at best and a total disaster if the truth be told. As the supreme elder and ambassador of SpringPark, she was more than accustomed to Monty’s flamboyant and bombastic displays of firepower and pyrotechnics. But the not so recent but vivid remembrance of the front page (above the fold) full-color headline *Super Constellation Air Tragedy* was immediately recalled thanks to her most spectacular cerebral cortex.

For Monty, the impending doom signaled nothing more than a golden opportunity to scribble notes for what would become a most excellent ninety-second safety minute.

For Donna though, the affect was more than she could bear, almost. The impending emergency and the quick-thinking actions that followed did not prevent her superb memory from bringing forth the olfactory sensations of her dear mother cooking whole wheat and honey generators in the old but comfortable three-story walk-up. The kitchen was uncharacteristically sophisticated for the tenement house that bordered dangerously on the verge of being condemned along with all the others in the row on Belmont Hill.

Her mother's kitchen was Donna's favorite room in the worn-out but spacious third-level apartment. And it was in mother's kitchen where Donna first developed her theory and practice of cooking, not as an art but rather as a science.

'Mother's act of meting out the flour and sugar, and combining the eggs, vanilla, baking soda, shortening, raisins, figs, nuts, and dates would have put the most ardent particle physicist at New England Nuclear or Nobel Prize laureate to shame,' she was wont to say.

And still, Donna prime's penchant for continuous improvement even as a tweenager was a match for Drs. W. Edwards Deming and Joseph Juran. In fact, it was Donna Prime's junior high science fair presentation that triggered the dominoes that resulted in the rebuilding of occupied Japan.

Her first prize-winning display was the darling of the post-war community that had boasted the largest and most bountiful victory gardens during the war against the Axis. The same community that set records for collecting newspapers and wrought iron fences for the war effort. The same community that offered their mothers, sisters, and daughters to the factories that built the magnificent aerial fortresses that bombed the hell out of Heidelberg, Dresden, and Berlin. The same community that produced munitions that included the dam-busters that were dropped by the most tenacious aviators, British, American, and French, all flying under the banner of the Royal Air Force.

The science fair was covered by the home town rag. Were it not for the intuition of a seasoned Associated Press reporter who had covered both the Good War and the Spanish Civil War, Donna's tour de force may have become just another award-winning display that would have been tossed into the Dempsey dumpster along with all the other science fair projects that year.

So the impending in-flight emergency brought back a jumble of emotions seasoned with the delicious aroma of the whole wheat generators just out of the Combi-Cooker and set out on mother's cooling racks to tantalize the adults and drive her little brothers into a feeding frenzy.

Were it not for the white-knuckled response of most of the passengers on the SpringPark charter flight, Donna Due or even Charles d'Vine would have concluded that the olfactory sense is the one most closely aligned with memory and recall.

The missing element was the cause of the connection between the smell of fresh-baked goodies from years ago and the shit storm that Donna along with her entourage were flying into.

What was known only to Donna Prime was the memory of rushing into the kitchen to witness the birth of her mother's baby generators fresh from the oven. That memory was a combination of the familiar with the full color front page image of a badly damaged 'Connie' that returned to Newfoundland with a gaping hole in its fuselage.

More chilling than the photograph itself was the report that the craft was stricken with rapid decompression while aloft high over the Atlantic Ocean on its way to Ireland. When the air rushed violently out of the Constellation, the report continued, one poor crew member was sucked violently out of the cabin into the atmosphere where he evidently fell to his death into the frozen waters below. The chill that she felt running up her spine as a teeny-bopper returned with a vengeance to torment her again and again with each passing moment.

Donna Prime turned toward Monty with a look of horror on her face and whispered "Are we all going to die?"

"Hell no!" exclaimed Monty as he unbuckled his seat belt and signaled furiously for the SpringPark Chaplain to move up

seven rows to take his now vacant seat next to Donna Prime.

Once the Chaplain's seat belt was pulled tight around his expanding torso, Monty bolted up the aisle toward the cockpit door. He had stuffed the scribbled notes into his trouser pocket for what would prove to be a most salient safety minute for all of SpringPark to revel in for years to come.



Safety Minute 64-0716. Inflight Emergencies, Mayday Operations to Protect Souls on Board.

Vignette: the Super Connie's No. 2 engine failed forty-one minutes after the takeoff from Paris. The flight plan issued by French air traffic control would carry the SpringPark contingent on an east-north-east heading for overflight of Luxembourg City at flight level 220 followed by a handoff to Rhine Control, a turn to the southeast, and a slight decent to flight level 210 enroute to the Oktoberfest. Plans were dashed with the engine failure, so the Flying Tiger pilot and co-pilot trimmed the craft to eliminate yaw, advise air traffic control, and squawked 'emergency' on the IFF.

The quick thinking pilot mashed the mic button and declared an in-flight emergency with Orly air traffic control.

"Ahhhh Orly Radar, Flying Tiger November-six-niner-one-five-charlie, mayday, mayday, number two engine failure."

"Ahhhh Roger, Flying Tiger November-six-niner-one-five-charlie, Orly Radar; copy you inflight emergencie, quesque c'est votre intentions . . . what are your intentions?"

"Ahhhh Orly Radar, Flying Tiger request heading and

altitude deviations, request handoff to Rhine Control for emergency recovery ahhhh, standby one.”

Quick thinking in the cockpit revealed that it would be ill-advised to continue on to Munich. The runway and repair facilities would be adequate, but the advent of Oktoberfest on the morrow would limit the number of sober airframe and power plant mechanics available to remove and replace the failed engine.

Good idea to request an handoff to Rhine, thought the SpringPark pilot. The French Air Force seized the control towers and traffic control facilities back in June. Don't want to piss off the Union any more than we have to (chuckle, chuckle).

“The airdrome at Frankfurt is a comer, and we can probably get a cracker jack flugzeugmechaniker from the American air base at Wiesbaden,” suggested the co-pilot.

“Bring up the HF radio and ask Los Angeles if they have an engine in West Germany. Ike was here in a ‘Connie’ a few years back. I’ll bet that they made Lockheed fill a hangar with spare parts (chuckle, chuckle),” said the pilot.

“Roger, switching to high frequency,” said the co-pilot.

The seasoned ‘trash haulers’, both WWII veterans, knew that as the Cold War dragged on Europe was plagued with old and disused airfields – some with dirt runways unsuitable for a modern post-war commercial fleet that included the graceful and elegant ‘Connie’.

Closed airports and aviation depots with inadequate repair facilities were also part of the problem. And of course the French air traffic controllers’ walkouts fully sanctioned by the Confédération Française Démocratique du Travail. Turning left and hacking the aircraft clock after a handoff to Bitburg Radar the pilot elected to continue straight ahead to Frankfurt for an emergency recovery and landing.

Bitburg? Thought the co-pilot. Maybe we can stop in for a bitburger (chuckle, chuckle).

What became obvious to the flight crew was that the remaining three engines were beginning to overheat. The SpringPark pilot and co-pilot took turns gently tapping the circular glass windows over the three ‘good’ exhaust gas temperature gauges. The stubborn needles had already moved from green to yellow. Now they were threatening to move from yellow to red.

Having declared an emergency, the pilot requested an enroute descent to Frankfurt in an effort to throttle back on the two starboard engines to reduce fuel consumption and lower the exhaust gas temperatures. Several minutes later the No. 3 engine caught fire and began filling the Lockheed’s cabin with black smoke.

Monty dashed to the cockpit entrance, knocked forcefully and pushed the door open.

“We’ve got smoke and fumes in the main cabin gents, recommend you dump cabin pressure most riki tick and start an emergency descent to below ten-thousand feet,” Monty said.

As he spoke to the pilot and co-pilot on the flight deck he sensed a hand placed gently on his shoulder. Following his report to the Captain he turned as if to ask a question.

It was then that he saw the stewardess wilting like a flower. Her hand dropped to her side, her knees buckled, and Monty caught the swooning beauty lest she be injured in the fall.

Monty caught her head in the palm of his hand and scooped her up by her waist. Her legs, lean thighs, and buttocks hung suspended and weightless off the main cabin floor thanks to the support that Monty was providing her neck and lower back. Her blue pill box stewardess hat fell and rolled in circles to a stop on the passenger aisle at Monty’s feet. As the hat fell, it

withdrew a wispy strand of long auburn hair that hung fetchingly between heaven and earth. Her slender arms hung straight down from her shoulders, still cloaked in a her uniform top, a Lolita Lempicka blue silk zip-up uniform jacket with black trim and diminutive Flying Tigers epaulettes. Her mid-length uniform pencil skirt held her legs in a modest pose with knees together, and with calves and ankles perpendicular to the cabin floor. Her towering heels in black patent leather remained on her feet and the soles and heels of the shoes made gentle contact with the carpeted walkway. Monty exercised great care to preserve her dignity as he moved her delicate frame as quickly as possible to the luxury of a first class seat nearest the bulkhead. With Flying Tiger pillows and blankets from the overhead compartment, Monty ensured that she would remain warm and comfortable until the in-flight emergency concluded with a safe landing.

This Super Constellation should already be cleared for a straight-in and full stop landing, Monty thought.

The risk of shock-related trauma was significant although the vents were now pushing ice cold ambient air into the cabin. The black smoke had dissipated in a matter of seconds.

Better call for emergency medical personnel to meet the aircraft when we land and taxi clear of the active runway, he thought.

Donna Prime observed the lightning-quick response of her champion, and watched in awe as he moved the nubile stewardess to a safe place of solace.

Others might have copped a feel or stolen a kiss, Donna thought. *I will lock this memory away in my heart for future reference.*

The Frankfurt runway was already closed for the Super Connie's emergency arrival as response vehicles swarmed the taxiways and access roads with lights flashing. The in-flight

emergency was closed without further incident and there was no loss of life.

Let's review the evidence in the accident report and find a few 'golden nuggets' that we can present to the safety board.

First, the pilot and co-pilot fulfilled their emergency procedures mandate to maintain aircraft control, analyze the situation, and take proper action. Or did they? (Pause for response) Let's take a look at the Tactical Pilotage Chart for the area. We know from the incident report that they were on a flight plan to Munich when the No. 2 engine failed. *Right here*, Monty thought as he pointed to the map. They were under the control of Rhine Radar with a request for emergency recovery at Frankfurt Main. *But lookie here*, Monty thought, *they were busy to be sure, but could have easily transitioned to a straight in full stop landing at Spangdahlem Air Base.* An immediate descent and switch-over to Spang' Radar would have allowed a throttle-back to mid-range RPM and may have prevented an overheat of the No. 3 engine bearings – that's what the safety board determined was the cause of the fire. So the take-away is simple, and we won't indulge in second guessing the pilots, their asses were on fire and we're safe and sound back at SpringPark (chuckle, chuckle).

Second, don't let paralysis of analysis bite you in the ass. "Recommendation . . ." Monty began. ". . . when an unanticipated event happens while drilling holes through the air, hack your aircraft clock. This will give you a temporal basis for analyzing the situation and help you keep up with the ticking clock. It's a good idea to dial up the company headquarters or even the engineering office at the manufacturing plant if time is on your side. On round-the-world trips also remember that time zones come into play. It may be high Noon in New Delhi,

but the aerospace engineers in Dallas are still in bed and won't hear the phones ringing off the hook at their offices at Lockheed."

Third, always remember that there are old pilots and there are bold pilots, but there are no old, bold pilots (chuckle, chuckle). So don't press your luck, experience in the air will throw you your fair share on inflight emergencies, incidents, and accidents. Sounds like a country and western song, doesn't it (chuckle, chuckle).

I like to remember what my first flight instructor told me to never forget: 'don't fly in the clouds, don't fly at night, and don't fuck with the red-guarded switches.' (chuckle, chuckle)

So that's enough for today's safety minute. Does anyone have any questions? *Okay, you in the back.*

Independent study (extra credit). Carry this accident report around in your pilot's map case and let it gnaw away on you until your curiosity gets the better of you. Conduct your analysis by chair-flying the mission and summarize your findings for the annual safety conference.

June 19, 1947: Pan Am Flight 121 (NC88845, Clipper Eclipse), crashed near Al Mayadin, Syria on a flight originating in New York and making its inaugural westbound flight of round-the-world service. The aircraft's No. 1 engine failed halfway on a leg from Karachi, Pakistan to Istanbul, Turkey. Due to closed airports and inadequate repair facilities, the pilot chose to continue to its destination. Several hours later, the remaining engines overheated and the No. 2 engine caught fire and ultimately separated from the aircraft, necessitating a crash landing near Habbaniya RAF Station on Iraq/Syria border at about 01:40L. Probable cause of the accident was a fire which resulted from an attempt to feather the No. 2 (port inboard) propeller after the failure of the No. 2 engine thrust bearing. Fourteen of the 36 people on board were killed.



The winds of change were coming as they always do for SpringParkers both home and away. As we pass from summer to fall, we will take a short intermission before we transition to the back end of our ambassadors most profound road trip.

1st INTERMISSION

7 BEER FEST

“BROADCASTING LIVE, from Oktoberfest in beautiful downtown München,” hollered Monty from a semi-erect posture inside the glass box.

“Jawohl! und willkommen zu einer weiteren sendung von Radiofrei München,” said the lederhosen-clad announcer sitting across from Monty in the control room.

“Man, it’s crazy out there Hans,” Monty annunciated into the broadcaster’s mike hanging from the control room ceiling like a black and silver tarantula. “Welllll-come one and all to SpringPark Radio Road Trip, we’re jazzed to be here Hans and man oh man has this been a trip to write home about.”

Contagious enthusiasm was oozing from SpringPark’s Maëstro wearing jeans, a tee shirt, Hush Puppies, and his trademark Loden hat pushed back. Hans could barely contain himself as he mashed down on the microphone kill switch and asked “Was ist dieser ‘mann oh mann’ Herr Monty?”

Two bodacious fräuleins with one-size-too-small bustieres backed into what was becoming a glass enclosed insane asylum. They were each hauling two massive two and one-half liter steins. All four sported the universally famous München Lion Crest emblem.

The inane banter continued until the top of the hour with Monty and Hans quaffing their thirst with swigs of Löwenbräu in between comedic rants and fits of hysteria. Prior to the station break, Donna Prime's handler appeared outside the control booth and looked at his Timex watch.

Within a few minutes the studio manager appeared next to the SpringParker. He was outfitted in black everything including a black beret, wired headset with boom mike, and holding a wooden clipboard left over from WWII. Program schedules were attached to the board with a bulldog clip. He was a pretty cool cat and did not seem to get his knickers in a twist regardless of the programming crisis du jour.

Monty saw the stage develop for what he knew would be a most salient safety minute for the superbly accurate and on-time West German radio audience.

The man in black was directing traffic outside the glass broadcast studio and silently tap-tap-tapping his clipboard to establish a rhythmic timetable that the studio worker-bees referred to as 'takt'. The studio manager's baton was the Parker T-ball Jotter that a contingent of Anheuser-Busch salesmen had presented him three or four Oktoberfests ago. The burden that was being carefully moved closer and closer to the entrance to Monty's and Hans' glass cage was an ancient and ornate Dezibelmessgerät or decibel meter that appeared to be a refugee from the Allied Raid on Dresden. Its paint job was a toasted seafoam green with splotches of golden brown around the base and on the corners. The left side of the beast appeared to have been sanded down to bare metal and repainted over what appeared to Monty to be an embossed swastika that was barely visible as the team shifted the weight of the appliance.

The glass door was held open and the massive device inched closer and closer to the inner sanctum.

Safety Minute 64-0716. *Hearing Safety During Blitzkrieg Operations.*

Background: Höfbrau was founded by Wilhelm V, which explains why the international festival was perceived as a fun, safe, and slightly disorganized insane asylum.

From his seat behind the microphone, Monty watched events unfold and scribbled notes for what would become a most nouveau-scientific safety minute thanks to the generosity of the broadcast executives who would evidently be presenting him an antique decibel meter. A white elephant for sure.

He whispered a question to Hans who mashed a series of buttons on his console and apparently energized and redirected a cohort of roadie-like studio laborers. Within a few minutes a parade of coverall-clad helpers began entering the studio carrying a various sized cardboard boxes that were delicate and aged but devoid of any sign of dirt or dust.

The first stage hand approached Hans carefully and with one hand held the bottom of the shoebox sized container and with the other hand solemnly withdrew a Lugar pistol wrapped in grey tissue paper.

Hans nodded thoughtfully and turned toward Monty as if to ask ‘What do you think?’

Monty looked down at the Lugar that Hans was presenting, then behind him at the noise-level measuring behemoth that was nestled carefully against the interior glass wall of the studio.

Monty smiled his signature handlebar moustache smile and confidently replied “Ja, das ist das ticket”.

Hans smiled broadly then released a gush of emotion as he pumped the pistol in the air and looked around at the stage hands who were smiling back at him.

For the next forty-five minutes the studio audience and the

folks listening at home were treated to a parade of sounds that ranged from a diminutive kinder-toy ‘pop’ gun that registered a surprising forty decibels to a hundred year-old antique black powder rifle manufactured by Mauser’s predecessor firm, and bearing the Königlich Württembergische Gewehrfabrik hallmark.

“Man-o-man Hans, that big bastard rang in at one hundred and twenty-three decibels. And that was with the muzzle half-way into the discharge barrel.”

“Ja, das war ein großer bastard-sound,” roared Hans into the broadcaster’s mic hanging overhead.

The banter continued back and forth as two Luftwaffe officers with spit-shined boots fired each weapon directly into the steel center tube of a fifty-five gallon drum that was filled to three-quarters with an absorptive mélange of sand, wood chips, and plastic pellets of sufficient density to dissipate the energy of projectiles ranging from hand-made musket balls and minié balls to the obscure .275, .415, and the popular fifty-caliber safari brass-case ammunition.

The studio manager tapped his clipboard to mete out a cadence for the gun bearers marching in and out of the impeccably clean glass, steel, and chrome broadcast studio.

Monty settled down and gave the home audience a verbal picture of which weapon was being loaded, discharged, and handed back to the respective gun-bearer for the long march back to the studio armory for a thorough cleaning, oiling, and final resting place.

With each discharge Hans celebrated with a flurry of expletives in his native tongue, and a roar of laughter as the next weapon of slightly larger caliber was unveiled and presented handle- or butt-first to the uniformed officers.

Monty’s color commentary in English included the decibel-

level registered by the behemoth, and a nod to Hans to follow with the German equivalent for the benefit of the listening audience.

Monty also described the logarithmic nature of decibels and the hearing loss that would result from prolonged exposure to the nasty assault on the ear drums.

He dug deep and extracted a useful example for the studio and home audience that the ‘one hundred and thirty decibels kicked out by the twenty-two caliber pistol and rifle’, the ones that Hans referred to as ‘chipmunk pistole’ and ‘chipmunk gewehr’, would result in no hearing loss at all to the shooter as long as ear plugs or ear muffs were worn, and not too many shots were fired in quick succession.

Monty added the easy-to-remember factoid that ‘sixty decibels sounds twice as loud as the fifty decibel noise generated by a loud radio, heavy machinery, or a rowdy kindergarten classroom’.

Tail-end Charlie ended the studio parade with a gold-plated Colt .45 service revolver that registered just under 155 decibels and brought the anticipated ‘das ist gut’ nod of approval from the trigger man.

Hans moved back to his upholstered broadcaster’s chair and announced a station break.

The studio manager continued his tap-tap-tapping and followed the gun bearers out of the inner sanctum. The Luftwaffe followed, and the glass door remained open to allow the blue smoke and Sulphur to escape into the hallways and offices surrounding the broadcast booth.

What happened next filled Monty’s cup to overflowing.



Unbeknownst to the contingent from SpringPark, the German army had been busily preparing a demonstration of their own, outside in the studio parking lot.

During the station break, Hans signaled for Monty to follow him ‘mach schnell’ to the back of the studio complex to a loading dock that was eerily familiar to him somehow.

Let me say dear reader that what happened next was in no way an act of sabotage or a usurping of authority.

When Hans summoned Monty to the back-lot to witness a bombastic display of German pride delivered using handgun and rifle firepower, he was seated in a makeshift throne on the loading dock. This was no joke. The people groups in and around the beer halls, the artists colonies, and including the Radiofrei München home audience all considered Sir Montgomery Post one of their very own. Right down to his Loden hat casually pushed back to expose a little more ‘forehead’ than the average männlich mann would display.

Monty did it not in an ostentatious way, mind you. His was a display of unfettered confidence with a genuine love for the people groups that surrounded him. His broad smile filtered through his signature handlebar moustache told his studio audience all that they needed to know about their newfound friend.

Even the most respectful kinder would look at him at a book signing or street performance, turn toward their impeccably dressed mothers and ask ” Ist er ein Deutscher, Mama?” Hoping for assurance that he was most certainly one of their

own. And he was, of course. Not German by birth as they were, but German in that they had fully embraced *him*. And German in the way that he had fully surrendered to their adoption of the lion-hearted one as one of their very own.

“Ja, mein kind; er ist Deutsch,” was the only response rendered to the hopeful next generation.

The ostensible act of sabotage was in no way meant to signal a coup d'état – one SpringParker unseating or ‘dethroning’ another of his countrymen. It may have looked like that but is was in no way.

It gave every appearance of political upheaval when, as soon as he was seated on the loading dock throne, Monty and the throng that surrounded him were graced as it were by sounds emanating from the crystal clear Blaupunkt loudspeakers that were arrayed like the royal family’s trumpet line announcing the victorious return of the king and army or the birth of a royal heir.

As soon as Monty and Hans evacuated the broadcast studio, which they assumed would remain ‘dark’ until their return; sweet sounds of stringed instruments and the gentile warbling of scales – vocal scales – could now be heard over the outdoor speakers.

This meant only one thing. Someone, or a group of someones had violated the inner sanctum of the studio, control room, glassed-in broadcast booth, and all. And they had done it as quickly and with the confidence of Joshua’s army capturing the ancient city of Ai.

For a moment all seemed lost. Lost that is until Monty heard the familiar sound of Charles d’Vine’s bow being carefully drawn across the perfectly tuned ‘D’ string of the cello.

He relaxed as he eased himself into the back cushion of the loading dock throne to attend to what would come next. As he

did this, all standing in the back lot and on the loading dock turned to take their cue from Monty who with eyes closed, was preparing to be transported into a state of supreme bliss with all those surrounding him.

None would be disappointed.



SpringPark Sunday

*Standing on the river, the east bank of the Elbe,
Lookin' 'cross Cologne, fields as cold as Hell,
Mid-day sun slung low in the winter sky,
A flight of Aardvarks crackle nigh, cracklin' nigh;*

*Gotta get back, back to SpringPark soon;
Feelin' so sad, like the man in the moon.
(SpringPark refrain)*

*They're gonna light their burners, burn 'em bright,
Gonna torch, gonna touch the night, so might
They take me too, take me too; (pause) Gonna light their
burners bright, gonna torch, torch the night, alright;
(SpringPark refrain)*

*They're gone, me on the ground, cold, cold ground;
Won't see 'em again in winter, not 'til springtime rolls around;
Feelin' so cold and lonely, lonely me just sad and down,
Better get my ass a-movin', better get my ass to town.*

*Take me one, take me one day, make it real, a real SpringPark
Sunday,
Make it one day, one day soon, make mine Sunday, SpringPark
Sunday, oooh hooo, oooh hooo.
(Reprise)*

SpringPark Sunday

Performed by the SpringPark String Quartet
(cello, harp, mandolin, and dulcimer)

Intern Crispin "Kinch" Nasturtium on vocals
(sung to the melody of Urge for Going)

Following the impromptu invasion of the sound studio and the command performance of SpringPark Sunday, Monty led the others on the loading dock and back lot in a standing ovation that was both reverent and respectful.

All eyes remained on Monty as he stepped forward to within a foot of the edge of the loading platform. Mothers covered their children's eyes.

"My dear friends," he began without the assistance of a microphone, "I give you SpringPark." Then he took a bow on behalf of the invisible musicians and vocalist who had just graced the sprawling campus.

He turned toward the massive beer tent to his left, nodded, then announced "the only way that I can follow that," he paused, smiling ". . . is with a final ninety-second safety minute," he paused ". . . a magnum opus for such a time as this."

In preparation for delivery and to 'center' his very being, Monty dropped his head in a bow that might have been taken for a short prayer. Then he raised his head and delivered what many on this most historic SpringPark Radio Road Trip would count as his finest off-the-cuff safety minute delivered to a listening audience of more than seven hundred hearing his voice live, and as many as three million tuning in from home.

Thanks to the quick thinking of Donna Prime and the obedience of her virgins in waiting, every jot and tittle of Monty's presentation was captured for later publication in sacred journals into which the self-same nubile interns and yearlings were scribbling furiously.

Safety Minute 64-0717. Beer Fest Safety, Tragedy in the Höfbräu Tent.

Background: Hofbräu was founded by Wilhelm V, the Duke of Bavaria which explains why Hofbräu München was so popular. ‘Villy Boy’ the moniker bestowed by his royal drinking buddies, having a penchant for the look and feel of the letter ‘V’, in the same way that Kodak founder George Eastman preferred the letter ‘K’, was a go-getter of the highest form and fashion.

When the local swill was determined to be less than satisfactory for his Royal Family’s palate, he decided that it would be a good idea to venture into home brewing on a scale that was only possible if you had the necessary ‘juice’ that his benefactor Emperor Ferdinand II provided.

Adherence to the standard temperatures and pressures for fermenting and ‘kegging’ the new Weissbier was an exact science in the burgeoning sovereignty that coveted precision as the highest form of self-actualization.

Safety in brewing operations took a back seat to production schedules as the royal timekeepers tap-tap-tapped out a cadence on their royal clipboards to spur-on the brewers, tasters, and keggers to a level of production that could only be approximated by the Brits. The German shop floor timekeeping referred to as ‘takt’ caught on big-time and was deemed far superior to the English method of ‘management through a raised eyebrow’.

Vilhelm’s two claims to fame, or infamy, were three. First, he lost the bubble on safety and suffered a rash of keg explosions when he allowed his brewers to seek higher and higher levels of alcohol content in the new flavors they were producing. Second, it was rumored that he was dethroned by

his patron the Emperor, but in fact he was drawn into the unseemly world of beer tent dwellers, having left his royal court in 1597 to embark upon a vision-quest that you and I would just call a ‘bender’. In any case he was succeeded by his son Max the First and turned his attention to the finer arts of monopolizing the production and distribution of Weissbeir. It was much more fun than being a duke anyway, the latter being described as ‘boring’. His claim to fame then was the third and final contribution to the pages of history was the founding of Hofbräu München which involved the passing-along of the secret family recipes to his son who reigned ‘on high’ from time to time.

As mentioned earlier, Vilhelm sired a son with a golden palate named Maximilian I who was deemed fully capable of running the day-to-day operations of the dukedom. Each in their turn ‘moved the needle’ on quality and volume of production in a way that threatened the imbalance of power in western Europe. The ducal monopoly on Weissbeir almost bit them in the royal fanny when the normally peace-loving flower power types known as the Swiss Army invaded München in 1632 and threatened to burn the place to the ground unless Max gave them a few kegs for their upcoming beer-ball festival.

Max’ timely response “Alles, was sie brauchte, war zu tun fragen.” was deemed more than deft statesmanship. It was emblazoned on steins and kegs as a friendly ‘sieg heil’ to all beer-quaffing neighbors. The British, the French, and yes, even the Swiss.

All they needed to do was ask, he thought. We’ve given the same to university frat houses, stadiums full of spectators, and to the soup kitchens in the name of our patron the Emperor.

Thank goodness that Wilhelm V was not around to witness the ceremonial surrender (of the beer, not the city); he had

moved on to his eternal reward in 1626.

Let the records reflect that Vilhelm had indeed abdicated his throne in 1597, although they make no mention of why. Let history show that his last day in office was Oktober fifteenth, 1597, and his career as a beer ambassador began the very next day. His son ruled in his stead and ‘pantsed’ the Swiss Army in ’32. That was indeed Maximilian’s finest hour.

The strategic flaw in the Hofbräuhaus philosophy was the typical over-emphasis on quality and production with a commensurate downplaying of safety. This would plague the early beer-fests and newly birthed Oktoberfests, but the unintended negative consequences would plague western Europe for centuries.

Besides the harmless ‘pantsing’ and the thing that noble Germans refused to acknowledge in mixed company (peeing in the bushes), the birth of state-sponsored beer festivals fostered a list of activities that required mothers to ‘rush their kinder to Saint Vincent’s’.

Diplomatic correspondence nearly two centuries later confirmed reports that this ‘horseplay’, as it was described by members of John Quincy Adams’ contingent, had achieved a catastrophic level of bad judgement.

The first and most lethal activity was the practice of beer tent entertainment that the west Germans referred to as ‘Booster Shots’. Always big fans of conquering lands deemed ‘ripe for the harvest’, Maximilian’s descendants showed marked preference for the more physical demonstrations of power and strength. ‘Restraint’ as a self-imposed limitation was not found in the lexicon, nor was it part of the common vernacular.

‘These booster shots,’ as it was described by emissaries reporting back to the Emperor, ‘. . . represent one of the more foolhardy displays of recreation in all the land. It is far more

grave than the mere ‘horseplay’ described by the naïve and raucous American colonists.’

Not prone to understating the seriousness of the unruly behavior that found its origin in the beer tents, the Emperor’s court commissioned the Imperial Lexikograph to coin a new word that would accurately denote the gravity of these practices, while leaving ample margin for a wide array of connotations. The term that was carefully shaped and presented on an engraved tablet of gold weighing thirteen kilograms for His Grace’s consideration was ‘Dummy-Verfahren’.

‘Ja, Dummy-Verfahren,’ was his response.

And as it was in 1633, so it remains that ‘Dummy Procedure’ is the ubiquitous term that reflects all that is wild and reckless in the performance of senseless acts of barbaric amusement.

Once the train left the station, the Imperial Taxonomists went to work to codify the stunts that would be included in list of foolish practices. Not ‘verboden’ per se, just not encouraged.

These included:

.001 – Booster Shots; the senseless and irresponsible activity of launching a member of the species into the air using only the spring-power of a confederate endowed with bountiful quadriceps. To accomplish this end, the more powerful perpetrator will lie on his back on the ground or elevated platform and present the bottoms of his feet as a seat for the subject that will be launched. Once the subject is fully seated, the confederate will allow his legs to flex to lower the subject into the pre-launch position. Finally, the confederate will powerfully and violently extend his legs to launch the subject into the air. The booster shot typically ends with the subject picking himself up, dusting himself off, and getting back in line for another ‘ride’. On occasion, the subject’s mother is summoned and compelled to rush her injured son to Saint

Vincent's Hospital to be attended to by an emergency room physician.

Other codified elements included:

.002 – Razbanyas; the senseless and irresponsible act of jumping into the swimming pool as closely as possible to the targeted subject without actually making contact. Collateral damage: subjects injured when the perpetrator of the stunt scores a direct hit or glancing blow that results in concussion, broken limbs, drowning, or incapacitation.

.003 – Firing of Projectiles in an unofficial capacity. This reprehensible act includes repurposing ordinary household items to launch other ordinary household items into the air or across the main ballroom at the Luftwaffe Officers Club. The classic example is the Danish tennis ball cannon, made with an iron tennis ball container, and used to fire a tennis ball across the room. The Danes perfected this art by drilling a small hole in the base of the tube, pouring a dram of Aquavit into the tube, then dropping the tennis ball into the tube. They take careful aim and touch a burning match to the hole at the bottom of the tube. The 'whump' heard precedes the violent ejection of the tennis ball from the tube. Collateral damage: direct hit on a china cabinet, trophy case, or Luftwaffe Commander's wife entering the ballroom to ask 'What the hell is going on here?'

.004 – Pyrotechnics; the senseless and deliberate act to ignite spectacular displays of combustion on the ground or into the air for the purpose of entertaining the masses large or small. The danger of unlicensed public displays of combustion is the tendency of competing groups to try to eclipse the demonstration just witnessed with a display that is more violent, more beautiful, and more frightening to the subjects. Collateral damage: the unintended ignition or vaporization of one or more spectators.

.005 – The Slide for Life, more accurately referred to by its detractors as The Slide of Death. This act involves having a merchant seaman or a party youth splice sections of rope together produce a length suitable for traversing the distance between large trees in an open field or, on occasion, spanning the gulf between two buildings in the city. The subject is suspended from a pulley-and-trapeze apparatus attached to the rope spanning the gulf. In the best of cases the subject is graced by an exhilarating ride from the high anchor point of the rope to the low anchor point at the opposite side of the gulf. Collateral damage: severe bodily harm when the rope breaks, the subject crashes into the tree or building at the end of the ride, he falls from the trapeze, or is pushed by an impatient neighbor as he leans forward to grasp the trapeze at the beginning of the ride.

.006 – ‘Accidental’ Discharge of firearms in-or out-of-doors. The fine legal point here is that Imperial subjects are mandated not to fire weapons indoors, while out-of-doors shooting is permitted only for the gentry and for members of the lower caste who have obtained a legal hunting license for the season. For this reason, and to eliminate an inordinate amount of time wasted in the courts, the Emperor has deemed that all non-sanctioned discharges will be characterized as ‘accidental’. ‘No harm, no foul,’ as he was wont to say. The problem with accidental discharges in and around the beer tents, is that the perpetrators fire off way too many rounds and care not a whit what is hit in the process. Collateral damage: grievous bodily harm, damage to property and livestock, and the felony offense of alcohol abuse when a stein or keg becomes the unlikely target of the projectile.

“So, you can tell,” Monty concluded, “. . . they still have a

long way to go regarding safety.”

He paused.

“They’ve been doing it this way for centuries, but I think that the winds of change are starting to rustle the foliage. I think they are going to invite us back for a strategic planning session.”

He paused.

“Not for beer or brewing, I think they’ve got that covered. For safety and the most coveted gift of all. The gift of a SpringPark Seminar on the art and science of the ninety-second safety minute.”

He paused and reached down to lift the massive stein.

“Let’s toast our hosts as we pledge to return to München,” Monty said as he lifted the stein in preparation, “. . . hear, hear, to our host . . . prosit!”

Then he and all present quaffed deeply and their eyes met.

The visitors minds drifted back to their home. They were longing for SpringPark, but they had miles remaining before this itch could be scratched.



8 PROPHECY

THE BEER had taken Monty deep into a troubling dream state. A dream of the future. A dream of flowing robes sailing through corridors of granite and marble, polished chrome, impeccable glass windows.

First, the glass. Fully transparent and nearly floor-to-ceiling. The subjects were neither abused by the indignity, nor the faux-deception posed by two way mirrors. The view was unimpeded in both directions.

The subjects knew that they were being observed. Occasionally, during the course of the week and the weekend. Never, during the high holy days. With a pathetic and more desperate fervor once the holy days ended.

The subjects that were being observed were not captives in any way. They were permitted total freedom in every aspect of their lives. They were free to come and go as they pleased. Many lived only a few miles from the 'club' and its expansive campus. Some traveled from outlying counties and bergs. All were free to accept a 'no strings' invitation to cast off their secular burdens and establish a domicile at the club. All free of charge with the unconditional pledge that they could leave at any time, day or night.

Impoverished citizens made their homes outside of the forests and berms that defended the club's gardens and expansive parks. In their desperation, they witnessed Town Car limousines, Bentleys, and the occasional Rolls Royce enter and leave the gates leading to the main entrance of the campus. Their curious children had indeed climbed through the fields of ice age boulders, over brooks and streams, and across well-dressed lawns on the vast perimeters of the estate. Their kids would watch the comings and goings at the front of the magnificent club for hours and think *If only*.

The bountiful splendor inside the berm was in stark contrast to the squalor, starvation, and poverty on the outside. The former middle class were required to 'qualify' to enter the 'grounds'. Exclusion was the invisible force that placed an impassable gulf between the haves and the have nots.

Foresters and gardeners from Grafton, Leominster, Rutland, and Barre were invited to board the Manpower busses each day for the free ride to daily employment – seven days a week. These hand-picked day laborers included former airline pilots, management consultants, military commanders, production line supervisors, mayors, and city managers. The busses deposited them at the 'industrial park' at the back of the campus. Men and women filed off the busses and into the 'partner's lounge' that sported a grand entrance, a reception desk with fourteen attendants, well-lit corridors, and pretty, young, and well dressed 'greeters' smiling beneath huge signs under the entrance to each corridor.

From the sky, the scene looked familiar. Dark blue executive coaches pulled into a circular drive, and discharged their tiny passengers. The 'seekers' left the busses and filed like streams of ants into what appeared to be a massive football stadium.

An hour after sunrise, the ceiling of the industrial park cracked in the middle. The crack slowly grew to expose the contents of the massive oval-shaped behemoth, and to allow the natural light to augment the yellow, green, and purple horticultural lights inside.

From the ground again, the shabbily-dressed ‘seekers’ joked with each other as they strolled quickly toward the entrance and the now familiar greeters. They were eager to shed their rags, shower, and don their official work uniforms. Many addressed each other by first names.

‘The Gardens’ as they became known to the commuters, was a massive staging area for flowers, shrubs, trees, building materials, and utility vehicles and trailers that would become the domain of the skilled former white collar, former middle class citizens. The middle class was gone now. There was more inside. The gardens sported a cafeteria with a surplus of ten-top seating for family-style breakfasts, lunches, and dinners. Executive chefs manned the four-dozen carving stations and omelet bars. Although there were typically more than twelve hundred workers arriving at staged intervals around the clock, there were no long lines in the café.

The recreation areas included movie theatres, a casino with a twenty-foot ceiling, woodworking and metalworking shops, a high-speed computer lab, and a fitness center – all below ground. The accommodations, dubbed ‘The Ritz’ was further below ground. The ‘regulars’ who were skilled in all that they did were invited to linger, and to come and go as they pleased.

The immense caverns adjacent to the stadium was converted into a massive subterranean worship hall inspired by the above-ground counterparts in Paris, Tel Aviv, London, Rome, and ancient Jerusalem. The inscription above the grand entrance to the chapel appealed to both Jew and Christian.

*Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand
before kings; He shall not stand before mean men.
- King Solomon*

The stadium and the workers existed to serve one purpose and one purpose alone: to dress the lawns, gardens, forests, and highways and byways of the vast estate that surrounded the club and the magnificent campus.

Monty tossed and turned in his bed. His dream state continued. He stood invisible on the berm adjacent to the entrance to the oak-lined drive leading to the portico entrance to the massive club. He was alone save for the black birds circling overhead. Monty looked down at himself. Once again, he was completely naked, save his argyle socks, his last remnant of dignity.

In a few moments his teeth would begin to fall from his mouth. Just a few at first, then more and more. More than one hundred in all. He had to figure out what was happening on this visit, who they were, what they wanted. He had to learn more than last time. Monty had to work fast. Had to figure this out before all his teeth fell out. After his teeth were gone, he knew that he would awaken. And after all his teeth fell out he would awaken and quickly forget the dream. All learning would cease.

To control his dream state, he would use two skills – new skills that he had developed since the repetitive dream began weeks earlier. First, he would listen to those who could neither see him nor listen to him. And, he would fly from place to place and accelerate his learning. The first time that he flew, it was only a foot or two above the ground. Now, he could fly

higher and faster – but only within the bounds of the dream.

I no longer have to rely on the bus for transportation in the dream, he thought. Not the midnight blue executive coaches that delivered day laborers to the stadium. The Blue Bird school bus painted National School Bus Yellow, chrome yellow, BASF #87363. He no longer needed the bright yellow school bus that dropped him off naked, downtown. The typical start to any decent dream.

Monty allowed himself to fall forward on the gentle down-sloping hill that overlooked the club and the surrounding campus and the neatly-trimmed shrubbery on the eastern perimeter. He accelerated quickly, just a foot or two above the ground. He accelerated to between forty and fifty knots, then assumed what he thought to be a breast stroke. Arms and legs ploughing and kicking in the air. With each stroke he maintained airspeed and slowly rose to treetop level. Then he turned to the east and entered a descending left hand turn that would set him up to smash into the only window leading to the long inner hallway on the second level of the massive athletic club.

He thought a prayer as he approached the window at what seemed more than one hundred knots.

Inside now, Monty's will took him the length of the southern corridor, with fenestration that offered an unimpeded view of the grand entrance to the front of the club proper. An elegant oak-lined drive that ended at the portico, then opened into a splendid circular drive with valets and footmen-in-waiting.

Monty clawed at the wall on his right and grabbed at door jambs and light fixtures in a vain effort to decelerate, and to negotiate the right turn in the hallway that was approaching rapidly. In a moment, he was standing alone and motionless in the hallway, the right turn was fifty yards away. He had stopped

using only the power of his will. *Gotta love it*, he thought. That would become household saying number twenty-six.

He moved effortlessly to the end of the hallway. From the upper level he looked down on the basketball and volleyball courts in full swing. Beyond the volleyball courts and boxing rings was an immense climbing wall with overhangs and cornices that extended to the forty foot ceilings on the upper level of the club.

Monty turned his back on the western wing, and examined the central hallway that led to the hot yoga and Pilates salons on the left. Further beyond, and also on the left were the team cycling halls with three tiers of bikes facing the cardio cinemas. The giant forty-foot screens featured exotic road-bike and mountain-bike rides in western Europe and far away islands paradise. Most every seat was filled, and the visitors were nowhere to be seen.

Time stood still, but Monty knew that he had no time to waste. He looked down and saw himself gently rolling a molar between his thumb and index finger.

Monty peered through the giant plate glass window on the southern perimeter of the barbell hall. The class had progressed to kettle bells and the participants were arrayed in a perfect matrix, fifteen deep and more than thirty across.

Bodies beautiful, he thought. The class moved in perfect unison. Bending and sweeping, bending and sweeping. They were perfectly choreographed, not a one was out of step. Monty's eyes caught other eyes looking back through the floor-to-ceiling pane of glass. Not looking at him. The others were looking through the glass at the opposite side of the barbell hall. And they were not looking at Monty. The distinguished guests and their entourage could not detect his presence. They were

looking at the same display of athletic beauty that Monty himself was looking at, but from the other side of the hall.

They turned to the north and marched. They flowed with grace and beauty from right to left in Monty's field of view.

They're headed to the salons, Monty thought. Must move quickly.

Monty moved to the left to intercept them on their course. He would wait at the corner and let the advancing crowd turn left and intercept him. He crouched at the very end of the southern corner of the barbell hall and waited, praying that he was still invisible to them. Again, he looked down and spit out five more teeth.

He hesitated for only a moment and bolted for the salons. He would perform the 'Gretzky', a dream-state maneuver that he had hear about but never executed. Never even rehearsed.

Post skidded and slowed at the southwest corner of the first cycling room. In slow motion he slid though the wall boards and came to rest inside the salon, kneeling and within two feet of a spandex-clad spinner. The rich aroma of her perspiration mixed with pheromones and musk. He felt the visitors and entourage drawing closer, on the other side of the wall and outside the glass. The riders were reaching the bottom of a gentile downslope and legs and feet were spinning like those of cartoon characters. The background music, Danger Zone, was fading to transition to the next song. The telltale 'da da da' of Kashmir and the long climb up Mount Olympus had just begun.

Monty licked his jagged upper tooth-line and his two front teeth dropped to the floor. He did not look down. Instead, he looked over his left shoulder and through the glass. Post saw the lead party and more than twenty attendants come to a stop. He closed his eyes and listened intently.

"Sahib," was what he heard. The speaker was a heavy-set

bean counter. A portly man, dressed in Armani, with impeccably trimmed black facial hair.

Monty opened his eyes and looked through the glass. The sultan was looking directly at him, then turned to nod at the advisor who had uttered the single word “Sahib.”

Monty looked at the class of riders. They had cranked the resistance of the bikes six turns to the right, in unison as if on command. The level of resistance lifted the cyclists’ buttocks off of the seats and into the air. The women’s breasts hung down as their forearms rested on the curved handlebars wrapped in the finest English leather. Plump and supple.

All the riders were women. Each woman was being inspected with hopes of being selected for the honor of promotion. Each rider was perfectly synchronized and moving in time with the music. The music and the climb continued as their thighs and glutes gently rose and fell with the sound thundering through the Bose speakers. The scribes ticked boxes deliberately and furiously on their inventory sheets in response to the nods and winks of more than seven or eight attendants. Page after page of carefully tabbed documents had been painstakingly sewn into burgundy kid-leather bound volumes for such a time as this. The crown prince’s eyes closed, he tilted his head back, and inhaled deeply. The music’s effect on the riders was predictable and planned. The bodies undulating in time with the slow beat had registered their full effect on His Grace. With unmerited favor from above he would bring them all into his harem.

They’re shopping, thought Monty. These bastards are shopping for women!

Monty forcibly spit his remaining loose teeth onto the floor of the gym, and rolled out of bed and onto the floor. He

crawled to his knees and grasped for the green and glowing electronic alarm clock on his night stand. He fumbled for his reading glasses and turned the face of the clock toward his own face using both hands.

He reached up from his place on the floor and clicked on his bedside lamp. The pad and pen were right where he left them. He scribbled ‘sahib’, ‘women’, and ‘shopping’. The dream was fading fast. He wrote ‘fans’, ‘sweat’, ‘spandex’, ‘Kashmir’, and ‘tribute’.

By the time the French Roast was ready, Monty had already begun to compile the third in a series of monographs on *The Demise of a Nation Once Proud*. The work was hypothetical of course; we were still the land of the free and the home of the brave. The theory he was advancing? Simple, and with impeccable logic: that a Nation Once Proud would be carved up and sold off to the highest bidder if the right catalysts were present. His findings: that the Nation called America was rife with examples of elected officials ‘selling out’ the American people and America itself.

In the traditions of Luxor, Constantinople, Athens, and Rome, were it to continue to the natural conclusion, full annexation of its people and lands would be the natural outcome. Skilled, worthy, and indentured males would work with their hands in positions of great trust. As physicians in the tradition of Saint Luke, or as skilled carpenters, bricklayers, and groundskeepers – the denizens of the massive stadium. Beautiful women would display their healthy and well-toned bodies in fitness centers across the land. A small price to pay for the luxury of the club and campus over the squalor and depravity outside of the berm. The one concession: the ruling class must be allowed to sample the sticky sweet delights, just as

they had sampled dates, figs, and baklava in the buzzing markets of Damascus, Beirut, and Babylon.

The former citizen taxpayers would be relegated to the role of tributary. The new owners would usher in a time of grace and beauty in exchange for two things only. In exchange for ownership and freedom. But this was nothing new. The dogooders and truth-tellers had determined to wrest ownership and freedom from citizens from the beginning of recorded history. *And alas. Poor SpringPark. What shall become of thee?*



Post's monograph was dismissed as the work of an undisciplined hack.

"The literature review is non-existent," pronounced the chief truth-teller sitting on the review board, a Pharisee named Ebenezer Weirnam. "The introduction and background," he continued, "abysmal".

He turned to his colleagues for tacit approval to continue. The next declaration was carried by the Associated Press, and became Weirnam's own death knell. The headline was simple. "Post Exposed".

"The findings of this esteemed board," he paused "is that we find this work to be the tasteless prattling of an opinionated crackpot." He continued. "The manuscript is the work of an obtuse moron, an undisciplined excuse for a man, and a man in no way skilled in his tradecraft."

No friend of Monty's, the press would use the abridged "excuse for a man" in the subtext of the now syndicated

column.

The article went on and characterized the work as ‘not compelling’, and ‘not contributing to the body of knowledge in any credible way.’ The Board’s findings were that Monty’s work was ‘completely void of merit’, and even granting consideration to publish would constitute a ‘dangerous’ lack of academic judgement.

“In any case,” Weirnam paused, “the work should not at any time or in any way be made public.”

Before Post finished reading the findings of the review board and the reporters predictable commentary, he had already determined his course of action.

First, he would self-publish the work. *Oh SpringPark, My SpringPark*. The American people were paying for all of this. They deserved an objective assessment and accounting for the great damage already caused by the likes of Weirnam and those supporting his cause and the cause of those elected to serve, but who served themselves instead.

Next, he would launch his own campaign to more fully educate the citizen taxpayers on the unholy tenets that were established by the ruling class – the predatory elite – to impoverish and enslave the future generations of Americans – our children and grandchildren.

Finally, he would demonstrate the utility of his ‘sky hook’ technology. In doing so, he would knowingly and with premeditation execute vengeance on the esteemed academic who was much beloved by the elected officials – the political elite – and whose illicit and self-serving tradecraft dealt in the bodies and souls of women and men.

The day and time would be in the brilliant autumn, and in the not-too-distant future. For the moment though, Post would allow himself a brief period of fasting and prayer in a vain hope

to secure an eternal resting place. Not for Weirnam. Not even for Post's own eternal legacy. Post would pray and fast for the security of his own immortal soul. This was by no means sure, and Post knew this all too well. The grace that he sought was a special dispensation, a most holy indulgence from the Father. His own pleas and planned self-flagellation would be diametrically opposed to the 'thou shalts' and 'thou shalt nots' with which he was more than familiar. And yet, Post could recount the few exceptions that were widely published in the sacred writings and in the works of Josephus and others.

Post would seek the face of God to determine whether or not he was indeed being prepared as a messenger for such a time as this.

"Stripped to bare metal, thou hast become that which thou has destined to become from the beginning of time.

For Jesse had his dorm room, William his sparse motel room, and Monty his couch.

Each in their own time became that which the LORD of Hosts had ordained at the time of creation."

Prophecy, Verse 1

Before we close the chapter, it should be mentioned that Monty graced each academic work with an art form. In some cases, a sketch, in some a sonatina. In the case of *Oh SpringPark*, *My SpringPark* it was a poem. A simple and childlike poem that would ring out as a battle cry decades from now.

Oh SpringPark, My SpringPark

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 SpringPark'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.



The poem itself created a fervor that shocked the nation. “Obscene,” some declared. “Outrageous!” others exclaimed as they condemned Monty Post in the press they called ‘free’. The Times and the Post refused to publish the monograph; they just ran the commentary drafted by the academic elite and their political wing – the predatory elite.

The new trendsetter, Playboy, published the Postian monograph, the poem, and a one-on-one interview with the author Monty Post. In retrospect, they were glad that they did, and would do it again. Within a month, the demand for back issues of Playboy magazine would eclipse the original production run by a factor of more than seventeen.

Public universities, libraries, art dealers, and collectors requisitioned thousands of copies - back issues. Orders kept pouring into Chicago. Against the backdrop of modern history, pollsters would list *Oh SpringPark, My SpringPark* as the fourth most recognizable public policy document for the U.S. demographic age group between eighteen to sixty-four, inclusive. Those were:

1. The Declaration of Independence, first,
2. The Code of Hammurabi, second,
3. The Magna Carta and The Golden Rule tied for third,
4. *Oh SpringPark, My SpringPark*, fourth.

The remaining ‘top ten’ include:

5. The Jus Cogens, fifth,
6. The Bill of Rights, sixth,
7. Amendments to the Constitution, seventh,
8. Rules to the game of Crud, eighth,
9. The Ten Commandments, ninth, and
10. The Uniform Code of Military Justice, tenth.

The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court objected vehemently to the omission of the New Constitution from the ‘top ten’ list. A replacement for the outdated original that was deemed ‘irrelevant’ was co-authored by His Honor and the newly appointed Attorney General.

Organized religious leaders objected to the characterization of the Ten Commandments as only an element of public policy. “The Commandments should be listed first, with the Bill of Rights next. Then the Declaration of Independence signed by John Hancock,” they said at the numerous press conferences broadcast on the nightly news.

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 call 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.

“Bully! Bully! 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 removed their tops and brassieres and ‘plumped’ their breasts before bursting 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.

Then he awoke.



9 HØJBRO

“QUICK HITS,” announced Monty from his near-fully reclined posture in the first officer’s chair with the cockpit door swinging gently on its aluminum hinges. The two Donna’s occupied the jump seats on the opposite side of the flight deck.

“That song about SpringPark,” Monty exclaimed nonplussed. “That damn song’s got me down. That beautiful . . . beautiful . . . *SpringPark Sunday*.”

“That intern “Kinch” - Kinch Nasturtium has been singing that song since the debut on the SpringPark Radio Road Trip; you know, the broadcast on Radiofrei München.”

“I don’t think I can sand one more of his tremolos. They are so – damned – haunting,” Monty said, pausing to emphasize the depth of the matter. “Ya know what I mean?” he concluded whirling around in the first officer’s chair. “Ya know what I mean?” he repeated in a somber tone, rhetorical, and sad.

The monologue was over now and it ended just as quickly as it had begun, less than a metric minute ago.

The Zeitgeist had changed and enveloped Monty and the entire contingent. Even Donna prime’s cohort were sagging under the load of being away from their SpringPark. *Been away*

for far too long, Donna thought wistfully.

“Your Grace, may I proffer a suggestion to dispel this funk?” Monty asked than continued. “For I fear that I am not the only one held captive by the perplexity of the distance between us. The distance between SpringPark and her children.”

“Speak freely Monty.”

“København awaits as the next stop on our itinerary,” he shouted above the roar of the Constellation’s four engines commencing the takeoff roll,” he paused to make sure Donna heard what he just said.

She heard and was eagerly nodding for him to proceed.

“Copenhagen’s dandy,” he continued, “but our interns will find purpose on the bridges of Højbro, preparation for the next Free Thinker’s Conference and Symposium. An opportunity to speak to the denizens of Højbro in their native tongue.”

“That of Beowulf, my champion?”

“Nay your Grace, the language of safety, and the elusive ninety-second safety minute. Quick hits and poster sessions on the city’s bridges.”

“What could the striplings present in such a manner, pray tell?” asked Donna.

“Well . . . , said Monty in response, “I suppose that they could deliver summaries of their homework assignments. These for example:”

Carbon monoxide poisoning. Carbon monoxide the colorless and odorless gas that has proven to be the killer of young interns and yearlings. All SpringPark facilities have been certified safe for daytime and overnight operations, including the Vault. Be sure to open the baffles for the Lost in Space air conditioner to push the exhaust fumes out through the ducting in the facility. Don’t let the Xenophons plug the external exhaust vents (they try to do that when its cold outside, they

think it keeps the heat in, but what they do not realize that the CO₂ levels creep upward if not mixed with ambient air).

Grilling with safety in mind. Watch out for burn hazards. Generally, minor burns smaller than a person's palm can be treated at home. Anything larger usually requires emergency treatment. For a minor burn, run cool water over it until the burning sensation ceases. Then cover the affected area loosely with a clean dry cloth. Do not apply ice, petroleum jelly or butter, as these can trap the heat causing more tissue damage. For any burn, watch for signs of infection like swelling and redness, and seek medical treatment if you suspect infection.

Food safety. Practice good food safety. Ensure food you prepare is safe from foodborne illnesses such as E. Coli. Do not serve undercooked beef or sausage, as these are common sources of E. Coli. Wash your hands frequently and thoroughly.

Limit Sun Exposure. Wear protective clothing and use sunscreen. Sunscreen should be applied 30 minutes prior to exposure and reapplied every 2 hours. Sunscreens alone may not always protect you. Don't forget the shades! Sunglasses protect the sensitive skin around the eyes and may reduce the long-term risk of developing cataracts. People who wear UV-absorbing contact lenses still should wear UV-absorbing sunglasses since contact lenses don't completely cover the eye. Do not put ice or butter on sunburns. Instead, try a cold compress or a pack of frozen vegetables will do the trick. You may also find that OTC pain relievers reduce your discomfort.

Heat Illness. During heat illness, the body's cooling system shuts down. Body temperature goes up, which inhibits the ability to sweat. Mild symptoms of heat exhaustion include thirst, fatigue, and cramps in the legs or abdomen. Left untreated, heat exhaustion can progress to heat stroke. Serious heat-related symptoms include dizziness, headaches, nausea,

rapid heartbeat, vomiting, decreased alertness, and a temperature as high as 105 F or more. In severe cases, the liver, kidneys, and brain may be damaged. About 400 people die each year from heat exposure according to the CDC. The risk of heat illness goes up during exertion and sports and with certain health conditions such as diabetes, obesity, and heart disease. Alcohol use also increases the risk. So do medications that slow sweat production such as antihistamine, tricyclic antidepressants, and diuretics used to treat water retention, high blood pressure, and some liver and kidney conditions. People ages 65 and older and young children are particularly vulnerable to heat illness. What some people don't realize is that heat stroke, especially in children, can occur within minutes!

Protect against Mosquitoes and Ticks. Your best protection is to use insect repellent that contains DEET to ward off mosquitoes and ticks. Do NOT use DEET containing repellent on babies, and repellent should not have more than a 10% concentration of DEET when used on children. The CDC recommends cleansing any bite area with antiseptic. OTC antihistamines provide relief for itching caused by mosquitoes.

About 80 percent of people who get Lyme disease develop a large rash that looks like a bull's-eye. Other classic symptoms are muscle aches and stiff joints. Ticks are usually harmless. The biggest threat from tick bites is Lyme disease, which is caused by the bacterium, *Borrelia burgdorferi*. The bacteria are transmitted to humans by the black-legged deer tick, which is about the size of a pinhead and usually lives on deer. Early tick removal is important because a tick generally has to be on the skin for 36 hours or more to transmit Lyme disease. Another insect-borne illness, West Nile virus, is transmitted by infected mosquitoes and usually produces mild symptoms in healthy people. Less than 1% of people infected with West Nile virus

develop severe illness. The symptoms are flu-like and can include fever, headache, body aches, and skin rash. There are no vaccines available for either of these illnesses.

Treating Bee Stings. Treat a bee sting by scraping the stinger away in a side-to-side motion with a credit card or fingernail, and then wash the area with soap and water. Pulling the stinger or using tweezers may push more venom into the skin. For any bug bite/sting, generally use ice and OTC pain relievers. Symptoms of an allergic reaction are hives, itching, rash, difficulty breathing and shock. An allergic reaction can occur even if a person has been stung before with no complications. Wear light-colored clothing and avoid scented soaps and perfumes. Don't leave food, drinks, and garbage out uncovered.

Safe Grilling Year 'Round. Gas Barbeque Grills – The Backyard Killer. Fuel + Flame + O₂ in enclosed spaces = Explosion. When igniting a gas grill Lift the metal lid of the grill first, Then make sure the gas burner knobs are set to "Off". Turn the gas "On" at the source – the propane bottle or gas line. Then turn a gas burner knob "On" as you ignite the flame. Gas grills are not a toy, don't let the kids light the grill. Winter or Summer, keep the grill away from the house, deck rails, and other sources of fuel. Don't use lighter fluid or gasoline to 'jump start' the gas grill. Friends don't let friends and friend's kids attempt to light the gas grill with the metal lid of the grill down – creating an enclosed space and possible explosion.

Winter and Summer Boating Dangers – The Inboard Engine. Fuel + Flame + O₂ in enclosed spaces = Explosion. When starting an inboard marine engine – use caution, the engine bay is a rich environment for an explosion. Fuel and fuel vapors collect over time, you provide the spark with ignition. Ventilation fans are 'supposed to' replace fuel vapors

with ambient air from outside. If the fans stop ventilating, and the conditions are all wrong – watch out! Better safe than sorry. Always check that ventilation fans are switched ‘on’ and operating before ignition. Give the fans time to push the fuel vapors overboard. Periodically, open the engine bay to check for fuel leaks, and any vent obstructions. Keep open flames and smoking materials away from the engine bay and fuel tanks. Don’t assume that others know the dangers of inboard engines. Safe boating is no accident!

Danger on the Beaches, the Summer Trio. 1) Boardwalk madness: Ferris wheels, tilt-a-whirl, and the roller coaster. Two words – deferred maintenance. Choose your carnival rides carefully (note to kids). 2) Surf and sand: Sharks strikes reported in Carolina (x 9); Florida (x 1). Sunscreen for the adults and kids, babies too (SPF 85 if available). Rip-tides and channels flowing out to sea (after high tide). Sand castles and the dangers of suffocation (kids in tunnels). 3) First aid (don’t leave home without it). Eucalyptus oil – good antidote for jellyfish stings. Apply the whole vial (1 – 2 oz.) over the skin of the victim. Back home it takes road tar out of your carpet, too.

Winter and Summer Danger in the Woods: Hiking and Mountain Biking. Rock Creek Trail – watch out! Hikers and bikers have close encounters on this popular trail. Stay to the right and tell the kids to stay in line. Watch out for the sharp turns obscured by foliage (surprise!) Next, bigger and badder trails – more dangers. The big trails in Appalachia – plan ahead. Cell phone coverage is hit or miss (tell someone where you are going). Watch the weather report – plan around the big storms. Bring a watch – don’t let the time get away from you (it gets dark out there). And, First aid (don’t leave home without it). Acetone – good first aid for poison ivy and poison oak. Apply it ‘out of the bottle’ on the infected area. Get some at CVS, a 4

– 8 ounce container (nail polish remover). Avoid 4 – 6 weeks of cortisone shots. Avoid open flames (lighters, matches, campfires) Acetone is highly flammable. Be safe!

Power Boating 101 – Be Safe on Land and Sea.. First things first; Secure the boat to the trailer, inspect the tie-downs, tires, lights, and hitch. Easy access to inspect the hull, motor, prop, and ladder – don’t forget the plug. In a hurry to get to the river or lake? Watch out – you’ve got a big load back there. Easy on the gas pedal, watch for turns on country roads, one-lane roads to the dock. Use a spotter when backing the boat and trailer into the water – little kids out there. Push it up – it’s as smooth as glass. Life jackets on the kids, one for each adult in the boat. Skiers and tube-riders all wear a jacket – no exceptions. An appropriately sized life jacket should be available for each boating passenger. Life jackets should be tested annually for buoyancy. Faded or waterlogged jackets should be discarded. Life jackets should meet the U.S. Coast Guard Requirements. Watch out for stumps, logs, and other floating debris – they’re out there. Vacationing in the southern states, watch out for gators and water moccasins – they’re out there too. Water moccasins frequent southern Virginia to Florida to eastern Texas; they like to hang out on the edges of ponds, lakes and streams. When pulling water skiers stay away from the inlets and shallow channels on the lake, that’s where the wildlife is and they were there first. Watch out for the docks and piers, stay out of the path of other boats. Boat safe this summer, and come back to tell us all about it.

The Lockheed Constellation engines were throttled back for an enroute descent.

“Aaaah, SpringPark One, your cleared visual, contact Kastrup Tower, frequency 127.3 . . . over.”

2nd INTERMISSION

10 FINAL BATTLE

BY THE TIME the Donna Prime and her entourage returned to the hallowed halls of SpringPark, Reverend Ebenezer Weirnam had done his worst. In the end he did not prevail.

All hopes were dashed for the hapless pilgrims that had abandoned home and hearth to blossom into the fullness of their potential under Weirnam's tutelage. Each one met his maker in what the county medical examiner classified as 'an unfortunate accident'.

As a budding seminarian, Weirnam excelled in his studies and was the future bright-shining star of the Synod. As an undergraduate, he grew in the fear and admonition of the Lord, and demonstrated a passionate interest in theology, church history, homiletics, and pastoral counseling. He earned a much sought-after nomination to one of the oldest and most elite divinity schools in the New World. Department heads and tenured professors noted a level of gravitas in young Weirnam that had never been observed in a doctoral candidate. In his second year he was blessed and anointed the Prefect of Students, an honor traditionally reserved a third-year student. When questioned by authorities, the school administrators were nonplussed.

That does not sound like the Eb Weirnam that I know, one administrator responded.

Oh, how terrible, an assistant professor responded, holding her fingers over her mouth. *All I can say is that he was not always that way.*

He worked for me as Prefect, said the Dean of Men, *he was the most gifted Doctoral candidate that I have ever seen.*

Detective Seamus O’Keefe was the first witness sworn-in to testify in the case regarding the carnage discovered at Reverend Weirnam’s winter estate on the Potomac. O’Keefe presented the court a demonstration of the experimental system that some law enforcement professionals were using to follow-up on leads from the community.

“It works this way,” said the detective, using a wooden pointer with plastic tip and a blueprint mounted on four-by-four cardstock supported by a wooden easel.

“The information comes in from unrelated sources . . . ,” he continued as he pointed at symbols on the perimeter of the blueprint. “ . . . data elements are stored at these collection points, and merged here.” He retraced the path of information for the jury and responded to several questions.

The attorney for the defense cross-examined O’Keefe questioning the efficacy of the system that led him to Weirnam’s estate.

“Yes, yes, that’s correct,” responded the detective, “the reports are filed anonymously.”

“Your Honor, let the record state that this information is inadmissible in a court of law.”

O’Keefe relaxed in the witness stand, already knowing that the leads were not admissible.

I’m just interested in the truth, thought O’Keefe. *Don’t give a damn about admissibility.*

What had eluded local law enforcement from Leesburg was that there had been no reports of accidents or incidents of any kind by Reverend Weirnam or his neighbors. True, each neighbor was separated by two or three miles as each residence was a sprawling estate bordering the south bank of the Potomac.

*Besides, O’Keefe thought, Weirnam is a respected member of the community – Loudon County. Bastard even has three vineyards in Shenandoah – the valley. **HAD** three vineyards.*

O’Keefe knew that Weirnam had established himself as the darling of northern Virginia after the war. While his counterparts were enlisting and receiving commissions to fight the Nazis in Belgium and France, Weirnam stayed behind to set the stage for a new reality for the post-war era.

He volunteered to serve as chaplain for more than a dozen fraternal organizations whose members included public officials who were elected to serve but served themselves instead. For Weirnam, these new friends were very easy to find. They were hidden in plain view.

What was lost on the voting public was what the hell this so-called man of the cloth brought to the party.

Induction ceremonies in the oak-paneled library of the oldest and most exclusive DC club were concluded in the same way.

“Harold, we’ve saved the best for last. (Pause) I want to introduce you to our chaplain.”

Applause

“Stewart, you know I’m not a religious man, I’m a . . .”

Any objection to ‘new religion’ dissipated as soon as the new member saw Reverend Weirnam part the velvet curtains and step onto the stage. He was dressed in Italian silk, white shirt, electric blue ‘power’ tie, and Testoni Norvegese black calfskin

shoes.

Rather than the expected ‘congratulations’ or brief benediction, the newly initiated member of the tribe was presented something else, something that left him shaken but standing.

As Weirnam began, he looked directly at the new member with the eyes of compassion and love expected only from a cherished family member, favorite aunt or uncle, or beloved grandfather. Although the subject was often thirty- or even forty-years his senior, young Weirnam imparted the blessing with the confidence and wisdom of a man far more experienced in the things of life and love.

And this blessing was no ethereal grasping at cliché pleasantries and well-wishing that the new members of the audience had all expected and experienced in other venues. The seasoned members of this ancient club knew that this Weirnam rendering carried the import of a two-thousand-pounder scoring a direct hit on its target. This inductee would now be touched to the very marrow and would hear that which he was now fully prepared to receive. All of this would cause him to weep uncontrollably like all the others preceding him. At the same time, were he in control of his faculties during the ceremony (which he could never be), he would have begged Weirnam to continue and to never stop.

Whatever transpired between the early days of his chaplaincy and the present day was not known to the masses. What was known, however, was that Reverend Ebenezer Weirnam was no longer ordained by the Lutheran Church, Missouri Synod, and that he somehow transformed himself into a master manipulator on par with a Rasputin or Svengali.

Whether this talent was inherent or self-taught none could say. As for the root of this influence, only a handful were close

enough to him to hypothesize that Weirnam himself was either the Hand of God, or the tool of the Devil, something in-between, or indeed nothing at all. No member of the inner circle dared ask him directly. Each life member of this true inner circle was pleased to accept the blessing and all that it carried. Most bore their individual mantles of responsibility be they great or small, willingly, and not grudgingly nor of necessity.

His victims came in all shapes and sizes. Some outsiders referred to him as an equal opportunity psychopath, but that included only a few, less than a dozen who somehow knew him very well.

None dared challenge him in open debate. And why should they? He had won over all legitimate authority, most of whom were men. And that's another thing, almost all of his puppets were men, in fact they all were. All except the lovely and talented Charlene. But she met her untimely fate along with the others, along with the men that were under his power.

Some thought it peculiar that he appeared in public only with men. But if you think about it Reverend Weirnam was merely demonstrating a level of consistent loyalty that is characteristic of only a few. Freud and Jung may tell you that he sought out the approval of these wealthy and powerful men. Glasser and Rogers would applaud his empathy for those in positions of great responsibility. Perls would define Weirnam's familiarity with the rarified atmosphere of the inner circle as his gestalt. And Frankl would conclude that his peculiar tendencies shed a glimmer of light on the Reverend's *raison d'être*, and answered the one question that we all ask ourselves – Why am I here?

And what of this Charlene? A question that many would ask once the truth began to emerge. What were his intentions? How could he influence a beautiful and talented woman like

Charlene? Manipulating men is easy they would say, the women examining the facts would say. ‘Men are easy to manipulate, they are so simple, so base. They only have one moving part.’ But Charlene, what could she have possibly seen in him? A woman so talented, so smart, so beautiful, and having so much to live for. ‘Is this the same Charlene?’ they will ask. ‘A Weirnam confederate?’ they will ask. ‘The one called by the secret name Χηλή or the ‘claw’ in English?’ they will come to ask. And the one that tried to get her ‘hooks’ in Monty, they will wonder in amazement years from now.

‘How could she have ever allowed herself to be manipulated by him? By Weirnam?’ they would ask. And yet they will all be asking the wrong question.

And still we tarry, for we have a purpose in this brief history that we will reveal to you now and not later.

Much has been written about the one they knew so little about during his short time on earth. Much more will be written as the facts emerge. Decades from now professional journals and doctoral dissertations will defend the claim that Weirnam stood above all others as the most noble man of the century, perhaps the millennium. Some will emphasize his benevolence, others his humanity, still others his stateliness and grace. Footnotes and parenthetical documentation will reference the famous names of respected lawmakers, poets, clergy, and royal families that knew him. Charlene’s name will be mentioned in passing as an example of Weirnam’s appreciation of great talent, great talent demonstrated by men *and* women. Yet she would be the only woman mentioned.

While the world openly praised the man and still do, only a few know his true nature. And that they kept to themselves. There was nothing of value to be gained in a vain attempt to expose the true nature of the man who carried the title

‘Reverend’ and yet was somehow no longer associated with the Lutheran Church.

The few that knew him maintained a quiet lookout for evidence that he was at work. At work behind the scenes.

And now we come to the place where we tie the incomplete story of the late Reverend Ebenezer Weirnam to one of the tenets of living and loving at SpringPark.

Only a handful knew of the surreptitious dealings of Weirnam with his inner circle. These included Monty Post, Donna Prime, Detective Seamus O’Keefe, and one or two others. But for all that was not openly known about his life’s work, a great deal was known about the effects of his retribution.

For it was in the hallowed halls of SpringPark and the Library in particular where the conclusion based on evidence was presented that ‘Reverend Weirnam’s enemies be they great or small, all meet their end in accidents that could have been prevented’. Accidents. Some accidents so implausible that the actions leading up to them earned the label ‘Dummy Procedure’.

Every conflict presents an opportunity, a benefit. As the SpringPark leadership team seeks ways to unravel the tangled mess that Weirnam left behind as a gift for all humanity, others go to work each day to offer instruction in ways to prevent accidents. True accidents. Accidents that are now caused by inattention or lack of understanding. Accidents caused by foolishness or bad behavior. And yes, accidents that are caused by and fall under the apt heading ‘Dummy Procedure’.

As you curl up with this copy of the SpringPark **SAFETY BIBLE**, remember that these ninety-second safety minutes are not for you alone. Teach your children, teach your

children's children. Share these with your friends, neighbors, and relatives. Share them where you work and play, where you meet and greet others, where you worship. Use these and use these well at social gatherings, club meetings, weddings, funerals, and Bar mitzvahs. With each safety minute that you dispense, know that you are transferring wisdom to a peer, to a group, or to the next generation. With each safety minute dispensed you will be taking part in the timeless craft of tribal story-telling. And in doing so you will share in the blessings and grace that flow from verbally passing along knowledge and wisdom the way that we do it at SpringPark. And as you and I know, life's better here at SpringPark.

Although the source of this knowledge is diabolical, just remember that all knowledge is good if used for the greater good. So use this knowledge and use it well my friend and you will see the truth in it. All knowledge however gained is good, and all knowledge used well for the betterment of others fosters life, and love, and grace for the wellbeing of all – all peoples, all races, all colours, all creeds, and all, just like we do here at SpringPark.

For ever and ever. Amen.

Safety Minute 58-2045. Influenza – The Gift that Keeps on Giving

‘The gift that keeps on giving’ was first commercially trademarked in the US by a phonograph manufacturer in 1925. The trademark has expired.

Last year’s East Asian ‘flu’ outbreak caused one million confirmed deaths worldwide and may be responsible for another estimated million deaths this year. This is the second major global killer following the Spanish ‘flu’ outbreak in 1918 that continued into 1919.

The recent Asian ‘flu’ outbreak was caused by a virus known as influenza A subtype H2N2, or Asian flu virus. Researchers at King’s College in London concur that the Asian virus is actually a hybrid strain (cocktail) consisting of avian influenza and human influenza viruses.

Nostradamus predicted that we need to hunker down for another global ‘contagious respiratory disease’ in the next ten-to twenty-years. Jean Dixon, a well know psychic holds that WWII will start by the end of this year so we may not need to worry about influenza any more. But then again, you may want to stock your Civil Defense fallout shelters with a few ampules of ‘flu’ vaccine.

The inventory of Spanish flu vaccine is exhausted (beware of counterfeits), but there is a surplus of British vaccine available from the Crown Colony of Hong Kong being dumped on the market. I guess with the Asian flu running its course they don’t expect strong demand for an Asian flu vaccine until the next century. The Soviets are brewing a batch of Ural Mountain flu vaccine, and the Brazilians are getting in on the game with a Rio de Janeiro cocktail that includes inactive virus imported from East Germany. The pink sheet stock traders are offering shares of pharmaceutical firms that distribute flu vaccine, but watch

out for ‘pump and dump’ schemes.

If you have a ‘friend at the factory’ we can recommend stockpiling Hong Kong H2N2 (or derivative), Brisbane 1943, Johannesburg 1951, or Tokyo 1952. These carry the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval and have been certified ‘inactive’ by Underwriters’ Laboratory (UL). All four have a robust secondary market.

Tips and Techniques for Friends and Family

First, who should get the vaccine? Line up the kids aged six-months through age nineteen. Then line up grandma and grandpa ages fifty and older. Anyone aged twenty through forty-nine should ‘gut it out’ unless they have:

- Chronic medical condition or weak immune system,
- Patients in nursing homes or receiving long-term care,
- Persons at risk for complications of the flu (pneumonia),
- Caregivers for any of the above,
- Caregivers for children six-months or younger,
- Pregnant women or their caregivers, and
- Children younger than six months.

Second, who else should NOT get the vaccine? Be sure to consult with your physician if you or a family member suffer from these conditions:

- Persons with allergies to eggs or egg products,
- Those with neurological disorders (Guillain-Barre, epilepsy),
- People with a fever, acute respiratory ailment, or infection,
- Patients that have a mercury-based preservative sensitivity.

Third, While some patients have negligible side effects: some experience soreness at the site of inoculation, low grade fever, aches, runny nose, headache, sore throat, and cough.

Safety Minute 63-2713. Rogue Sniper – Civil Defense White Paper

A moment of silence for the late President John Fitzgerald Kennedy, may you rest in peace.

In light of the violent assassination of our beloved President John F. Kennedy, Civil Defense Director William P. Durkee recommends that citizens tune their radio dials to Radio Free SpringPark for a most salient and somber ninety-second safety minute.

The Soviet threat is looming and the cancer of Communism is creeping steadily toward the equator in Asia, Eastern Europe, Central America, and steadily northward to the equator in South America and Africa. In light of the near certainty of nuclear war and copycat snipers after the brutal assassination of our President, the following steps are recommended:

Tips and Techniques for Friends and Family

First, in the presence of an active sniper (shooter) be prepared mentally and physically to take action. If you are caught outside of your nuclear fallout shelter in the presence of an active shooter remember that you have three courses of action:

- Run,
- Hide, and
- Fight

Runners: Be sure to have an egress route and plan in mind, then run like hell! To optimize your chances for survival:

- Evacuate even if others elect to remain behind,
- Leave your book bags, back packs, briefcases behind (5Bs),
- Bring others with you as long as they will also ‘run like hell’,
- Don’t move the wounded, but do dial ‘O’ for Operator,
- Keep your hands visible while exiting kill zone and when entering the safe zone.

Hiders: Find a good hiding spot outside of the sniper's line-of-sight. If possible pull doors closed behind you, then lock or barricade doors as a deterrent. Indiscriminate snipers seek to inflict mass casualties (law of large numbers). By hiding behind a locked door a busy sniper will look for easier targets and pass you by. Once inside a locked room or barricaded office, look for a rotary or push button phone to alert authorities. If in an office, bring the telephone and cord and hide under the desk to make your call. This will muffle your voice and not alert a sniper to your presence. Speak slowly and distinctly and tell the telephone Operator to summon the authorities (police, fire, ambulance). Provide your name, location, and situation. Tell her that you have an active sniper (shooter) on the scene.

Fighters: Attack the shooter(s) when in imminent danger. If multiple shooters, pick the runt of the litter and attack. Strive for maximum 'punch', use martial arts (Kung Fu, Jujitsu, etc.). Use improvised weapons (gardening equipment, pots and pans, fire extinguishers, sporting goods, motor vehicles). Return fire if armed, aim small to miss small, and use Kentucky windage.

Second, when law enforcement arrives, be sure to raise your hands and follow instructions.

The first law enforcement team to arrive at the scene will be in hot pursuit of the sniper with the goal to 'take him down'.

The next response team will treat and remove the injured.

Once the response team comes back for you, plan to give a statement, follow more instructions, and don't leave until instructed to do so.

Do remain calm and follow instructions, drop what you're carrying, raise hands, and spread fingers, and keep hands visible.

Don't yell or scream, don't lunge at the officers, don't run down the hall yelling 'we're all going to die'.

Safety Minute 65-0389. Charcoal Grills – Use Good Judgement and Grill Safe this Summer

More than 1,300 vacationers suffered grievous bodily harm this Independence Day.

The hapless outdoor barbecue grill can be the cause of serious injury and catastrophic disaster if mixed with bad judgement:

Tips and Techniques for Friends and Family

First, follow the manufacturer's recommendations for safe operation of your back yard charcoal grill. Remember, the three ingredients that faster safe operation of a charcoal grill.

- Charcoal briquettes,
- Charcoal lighter fluid, and
- Source of ignition

Be sure to use only bagged charcoal Briquettes and Charcoal Lighter Fluid (slow burning) bearing the Good Housekeeping seal of approval.

- Keep the briquettes dry to prevent excess moisture or water-logged briquettes.
- Do not use any of the 'enes' or 'tones' to light your charcoal grill. Dummy Procedure includes: using gasoline, naphthalene, acetone, cigarette lighter fluid, or carbon tetrachloride to light the briquettes.
- Do soak the briquettes with a modest amount of charcoal lighter fluid, and allow the fluid to soak into the briquettes before applying the ignition source.
- Use the twelve- or fourteen-inch matches to light the grill. This provides an ample margin between the griller and the flame. Don't use book matches, short stick matches, or Zippo lighters that put the operator in close proximity to the flammable mixture of charcoal and the fluid.

Preventable disasters include:

- One innovative backyard griller attempted to use the charcoal grill in the garage during a thunderstorm. He placed a modest amount of charcoal lighter fluid on the briquettes, let the fluid soak in, then lit the briquettes on fire with a twelve-inch fireplace match. When the wind shifted and the torrential downpour entered the garage horizontally, he closed the garage door. His wife came down to see how the meat was coming along and found him coughing uncontrollably in the enclosed space of the garage. She looked around and noticed that sources of additional fuel were within ten feet of the glowing briquettes: the car, the lawnmower, the snow blower, and two red plastic gas cans – one that was full and the other half-full. See Safety Minute 59-0073. *The Backyard Killer and the Backyard Griller.*
- A less fortunate griller made the mistake trying to light briquettes that had been left outside after last weekend's festivities. They were soaked with water. He followed the correct procedure of spraying the briquettes with charcoal lighter fluid, but they were already fully saturated with water. The fluid burned but the briquettes remained wet and black. Her tried it again to no avail. The fire department was called by a neighbor when his third attempt to use the last of the charcoal lighter fluid generated only a miserable blue flame. Since he had used all his matches, he added gasoline to the miserable blue flame and the kids ran like hell off the deck. He over-poured the gas which erupted into a magnificent orange fireball

that toasted the grape ivy growing in the pergola overhead. When he fell backwards and dropped the gas can on the deck with a tinny ‘cling’, it tipped to the side and discharged most of its contents which ran through the one-quarter inch spaces between the redwood and ignited as it poured into the pea gravel below the deck. He scrambled backwards as his wife looked on with horror from behind the sliding glass door in the kitchen. When the Fire Marshall arrived one of the fireman asked ‘Arson?’ The older man shook his head and said ‘No, stupidity’.

Avoid Dummy Procedure, follow these helpful hints:

- Don’t use ‘gas’ or cigarette lighter fluid
- Keep the grill away from the house
- Don’t use the grill in the garage
- Don’t add accelerant to an open flame
- Don’t let the kids take turns lighting the grill

Safety Minute 63-1701. Boating Dangers – Those Deadly Inboard Engines

More than 170 private pleasure boats with inboard engines exploded during the one-hundred days of danger last summer. These innocuous-looking cabin cruisers and cigarette boats look sleek and elegant as they gracefully carve across ponds, lakes, and the open seas. But don't be fooled, an explosive cocktail of oxygen, fuel vapor, and the occasional spark may be hiding in the engine bay – *your* engine bay.

As you know from freshman chemistry, the ambient air contains 78.08 percent nitrogen, 20.95 percent oxygen, plus a number of other elements including the 'noble' gasses helium, neon, argon, krypton, xenon, and radon. I guess the other elements are ignoble (chuckle, chuckle). Those include carbon dioxide (molecule), methane (molecule), nitrogen oxide (molecule), hydrogen, and hydrogen dioxide (molecule, water vapor), and ozone (molecule). While not the only flammable ingredient in air, oxygen is present in sufficient volume to be your chief concern when operating your inboard engine.

To generate fire below deck, we all know that you need a.) fuel, b.) oxygen, and c.) an ignition source. To create a violent explosion though, you also need d.) all of the above (chuckle, chuckle) in an enclosed space. The engine bay of your inboard boat provides that as well.

Tips and Techniques for Friends and Family

First, boat manufacturer are well aware of the deadly elixir that is brewing in the engine compartment of your inboard boat. After decades of jury trials and large settlements for the victims of explosions of boats, manufacturers have finally started adding fresh air intakes, fans, and fuel vapor exhaust ports on boats with inboard engines.

Ninety-three percent of all pleasure craft explosions occur at

the moment of engine start. In these cases, the fuel vapor enriched air in the engine bay was only waiting for the unsuspecting ‘captain’ to start the engine. Ignition to the starter motor and the spark plugs provided the missing ingredient – all that was needed for a spectacular explosion.

Procedure: First, before turning the ignition ‘on’ and pressing the starter button, be sure to visually inspect your engine bay’s fresh air intakes and exhaust ports for obstructions, then run the fan to expel the deadly mixture of air and fuel vapor. Listen to make sure that the fan is operating, and watch your vent exhaust streamers to confirm that the engine bay is ventilating. Second, start your engine. Sailors who reverse the procedure and start the engine first get mixed results (chuckle, chuckle).

Second, just like the ninety-two year old man in Pennsylvania who spontaneously combusted in his living room, your boat can explode without an open flame source and without the ignition switch. It is still important to keep the engine bay clear of oily rags, trash, and other debris that can trigger spontaneous combustion.

Spontaneous combustion occurs when fuel (any type of fuel) begins to oxidize, increase in temperature, and finally ignite with no external spark or flame.

It works like this: the farmer will tell you about the bales of wet hay that were stuffed into his new barn all winter. Gravity provided pressure and bacteria occurring naturally in the environment began to decompose the wet hay under pressure. The heat built up in the middle of the hay could not escape and finally reached the point of ignition (150 – 160 degrees Fahrenheit). Our farmer saw the hay smoldering and was smart enough to call the fire department. He had learned this lesson from a less fortunate farmer who began to unload the smoldering hay from his barn, exposed the deadly mixture to

fresh oxygen from the atmosphere, and saw the hay and barn go up in flames.

An engine bay stuffed with greasy and oily rags will provide the heat and fire needed to ignite the fuel-enriched vapor in the engine bay, and that with no external spark or flame at all. Just like the hay, the greasy and oily rags will begin to generate heat in a closed compartment. The heat trapped in a closed space will not dissipate, but will continue to build until the ignition (autoignition) point is reached (450 – 460 degrees).

Third, be sure to check the fuel tanks, spare gas cans, gas caps, fuel lines, fittings, and fasteners. By limiting the presence of fuel leaks and fuel spills in the engine bay, you will limit the excess fuel vapor that supports combustion and explosion.

Just as high school counselors and parents tell their students to ‘keep pregnancies to a minimum’ (chuckle, chuckle), take a few lessons learned from experienced sailors and boat-owners and keep inboard boat explosions to a minimum (chuckle, chuckle).

Lagniappe:

Keep open flames and smoking materials away from the engine bay and fuel tanks.

Don’t let the ‘kids’ start the boat, and don’t assume that others know the dangers of inboard engines.

And as always, remember that ‘safe boating is no accident’.

Safety Minute 63-1702. Boating Dangers – The Deadly Top Twelve Inches

Last summer we shared a ninety-second safety minute called ‘fast facts about deadly swamp creatures’. One fast fact that generated the most number of letters from our Radio SpringPark home audience covered the adult alligator’s ability to ‘hide’ in only three inches of standing water. Just like the middle-aged ‘swinger’ on the prowl (chuckle, chuckle), the ‘gator has the ability to look ‘skinny’ in only three inches of water.

Ask your golfing friends and family if they would recommend shagging lost golf balls on the edge of a Florida or Georgia lake or pond protected with tall grasses and undergrowth. Their resounding opinion should be ‘Hell no, there’s ‘gators in that swamp’.

This year we’ll take the our recommendation one step further for the benefit of our sportsmen – and ladies – who prefer to ease the ski boat or pontoon boat into the water in the warmer climes. This will tell you what you need to know about the dangers lurking on the surface and in the top twelve inches – just below the surface.

Tips and Techniques for Friends and Family

First, alligators hiding in only three inches of water leading up to the bank of the pond or lake can easily ‘hide’ in the top foot of water, just below the surface. Crocodiles hang out in rivers and swamps just one continent away, pick up catchy names like ‘African submarine’ for a very good reason.

‘Gators and Crocs, both claiming to have been here first (chuckle, chuckle) may have a point. Having survived at least one ice age, the extinction of their fellow dinosaurs, and the hunters that lust after their hides (chuckle, chuckle), our ferocious friends *may* have a point. They were here first, and

they are pretty good at hiding until they move to attack!

Second, treat any obstructions on the surface as a potential 'gator. Sure kids, that may just be a log or a branch, but it could be an alligator! In most cases, the point is moot. Whether cutting a wake across a glass-smooth Alabama lake or pulling a skier or two through a holler, plan ahead to avoid the dangers lurking on or just below the surface.

Floating logs and branches can cause untold damage to the hull, rudder, and propeller of any boat skimming across the surface. The same can cause grievous bodily harm to skiers, inner tube riders, and hot-doggers being towed behind the boat. Keep alcohol consumption to a minimum and have a spotter looking back at whoever you are towing behind the boat.

By treating anything seen on the water's surface or just below as a 'gator, you'll be taking appropriate action even if it just a log or a tree branch.

Never intentionally run over an object in the water (unless its your 'ex'. (chuckle, chuckle)

Always assume the worst if a skier or rider falls off or drops off and ends up in close proximity to an object in the water.

Third, a 'smooth as glass' lake is dandy but don't spend too much time in the hollers or quiet channels of the pond or lake. Not a few power boat drivers have sought 'smooth water' and unknowingly pulled their skiers or riders through a water moccasin nest or a hatch of new baby 'gators. The problem of course is that 'mommy and daddy' are very close even if you cannot see them (chuckle, chuckle).

One unfortunate power boater pulled his waterskiing brother-in-law into a cozy holler to catch some 'smooth water'. The skier fell off when the driver of the boat made a too sharp turn at the end of the holler and the rope slacked into the water. The wife was the spotter and she started screaming

uncontrollably when about a dozen ‘gators scrambled from their hiding places on the shore to check out the new item on the menu (chuckle, chuckle).

The woman’s hysterical screams caught the attention of other boaters including a bass boat fisherman who was a cub reporter for The Times-Picayune, on holiday from N’Orleans. He along with ten or fifteen other boats flew to the rescue and scooped the brother-in-law out of the water just as the first ‘seating’ was closing in.

He got the scoop that he was looking for and his catchy headline appeared the next day: ‘The Holler in the Holler’.

Lagniappe

Some will say that ‘they’re more afraid of us than we are of them’. It may be true, but don’t count on it.

If you are being towed by the boat and drop off or fall off, get back into the boat as fast as you can. Faster if you hear someone say ‘look at that log, it’s moving pretty fast’ (chuckle, chuckle).

Water moccasin nests don’t look like much from the top of the lake, but the infernal mass of squirming wildlife can extend ten or fifteen feet below the surface.

And if you are being chased in the water don’t spend too much time trying to remember if it is an alligator or a crocodile. Just get out of the water.

And remember, safe boating is no accident.

Safety Minute 63-1703. Boating Dangers – Plan Ahead and Avoid Dummy Procedure'

Safe power boating requires experience, planning, and good judgement on land and sea. Safety minutes are designed to build your experience based on lessons-learned and commercial best practices of others. Planning is something that we all need to do (this safety minute offers helpful hints for planning). And good judgement is both nature and nurture. Face it, some people have better 'safety intuition' than others. This ninety-second safety minute is designed to present scenarios that test your judgement. If your judgement is not at the level required for safe execution of the mission, let's work together to build your situational awareness.

Another way to look at safe boat operations is to eliminate the common factors that contribute to an environment described as 'excessively precarious'. The individual actions and conduct that contribute to an overall state of endangerment best described as arbitrary and capricious.

SpringPark royalty has established a term for this level of irresponsible neglect for safe operations as Dummy Procedure.

Tips and Techniques to Eliminate Dummy Procedure

First things first, most successful outings on a boat or watercraft involve good planning and preparation. Exercise: review the good boating practices followed by the repercussions of unwise and foolhardy practices (identified as Dummy Procedure).

a.) Meet with marina staff to understand the preventative maintenance actions that have been completed. Watercraft systems include the power plant, steering, ignition, emergency systems, fuel systems, marine lighting and air horn, bilge and pump operations.

Dummy Procedure: one marina established at a military installation was manned by white collar criminals incarcerated at

this ‘club fed’. The prison warden could not allow the convicts to operationally test the outboard engines in the nearby Alabama River. The prisoners came up with a method for testing the engines in a fifty-five gallon drum filled with water from a garden hose. This activity was categorized as a **Dummy Procedure** when the inmate set the throttle at mid-range, started the engine, and watched in horror as the propeller flushed most of the water out of the drum. The lack of resistance over-spun the engine, began to quickly overheat the engine and throw bearings, then it caught fire and exploded.

b.) Perform a walk-around inspection of the boat trailer and systems *before* allowing the marina staff to lower the boat onto the trailer using the gantry. Humor: That’s the mechanical crane or gantry, not Elmer Gantry in the movie (chuckle, chuckle).

Dummy Procedure is lurking if you accept the trailer if it’s tires and suspension indicate excess wear and potential for failure once the boat is loaded. Other examples of Dummy Procedure include accepting a trailer without tie-downs, unsuitable anchors, or problems with the lights and electrical systems, and a faulty or excessively worn trailer hitch and pintle hook, or missing pintle hook pin.

c.) The trailer has been fully inspected and the boat is loaded and secured on the trailer. Now it is time to inspect the hull, motor, prop, steering, ladder and the support systems (electrical, fuel, ignition, lights, and most importantly – don’t forget the plug). Most modern pleasure boats have an aft drain plug located at a low point on the hull to allow water that has entered the boat to be drained overboard once the boat is removed from the body of water.

Dummy Procedure is evident if you lower the boat into the water without the plug being in-place and secured. One

unfortunate sailor arrived at the lake after dark and launched the boat from the trailer to get a good tie down on the wharf. He planned to launch at first light to carve up the ‘smooth as glass’ water the next morning. Unfortunately, the plug was in the boat but it was not installed in the drain hole. When he got up the next morning to pre-flight the boat it had turned into a submarine. Oops.

d.) Use caution as you drive from the boat storage area to the lake, you have a big load back there. Assuming that you have used exceptionally good judgement pre-flighting and loading the boat on the trailer, don’t be in too big a hurry getting to the water. Expect the roads to become narrower and have more twists and turns as you get closer to the lake.

Dummy Procedure here would be running your nice boat and trailer off the road due to excessive speed on country roads.

e. Backing into the boat launch area be sure to use a spotter.

Second, just like the ninety-two year old man in Pennsylvania who spontaneously combusted in his living room, your boat can explode without an open flame source and without the ignition switch. It is still important to keep the engine bay clear of oily rags, trash, and other debris that can trigger spontaneous combustion.

Spontaneous combustion occurs when fuel (any type of fuel) begins to oxidize, increase in temperature, and finally ignite with no external spark or flame.

Lagniappe:

Test and use the dead-man’s switch that will shut the engine off if the driver falls overboard. Don’t laugh, some adults get on boat and start drinking way too much.

Also make sure the kids wear a life vest. Make the adults were ‘em too if they consume too much alcohol. So always have one life vest for everyone on board.

Safety Minute 64-2309. Under the Boardwalk – Deadly Dangers Lurking Underfoot

The Drifters came out with a groovy new song this week. *Under the Boardwalk* written by Kenny Young and Arthur Resnick. (Play the 45 rpm single on the Rockola, drop the podium mic to pick up the speaker)

Sounds nice doesn't it. (Start finger poppin' and get the conference attendees to join in). Mmmmmm, sounds nice doesn't it. Hot dogs and French fries, yeah, that's for me!

Okay, so it looks like everything is great. Nice day, clear blue sky. But what was that? Carousel? Did he say carousel? They sure did, 'the happy sound of a carousel'.

Okay so we all know from *Safety Minute 63-1296. Top Ten Ways to Die at the Carnival* that roller coasters are the deadliest, then Ferris wheels and cable rides, next in line are water rides, and finally spinning rides (carousels and those deadly 'tea cup and saucer rides').

The SpringPark Safety Officer briefed you all on the hidden dangers of deferred maintenance last month to kick off the 'One-Hundred Deadly Days of Summer'. Then she showed a few pictures of the 'carney' workers who set up and maintain the rides. Man, oh man what a crew. (chuckle, chuckle)

So let's cover the best way to keep your family and kids safe this summer.

First, beware of boardwalk madness. We all love the Ferris wheel, tilt-a-whirl, and the roller coaster, don't we? But the number one cause of deaths is deferred maintenance, followed closely by Dummy Procedure. These faux pas (pronounced 'paz') could include anything from standing up on a sit down ride to not using the restraint mechanism that is there to protect you during the ride. Note: if the seat belt or lap bar is not working properly, start screaming and get the hell out of the ride! Once

the operator engages the drive it's probably too late. If a ride looks bad it probably is. Help your kids make smart choices on which rides to take. Remember, the safety minute is not just for you, pass the wisdom along to the next generation.

Second, after the rides watch out for deadly dangers in the surf and sand. Last year we got the report of the horrible shark attack down under. Man what a story. Well sharks don't just attack in Australia. They get around a bit more than that. Florida and North Carolina are popular locations for sharks, they like nice beaches too. Probably because of the snick-snacks in the water (chuckle, chuckle).

Other surf and sand dangers include the rip tides that can drag you out to sea and make you swim back. Watch out for lagoons and inland waterways that are fed by the ocean and drain fast as the tide is receding. True story: I grabbed a kid that was in the lagoon and thought the ride in the receding water was 'cool'. As the channel narrowed the water began to flow out to sea faster and faster. I could tell by the look on his face that she was scared spitless and needed help. I dug in and reached out to grab him and almost got pulled in myself. Phew, what a rescue! I'd do it again, but the best thing we SpringParkers can do is educate the community on these dangers so they don't happen too frequently.

Question: Which is easier, walking against a receding tide or swimming? Correct, swim on the surface. The pressure of fast-moving water is unbelievable. Also, if you can float and swim on the surface of the water, you stand a better chance of not getting dragged under and pulled out to sea (that's why they call it undertow).

Another question: What do you do if you *are* pulled under and dragged out to sea. Also correct: hold your breath and let the rip-tide take you out. By not fighting the current (you can't

anyway) you will keep your lungs filled for floatation and will use less oxygen. Since you are lighter than the water, you will eventually pop to the surface. If you don't fight, you'll have preserved your strength for the long swim back to the beach. In this case, swim away from the current that pulled you out to sea. Swim on top of the water on your way back.

Any questions?

Okay now let's cover two Dummy Procedures while we are still discussing surf and sand, then we'll get to number three.

Dummy Procedure (prevention): Use that sunscreen and lather the kids up good, especially babies. Just cover them up with the stuff and give them another layer when they come in from swimming – that stuff washes off. If you run out of Coppertone, try the Desenex, it's in the bag with the baby's diapers. Just smear it on. We heard the Safety Minutes last summer – the kids that got third-degree burns from exposure to the sun at the beach.

Dummy Procedure: It's fun to build sand castles, but last summer some big kids dug a sand tunnel and some little kids crawled in. You guessed it, the tunnel caved in and the parents had to dig them out. Another example of dummy procedure happens every year. Kids dig a hole and stuff one of the little kids into it then they bury him in the sand up to his neck. Then the tide starts coming in and the kid starts screaming and crying. After the parents got involved I don't think anyone thought that was a good idea. Remember, one of your responsibilities as a SpringParker is to make sure that you coach and mentor others in the ways to exercise good judgement in all that they do.

Okay, are there any questions? Who has another good example of dummy procedure? Okay then, let's move on to number three.

Third, first aid for the beach. Don't leave home without it. We all

were briefed on the dangers of using carbon tetrachloride to remove road tar from clothing and carpets when at home. I'm not sure how people get road tar on their clothes anyway (chuckle, chuckle) but carbon tet' works, but it is also highly explosive.

So can anyone tell me the substitute for carbon tet' in the home? Woah, looks like you all were paying attention. Correct: eucalyptus oil. Okay so why would you need to remove road tar at the beach? Alright . . . settle down. (chuckle, chuckle)

Here's the answer. Enough suspense. As Donna Prime would say 'Write this down'. (chuckle, chuckle)

So eucalyptus oil is an antidote to jellyfish stings. That's right the little bottles of eucalyptus oil that you have stockpiled for removing road tar from the carpets and clothes also works to cure jellyfish stings. It breaks down the enzymes and it works fast! So be sure to pack a few bottles for your summer trips to the beach. And when your kids come running out of the water screaming and crying have them lay down on the sand and pout one of the three-ounce bottles over the sting. It's easy to find, just look for the red skin and blisters that will form almost immediately and spread the oil all over the affected body parts. The whole bottle. Your patient will be running and playing with the other kids in five minutes. That's it. Any questions?

(Play the 45 again and stick around to answer questions.)

Safety Minute 64-2174. Danger in the Woods

Well, we're closing out the summer and the leaves are getting ready to turn colors. So you have probably heard already, we're taking the Twins on a hike of the AT, the Appalachia Trail that is. Don't get too excited though, this is their birthday surprise. That's why Donna Prime sent them out to the tracks to pick up Coke bottles.

So let's get on with today's ninety-second safety minute.

A question? Go ahead.

Not sure, I don't think any of us know how old the Twins are? Anyone know?

They sure are getting big though (chuckle, chuckle). Better get them graduated soon, they're almost too big now for high school.

So we're going to take them out to Shenandoah National Park – blindfolded – and start the hike to Springer Mountain for an extraction. Springer Mountain in Georgia.

Gotta watch out though, there are lots of things to be careful of on the Trail. It's 2,200 miles long and goes all the way to Mount Katahdin in Maine. Too late in the season for a hike to Maine though.

Okay, so first of all you need to know that there will be a lot of people out on the trail – at least during the day. On popular trails like the AT, you're going to encounter a lot of other people. The Twins will want someone to hold their hands, but we're gonna go single file. When you are making tracks on these trails be sure to stay to the right and tell the interns and yearlings to stay in line. Also, watch out for the sharp turns and turns obscured with foliage. Watch out! You may have hikers coming your way from the other direction.

Second, know that the bigger and badder trails pose more danger. Bad weather is one of the dangers that you can expect. Wild animals too. Just remember that when you get into the

more challenging trails that are higher up, you'll get into some nasty situations that you won't experience in some of the popular trails.

What's that? Banjo music. Right-o. Well, all I can say is if you hear banjo music run like hell! (chuckle, chuckle)

Bears? Sure, but they're more scared of you than we are of them or so they say. Just remember that the bears are out there and keep your head on a swivel, just like when you are piloting one of the SpringPark aircraft. Look all around and don't let yourself get surprised by a bear.

Outrun a bear? Only a few of us can do that. I was hiking in Taos, New Mexico a few years back and saw a lumbering black bear before he saw me. What's that? Oh, I ran like hell. Across three berms. Put a little dirt between him and me. What's that? Can I outrun a bear? Well maybe. But really, all I have to do is outrun you (chuckle, chuckle), but you've heard that one before.

But seriously, don't plan to outrun a bear, just make plenty of noise and you won't see them at all.

What's that? Daniel Boone? No way SpringParker, don't care how big your hunting knife is. The bear's got ten of 'em, five on each paw.

Okay yearlings, let's get back to the safety minute. I've only got ninety seconds to prepare you for the danger in the woods (chuckle, chuckle).

And finally, remember to let someone know where you are going. *Just like when you are filing your flight plan for a road trip or a cross-country flight.*

And there aren't any telephones up there (chuckle, chuckle), and I don't think they make extension cords that long . . . yet (chuckle, chuckle).

The End.

Safety Minute 63-3619. Holiday Cooking and the Cannon of Death

Okay kids, it's been a while before we have delivered a brand spankin' new ninety-second safety minute, but here it comes.

So everyone is familiar with the golden oldie Safety Minute 59-0073. The Backyard Killer and the Backyard Griller. We've used this many times before and have retired it into the archives of the SpringPark Library. And you have all seen Monty Post present the backyard killer demonstration in the SpringPark parking lot in preparation for the 100 deadly days of summer.

Remember the fireball that set off alarms in beautiful downtown Herndon? (chuckle, chuckle)

So a quick review is in order before we move on to the subject of today's safety minute. Keep your charcoal grill off the wooden deck and away from the house. Don't set up the grill in the garage or an enclosed place where asphyxiation or smoke inhalation can occur. And remember, carbon monoxide is a colorless, odorless gas. *Okay Freshies, very funny, settle down in the cheap seats (chuckle, chuckle).*

So keep your grill away from storage areas where you keep gas cans, paint, turpentine, acetone, and carbon tet'.

Next, keep your charcoal dry so that it will ignite properly and you won't be tempted to douse the briquettes with gasoline.

Squirt the charcoal lighter in the briqs and let the fluid sink in before you apply the flame with a long match or a chicken stick.

Okay so now we'll move on to the matter at hand – a brand new safety minute 'Holiday Cooking and the Cannon of Death'.

(Drumroll by the SpringPark Drum and Bugle Corps)

Monty mounted the conference table and two Charleses wrapped in space blankets, asbestos gloves, and motorcycle helmets with goggles snapped to attention.

'Introducing the new-fangled appliance for cooking your

holiday bird in record time – the deep fat fryer, otherwise known as the cannon of death,’ Monty announced with pride.

‘Set ‘er up right here boys,’ he said, extending his left hand toward the center of the brightly polished mahogany conference table.

The two Charleses moved like the Lost in Space robots in their hastily crafted safety suits, and carefully lifted what looked like a miniature chrome water tank on a black steel frame.

They moved one step at a time using utmost care not to spill the liquid that was sloshing gently in the tank.

Two Donnas, both yearlings, moved quickly to lay down a SpringPark bath towel on the conference table where the boys would gently place the feet of the black steel trestles that were supporting the tank.

‘That’s right ladies,’ Monty instructed, ‘mustn’t scratch Donna Prime’s conference table, or there’ll be hell to pay.’ (chuckle, chuckle)

‘Okay now, gently slide the deep fat fryer into the center of the table,’ he added.

Monty clapped twice the way that Donna Prime would do, and dismissed the Donnas and Charleses to take their positions at the perimeter of the Vault and become mere observers for what would become this most salient new and historic safety minute. In keeping with the credo of continuous improvement, all that followed would be cast in the light of the new and improved organizational structure for safety minutes worldwide.

Remember to defrost the turkey *before* immersing it in the highly flammable oil in the tank. Remember to test the correct volume before you place the bird in the tank. The best way to do this is to fill the tank with water, immerse the bird, then mark the correct level once you replace the water with oil.

Safety Minute 65-1056. First Aid – Acetone, the Non-traditional Miracle Compound

Introduction: As a blessing from above, few chemical compounds can hold a candle to Acetone $(\text{CH}_3)_2\text{CO}$. Literally, you **can't** hold a candle to acetone because it is a highly flammable concoction, second only to gunpowder in its mystique.

Tips and Techniques for Friends and Family

First, acetone is one of the most elegant and aesthetic chemical compounds and useful for all manner of healing around the house. Remember, this gift from the Lord of Hosts provides healing for children and adults that experienced a nasty brush with poison oak and poison ivy. Unlike it's nasty big brother Carbon Tetrachloride CCl_4 , acetone can be purchased at a hardware store, a pharmacy, or at the local five-and-dime without a Federal license and without mom or dad's forged signature on the chemical supply house ordering form found in *Popular Science* magazine.

- Acetone is a universal solvent used by women everywhere as a fingernail polish remover. It's like grain alcohol in one respect: if it were not used everywhere by more than half of the population it would probably be illegal or at least listed with other controlled substances. The fact remains that acetone, the most basic of ketones, is widely available, is inexpensive, and works with lightning speed to neutralize the effects of plant-based poisons.
- Acetone is a relatively safe antidote for plant-based enzymes like poison ivy and poison oak that may cause grievous bodily harm. The acetone compound is a resilient and safe when not used in the presence of an open flame. A child or adult that has literally just suffered a 'brush' with a poison plant-based enzyme can apply acetone directly to

the offended surface of the skin to avoid up to two-months of acute dermatological reactions that are best described as painful and ugly. Quick thinking and liberal doses of raw acetone will also eliminate the need for between six and eight painful and embarrassing shots of them more complex and less effective cortisone $C_{21}H_{28}O_5$. In spite of cortisone's more widespread use, it is often considered 'too little, too late' in that it will reduce the inflammation and swelling once the damage has already been done.

- In high school, acetone was voted the most versatile compound with diverse and oft-seen as contradictory capabilities. Acetone, the compound that is used by organized crime as an accelerant is also the compound that competes alongside eucalyptus oil and human urine as a best-in-class antidote to the stings caused by jelly fish enzymes and other animal-based external poisons.

Be sure to keep plenty of acetone on hand in metal containers or in the special non-dissolving plastic bottles that acetone is sold in at drug stores, pharmacies, and beauty supply stores. In summary:

- Acetone therapy for the surface of the skin is economical and can cure what ails you for pennies, in comparison with expensive visits and follow-ups to the doctor's hospital or emergency room.
- Side effects of acetone are amazingly positive in comparison with the deleterious side effects of cortisone that is less effective and way more expensive. Acetone can remove the road tar in your carpets and will also remove warts and zits when applied to the surface of the skin.

Avoid Dummy Procedure, follow these helpful hints:

- Do apply acetone to skin that comes in contact with poison ivy and poison oak when on hiking and

camping trips; but don't apply acetone near the campfire or in the vicinity of open flame lanterns or heaters.

- Do apply acetone to the skin to eliminate oily skin, zits, warts, and plant- and animal based poisons; but don't smoke pipes, cigars, or cigarettes while applying acetone.
- If you do smoke while applying acetone, don't light up! (chuckle, chuckle).
- Adults should always supervise the application of acetone to children.
- And remember, kids should not smoke or play with matches.

Lagniappe:

Remember that acetone will knock the hell out of warts. So if you plan to remove fingernail polish, strip furniture, wash your kids arms and legs after a foray into the poison ivy or poison oak – remember to have the gallon-sized can on acetone on hand. This will leave plenty left over to apply liberally to wart-covered areas on your body.

Too many bumper stickers on your VW microbus?. To remove the bumper sticker but leave the paint, use the SpringPark 'peel and paint' method. Lift the corner of the sticker with your fingernail then .apply acetone with a horse-hair brush (to the exposed underside of the bumper sticker). Just peel and paint as you go then rinse the surface with soapy water.



Safety Minute 65-1063. Food Handling – Safe Food Handling and Food Storage in the SpringPark Kitchens

Introduction: SpringPark leadership is quite familiar with the danger of leaving food out too long when working to prepare the precious bundle for the Drop. It is not uncommon for teams in the Vault, Library, and Studio54 to work the checkerboard for more than forty-eight hours uninterrupted.

Tips and Techniques for Friends and Family

Food-borne bacteria can thrive in temperatures ranging between forty-degrees and one-hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit. Remember these bacteria can double in number in less than twenty minutes:

- Staphylococcus aureus,
- Salmonella, and
- Escherichia coli O157:H7.

These little buggars can multiply like crazy in the 40 – 120 degree zone called the SpringPark food service ‘danger zone’.

Be sure to implement the Dr. Pepper rule (at 10, 2, and 4).

- Make the Twins pick up the half-eaten food and take out the bags of trash and garbage at set intervals (10, 2, and 4).
- Have the nubile virgins and yearlings move edible food from the chafing dishes and soup tureens into the Norge refrigerators in the large kitchen.
- Keep the refrigerator temperatures set at forty degrees F or lower.
- End-of-day clean sweep of the Vault, Library, and Studio54 (Donna Prime needs everyone’s help on this food safety effort).

Avoid Dummy Procedure, follow these helpful hints:

- Haul trash including food service garbage to the dumpster on the loading dock.
- At SpringPark, have the Freshies haul the bags of

uneaten seafood and shellfish to the recycling dumpsters across the back parking lot (beyond the loading dock).

- Don't let the interns graze for snacks in the trash bags that are being moved from the loading docks to the dumpsters.
- Be sure to label leftovers in the Norge refrigerators with the 'Sunday School Picnic' stickers.
- Keep plenty of Moon Pies and Hostess Twinkies available in the mimeograph room. These have a shelf life measured in decades and will keep hungry interns out of the dumpsters during overnight work sessions.



Safety Minute 65-1071. Dirty Hands – The Devil's Playthings

Introduction: SpringParker independent researchers anticipate more than three million cases of influenza and more than a billion cases of cold and flu-like symptoms this year.

More serious cases of virus-caused illness include pneumonia and other symptoms including sore throat, runny nose, fever, headaches, muscle soreness, and cough due to cold.

Tips and Techniques for Friends and Family

First, make sure that the interns and yearlings wash their faces and hands frequently throughout the day. Best practices include:

- After going to the bathroom,
- Before and after meals, and
- Before you tuck them in at night.

Also, teach and train all SpringParkers to keep their fingers away from their:

- Eyes,
- Nose,
- Ears, and
- Mouth

Finally, have the SpringPark Surgeon and Chaplain coordinate mandatory procedures at the start of the cold and flu season:

- Flu shots in the SpringPark parking lot using the virus strains that were isolated from last year's epidemic,
- Portable hand washing stations in all the bathrooms and in the singing showers,
- Face masks for Xenophons and teach SpringParkers to cough and sneeze into a tissue or into their elbow sleeve,
- Daily line-ups in cold and flu season to determine fitness for work in the confined spaces (the Vault, Library, and Studio54), and

- Explicit direction from Donna Prime to ‘stay in your bungalow’ and not report for work when exhibiting any of these symptoms.

Avoid Dummy Procedure, follow these helpful hints:

- Don’t let the Twins lick the frosting on the cupcakes that Donna Prime and Donna Due bake for the kickoff meetings,
- No double-dipping in the Xenophon’s hummus, couscous, and baba ghanoush,
- Don’t let the interns and yearlings push their fingers and thumbs into the bottom of the chocolates (looking for caramels). Teach them to use the ‘map’ that comes with the Whitman’s Sampler
- No more licking the rims of the drinking glasses to reserve your seat at formal sit-down meals, and
- No more working the interns and yearlings up to a frenzy when the SpringPark family doctor is coming over to administer injections to the ‘sickies’.



Safety Minute 65-1074. Heat Stress – Not Just for Crybabies Anymore

Introduction: temperature-related injuries are an increasing threat to summer operations at SpringPark. Caution must be exercised as early as May, and as late as October for the area surrounding beautiful downtown Herndon and in the heavily wooded areas and wetlands in and around SpringPark.

Tips and Techniques for Friends and Family

First, make your interns and yearlings take frequent water breaks and time outs in the shade. Remember, during times of high heat and humidity, body temperatures can hover dangerously above the SpringPark standard of 98.6 degrees Fahrenheit. The interns and yearlings may piss and moan when they are assigned digging and filling duties on hot days out of doors. Charles d’Vine’s graduate-level studies confirmed that times of high heat and humidity can have a deleterious effect on the tender young interns and yearlings working outside.

Immediate danger is evident with symptoms of heatstroke:

- High body temperatures approaching 104 degrees F,
- Hot skin temperature, with wet or dry skin, and
- Rapid, strong pulse that may precede unconsciousness.

When these symptoms are suspected, bring the subject into a cooler environment (the Vault with the Lost in Space robot air conditioner, the Library with its hauntingly ‘freezing’ temperatures, or the Watcher-mobile that Monty keeps ‘ice cold’ year round). Heat exhaustion diagnosed with the following symptoms and may also be considered a medical emergency:

- Heavy perspiration,
- Weakness,
- Cold and clammy skin,

- A quick but weak pulse, and
- Nausea or vomiting that could precede fainting.

As with heatstroke, heat exhaustion victims should be brought into a cool environment, apply cool cloths to lower body temperature and consult the SpringPark surgeon for additional treatment.

Preventable disasters include:

- Interns and yearlings playing outside on super-hot days without sufficient hydration and time-outs to cool down to prevent overheating.
- A SpringParker that was training for the annual marathon ran more than twenty miles on the hot pavement during record high temperatures and collapsed.
- The SpringPark Chaplain was whirling like a Dervish in the back lot on the hottest day of the year, even though Donna Prime and Donna Due begged him to stop and rest. He refused on religious grounds.

Avoid Dummy Procedure, follow these helpful hints:

- Ask the cloud watchers and readers to provide temperature readings on the 100 deadly days of summer,
- Equip the interns and yearlings with water on hot days,
- Bring popsicles out in the candy apple red push cart during the dog days of summer,
- Call safety time-outs when the heat index reads ‘danger’ with temperatures above one hundred degrees F, and relative humilities above 40 percent.
- Have Tree Top tap out a warning in Morse Code when the heat index chart approaches the extreme danger zone. In this case, bring all the interns and yearlings

into the facility for rest and snacks.

Heat-related injuries are no laughing matter. When body temperatures approach 104 degrees F or 40 degrees C, severe bodily harm can result. Overheating can result in damage to the intern's or yearling's brain, heart, kidneys, muscles and if not treated quickly may result in death.



Safety Minute 65-1078. Protection Equipment – Hand Safety to Prevent Grievous Bodily Harm

Introduction: one-third of the workplace injuries at SpringPark are reported to involve the hands and fingers of our tender young interns and yearlings. Notwithstanding the occasional dare or double-dare for an intern to stick a finger in an electrical outlet or cigarette lighter outlet, most hand and finger injuries are easily prevented with good planning.

Tips and Techniques for Friends and Family

First, SpringParkers are not allowed to use a hand tool without the accompanying protective device. Remember interns, your hands and fingers have twenty-five bones, twenty-nine joints, more than one hundred ligaments, thirty-four muscles, and forty-eight nerves. Unprotected finger and hand injuries include cuts and lacerations working with metal equipment and cutting tools without proper hand and finger protection. These include.

- Pinched fingers in the pintle hook, or hand and finger cuts on sharp edges of the tow bar,
- Hand and finger lacerations from sharp edges and bolts in scaffolding and safety fences,
- Hands and fingers caught in doorways and metal-on-metal pinch points when assembling farm equipment,
- Interns and yearlings feeding wood products into the business end of a saw or shredder without using a chicken stick.

Second, each tool and tool type has the accompanying hand and finger protection that is optimized for the task. Be sure to ask Charles d’Vine or Monty Post about the proper hand and finger protection before you start .

- Latex or neoprene gloves won’t help much when using cutting tools,
- Using the supple leather gloves for added cutting-tool

protection may help,

- For cutting jobs use the new chainmail gloves – stainless steel works the best (because it doesn't weaken by oxidation), and
- Talk to the SpringPark meat cutters, they all still have their fingers and hands.

Preventable disasters include:

- One poor victim used a dull pen-knife and suffered a deep cut when applying enough pressure to make the blade slip off of the totem pole that he was carving.
- A less fortunate SpringParker was changing the oil in the Dodge Coronet 500 and not wearing any hand protection. The wrench he was using to loosen the oil drain plug slipped off the bolt and the back of his hand smashed into the sharp metal frame of the Dodge. He experienced a painful gouge to the back of his hand in-between the tendons and had to be rushed to St. Vincent's Hospital Emergency Room.
- Another poor butcher was hacking away at a side of beef in cold storage with no hand protection. Because of the near-freezing temperatures he lost the feeling in his fingers and did not realize that he had chopped two of them off (until it was too late).

Third, think of hand and finger injuries as avoidable dummy procedure.

Avoid Dummy Procedure by reviewing these helpful hints, and keep a copy nearby in your machine shop, at your workbench, or in the walk-in freezer.

- Keep hand and power tools sharp, oiled, and in good shape,
- Have the companion hand and finger protection nearby (each tool has its 'mate'),

- When tool use involves climbing operations, attach the tool to your work belt or harness using a quick-release lanyard,
- If tool use involves scaffolding or ladder operations, use a restraint harness, or for basic ladder use employ a spotter, and
- Report any hand or finger injuries to comply with OSHA and company requirements, and to warn others of mishaps that contribute to hand and finger injuries.



As the Lockheed Super Constellation flew over Halifax, Nova Scotia on the great circle route to ‘home sweet SpringPark’, Monty was called forward to transcribe a very special Morse-Coded message from a dear friend.

“It’s Tree Top, Monty,” said the first officer in a hushed tone.

He relinquished his crew seat to the lion-hearted one who was more than ready to resume day-to-day tactical operations.

This message was personal, though, and as Monty began to transcribe the dots and dashes into his official WATCHER logbook, he began to grin with a level of pride unexpected.

This is good news indeed, he thought.

Safety Minute 63-1111. A Special Presentation for the New Harmonie Safety Olympics

It was common knowledge that Donna Prime had trained and prepared for the annual Safety Olympics hosted by the idyllic New Harmonie last summer – more than a year ago now.

What was known to only few, but would be soon published for all the world to celebrate, was that Donna's performance was judged "Best in Century", and "Best on Record".

This will call for a month-long celebration to commence upon arrival in SpringPark, Monty thought.

Tips and Techniques for Friends and Family

In preparation for the Olympiad, Donna sought the counsel of Her leadership team for the purpose of selecting the category and the event. Then she would keep her own counsel – weighing her decision – until the time of preparation would begin.

For Donna Due, Monty, Charles d'Vine, Donna Quattro, and the Chaplain, they were to maintain their day-to-day responsibilities in and around the Facility until they were summoned by Her Grace.

At the appointed time, Donna Prime stepped forward and announced that she had need of the leadership team. "Meet me in Studio54," was all she said.

Donna Takes the Platform

The opening ceremony with all its pomp and splendor was a matter of historical record now. She had indeed completed all preparation for the event, which included satisfying the centuries-old registration requirements of New Lanark as well as the Olympic Safety Committee's background investigation. She passed all with flying colours.

Donna mounted the platform erected on the eastern bank of the Wabash. She climbed the steps as she looked at the river gently flowing from right to left. Then, she turned to the left to face the assembly of more than three-thousand fellow

Olympians and spectators from around the globe.

She had conquered any fear of the broadcaster's microphone months earlier by 'bending the dream' and by delivering command performances for royal families and heads of state.

In the process of completing all registration requirements, the answer she sought came to her in the form of The-Song-of-the-Day.

When Donna came out of the trance, she knew that she would compete for and set the new world's record for the fastest safety minute with three criteria and three judges in addition to the Olympic timers.

When the starter's pistol fired she stepped into the mike without flinching and heard nothing. Not the roar of the assembly, not the announcers summoning competitors for other events, and not even the sound of her own voice.

Donna was in the zone with the Zeitgeist beneath her wings. She soared like an eagle at that microphone, then at the precise moment – the perfect moment – she brought the toes of her ballet slippers to the edge of the platform and executed a perfect forward three-sixty dismount. She stuck the landing.

As she raised her arms toward the heavens, it was as if the sound engineer had turned the gain on the volume from zero to maximum. The applause swept over her suddenly like a tidal wave and she stood perfectly erect with her arms gracefully overhead, weeping tears of pure bliss.

Following the medal ceremony and the playing of the Star Spangled Banner, Donna prime was spirited away by her Handler. The doors of the Radio Free SpringPark mobile broadcast studio locked behind her and she plopped into the 'hair and makeup' recliner with the satin ribbon of the gold

medal gracing her swanlike neck.

An attendant brought her Moscato. Three others in green medical scrubs moved with trays full of instruments to complete the outpatient surgery – a cut and color before the live broadcast of SpringPark Radio Dinner, less than two hours from now.

For Donna, the gold medal performance was a blur. Let's go live to the broadcast. *Shhhhhh . . .*

. . . Thanks Wes, now let's review the scoring awarded to our new Gold Medal champion . . .

First, her level of preparation was unmatched by any of her would-be rivals. She had left them in the dust. Her confidence was unmatched, but not in a cocky or arrogant way. When Donna's handler asked her if she could repeat the performance, again, 'right now', she simply responded with 'Well . . . yes; yes I could'.

And she had indeed left the nearest finisher far, far behind her as she stuck her landing. Let's take a look at the results for our home audience . . . , then the Penultimate Judge took over, delivering the results in rhythmic staccato (in a Tiny Tim speaker-voice from Chambers):

- *She set the record for formal delivery of a Category A Safety Minute, Competing in the 'Universal' category. For the folks at home, this means that the relevance of the core message of the Safety Minute applies to homes and families across the globe. In no way restricted to a single nation, people, or tribe,*
- *Next, Ms. Prime set the record for the fastest ninety-second Safety Minute with a verified time of 13.5237 seconds, and that was confirmed by our three Olympic timer,*
- *All three timers were weighed-in and were shown to have no perceptual impairment. The ladies weighing-in at 114.582 and 121.193 pounds each had the 6 oz. Gundlach Bundschu Heritage Selection*

Pinot Noir, and registered .02874 and .02632 blood-alcohol level respectively; the gentleman tipped the scale at 337.247 pounds, had two 7 oz. ‘tulips’ of the Mexican Hot Chocolate Imperial Stout, and registered .02943 blood-alcohol level.

- *Donna Prime’s Olympic Safety Scenario (approved by New Lanark) was titled: Parent’s Final Instructions to a Freshman Daughter/Son Being Dropped off at University.*
- *Following Donna’s routine, the judges awarded her top marks for Timeliness; 9.9999 (a perfect score; ‘five nines’),*
- *Under compliance, Her Grace was awarded a near-perfect score (Compliance, 9.9998) based on the past performance verification completed by New Harmonie.*
- *And back to you Wes . . .*

. . . thanks Your Eminence. Now, let’s cover the second series of grades awarded to our champion by the judges. These are non-timed criteria and are the New Lanark qualitatives measured on a ten-point scale.

For the final scores, we’ll go back to your anchor and host twelve-time Gold Medalist in the Safety Olympics, Mr. Gym Fleximotorgerfunkt, hailing from Berlin. Over to you Gym . . .

Thanks Wes, man these mobile broadcast studios are groovy, are these manufactured at SpringPark?

Welllll . . . Gym you know that’s classified – officially, I can neither confirm nor deny . . . ya know what I mean? (chuckle, chuckle)

Juuuust testing Wes . . . (muffled chortling in the background – someone’s hand over the fuzzi-ball protecting the delicate mike . . .)

(Someone mashed down on the mike kill switch – brief silence)

Okayyyy . . . I’m back and this is your host, Mr. Gym – and we’re about to release the quality scores for Miss Donna Prime (pause) each of the quality scores . . . Heeeeere are the numbers!

- *(Wes reading) (pause) Dismount . . . Ten! (insane applause) . . . and as you saw, Donna stuck the landing here at New Harmonie,*

there was no question in the judges' minds; over to you again Gym . .

- (Gym F. reading) *This next category is for the Donnas only (pause) Hair and Makeup (pause) . . . another Perfect Ten! (the applause surged and the Nielsens registered a spike in the Radio Free SpringPark control room) . . . and for our audience at home Donna's outpatient surgery in in beautiful Winchester, Virginia . . . back to you Wes . . .*
- (Wes reading) *Next category (pause) the Good Housekeeping score for Relevance-based scenario, checking the kids into university . . . (pause) . . . wait, wait for it . . . you guessed it . . . Perfect Ten! . . . This one really scored a direct hit with the moms and dads . . . university check-in can be very stressful . . . what a Safety Minute, Gym . . . back to you, for the final two . . .*
- (Gym reading) *Final two categories, Wes . . . both Perfect Tens (the applause surged then surged again) . . . Underwriter's Laboratory **and** the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals . . . (chuckle, chuckle as the gains were slowly turned down) . . . I guess no animals were harmed in the*

Following the broadcast the results were subjected to third-party verification that can take up to a year to complete because of the diverse people groups and sovereignties involved.

Donna Prime's impeccable performance was scrutinized in excruciating details, and found to be 'worthy of full merit and the privileges bestowed during the medal ceremony a little over a year ago.

And now, Monty thought, this is the time to celebrate. Back at SpringPark. Back home. Home sweet home. Oh SpringPark, my SpringPark.

Turning back, Monty witnessed Donna and krewe in full slumber. *Sleep well my Parkers. Sleep well and dream of SpringPark.*

POSTSCRIPT

IN THE YEAR before his untimely death, Post was appointed High Regent, a move on the part of the administration that outraged the researchers and tenured professors. The ancient and honorable position of High Regent carried a mantle of responsibility that not just a few found burdensome. Post embraced the responsibility and reveled in his opportunity to pass along his collective knowledge to more than seventy-five exceptional students enrolled in Law 400 – Marriage and Family for Commanders.

When word of the syllabus and the name of the instructor were whispered in student-led study groups and faculty-led coffee klatches, the response was predictable. The registrar's office was besieged by more than 800 students demanding a seat in the class that was scheduled for the upcoming spring term. A series of congressional investigations followed as parents and major political donors demanded that their offspring be afforded the dubious dignity of sitting at the feet of America's most notorious author, leader, and patriot.

The syllabus for Law 400 was published for the spring semester the following year – seven months from now. Lessons included Family of Origin, The Nuclear Family, Common Law Marriage, Sex and Loving, Gifts and Giving, Pair Bonding, Jungian Archetypes, Birth Order, Baby Names, twenty-seven other lessons, a mid-term and a final exam. The curriculum was designed to convey an in-depth understanding of the lives and loves of military personnel living overseas and defending the cause of freedom for America and her allies.

For now, Post administered the final exam for his upper-

level course of graduating seniors. In the minutes before he told the soon-to-be commissioned officers to ‘begin work’ on their essays, Post delivered his parting comments to the students along with a blessing. His comments were designed to encourage the seniors to seek a life lived well. There was an ominous tone to his delivery. Then he delivered the high priest’s prayer while extending an open hand in the direction of each student in the lecture hall. A few cynics looked the their neighbor and rolled their eyes. A few closed their eyes and accepted the blessing as if directed to them alone. Most lowered their eyes to the blue essay books in front of them and whispered a prayer of their own.

Unbeknownst to the students, Dr. Post would not see them walk across the stage five days from now. They would walk indeed, but Post would not witness the matriculation.

A forged suicide note was found in his study adjacent to the University computer lab. The chief investigator accepted the document into evidence, but kept his own council on the matter. He had seen forged documents before.

The University was thrown into a spiral of disbelief. There was an eerie resemblance to the case of the now missing Jimmy Hoffa.

The media, then the world concluded that Monty Post had imparted, then departed. The good do indeed die young. He had imparted the collective wisdom of the sort that free people around the globe are drawn to: life, love, family, and friends. How to make it work during our short time on earth.

Then he departed. Perhaps to demonstrate the transient nature of our existence. Perhaps to turn us loose to practice what he preached. In any case, Monty Post’s departure was deemed ‘untimely’.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Francis E. McIntire is a graduate of the U.S. Air Force Academy and earned his Master of Science degree at Vanderbilt University.

McIntire's first book, *Educated Blackjack*, was published in 1977. From 1983 to present he wrote, published, and promoted instruction & technical manuals; a college scholarship guide; strategic planning and program management handbooks; veteran business guides; novels & fictional biographs, and began work on the *Amazing Leaders* series, and the *Monty Post* series.

As an Air Force cadet, he served as Squadron Safety Non-Commissioned Officer and Cadet Training Officer specializing in Air Force ground and air safety, as well as sports- and automotive safety.

As a commissioned officer, he served as Squadron Safety Officer for the 79th Tactical Fighter Squadron, Upper Heyford, United Kingdom. Follow-on duties included: Air Force fighter pilot, and Assistant Professor of Behavioral Sciences and Leadership at the Academy. As Chief of Operations, Quality Assurance, and the Functional Check Flight branch at Royal Air Force Upper Heyford in the UK, Frank was the Commanders' advocate for safe operations in the air and on the ground. As Deputy Commander and Deputy Director for Air Force Quality Assurance, Frank led the 80-person global consulting agency for organizational development and business transformation worldwide.

Frank inculcated Ground & Air Safety and Security for: the 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 Strategic Plan (2004); the Oracle National Security Strategic Plan and Conference (2005-2006); Oracle RDBMS, RAC, and ERP Federal Financial projects (2005-2007); the Veterans Affairs financial center (2007-2008); the HHS data center fit out (2007-2010); the ECP management for enterprise IT infrastructure projects (2009-present), and other projects along the way using MS Project and Sciforma Project Scheduler for planning, tracking, and reporting.

Franks leadership in IT systems security and cybersecurity include: DoD and Intelligence Community system upgrades and implementations for network, storage, and database; and to support imagery deployment and exploitation for U.S. and coalition forces worldwide. These include DoD branches, Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA), Defense Information Systems Agency (DISA), conformance with DISA Security Technical Information Guides (STIGs), Department of State, and the broad U.S. Intelligence Community.

At AECOM, McIntire leads the way for development and delivery of Safety Moments for meetings and conference calls large and small. His extensive portfolio of current, new, and innovative Safety Moments includes AECOM's online database, the safety content of AECOM University safety curriculum, and vast experience with military and commercial safety lessons-learned and best practices. Frank has earned a reputation of delivering Safety Moments that are practical, memorable, and enjoyable.

Frank's works can be found on Amazon by searching 'Francis E. McIntire' (Kindle by searching 'Francis McIntire'). Frank can be reached at **(719) 651-7746**, or **frank@golzup.com**.

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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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POSTHUMOUS WORKS

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 Schwungradgesellschaft* 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-Hydramatic 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

roust 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 Monroviaans 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 Monroviens began to learn the native language and the villagers and their neighbors helped them learn. The villagers and their neighbors also taught the Monroviens the secret code – the code for praise and the code used for battle – the same code. The Monroviens 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 Monroviens 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 Monroviens 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 Sylvanias 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 Mäestro 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 Mäestro 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.



Francis E. McIntire, *Anarchist, Vol. 3, Ecce Homo*, (Seattle: Amazon, 2012), 210-214.

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 is 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 all ‘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-longs 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-longs 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 wealthless. ‘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 removed their tops and brassieres and 'plumped' their breasts before bursting 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 of 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

roust 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 Monroviaans 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 Monrovia's began to learn the native language and the villagers and their neighbors helped them learn. The villagers and their neighbors also taught the Monrovia's the secret code – the code for praise and the code used for battle – the same code. The Monrovia's 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 Monrovia's 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 Monrovia's 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.

FRANCIS E. McINTIRE

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

Francis E. McIntire is a graduate of the U.S. Air Force Academy and earned his Master of Science degree at Vanderbilt University.

McIntire's first book, *Educated Blackjack*, was published in 1977. From 1983 to present he wrote, published, and promoted instruction & technical manuals; a college scholarship guide; strategic planning and program management handbooks; veteran business guides; novels & fictional biographs, and began work on the *Amazing Leaders* series, and the *Monty Post* series.

As an Air Force cadet, he served as Squadron Safety Non-Commissioned Officer and Cadet Training Officer specializing in Air Force ground and air safety, as well as sports- and automotive safety.

As a commissioned officer, he served as Squadron Safety Officer for the 79th Tactical Fighter Squadron, Upper Heyford, United Kingdom. Follow-on duties included: Air Force fighter pilot, and Assistant Professor of Behavioral Sciences and Leadership at the Academy. As Chief of Operations, Quality Assurance, and the Functional Check Flight branch at Royal Air Force Upper Heyford in the UK, Frank was the Commanders' advocate for safe operations in the air and on the ground. As Deputy Commander and Deputy Director for Air Force Quality Assurance, Frank led the 80-person global consulting agency for organizational development and business transformation worldwide.

Frank inculcated Ground & Air Safety and Security for: the 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 Strategic Plan (2004); the Oracle National Security Strategic Plan and Conference (2005-2006); Oracle RDBMS, RAC, and ERP Federal Financial projects (2005-2007); the Veterans Affairs financial center (2007-2008); the HHS data center fit out (2007-2010); the ECP management for enterprise IT infrastructure projects (2009-present), and other projects along the way using MS Project and Sciforma Project Scheduler for planning, tracking, and reporting.

Franks leadership in IT systems security and cybersecurity include: DoD and Intelligence Community system upgrades and implementations for network, storage, and database; and to support imagery deployment and exploitation for U.S. and coalition forces worldwide. These include DoD branches, Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA), Defense Information Systems Agency (DISA), conformance with DISA Security Technical Information Guides (STIGs), Department of State, and the broad U.S. Intelligence Community.

At AECOM, McIntire leads the way for development and delivery of Safety Moments for meetings and conference calls large and small. His extensive portfolio of current, new, and innovative Safety Moments includes AECOM's online database, the safety content of AECOM University safety curriculum, and vast experience with military and commercial safety lessons-learned and best practices. Frank has earned a reputation of delivering Safety Moments that are practical, memorable, and enjoyable.

Frank's works can be found on Amazon by searching 'Francis E. McIntire' (Kindle by searching 'Francis McIntire'). Frank can be reached at **(719) 651-7746**, or **frank@golzup.com**.

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